

**BURNT ORANGE**

Ralph Ordway shut the door of the little shop, causing the bell to ring. Mrs. Williamson came at once from the inner shop and stood waiting. Ralph seemed lost in thought.

"Can I show you something?" Mrs. Williamson said at last.

He looked flushed and troubled. "I want some embroidery silk—or is it satin?"

"Silk," she answered.

"That's right—silk. It's for my sister, Mabel," he confided. "You see, she's making a stand cover for the Willing Workers' fair, and she's obliged to finish it tonight."

"I see. What color does she want?"

He screwed his forehead painfully. "That's the mischief of it. I can't remember, exactly. Singed—singed—what is it gets singed besides cats?"

Ralph was getting redder and more embarrassed. His misery was increased by the presence of a graceful, dark-eyed girl, with three yellow chrysanthemums on her hat, who was leaning over the counter matching wools and listening with an amused expression.

Mrs. Williamson maintained a stony calm.

"I think you will have to see your sister again."

"But Mabel's obliged to have it tonight. The fair's tomorrow. You see," he divided this information between Mrs. Williamson and her dark-eyed customer, "when Mabel wants anything she has got to have it, and that's all there is about it. Scorched—scorched—what is it they scorch besides the bacon?"

"I have no such color," Mrs. Williamson insisted.

The dark-eyed girl's expression had changed from amusement to sympathy. "Perhaps it is burnt orange that the gentleman is looking for," she suggested.

Ralph beamed on her. "That's it—burnt orange! You have saved me!"

Mrs. Williamson took down a tray. "How many skeins will you require?"

Ralph looked perplexed again. "I can't remember exactly, but give me all you have. Mabel never has enough of anything."

She counted the skeins. "There are fifteen."

"All right, I'll take 'em all."

He paid for the parcel and tucked it carefully into an inner pocket.

"Thank you," he said genially, and turning to the dark-eyed girl, "I'm awfully obliged to you. You have saved my life," he whispered.

"I don't think he is dangerous," Mrs. Williamson remarked, as he closed the shop door.

The girl laughed. "Oh, he isn't insane," she answered, in a mellow contralto voice. "I fancy Mabel is a little too strenuous. Have you silverglow in a darker shade?"

Ralph Ordway had accomplished all his errands and was ready to go home. As he hurried around a corner he noticed a graceful girl who was rapidly searching her coat-pockets. Something familiar in her pose and gesture made him turn back. Yes, there were three yellow chrysanthemums on her hat. There was a perturbed expression in her dark eyes now.

He lifted his hat. "Excuse me. Can I help you in any way?"

**ROYAL YEAST CAKES**



Good home-made bread is the finest food on earth—the one food that everybody eats—that everybody likes—and that agrees with everybody.

"I have lost my purse," she answered simply.

"What a shame! This place is full of sneak thieves. I'll notify the police at once!"

"Oh, no! I had only three dimes left, but my return ticket to Wakefield was in the purse."

"Wakefield? Good work! I'm just starting for that blessed little suburb, and I'll drive you back in my car. Of course, I could lend you the change for your fare, but it might be embarrassing for you to borrow of a stranger. She smiled at his logic, and opened her lips for a reply.

"I'll have the car at this corner in less than three minutes," he said and was gone before she could protest.

If the girl felt any misgivings as she sprang lightly into the runabout, they were soon dispelled by the fresh air, the swift, easy motion, and the frank camaraderie of Ralph Ordway.

"You can drive a car," she said, with her musical half-laugh.

"I sure can. That's what I do. I'm with Merrow Brothers. I demonstrate for them to prospective buyers you know. They buy 'em all right, I can't talk up the cars, but I can drive 'em.

By London, we're almost there. Where am I going to leave you?"

"I'm staying with my cousin, Miss Sylvia Crofts."

"Not?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, I didn't mean—but then you must by Miss Rose Athearn."

"I certainly am."

"And you sing in our choir in the brick church?"

"Yes, I've helped out a little there."

"I haven't been going to church very steadily lately, but I mean to turn over a new leaf. I'll have a birthday this week, and a fellow makes good resolutions, you know. Say, are you in the Willing Workers' Fair?"

"Yes, I have promised to assist Sylvia at the necktie booth."

"Good work! I'll be there, business or no business. And I haven't a decent necktie to my name. Just save a dozen of your best ones for me. Say, may I introduce Mabel to you? She can't sing but if Mabel wants anything she has got to have it. You wouldn't mind trying out a few duets?"

"Certainly not."

"Say, Miss Athearn," Ralph's general face grew serious. "Do you believe in foreordination?"

"Mabel does. I didn't use to, but I do now. Say, Miss Athearn, I think it was foreordained that we should help each other out the way we have with that singed stuff and your lost ticket."

What do you think?"

She laughed again. "That silk is burnt orange, and Cousin Sylvia's is the next house but one."

"Shucks! I'll have to slow up."

Ralph Ordway may not have been altogether beautiful. Rose Athearn's ideal of manly perfection, but Mabel's conquering determination to get what she wanted may have run in the family, for when Rose went back to Jersey City she was wearing a solitary ring and Ralph, with the aid of a dictionary, was writing daily letters. Soon after she went away, Ralph escorted Mabel to a party given by the Willing Workers. Mabel wanted him to go, and he went. They were playing a game in which each participant was given paper and pencil and required to answer 10 questions truly. He turned constantly for suggestions to Jim Barrows, who was his right hand neighbor.

"Say, Jim, who is my favorite poet? Wasn't there an old duffer wrote something about Adam and Eve? Milton? That's the one. How should I know who'll be President in 1925? Do they think I'm on the inside of politics? But when he gets to the White House I'd like to sell him a car, all right. Favorite flower? I think yellow chrysanthemums are rather tasty, but how in time do you spell 'em Jim? Favorite character in history? Anything the matter with Robinson Crusoe, Jim? Say, wouldn't Jersey City be a nice place to spend a vacation in? What do you consider the most sagacious animals? What does this mean, Jim? Oh, I see. I had a billy goat once that knew an awful lot.

Question No. 7 was, "What is your favorite color?" Ralph did not consult Jim this time. He wrote in clear, firm characters, "Burnt Orange."

**WHY LETTER POSTAGE IN CANADA IS BEING CONTINUED AT THREE CENTS**

That the Canadian postal rate remains at 3 cents on letters is not the fault of the Canadian Postmaster-General can be illustrated by an excerpt from an address which the Honorable Charles Murphy made at the International Postal Conference at Ottawa on December 25th last year as follows:

"There is another subject not included in the program to which brief allusion may be made. I refer to the suggestion that the domestic rate of postage on letters in Canada might be reduced from 3 to 2 cents. The fact that such a reduction was made in the United States a few years ago is often cited as a reason for similar action being taken in this country. As there seems to be an impression that the suggested reduction is a matter within the jurisdiction of the Post Office Department, it is desirable to point out that such is not the case. The increase from 2 cents to 3 cents in the Canadian domestic rate on letters was due to the Special War Revenue Act of 1915, which provided that in addition to the postage payable in the form of a postage stamp, there should be a tax of one cent imposed on every letter and postcard mailed within Canada. A return to the former rate of 2 cents is therefore possible only when the special war tax of 1 cent is repealed. That is a matter to be determined by the Finance Department, and not by the Post Office Department. Its determination rests, of course, on considerations of revenue and policy that are within the special purview of the Finance Department. While such are the facts, the Post Office Department is both willing and eager to assist in removing the one cent war tax and restoring the 2 cent postage rate."

The 3 cent rate in Canada is a war tax to the extent at least of the 1 cent additional rate which was added to our letter postage during the war. It is time that a good many of these war taxes were abolished, but first of all, we think, the extra postal rate. The war is over and while there still remains a great deal of expense bequeathed to us by it, that expense is nothing like

**CANADA'S LIQUOR CONSUMPTION**

According to a return just made by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, the total consumption of liquor in Canada is steadily decreasing. During the last fifty years the average consumption of spirits has been 0.922 gallons per head of population. But during the inrush of immigrants it rose far beyond this, and so we find as follows:

Year	Galls.
1913	1.112
1914	1.051
1915	.872
1916	.745
1917	.698
1918	.699
1919	.391
1920	.624
1921	.857
1922	.350

In reading these figures it is important to note that liquor cleared for consumption includes vast quantities actually used by rumrunners for export, and this accounts for the great rise in 1920 and 1921, during which years the arrangements for preventing rumrunning were sadly inadequate. With the achievement of a good understanding between the authorities of Canada and of the United States the rum-running fell off greatly in 1922. Despite the fact that both Quebec and British Columbia are showing enormous sales of liquor, the total amount available for consumption in Canada during last year is less than one-third the amount consumed in 1913. Yet people still repeat the idle chatter that there is "as much drinking as before."

**BIRDS IN THE BIBLE**

The species of feathered creatures mentioned in the Bible are osprey, osprey, ostrich, partridge, peacock, pigeon, quail, raven, sparrow, swan, swallow, swan, swift, turtle-dove, vulture, bittern, cock, cormorant, crane, crow, cuckoo, dove, eagle, gier, fowl, goshawk, hawk, heron, hoopoe, kite, lapwing, owl, great owl, little owl, owl of the desert, screech owl, and nightjar.

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