

# Smoked Glasses

By MARTINA GARDNER OWEN.

Illustrated by MARY ESSEX.

## How One Recruit Was Added To The Army

THE effect was that of a royal October landscape, hung in the light of a blue and green tinted, north exposure, stained glass window. Children played by the hearth. The open fire beamed impartially on tangled curls and cropped boyish heads. Its crackling lent a minor accompaniment to the shrill treble of young voices. As an ideal home picture, both coloring and composition were faultless. But this masterpiece of the Artist of the Fireside was chilled by the mother's fretted, unsympathetic eyes.

"Can't you leave that tiresome paper, Evan, and put the children to bed?" she demanded petulantly. "It's seven now, and I have the dishes to do yet. Miss Grey said that she would call for me at eight o'clock, sharp."

"What for?" her husband demanded a bit dazedly, jerking his attention from an engrossing column.

"For the concert, of course. I told you about it last night," Jeanette explained testily. "Other women go out with their husbands occasionally. I never can, because I married a physician, and he may be summoned at any minute to soothe some other woman's nerves. Miss Grey offered to call for me, and sister Julia will stay with the children. So I am to have a little diversion if I can get ready in time," she finished meaningly.

Dr. Scotney started to explain that it was a man who needed him to-night, a man who was about to face the crisis of typhoid fever. Before he could frame a word, Jeanette had whisked angrily from the room. He heard the spiteful hiss of the hot water faucet and the sharp clink of silver. His strong, kindly face darkened and his hands clenched ineffectually. They relaxed as his glance fell upon his children.

"Come on, kiddies," he invited, swinging the smallest mite to his broad shoulder. "First one upstairs leads in a pillow fight."

A disapproving protest from the kitchen jangled into the laughter. It failed to soar to the heights of the nursery.

"Look out, daddy, I've got the hard pillow!" shrieked eight-year-old Roland.

Evan entered into the romp with the abandonment which is possible only to the hard-working man who has learned the value of play. After ten minutes he terminated the frolic with a quiet but authoritative word.

"We like to have you put us to bed," chirped Witch Marian as the father buttoned and unbuttoned small white garments with his skillful surgeon fingers. "Mother never has time for fun or stories. She just jerks our clothes off, tells us to say our prayers quick and to jump into bed."

"Mother is tired, dear," Evan reproved gently. "Now we'll have prayers, and then you shall each choose a story."

"O, goody," cried Harold. "Let's ask God to send daddy to put us to bed every night," he whispered to his younger brother.

Mrs. Scotney was drawing on her gloves when her husband descended the stairs, again seated himself by the library table and resumed his interrupted reading. She dropped into the opposite chair and turned the pages of a magazine idly. The lines of her face softened with the moment of rest and of relaxation.

"What have you there that is so wonderfully fascinating?" she quizzed. "Is it a serial, and is the hero about to be shot by a band of masked desperadoes? Or is it merely an account of the gymnastics of a new

germ?" "It's a current magazine with an article which describes the work of the doctors in the base hospitals, just back of the front line trenches," explained Evan. "There is a constant demand for competent medical men who have the necessary experience and the physical endurance."

"A good opportunity for some young fellow just out of college," commented Jeanette, listlessly. The subject had not stirred her to a ripple of interest.

"Why not for an older man with established practice and family?" Evan asked quietly.

"How perfectly absurd!" Jeanette flashed. "In the first place there are quite enough unmarried slackers to fill the posts. Then a married man's duty is to his wife and children. He has no right to go where, in all probability, his life will be forfeit and they will be left unprotected. Even if he should come back alive and unwounded his practice would be gone and he would have to start all over again. I should never consent to your going, and that's flat, if that is what you are hinting about, Evan Scotney." Then, briskly arising, "There's Miss Grey's ring. Call up Julia and tell her I'm off. The children might sleep safely, but it is well to guard against all possible danger. Good-bye." She touched his forehead in a perfunctory kiss. "Sorry you can't come along."

The unaccustomed silence of the house which followed her departure was broken a few minutes later by a sweet, merry voice:

"Good evening, doctor brother," it saluted. "I have been waiting patiently for five minutes for you to look up and say, 'How do you do?' I opened the

door quite noisily, too. Speaking of the value of the ability to concentrate, I could have collected all of the family silver—if that fascinating article had been long enough. May I have that paper after you go?" she requested, as she tossed hat and coat on the sofa and fluffed her auburn hair.

"It wouldn't interest you, little sister," Evan discouraged.

"But it interests you," she persisted, "and my intellect from yours is not further removed than is Vimy Ridge from our own peaceful Main Street."

She selected a willow rocker and added a sofa pillow that made a bewitching background for her white wool dress and clear complexion.

"If Rob or Ned were only here now," Evan commented, quizzically. "Too bad to waste such tactics on an old married man," he added with an amused twinkle.

"Thirty-five is not old at all," Julia declared, serenely, displaying a daintily shod and silk stockinged foot. "You were married when you were a mere infant, that is all. There are plenty of young bachelors on my eligible list whose birthdays antedate yours. Be a good sport and let me practice some more, will you? They say that the way to fascinate a man is —"

"Don't say 'through his stomach,' I beseech you," deplored Dr. Scotney. "I have too many cases of chafing dish dyspepsia on my hands now."

"Don't jump at conclusions, goosey," Julia admonished. "I intended to complete my sentence by saying: 'To lead him to talk about himself.' How long have you?"

"Fifteen minutes," Evan calculated, looking at his watch.

"Plenty of time," she dimpled. "You are a young man, understand. You have been waiting in my parlor while I powdered my nose and crimped my hair and tried on three gowns in order to decide which is the more becoming. It was quite necessary to decide correctly, because I fully intend that you shall propose to-night, though you aren't in the secret. During the interim you discovered that magazine and found something that interested you. Curtain's up."

Dr. Scotney grinned indulgently. He was accustomed to Julia's caprices. They had amused him when she was a chubby faced child and later as a hobbled-hoy school girl. Now that she had turned overnight into a young lady they were even more diverting.

"I believe you were reading visions between the lines of your paper, Evan. Won't you tell me about them?" Julia cooed sweetly.

"Just some accounts of the medical work which is being done within sound of the roar of the big guns," Evan returned, dropping easily into the character of one of Julia's young swains. "Nothing to interest a sunnyside-o'-life girl like you."

"But it does interest me," Julia differed. "I believe there's a strain of warrior blood in my veins. The very thought of those grey, huddled heaps in No-Man's land; of the procession of stretcher bearers and of comrade's-shoulder-supported men crawling up from the trenches along paths that grow redder as they pass—well, it makes my heart beat to drum time and my eyes to see the old flag waving in the battle breeze. If I don't read and talk about things that set me to shuddering it's because I want to save my energy and my sympathy for cases of real need which I can actually help. I can do nothing for the soldiers themselves. I may be able to do something for

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