THE LAMP

By MAVERICK TERRELL

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MR. ELBERT OAKLEY, better known—both to the police and his pals—as Yegg, shifted uncomfortably upon the beams of the fast Pacific Mail. It was a long time since the Yegg had traveled the beam route and the first time he had ever been so far west, but a promise was a promise to Yegg. Perhaps had the Yegg been reared in other circumstances he might not have followed the career for which his parents had so carefully educated him. Perhaps, too, good in the heart of a thief required no excuses.

According to the queer twisted code of the underworld there were certain things which Yegg could not conceive any gentleman thief doing; one of them was to break a promise—to a pal. Yegg had promised his dying bunkie, Eddie Leighton, alias the Kayo Kid, Lightnin' Eddie, etc., to take the Kid's money and a message to his mother, out in Oregon. Eddie had met his death in a thieves' brawl, a row over the proceeds of the Thornton Beach hotel job. By a quirk of fate the gun who did it was now serving ten years up river for another job.

Hence the Yegg's journey, sprawled upon the beams of the fastest western express, cursing horribly as he vainly strove to ease the pressure of the gridiron-like rods upon his back and sides, the package of casenotes securely fastened in the lining of his coat, many times the amount that would have purchased him a comfortable passage in the sleeper above. It was dawn when the Yegg's train arrived near his destination. Yegg got off at the water tanks.

Pleasant Harbor rambles down by the tree-shaded lane and garden scented byway to a smoked-pearl beach. Masts etch wavering patterns on the sky, there is a cheerful chugging of busy launches and a homely smell of clams and tar and seaweed. And near enough to the blue bay and far enough away to be sheltered from rough winds is the Home restaurant of the Widow Leighton, for whose famous clam chowder seafaring men will tack up a windy coast fifty miles out of their way.

The widow was on her front porch watering a box of riotous petunias as the Yegg stopped at her white painted gate. She was little and gentle and as she turned her blue eyes upon the Yegg, he felt for a moment that he must be looking at Eddie. But the Kid never had a chin like that, he reflected, so firm for all its smallness, nor had he so straight a nose and unwavering a glance. This was undoubtedly Eddie's mother, but she had much that Eddie had lacked.

"Is—is this the Widow Leighton?" stammered the Yegg, feeling suddenly horribly dirty and uncouth. The widow smiled, and if the Yegg had had a tail he would have wagged it like a reassured lost dog.

"You come right in, Captain," she invited. "The chowder's just getting done and there's a nice salmon trout broiling. I knew when I saw that ship come in this morning that some hungry sailormen would be around pretty soon." She bustled him into the cleanest room he had ever seen, sat him down before a small table with a spotless cloth, set a shining glass, plate and silver before him and still smiling—and the Yegg speechless—she bustled cheerily into her kitchen.

While the sun shone in the polished windows, immaculate curtains swayed and a canary sang and a fat cat watched it lazily from his bed on a braided rag mat, the Yegg ate the famous chowder, broiled trout and puffy biscuits, drank fragrant coffee and wished he could stay right there forever.

"You shore got a nice place here," he commented after the meal.

"Yes, Captain," Mrs. Leighton admitted with gentle pride. "Your first visit? I thought so. Yes, I've worked hard to make it nice. I want it for my son, when he comes home." She turned her kind blue gaze upon the old thief. "My son is an actor," she told him proudly. "He's on the road when he isn't playing Broadway—I haven't seen him for a long time, nor heard from him," she sighed. "But I know they keep Eddie busy. He's awful smart, and a good boy!"

So that's what she thought! That's what Eddie had meant, flashed through the Yegg's mind. "My Eddie," he heard Mrs. Leighton say, half aloud. He looked at her again, gently smiling, her work-worn hands folded. He saw as down a vista the hard, lean years of labor which had made this place what it was, saw the faith shining like a blue lamp in her eyes, for Eddie, the weakling, the waster.

"I—I knew your Eddie," he said almost harshly. "I—I gotta message from him, ma'am."

"You know my Eddie—is his company out to play here?" she exclaimed. Before the light in her face he felt again dingy and soiled, felt that all he had hitherto known was soiled.

"I ain't a sailor," he began. "And your Eddie—your—"

"Something's happened!" Mrs. Leighton cried. "Isn't Eddie coming home?"

"Yes ma'am, no ma'am," Yegg gulped. "Eddie ain't coming home—no more!"

She uttered a moan and covered her face with her hands. After a few moments she turned toward him, her face an aged mask of grief but her eyes shining clearly, steadfastly with some inner illumination.

"Tell me, sir," she said very low. "When he was in the army, over there, he wrote he'd got hurt, was in the hospital, nothing much, he said. I didn't hear again for so long—and then only a note saying he was all right, back in America and playing on the road somewhere. But I felt all the time there was something wrong—that he had one of those injuries they don't ever get over and he was trying to save me worry. My Eddie! I know he died a hero—even if it was long afterwards—in a hospital!"

Before that avowal of faith Yegg Oakley's eyes fell. Eddie died as a gun should die, fighting, but the details were best forgotten. Aw, Eddie had hardly known there'd been a war!

That lovely lamp to be blown out! That faith shattered!

Yegg Oakley knew suddenly that that must not happen.

"Yes, ma'am," he heard himself gabbing away. "Eddie was a hero, you know it! He never got no medals nor nothin' but most heroes never do, ma'am." Mrs. Leighton broke into tears and Yegg cursed himself under his breath. Now he would have to live up to that fool yarn! And what he knew about war wouldn't fill much of a book!

"Tell me about it," she murmured. "Tell me everything!"

The sweat started on Yegg's brow. "It was over in Roosha, ma'am," he began. He had once seen a film depicting the Russian revolution.

"We both fought there after Europe, ma'am," he went on. "Eddie was guarding a bunch of pills and nurses against—against the bohunks and hell a-popp—"

"Bohunks?"

"I can't pronounce their real monikers, ma'am. Bohunks they looked, bohunks they was. Tough—ones. A shell hit him. I caught him in my arms, ma'am. The pills did the best they could. No use. So before Eddie goes west he tells me to come out here and see you and give you all this money what he saved up and see that you was all to the merry-o! Yes, ma'am, your Eddie died fighting to the last—a regular he guy!"

"I can't take all this money," Mrs. Leighton protested. "I don't see how Eddie could have saved up this much."

"Officers get big swa—big money. Eddie was a lootenant, ma'am."

"A lieutenant?"

"Promoted right in the scrap by the head pill—he was a general, a Rooshian. Dead now. You have to take my word for it, Mrs. Leighton. I was there!"

"I did so hope Eddie could come back home," she murmured. "I need a man around here. I'm not as spry as I once was. I wish—I wish—" she looked at Yegg kindly. "You're a good man, I'm sure. Or you wouldn't have been my Eddie's best friend. But I don't suppose you would want to give up your business to live in a little pokey town like this and run a res—"

"My business!" blurted Yegg. "Excuse me, ma'am, that reminds me, I picked up your watch just now. Here, put it away!"

Mrs. Leighton laughed. "Funny, I thought I had it on," she said. "You were saying about living here?"

"Mebbe old dawgs can't learn new tricks," said the emboldened Yegg. "But they can try, Widow. For Eddie's mother—yes. If you'll forgive me for being kinda—kinda loose-fingered now and then, ma'am. I'll get over it after a while."

Yegg did learn new tricks and in time the restaurant sign read: "Mrs. and Mr. Oakley. Our Home Restaurant."

The light of faith, which the mother had kept in the window of her soul for so many years, had failed to save Eddie, but it had salvaged Elbert, never again known as the Yegg.

Sugar Refinery in 1730

New York's first sugar refinery was built in 1730.

Plaids Outstanding in Fall Modes

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

PLAIDS on autumn style program? We hope to tell you! Fact is, the college-faring and the school-going (from kindergarten to high school age) girl that fails to make a right smart showing of plaid in her fall wardrobe simply is not "in it" when it comes to swank in dress. There's no doubt about it, colorful, youthful practical plaids fit into the campus, the office and the great outdoor scheme of things simply perfect.

All sorts of plaids are on the autumn fabric list from high-tone dressy plaids of silk velvet and handsome wool weaves down to the most utilitarian, practical, washable types—the kind that go bicycling along dusty roads and then come out "fresh as a daisy" after each tubbing.

Bicycling is a fad so important nowadays designers recognize they must create fashions tuned to the sport. The new sturdy washable plaids are proving most likable for outfits of this sort. The girl on the "bike" as shown in the group illustrated is fashionably and sensibly frocked in a dependable completely shrunk washable plaid that gives this rider the look of being keenly style-minded.

The schoolgirl centered in the picture is likewise alertly fashion-conscious in that she also selects plaid for her voguish blouse, and it's safe to say she will be getting a lot of wear out of it besides enjoying that feeling of confidence it brings to be appropriately clad for the occasion.

Another way to subscribe to the plaid rage that is now featuring in every phase of fashion is to wear a true clan plaid skirt and neckerchief with your new fall sweater as shown to the right in the group. This most commendable outfit is sure to prove an inspiration to the schoolgirl. It was shown at a recent fall style clinic held in the Merchandise Mart in Chicago.

Viewing the new fall fabrics one becomes fully convinced that plaids as a fashion "must" are definitely here. It is interesting to note that the more classic plaids are labeled each with its clan name. Also the many smart ways to wear plaids makes them all the more intriguing.

In enrolling as a plaid enthusiast we suggest that you line your jacket to match your plaid blouse, or wear a plaid dress matched to the lining of your coat, or top a pleated plaid skirt with a bright velveteen jacket, or enliven your fur coat or your fleece coat with a stunning plaid lining. They are showing in the stores daring coats in forest green; radiant autumn browns, and the very new deep sapphire blue with bold plaid linings in giddy contrast.

Plaid velvet dresses to wear under fur coats is another outcome of the present craze for plaids. You can also find cunning jackets of plaid velveteen. Some are bolero versions with plaid belts to match.

If it is just a touch of plaid you favor, buy a dozen or so of the new plaid composition buttons and let them go marching down the front of your dark velveteen dress or coat. You can get all sorts of plaid accessories. There are ensembles of beret, bag and belt. There are belt and triangle-scarf sets to be had in plaid.

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FASHION STRESSES FABRIC ELEGANCE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Fabrics play a most important part this year, and by their richness explain the apparent simplicity of the styles which are the greatest challenge to the dressmaker. Velvets, lames, brocades, laces, tulles are all in the picture.

Lace becomes a happy medium for day dresses, almost severe in their simplicity. These may be relieved by rich belts, patent trimmings, etc. Lighter laces in silk or rayon are combined with a colored fabric lining for day dresses or two tones used in combination as Worth has done. Lelong takes a heavy white wool lace for a hip-length top of a dress which ends in a simple black velvet skirt, with four rows of the velvet used at the side front from the high waistline to the hip. Patou offers rosepoint collars, cuff or bodice trim with severe dresses—but real rose point. Schiaparelli makes lace of gold cord for three huge medallions on the topper of a two-piece effect black marocain. While dresses are simple in effect, fantasy goes into the headgear.

Style Sobriety Stressed for Chic Daytime Costume

At the height of the vogue for romantic fashions, mutinous murmurs are echoing from the ranks of style leaders who favor simple garments for wear before the sun goes down.

"Sobriety of the best quality" is the formula advanced by a leading French couturiere as the prime requisite of daytime chic.

"Wear tailored suits and little sweaters," she advises, "but have them fitted by a good tailor and made of the finest wool. See that each accessory is equally first grade, for one inappropriate gadget can spoil the entire costume."

BE PENCIL-SLIM

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

This afternoon frock of purple silk jacquard was worn in a fashion preview for the silk parade held in New York which presented outstanding advance fashions created by the foremost designers of the world. To be right up to the mark your new frock must feature the pencil-slim silhouette that fashion demands this season, such as this gown so correctly defines. The handsome firm silks of quality kind that are so characteristically a product of this season's looms have been found ideal for achieving the new pencil-slim styling.

First Writing of Spencer, Famous Penman, on Sand, Snow, Ice, Brick

Platt R. Spencer, whose system of penmanship, often lavishly embellished, was taught in many schools throughout the country, was born at East Fishkill, N. Y., November 7, 1800, the youngest of eleven children. When he was ten years old his family set out for the West, settling at Jefferson, Ohio. Always passionately fond of penmanship, Spencer began writing in his early years upon anything available—sand, snow, ice, brick, and flyleaves of books, and taught his first writing class in 1815.

After some experience as clerk in a store and supercargo on a lake vessel, notes a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, Spencer entered on his life work as a teacher of penmanship. Besides conducting his own school in a log house on his farm at Geneva, Ohio, he traveled around the country teaching and lecturing in various academies and business colleges. Through his addresses he was instrumental in founding business colleges and in promoting the American system of business education.

Spencer was among the earliest to recognize the promise of James A. Garfield and to encourage him to enter public life. He was instrumental in securing his nomination when first elected to congress. Spencer was married and had six sons and five daughters. He died at his home in Geneva, Ohio, May 16, 1864.

"What the Dickens?"

The phrase "what the dickens?" has nothing to do with the name of the English author and was in use centuries before he lived. It is a softer term or euphemism for "devil," probably derived from the diminutive form of Dick, just as Nick was similarly employed. Shakespeare in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" had Mrs. Page say: "I cannot tell what the dickens his name is."

Latest Tips From World Fashion Centers

Evening decolletes are dropping lower and lower.

Fabrics are inspired by Louis XVI century fashions.

Long fringed sash girdles tie front, back or at side.

Gold bullion embroidery on black is smart dress feature.

A group of afternoon dresses feature zipper closed backs and draped waistlines without belts.

Print glove and bag combinations brighten dark afternoon costumes.

House coats of gay flannels and quaintly flowered challis are on display.

A light colored topcoat over a dark frock provides a striking costume.

More and more you will be seeing laces used in combination with other fabrics.

Ask Me Another?

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

1. How much wood will a giant Sequoia tree yield?
2. How many persons out of a million will live to be one hundred years old?
3. Who was the first American to receive the Nobel prize for peace?
4. How fast can currency be counted?
5. Where is the oldest painting of the Virgin and Child in existence?
6. Does it cost more to educate a child in a city school than in a rural school?
7. When gold is hammered into the thinnest gold leaf possible, what color is it?
8. What is the definition of a split infinitive?
9. What profit do the Federal Reserve banks make?

Answers

1. A giant California Sequoia tree yielded 3,000 posts, 650,000 shingles and 100 cords of firewood. The upper one-third and the branches of the huge tree were not used.
2. It is estimated about thirty in a million will live to this advanced age.
3. Theodore Roosevelt, for his efforts in bringing about the treaty of peace between Japan and Russia in 1905. It was awarded him in 1906.
4. The expert counters of the Department of the Treasury have counted approximately as many as 40,000 new notes a day, and 25,000 old ones.
5. The oldest painting of the Virgin and Child in existence, done about 150 A. D., is on a wall in the famous Priscilla catacombs in Rome.
6. The average cost to educate a child in a rural school in the United States is $53.31 a year, and the average in a city school is about $96.18.
7. In this condition it appears green by transmitted light.
8. A split infinitive is one in which an adverb is introduced between the word "to," and the verb form, such as "to largely decrease." The word "to" as used with the infinitive is not to be classed as a preposition; it is an integral part of the infinitive and hence should not be separated from the verb form.
9. Federal Reserve banks are not operated for profit. After all necessary expenses have been provided for, the stockholding member banks are entitled to receive a cumulative annual dividend of 6 per cent on the paid-in capital stock. After dividend claims have been fully met, the net earnings are paid into the surplus fund of the Federal Reserve bank.

We Humans

In going through life we often bewail our misfortunes, but seldom dwell upon our blessings; the illness is reckoned to a day, the bad debt to computed to a cent, the sleepless night is spoken of with deep self-commiseration; but we forget to reckon the many months of our health; we take as a thing of course, and not worth mentioning, that we enjoyed hours of calm and refreshing sleep undisturbed even by a dream. — Wamego Times.

Achievement of Peace

YOU may either win your peace or buy it; win it, by resistance to evil; buy it, by compromise with evil. You may buy your peace with silenced consciences; you may buy it with broken vows—buy it with lying words—buy it with base connivances—buy it with the blood of the slain, and the cry of the captives over hemispheres of the earth, while you sit smiling at your serene hearths, muttering continually to yourselves, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace; but only captivity and death for you.

Just a Myth

It appears that "water won't run uphill" is just another myth, according to computations by the United States Geological survey.

They've figured out that a point at sea level on the equator is about 13 miles farther away from the center of the earth than a sea-level point at either of the earth's poles. Their calculations show that the mouth of the Mississippi river is four miles farther from the earth's center than its source.

Thus, to be exact about it, the waters of the Mississippi run up hill. This is because the water in the river obeys the natural laws of gravity, causing it to run from the higher surface level at its source to the lesser at its mouth.

Fount of Happiness

The only fountain in the wilderness of life, where man drinks of water totally unmixed with bitterness, is that which gushes for him in the calm and shady recess of domestic life.—William Penn.

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