

Daddy, Alias Carrots

By Jane Osborn

Copyright, 1917, by the McClure News Syndicate.

Bab was sitting darning socks in the mellow glow of the living-room table-light when Babette appeared at the door. Bab in a gray frock with white fichu, hair parted in the middle and spectacles on her little nose was demure. Babette was resplendent, captivating. She made one breath fast just to look at her, standing there with round, bare arms and round young body. Steve, reading his paper and sitting opposite to Bab at the table, swallowed hard and blinked.

"What's the matter, dear?" Bab asked, taking off her glasses and looking at him anxiously. "Doesn't Babette's dress look pretty? I copied it after one in a shop window on the avenue. We didn't think it looked homely."

"Oh, that's all right—it's immense," Steve hurried. "That's not the trouble. I was trying to grasp the idea that that—that girl there is my daughter."

Steve Nowell rose with his hands in his pockets and paced the room meditatively for a minute, while Bab busied herself fastening the buttons of Babette's gloves, tucking in a lock of hair here and loosening a few there. Steve paused when he arrived before the mirror over the mantelpiece, peered in and then striking a match which he took from his smoking-coat pocket, lighted one of Bab's candles—for ornament only—that stood in brass sticks on the mantelpiece shelf. He held this up to the side of his face and peered in. No, there was not a gray hair in the bushy shock of auburn, scarcely a wrinkle, unless one could call those few crow's feet—the sort that gather, Steve assured himself, even on the faces of young men who are accustomed to smiling with their eyes.

He blew out the candle and clenched his right-hand fingers into a fist and, with his left hand on his right biceps, felt his muscle. Then he straightened himself up to his full six feet, stood on the balls of his feet and inhaled as if to test his lung capacity.

"It can't be," he told himself. "I'm not ready to be that girl's father—I'm too young. I'm only a boy—and before many years I'll be a grandfather?" He looked at Bab sitting so contentedly by the lamp. She had resumed her darning and Babette was standing reading Steve's paper. Yes, Steve reflected, Bab was content to take a back seat. What was it to her that old age had been forced upon them and that for all their days and nights to come they must sit there reading papers and darning socks or, if they did go out, be mere spectators at a play or opera?

"What on earth's the matter with you dad?" queried the eighteen-year-old daughter, glancing up from the paper, and then, not waiting for him to answer, "I wonder where Goggles can be? I was sure I'd be late and here he is keeping me waiting," she went on.

"Goggles, who's Goggles?" queried Steve.

Bab and Babette looked up in surprise. "Why, Goggles is Babette's new friend with the eight-cylinder. It makes it so nice for Babette."

"Which—Goggles or the eight-cylinder?" queried Steve.

"Don't be silly, dad," said the resplendent young thing, as she folded her warm arms about Steve and kissed him on the chin in a thoroughly daughterly fashion. "I'm not a bit interested in Goggles—but anyone would date on his motor."

Steve caught the faint perfume—intoxicating exotic—that clung to his daughter's evening frock. When he had courted Bab, he recalled, girls used some simple scent—violet or lily-of-the-valley. Those were simple days. What thing it must be to be young, Steve thought, young when girls used perfume like that—redolent of strange Eastern romance, Persian gardens in the moonlight, Indian temples and tropical islands. Steve's impression was not distinct but it was none the less vivid. And Goggles, just because he had an eight-cylinder, could share the society of a goddess-like Babette. Steve rubbed his eyes as if to wipe the film of twenty years of married life from them. What a thing to be young again! he thought. Why, he was young. People often told him he didn't look thirty, and if it weren't for that lovely creature there calling him dad he might sometimes forget that he was nearer to the half century mark.

Bab had run off to the telephone bell, and came back with the color of her pink and white cheeks heightened with rage.

"Isn't it perfectly horrid?" she stormed. "It was Goggles and he's at Nellie Drew's and telephoned to say they'd stop for me. He says he was at Nellie's for dinner and Shorty Tucker, who was going to take Nellie telephoned he had been detained and couldn't bring Nellie, so said he would have to bring Nellie and they'd stop for me. Why didn't he tell me he was going to have dinner there? Nellie's an old cat—I oughtn't to say that of one of my own fraternity sisters, I know, but it was 'downright mean'—Babette stopped suddenly and a look

of inspiration flashed across her face. "Dad," she cried seizing him in her strong arm. "You don't look thirty and you're a lot better looking than any of the other boys. You take me and don't let them know you're my father. None of these boys know you and the lights won't be bright. I'll call you Carrots 'cause you've got auburn hair and it's a fad you know to call the boys some such name. Carrots Clay—that's a nice name. No, you don't have to dress—come just as you are and while you're putting on your hat and coat I'll just telephone in case Goggles and Nellie haven't started and tell them a friend of mine who happened to be having dinner with me is bringing me, and if they have started and do come, why, mammy, you tell them that I started on with a friend of mine, who was anxious to take me, and tell them you're so glad it happened just as it did because this friend of mine was anxious to take me. Dad, you're a peach. Mammy, don't be lonesome—there's a dear."

Carrots Clay—alias Bab's Daddy—alias just plain Steve Nowell—did as he was told, filled meanwhile with a thrilling consciousness that he was to be young again. He wondered why Bab hadn't asked him to don his evening togs—perhaps young men didn't dress for small dances in Babette's set. At any rate he would dance with the girls and they would all be young and warm and glorious like Babette. It would be a renewal of his youth, only a youth more youthful and thrilling than his own had been because these girls of the present generation were more magnetic, more primitive than girls had ever been before. Just for a night he would be young and then—he winced a little at the idea—he would come back and spend the rest of the nights beside the table with Bab in the gray dress with the capable white hands.

Having no eight cylinder Carrots took Babette to the house where the party was to take place in the street car and so fully was he taking the part thrust upon him, that when passengers in the car looked with unfeigned admiration at the beautiful creature beside him, it was with the pride of a youth for a maiden, and not with fatherly pride, that he received the attention.

"It's funny I didn't have to wear evening dress," Carrots remarked. "Don't they usually for dances?"

Then it was that Babette explained that it wasn't to be a dance he was taking her. It was to be a fraternity meeting, and all Carrots and the other boys had to do was to sit in the down-stairs reception room—they could smoke if they wanted to—while the girls had the meeting upstairs. It wouldn't be more than an hour or so and if there were any refreshments left they sometimes sent them down to the boys. The boys usually waited right there instead of going home in the interval, because sometimes the meetings adjourned later and sometimes earlier.

At half past nine that night Carrots had been sitting in a chilly, dimly lighted reception room for an hour. From above came the delirious, intoxicating peals of laughter and music from girls like Babette. Beside him sat Goggles. In a straight-back chair across the room was Shorty, who had come late with the hope of taking Nellie home eventually in spite of Goggles. Other dejected young men sat on other straight-back chairs.

They had talked in monosyllables from time to time, but not to him. They seemed to regard him with suspicion and distrust. Eventually Goggles broke the ostracism. "You're new at this, aren't you?"

Carrots said he was.

"You get used to it," commented Goggles. "You got to do it—if you don't somebody else will. There's always somebody else waiting—just as you were tonight—to take your place, and that always makes you sore."

"It must have been nice," mused Shorty from across the room, "in the days when our fathers and mothers were young—before girls had fraternities and things. This way, for every dance they let you go with them you have to sit out an evening like this. But you have to do it."

"Must be nice to be an old fellow and to have the girl you've been sitting around for all to yourself—sitting somewhere near you while you are home and comfortable." That was from Goggles.

"You bet," agreed Carrots.

An hour later Carrots and Babette found Bab still sitting in the glow of the lamp. A neat pile of socks and Babette's gay silk stockings were before her. Her eyes were heavy, but she smiled radiantly at their return. Steve pulled off his hat and before taking his coat off, rushed to her, lifted her to her feet and held her sleepy form to him. "Bab, you're the dearest and sweetest in the world. It's great to be forty-five."

Birds Help Farmers.

Birds are almost as busy as bees, and their work in increasing crop yields is highly important, says the Fireside. One of the cheapest and most effective ways to fight insect pests that annually take crop toll estimated at \$800,000,000 is to aid in the preservation of bird life. Such worms and bugs as infest our gardens are favorite food for bluebirds, robins and many other kinds of birds. Birds also eat thousands of weed seeds.

True Economy.

"Pa, what is a practical economist?"

"A man who can get a dollar's worth of anything for a dollar, my son!"

Life.



Photo from Western Newspaper Union

The woman's bureau of the American Red Cross has issued a very helpful leaflet for the benefit of those who are willing to sew for hospitals. Under the head of "Hospital Garments and Supplies" this circular enumerates the various kinds of garments and hospital linen that are needed, and tabulates the ratio of these needs—that is to be young again. He wondered why Bab hadn't asked him to don his evening togs—perhaps young men didn't dress for small dances in Babette's set. At any rate he would dance with the girls and they would all be young and warm and glorious like Babette. It would be a renewal of his youth, only a youth more youthful and thrilling than his own had been because these girls of the present generation were more magnetic, more primitive than girls had ever been before. Just for a night he would be young and then—he winced a little at the idea—he would come back and spend the rest of the nights beside the table with Bab in the gray dress with the capable white hands.

When making pajamas for French hospitals select dark colors, those for American hospitals may be made in either dark or light colors. Patterns for the following articles are now ready:

Pajamas—For winter: Use flannel or outing flannel.

Hospital Bed Shirts—For winter: Use Canton flannel or twill, good quality.

Bath Robes and Convalescent Robes—For winter: Use heavy bath robing. Bed Jackets—Use bath robing or other warm, soft material.

Convalescent Suits (lined pajamas)—Use outing flannel of dark, plain color for outside and white for lining. Blue lined with white, with which a red tie can be worn especially desirable.

The circular says: "Anticipating the severe cold of the winter in France, the report emphasizes the need of warm materials, such as outing flannels, heavy bath robing, etc., for hospital garments. Models for garments were sent to the woman's bureau by the committee in Paris and were given to the standard pattern companies, which agreed to issue patterns in strict conformity with them, so that the woman who wishes to make any of the needed garments may get a correct pattern from any one of the prominent pattern companies. The garments which will probably be needed in largest quantities are pajamas and hospital bed shirts. Pajamas should be made of flannel or good outing flannel, for winter use. The patterns for all garments are issued in two sizes, medium and large. For American hospitals two medium-sized garments should be made to every one of large size; for French hospitals, no large sizes are needed." The same kind of garments and other articles are wanted by both American and French hospitals.

Specific directions for packing and shipping boxes containing garments and hospital supplies will be given in a future article. These boxes are to be shipped to chapters or division supply depots of the Red Cross. When possible each box shipped should be filled with only one kind of garments or supplies.

Decide upon the kind of garment or garments you are willing to make and specialize on these; by confining yourself to one or two garments you can become expert in making them and also build up a fine record of contributions. Pajamas and bed socks are a good combination.

The ordinary housefly can lift a match between two of its feet and carry it. A human being, to perform a similar feat, would have to lift a beam eight and a quarter yards in length and 16 inches thick.

The Lake Hemet dam in the San Jacinto mountains is said to impound 4,000,000,000 gallons of water and to effect the irrigation of 10,000 acres in the Hemet and San Jacinto valleys. It cost about \$2,000,000.

Artificial gas is supplanting coal as a fuel in Philadelphia. It is also pointed out as an incentive to its use that while the price of coal has soared that of gas is either unchanged or lower.

The Comedian—While I was on I saw the young lady in box D look at me and then speak to the elder lady. Did you hear what she said, boy?

The Ush—Yes; she said, "Please pass the formaldehyde."

A woman seldom attempts to hide her jealousy under a bushel.

People who say what they think have to do a lot of explaining.

Don't count your chickens until they are old enough to bluff the eat.

Why is it that thieves display more discretion than honest men?

It is everlasting too late to pick the winner after the race is over.

One can't blame a man for kicking when he has to foot another's bills.

Any man who sits around and waits for an easy job is a grifter at heart.

Tombstones remind us that the average man isn't as white as he is sculptured.

If your boss isn't satisfactory, just mention the fact to him, and perhaps he will permit you to resign.

The Comedian—While I was on I saw the young lady in box D look at me and then speak to the elder lady. Did you hear what she said, boy?

The Ush—Yes; she said, "Please pass the formaldehyde."

A woman seldom attempts to hide her jealousy under a bushel.

People who say what they think have to do a lot of explaining.

Don't count your chickens until they are old enough to bluff the eat.

Why is it that thieves display more discretion than honest men?

It is everlasting too late to pick the winner after the race is over.

One can't blame a man for kicking when he has to foot another's bills.

Any man who sits around and waits for an easy job is a grifter at heart.

Tombstones remind us that the average man isn't as white as he is sculptured.

If your boss isn't satisfactory, just mention the fact to him, and perhaps he will permit you to resign.

The Comedian—While I was on I saw the young lady in box D look at me and then speak to the elder lady. Did you hear what she said, boy?

The Ush—Yes; she said, "Please pass the formaldehyde."

A woman seldom attempts to hide her jealousy under a bushel.

People who say what they think have to do a lot of explaining.

Don't count your chickens until they are old enough to bluff the eat.

Why is it that thieves display more discretion than honest men?

It is everlasting too late to pick the winner after the race is over.

One can't blame a man for kicking when he has to foot another's bills.

Any man who sits around and waits for an easy job is a grifter at heart.

Tombstones remind us that the average man isn't as white as he is sculptured.

If your boss isn't satisfactory, just mention the fact to him, and perhaps he will permit you to resign.

The Comedian—While I was on I saw the young lady in box D look at me and then speak to the elder lady. Did you hear what she said, boy?

The Ush—Yes; she said, "Please pass the formaldehyde."

A woman seldom attempts to hide her jealousy under a bushel.

People who say what they think have to do a lot of explaining.

Don't count your chickens until they are old enough to bluff the eat.

Why is it that thieves display more discretion than honest men?

It is everlasting too late to pick the winner after the race is over.

One can't blame a man for kicking when he has to foot another's bills.

Any man who sits around and waits for an easy job is a grifter at heart.

Tombstones remind us that the average man isn't as white as he is sculptured.

If your boss isn't satisfactory, just mention the fact to him, and perhaps he will permit you to resign.

The Comedian—While I was on I saw the young lady in box D look at me and then speak to the elder lady. Did you hear what she said, boy?

The Ush—Yes; she said, "Please pass the formaldehyde."

A woman seldom attempts to hide her jealousy under a bushel.

People who say what they think have to do a lot of explaining.

Don't count your chickens until they are old enough to bluff the eat.

Why is it that thieves display more discretion than honest men?

It is everlasting too late to pick the winner after the race is over.

One can't blame a man for kicking when he has to foot another's bills.

Any man who sits around and waits for an easy job is a grifter at heart.

Tombstones remind us that the average man isn't as white as he is sculptured.

If your boss isn't satisfactory, just mention the fact to him, and perhaps he will permit you to resign.

The Comedian—While I was on I saw the young lady in box D look at me and then speak to the elder lady. Did you hear what she said, boy?

The Ush—Yes; she said, "Please pass the formaldehyde."

A woman seldom attempts to hide her jealousy under a bushel.

People who say what they think