

Daddy, Alias Carrots

By Jane Osborn

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Bab was sitting darning socks in the mellow glow of the living-room table-light when Babbette appeared at the door. Bab in a gray frock with a white fichu, hair parted in the middle and spectacles on her little nose was demure. Babbette was resplendent, captivating. She made one breathe 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 Babbette's dress look pretty? I copied it after one in a shop window on the avenue. We didn't think it looked home-made."

"Oh, that's all right—it's immense," Steve hurried. "That's not the trouble. I was trying to grasp the idea 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 bustled herself fastening the buttons of Babbette'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 crows' 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 Babbette 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 Babbette looked up in surprise. "Why, Goggles is Babbette's new friend with the eight-cylinder. It makes it so nice for Babbette."

"Which—Goggles on 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 dote on his motor."

Steve caught the faint perfume—intricating 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 a 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 Babbette. 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—Babbette 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 Babbette's set. At any rate he would dance with the girls and they would all be young and warm and glorious like Babbette. 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 Babbette 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 Babbette 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 downstairs 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 peels of laughter and music from girls like Babbette. 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 Babbette found Bab still sitting in the glow of the lamp. A neat pile of socks and Babbette'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 fifty-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 \$500,000,000 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.



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 tells what things are needed in large quantities and what in smaller quantities. The Red Cross gathered its information first hand from American and French hospitals, co-operating with the Red Cross commission in Paris. It seems that the needs of American and French hospitals vary a little, but not in many particulars.

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 robes, 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.

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.

Bed Socks—Use flannel or outing flannel.

Undershirts—Use lightweight flannel or flannelette in white.

Underdrawers—Use white outing flannel or unbleached muslin.

Bandaged Foot Socks—Use outing flannel, preferably dark, lined with white.

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.

Trench Coats the Latest Fad



Lucille started the ball rolling when she made that altogether captivating suit for the altogether captivating Mary Pickford. It is of khaki-colored cloth and has small flap pockets at each side of the coat—miniatures of those on the regulation army coat. And it is brightened by whole companies of small, round, steel buttons. They fasten down the pocket flaps and appear in precise rows on the sleeves. Altogether it is a work of art calculated to make a woman loose her head and buy it whether she needs it or not—or was it calculated to make a man loose his heart? Anyway it looks as genuinely military as Mary Pickford's curls and just as adorable. It is a purely feminine interpretation of army clothes—a figurative kiss blown to the colors.

But, for real service and warmth, a coat follows in its wake, called a "trench coat," with good reason. It is of heavy warm cloth in khaki color, has large flap pockets at each side, a belt of the material, that fastens through a trench buckle. There are capacious, practical pockets in the skirt portion and a warm muffler collar. It fastens to the left with bone buttons of a substantial thickness and strain-resisting size. All the require-

ments of a sturdy winter coat are filled in this latest effort of the coat-maker and more than this. As the uniform of every soldier proclaims his sentiments and his allegiance so the trench coat speaks the mind of its wearer. It appeals to the eternal feminine because it is becoming and it is also picturesque. It is just the garment for the woman who intends to keep busy doing whatever comes to hand to do, in any kind of weather, during the coming winter and there are always so many things waiting for the charitable to do.

One look at the trench coat is convincing; it may be used for driving the motorcar and anywhere else where real service and comfort are called for. Thanks be, its designer has given us these together with a snappy and definite style that is enough to stiffen the backbone of any ease-loving slacker.

Julius Bottomley

The Residue. There is nothing in the grave but dust. What endures remains with the soul.—Buddha.

FROM NEAR AND FAR

Housewives in Bell City, La., have adopted overalls for housework.

Canada's independent labor party will place candidates in the field.

Yucatan (Mexico) school teachers have formed a co-operative society.

Canada has opened a government creamery at Henriburg, Sask., Canada.

Woman school teachers in Ireland receive the same pay as men for the same kind of work.

The Chilean congress is considering the development of the iron industry in that country, which has some of the richest mines in the world.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS

Seventy-four members of the faculty and instructional staff of the University of Wisconsin are absent in various kinds of war service.

Guadeloupe expects an abundant harvest of cocoa. Trees and pods are in excellent condition. The entire output of the colony goes to France.

It is said that the United States exported by parcel post in 1915-16, 1,352,539 parcels, weighing 6,299,023 pounds; in 1914-15, 936,365 parcels with a total weight of 3,347,899.

An Australian says he has discovered a new rapid tanning process with which sole leather can be tanned in seven days, calfskins in six hours and other skins proportionately quickly.

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 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.

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.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

An old bachelor says the best pet dogs come in glass.

Don't worry. You will always look good to your friends.

If a man has a good memory he knows when to forget.

Men who do the most work don't always do the best work.

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 cat.

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

It is everlastingly 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 grafter 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.

ABOUT PERSONS

John Taylor of Crystal Springs, Miss., has 15 sons in the United States army.

General Vorkhovsky, late Russian war minister, 12 years ago was a chamber page to the czar.

Joseph P. Guffy, Democratic state chairman of Pennsylvania, has been appointed petroleum administrator, covering the purchase of all oil for the United States during the war.

Governor Whitman of New York was challenged by a sentry on a dark night and explained that he was governor. The sentry replied: "I'm governor, too. Put up your hands!" A corporal explained the situation. The governor said to the sentry: "You are a good soldier," and passed on.

FLASHLIGHTS

The fellow who only half tries usually makes a complete failure.

It takes all sorts of people to make up a world, but it took the Kaiser to break up a world.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR



IMPLIED.

The young man had consulted a "medium" and was telling his friend, Mr. Henry Peck, about it.

"Did the fortune teller tell you anything interesting?" he asked.

"Oh, so-so. He was very flattering."

"Did he say that you were going to be married?"

"No, he didn't mention a word about marriage."

"That's queer—they usually do. Well, what did he say about you?"

"He said I was born to command."

"Well, that means you will never be married. Congratulations!"

Little Pitchers.

Young Hopeful—If you're coming to our house to supper tomorrow, you won't get anything to eat.

Friendly Neighbor—Why, Tommy, what do you mean?

Young Hopeful—I heard pa tell ma she'd have to get some cheap chicken feed for her old hen party.

Not Well Put.

Dowies—What a grasping fellow you are, Smith! You've bothered me about this bill fifty times in ten days!

Smith—You wrong me. I'm not grasping. I've bothered you about the bill, I admit, but I haven't been able to grasp anything yet!—London Tit-Bits.

MAKING A HIT.



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 Laudable Ambition.

Now this is our ambition: We'll say it, frank and blunt—A nice long row of figures With a dollar mark in front.

An Insult.

"That burglar insulted me." "How?" "He demanded my money or my life."

"Well?" "All I had with me was sixty cents and he took that in preference to my life."

Logical Act.

"Mazie broke her engagement with Harold." "Why did she do that?" "I believe it was because she thought he was cracked."

Recrimination.

He—You used to say you would delight to obey me. She—And you used to swear you were mine to command.

Reversed.

"Her husband works nights." "Well." "He's complaining all the time that he never spends his days at home."

The Night Hawk.

"What's Old Rounder doing now?" "Trying to get the gang to stay another hour while he tells them how much he thinks of home."

The Difference.

"Is your son engaged in any manual occupation?" "Oh, no; nothin' so highbrow as that. He jest works by the day."

A Joyful Event.

"There's one thing I'll say for the Kaiser: His funeral would break the world's record for attendance."

"That so?" "It's a cinch. Think of the millions of people in the world who would like to go to it right now."

The Only Chance.

"Does Bliggins ever tell the truth?" "I don't know. Maybe he does sometimes. I never had a chance to hear him talk in his sleep."