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disquieted Ogle as he took his seat. Then disquiet became rapidly a sickish apprehension, and apprehension as abruptly exchanged itself for the full shock of dismay.

The person engaged with the steward tossed the menu, which was printed in Italian, upon the table. "Oh, my gosh!" he exclaimed in a voice disreputably hoarse. "Bring us the worst you got, as long as it ain't spaghetti. I been eatin' spaghetti for three days because it's the only thing I know the name of. My gosh!"

IT WAS the execrable Tinker. He and his family were to be the unfortunate young man's messmates all the way to Africa.

Moreover, he saw no means of escape; every seat in the room and in the balcony above was assigned and occupied, as the chief steward had already informed him. His sole recourse would be to effect an exchange with someone; but the only people he knew well enough to approach with such a proposal were Albert Jones and Macklyn, and Ogle was convinced that if he should so approach them neither of them would respond helpfully or even graciously.

But what dismayed him even more than the prospect of nine long days of enforced intimacy with the Tinker family was what he conceived to be the odium attached to such an association; so sharp were the young man's prejudices. Seeing him in this close association with them at every meal, who could come to any conclusion except that he was a member of the Tinker party, traveling with the Tinkers, at the least a friend of the Tinkers, or worse, a relative of the Tinkers—or, worst of all, Tinker's son-in-law? Madame Momoro herself might even now be looking down upon him from her balcony table, wondering if this were true of him; and he cast a pathetic upward glance round the three sides of the balcony visible from his chair, but discerned no glint of burnished gold enlabeled above the scrolled wrought-iron railing.

Tinker addressed him. "Fine morning we've had. Might y nice bright day!" It was notable how his voice betrayed him with its debauched hoarseness; but what repelled the playwright was the commonplace approach of the provincial, the customary small-town manner of opening acquaintance through the weather. However, he said "Very" and looked up again at the balcony.

TINKER coughed and glanced placidly at his wife; but she offered him no more encouragement to go on talking than Ogle did. She sat with downcast, brooding eyes in the manner of a woman who has lately had much to suffer but more to condemn, and, as for returning her husband's plaintive glance, she made it plain that she had no desire to look at anything so leprous.

The daughter's manner was the mother's emphasized, but with something virulent added. Lawrence Ogle had the habit of detaching the observing and note-taking part of himself from his emotions and sensations, a sixth sense that students of their fellow men acquire; and he was conscious of the emanation of a powerful and unusual hostility from this silent girl. Her hostility seemed directed against everything—against the ship and all the people in it, against every circumstance of life; but most of all, and with the bitterest concentration, against her father. She was sullen and suffering, making both her sullenness and her suffering so evident that a stranger duller than Ogle must have perceived them at a glance; and in spite of himself, his curiosity began to stir. Internal family struggle was his principal dramatic subject, and already he caught a glimpse of such a struggle in progress here—with the girl enraged and worsted. This was his shrewd guess, at least, though he thought she might have a temporary advantage today, because of her father's recent misbehavior.

The father, indeed, seemed to feel himself at a disadvantage; his abased glances

at his wife and daughter proved his lot estate no less than did his lamentable hoarseness; and there were things about him significant of the struggle an erring man makes to present a fine appearance after sin. A stiff white shirt and collar replaced the softer stuffs he had worn yesterday; his scarf of satin, appropriate black, was pinned with a fine black pearl he had been to the ship's barbers and smelled too fragrantly of the contact; he was sleeked and powdered and polished the broad nails upon his slightly tremulous fingers, as he broke a piece of bread glanced and twinkled like little mirrors.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Couldn't ask for better weather than we're getting now. Seems funny to think of everything back home all covered with ice and snow. You're from somewheres East, I expect."

"Yes," Ogle said. "Boston, I expect?"

"New York."

"Well, New York's a big place these days," Tinker remarked tolerantly. "My wife and daughter here, though, they like it better than I do. We come from a prett good-sized town ourselves, and while the population isn't quite as big as New York's yet, it's certainly got every advantage you can find in New York and some ways more. What'd you say your name was?"

"Ogle."

"Glad to meet you; glad to meet you," Tinker said as heartily as his hoarseness permitted. "Mine's Tinker, and this is my wife, Mrs. Tinker, Mr. Ogle. My daughter, Libby, Mr. Ogle."

OGLE made two inclinations of the head, and these salutes were acknowledged with a distant formality a little surpassing his own. Indeed, he found in theirs something that appeared to be not so much a serve as a personal reproach. Mrs. Tinker seemed to include every member of her husband's sex in her disapproval, and the daughter perhaps desiring to make it clear that she wished nothing from any person contaminated by her father's introduction. Her dark lashes separated widely for an instant, disclosing beautiful and resentful eyes in which blue fires smoldered; she came abruptly upon her unrouged cheeks then she looked down again, and Ogle was surprised by the revelation that this Miss Libby Tinker was one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen.

The discovery failed to please him, however, "Middle West belle" being the depreciative phrase that came instantly into his mind. He had no interest in representatives of that type, although as a playwright he was curious about what he felt certain he had accurately perceived in her—that deep and settled anger against her father. It was, in fact, an enmity beyond ordinary family-quarrel animosities, he was sure. It was too fixed and profound to be the result of any mere mortification caused in her by the man's manners, and, as a spectator of the human comedy, he would have given something to know what inspired it.

"THIS is our first time over," Tinker said. "I expect you been over before, Mr. Ogle?"

"No," Ogle replied, and was displeased to suspect that his color heightened and spoke. "Not often."

"Too busy, I expect. You're in business in New York, aren't you, Mr. Ogle?"

"No."

Tinker nodded. "Professional?"

What I thought when I looked at you, I'm a business man, myself. I expect you've probably heard of the Illinois Union Paper Company."

"No, I haven't."

Tinker looked surprised and a little flustered. "You never did?" he said. "Of course New York City's got no interests of its own, you often do people from there that don't get too much about what goes on outside their own town. We have representative

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