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HER BOY'S RETURN

By GERTRUDE MARY SHERIDAN.

"Scat!" ordered Mrs. Jared Smith, and bang! a rolling pin went hurtling through the open doorway after a flying canine. It struck the animal, who uttered a cry of pain and disappeared, limping.

"Easy, mother; easy does it, you know," spoke an even, soothing voice, and Jared Smith came into view. "Just a minute more and I might have got it. Here's your rolling pin, ma. I'll look after the dog."

"You'll do no such thing, Jared Smith!" stormed his angry helpmeet. "The animal got his lesson and deserves it. I told you when you brought the half-starved creature here yesterday he'd make us trouble."

"And what has he been doing?" inquired Jared placidly.

"Better ask that when you get your supper," observed Mrs. Smith tartly, "seeing as the dog stole the small loaf I'd baked special for you, and put it out to cool."

"Well, maybe the poor creature needed it worse than I did," said Jared.

"One thing—don't you dare to bring that animal back here! Now, you mind me!" proclaimed Mrs. Smith.

Jared went out in search of the animal in disfavor. He had picked up the poor creature coming home the day previous.

Jared was tender-hearted, even with the brute creation. His kindly face wrinkled with sympathy as he came across the dog slinking behind the barn and holding up a broken paw.

"Why, you poor thing!" he pitied, caressing the frightened and trembling animal. "And don't you hold it against Samantha," he proceeded. "She's good as gold, but she's had her crosses, and she hasn't been used to pets since—h'm—" there was a strange catch in Jared's throat—"since a long time ago," he concluded in a sad, dreamy way.



The Animal Acted Strangely.

Jared went into the barn and got some horse linament and some rags. He soon had the injured limb mended up. Then he filled a pan with water and led the animal to an empty cattle pen way back of the house.

"Now you stay here till the storms blow over," he advised his dumb charge. "Samantha will come around right when she knows she's hurt you, and I'll see you get some supper," and the dog wagged his tail and looked up wistfully into his eyes as though fully understanding all that was spoken.

"Where are you going with that tin plate of stuff?" demanded Mrs. Smith, suspiciously, as just after supper she detected her husband sneaking out of the kitchen with some heaped up scraps.

"It's for that dog, Samantha," explained Jared. "You hurt him a good deal, and I've put him in a comfortable straw bed outside of the lot, where he won't trouble you any before he gets in shape to travel on his way."

"You'll just encourage him to hang around," declared Mrs. Smith, peevishly.

"Samantha," said her husband softly, "don't forget that David liked dogs."

"David!" The old wrinkled face of the woman flamed, paled. Her lips quivered. She went about her work in silence, her head drooping, one by one the tears falling across her homely, toil-worn hands as she put things in order.

David—her boy!—a door opened in her soul long closed seemingly, and a host of longing, pitiful memories had rushed in.

Two years lonely, bitter and hopeless—two years without the boy who had run away from home to become a sailor. Only once they had heard from him. There had come a letter to the mourning mother from the errant but loving son.

"I wouldn't do it over again," read the pathetic missive, "but I'm started, and I've got pride enough to go through with it. Mother, I'm going to the East Indies next. Then I'm coming home. And I'm going to bring back some of the rare silks and jewels they say you can pick up there for a song!"

Vain dreamer! A year went by and no further word from the wandering boy and the ship he had sailed in reported lost in a terrible simoon off the Malacaca coast.

Mrs. Smith was strangely silent all that evening. After they had retired for the night her husband noted how restless she was. Once he fancied he heard her sobbing softly.

He was himself awakened shortly after midnight by the barking of the dog. The animal seemed to have come up to the house and was pawing at the door. Mrs. Smith made no complaint and Jared knew she was thinking of the lost son.

"You can fetch that dog into the kitchen if you want to, Jared," she said softly as her husband started out to feed the stock.

As Jared came out into the yard the dog limped up to him. The farmer petted the animal and motioned it to follow him into the house. However, the animal acted strangely. It did not seem to want to go with him, circled about him and then turning its face toward some thick underbrush whined in a plaintive and it seemed a beseeching way.

"The critter acts funny, I declare!" Jared was saying as his wife came out into the yard. "Why, what does the animal want, anyhow?"

The dog had caught a loose fold of his coat in its teeth and was persistently pulling at him.

"This means something, Samantha," said her husband quite seriously. "See, he wants us to follow him."

"It does look that way," agreed Mrs. Smith.

Out of curiosity both of them followed the limping animal. The dog penetrated the thick copse given over to dense undergrowth. Ten feet advanced among this Jared Smith halted with a shock.

"Why, Samanth!" he exclaimed. "It's a man!"

Mrs. Smith peered timorously over her husband's shoulder.

"Oh, Jared! is it some one dead?" she shuddered.

"I think not, I hope not, Samantha," replied Jared, lifting a one-half eaten little loaf from beside the prostrate figure—"your bread!"

Just there the dog crept up to the stranger and nosed at his face buried in the grass. The recumbent man moved and then with a groan turned his weary fever-stricken eyes upon the intruders.

"Mother!" he uttered, and collapsed.

"Oh, Jared!" fairly shrieked Mrs. Smith, "it's my boy!"

Yes, thus the runaway had come home—in lieu of silks of the far away Indies, rags. Instead of the dazzling gleam of jewels, the hectic glitter of death in his eye!

Just in time they had found him. When they had carried him—oh, so tenderly! to the house, and the doctor arrived, it was to tell them that another hour in inattention might have ended in his death.

"I stole up to the house weak, almost fainting," David Smith told them when he was convalescent. "Then ragged and ashamed, I could not go in. But there was mother's bread. I took it, not the dog, not this grand splendid hero to whom I owe my life in discovering me later that night."

And the night of a grand family jubilee, attended, too, by the faithful sweetheart of old times, the faithful animal was awarded a post of honor.

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CHEERING UP OF PATSY

By L. MERRIFIELD.

"You don't know how I feel, mother, dear, about going up home and leaving Patsy here—"

"Er—do you know any friend of Cora's at Edgemere named Patsy, Rex?" asked Mrs. Clews, looking up from her letter.

"Must be Patricia Boyd, mater. Corry's pet name for her, probably. Why?" Rex moved lazily from the sun parlor into the breakfast room. "She's a nice girl and good family, you know. Ask her up, why don't you?"

"Listen, though, Rex." She read on aloud:

"'Patsy has been through some terrible grief the past summer that the rest of us can only guess at. She will never be the same again, mother, never. You know how some girls take things to heart, and Patsy is wounded to the quick. I will tell you more later, but you can guess what it was. MAN! I think, taken as a class, they are absolutely irresponsible and without good faith or real sentiment. I don't see how you ever found father, for he is, of course, an exception.'

"Don't laugh, Rex," reproved Mrs. Clews, smiling herself. "Cora is in earnest, really. We had better ask Patsy here and try to cheer her up. How many of the Dartmouth boys did you ask?"

"Four. The other two fellows I wanted went up home to Vermont. I'm glad the Abbot's coming."

A week later Cora arrived with Patricia Boyd. Patsy, as everyone called her, was small and slender with a mass of red gold hair, eyes brown and soft as a moth's wing, and a drooping mouth that pleaded for sympathy. In her dark green traveling suit with brown furs she was a charming picture, and Rex forgot her secret trouble when he lifted her out of the tonneau bodily.

Later he stopped his sister on the way downstairs, led her mysteriously into the small writing room next the library, and closed the door.

"What's the matter with Patsy?" he asked.

"Rex, I think you're positively brutal," Cora said, hotly. "I shall tell father if you don't open that door."

"Cora, I'm overboard, swimming for life, and you hold a life preserver in your grasp to rescue your own dear brother. I'm in love with Patsy."

"You'll never even get her to listen to you, Rex. She's frantically in love with someone she met last summer at one of the coast resorts. But he was one of the coast resorts."

Rex returned her look blankly. "What resort?"

"I don't quite remember—Watch Hill, or Naragansett, or Block Island, one of them, anyway. She has a snap shot of him, and oh, Rex, he is splendid. You never saw such eyes."

"And she wouldn't marry him because he was a head waiter?"

Cora nodded. "Certainly not. The Boyds are very important people in Baterson, Mass."

The day the Dartmouth boys arrived Patsy kept to her room and nursed a headache. Cora, dressed in her daintiest, helped her mother make them welcome, and held Jack Pryor close to her side all the evening.

The following morning Patsy trailed down the stairs a bit languidly Jack stood with his back to the archway, talking to Cora, very ardently and happily, when suddenly he stood up very straight and his face unconsciously hardened. As they were introduced, Patsy raised her long lashes and looked at him with a frightened cry of recognition.

"Oh, do you know Jack already?" asked Cora, quickly.

"He is like some one I used to know," Patsy answered, bravely, and went on.

But the next two weeks were filled with cross purposes and misadventures. Rex kept doggedly on his own way, disregarding the past summer and all of Patsy's notions, and back kept close to Cora's side. One clear cold night they came in from a run over the frozen roads and stood around the great open fire in the reception hall. Rex knelt to take off Patsy's little fur-edged carriage boots and Jack watched the two with a half smile of amusement. When they had left the room with the others he sat alone with Cora before the fire. From the music room came the sound of Patsy's favorite "Traumerei," and Rex's laugh above it.

"I think Patsy will be my sister," said Cora, thoughtfully. "Rex is fearfully sweet on her."

"She's a dear kiddie," Jack answered, "but I don't care much for the type. She's too, as my old country granddad used to put it, light-minded for me."

"Why, Jack, what on earth do you mean? She's had a great sorrow, you know, only last summer."

"Yes, I think I know all about it," said Pryor, slowly. "I happen to be the head waiter. Oh, don't look so startled, Cora. A lot of us Dartmouth boys went for a lark, and we studied social conditions that way, seeing the other side of life from the other fellow's spoint of view. It was a mighty good lesson in more ways than one. She thought she loved me, but she couldn't stand the social condition. Poor little Patsy!"

"You may keep your pity, Jack Pryor," came Patsy's clear treble behind them, and Rex beamed down on them placidly. "I am quite recovered from my summer fancy, and—you tell him, Rex."

"I'm the cure," grinned Rex.

REFRESHMENT FOR ONE

By CLARA POEHLMAN.

"Mother wants to know if she can have—" began small Clara, trotting into Mrs. Brown's back hall. Then she sniffed.

"Um—I guess I smell fudge!" she exclaimed, stepping slowly but surely toward the kitchen door. "I haven't had any fudge for the longest time.

"It isn't fudge? Well. I'm sure it smells like fudge. What is it? Chocolate. Well, I like that, too.

"Oh, no, I'm not hungry. That is, I am hungry, but I don't think I'd better take any chocolate. Well, I would like a cup, maybe. It smells like fudge and chocolate soda. I had a chocolate soda last night.

"What's that in the little pan? It's such a cunning little pan. Eggs? Why don't you just boil them in the teakettle? I don't see why it wouldn't be clean. I'm sure my mother does. Anyway, she would if she thought of it.

"Oh, what's that cunning little brush? Why, it's a toothbrush, isn't it? Do you brush your teeth out here? Oh, you use it for vegetables! Do some of them have teeth the same as potatoes have eyes? I'm sure my mother doesn't brush our vegetables' teeth.

"Oh, yes, I see. You scrub the dirt off them. That's nice. I just hate to find sand on my baked potatoes.

"But I think the toothbrush for the vegetables is fine. Is it yours or Mr. Brown's?

"Oh, I thought it was just a worn out one you were using up out here. You know, sometimes the bristles get old and fall out—and stick into you—but they wouldn't hurt the vegetables, would they? I think it is a very good way to use up your old brushes—and Mr. Brown has such big teeth that he must use up lots of them. Oh, yes, I forgot; you did say this was a new one. But I think when I tell mother she'll use old ones, for we've got so many around.

"Once I brushed my teeth—that's how I know about the loose bristles. I don't know whose brush it was, but it was the nicest looking one in the bathroom, so I took some of mother's new face cream and put on it and then brushed the baby's teeth. He made such a fuss that I just brushed my own to show him it was all right—only, of course, I didn't use face cream on my teeth. I could tell from the way the baby acted that it didn't taste as good as it smelled. But the bristles came out all over my mouth—



"He Made Such a Fuss."

and I was sorry I'd brushed my teeth.

"That chocolate was awfully good. Were you making it for lunch or just for us for a between meals lunch? If it was just made for us, I'll drink another cup with you.

"Why don't you drink any? You want to save some for Mr. Brown? Sometimes my mother does just like that. She says she gauges things wrong. That's what you did, isn't it? I should think you'd make a big panful for any one as big as Mr. Brown.

"My mother puts more cream in chocolate than you do, but I like this just as well.

"Don't you make any dessert for lunch? I don't like to eat very well without dessert. I like pie with ice cream on it, but I guess it costs a good deal.

"Mr. Brown doesn't like dessert? Oh, he's fooling you. Don't you believe him.

"I thought I saw some cake over there. Oh, that's for company tonight? I see. Would you call me company when I just came up in the morning? Would you like me to show you my doll tonight?

"Oh, there's my mother calling. She asked me to come here and get some—I forgot what. I'll just run down and ask and then I'll come back.

"Shall I bring my doll to show your company tonight?"—Chicago Daily News.

Sure to Do Good Work.

Warden (to new prisoner)—What work can you do? What was your occupation?

Prisoner—I was a 'cellist in an orchestra.

Warden—Well, then, we'll set you to work sawing wood.

NEW DANGER FOR WOMEN

By NETTA SYRETT.

Mrs. Airlie was giving a tea party at her club. The guest of the afternoon was Major Burke. Mrs. Airlie always invited him when she wanted to have a talk, because he never complicated matters by taking part in the conversation. He was a big, heavy, fair man, who made a safe remark once in half an hour—a remark, that is to say, which would have been safe with any one but Mrs. Airlie, who could make any remark serve her turn.



"But then, of course, women have no sense of humor," he announced in due course, letting off the inevitable platitude.

Mrs. Airlie's eyes sparkled with satisfaction as she leaned back in her chair.

"I've long wanted to talk upon that subject," she remarked. "It was nice of you to lead up to it so soon."

"So soon?" echoed her companion blankly.

"Yes. It was bound to come sooner or later, of course."

"Why?" demanded the major, hopelessly puzzled.

"Because it's a stock masculine remark.

"Come now, I think it's generally admitted," he returned with a tolerant smile.

"You mean it's generally asserted, and that's a very different thing," returned Mrs. Airlie, with spirit.

Mrs. Airlie's expression as she glanced at him was inscrutable. She was a charming woman, even if she did intend for her own satisfaction to continue the train of thought which his guileless remark had started. "You must let me talk about it," she urged, with her prettiest smile, "because you've really interested me in the subject now."

And the major succumbed patiently, and assumed an attentive attitude.

"Let me see, where was I?" continued Mrs. Airlie. "Oh, yes! Well, now that a sense of humor isn't considered unfeminine, women have gone as usual to the other extreme, just as they tear themselves to pieces over hockey and football, and all the other horrid games they play.

"Surely a sense of humor is less dangerous than hockey?" inquired her guest, whose views were conservative.

"In moderation—yes. But women are never moderate. They are taking to humor madly, savagely, inhumanly. It's becoming with them a sort of dry-rot, that's eating up their brains and their hearts. It's a fashion, a craze, a pose—and a very bad one."

"What a horrible state of things," murmured the major.

Mrs. Airlie laughed. "Please let me exaggerate," she exclaimed. "If I must be a women, it's hard that I mayn't do a simple thing like that! I'm not talking about the ordinary every-day woman, of course. She has no sense of humor, and never had. But then, neither has the ordinary every-day man

"You see, in a scheme of seriousness, men find a place. They, too, are taken seriously, and that from every point of view is so advisable. Men don't like to be taken humorously. It annoys them. Their sense of humor very wisely stops short at themselves."

Major Burke looked at her suspiciously. "I believe you've got it!" he exclaimed, alluding thus fearfully to the new disease.

"How can you be so unkind?" she protested meekly. "I'm speaking about clever women."

Again he gave her an uneasy glance, but before he could collect his thoughts he discovered that she was talking about Jane Austen.

"It's the Jane Austen type of mind that's being cultivated by the clever women nowadays," she said. "A dry, witty, unemotional way of looking at life is the correct thing. Ideals are childish, enthusiasms absurd, love a folly at which to sneer. Why, it's creating a new type of face," she declared. "Look round; look at some of the women in this very room—the women who have passed their first youth. There's a new sort of mouth—a mocking, ironical mouth. There are new eyes—hard, bright, amused eyes. The very way they walk, the very way they carry their heads—"

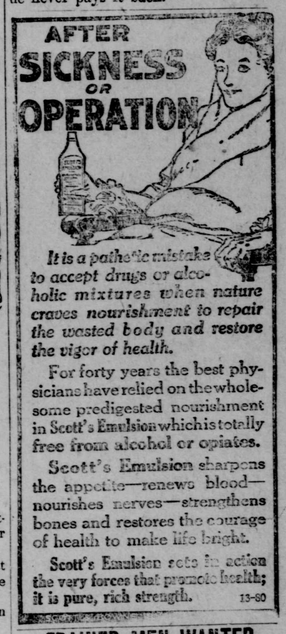
"I know what you mean," interposed the major, intelligently, "and I quite agree. I hate that kind of thing. Give me a gentle, sympathetic woman. I don't care twopence about her brains."

"Precisely," said Mrs. Airlie. "That's the trouble. But if she's got them?" Her eyes once more traveled round the smoking-room. "Poor woman!" she suddenly exclaimed. "I dare say a sense of humor helps her through better than any other sort of armor after all. She's quite right. It's the best way," she added decisively, leaving the major gasping. He had yet to learn that woman's logic is as conspicuous as her sense of humor.

ONLY GOOD IN ONE LINE.

"Jones strikes me as a very promising young man."

"He strikes me that way, too; but he never pays it back."



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