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## ANOTHER WOMAN TRAINED HER SON

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

MARIA STEBBINS hadn't had good health since her son, Tom, got married. Tom hadn't married to suit her. She had always expected him to take Emma Page, a nice, sensible girl, with money. Maria had done her best to help on the match. Just as she thought she had the matter cut and dried Tom gave her the slip and married Dolly Archer's daughter, Dawn.

Dawn! The very name made Maria wriggle uncomfortably like an angleworm fast to a fishhook. She had not seen Dawn since she was grown up; she didn't want to see her. Didn't she know Dawn's mother? That was enough for her.

Maria didn't go to the wedding. She sent a chest of silver to the bride; then she was through, all through.

That was three months ago. Tom had not been near her since. He had written, but what was a letter? Once he had suggested bringing Dawn to see Maria, but Maria had nipped that in the bud. If they'd let her alone she'd let them alone. Fortunately, they lived so far apart that it wasn't particularly easy to get back and forth.

One morning Maria was feeling unusually bitter and blue. She sat on the front porch trying to darn stockings, but her hands shook so she couldn't thread her needle. "My hands shake like leaves, Ella," she told Mrs. Beach, who paused in passing. "Just look at 'em!" She held them up for Mrs. Beach to see. They did shake, and they had always been so steady and firm.

"You're worrying your head off, Maria," Mrs. Beach said. "Worry killed a cat. It'll get you if you don't look out. Best thing for you to do is to make up with Tom and his new wife."

Maria sniffed. She wanted to throw the stocking basket at Mrs. Beach. The idea! Telling her to make up with Dolly Archer's daughter! Her lips set in a tight line. Mrs. Beach saw that she was angry and moved on.

Tom hadn't used her right, Maria thought, as a big, hot tear rolled down her cheek. She needed him. Hadn't she always let him have his own way in everything? If he ever wanted anything she always gave him a little bit more than he asked. And now she was lonely and bereft.

A blue coupe drove up and stopped before the house. Out of it stepped a woman, young, sprightly, smartly clad. From her close-fitting dark hat to her four-inch heels she was complete. Maria stared through her glasses. She snorted. For this was Dawn's mother! This was that impossible Dolly Archer!

"How-do, Maria?" Dolly mounted the steps. "Haven't seen you in a hundred years. Thought it was about time we two mothers-in-law got together."

Maria, frozen in her rocking chair with a stocking drawn over her hand, was speechless. Dolly sank down into the porch hammock, opened her vanity case and proceeded to freshen up her small, piquant face.

"I didn't ask you to come here," Maria exploded at last. "You needn't expect me to make you welcome, after the way you maneuvered to get my boy married to that girl of yours. If you expect to make peace you're just as much mistaken as if you'd lost—your hat."

"I see you're the same old rock of stubbornness, Maria," Dolly chuckled. "You're certainly refreshing in a changeful world—you are, really. And I love the way you speak your mind. So few folks do that nowadays. Look here, Maria, if you're still grouchy at me for getting Hud Archer away from you when we were girls you can just cut it out. He was no joy as a husband. He didn't leave me a cent either. Hence the tearoom. That's how Dawn got a decent education. She's a good girl. And she'll make something of that lazy, extravagant, thoughtless son of yours yet, see if she doesn't!"

Maria was down sick after Dolly went away. By afternoon she was a case, as she expressed it to herself. She went to bed and took several different kinds of pills, and felt worse all the time. Maybe when she was dead Tom would come and look at her and realize what he had done.

Evening came. The house grew dark and still. What was that? A step, the back door opening, somebody whistling "Mother Machree." She knew now she was out of her head

of time he re-entered the bedroom bearing a tray, on which were arranged temptingly a slice of toast, browned just right, a pot tea, a soached egg, half a sugared orange.

It was amazing. She had always waited on Tom hand and foot, and here was Tom waiting on her. He fed her until she had cleared the tray.

"Close as a closet in here," he commented. "I'm going to take you out on the porch where it's cooler." He simply picked her up in his arms and bore her, trailing the blue bed blanket, out to the porch hammock. "You don't weight within twenty pounds

it couldn't be Tom in reality.

"Mom! Where are you?" A real voice; the old question. She answered. Tom came to the bedroom door. "What are you doing in here," he demanded. He switched on a light. "Why, Mom! You're sick!"

"You've got a temperature, Mom," he said, laying his cool hand on her hot forehead. "Have you lain here all day?" She nodded. "Been alone?" She nodded. "Not a bite to eat?" She shook her head.

Tom arose and went into the kitchen. In an incredibly short space what Dawn does," he remarked.

Sitting on the edge of the hammock, her hand in his, he talked to her. Maria's astonishment and curiosity grew. This tender, gentle, sympathetic man was not the wild, selfish, thoughtless boy she had raised. What had happened to him?

"You—you're happy, Tom?" she asked.

"Happy! It's Eden, paradise, heaven all in one, being married to Dawn."

Silence. Then a sigh, "You've changed a lot, Tom."

"For the better. Sure I have. Dawn was pretty well discouraged with me at first. I had to make a quick change; our matrimonial bark was going on the rocks. Dawn's a hard worker and a straight thinker. She can't stand folks who aren't the same. She's all for owning a home, having a family, paying as we go." He felt in his pocket. "Habit," he muttered. "I've given up smoking. Dawn puts the money in the savings bank."

Maria looked at her son. He had never looked finer. A big, healthy, virile fellow. Dawn must be all right. And Dolly Archer had trained Dawn. Well, she must be all right, too. Maria hated to admit it. Must be something fine deep down in Dolly after all. Maria had turned out a pretty doubtful product, but Dawn had taken it and finished it and given it value. Dawn hadn't had any inheritance of that kind from Hud Archer. But from Dolly, nervy little Dolly, who was making a tearoom pay; she must have got a big endowment. Maria hated to feel that Dolly was a better woman than she, but wasn't there evidence of it right here and now in Tom? Judged by all the standards of motherhood Dolly had Maria beaten forty ways.

"I'd like to see Dawn," she murmured

Tom jumped up. "Sure. She's waiting down the street a ways, sitting in the car. I'll go and get her. You see, Mom," Tom added, laughing, "I wasn't sure you'd want to see us both."

### Discovery of Radium

In 1896 Henri Becquerel discovered that a crystal of salt of uranium could in the dark reduce the silver bromide on a photographic plate, even when a sheet of black paper was placed between. Evidently a radiation different from light was given out by the salt. Pierre and Mme. Curie found that the mineral pitchblende had the same properties. The mineral radium is white and turns black in the air. It belongs to the uranium family.

### Crab's Emotions Shown

That crabs have some emotions and not others was demonstrated by scientists in London recently. It was shown that a crab fettered by one claw and left with food just out of reach will starve to death, but the placing of a polyp, the crab's deadly enemy, near it, will cause the prisoner to become convulsed with fear. The shock causes the tied claw to come off so that the crustacean can scuttle away to safety.

### Actual Stock Exchange "Seats"

In the early days a "seat" on the Boston Stock exchange was an actuality, each member having his own chair and desk and forbidden under penalty of a fine from trading out of it. Due to the fact that seats were arranged in parallel rows along the walls and facing it, some of the more unfortunate members were at some distance from the rostrum of the president of the exchange who had the conduct of business in charge, so that in times of brisk bidding they could with difficulty make their bids or offers heard. It was not until 1885 in Boston that seats were finally abolished and not until 1863 in New York and 1885 in Boston that continuous daily sessions were inaugurated.—Boston Transcript.

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