



## STOP THE WASTE

Every day that you put off playing a piano within reach of your children is another day thrown into life's wastebasket, for these golden moments lost in the matter of acquiring an education can never be regained. How much would YOU give today to bring back the days of lost opportunities? **TALKING ABOUT A PIANO** will not put one into your home, nor make the proverbial "next year" the one of peace and plenty.

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little of the wild side of the world. You see, my trunk is packed already."

"Sure enough, half hidden by the desk, there stood a steamer trunk with the lid raised. Miss Amy noted, with indescribable emotion, a small flask of brandy on the top, and a pair of huge slippers.

"And there's only that little chap to be arranged for," the man went on, nodding toward the corner of the room. "I don't believe that I have introduced myself. I'm Manly Gibb, and that is Manly Gibb, Jr."

He walked over toward the quilt, and stood looking down at the sleeping child. "Manly Gibb, Jr., has a bad temper, naturally come by through inheritance. He likes his own way, does Manly. He's a big nuisance, and a big comfort. He loves his daddy."

The gruff voice was a trifle husky now. "What is your name?" he asked Miss Amy over his shoulder.

"Amy Grant," she said. "Well, Amy Grant, if I let you have this little fellow for keeps, will you do your best by him? Will you stand between him and all harm? Will you take him to the church in the village, and give him a corner of your lonely little heart?"

Miss Amy stifled a big sob. "I'll give him all of it," she cried. He turned and came back to her. "Shake hands," he said.

They shook hands, the big man and the little woman, like comrades.

"Now that that's arranged," he declared, with an air of great relief, "we'll get down to business. I'm a poor man, poorer than I've ever been before, but perhaps I may make some money out in the wilds. If I do, it's all for him. I haven't any relations. I don't believe that I'll ever come back. At least, it's not a part of my present plans. So if I do make money I'll send it to you. Give him as good schooling as you can. Make a college man of him if you must, but not unless he shows a decided bent for that form of life. I'd like him to be something bigger, broader."

He had settled down on the edge of the desk in front of her. Miss Amy could see how thick his hair was, how strong his shoulders. A very tower of strength he seemed to the little woman. As she looked, a desperate resolve was forming itself in her heart.

"Do you think," she asked timidly, "do you think you'll ever marry again?" He looked at her.

"Never," he said. "Then, if you never mean to marry and you never mean to come back," she went on desperately, "would you mind marrying me before you go?"

Oh, poor Miss Amy, poor Miss Amy! The words were out even while her lips trembled to hold them back. The next moment her crimson face was hidden in her hands.

"Oh, don't remember what I said," she begged. "Oh, don't remember it! Don't remember it!"

"If you were another kind of woman," he replied slowly, "I'd think you were laying some trap for me. But I've seen your sort before. You're like my mother. What is it?"

How she ever told him Miss Amy never knew; but somehow, some way, the words came, halting at first, then more eloquent, as she poured out her heart to this man, a stranger an hour ago, and now so close that he seemed the very keeper of her soul.

"So all you want is the shelter of my name?" he asked.

"That's all. I'm so tired of being single. I want to belong," she sobbed.

He laid his hand on hers.

"How old are you?"

She told him quite honestly.

"Five years older than I am. But what's five years? Or ten, for that matter, if it's the right woman. I've seen girls half your age that I'd consider it hell to be married to. Excuse my French."

Miss Amy laughed hysterically. He had sworn!

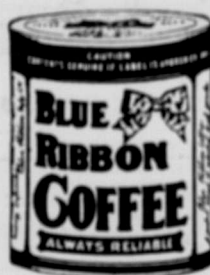
"If there had been any one like you in Meldrum," she cried, "I would have done my part. I never did my part. I see that now. I But there never was anyone in my town like you."

They talked a good while together, planning out things. Then they woke up Manly, Jr., and Miss Amy carried him back to the hotel with her. She found that he had his father's eyes. That evening she bought a rat, one of the circular, wire kind, and in the morning the friendly chambermaid helped her to arrange an elaborate tower of hair. It was a great improvement.

At ten o'clock there was a brief cere-

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mony at a neighboring church, and at half past eleven they were on the train bound for Meldrum. All Meldrum saw them alight at the station, and as they walked up the village street there was a wondering Meldrum head at every window. Manly Gibb stayed two hours, and then took the express southward. Miss Amy saw him off again, standing on the platform to the last with his child clasped in her arms.

"Good-by," he said. "Is there anything more I can do?"

"Would you—would you give me one of your cigars—for a keepsake?" she faltered.

He felt in his pocket, and slipped a battered old pipe into her hand.

"I'll send up a box of my things. Put them around the house."

The express was thundering along the level track while they looked at each other. They drew together very close, eyes seeking eyes.

"Good-by," he said again. "I'll write. It's nice to have some one to write to—some one who will care."

He started toward the car, and wheeled again, to stoop and kiss her squarely on the lips.

"I'll come back," he whispered.

Miss Amy watched the train out of sight, watched until the very smoke had disappeared behind the distant hills, and then turned toward the village street, still carrying Manly, Jr. There were tears in her eyes, but she held her head erect for she was now a wife and mother. —Scrap Book.

### CHARM QUILT PATTERN

Dear Isabel: I saw a request for a quilt pattern in the last Guide. As I have one that I think very nice, I am sending it, hoping it will please Mrs. Robinson.

It is the charm quilt, or no two blocks alike. It requires three hundred and forty blocks, all cut like pattern; and



joined alternately (a light and a dark) in strips, twenty in each strip and it requires seventeen strips.

MRS. H. S. NEELY.

Goven, Sask.

Note.—Thank you, Mrs. Neely, for sending on this useful pattern. The sections are of a size to include quite small odds and ends. The pattern is as you observe, simply a six sided figure, each edge measuring 2½ inches.

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### FOR EQUAL PAY

Mrs. Leslie Carter favors equal pay for women teachers, and is willing to give for the cause a benefit performance of "Two Women," in which she has been playing at the Lyric Theatre in New York, under the management of the Authors' Producing Company. Mrs. Carter makes this offer in a recent letter to Miss Grace Strachan, president of the Interborough Women Teachers' Association. She wrote Miss Strachan that she admired her plucky fight and wanted to see her succeed. "The great burden of educating the young," Mrs. Carter wrote, "rests on the shoulders of the good women teachers the world over. They bear the brunt of the preliminary training. Why men should receive more than women I do not know. The men rarely devote