

"Yes, yes, boy—weren't we at college together, and wasn't he always up to the most outrageous pranks? Why, my boy, that's why I have learned to look upon you as—almost a son. No, of course you didn't understand—thought it was just one of my usual queer ways. You see"—the words came haltingly—"we—both wanted—your mother. He got her—because he ran off with her. I never begrudged him his happiness—but yet—I loved her dearly—aye, dearly," with a far-away, lonely look in his eyes.

For a moment he was living over again the days of his youth, then with a sigh and a quick smile at Larry he returned to sensible middle age.

"Tut! Tut! We must let bygones be bygones. Come, shake hands over it. You are the nearest thing I have ever had to a son. I never married," in answer to the question he read in Larry's eyes, "that was the reason."

Then quickly rising from his seat, he opened the door through which the others had vanished and called to them individually and collectively.

"Come back here and apologise, you young scapegoats. I know all the mischief you have been up to. Come," passing through to the kitchen, "where is Larry's wife—oh, the deuce, I mean Miss Doris?"

"She's cut and run," volunteered Tom, who was seated on the table swinging his long legs, calmly awaiting developments. "She wouldn't stay another minute, so they both ran across to our place, just over the way," and he waved his arm to indicate the direction taken by the runaways. It did not take long for the men in great spirits to follow and to explain the existing state of affairs.

"Now, Larry, my boy, I keep you on one condition," warned the erratic Patrick as Larry and Doris were leaving for home an hour later. It had been satisfactorily arranged that Mr. Lawless should spend the night with Tom and Sylvia.

"What's that, sir?" asked Larry in some trepidation.

"What's that, sir!" thundered the older man, trying to look severe while his eyes twinkled under the frowning brow. "What's that, sir—why, that you kiss this girl good-night when you leave her at her door." And he raised a very resisting round chin with his broad hand and looked squarely into the indignant grey eyes of the girl. "No, sir," he continued after a satisfied inspection, "if you come to the office in the morning without being engaged to this girl, I'll—I'll fire you on the spot."

And Larry a little later realised that it was good advice, for he carried out his instructions to the letter, and sought his lonely bachelor quarters with a thrilling recollection of a pair of adorable grey eyes and warm soft lips.

It need only be added that Tom's foresight of the morning had provided for the contingency which actually arose. For when the terrified and angry man who had agreed to take the house, came to his senses, he sought out a telephone and communicated violently with Hudson & Co. However, through the kindly services of a partially explanatory letter, a comfortable check, and the promise of a satisfactory explanation to Mr. Pinkerton, which Tom had had the wisdom to arrange about in the morning, Mr. Hudson of Hudson & Co. took no further steps in the matter, and the lanky youth at the desk had no unnecessary remarks to make when Larry entered the real estate office on the following morning and announced that he had decided to take the house.

Needless to say, the other prospective tenant with the smallpox horror staring him in the face, kept strictly out of the way.

Another month saw Larry and a bona-fide Mrs. Larry installed in the rose-covered cottage, for as Larry had prophesied, they "were married and lived happy ever after."

THE END.

## Foreign Photographs

By SAMUEL F. BATCHELDER

OH, Mr. Robinson, how do you do? I'm glad to see you again! My! is it only two months? It seems years and years since you were standing on the wharf waving goodbye to us. Say, you know that little American flag I was waving at you from the back end of the boat? Well, we carried it everywhere we went, and we most always managed to have it showing. Popper mostly had it tied to his umbrella, and sometimes Grace had it for a bow at her neck. Cousin George took it out in church once, and the man came and wanted him to put it away, so we all got up and marched right out, to show our disapproval of foreign tyranny. Oh, we were real patriotic, I tell you! Popper said he guessed we weren't ashamed of our country, and we let everybody know it, too. We lost 'most everything we carried, one time or another, but we never lost that flag nor my camera. And I know you'll want to see the pictures we took—they're just splendid. We had fine luck about the light and everything, and Mommer says they're priceless souvenirs of our pilgrimage. Here's the album. It begins right away on the steamer going over. This is our party the first afternoon, all lined up and looking pretty. Don't George look handsome? . . . Oh, well, of course I'm not there, because I took it. Here are some that George took of me after I'd got my sea-le—after I'd got to feeling all right again and wore my white sailor suit. . . . Never mind who gave me the flowers! You needn't look at these; they're some George took when I didn't know it. . . . Well, it's just the second officer; he was an awful flirt, but so manly. I do admire a manly man—with a moustache. George grew one when he found that out. Now, these are what I took at Chester; we're all standing on the walls, or perhaps it's the cathedral behind us. . . . Them? Oh, they're a couple of Englishmen we just sort of met there. One of them was awfully stuck on Grace. We found out he was a baronet—that is, he's going to be a baronet as soon as six of his brothers die. He was rather modest about it himself. But Popper was so delighted he insisted on calling him "my lord" right away. Mommer hoped he'd invite us all to visit his baronial halls, but he didn't. They had to squeeze up pretty close to get everybody into the picture; that's

why you don't see more of Chester. Here we are in London; me, too, you see. I got a policeman to take us; he was tickled to death to do it, I guess. He said it was a rum go. I know that is London, because we're right in front of one of those American Bars that used to make Popper and George so tired. They said the cocktails tasted like hair-oil. There! isn't that a fine one? It's Saint Peter's at Rome! Don't you see it? Right there, that little mushroomy thing between Grace and Ella. I suppose if we'd taken down our parasols you'd have seen it better. Popper didn't think much of Rome; said it was mostly in poor repair and had no future. But I thought the Lido was lovely. Oh, I guess that's one of the canals in Venice, isn't it? This is all of us just getting into a gondola—Mommer wanted to snap it because it was such a poetic scene. . . . Well, the gondola doesn't show in the picture; no, that's Aunt Hattie's foot. She always gets in the way, somehow. I just fell madly in love with the gondolier till I found he'd been a barber in Jersey City. George says a gondola is a gone dollar! George is always saying bright things like that. This one is Popper and Mommer and Grace and Aunt Hattie and Cousin Ella and George in Paris. Let's see, I guess it's Paris; yes, it must be, because Mommer's wearing her new hat she bought there. She called it an artistic confection. I guess it must have been; it only lasted a week. This is the Eiffel Tower. . . . Well, I don't blame you. It's just behind Aunt Hattie. This is all of us, taken by three perfectly sweet officers in the hotel at Berlin. I say it's Berlin, but Grace is just positive it's— . . . Yes, I suppose it might be 'most any place. We went all over Germany—Berlin and Dresden and Nuremberg—because I was specialising all summer on music, languages, and art, and you get so much of them all in Germany, especially language. But if you go to the best hotels and take Cook's tickets everywhere, you don't have to bother with much of any language except good United States, and Popper says that's good enough for anybody. That's really the way to see the national life of any country, and, besides, you meet so many nice Americans, no matter where you go. Oh, say, do you remember Harry Strong, who was so attentive to Grace

(Continued on page 29)