

he absorbed the lukewarm broth with Prussian ardor.

"Andrew," said the little sister, not even troubling to raise her eyes from her own plate, "Andrew, you eat like a pig." He endured the insult with touching resignation. They had come to blows at other times with less provocation. Later on he scraped the plate at the end of the first serving of the second course.

"Golly, that was good!" he said. "Can I have some more, please?" The father, who had been eating without enthusiasm the warmed-up left-overs, looked up in surprise. He nodded knowingly as he intercepted a significant glance from the mother.

The boy did not overlook these signs. He walked softly thereafter, and the sidelong look which he directed fatherward was not the shy expression of comradeship which passed between them in their intimate moments.

At last the dinner was over.

Little sister listened sleepily to the bedtime story, while the boy, with dutiful promptness, went to his kitchen-table desk to work at his home lessons.

There was perfect quiet in the house. It was the time of rest and contentment to the father, who settled himself comfortably in his chair. The newspaper lay unheeded at his elbow as he sat musing. He was thinking of the boy. There had been a discussion that day in his office on the subject of child-training. One superior sort of fellow had talked highbrow stuff about psychology. The father had admitted that things of that sort were over his head. He agreed with the practical-minded that it was all a matter of will and patience and method.

The old folks at home had never heard of this "psychology" stuff, but they had managed pretty well. They had been a bit rough and ready, perhaps, but they "got there." "By golly," he had said in the discussion, "when he was a boy children had more respect for their elders, and conducted themselves properly. Not like the present generation. . . ."

Yet, after all, the boy, for instance—he was not too bad. Of course, he had his ill-mannerisms and boyish failings. He was a long way below the Washingtonian standard, too, for he could not only tell a lie, but, once committed, he would never budge though faced by irrefutable evidence against his story.

So the father mused. . . . A bit spotty in his moods was the boy. How curiously he had acted tonight! He hoped that it meant that the boy was developing a sense of responsibility. He would have him more helpful about the house and less trouble to his mother. Not that he wanted him to become "too bright and good." These angel children were a bit tiresome, and a sort of standing rebuke to their parents.

A fancy to retrace the boy's career led the father into a softer mood. He dwelt on that anxious time just after the operation. The boy had been very plucky and patient, but so weak and helpless. He smiled at the recollection of the night when the boy asked him to sing a foolish old song which he favoured, and the mother had mustered up enough spirit to poke fun at the singer. How keenly resentful the boy had been until pacified by a handsome apology tendered to the singer by the offender!

Once, as the father looked down at the boy as he lay limp and heavy