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Hotel Directory

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gius Milikov, Serge Nikolaievitch, of the Central Committee, Third Division. You must have forgotten much in three years, Peter Ivanovitch, or you would know the only alternative. If that one cartridge is not for me, it is for the man who broke his oath that day in Kiev."

Duboff laughed gently. Never before had he realized how far away he had grown from his old self. At last he was free of the very last shreds of doubt. The intensity of his guest's earnestness seemed unreal, impossible, to him.

"No, Serge Nikolaievitch, I cannot agree to that, either," he answered cheerfully, as if the proposition was one of the most ordinary in the world.

"It must be you or me!" persisted the sick man, almost pleadingly now. "I cannot be you, of course. I cannot lift my hand against my benefactor, my saviour, my protector; but I can save my honour by paying the price. I shall have to go over. Give me that one cartridge, Peter Ivanovitch!"

"No, of course it cannot be I," said Duboff musingly. "That's out of the question. I have too much to do here. I am needed. But neither can it be you. You are too good a man to be spared, Serge Nikolaievitch. You are needed too." Then his voice changed, grew solemn, and rang with authority. "I gave you your life, when it was done, quite surely done. I have a claim upon it, and I commit it to your keeping."

The sick man dropped the question for the moment. "Where is the sailor I saved?" he asked, a sudden light in his eyes.

Duboff pointed down to the little churchyard. "You did all that man could," said he; "but you did not save him, except from a sea grave. He was dead when we lifted him into the boat."

An expression of keenest disappointment swept over Milikov's face. "Of course," he exclaimed bitterly, "I had to fail there, too! At every point I fail. I am no good. But you can keep your cartridges, Peter Ivanovitch. I will not shoot myself. That has always seemed to me cowardly. But I will go back and

give myself up to the committee, and they will execute me. I will save my honour."

"Yes," said Duboff. "In effect, for that curious rag, you will betray me! No? I think you must not do that, my friend."

The sick man wrung his gaunt fingers. "I am hedged about on every side!" he cried. "What am I to do?"

"As you see," said Duboff very quietly, "there is much, very much, to be done for our brothers right here. Stay with me and help me to do it."

"But I have given my word. And I am a gentleman!" said Milikov.

"True," agreed Dr. Peter simply.

There was silence between them for several minutes. The boy laughed at the foot of the garden. Again came a rattle of dishes from the sanctum of Mrs. McGarrigle.

"But you also, you were a gentleman," said the sick man, pondering the words as he spoke them.

"True," agreed Duboff again. He was trying to remember how he had once felt on the subject.

"Yet, if you are a gentleman no longer," went on Milikov, "it is strange that I am unable to feel that you have deteriorated in any sense. It is possible, perhaps, that one may do as you have done, and still be a gentleman."

"Indeed!" said Duboff doubtfully. "I wonder? I have thought about that a good deal, when I had time."

"Ah!" cried the other, in a voice of sudden and strong resolution, "I have not thought about it till this moment. Yet I have decided. I will stay here with you." He held out his hand, and Duboff grasped it. "I perceive that it appears to me, in my own heart, nobler and better, and more useful, and at the same time far more interesting, to save life than to destroy it. I will learn to go out to the wrecks, as you do, and I will try to make up for not having succeeded in saving that poor sailor. Yes, I will stay here and work with you. For I perceive that you and I, Peter Ivanovitch, we are not the stuff of heroes. And we are too old to change."

The Working Girl's Social Life

(Continued from page 9.)

home. When she visits her home she buys a good part of her mother's clothing in addition. Naturally, she has saved practically nothing for herself. She makes only a moderate wage, greatly less than any of the rest of the family. They have their own responsibilities, of course—and there is always the unmarried son who lives at home and is fond of music and the theatre. It may be said that this woman is a fool. If she is then her brothers and sisters are knaves. They do not know it. They are only unconscious, self-absorbed Canadians. There may be no other such true story in Canada. One cannot know. But it is true beyond a doubt that in Canada the woman who works is supposed by her family to be well able to look after herself without any financial assistance from them. She begins with less than the others. She ends with less. Her brother's salary is larger than hers beyond all comparison. He marries and his ideas of what his wife should have are different from his ideas of what his sister should have. The working woman who marries passes easily into the same class. The Canadians who can change this standard of Canadian family life are the women who live at home. All that is needed is an adjustment of burdens and a change in point of view. The mother who brings up her son to think that the girls of the family need never to be thought of by him as far as their future is concerned is neither a clear-sighted nor a far-sighted woman. It is not part of a brother's duty, generally speaking, to support his sister entirely. The Canadian girl enjoys supporting herself and likes helping others. But it is a brother's duty to make sure that his sister can support herself if necessary, to share with her the good times that she needs, and to help to secure her future. When the family home has to be kept up, it is surely sons more than daughters who ought to do this. Not because they love home more. But because they earn more. The girl-wage-earner's family perhaps expects a little too much from her.

It is a long story, and it does not seem

to be ending on a particularly happy note. But it must end well or it will not be essentially Canadian. The girl wage-earner in Canada is not a pathetic figure. She is a good-natured, cheerful, and promising young person who needs only a little thoughtful, careful, scientific study by business people, sociologists and her own home people to convert her into all that is capable in work and happy and useful in her social relations. As to what has been written of the standards of Canadian family life, it may be partly true that we take for granted a girl can earn her living without any teaching, and it may be true that we forget to find out whether she has enough to live on or not. We believe that this will be changed very soon. It must be changed. For there are many girl wage-earners who have not enough on which to live. But family life in Canada is frank and kind and good. Family ties in Canada are close ties. It is because we have expected girls to live at home and to need no money—which is impossible nowadays—that we have not considered whether they could live away from home or not. We do not need to doubt that the coming of the stronger social bond and the better social consciousness which are needed is sure. But they will not come unless we work for them.

A Simple Sort.—A prisoner was being tried in an English court for murder; evidence against him purely circumstantial; part of it a hat found near the scene of the crime—an ordinary, round, black hat, but sworn to as the prisoner's.

Counsel for the defence, of course, made much of the commonness of the hat. "You, gentlemen, no doubt each of you possess such a hat, of the most ordinary make and shape. Beware how you condemn a fellow-creature to a shameful death on such a piece of evidence," and so on.

So the man was acquitted. Just as he was leaving the dock, with the most touching humility and simplicity, he said: "If you please, my lord, may I 'ave my 'at?"—The Argonaut.

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