

"Do you not think," continued the voice, "that he loathes you all, and each of your evolutions through all my forty-six chapters and fifty thousand words? Do you not sicken and disgust him? He recognizes the stupidity of it all—far better than you do—yet you must stand there and gibber over his worn out body because he makes you peregrinate the sickening mazes of a worn-out plot. Has he not a soul far above the twaddle which binds you and your attendant puppets together?"

"But who, pray, are you, who speak with such certainty?" asked the Heroine. "I am the father and mother of you all," answered the slim figure through the gloom. "They call me 'The Story!,' and I love the brain which gave me birth—me and my brothers. Look there at that piece of paper beside his hand, read what his soul longs to write, what he sought to find solace in after the weary drudgery of his hack-work, which was the formation of you; trying to find forgetfulness when sleep overcame him!"

They stole forward and bent over the slumbering Writer, who moved uneasily in his sleep. Upon the paper, in his familiar handwriting they saw these words:

"..... and, however much we struggle, however much we may strive, we shall never reach those white-bosomed crests of the Mountains of the Ideal. As dawn comes, and we pause, worn and nerveless after our search—the search during which we found our own souls, our better beings, as we stand triumphant on the summits of the peaks of gray and gold which seemed, ah! so far away yestern; we see stretching upwards and heavenwards, tier upon tier of glittering inaccessible glory, rising up, up to the very footstool of the Almighty. The Ideal would be worth little were it ever absolutely attainable....."

They stood silent for a moment. "He never made me say beautiful things like that," said the Heroine, "only silly, girlish, love nonsense. I never knew he could have invested my character with such beauty."

"He had to write you down to the proper level, my dear," came the voice of the Story. "He has to prostitute his soul for the eighty dollars; and he would get for the Mountains of the Ideal, not as many cents. They will only ask him again to sink his soul and all that he loves to write, which he must to stave off the hard, hungry days he and I have known. They refuse his dreams, and welcome the absurdities of the so-called 'novelettes' with a strong love interest."

The grey dawn was beginning to show through the shabby blind, and the reading lamp was gurgling itself to a smoky death. The sleeper awoke and looked at the sheet of paper in front of him. Suddenly he stretched out his hand and crushed it into a ball. Rising, he hurled it across the room towards the fireplace. The sheaf of manuscript he tenderly pushed into an envelope, which he addressed. "The dream," he murmured sleepily, licking the flap of the envelope, "the dream—how can it ever hope to exist against the dollar in the competition of this business?"

I Tackle the Hired Girl Problem

My soul has been filled with great bitterness in these latter days. I have tackled the hired-girl problem, and have been its. In dealing with this problem heretofore I have adopted the simple but satisfactory method—which I recommend to husbands—of having my wife hunt up the girl, and when she did not succeed in finding one I said it was mighty strange that a woman never could do business expeditiously, as a man does. But it did not work that way in the latest instance. My wife was taken sick, and, by one of those remarkable coincidences which are not unknown at such times, the woman who was doing our work was taken sick at precisely the same time. It was a crisis in our family history, and I said I would step out and get a girl.

I stepped out. After two days of earnest rustling at all odd hours that I could spare I found a lady of former affluence whose circumstances had been reduced by an untoward fate, as she assured me, who said she would enter my service on the following morning, provided I would treat her as a sister. I went home and wrote a little ode full of joy and gratitude. The

next morning came, but the lady of reduced circumstances did not, and I have not seen her since. I suppose that her fall from affluence had jarred her memory. Two days later—we were living on bakers' bread, canned corned beef and stewed prunes in the meantime—I found another lady who said she would come to work the next morning. I never saw her again, either. It is the gospel truth that I am telling you.

Then a friend of our folks said there used to be a girl named Maggie who lived in Russian Town, and that she would be a good girl for us if we could get her. She said she did not know her other name, and perhaps she had left Russian Town, but I picked up the forlorn hope she presented and went over to Russian Town to find Maggie if possible. At the first house at which I knocked a woman clad in a brief green sackcloth garment and blue stockings, and with a red table cloth carelessly draped about her shoulders, came to the door. I said, "Sabe Maggie?"

I never will tell what she said, for I do not know what it was; but I judge she had no palate, and had caught a cold on top of that. That is, I did judge so until I noticed that they all talked that way over there, and then I concluded that it was Russian that ailed them.

Finally I found a woman who talked some English, and she told me where the mother of Maggie lived. Thither I went and addressed the mother of this Maggie. I said, "Maggie your girl?"

She said, "Ja; bolgis bollisku."

"Hey?"

"Bolgis bollisku."

"No, not Bolgis—Maggie."

"Maggie bolgis bollisku."

"I guess so. I do not know her middle and family names. I want to get her to work for me."

"Maggie bunder beratsky."

"Well, I might try Bunder if Bolgis is not at home. Anything that is shaped like a hired girl will do for me now."

"Maggie beratsky cur-r-r-r."

"I hope, madam, that you do not mean anything personal by that last remark. You see before you a broken and heart-sick man who is here on peaceful business and—"

"Bolgis."

"Yes; trot Bolgis out. Trot out anybody—anything—that you think will do. You can't imagine how weary I am of this—"

Just then an interpreter came along and explained that Maggie was out at service and I could not get her. I said that perhaps Beratsky would do, but he said he thought I must have misunderstood. Then I went home again.

We have a girl now, but I shall not tell how we obtained her for fear somebody will work the same scheme on us. I know we did wrong, but I was reduced to such a condition of desperation that I was prepared to elope with a hired girl if one could have been obtained in no other way. A. J. Waterhouse.

A Real Darnless Stocking for Boys

Your dealer sells them in Black and Leather Shade Tan. Cost no more than the ordinary kind. Look for Buster on the box!



Buster Brown Says—

"I can wear these stockings without ever getting a hole in them, and you know me. I am not too careful. The best thing I ever did was to put my name on this hosiery, so mothers would know how to buy Darnless Stockings."



BUSTER

Mothers! Stop Darning

Don't spend hours and hours darning stockings. There is no need for it. Buy your boys Buster Brown Stockings—made of the strongest, long fibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, knitted double or treble where the wear is the hardest. Save money, too!



BUSTER BROWN'S SISTER'S STOCKING



Girls, Too—

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splendid looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized list stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed. Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

BROWN STOCKINGS

The Chipman-Holton Knitting Co., Limited

Largest Hosiery Manufacturers in Canada

Hamilton :: Ontario

MILLS AT HAMILTON AND WELLAND, ONT.

Also makers of the celebrated "Little Darling" and "Little Daisy" Hosiery for Infants and Children