

Pa Finds It Out

Continued from page 45

womanhood, and so, if you'll not consider it immodest for a grandmother several times over to make a maiden speech—

"Don't you believe her," piped up a teasing neighbor who grinned at her from a nearby table, "she'd only twenty-five to-day."

The soft rejuvenating flush that suffused ma's face made her look as if the accusation might be true, and suddenly the strain and fright passed. "They're liking me," thought she, as she gazed into friendly faces turned with encouraging sympathy towards her, "I can talk to them now," and when next she spoke her voice was natural, clear and sweet, with a magnetic timbre that thrilled and held the listeners."

"Now I'm not feeling militant tonight—"

"How could she in that dress," whispered a lady beside Pa. "She's just too sweet this evening, Mr. Gessup."

"I feel like a soldier must who returns to the battlefield long after the roar of the cannon and the crash of the guns has ceased, and there he meditates, and he counts his losses, and he tells his gains. Surely we have gained," said ma, smiling at her audience, "gained greatly since the days when the cave men sat in a circle about the camp fire, and, having gnawed off all the tender meat, threw the bones to the hungry females who crouched behind."

With quick, humorous touches ma sketched the place in the family menage of the aboriginal woman, and effectively contrasted it with the attitude of the modern male towards his better half. That ma was idealizing the perfect relation of husband and wife she never hinted, never let them suspect that she knew of homes where the status of the women folk was still that of menials and inferiors.

"But it's not by talk of equality and comradeship, and partnership that we can keep alive the flower of chivalry and the grace of courtesy in our men folk, we must keep them still to think the womanhood holds in it something super-fine and fragile, perishable and rare, and—I know it's treason so talk in times like these—it's woman's right still to make them pay tribute to feminine weakness, physical weakness, and to feminine beauty—it's woman's right to keep alive the spirit of beauty in herself, to clothe herself in garments lovely and refined that are an outward expression of a spiritual and inward grace—for a woman's dress," said ma, choosing her words with the greatest care, "does much to create atmosphere, and—and to establish that reverent, kindly, unselfish attitude in the masculine mind that becomes its possessor better than a crown."

"Let's hold fast to these rights, these things which in our day and generation seem ours almost by divine right, and," she concluded impressively, "all other good things shall be added unto us."

"What a sensible and gracious woman," remarked the Hon. Cuthbert Simmonds to the mayor. "I should like to be introduced," but ma, overcome once more by self consciousness, was making blindly for the door. After her, hurrying along with a most protective and possessive air, came Pa, looking almost as unassuming as a newly-created father.

"Nanny," he whispered the foolish love name she had not heard for 20 years, "Nanny, you knocked 'em cold! You certainly made 'em sit up and take notice."

Now ma was only a woman; she just had to rub it in.

"Then people did pay a little attention to me?"

"I should say so," said Pa, his eyes alight with admiration. "The finest looking, and the best dressed woman—"

"Then it does matter what I wear?"

Pa halted in the empty corridor, for suddenly the memory of his thoughtless words overwhelmed him, and his face crimsoned with contrition.

"Did I say that, Nanny?" Then slowly, for these words, these magic words more potent for healing wounded hearts than all the nostrums known to science, came not easily from the man "I'm sorry, dear. I was wrong entirely. I find it out," said Pa, stepping aside so that she might precede him into the elevator, "I find it out that it matters a very great deal, and, after this, I'll see that my wife is turned out second to none—second to none," repeated Pa, and kissed her boldly, quite heedless of the rigidly disapproving back of the elevator boy.

"Beyond The Code"

By Charles G. Booth

(Continued from Page 49, July issue).

up his face. His eyes were wild and staring, his nostrils and mouth worked horribly.

"Jim, there's more yet! That night I broke my leg and the dogs got away, I told you I had got up to quiet them—that I had tripped over the lines in the dark—it was another lie. I was getting away, leaving you—alone! You will go now, won't you? You must! You shall!" He tried to push the rifle toward the other. Then he began to sob, "Why don't you finish me and go?"

Jim listened to the sickening revelation unmoved. Beyond deepening his companion's guilt it did not matter very much.

"Why did you do it?" he asked presently, very calmly.

"I was mad—I must have been—ever since that night when she said it was—you. I got you out here to keep you away from her after making you believe that she cared for neither of us. I don't know what I thought might happen out here. And then I knew if you got back you would find out and get her, and so—I—I meant to leave you. But the dogs got away with the toboggan and I fell, and you've been kind—kind—all the time. But you will go now," he cried with a queer half-frightened, half-confident whimper.

"The dogs got away," muttered Jim to himself, and the snow came, and the trail was covered. Oh, God!" he groaned, and became silent.

"Jim!" Silence.

"Jim!" piteously. The other turned his head.

"Yes," he said dully.

"You're going, aren't you, Jim?"

"No. You might as well have kept silent. It would have made the end easier for us both. We would have been more congenial to each other," he said bitterly.

"Silent! God!—I—I couldn't—any longer! Your goodness—the solitude—the snow—the awful nights with those dancing northern lights—the wolves—I couldn't; Is there nothing that will make you go?"

"No. You had better drink this," and he again held the cup to Don's lips. For a moment Don hesitated, then he drank the hot liquid and lay still.

"You make it hard for a man to repent, Jim," he said presently.

The other looked at him curiously.

"Ought I to make it easy?" he asked.

"N—no."

"You whine out your confusion, and then you ask me to ease your conscience by putting a bullet into your brain. Well, I won't, and I can't leave you to the wolves either, though they'll get us in the end. It's not in the code you know. I don't think you would care for the wolves, anyhow. Listen. Do you hear 'em?"

The bloodcurdling howl of a distant pack rose into the thin air, hung for a moment and was gone.

Jim looked at his pile of branches.

"There's not enough for the night," he said. "I must get some more before those fellows come around. You have your revolver. Fire if you want me."

He threw more wood on the fire, picked up the rifle and became lost in the darkness.

The wolves howled again. This time the sound was nearer:

Jim had to go some distance into the spruce bluff before he found any removable fallen timber. He had been working for some time when the wolf pack again gave tongue. They were nearer this time, and on the other side of Don and the fire. He had hardly enough wood yet, but it would have to do. Not that it mattered, he reflected. Gathering up his cumbersome load he started back.

Suddenly a shot rang out. Jim stopped dead. The sound of the shot came from the fire.

"They must be nearer than I thought," he muttered.

The shot was an appeal from the man who had wronged him. An ugly thought insinuated itself into his brain. If the wolves got Don, there might be a chance for him. Then he pictured the wolves with their wicked red, eyes gleaming their hot tongues lolling out, their sharp biting yellow fangs—and Don buried beneath their filthy odorous bodies. He put the thought from him with a shudder and went on faster. Don was a man and he was a man, and wolves—were wolves.

The fire twinkled in the distance. He drew nearer, breathing heavily. Throwing down his load he stepped within the circle of firelight, and dropped to his knees by the man in the sleeping bag.

"Don! Don!" he cried.

There was no reply.

He shook the inert form. Then he put his hand inside the bag and drew it out again. His fingers were red and sticky and smelt of powder and blood.

The wolves howled again, but they were passing away toward the north.

Jim's hand caressed the dead man's head.

Don had found a way for both to escape.

JOTTINGS FROM MY COMMONPLACE BOOK

By Winifred F. Perry

Do valiantly, hope confidently, wait patiently—Jeremy Taylor.

If I had two little wings
And were a feathery bird,
To you I'd fly my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly
I'm always with you in my sleep
The world is all one's own
Then I awake and where am I?
All, all alone.
[Coleridge "Something Childish But Very Natural"]

Old friends like lamps burn dim, noise-some air.
Love them for what they are, nor love them less,
Because they to thee are not what they were.

Short lived possession but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
[Cowper "To My Mother's Picture"]

A young Apollo, golden haired,
Stands dreaming on the verge of strife,
Magnificently unprepared,
For the long littleness of life.
—S. P. B. Mais.

Your hearts are lifted up, your hearts
That have foreknown the utter price;
Your hearts burn upward, as a flame
Of splendor and of sacrifice.
[Lawrence Byron "To Women"]

Rather I prize the dainty
Low kinds exist without
Finished and finite close,
Untroubled by a space.

—Browning.

But the wind cared not as with fond caress

It lulled the flower to sweet repose

Then kissed each shiny silken tress

And sped—well, no one knows

Not the sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor stream,

But they found where they kissed a hidden gleam—

A tear in the heart of the rose.

But there are wanderers in the middle mist

Who cry for shadows, clutch and cannot tell

Whether they love at all....

They doubt and sigh,
And do not love at all.

Of these am I.

—R. Brooke.

So true a fool is love, that on your will
Though you do anything he thinks no ill.

—Shakespeare.

Me, howling winds drive devious, tempest toss'd,

Sails ripped, seams opening wide and compass lost,

And day by day some currents thwarting force

Lets me more distant from a prosperous course.

[Cowper, "To My Mother's Picture"]

Can gold gain friendship? Impudence of hope,

As well were man an angel might begot

Love, and love only is the loan for love.

Delusive pride repress,

Nor hope to find a friend; but who hath found

A friend in thee.

Go on to tell how with genius wasted,

Betrayed in friendship and befooled in love,

With spirit shipwrecked and young hopes blasted,

He still, still strove.

J. C. Morgan.

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns each smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids, nor sit, nor stand,
but go!

Be our joy three parts pain,

Strive and hold cheap the strain,

Learn nor account the pang,

Dare never grudge the throe.

—Browning.

Like all strongest hopes, by its own energy, fulfilled itself.

A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the world's great altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God.

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language
and escaped

All I could never be,
All men ignored in me;

This I was worth to God whose wheel
the pitcher shaped.

—Browning.

These yearnings, why are they? These
Thoughts in the darkness, why are they?
Why these men and women that, while
they are with me the sunlight expands my blood.

Why, when they leave me, do my
pennants of joy sink flat and lank...
....Towards the fluid and attaching
character exudes the sweet of the
love of young and old,
From it falls distilled the charm that
mocks beauty and attainments,
Towards it heaves the shuddering,
longing ache of contact.

—Walt. Whitman.

Old homes! old hearts! Upon my soul
forever
Their peace and gladness lie like tears
and laughter;

Like love they touch me, through the
years that sever

With simple faith; like friendship, drew
me after

The dreamy patience that is theirs for
ever.

—"Old Homes."