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**THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,**  
LIMITED.  
London, Ont., Saturday, Sept. 20.

**ADVANCED MEDICAL EDUCATION.**  
The completion by more than forty West-  
ern Ontario medical men of a short "brush-up"  
course under the direction of Dr. J. W. Crane  
of Western University Medical College is sig-  
nificant of the necessity felt by medical men  
of being thoroughly posted on the latest devel-  
opments in their profession. It is also signif-  
icant of the new university spirit, which does  
not rest content with turning out graduates  
after four, five or six years of study, but aims  
to follow up those men, to keep them in touch  
with whatever is new in their science, and to  
attain the highest standards by linking up their  
professional experience with the advance of  
medical knowledge.

The advanced courses that are being con-  
ducted at Western University Medical College  
by members of the staff show clearly that post-  
graduate work on a much larger scale is not  
only a possibility in London, but is rapidly be-  
coming a necessity. Each year hundreds of  
Canadian doctors go to New York, Chicago,  
Boston, Baltimore and other medical centres in  
the United States to acquaint themselves with  
the advances in their science. But these are  
the fortunate few. How about the large num-  
ber of men unable to take advantage of the  
facilities for advanced work offered by the  
older medical centres. Here is the opportunity  
of the smaller medical colleges to do for their  
more limited constituency what greater centres  
can do for the profession at large.

The president of the Ontario Medical As-  
sociation, Dr. Cameron, in his recent pres-  
idential address, dealt with the new spirit that  
is animating the universities in their desire to  
be of service, not to a limited few, but to the  
community as a whole. The day when univer-  
sity education was the privilege of a fortunate  
few had passed, he said, and today the univer-  
sities were carrying their work directly to the  
people. Dr. Cameron might have instanced in  
this regard the work of the University of Wis-  
consin, which by its regular courses, post-  
graduate work, correspondence study, extension  
lectures, and other activities really touches  
nearly every resident of that state. Indeed it  
has been claimed that sooner or later every  
citizen of the state of Wisconsin is, consciously  
or unconsciously, a student of the university.  
Other state universities, Michigan, Minnesota,  
Iowa, as well as such universities as Chicago,  
are also carrying their work far and wide, alert  
for new opportunities of usefulness.

President Harper of Chicago University broke  
new ground when he announced that the insti-  
tution over which he presided would be open  
twelve months in the year. He divided the  
year into four quarters, allowed students to  
enter at the beginning of any quarter, stay for  
such time as they could, go away, return at the  
beginning of some other quarter, and graduate  
at the end of the required work whether that  
were four or ten years from the time they en-  
tered. The consequence of this is that Chicago  
has students enrolled who come summer after  
summer until they finish their course and se-  
cure their degree. Wisconsin University, with  
a shorter summer school term, arranges for  
extra-mural work that supplements the summer  
work. A plan somewhat similar to this has  
been inaugurated in the summer school of the  
arts department of Western University.

There was a time when graduates of uni-  
versities felt that once their degree was secured  
that ended their university work. That idea is  
rapidly being dispelled. Men in professional  
life are recognizing more and more that they  
advance only while they retain the student's  
enthusiasm for learning. That is why more  
than forty busy doctors spent two weeks study-  
ing in London under Dr. Crane and why groups  
of doctors in other towns and cities in Western  
Ontario are organizing to have such courses  
provided for them as well. The work may yet  
develop into such a thing as taking medical  
education to these towns and cities, instead of  
requiring them to leave their practice. The  
point to be remembered is that a new spirit  
is in the air and that the Western University  
is leading, not following.

**BULGARIA SHOULD CATCH IT.**  
The Allies have handed their terms to Bul-  
garia and however bitter these may be they  
will be none too harsh in popular opinion the  
world over. Bulgaria's entire war record has  
been one of greed, selfishness, treachery and  
cruelty, a record that has earned the severest  
punishment. The systematic frightfulness of  
Germany and cold disregard of decency and  
humaneness shocked and sickened civilization,  
but even Germany's bestialities were surpassed  
by the calculated savagery of the Bulgars.  
This fact has been soundly established by an  
inter-Allied commission of investigation. We  
hold the Turk in contempt for his age-long out-  
rages, but the Turk is as he was a thousand  
years ago, frankly unprogressive and unrefor-  
mable. Bulgaria has not this excuse for her  
crimes, but has boasted of possessing the ad-  
vanced civilization of the western world.

Germanization was the cause of Bulgaria's  
straying from the path of decency and the down-  
fall that has followed. A score of years ago Bul-  
garia adopted Germany as her model in matters  
political, military and commercial. German of-  
ficers reorganized the Bulgarian armies along Ger-  
man lines, and German bankers and trade  
experts shaped and directed Bulgaria's financial  
system. When Berlin called for Sofia's aid  
Bulgaria was already German in her manner of  
thinking and acting. German flouting of  
solemnly entered into pacts, disregard of  
pledges and ruthlessness toward all who in any

way impeded the march to world supremacy  
appealed to the Bulgar. It was understandable  
to him because it was the terms in which he  
thought of himself in relation to his neighbors,  
and when the Kaiser added the bait of Balkan  
dominance Sofia was easily won to the side of  
the Teutonic alliance. Russia, her former de-  
fender, and of the same blood and faith, was  
coldly ignored, and Bulgaria entered enthusias-  
tically into the infamous campaignings and  
persecutions of the late enemy. Bulgaria faced  
with the choice of neutrality, entering the Allied  
alliance or swelling the ranks of tyranny for a  
golden bribe, selected the latter course and  
struck murderously at the backs of her neigh-  
bors.

Before the war Bulgaria boasted of herself as  
the "Germany of the Balkans." During the  
struggle she more than lived up to this reputa-  
tion. Now that retribution has come, her chas-  
tisement should be as severe as that of her  
infamous teacher.

**THE FIUME TROUBLE.**  
The disposal of the lands on the east coast  
of the Adriatic has been for years a problem  
which the great powers of Europe sought to  
solve in a way which would help to preserve  
peace in the Balkans. Greece wanted a portion  
of it, so did Serbia, and Italy thought much  
of it was hers by right. She wanted the Dalma-  
tian coast held by the dual monarchy, and she  
wanted Albania so badly that she was credited  
with refusing to send assistance to Greece in  
the war, because Greece sought an outlet on  
the Albanian coast. In an effort to give Albania  
an independent status, free from the designs of  
the surrounding countries, the European powers  
had sent Prince William of Weld to the coun-  
try just before the war broke out, but he beat  
a hasty retreat a few weeks later when hostili-  
ties began. Since then Albania has been in the  
grab-bag.

The whole question has been before the  
peace conference, and its deliberations throw  
some light on the present trouble in Fiume.  
A proposal to annex Fiume to Italy was blocked  
by President Wilson, but after he returned to  
America the matter was reopened. A settle-  
ment is now reported to have been reached by  
which Fiume is to become a separate state,  
with the harbor a free port. The entire Dalma-  
tian mainland goes to the kingdom of the  
Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, with the exception  
of the city of Zara, which is to be a free port.  
Most of the Dalmatian islands also go to the  
Jugo-Slavs. Italy is to receive a mandate over  
Albania, except Epirus, the southern part, which  
is assigned to Greece. Avlona and the sur-  
rounding region will come under Italian sover-  
eignty.

Thus the conference has effected a com-  
promise between Italy on one side, and Greece  
and the Jugo-Slavs on the other, but the terms  
are believed to provide for the ultimate de-  
posal of Fiume to Italy.

It was the receipt of the news relating to  
the disposal of Fiume which stirred D'Annunzio  
and his followers to action. The poet-soldier  
declined to submit to anything short of im-  
mediate annexation.

**A POPULAR RED TRIUMPH.**  
Although the schedule has not yet been  
completed, the Cincinnati Reds have captured  
the championship of the National League, the  
first time that city has won the pennant, al-  
though it has been a contender ever since the  
inauguration of professional baseball. Because  
of its having striven so long and valiantly for  
the honor, and because it is a comparatively  
small city, Cincinnati's success is a widely-  
popular one. For the last reason especially  
it is fitting that the Reds should have won, as  
for many years the greater cities in the circuit,  
and consequently, the wealthier ones, have had  
a monopoly of the pennant, that much-desired  
flag shifting from between New York, Boston,  
Chicago, Brooklyn and Philadelphia. There are  
signs that of recent years a more or less orga-  
nized attempt has been made to keep the cham-  
pionship in the great cities, notably New York,  
where the financial returns are immense.  
Vast sums have been expended on securing  
star players for these teams, an expense be-  
yond the smaller cities. That Cincinnati should  
have been equal to overcoming this handicap  
will act as a curb to any interests inclined to  
commercialize this fine, wholesome pastime.  
Baseball will be the healthier and cleaner be-  
cause a small city team, composed largely of  
youthful and fair players, has triumphed over  
costly aggregations of veterans, selected for  
their brilliance, and secured regardless of ex-  
pense. A large section of fandom is pleased  
with Cincinnati's victory, because of the defeat  
it means to a number of other teams not always  
managed in the best interests of the sport.

For London followers of the game the win  
of the Reds has a special interest, in that Neale,  
a player who has contributed greatly to the  
success of his team, got much of his initial ex-  
perience in the professional ranks while play-  
ing for the Tecumsehs.

**EDITORIAL NOTES.**  
Lloyd George declares that Bullitt's report  
of his statement in regard to Russia is inaccur-  
ate and untrustworthy. A case of Bullitt's bullet  
missing the mark.

Publishers of 152 New York periodicals  
threatened to go out of business if the printers  
did not recede from their demands of \$50 for a  
44-hour week. Many people will hope the prin-  
ters stick, for quite a few New York publications  
could be dispensed with.

A New York woman doctor is responsible for  
the statement that because the civilized races  
indulge in the use of garters they are physically  
inferior to the savages. This is the kind of  
talk we want to hear. The nearer we can re-  
turn to the state of the savage, the more effec-  
tive will be the cut in the cost of living.

## From Here and There

### WOMEN'S STRENGTH.

[Boston Herald.]  
The war did much to demolish the theory that  
women, while occasionally "smart" in intellectual  
things, fall far behind men when muscle is called for.  
All of us remember how the weaker sex carried on  
in the munition factories, and with what energy  
in all the allied countries women threw themselves  
into work on the land. The scientific aspect of these  
achievements is now brought out in an investigation  
just completed at Leland Stanford University by two  
professors of that institution whose findings are  
authoritative. They announce flatly that there is no  
difference between women and men as regards mus-  
cular strength such as can be attributed to sex.  
Differences were disclosed in the tests made, but  
they were "such as are caused by conventional  
limitations of activity or by dress." The experts  
report that even in matters requiring great physical  
exertion, sex is not necessarily a disability, and that  
if some method could be found of adjusting work to  
individual strength, under proper hygienic conditions  
and without reference to sex, "there is no reason why  
the potential power of woman may not be used  
without danger of lessening her racial efficiency."

Take also the intellectual test and see what  
comes of it. Are women merely "amateurs" in figures,  
in typewriting, in office work and in solving busi-  
ness situations? An Armenian girl has just taken  
the first prize in general chemistry at the Massa-  
chusetts State College of Pharmacy, thus "beating  
out" the report states, "the many men who are  
competitors for the honor." Women chemists abound  
in our own government departments; all over the  
country there are staffs of women biologists con-  
stantly at work dealing with problems of agriculture  
on the solution of which the nation's food supply in  
part depends. A good many of the investigations  
conducted by our health bureaus are intrusted to  
women, and women physicians have especially dis-  
tinguished themselves during the war. At the  
Lister Institute in England the researches of a  
woman, by making possible an important treatise on  
the disease germs which infect war wounds, greatly  
aided in the clearly defined and effectively with-  
ing gangrene and other complications. And the  
directors of that foundation do not come far short  
of paying a tribute to all women when they announce  
that it would not have been possible to meet the  
demands made upon them during the war "had it  
not been for the capacity evinced by women of  
every grade of education to carry on duties which  
ranged from the inauguration of an original research  
to the grooming of a restive horse."

### GENEROUS.

[London Passing Show.]  
The Held waiter (singing)—I dreamed last night  
sir, that you gave me a £5 note.  
Stingy Patron—Indeed, James! That's a bit  
steep for a tip, but—you may keep it!

### REMARKABLE REMARKS.

[New York Independent.]  
Mary Pickford—I am interested only in my work.  
John D. Rockefeller—I have just begun to live.  
The ex-Crown Prince—My father has grown very  
white and old.  
Ed Howe—I often wonder what sort of a woman  
I would have made.  
Von Hindenburg—I feel strongly, but inwardly  
I am a broken man.

President F. D. Underwood of the Erie—Just now  
passion is in the saddle.  
Sir Edward Carson—I refuse to be a sort of  
Punch and Judy show in politics.  
Geraldine Farrar—One must be continually doing  
things, or the public forgets.

Nikolai Lenin—As a worker the peasant is a  
socialist, but as a corn-seller he is bourgeois.  
W. H. Taft—We have not allowed railroad rates  
to go up as they should.  
C. C. Rex, Farmer—My money don't cost me any-  
thing—I work for all I get.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt—The chief executive has  
become the whole show.  
Professor James A. Hyslop—Interest in psychic  
phenomena has greatly increased since the war.  
Albert Thomas—The most extreme socialists in  
France would be considered jingoes in America.  
E. H. Sothern—We want to make it clear to the  
laughing public that the actors' strike is no laughing  
matter.

Roy K. Moulton—We must admire Ma Bryan for  
his cheerfulness. His goat seems untamable.  
Premier Clemenceau—Lloyd George imagines  
himself Napoleon, and Wilson imagines himself  
Jesus Christ.

Professor Edward A. Ross—It is significant that  
the bragging lies of boys usually relates to what  
they can do while girls are most apt to lie about  
their possessions.

Sir William Ashley—There is a considerable and  
increasing number of men to whom the feeling of  
working for the public interest is a real stimu-  
lus, compounded of the intrigues of Europe and the  
perfidy of Oriental deception, mitigated by wholesale  
robbery of millions of the people and hundreds of  
millions of territory and property.

Helen Rowland—From the day on which she tips  
the scales at 140, the chief excitement of a woman's  
life consists in spotting women who are fatter than  
she is.

Herbert N. Hoover—It will be impossible now to  
prevent death by starvation of 200,000 people in  
Armenia. But by faithful, energetic work we may be  
able to save 500,000.

### THE BOYS OF THE NORTH RETURN.

(Dedicated to the Boys of Algoma.)  
List! the Lakeland valleys ring  
With the tidings glad we bring:  
All their childhood haunts so dear  
Now resound each joyous cheer,  
As the Boys of the North return.

Hear the children's voices sing,  
Through the glens the echoes ring;  
Streams that through the woodland flow  
With a gladder cadence go,  
For our Boys to the North return.

Rocks against the sun-flashed sky  
Proudly rear their peaks on high;  
Stately pines the sunlit glades  
Darkly radiant are aglow—  
How our boys for their homeland yearned!

Maples, lately dressed in glory,  
Tell again the same sad story;  
Scatteringly leaves of crimson red,  
Like the brave young life-blood shed,  
Bere for us was victory earned.

Hark! the joyous pealing bell  
High above the cascades swell;  
O'er the fields of brownish green,  
Through the autumn haze serene,  
To welcome the boys' return.

Through its music sounds a toll,  
Sorrow sweeps o'er many a soul—  
Child not then, the falling tear  
For the heroes loved and dear  
Who will ne'er to the North return.

O'er our Carl's sunny curls  
Now the Flag of Peace unfurls;  
Earnest, brave young heart and true  
Sleeps "neath Flanders' sky so blue:  
Fond hearts have deep sorrow borne.

Gay young Larry's laughing eyes  
Looked their last on foreign skies;  
In a far-off land they rest,  
Though the Northland loves them best,  
And long for her sons will mourn.

List! the tramp of marching feet!  
Let us haste each lad to meet;  
Quickly dry the scalding tear  
As we join the hearty cheer—  
No more to war-lands they will roam.

They who've won their palms on high  
From bright realms beyond the sky,  
Bid us welcome their comrades home,  
November, 1918. —ROSE O'REILLY.

## The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### ROBIN'S LANE.

By Izola Forrester.

Hardy had been home a week, and still he felt like a stranger in Tatfville. Not but what everybody welcomed him, but they did it in an easy-going sort of way that left his own enthusiasm cold after ten years of anticipation.

He had been twenty-four when he had started West. There had been two in-  
centives, his father's demand that he  
throw up engineering and go into the  
store, and Winifred's refusal to marry  
him.

His yearning to make good and show  
them the sort of man he really was  
had been the spur all the years he had  
worked and climbed. Winifred had told  
him she liked boys who were "steady."

That meant the hardware store, and  
"Irving & Son" on the long black and  
gold sign over the door. He had laughed  
bitterly out in the lonely Arizona  
nights, before he had struck his right  
peace, and yet there had been the sting  
of homesickness in it, too. With all the  
joy of adventure and experience the  
little mill town on the Xantic River bag in  
Connecticut was home to him, and  
Winifred was the only girl who could  
bring a thrill to his heart.

Winifred Blake with her big blue eyes  
that seemed to challenge a fellow to do  
the very best that was in him.  
He had seen her only at a distance  
since his return—once in church, twice  
down along Main street when she was  
waiting for the car. Then he met her  
on the old hill road coming from the  
reservoir Saturday afternoon, her hands  
filled with violets.

"You know they always did grow  
longer and larger up there, it seemed,"  
she said, as he waited beside her in the  
road.

"I was going up after some," Hardy  
told her awkwardly.

"Take the short-cut through Robin's  
lane, why don't you? Do you remember  
the way?"

And Hardy deliberately prevaricated.  
No, he was sorry. He had absolutely  
forgotten the short-cut. Wouldn't she  
just turn back and show it to him?  
Winifred hesitated, laughed a little and  
looked as if she didn't believe him.

"We always went that way after  
violets, Hardy," she reminded him. "It's  
just the little lane below the big wood-  
lot. You know it so well."

But Hardy shook his head, looking  
down into her eyes until she ignored  
him, and watched the fringe of pines  
and red oaks ahead of them, with slender  
white birches lifting tremulous new  
leaves in the sunlight.

He had made up his mind all the  
way home that he would ask her  
again. She had only been seventeen  
then. Now she was twenty-seven and  
it seemed as if the years had only made  
her sweeter and more desirable. There  
was something indefinable about her  
now, something that evaded him. She  
seemed sure of herself, poised and tran-  
quil, more tender, too, in her way.

It must have been lonely for her there  
in the little mill town with no glimpse  
of the outside world of endeavor; none  
of the excitement that had made his  
own life colorful. He wondered whether  
she had ever hoped he might come  
back.

"See the island over yonder," Winifred  
said suddenly. They had come to the  
crest of the hill overlooking the reser-  
voir. It had always looked like a mini-

ature western mountain scene, the  
broad lake with its rocky pine-edged  
shores, and rocky islands here and there.  
"What splendid times we used to have  
up here, Hardy,"  
"I've never forgotten one of them," he  
said slowly. "When you're a thousand  
miles and more away from home, only  
memories seem real."  
"I know," she rejoined quickly. "All  
the time I was in Japan I felt that way,  
and when we were sent down to the  
Philippines it was even worse, for there  
I would meet somebody from home once  
in awhile, and everything they said  
made me want to take the next boat  
back."  
"You've been away," he exclaimed.  
"With Aunt Doris and Uncle Phil," she  
nodded her head. "There were so many  
of us at home, and when he was sent to  
the east by his company, he wanted a  
secretary, so I coaxed him to take me.  
Then he died in Tokio, and because I  
understood the trade situation pretty  
well, they made me sales manager in-  
stead of trying to break in a new man.  
I've only been home about two months.  
They want me to try South America this  
time, but I'm tired of it. I suppose  
women are just tabby cats after all.  
You work and make believe you like it.  
I think you're just thinking of some  
corner to curl up in and rest. I'm  
going to buy the Prendergast place and  
fix up the garden beautifully, and have  
five cats."

Hardy laughed, laughed until she  
turned to look at him almost resentfully.  
He was so tall and broad shouldered, so  
resolute and sure of himself, just as she  
remembered him. One reason why she  
had gone away was to show him that  
girls didn't have to stay at home.

"You can't buy it," he told her teas-  
ingly, "because I knew you loved it and  
the deed is waiting for me now. We  
could make it the homestead, Winnie.  
I'll have to go West now and then, and  
I want you to come along. I want to  
show you all the places where I've  
thought of you and told myself to keep  
up my nerve and go back after you  
and make you say yes."

Winifred looked up at him over the  
violets held to her lips.  
"I always wondered why you stayed  
so long," she said. "I thought you were  
just a quitter, Hardy, when you didn't  
take me with you before."

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up here, Hardy,"  
"I've never forgotten one of them," he  
said slowly. "When you're a thousand  
miles and more away from home, only  
memories seem real."  
"I know," she rejoined quickly. "All  
the time I was in Japan I felt that way,  
and when we were sent down to the  
Philippines it was even worse, for there  
I would meet somebody from home once  
in awhile, and everything they said  
made me want to take the next boat  
back."  
"You've been away," he exclaimed.  
"With Aunt Doris and Uncle Phil," she  
nodded her head. "There were so many  
of us at home, and when he was sent to  
the east by his company, he wanted a  
secretary, so I coaxed him to take me.  
Then he died in Tokio, and because I  
understood the trade situation pretty  
well, they made me sales manager in-  
stead of trying to break in a new man.  
I've only been home about two months.  
They want me to try South America this  
time, but I'm tired of it. I suppose  
women are just tabby cats after all.  
You work and make believe you like it.  
I think you're just thinking of some  
corner to curl up in and rest. I'm  
going to buy the Prendergast place and  
fix up the garden beautifully, and have  
five cats."

Hardy laughed, laughed until she  
turned to look at him almost resentfully.  
He was so tall and broad shouldered, so  
resolute and sure of himself, just as she  
remembered him. One reason why she  
had gone away was to show him that  
girls didn't have to stay at home.

"You can't buy it," he told her teas-  
ingly, "because I knew you loved it and  
the deed is waiting for me now. We  
could make it the homestead, Winnie.  
I'll have to go West now and then, and  
I want you to come along. I want to  
show you all the places where I've  
thought of you and told myself to keep  
up my nerve and go back after you  
and make you say yes."

Winifred looked up at him over the  
violets held to her lips.  
"I always wondered why you stayed  
so long," she said. "I thought you were  
just a quitter, Hardy, when you didn't  
take me with you before."

Hardy had been home a week, and still he felt like a stranger in Tatfville. Not but what everybody welcomed him, but they did it in an easy-going sort of way that left his own enthusiasm cold after ten years of anticipation.

He had been twenty-four when he had started West. There had been two in-  
centives, his father's demand that he  
throw up engineering and go into the  
store, and Winifred's refusal to marry  
him.

His yearning to make good and show  
them the sort of man he really was  
had been the spur all the years he had  
worked and climbed. Winifred had told  
him she liked boys who were "steady."

That meant the hardware store, and  
"Irving & Son" on the long black and  
gold sign over the door. He had laughed  
bitterly out in the lonely Arizona  
nights, before he had struck his right  
peace, and yet there had been the sting  
of homesickness in it, too. With all the  
joy of adventure and experience the  
little mill town on the Xantic River bag in  
Connecticut was home to him, and  
Winifred was the only girl who could  
bring a thrill to his heart.

Winifred Blake with her big blue eyes  
that seemed to challenge a fellow to do  
the very best that was in him.  
He had seen her only at a distance  
since his return—once in church, twice  
down along Main street when she was  
waiting for the car. Then he met her  
on the old hill road coming from the  
reservoir Saturday afternoon, her hands  
filled with violets.

"You know they always did grow  
longer and larger up there, it seemed,"  
she said, as he waited beside her in the  
road.

"I was going up after some," Hardy  
told her awkwardly.

"Take the short-cut through Robin's  
lane, why don't you? Do you remember  
the way?"

And Hardy deliberately prevaricated.  
No, he was sorry. He had absolutely  
forgotten the short-cut. Wouldn't she  
just turn back and show it to him?  
Winifred hesitated, laughed a little and  
looked as if she didn't believe him.

"We always went that way after  
violets, Hardy," she reminded him. "It's  
just the little lane below the big wood-  
lot. You know it so well."

But Hardy shook his head, looking  
down into her eyes until she ignored  
him, and watched the fringe of pines  
and red oaks ahead of them, with slender  
white birches lifting tremulous new  
leaves in the sunlight.

He had made up his mind all the  
way home that he would ask her  
again. She had only been seventeen  
then. Now she was twenty-seven and  
it seemed as if the years had only made  
her sweeter and more desirable. There  
was something indefinable about her  
now, something that evaded him. She  
seemed sure of herself, poised and tran-  
quil, more tender, too, in her way.

It must have been lonely for her there  
in the little mill town with no glimpse  
of the outside world of endeavor; none  
of