

'To the first question I will say that I had Mr. H.'s tailor cut him a pattern from his measures. To the second you don't deserve an answer.'

'I don't believe your hubby is any more particular than most men, is he?'

'Particular than most men! What do you know about men or their opinions on shirts, anyway, Mabel Winthrop?'

'Enough to show you how to teach this one a lesson, I guess. You have been a long time finding out your husband's faults. I had about decided that you had married a paragon of manly virtues, when, lo and behold, he must be fitted to ashirt, and most breaks his little wifey's heart so he does!' and Mabel laughed in her merry contagious way till even Helen's features had relaxed into a smile.

'I should hate a paragon of manly virtues, and I think if Horace has a good wholesome lesson now it may open his eyes to the fault-finding way he has fallen into, for really it is only thoughtlessness.'

So will wifely charity seek to cover up the multitude of her husband's sins.

'Well Helen, my dear, if you are really in earnest we will join hands and raise a conspiracy for the cause of woman's rights and the sake of shirts.'

For some time longer did the friends talk, and evidently they came to some satisfactory conclusion, for there was many a laugh as they laid their plans against the unsuspecting Mr. Harlowe.

When Mrs. Harlowe took her car for home the little wrinkle between her eyes had disappeared and in its place she wore a smile of amusement.

For a short time matters ran along smoothly at the Harlowes, no mention of shirts ruffling the surface of the domestic calm, Mrs. Harlowe not feeling it necessary to treat her husband like a Pariah because he had lost his temper over a shirt.

One morning at the breakfast table, when the coffee had been unusually good and the steak done to a turn, Mrs. Harlowe remarked to her husband:

'I am so sorry about your shirts, Horace; really I don't feel as if I could make you any more; I am not competent, I guess. How would it do to ask your mother to make you some?'

And Mrs. Harlowe looked at her husband with every appearance of anxiety.

'My dear wife, you have come to a very sensible conclusion at last. I have always told you that shirt making required a very superior ability. Mother will be sure to make something fit to wear. Could you get the cloth ready so that I could take it in on my way to the store this morning?'

'Yes, indeed,' answered Mrs. Harlowe as she hastened up stairs to hide a smile.

Mr. Harlowe left a large bundle at his mother's home that morning with a still

larger bundle of directions and suggestions and if Mrs. Harlowe the elder had not been pretty well instructed she would have requested him to depart unto his wife, bundle and all. As it was she told him she would try and have the shirts ready in a week, and with that he was forced to be content.

In the course of time the shirts came home, and Mr. H. was as proud as a peacock. He could hardly stop to eat his supper, and hurried his wife to come and see his mother's shirts!

Mrs. Harlowe purposely lingered about the dining-room, and when at last she came up stairs, she found her husband arrayed in his new garment and proudly surveying himself in the glass.

'I tell you, Helen, these shirts are just fine! Did you ever see a better fit? craning his neck to get a better view.

'They do seem to fit very well,' said his wife. 'Just examine the sewing, will you? Perhaps your mother's eyes are ailing.'

'No need of that. Why anybody can see they are beautifully made; just beautifully made?'

'Then they really suit you, my dear! You would be perfectly satisfied to have their maker do your shirts for all time? And Mrs. Harlowe smiled sweetly at her husband.

'Of course, what could a man want when a shirt fits well and is well made?'

'Then, my dear husband, it becomes my painful duty to tell you that the shirt you are so proudly displaying is the same one you expended so much ire upon when last you tried it on. It has not been touched or altered, and is the work solely and entirely of your poor inefficient wife. The bundle lay untouched upon your mother's table until she sent it home.'

And Mr. Harlowe had his lesson. Let us hope he profited thereby.

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