

"IN THE SPRING"— By Michelson



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O H, YES! "In the spring the young man's fancy"—as if it didn't ALWAYS "turn to thoughts of love"! The point is that HER fancy is not free from the same call when the spring comes—and HE KNOWS IT! So it happens that a beautiful harmony is established—Us and Spring, with birds and all the first signs of the coming summer gayly entering the partnership. She has her little coquetries quite as usual. They don't go by season. But all the same something—something very sweet—tells her that Spring is a wonderful time, whether it is "backward" or "forward," because it is the time of PROPHECY.

WHAT SHE SAID.

Into the office of the local newspaper walked a cheery old gentleman. Behind the counter sat a damsel, an attractive damsel, absorbed in a letter from the "boy" who escorted her to the "pictures" on Saturdays. The old gentleman coughed, but no notice was taken of him. Again he coughed without result. So, tapping the counter gently, he politely asked: "May I have copies of your paper for a week back?" Still the damsel continued reading. The old gentleman grew angry. "May I have papers for a week back?" he repeated firmly. The damsel focussed two dark eyes upon him. "Why not try the chemist's shop door?" she asked. "It's a plaster you want." And she resumed her reading.

RUDE TO ONE ANOTHER.

One day a learned professor was accosted by a very dirty little bootblack: "Shine your shoes, sir?" The professor was impressed by the filthiness of the boy's face. "I don't want a shine, my lad," said he, "but if you'll go and wash your face I'll give you sixpence." "A' richt, sir," was the shoeblack's reply, as he went to a neighboring fountain and made his ablutions. Returning, he held out his hand for the money. "Well, my lad," said the professor, "you have earned your sixpence. Here it is." "I dinna want it, auld chap," returned the boy, with a lordly air. "Ye keep it and get yer hair cut."

PLACE YOUR ADVERTISING IN THE DAILY MAIL

THE STAY AT-HOME MAN.

"Demoralising Peace" of Husbands Who Won't Stir From House in Evenings. Mlle. Marie Lancret, one of the reigning beauties of the Paris stage, has just stirred up a good deal of controversy by a defence of the "gad-about." She declares that the married man who spends most of his nights at home falls behind in the race of life. "Competition," she points out, "is what makes a man grow. The necessity of being more forceful, more brilliant, more capable, more attractive than his fellow stimulates his wits and makes his brain grow." "When a man marries and shuts himself up night after night with his wife he deliberately cuts himself off from this vast stimulating influence. He has no rivalry to sharpen him. He

sinks into a state of demoralising peace. He becomes less keen, less alert." And there, says Mlle. Lancret, is the crux of the whole matter—he is less capable during the daytime of meeting on equal terms his fellow men, who are still sharpening their wits by striving for social prominence or battling for some woman's smile.—The Mirror.

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ADVERTISE IN THE DAILY MAIL

Through the Eyes of a Mother By WINIFRED BLACK



Winifred Black

DAUGHTER'S coming home for the Easter holidays, bringing a friend with her, and mother is worried to death. I went over to see mother the other day and she told me all about it, though she didn't know she was doing it. "Mabel"—she tried hard to say May Belle—that's the way the girl spells it now—"will be here at Easter. She's bringing her friend, Charlie, with her and I'm having the bedrooms and dining room done over." "I did want to get the living room done, but father and the boys made such a fuss I had to give it up." "What is the reason men are so unsympathetic with the ideas of a young girl? Somehow they don't seem to have any feeling for May Belle at all—just because she likes things to be pretty at home and to have them as the other girls have them when she visits them.

When "May Belle" was "Mabel"

"Who do you think would be good to make some really smart frocks? Little Mrs. Bronson is dowdy, May Belle says. I wonder if that new French woman charges too much." And mother's kind, good, little face tied itself into a hard knot of perplexity and anxious care. Poor little mother, she'll be down sick before the Easter vacation ever arrives, and I hope when she is that there'll be a trained nurse in the house and that May Belle and Charlie will have to sneak down the back stairs and take such meals as they can get off of the kitchen table—just for a change. I saw May Belle when she was home last Easter, and I didn't like her. I didn't like her at all, and that was too bad, because May Belle and I were great friends when there was no Y and only one L in her name. The last time I saw Mabel—po, I don't spell it with the Y or with the double L—that isn't the way she was christened; I know because I held her

in my arms when she was sprinkled, and a red-faced, unpleasant little person she was, too—the last time I saw Mabel she and her mother were making visits. They made a visit to me and Mabel was worried to death for fear her mother would say something about old times when Mabel made her own hats and was proud of it. I sent out for a plate of cookies to have with the tea—and Mabel said "she didn't care for sweets, thank you," and "didn't I think that English muffins toasted were too perfectly dear for words?" She didn't care for motoring, she said; she found it dull; she was going in for aeroplanes—a bit she preferred, she thought, (of course, it was noisier than the motor, but somehow, there was something er-a, didn't I think er-a)—and Wagner, oh, he was hopelessly out of date—a bad as the old-fashioned pictures; nothing but futurists for May Belle—so temperamental, don't you know, so yearning—so er-a, would you call it—er-a—possible; and all the time I wanted to shake Mabel and slap her and shut her up in the dark closet under the stairs till she promised to be our own stupid, kind-hearted, good-humored, plain, little chubby-cheeked Mabel again, with a cookie in one hand and a book of Louise Alcott's in the other—a real girl worth a moment's real love and consideration.

Mother's Colored Spectacles

I'm sorry for Mabel's mother, awfully sorry for her; Mabel's so worried about her mother and so dreadfully ashamed of her. And yet I'm mad, just plain American m-a-d, not grieved, or sorry, or vexed, with Mabel's mother.

She started out being a good, sensible woman with a big heart and a loyal soul and a clear, practical brain of her own.

She never wrote an ode in her life and she couldn't tell the difference between a sonnet and a limerick. But she was the best housekeeper in town, and when nobody knew what to do about the minister's boy who was beginning to go wrong, poor lad—after his mother was lying fast asleep in the little churchyard on the hill—it was Mabel's mother who got hold of him and brought him round to going right again.

And when the bank cashier shot himself, it was Mabel's mother who had the courage to tell his young wife what had happened. And now Mabel's mother is letting a silly, flighty fool of a girl turn her whole well ordered, sensible, kindly life upside down—just because she is her daughter.

What is it that gets into a woman that makes her such a goose about her children, when they get to the silly age?

Talk about the blindness of love! Why, Cupid sees through a telescope compared to the way a mother who's in love with her children looks at things.

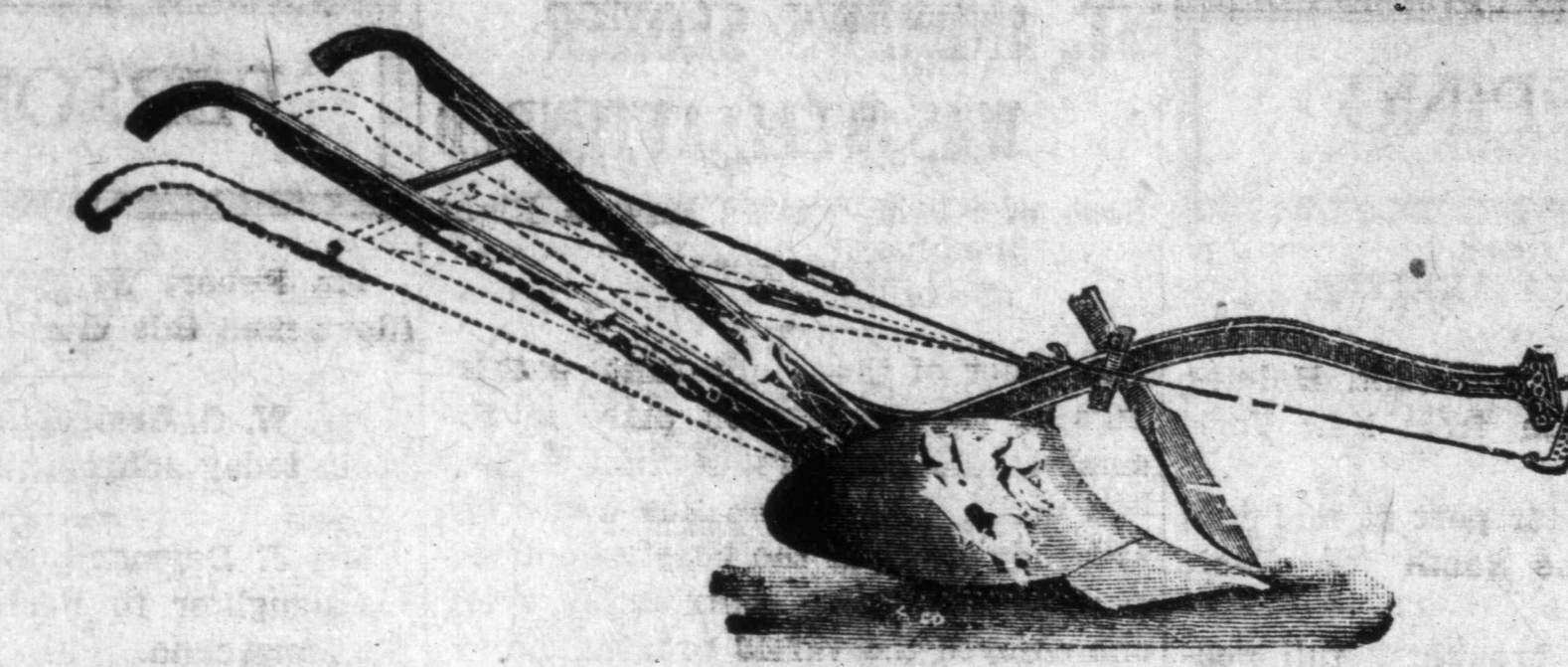
Some day Mabel will come to. There's good blood in her and she can't help it; some day she'll be practical and sensible and kind and generous hearted and worth loving again.

Until her own daughter comes home from boarding school and makes a fool of her all over again, just as she is making a fool of her mother.

That dark closet under the stairs looks mighty lonesome to me this morning, May Belle, I can't help wishing that you were in it.

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