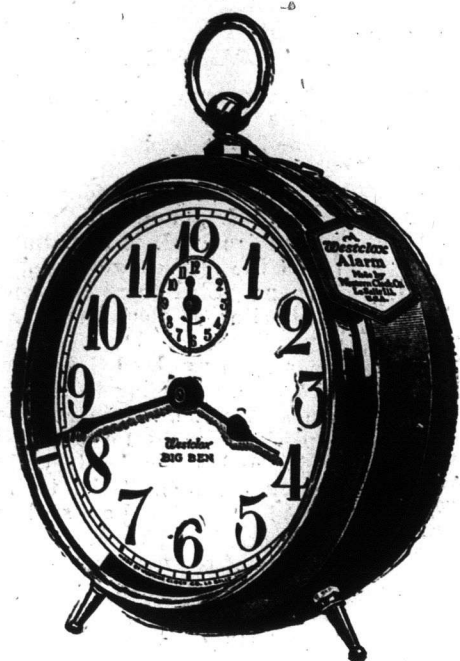




Westclox *Big Ben*—just tell him when

MAYBE you swear at him some mornings when you'd give anything in the world for forty winks more!

But, after all, you swear by him because he's only carrying out your own orders and calling you exactly when you say.

And isn't that what you want? A clock that takes time seriously; that lets you sleep right up to the last tick; and then keeps good time all day.

Right there's the reason why Westclox alarms have so many friends: they run and ring on time. Why shouldn't they? Every Westclox has that same good construction that got Big Ben up in the world.

Western Clock Co.—makers of Westclox
La Salle and Peru, Ill., U. S. A.



The Eyes of Youth

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

THERE was a quick, loud knock on the door of my den, a ringing rat-a-tat-tat, evidently delivered by the impatient hand of youth. The impatient foot of youth did not even await my permission, but entered hard upon the impetuous knock, and the impatient face of youth frowned upon my sober apartment, my toiling self, my desk strewn with papers, and the floor where pages lay thick as the leaves of Vallombrosa.

"Oh, Amy, hide that disgusting blue ink bottle and throw that tiresome pen in the wastebasket, and come out in the park."

It was the impatient voice of youth now, Harding Caswell's voice. "Why, Amy, it's spring—summer almost. Haven't you realized that yet? If you ignore it much longer and sit in this musty atmosphere, you'll look exactly like a bookworm."

"How does a bookworm look?" I asked without interest, my eyes on my scattered pages.

"As you will if you keep on boring your sinuous way through books all the time, and wearing that old brown frock," he replied frankly. "But Amy, laying his hand coaxingly on the sleeve of the despised brown gown, 'come out in the park with me. I want to tell you all about it in the open air, out in the green and blue.'"

The sweet fresh air which blew in through the open windows was tempting so was the sunshine without, so was Harding's voice.

"But this article must be finished to-night," I hesitated.

"Ah, Amy, do come." He gathered my scattered sheets of paper into a heap without regard to paging. "I really do want to talk to you about her, and I can't do it here."

A confidant was an absolute necessity for Harding. I had occupied that proud and taxing position for years. But a confidant was not sufficient; this spoiled boy demanded the proper atmosphere for each confidence. Sometimes, even if it were midday, the curtains must be drawn, the candles lighted. Again every lamp must be extinguished, and we must sit in the heart of mysterious shadow with the moonlight falling through the windows and lying in silver squares upon the floor. But to-day, since the park had been chosen at the proper setting for this latest confidence, I was evidently destined to hear a spring song.

"Amy, come!" he coaxed. There is no gainsaying or resisting Harding, it is a waste of breath. I put a paper weight on my disordered pages. "The midnight oil for you," I sighed, pinning on my hat, and then we went out to the park.

Above us were the blue, blue wastes of the sky, about us the green, green spaces of grass and trees, and the sweet sweet fragrance of early summer.

We sat down and Harding prodded, with his stick, the black earth, wet with recent revivifying spring rains, and then he looked up. "I've met her," he said at last with a solemn ecstasy in his tones. "I've actually met her."

"I know," I replied perfunctorily. "Why look!" with real interest, "that rosebush is full of buds; in a week, perhaps less, they will all be in delicious flower. Yes, of course, you've met her. It's about time, isn't it? Let me see; it is quite two years since you saw London through a haze of her; and it was spring a year ago that the silver

grays of Paris served as a background for still a different her, and the last November, you met her, another her again."

He waved his hand disdainfully. "Nothing of the kind. How can you talk so? I tell you I have seen her for the first time. Of course, I have had fancies and all that; but Amy, this is the real thing. For the first time, I'm in love; and it's changed the whole current of my life, my thoughts; it's made a new man of me. And I wanted to talk to you a little, to tell you about it first, and then you take it in this flippant, careless way. It isn't worthy of you. Do you know, I realize at last that I really am going to do great work; I feel the impulse, the motive. It's hard for a reserved man like me to unburden himself this way, and I'm not in the habit of boring people with my confidences; but she is wonderful, so rare and exquisite, so—"

"When did you meet her?" I interrupted.

"Yesterday afternoon. I'll tell you all about it. You know how hard I have been working lately at my painting. Well, yesterday, I was at it like a house afire, when who should obtrude himself but Higgins—boulder! Only he was an angel in disguise. Of course, he was terribly stuffy and pompous and looked as if he had just been carefully varnished."

"Come on, old man," he said to me; "I'm on my way to call upon Ruth Dufrange."

"Ruth Dufrange!" I interrupted Harding to exclaim. "Is she here now?"

"Yes—she and her poems," he replied reverently, "her marvelous, exquisite poems and her more marvelous, exquisite self. But to go on. When Higgins croaked her name, I started like I was shot 'Ruth Dufrange!' I cried, jumping from my seat; 'of course I'll go. Wait till I get the paint off my hands and brush my hat.'"

"You'll have to do more than that," he said, with a nasty sneer, and a heavy-lidded glance from his puffy eyes. "You'll have to get into your afternoon clothes."

"My afternoon clothes!" I cried. "My afternoon clothes are these, and they've seen many mornings and evenings too."

"You know perfectly well what I mean," said Higgins with another disgusting sneer. "You certainly can't call on Ruth Dufrange in those paint-smear'd rags."

"These, Amy. He spoke that way of these." Harding tapped his chest and drew his coat about him, looking down at it with some pride. "It was this suit he was insulting. Not bad at all, I call it, especially on my lithe, Endymion-like young figure. I give you my word I never saw Higgins look more loathsome, sitting there with his bulk straining the buttons of his waistcoat, a shiny, red crease of neck over the back of his collar, his trousers hauled up, and his gaudy silk socks in evidence, his beastly immaculate gloves, and a lovely, virginal rosebud shrinking in his coat. Amy, he was a terrible exhibition of the evildoer, the white sepulcher. I tried to throw all the scorn I could into my pure, young eyes; but it didn't faze him. He was entrenched behind his clothes."

"Haven't you got any afternoon things?" he asked.

"This, Amy, was my hour. Yes, I replied with modest triumph. 'I claim—oh, not boasting, Higgins, don't feel uncomfortable—I claim to possess the

Continued on Page 5

The airtight package preserves their over freshness, crispness and purity.



McCormick's

Jersey Cream Sodas

Factory at LONDON, Canada.

Branches at Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston, Winnipeg, Calgary, Port Arthur, St. John, N.B.