

s I, 'so I made the
ye must go for de

woman?" says he,
kets inside out.

drawin' a dollar
ret it?" says he,
a good man, is

y, an' none better.
true an' honorable

a line from a
a theatre.

fulness in all wo-
ve it so."

"All the poets
I, 'but if 'tis so.

The Lord made
ond thoughts is

n his hat an' took
the gingle, for

the old Patrick, an'
arouble with him

ey, which I niver
like the party?"

who was enjoy-
n the face of her

ahoney, "did ye
arty that was not

ye have just a
hold it down a

causes in the con-
monious. Afther

iv day, an' ray-
iv last year, an'

s an' the cost iv
as the place an'

uce a new idea.
to the shelf for

lethter.

o give ye the
n' mebee the

in' ye if ye
velope is that

," says I.
me?" says me

prise, an' 'tis
nayther, as I

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s uncommon.
h opening it,

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t to sweep

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wn with ye'er

s all curious,
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worth it. I.
There it was

y heart beats
her," it says

e shout wint

t?" says wan.
ld bird," says

ght it?"
ed man with

grewed an'
l's thing like

od woman in
able, but she

a little riled
gets a con-

sign he's the

fool," says he. "Tis women that began
the throuble in the world, an' 'tis wo-
men that kape it up," says he, an' he
flung the valentine to the floor.

"Tis true," says all the men at
wanst, most vartuous like, 'we can't
help it whin the women falls in love
with us."

"I see it was time to take a hand.
'Patrick Mahoney,' says I, pickin' up
the pretty valentine an' holdin' it
afore his eyes, 'can ye look in the face
iv ye'er true an' honorable wife an'
swear ye know nothin' iv this?"

"Can ye ask it?" says he, an' looks
at me steady with the eyes iv a patient
ox. Sure I cud have kissed him in sight
iv the whole company—two gray-haired
old fools—but I laughed instid an' turned
to the secret mark at the bottom iv the
verses. He looks at it dumb for a min-
ute, an' then all at wanst light breaks
in his old face like the sunrise over a
hill.

"Will ye niver have done with ye'er
foolin'?" says he. Thin he stood up
on his chair an' spoke with a voice

like an alderman makin' a speech
afore eliction. 'Ladies an' gintlemen,'
says he, 'the valentine is from me
own true love. The mark iv her is here,
the same she used on me love-letthers
afore she learned to write intelligint,'
says he.

"Ye'er lyin'," says I. "'Twas meself
showed you how to write a love-letther,
or I'd been waitin' for thim yet," says I.

"With that the explanation followed
an' the gingle an' cakes wint round
an' iverybody laughed except Mrs. Grei-
fen. 'Twas hard times an' she cudn't
get the joke."

"It was an Irish joke," said Mrs.
Mooney.

"An' like an Irish joke it hit the
mark," said Mrs. Mahoney. "The very
next day me old man wint out cheer-
ful like an' found a couple iv jobs just
awaitin' to fall onto him."

"But the charity woman!" exclaimed
Mrs. Hoosing. "You told her the money
was for 'the universal need.'"

"Sure, an' that was no lie," replied
the old woman.

The Revolt of Mrs. Dilligen

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mary Elizabeth Burtis

MRS. Dilligen limped back and
forth in her tiny kitchen putting
away the supper things. Hiram
Dilligen sat at the table clean-
ing his pipe. Every little
while Mrs. Dilligen would pause in her
work as though about to speak and then
apparently think better of it. At last she
made a supreme effort.

"Father," she ventured, "did you see
the circus posters on Hammond's barn?"

"I did, Grandma," cried her little grand-
son from his seat on the wood box, "I saw
them put up. Can I go?"

"I don't know, Johnny," she answered
doubtfully; "you'll have to ask Grandpa."

Hiram Dilligen shrugged his stooping,
gingham-clad shoulders. His weather-
tanned face wore a hard, set look.

This unfriendly reception of the subject
bodied ill for Mrs. Dilligen's plans, but
still she persisted. "Did you see them,
Father?"

"Yes," laconically.

"I thought," she continued hesitatingly,
"maybe you'd go—and—and take Johnny
and me. You know," she hurried on, as
he started to speak, "I've never seen a
circus. The first one came to town when
I was ten years old. Father had prom-
ised to take me and then I came down
with the scarlet fever; the next time was
after we were married and I had the
inflammatory rheumatism and couldn't
walk a step. The last time," her voice
sinking to a whisper as she glanced at
Johnny, "our Lucy had just gone and I
hadn't any heart for circuses, let alone the
fact that I had a tiny baby to look after."

Hiram slowly filled and lighted his pipe.
"And you're not going this time," he said
grimly. "You're too lame to walk, and
I'm not going to the expense of hiring a
team to take you down to the village;
besides, it wouldn't be good for you."

Mrs. Dilligen had often noticed that
anything that cost any money was never
"good" for her.

"I'll tell you what I will do," he added
magnanimously; "I'll take Johnny down
to see the parade. That's free, and it will
be educational for him to see the animals."

Johnny's face fell. "But I want to see
the circus," he whined. "I've never seen
a circus."

"That will do," his grandfather cried
out peremptorily. "Go out and finish up
your chores."

After Johnny's reluctant departure,
Mrs. Dilligen re-opened the subject.
"Maybe one of the neighbors would take
me down to see the parade. I'd just as
leave ask Fred Pinney as not."

Hiram turned fiercely upon her. "Sarah,
I said you weren't to go, and that settles it.
A pretty sight you'd be the next day, after
all that jouncing and crowding, and a nice
doctor's bill I'd have to pay."

Mrs. Dilligen hung up the dish mop
with a trembling hand and left the house
without another word. She paused a
moment in the side yard and looked down
on the village below her. "If I could only
walk so far," she sighed. Slowly she
limped out of the yard and down the
dusty road to an old red barn which had
just been newly decorated with gay
circus posters. She lingered a long time

before them. "If it wasn't a circus I'd
—I'd pray about it; but being a circus,
and me being a Methodist—no, I'm
afraid it wouldn't be right."

As the days passed, Mrs. Dilligen
pleaded more than once to be allowed to
go, but her husband remained firm, not
even relenting when, one early morning,
the long circus trains at last pulled into
the little station and discharged their
contents before an admiring audience of
small boys and village loafers. Johnny
was among the first to spy them, and gave
his grandfather no peace until he was
ready to start for the village.

With dry eyes Mrs. Dilligen watched
them go down the road, a hard look on her
face; then she went into the
sitting-room and got out her basket of
carpet rags. She groaned as she settled
herself for a long morning's work. "Car-
pet rags on circus day!" She sewed with
quick little jerks of her needle in an
oppressive stillness. Suddenly she flung
the work aside. "Why can't I try walking
down tha' hill?" she said aloud. "It
wouldn't be much harder than walking
about this house." She rose from her
chair only to sink hopelessly back into it
the next moment. "I haven't any money
to buy a ticket if I did get down."

She picked up her work again with an
impatient jerk and one of the newly
wound balls rolled away under an old desk
in the corner. She limped after it and as
she stooped to pick it up a thought struck
her. The taxes money! Right there in
the old desk! She hesitated—finally she
opened one of the drawers and took out a
dollar bill.

"Maybe it's stealing, but I don't care;
I'm going."

She went upstairs to her bedroom, put
on her best wool dress, an old-fashioned
bonnet, and a pair of black cotton gloves.

With an umbrella in one hand to use as
a cane, and her money tied up in a hand-
kerchief in the other, she started to hobble
down the hill.

"I didn't think—'twould be such
awful hard work," she panted, stopping
to mop her face and rest. The factory
clock in the village struck twelve. "Oh
dear, I'm afraid I won't get there in
time!" she half sobbed as she struggled on.

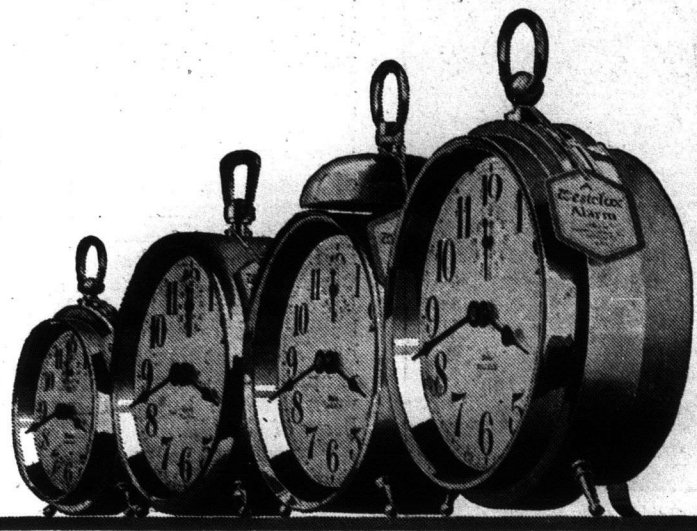
Farther down the hill her strength gave
out completely and she sank down under
the welcome shade of an old tree. "I
wish I'd stayed at home. Now, I can't
get down and I can't get back, so I'll just
have to sit here till father and Johnny
come along. Oh dear! I couldn't bear to
have father see me sitting here."

A buggy rattled down the hill; the
driver, a young farmer, slowed up when
he saw her. "What's the matter, Mrs.
Dilligen? Anything I can do for you?"

"Well, if it isn't Fred Pinney! Why
aren't you at the circus?" His face
flushed. "Because I couldn't find anyone
to go with me. All the other fellows got
their invitations in ahead of mine."

"Now, isn't that too bad! Here's you
without a girl, and me without a good
pair of legs, and both of us dying to go to
the circus."

He laughed as he lifted the little old
lady into the buggy. "Now I've got my



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