

scolding each other from different doorways. What a place in which to bring up a child! Suppose it had been Minnie!

At a few minutes after seven he stood before a door in a tenement building. He rang, and a tired-looking woman opened to him. The woman was unmistakably the mother of the girl. And, weary as she was, and poorly dressed, she was unmistakably a lady.

"Good evening, Mrs. Kimball," said Randall roughly. "I'm Mr. Randall, and I've called to say that your husband can have his job back."

The woman stared at him in terror. "I'm—I'm not Mrs. Kimball," she stammered, and ran back into the apartment. Randall heard her sobbing as she ran.

Then he was aware of a tiny figure at his side, and the little girl was looking up into his face.

"Old Grouch!" she lisped. "Old Grouch, come and see papa!"

It was strange that the child's touch turned his will to water. Randall suffered her to lead him by the hand.

He went into a dark passage and halted at the door of a tiny room. It was almost dark inside, but he heard the woman sobbing at the side of the man who lay there. She rose and turned and faced him.

"I am your son's wife," she said with simple dignity.

And in the dark Randall, incredulous, saw the figure upon the bed.

"I guess it was a mistake," the woman continued. "This is my little girl, and Mr. Kimball has been taking her to the office nights while my husband was ill. You didn't know, and—there is no need to stay, Mr. Randall."

Randall struck a match with trembling fingers and looked at the man on the bed. He saw the fever-flushed face of his own son, whom he had thought gone forever. And then the man's will broke. "Old Grouch" knelt down at his side.

"Horace!" he whispered, taking his hand in his. "Horace, you will come home! I have come to take you home—you and your wife, and—and Leonora. I have wanted you—heaven knows how much," he continued. "Only I didn't know it."

The woman turned away her face. "Not now," she answered. "We do not want your forgiveness after these years."

Randall looked at his son. "Horace?" he asked.

But the sick man turned his face away and answered nothing. And then Randall felt a little hand slipped into his own.

"I'll go with you, Old Grouch!" said Leonora.

And suddenly the waters of pity gushed from the man's eyes. "God forgive me!" he cried, catching her to his breast.

In a trice the mother was sobbing in his arms. And the three, by the sick man's bed, the son and father clasping each other's hands, was the sight that met Kimball's eyes as he entered.

"Old Grouch" broke the silence.

"Get to your job, Kimball!" he belted. "Tomorrow I'll have something to say to you. Get to work now, or I'll—I'll discharge you!"

For he meant to keep up his reputation to the last.

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NEW SKIRT IS SHORT AND VERY, VERY WIDE

By Betty Brown

Late spring styles will bring no startling changes in the fashion world. That is the news I hear from a noted designer of modes. As the wide skirt, paniered and puffed into barrel-like roundness and width, has been established designers are concentrating their attention on the skirt—for this season the skirt really makes the gown.

Separate wraps, especially capes, also claim the attention of those who tell us what to wear.