

The old man was genial, eager, friendly. He advanced and grasped the hand of Martin with warmth.

"Didn't expect me?" he cried. "Well, Elsa made me come and I was glad to. My boy, I put you through a tough ordeal to try you out, didn't I? Well, you've been true blue all through it and never flunked. It is not making a fortune easy that spells success. It's the spirit of dauntlessness that laughs at bad luck and brings out the real gold that is in a man. You're coming back home with me, Martin."

"What for?" inquired Martin.

"To become my son-in-law and to start in business, where Elsa wants you, and me, too. I've been watching you, young man," with a meaningful glance at Lester. "I'm not afraid of the future of a man like you. Don't you understand?"

"I thank you," responded Martin in a voice almost unsteady with intense emotion. And realized that the pathway he was to tread—and not alone—would be illumined with the full radiance of perfect love.

CAPTIVE SOAP.

This is supposed to be a free country. And yet look at our soap. Is it free? No!

But it used to be. Yes, soap used to be free. It lived in a dish and led a wild, glorious, independent life in hotels and sleeping cars. It was at liberty to come and go (and frequently did, hotel men tell us), with any traveler it took a fancy to. Or it could stay home and float in the washbowl.

Today soap is a captive. It is locked up in dark, cavernous slot-machines, with a price on its head. Or else it's chained to a wall and left to swing sadly to and fro. Or it's reduced to a limp liquid and hung around in bottles, looking more like a cross between pea soup and salad dressing than its old familiar self. In any case it is bound about by a cord of push buttons, knobs, cranks

and levers which, in its crushed and bewildered condition, it can never hope to break through.

Even in private life soap is no longer free. It used to be soap's delight to swim in the dishpan; but today it is driven into a little cake, shaken around in the water a while and put back on the shelf to mope.

LITTLE SONNY FOLLOWS HIS DAD IN STYLE



By Betty Brown

Little Boy Blue's new spring coat is ready for him. In the studio of Mlle. Josephine Stickney, where so many juvenile fashions originate, you'll see little coats cut very much like daddy's Balmacaan.

The young fellow in the picture wears a dark blue tussore coat with collar and cuffs of heavy white linen. His straw hat is the newest in baby boy's spring headgear.