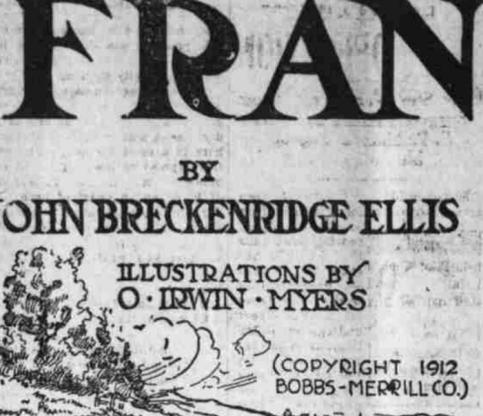


FRAN

BY JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp. She repairs thither in search of him, laughs during the service and is asked to leave. About Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she wants a home with him. Grace Noir, Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college and then deserted her. Fran is the child of that marriage. Gregory had married his present wife three years before the death of Fran's mother. Fran takes a liking to Mrs. Gregory. Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gregory insists that Fran should come with them and takes her to her home. The breach between Fran and Grace widens. It is decided that Fran must go to school.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Fran's quick eye caught the expression of baffled searching, of uncertain striving after sympathetic understanding. "You darling lady!" she cried, clasping her hands to keep her arms from flying about the other's neck, "don't you be troubled about me. Bless your heart, I can take care of myself—and you, too! Do you think I'd add a straw to your . . . Now you hear me: If you want to do it, just put me in long trains with Pullman sleepers, for I'll do whatever you say. If you want to show people how tame I am, just hold up your hand, and I'll crawl into my cage."

The laughter of Mrs. Gregory sounded wholesome and deep-throated—the child was so deliciously ridiculous. "Come, then," she cried, with a lightness she had not felt for months, "come, crawl into your cage!" And she opened her arms.

With a flash of her lithe body, Fran was in her cage, and, for a time, rested there, while the fire in her dark eyes burned tears to all sorts of rainbow colors. It seemed to her that of all the people in the world, Mrs. Gregory was the last to hold her in affectionate embrace. She cried out with a sob, as if in answer to her dark misgivings—"Oh, but I want to belong to somebody!"

"You shall belong to me!" exclaimed Mrs. Gregory, folding her closer.

"To you?" Fran sobbed, overcome by the wonder of it. "To you, dear heart!" With a desperate effort she crowded back intruding thoughts, and grew calm. Looking over her shoulder at Simon Jefferson—"No more

short dresses, Mr. Simon," she called, "you know your heart mustn't be excited."

"Fran!" gasped Mrs. Gregory in dismay, "hush!"

But Simon Jefferson beamed with pleasure at the girl's artless ways. He knew what was bad for his heart, and Fran wasn't. Her smiles made him feel himself a monopolist in sunshine. Simon Jefferson might be fifty, but he still had a nose for roses.

Old Mrs. Jefferson was present, and from her wheel-chair bright eyes read much that dull ears missed. "How gay Simon is!" smiled the mother—he was always her spoiled boy.

Mrs. Gregory called through the

CHARACTER SHOWS IN FACE

Good Thoughts Look Out Through Kindly Eyes and Fair Pleasant Features.

Our faces are open diaries, in which any one may read the record of how we spend our days, what we think, the sort of people we are. When we say of a man that "he has a fine face," or of a woman that "she has a beautiful face," we speak of the life back of the face. What is a suaver indication of this than when we see a child draw away from a first glimpse of a person? What is often so truly condemnatory as the instinctive remark of a child: "I don't like her face, mamma."

Not always true, perhaps, not in every instance is the child right, but how often is it unerring!

trumpet, "I believe Fran has given brother a fresh interest in life."

Old Mrs. Jefferson beamed upon Fran and added her commendation: "She pushes me when I want to be pushed, and pulls me when I want to be pulled."

Fran clapped her hands like a child, indeed. "Oh, what a gay old world!" she cried. "There are so many people in it that like me." She danced before the old lady, then wheeled about with such energy that her skirts threatened to level to the breeze.

"Don't, don't!" cried Mrs. Gregory precipitately. "Fran!"

"Bravo!" shouted Simon Jefferson. "Encore!"

Fran widened her fingers to push down the rebellious dress. "If I don't put leads on me," she said with conviction, "I'll be floating away. When I feel good, I always want to do something wrong—it's awfully dangerous for a person to feel good, I guess. Mrs. Gregory, you say I can belong to you—when I think about that, I want to dance. . . . I guess you hardly know what it means for Fran to belong to a person. You're going to find out. Come on," she shouted to Mrs. Jefferson, without using the trumpet—always a subtle compliment to those nearly stone-deaf, "I mustn't wheel myself about, so I'm going to wheel you."

As she passed with her charge into the garden, her mind was busy with thoughts of Grace Noir. Belonging to Mrs. Gregory naturally suggested getting rid of the secretary. It would be exceedingly difficult. "But two months ought to settle her," Fran mused.

In the meantime, Grace Noir and Gregory sat in the library, silently turning out an immense amount of work, feeding the hungry and consoling the weak with stroke of pen and click of typewriter.

"About this case, number one hundred forty-three," Grace said, looking up from her work as copyist, "the girl whose father wouldn't acknowledge her . . ."

"Write to the matron to give her good clothing and good schooling," he spoke softly. There prevailed an atmosphere of subtle tenderness; on this island—the library—blossomed love of mankind and devotion to lofty ideals. These two mariners found themselves ever surrounded by a sea of indifference; there was not a sign in sight. "It is a sad case," he murmured.

"You think number one hundred forty-three a sad case?" she repeated, always, when possible, building her next step out of the material furnished by her companion. "But suppose she is an impostor. He says she's not his daughter, this number one hundred forty-three. Maybe she isn't. Would you call her conduct sad?"

Gregory took exquisite pleasure in arguing with Grace, because her serene assumption of being in the right gave to her beautiful face a touch of the angelic. "I should call it impossible."

"Impossible? Do you think it's impossible that Fran's deceiving you? How can you know that she is the daughter of your friend?"

He grew pale. Oh, if he could have denied Fran—if he could have joined Grace in declaring her an impostor! But she possessed proofs so irrefutable that safety lay in admitting her claim, lest she prove more than he had already admitted. "I know it, absolutely. She is the daughter of one who was my most—my most intimate friend."

Grace repeated with delicate proof—"Your intimate friend!"

"I know it was wrong for him to desert his wife."

"Wrong!" How inadequate seemed that word from her pure lips!

"But," he faltered, "we must make allowances. My friend married Fran's mother in secret because she was utterly worldly—frivolous—a butterfly. Her own uncle was unable to control her—to make her go to church. Soon after the marriage he found out his mistake—it broke his heart, the tragedy of it. I don't excuse him for going away to Europe."

"I am glad you don't. He was no

true man, but a weakling. I am glad I have never been thrown with such a—degenerate."

"But, Miss Grace," he urged pleadingly, "do you think my friend, when he went back to find her and she was gone—do you think he should have kept on hunting? Do you think, Grace, that he should have remained yoked to an unbeliever, after he realized his folly?"

There was heavenly compassion in her eyes, for suddenly she had divined his purpose in defending Fran's father. He was thinking of his own wife, and of his wife's mother and brother—how they had ceased to show sympathy in life that regarded as the essentials of life. Her silence suggested that as she could not speak without casting reflection upon Mrs. Gregory, she would say nothing, and this tact was grateful to his grieving heart.

"I have been thinking of something very strange," Grace said, with a marked effort to avoid the issue lest she commit the indiscretion of blaming her employer's wife. "I remember having heard you say that when you were a young man, you left your father's home to live with a cousin in a distant town who happened to be a teacher in a college, and that you were graduated from his college. Don't you think it marvelous, this claim of Fran, who says that her father, when a young man, went to live with a cousin who was a college professor, and that he was graduated from that college? And she says that her father's father was a rich man—just as yours was—and that the cousin is dead—just as yours is."

At these piercing words, Gregory bowed his head to conceal his agitation. Could it be possible that she had guessed all and yet, in spite of all, could use that tone of kindness? It burst upon him that if he and she could hold this fatal secret in common, they might, in sweetest comradeship, form an alliance against fate itself. She persisted: "The account that Fran gives of her father is really your own history. What does that show?"

He spoke almost in a whisper, "My friend and I were much alike." Then he looked up swiftly to catch a look of comprehension by surprise, if such a look were there.

Grace smiled coolly. "But hardly identical, I presume. Don't you see that Fran has invented her whole story, and that she didn't have enough imagination to keep from copying after your biographical sketch in the newspaper? I don't believe she is your friend's daughter. I don't believe you could ever have liked the father of a girl like Fran—that he could have been your intimate friend."

"Wall—" faltered Gregory. But why should he defend Fran? "Mr. Gregory," she asked, as if what she was about to say belonged to what had gone before, "would it greatly inconvenience you for me to leave your employment?"

He was electrified. "Grace! Inconvenience me!—would you—could . . ."

"I have not decided—not yet. Speaking of being yoked with unbelievers—I have never told you that Mr. Robert Clinton has wanted me to marry him. As long as he was outside of the church, of course it was impossible. But now that he is converted—"

"Grace!" groaned the pallid listener. "He would like me to go with him to Chicago."

"But you couldn't love Bob Clinton—"

"—he isn't worthy of you, Grace. It's impossible. Heaven knows I've had disappointments enough—"

He started up and came toward her, his eyes glowing. "Will you make my life a complete failure, after all?"

"Love him?" Grace repeated calmly. "This is merely a question of doing the most good. I know nothing about love."

"Then let me teach you, Grace, let—"

"Shall we not discuss it?" she said gently. "That is best, I think. If I decide to marry Mr. Clinton, I will tell you even before I tell him. I don't know what I shall choose as my best course."

"But, Grace! What could I do—without—"

"Shall we just agree to say no more

about it?" she softly interposed. "That is wisest until my decision is made. We were talking about Fran—do you think this a good opportunity for Mrs. Gregory to attend services? Fran can stay with Mrs. Jefferson."

"I have no doubt," he said, still agitated, "that my wife would find it easy enough to go to church, if she really wanted to go."

"Mr. Gregory!" she reproved him. "Well," he cried, somewhat defiantly, "don't you think she could go, if she wanted to?"

"Well," Grace answered slowly, "this girl will leave her without any—any excuse."

"Oh, Miss Grace, if my wife were only like you—I mean, about going to church!"

"I consider it," she responded, "the most important thing in the world." Her emphatic tone proved her sincerity. The church on Walnut street stood for her, as the ark; those who remained outside, at the call of the bell, were in danger of engulfment.

After a long silence, Grace looked up from her typewriter. "Mr. Gregory," she said pausingly, "you are unhappy."

Nothing could have been sweeter to him than her sympathy, except happiness itself. "Yes," he admitted, with a great sigh, "I am very unhappy, but you understand me, and that is a little comfort. If you should marry Bob Clinton—Grace, tell me you'll not think of it again."

"And you are unhappy," said Grace, steadfastly ruling Bob Clinton out of the discussion, "on account of Fran." He burst forth impulsively—"Ever since she came to town!" He checked himself. "But I owe it to my friend to shelter her. She wants to stay and—and she'll have to, if she demands it."

"Do you owe more to your dead friend," Grace asked, with passionate solemnity, "than to the living God?"

He shrank back. "But I can't send her away," he persisted in nervous haste. "I can't, but heaven bless you, Grace, for your dear thought of me."

"You will bless me with more than that," said Grace softly, "when Fran decides to go away. She'll tire of this house—I promise it. She'll go—just wait!—she'll go, as unceremoniously as she came. Leave it to me, Mr. Gregory. In her earnestness she started up, and then, as if to conceal her growing resolution, she walked swiftly to the window as if to hold her manuscript to the light. Gregory followed her.

"If she would only go!" he groaned. "Grace! Do you think you could?—Yes, I will leave everything to you. "She'll go," Grace repeated fixedly. The window at which they stood overlooked the garden into which Fran had wheeled old Mrs. Jefferson.

Fran, speaking through the ear-trumpet with as much caution as deafness would tolerate, said, "Dear old lady, look up at the library window, if you please, for the murrain has climbed his murrain to call to prayers. Very little of this reached its destination—murrain was in great danger of complicating matters, but the old lady caught 'library window,' and held it securely. She looked up. Hamilton Gregory and Grace Noir were standing at the tower window, to catch the last rays of the sun. The flag of truce between them was only a typewritten sheet of manuscript. Grace held the paper obliquely toward the west; Hamilton leaned nearer and, with his delicate white finger, pointed out a word. Grace nodded her head in gentle acquiescence.

"Amen," muttered Fran. "Now let everybody sing!"

The choir leader and his secretary vanished from sight.

"Just like the play in Hamlet," Fran said half-aloud. "And now that the inside play is over, I guess it's time for old Ham to be doing something."

Mrs. Jefferson gripped the arms of her wheel-chair and resumed her tale, as if she had not been interrupted. It was of no interest as a story, yet possessed a sentimental value from the fact that all the characters save the raconteur were dead, and possibly all but her forgotten. Fran loved to hear the old lady evoke the shades of long

dangled not two inches from the lover's nose. On it were these portentous words:

"I'm a bit of a liar myself."

"Then the awful truth flashed upon him, and he fled. As he went out of the door, sixteen girls from the head of the stairs sent sixteen laughs out into the damp night after him. He makes no love at balls now."

Anesthetized Rejection Slip. Elizabeth Jordan said that with all the manuscripts the late Margaret E. Sangster had occasion to return, not one ever carried a heartache with it. She saw everyone who wanted to see her, receiving all callers. She was greatly interested in young writers. And when they had no writing gift, tactfully she would set them going on in some other direction. Perhaps some women who had brought her poor little efforts to Mrs. Sangster could bake sweetmeats, though she couldn't write. Then would Mrs. Sangster work around among the club women she knew until she got sufficient orders for sweetmeats to give that to some employment.—Christian Herald

LESSON FOR ARDENT SWAIN

Startling Experience Cures Him of Making Love to Maidens at Balls.

It happened at a public ball. He was a man of serious intentions and numerous attentions, and she was rich and weddable. They sat in the hall under the starlight. It was a nook for lovers. There was not a soul in sight, and he thought his golden opportunity had arrived. Down he flopped on his knees, and clasped her hand.

"Dear one," he whispered, not very loud, but loud enough, "I have loved you with the whole strength and ardour of a man's nature when it is roused by all that is pure and good and lovely in woman, and I can no longer restrain my pent-up feelings. I must tell you what is in my heart, and assure you that never yet has woman heard from my lips the secrets that are throbbing and—"

Just then a rustle was heard on the stairs above them, and a card tumbled to a third swung down and

ago, shades who would never again assume even the palest manifestation to mortals, when this old lady had gone to join them.

Usually Fran brought her back with gentle hand, but today she divined subterfuge; the tale was meant to hide Mrs. Jefferson's real feelings. Fran ventured through the trumpet: "I wish there was a man-secretary on this place, instead of a woman. And let me tell you one thing, dear old soldier—there's going to be a fight put up on these grounds. I guess you ought to stay out of it. But either I or the secretary has got to git."

Fran was not unmindful of grammar, even of rhetoric, on occasion. She knew there was no such word as "git," but she was seeking to symbolize her idea in sound. As she closed her teeth, each little pearl meeting a pearly rival, her "git" had something of the force of physical ejection.

Behind large spectacle lenses, sparks flashed from Mrs. Jefferson's eyes. She sniffed battle. But her tightly compressed lips showed that she lacked both Fran's teeth and Fran's intrepidity. One steps cautiously at seventy-odd.

Fran comprehended. The old lady must not let it be suspected that she was aware of Gregory's need of cotton in straining ears, such as had saved Ulysses from siren voices. The pretense of observing no danger kept the fine old face uncommonly grim.

"Little girls shouldn't fight," was her discreet rejoinder. Then leaning over the wheel, she advanced her snow-white head to the head of coal-black. "Better not stir up dragons."

Fran threw back her head and laughed defiantly. "Bring on your dragons," she cried boastfully. "There's not one of 'em I'm afraid of." She extended one leg and stretched forth her arm. "I'll say to the Dragon, 'Stand up—and she'll stand; I'll say 'Lie down—and down she'll lie. I'll say 'Git—and she'll—'" Fran waved her dragon to annihilation.

"Goodness," the old lady exclaimed, "nothing of this except the pan-tomime; that, however, was eloquent. She recalled the picture of David in her girlhood's Sunday-school book. 'Are you defying the Man of Gath?' She broke into a delicious smile which seemed to flood the wrinkles of her face with the sunshine of many dear old easy-going years.

Fran smote her forehead. "I have a few pebbles here," she called through the trumpet.

Mrs. Jefferson grasped the other's

nothing less majestic than a Miltonic war of the heavenly hosts. It has been said that Princes street of Edinburgh is the most impressive in Europe, and if any such assertion is to be accepted it owes its truth not so much to the highway itself and its buildings and monuments as to the amazing topography of Edinburgh, some of whose noblest features lend a sort of awful dignity and splendor to Princes street. The marvelous view of the castle and its slopes would alone give Princes street the highest distinction, and the castle and its steep constitute only one of several noble eminences within view. The broad gardens, too, are rich and lovely, and there are fine old historic structures along the highway, while the Scott Memorial really does not look like a church engulfed by an earthquake with its steeples still above ground. As a matter of fact the monument, with that amiable and studious seated statue of Sir Walter set within, is a dignified and beautiful thing, even though it has to vie with the austere and awful steep crowned with the vast and wandering pile of Edinburgh castle.

"Bring on Your Dragons," She Said Boastfully.

thin arm, and said, with zealous energy, "Let her have 'em, David, let her have 'em!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Marine Telescope. Make an oblong narrow box out of four pieces of quarter-inch board about two feet long by sixteen inches wide, and fit a piece of clear, clean glass across one end, held in place by brass-headed tacks, driven into the wood and overlapping the glass. Fill all the cracks with sealing wax to keep out the light. Then plunge the glass end two or three inches into the water and look through the open end. This simple marine telescope is made on the principle of the more elaborate glasses through which to look at the famous gardens under the sea near the Catalina Islands.—Christian Herald.



In the Canongate.

nothing less majestic than a Miltonic war of the heavenly hosts. It has been said that Princes street of Edinburgh is the most impressive in Europe, and if any such assertion is to be accepted it owes its truth not so much to the highway itself and its buildings and monuments as to the amazing topography of Edinburgh, some of whose noblest features lend a sort of awful dignity and splendor to Princes street. The marvelous view of the castle and its slopes would alone give Princes street the highest distinction, and the castle and its steep constitute only one of several noble eminences within view. The broad gardens, too, are rich and lovely, and there are fine old historic structures along the highway, while the Scott Memorial really does not look like a church engulfed by an earthquake with its steeples still above ground. As a matter of fact the monument, with that amiable and studious seated statue of Sir Walter set within, is a dignified and beautiful thing, even though it has to vie with the austere and awful steep crowned with the vast and wandering pile of Edinburgh castle.

HUBBIES MUST POUND ROCK

New Pennsylvania Law Is Put into Operation for the First Time.

Philadelphia.—When six deserting husbands were sentenced to three months' work breaking stone at the house of correction by Judge Brey there was put into operation for the first time in Pennsylvania a new law, passed by the last legislature, which the court declared would materially reduce the cases of wife desertion in this state.

The law empowers the court to commit recalcitrant husbands to the house of correction, there to be placed at some profitable employment at hard labor, and provides that 65 cents a day shall be deducted from their earnings and paid to the wife. The minimum sentence is three months, but this may be extended to six months if the husband shows no willingness otherwise to support his wife.

Heretofore the only punishment within the power of the court in this state was a jail sentence, leaving the man's wife and family to be taken care of, in many instances, by charity.

Bags Eighty Billion Germs. Baltimore.—Having bagged eighty billion germs in the wilds of Ecuador and Peru, Dr. Andrew W. Sellards of Johns Hopkins university has arrived here, and will proceed to make a scientific study of the creatures at short range. Among the collection are yellow fever, bubonic plague and typhoid, which is really South American leprosy.

SLUMS OF EDINBURG

Canyon-Like Streets in the Poorer Quarters.

City Is Not Without Beauty—Princes Street Said to Be Most Impressive of Any Throughoutfare in Europe.

Edinburgh.—Edinburgh has slums that look and smell the thing they are. There is something not only forbidding, but almost threatening in the canyon-like streets of the poorer quarter, with their huge grim tenements built of uncompromising stone and rising high above the sunless streets. One meets on the Old North bridge, which spans the gulf between two high portions of the town, pale-faced women hooded in their shawls, and bearing in their faces the marks of poverty, hard usage and vice. One sees also on that historic bridge, however, many a lovely girlish face, many a daughter of the people such as inspired some of Burns' finest love songs. The land is manifestly full of native vigor, and the commonfolk show the discipline of the struggle that they and their ancestors have long waged with a thin soil, a difficult topography and a climate somewhat niggardly of sunlight and warmth.

Edinburgh still deserves its ancient name of Auld Reekie, and between its boldly magnificent topography, its self-generated smoke, its stormy skies, and its frowning and monumental architecture, it has a sort of grandeur hard to match in other and gayier cities. Holyrood is surely a plain enough royal residence, but where in any other town is there so nobly and almost insolently dominant a pile as Edinburgh castle. It gives the final touch of something like domesticity to that aloof and highest mass of gloomy architecture to see at night the gleam of lights through a few of its long, slitted windows. Nothing can be finer than the sudden holes of after-sunset brightness that appear in the stormy skies of Edinburgh on summer evenings. These aspects of the sky suggest

AND THE "BLUES" WENT AWAY

Showing How Easy It Is to Scatter Sunshine if One Has It in the Heart.

I was going overboard one day in a very overcrowded trolley car. It was pouring outside and my gloves clung damply to my fingers. A stray wisp of hair was tickling my nose and my hands were too full of dripping umbrella and swaying strap to brush it away. I could feel that my forehead was wrinkled up, and my mouth drawn down. I thought of all the unpleasant things that had ever happened to me, and, glancing at the unrelenting sky, I wondered why it had to rain so hard. Then, looking along the car, I saw another girl hanging to a strap. She was ever so much wetter than I. The dampness oozed out of a crack in her worn shoe; the bare hands that gripped her umbrella and strap looked cramped and tired, and two straggly locks of hair tickled her rather small, inoffensive nose. But as I looked at her and pitied her, she glanced up and caught my eye, and she smiled at me! Then, somehow, the raindrops looked very bright and jewel-like, and the gray of the sky seemed warmer and more friendly. I forgot that my feet were wet, and I smiled back. All that day, through the work and hurry of the hours, I carried a sunbeam hiding my heart.—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in the Christian Herald.

A Practical Wife.

"Wife, this is our wedding anniversary."

"So it is."

"As a matter of sentiment I shall bring home a bunch of flowers to-night."

"Never mind the sentiment, Henry. Bring home some limburger cheese."

New Brooms.

Representative Dillon said in Yankton apropos to an administrative municipal change, of which he did not approve: "They declare that a new broom sweeps clean, but some of these new brooms that seem to sweep clean are in reality only throwing dust in our eyes."

The Limit.

Jennie—I hear she fell overboard in her street clothes.

Minnie—Yes, and she was arrested for being in the water in an indecent costume.—Judge.

The Proper Line.

"The fortune teller at the garden party told me I was soon to get married."

"I guess she told that by the fete line."

Had Discrimination.

Cholly—Is this horse intelligent, my good fellow?

Groom—Very! Look out he don't kick you, sir!—Puck.

No Doubtful Sound.

Heck—Some women are hard to understand.

Pek—My wife isn't. She never speaks her mind to me without making herself perfectly clear.

The young man who shows up with an engagement ring is apt to get the glad hand.

TORTURING TWINGES

Much so-called rheumatism is caused by weakened kidneys. When the kidneys fail to clear the blood of uric acid, the acid forms into crystals like bits of broken glass in the muscles, joints and on the nerve endings. Torturing pains dart through the affected part whenever it is moved. By curing the kidneys, Doan's Kidney Pills have eased thousands of rheumatic cases, lumbago, sciatica, gravel, neuralgia and urinary disorders.

AN ILLINOIS CASE

Charles Easter, E. Walnut St., Wataska, Ill., says: "I had got rheumatism and kidney trouble for years. I was laid up for months and went hundreds of dollars unsuccessfully for doctors' treatment. After hope had fled, Doan's Kidney Pills came to my aid. They cured the awful misery and I have never suffered since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS** FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

AND THE "BLUES" WENT AWAY

Showing How Easy It Is to Scatter Sunshine if One Has It in the Heart.

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