

# "One of the Family"

By JOHN ELKINS

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"Billy, I'm proposing to you!" said June with a saucy grin. "Don't you seem to recognize it when you see it?"

"Well, hardly. It's so sudden," murmured Billy.

"Sudden? Why leap year is two months old. It seems to me that's old enough to begin to take notice."

"But I hadn't," answered Billy in worried perplexity.

"Well, I must say this is something of a 'jolt.' I thought you'd jump at it—or rather—at me."

"I repeat," observed Billy. "It is so sudden."

Billy, although a bit over thirty, had retained such an evergreen youth that no one, even in the cement works where he was a partner, ever thought of calling him William. He would probably always be Billy to the end of the chapter, though he was five feet nine, and strongly built. He never laid any claims to beauty, but had a good wholesome countenance that looked capable and honest.

June Barry had been taken by Mrs. Hunt, Billy's mother, when she was only eight years old. She was distantly related by marriage, but so remotely that when you began to try to entangle it, it ended in not being related. But June was left an orphan with a small inheritance, and Mrs. Hunt brought her home, and she became one of the family. That was ten years ago, and she had romped through her childhood with Billy, and it had not apparently occurred to him that she had grown up. Evidently it was occurring to him now, for the quizzical smile on his lips was but a transparent mask to cover his perplexed surprise.

"Look here, Toodles," expostulated Billy, "why use me for a buffer to

The widow certainly was fascinating, and a very formidable rival, except perhaps in the matter of youth. The widow saw this advantage with something like a pang. She also had to acknowledge that June was very pretty. She set to work to impress upon June that her engagement to Billy being understood, she wanted her, as one of the family, to like her, and be glad to welcome her as one of them. June tried to assume a cheerful, even cordial acquiescence, but her astute hostess detected something under the mask which warned her to be a trifle wary in the campaign.

Tommy Thurston was sauntering down toward the park, when June loomed up in his line of vision. She seemed to him to look rather more ravishingly alluring than usual. He wondered if it would do any good to try again to get her to say yes. He detained her as she tried to pass.

"It's just to say good-by," said Tommy.

"Oh," replied June, not greatly interested, "when are you going?"

"This Wednesday. I'm going to stop at Barchester to see my uncle, on the way. After that I haven't yet decided. Perhaps across the pond to England, perhaps to California. You know I wouldn't go if you said so."

"Now Tommy, that's settled. Don't let's talk about it, please."

There was such a ring of finality about it that Tommy was silent.

"But," added June, "come to think, I've got to go to Barchester to do some shopping. I may be taking your train, and can bear your company on the beginning of your journey at least."

"Oh, that'll be fine!" cried Tommy brightening.

So it was arranged they should meet at the train.

June said nothing to anyone about her intended trip, but carefully packed a suitcase, put her desk, and belongings in order, the only thing suggesting a hasty departure being Mrs. Cliffe's note of invitation left lying open on her desk. She did not observe out of the house, keeping the suitcase on the side away from the window, and met Tommy at the station. She took pains to speak to the station master at the little office who knew her, and who eyed, rather curiously, the combination of young Thurston, Miss Barry and the luggage.

Arriving at Barchester, Thurston insisted on seeing her to the hotel where she said she was going. Then he registered, and informed her he intended to stay there also for a day or two. June put her foot down, and told him she would leave immediately if he did not go to some other hotel. Thurston saw that she meant it, and left.

The next morning June started out for her shopping. When she returned she expected to find that something had happened, but not even a telegram greeted her. She wondered what they were doing and thinking at home. Well there was nothing to do but wait. She sat alone in her room the entire evening, and nothing happened. The next morning as she was starting out for more shopping, she found herself confronted by the proprietor. Very apologetically he explained that he had orders from police headquarters to detain her. June after some show of indignation, went meekly back to her room. In about an hour there was a knock at her door. Was it a horrid policeman or the irate and injured Mrs. Hunt? June nerved herself to open the door. Billy wild-eyed and out of breath confronted her.

"Where is that scoundrel?" he yelled. "Are you married?"

"No," answered June. "And he isn't a scoundrel."

Then Billy told how he had found Mrs. Cliffe's note, how a good deal had dawned upon him, how they had never even thought of being engaged, and how furious, and miserably heart-broken he had been.

"Then," he added, "I know—it took an awful big jolt to find out—but I knew I'd got to get you back, or—"

"Or make me one of the family?" she finished.

Billy took her very closely in his arms, and explained later.

**What He Thought Was Wrong.** Montagu Rollaway had taken the new car out for a trial run.

As new cars always do on trial runs, it broke down and the usual crowd of sympathizers gathered round. While Montagu sprawled himself underneath, questions came thick and fast upon him.

"Broken down, guv'nor?"

"Oh, no. Only playing bears," replied Monty.

"Is it a good make?"

"The dealer said so."

"What power is it?"

"Forty horse power."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Don't quite know," replied the over-courteous Monty, "but, as far as I can guess, thirty-nine of the horses bolted on the way, and the last one is too upset to answer any more questions!"

**Phosphorus in Human Body.** The human body contains, among other constituents, about two pounds of phosphorus. This phosphorus, if extracted and put to another use, would make up about 4,000 packages of friction matches. Besides phosphorus the human body contains a few ounces of sodium and half an ounce of potassium. The quantity of the latter would be sufficient for many experiments in a glass in chemistry. In addition to sodium and potassium there are a few grains of magnesium in the human body, enough to make the "silver rain" for a family's stock of rockets on a Fourth of July evening or to create a brilliant light visible at a considerable distance.

# Happy Easter Thoughts



## Easter Morning

**W**HAT tidings of reverent gladness are voiced by the bells that ring

**A summons to men to gather today in the courts of Christ the King!**

**We come to our dear Lord's altar. What brightness greets us there!**

**The gloom of the winter has vanished, and beauty is everywhere.**

**Oh, beautiful, beautiful lilies, what truths you typify!**

**You seemed to die in the autumn, and yet you did not die.**

**"Alleluia!" the choir is chanting, with joyous, jubilant voice.**

**"The Lord is risen, is risen! Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!"**

**"He is risen!" Oh, glorious message!**

**"He lives who once was dead!"**

**And hearts that were heavy, with sorrow hear and are comforted.**

**From the censer cups of the lilies rise scents of myrrh and balm,**

**And the soul, like a lark, soars upward, winged with the Easter psalm.**

**And on this Easter morning, while joyful voices sing,**

**You repeat to all the lesson of the miracle of spring.**

**From the tomb in which men laid him the stone is rolled away,**

**And, lo, the Christ they sing of is here in our midst today!**

**—Eben E. Rexford in Christian Herald.**

**The Lily**

**T**HE lily, whose purity and beauty have become the symbol of the Christian Easter, is, according to the flower genealogists, Chinese, though it appeared as long as 3,000 years before the Christian era as a theme of decoration on Egyptian and Assyrian monuments.

"The original lily," says the Southern Workman, "is believed to be the oldest of all plants," and it observes that it is the only one that has none but real relatives. The kinfolk of the rose are very poor. The chrysanthemum has been brought out of almost the weed state, but the lily is an aristocrat that seems to have been so divinely molded that man has been unable to change it materially. Even the Japanese are content almost to worship it as it is. Little Japanese tots never look so charming as when they are admiring this thing which brings the divine beauty of the wonderful world into even the most menial surroundings. Often this queen is found standing majestic and adored in a simple vase or bottle in the workshops, even in blacksmith shops.

On this side of the world Bermuda is the great lily storehouse. Those who visit the islands in the month of April can ride for miles over the finest natural roads in the world—those in Barbados alone excepted—among fields of pure white flowers, growing in such profusion that the ground is not visible.

Nothing is to be seen but masses of white and green. There are over 200 such farms, some from thirty to forty acres in extent, devoted exclusively to lily growing. The heavy perfume can often be discerned a mile or more away. The fragrance of a bunch of lilies delicately scenting a room or church is very different from the overpowering fragrance exhaled from an immense farm. The natives, however, are quite resigned to the heavy perfume, knowing that acre for acre the growing lily is three or four times as profitable as the other products of the islands. Lily bulbs were first brought to the islands from Japan.

## FRIENDS FOR MARY ANNE

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

A clear, cold wind curled around and about the twisted bypaths on Riverside drive.

Mary Anne drew in deep breaths of it. The doctor had ordered that she get as much fresh air into her system as possible during her enforced freedom from the basement in which she sold household utensils. Her scant clothing was all too thin for so cold a day, but the clear air was invigorating.

Coming toward her on the path an old man came slowly along wheeling a tiny go-cart. His eyes sparkled and were very contented as they rested on the baby—his grandchild—in the cart.

Mary Anne smiled. Perhaps it was a wistful smile. She had no one of her own to love—no one to minister to.

"Ain't it awful—bein' alone?" she remarked to herself.

The old man and the baby trundled nearer. The baby's cheeks were like red apples. Mary Anne speculated as to his future and hoped he would not have to work in a basement and thus lose his color.

"Life ain't worth much—workin' in a basement," she supplemented her thought. "Guess I'd 'a' croaked, right there in the basement—if our boss wasn't a human bein'." She pondered over the realization that she was out on Riverside drive trying to inhale sufficient fresh air to keep her on her feet, when, according to all the laws of department store management, she should be down in the basement selling closthepins or tea pots to testy customers.

"And I'm gettin' my six per—just the same." Altogether, Mary Anne felt that she had much to be thankful for.

The old man stopped suddenly. Apparently something had gone wrong with the baby's fittings. Mary Anne watched interestedly.

The progress of the two was certainly suspended. Mary Anne wondered if she could be of any assistance. The old man seemed perturbed. The baby was getting fretful.

Mary Anne's desire to help dominated. She arose and approached the pair.

"Want any help?" Mary Anne asked, gazing hungrily at the baby.

"Chunks has busted the string off his bonnet," the old man said, grateful for the sound of a feminine voice. "It don't seem to stay put without it."

"Needs a pin—don't it, honey?" she questioned of the blue-eyed baby. With quick fingers she extracted the pin from her scant neck piece.

"Men folks don't know much about babies," the old man remarked. "Me and Jim and Chunks miss the women folks."

Mary Anne turned tragic eyes on him. "You don't mean that Chunks ain't got no mother—do you?"

"That's just the case," he told her. "My son's wife died and left me and Jim and Chunks to get along as best we could."

"Oh!" gasped Mary Anne, ready to sob tears of sympathy for Chunks and the two helpless men who tried to be father, mother and all to him. "Couldn't I come over and help a bit. I can wash and cook and mend Chunks's clothes."

A warm glow suffused the old man's face. The very thought of womanly hands pottering about the tiny flat was emotion begetting.

Still he glanced doubtfully at the girl's frail body and pale face.

"It would do me a whole heap of good," she said quickly, interpreting his glance, "just to have someone to lo—help." She gazed longingly at Chunks. "I've been eating my lunch all alone in my room and heating my milk on the gas jet. That ain't much sport, is it?"

So it was that Mary Anne pulled herself into paradise by the power of her helping hands. Each day she and Chunks and Grandy, as she called him, met on the drive, had their long health-giving walk and romp in the fresh air, then went to the tiny flat and cooked lunch. It was like a holiday to Mary Anne. She also found time to mend and darn for Grandy and Jim.

"Jim wishes he was in on our good times," Grandy often remarked; "he don't get home nights until seven." His kindly eyes always wore a peculiar expression when he mentioned his son and Mary Anne knew what was behind his mind.

"I've baked him a special little apple pie for his dinner tonight," Mary Anne said shyly; "I hope he likes pie."

"He's liked everything you've done so far," Grandy told her. "Women folks certainly do make a home home."

"We mustn't think of the time when I have to go back to the basement," Mary Anne said with swift emotion coloring her cheeks. "We're good pals—you and me and Chunks—ain't we?" she demanded. "I just can't bear to think of anyone else coming in here to take care of Chunks and you."

"What about Jim?" questioned Grandy.

"Oh, Jim—Jim seems happy enough—taking care of himself," Mary Anne said a trifle wistfully.

"That's just where you're wrong," Grandy told her gently. "Jim's the biggest baby of the lot. He's dyin' of love for you, Mary Anne, and he lacks the courage to tell you. He thinks you're an angel or something like that."

"I ain't no angel," Mary Anne said softly. "Me and Jim's goin' to the movies tonight. Maybe I can make him know it." And the light in her eyes promised well for Jim's enlightenment. (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## THEIR COUNTRIES HAVE FORBID US SEAS



Photos by American Press Association. Count von Bernstorff, the recalled German ambassador, and Count Tarnowski, the Austrian envoy, who arrived here the day after ruthless submarine warfare was announced.

### GETTING FUNNY.



AD

Judge (to wife beater)—Sixty days, and I wish that I could give you more! Prisoner—So do I, Judge. I see that you and I are similarly situated at home!—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**Never Answered.** Hotel Visitor (coming from bathroom)—Here, I've been ringing for you for ages. Chambermaid—Which bell, sir? Visitor—The bell over the bath. Chambermaid—Oh, we pay no attention to that bell, sir. That's only put there in case any one feels faint.—London Punch.

**He Told Her.** Three fifty weighed pretty Hortense. She dressed up one morning to fence. Said she to her beau, "How do I look, Joe?" And Joe merely answered, "Immense!" —New York World.

**Chowder Chat.** "There are said to be 215 varieties of clams in existence." "That many account for the different kinds of clam chowder you get around at the various eating emporiums you go against."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Just the Place For Him.



Wm. Stearns

"I thought youse was goin' to join de army?" "I was, but dey turned me down 'cause I had water on de knee." "Why don't you try de navy?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**Her Fault.** Visitor—What brought you here? Prisoner—I owe my downfall to a woman. Visitor—How was that, my poor man? Prisoner—She yelled for the police.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Resemblance.** "You said once I was like a flower," Quoth she, inclined to weep. "I any so still," her hub replied. "Flowers shut up when they sleep." —Exchange.

**Another Viewpoint.** Clara—I overheard Mr. Blimberly say to a friend the other evening that I was a pretty young lady. Maude—Well, you are pretty young, but of course, you are growing older each day.—Chicago News.

Yeast causes things to rise. Even the sun rises in the east.

## BRIDGE GUARDED IN NEW YORK



by American Press Association. A militiaman on lookout to prevent attempts at blowing up Manhattan, one of the five big bridges spanning the East river.