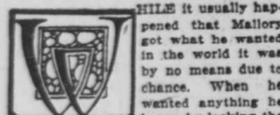


MALLORY'S REVERIE

By Bertha Trevelyan.



While it usually happened that Mallory got what he wanted in the world it was by no means due to chance.

He was a handsome, vigorous man of 30 years when business affairs making it necessary for him to spend a number of months in New York a letter of introduction secured him the very delightful privilege of rooms with the Fosters.

In the midst of his reverie Miss Foster appeared, her delicate slightness heightened by the massive doorway in which she stood framed for a moment.

With a business-like air that sat amusingly on her she showed him the rooms that she and her mother rented to eke out their small and uncertain income.

Often during the following months he would spend an hour with the mother and daughter, noting with hidden amusement the home's natural little air of elderliness.

There was a flash of surprise in her face that for one brief, fleeting moment said frankly that he must have taken leave of his senses.

When the time arrived she was disturbed by an uncomfortable consciousness. She had the air of a person who felt that she was going to be a subject of quickly exchanged glances and half-laughing comment.

They'll scream and get seasick if it's rough. And the chaplain will corner me and begin asking me about my studies and whether I'm any relation to somebody or other of the same name who graduated in '67.

Accordingly, when Holbrook and Seaton shaven and shorn, in immaculate negligee shirts, collars and white ducks, came down to the pier to help the girls and their youthful chaperon ashore.

He cooked his solitary supper, smoked his solitary pipe and turned in early. With a feeling of righteousness, he woke at 6 in the sweet, cool June morning.

The tide was high, the air filled with the sweetness of honeysuckle and musical with the call of birds. A girl in a red bathing suit stood at the end of the dock in the early sunlight.

Morris was in time to see her throw her bare arms about her neck and spring lightly upward and descend in a straight limbed dive into the rippling water.

"Do you really want me," she cried.

Holbrook and Seaton looked speechless. They and Morris were a trio of Yale seniors who had slipped away from New Haven in the interlude between the closing of exams and commencement for one last jollification at Seaton's summer home on the Sound before they went their several ways.

sentimental talk of a man of 25," he went on, taking one of her slim hands in his and looking at her a bit quizzically.

"Love, of course, is a matter of years. A man and woman of 50 would only be ridiculous if they essayed to speak that language."

"But I'm only 30!" she exclaimed, surprised into protest.

Mallory could have roared with laughter at the innocent "only." As he had supposed, then, it was not that she really thought herself outside the pale—it was only that of one sensitively afraid that she ought to think so.

"But there is an ethical side to the matter that persons of our age should consider. You would be doing a beautiful act if you would take my children and me in hand, and I could make things so much easier for you and your mother."

"That will bring her," she exclaimed to herself.

"But I thought your children were grown?"

"They're over twenty," he admitted boldly, "but that is the very age at which young people most need the controlling influence of home."

On the steps of her new home, as the carriage dashed up the drive, she noticed that a small group awaited them.

"My dear Miss Foster," he said persuasively, "we won't talk of that phase of the matter at all. I should not be saying this to you if I had not a very deep regard for you—and you, I fancy, would not be listening."

There was a little incoherent murmur which he took for assent. Then he continued with an anxious air:

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ALICE'S REVERIE

By Louise H. Guyol.



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LYNN HARDIN was a man who, though but 27, had traveled till he was well wearied with the world.

Life was joyous to Alice Ellison. Her blood ran high and nothing had crossed her path that tended to make her feel aught but the joy of living.

"My dear little hand clawed the air."

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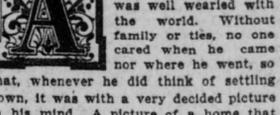
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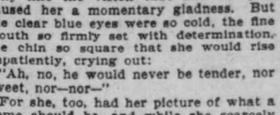
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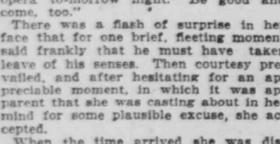
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SUNSET

By F. B. Wright.



FOUND the old man in his favorite place, a grassy nook on the mountain side, gazing across the lake to where the opposite mountains rose from the water's edge.

Darrel had a great store of wisdom—not the wisdom of towns, but the lore of the woods, of the snow-born streams and the mountains.

"It was twenty years ago that Mary came here with her father, old man Drury. He took up a claim down to the end of the lake. Mary was just a little gal then, that I could take on my knees.

"An' play with an' teach to fish, an' pad a canoe. An' your boy, he growed an' grew, pretty as some flower put down here in a crevice of the rocks. An' then one day—I mind it well—I seed she was a woman an' that I loved her. Darrel wasn't never no more like that spring.

"I didn't tell her so—I was feared almost to touch her. I was so rough an' rude an' she so like a flower, but I thought on her a heap. I was old an' gray, an' she was young, an' that was natural for her to love Jim as flowers to love the sun, but I didn't think of that then. I was wild like as I paddled away from the dock, lookin' up at the stars an' talkin' about the claim we had, an' if the mine panned out, an' of the money we'd get for our red cedar logs. An' then he said, shy-like, as if 'twas something wonderful, 'What do you think, Jack, 'bout that? I'm going to be married soon—to Mary.'"

"It was after Jim had quit an' gone to bed an' I roamed abroad through the dark that I felt it. All night I tramped through the timber, thinkin' an' fightin' with the wild beast in me. I had loved her first. That was plenty other women for him to be happy with. What right had he with his good looks and youth to come between us—he, my pardner, to steal the flower I had watched and tended.

"Why, sure!" he answered, and gave his place at the helm, he, the self-elected skipper, never known before to relinquish the tiller to any human being. He showed her how to steady the course over the sunny sounds. She was an apt pupil and laughed gleefully as they met the waves.

"You must have thought me a regular bore. What can I do to prove to you that I'm sorry?" Morris asked, waxing tender in the sunlight of her mischievous smile.

"His companion was evidently practical. 'I know. Let me steer for a while,' she said eagerly.

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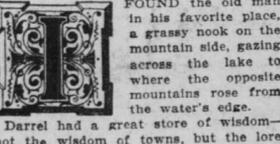
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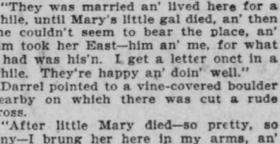
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A STUDY IN HEREDITY

Fable for the Foolish.



HE male portion of the human race above 45 years of age is divided into two parts, those who remember the days of their youth with pleasure touched with regret.

—that they are gone—and those who have substituted an abridged edition of the Rollo books for their youthful memories.

Solomon P. Fogy was the gentleman's name; if you had not known it you could probably have guessed it on the first trial. In his old age this highly respectable person was all that any could have wished, and a whole lot more than some people liked, but he deeply regretted to state that when he was younger he was not only a boy but also one of the boys, which is a very different proposition.

They treasure his memory yet in the little old town where he was wont to infect the atmosphere and on extra dark nights they bring it out to assist the village street-lighting department. It was confidently expected that he would be hanged before he was 30 years old, and the life insurance company that would have considered him a desirable risk would have convicted itself in the eyes of the populace of imbecility in the first degree.

However, it fell out in the course of time and inhuman events of one sort and another that Solomon contracted a case of chronic matrimony and put all his other evil ways far behind him. Some men take the Keeley cure and some try matrimony; it all depends on the temperament—and the wife. In fact, some try matrimony first and the Keeley cure afterward. As a result of Mr. Fogy's matrimonial experiment a young Solomon soon appeared on the scene. This event marked a definite stage in the career of Mr. Fogy; hitherto, as has been carefully hinted, he had put in the greater part of his time increasing the acreage of wild oats and otherwise adding to the cares of the recording angel. From this time forth, however, he could have posed as the model for a young ladies' boarding school without turning a hair.

But all this was past and by way of being forgotten when young Solomon registered in the Maison de Fogy. It would never do, argued Solomon Sr., for the staid father of a family to be seen in the company of the insidious and envying cocktail that walketh by noonday or of the exhilarating but equally deadly high-

ball that flyeth by night. So he cut it out and set up in business as general guide, counselor and friend of the young and erring. There is nothing that so quickly leads a man to point out the way of life to the perishing as to have perished a little himself in his youth. Thus it was that Solomon Sr. exchanged the spiritual for the spiritual and became in his declining years—a declining because what he always did now whenever he met any of his old but unregenerate friends—a pillar of the church and one of the principal props of an otherwise lopsided social system.

As young Solomon grew to manhood he began to display tendencies that filled his father's heart with sorrow, mixed with anger. He had never been allowed to mingle in any social gathering more exciting than the giddy whirl of the strawberry festival at the Methodist church or to indulge in any beverage more stimulating than the common or garden birch beer. Yet, in spite of his father's frequent injunctions to associate only with people who could do him good, he began to be found in the company of dissolute youths who foregathered with strong drink when it was raging and could brook a full hour in the face without winking an eye. When his father remonstrated with him for his waywardness he replied that he was obeying the paternal injunction to be found only with those who could do him good. The ambiguous nature of this exceeding soft answer was not revealed to the stern parent until he discovered the exact extent to which his offspring had been done.

It happened that about the time that the injured father was seriously contemplating the advisability of severing diplomatic relations with his erring offspring the said injured father paid a visit to the town of his birth. It will be remembered that he had departed from the same town in his youth, and he was confidently declared by the best authorities to be a through ticket to the gallows. When he returned after many years clad in the full garb of respectability and with the marks of a virtuous and prosperous life there was great wondering among the oldest inhabitants, and by way of making him feel good they forthwith began to recount his youthful exploits, as Solomon Sr. sat by and heard them tell over the many reasons for the belief that he could never by any possibility come to the end of his days in a peaceable and orderly manner he did a little wondering himself. In fact, it took him some time to recognize his own youth in the guise in which it was kindly presented for his edification by these friends of his youth. Little by little, however, it broke in upon his darkened intellect that he had not only been a young man but was about as near like the rest of us as a Government weather report is to being an accurate forecast of the article that Jupiter Pluvius and the rest of the crew are proposing to serve up for the delatation of the sons of men on the following day.

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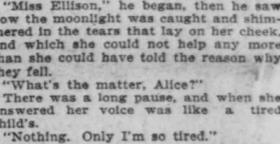
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