

THE SEATTLE STAR SATURDAY NIGHT'S STORY

'MY PATH TO THE GALLIES;' TOLD BY CONDEMNED BOY

BY RALPH N. FARRIS
Twenty-Four-Year-Old Train Bandit
Awaiting Death in San Quentin
Prison for Murder.

ARTICLE NO. 3.
I wonder as I write this if well-to-do folks, having plenty, and slow about paying their bills to the small dealers, struggling for existence, ever consider how they discourage those who are every-thing and are proud of my new life and my new-found honesty.



AND DETERMINED UPON MY FIRST TRAIN HOLDUP!

Dad helped me to borrow \$150 from the bank.
I bought a horse and wagon and with a few dollars left, got my first stock of vegetables and fruit, and began selling about Bakersfield, Cal., from the wagon.
It was good to be a business man, even in a small way.
I took a lot of pride in being honest about small change, and when the ladies in the fine houses would say: "I have no change; I'll pay you tomorrow," why, I was glad to trust them. I was paying cash for every-thing and was proud of my new life and my new-found honesty.
Dad was happy and mother cried for joy. It was great.
But in just three months those "I'll pay you tomorrow" people had me broke and out of business.
The "honest" people wouldn't pay.
Broken, bitter, discouraged, hard as nails, one night the old wild impulse came over me and I hopped a freight—and then it was the beginning of the end.
I went to Chicago, where I began work in a restaurant and took to carousing again.
Then I went to Detroit, where I contracted disease and went to Hot Springs, Ark.
After Hot Springs I beat it to Kansas City, where I got a job in a restaurant.
I still had a hankering to be right, so I decided to save up my money, go into business for myself again and not trust anybody, but do a strictly cash business.
I worked hard, did the best I knew how and saved every cent.
A negro bus working in the restaurant began to steal my tips.
I complained to the proprietor about it, but he said I would have to look after my own tips.
I watched the negro and caught him taking money left by a customer for me.
I hit him on the nose and—got fired.
Taking my last cent—\$4, I went to a pawnshop, bought a revolver, the first I ever owned in my life.

The Guest That Tarried

The Vagabond and Dreamer, Who Heard the Call of Manhood.

By Sir Gilbert Park

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A soft rain was falling, but seated on the stump of a maple, which had furnished part of the late winter's firewood, the singer took no notice. His leather jacket, made for him by one whose eyes were not so bright as those of Rosleen of Inniskillen, had resisted many a heavier storm than this, and his face was turned to the south, whence the spring seemed to come.

"How many years, you say?" he asked of a woman standing beside him, and nodding toward the singer.
"Fifteen years, doctor."
"He's no relation?"
"None. He's Irish and we're Irish, that's all."

"Well, you see, doctor, it was pourin' wet, that day, 15 years ago, an' he just stepped in out o' the rain!"
The Young Doctor turned and looked at her closely, reflectively. Was she mocking him, trying to be humorous, with this dismal tragedy behind them in a darkened room where two people lay stricken and beaten—flopsam of fate led to the sport of the monstrous sea of pain and helplessness?

"How old are you?" the Young Doctor asked curiously, but with his face turned toward the bed room, where a woman's voice was sobbing softly and a man's voice was speaking in gentle wheedling tones.

"I'm 31," she said with a toss of her head; and by that the Young Doctor knew beyond peradventure that she loved the man outside, for she was 41, if she was a day.

"And what for d'ye ask? Couldn't ye tell by lookin' at me teeth?" she added maliciously.
She showed her teeth not unpleasantly, and she could have done so to regret doing it, for they were her best feature, as fine and even and white and beautiful a set of teeth as ever woman had.

"The teeth are 21," he answered gallantly.
"And the light in your face is that of a girl stepptin' home along the road down by Tralee—stepptin' home from school. Faith, I hope your heart is as young as there's stiff work to your hand."

He glanced toward the bedroom door, through which came only the man's voice now, pleading and kind.
"There's a dark road ahead, I know," she said, "but 'tis no road that I'll work for, and that must be cared for; and God's love! but the back will not break nor the hand go palsy."

"Your father may get well perhaps, but it will be slow, and he can't help himself much," he nodded toward the other room—"but 'tis a kind man, and—"

"Well, he will make it as easy for you as he can, but she—your mother—can't make it easy, no. You know she tries, but she can't move one arm, and even that may go with the rest—but, there, I will hope for the best. She has to be lifted often and often, and you can't do it alone. Besides, it's a night and day business. Is there no sister, or aunt, or cousin?"

"There's no one at all, at all, of women folk. We were five—father and mother, the two boys, and myself, Terry, he's gone this fifteen years. Left us one day after a shindy—'d been drinkin', and he laid hands on Terry, and Terry flew off like a colt with the bars down. Ah, Lord, Lord, he was the pick o' the poxy, wild as he was. And cruel, too, he was in goin' for him and her—a hand flung toward the bedroom door—'tis never the same after Terry went."

Her eyes filled with tears, which she dashed away, and her face turned to the man without. "Twas a week after Terry went, he came. He'd seen Terry down by the new railway, and they'd been drinkin' together, and when he stepped in out o' the rain, 'twas like a link with Terry, for he'd seen him since we had, and—"

Suddenly she opened the front door and looked out. "Come in out o' the rain, Nolan," she said sharply.
"Nolan Doyle's his name."

"And Nolan Doyle—what does he do?" He knew well what he did not do, for the fellow's disreputable fame needed no special revelation. It was a common knowledge; he was a loafer, a vagrant, and a pauper in a land of work and action.

"Shure, there's the garden stuff to be pulled, and there's food to be got in the city—a village of one thousand people is a 'city' in the West—and there's prairie-hens to be shot, and fish to be caught, and—and all that, doctor, dear."

"Our dollars a day won't be enough. He glanced toward the bedroom door again. "You'll need help for the sick room and for the housework, and help out here is expensive."

"I'll do it myself, or die," she responded stubbornly.
A few moments later the Young Doctor was out in the rain, now diminishing to a fine mist, making his way to Nolan Doyle. Still the voice kept dreaming of Inniskillen far away and all that as done and left undone by Rosleen.

"Why not go back to Inniskillen, where you'd have a chance of seein' her? Do you expect her to come to you?" said the Young Doctor.
"Inniskillen's the place for you, my man. You'd not be a rara avis there. Here you are a rara avis, and you're not popular."

"'T'd be what I was before, and it wasn't a rare-ness either," said Nolan, still without looking up, though the Young Doctor now stood almost in front of him.
"And what were you before then?" asked the Young Doctor.
"As good a man as anny—barrin' one, an' he was a lad of life and fame."

"What did you do for a living?"



"Terry, Terry, me own boy!" he cried, and was caught in the strong arms.

"I took the shillin'?" You were in the army?"
"Suddenly Nolan got to his feet, for the first time looked the Young Doctor in the eyes, and saluted. 'I was helpin' hold the pass beyond Peshawar while you was ridin' the gray mare barebacked round the Bantrim Hedges. There was work doin' then beyond Peshawar. You're a doctor now, savin' a man or two here and there; I was a soldier then helpin' save the English pride—and that's life or death to millions from Rosslare to Gravesend."

"The Young Doctor's eyes opened wide, and he stood astonished and inquiring. "You came from Inniskillen then—the song you sang—"

"Oh, the song—well, can't the truth be told in a song, anyhow?" "It is your song—your words—you made 'em."

"Shure it's aye that cuttin' peat or stalkin' Afghans."

"But your name—Nolan Doyle?" "Me name then was Phelan Fane."

"Phelan Fane—ah, now I remember. You joined the Devil's Own, and went to India with Lord Harry Nolan as your colonel?"

"And Captain Doyle was adjutant, sir."

"Why did you change your name?" He looked at the other suspiciously.
"I deserted."

"A deserter, too! Why did you desert? How many years had you put in?"

"Six and a half—savin was me time. I was a deserter, and I had a friend in the same regiment, and he killed a man—oh, a damned villain he was, that man! And I'd rather desert than swear false upon the Book before the Judge. For, God help me, I saw the man killed and I saw my own eyes, and I was the only one that did, and if I'd spoke the truth—"

"And your friend?"
"Shure, how could they hang him, when the evidence was gone away into the wide world—'tis aye flyin', and flyin' twenty thousand miles away?"

"Aren't you afraid to tell me this?"
"The arm of the law is long; years do not count when crime's been done. The law goes on and on, and on, no matter how far you be flyin'."

"Hush! Arrah—hush! I'd never be thinkin' that one from Inniskillen would betray me. D'ye mind the day twenty-two years ago I filled y'r basket with fish? 'Tis I didn't catch y'rself? And 'twas not say fishin' yander. Betray me! Shure, was that been killed by Rosleen Dennis—is it that d'ye have me think?"

"Rosleen Dennis!" The Young Doctor looked at him queerly, hesitated a moment, and then added: "Have you heard of Rosleen since then—how many years ago?"

"Oh, twenty-one years, and niver word of her. Shure, she went with Michael Kelly, a lad of life and fame—went to the star with him. But the day that Clancy married I—"

As though oblivious of the other's presence he began to sing again:
"Did you see her with her hand in mine that day that Clancy married?"

As Nolan Doyle ceased singing, breaking off abruptly, and sank back upon the stump, whispering to himself, the Young Doctor came close to him and put a hand on his shoulder.

"You needn't have any fear, man, my uncle, and is still alive; and Adjutant Doyle is now commanding the troops in Canada—He is only fifty miles from here last week. I'll not give you away. But in return—"

"'Tis a good name you've taken; men as ever gave glory to Ireland. I've been palaverin' of Inniskillen and of you that's of no account—for is a man of any account that lives on bread he doesn't earn, and doesn't own?" His voice grew stern. "I'm ashamed of you, Nolan Doyle. I thought you a fine fellow over now, but you've filled my basket with fish, and when you beat them all, tossin' the stone in William Conner's yard."

"You've lived on Larry Brennan and his family ever since you stepped in out of the rain fifteen years ago."

"You've been living in a dream; come out of it. You've moved from eighteen to near forty years of age since you joined the Devil's Own. There's no goin' back. There's sorrow here in the little house. There's terrible sickness. Mrs. Brennan is paralyzed, and the poor old man—"

"I know, Shure, I know."

"I want to know what you mean to do, Doyle," the Young Doctor interrupted. Then he hastily drew a

picture of the dark days ahead; of the misery and trouble and awful everything and doing all with a smile and a humorous word. Hardship, and the sickening burden which must fall upon the shoulders of Norah Brennan; of the killing expense, and only Shannon's four dollars a day to meet it.

"I'm going to pay for the last fifteen years' bed and bread," he said. "Are you sure they'll—"

"Lave it to me, Mrs. Brennan's glad to have me by her. She says it keeps her from frettin' too much about Terry."

"And I suppose Terry was a waster?"

"Terry? Terry was a man, ivry inch of him. He was as good as you or two of you. Wid a head—sure he had a head!"

"Very well. Settle it your own way. But if you are going to nurse these old people—I warn you 'twill be a heavy job, a dismal and weary task!—then listen to me, Nolan Doyle, and hearken hard to what I say, and take note of what's to be done, and how it's to be done, and—"

And it was so. As he said he would, Nolan Doyle laid himself out to pay for the bed and bread he had had over fifteen years.

All the time, day and night, the man-nurse, with the fine gentleness of a woman and his strong arms and coaxing voice, constricted inch by inch the advance of disease and death, ceaselessly vigilant, automatically precise, concentrated, self-forgetful, comprehensive, thinking of uty sheriff, is sore.

His long, idle life lived in the open air, without excess of any kind had given him a store of energy and a reservoir of strength on which he now drew, steadily diminishing the supply. There was talk, of course, at Ashtaboo at first—ugly, unstant talk; for there were days and days when Shannon was away with his sleigh or his wagons, and Nolan Doyle and Norah Brennan were alone in the house, save for the two bedridden people—and Another; and the talk became a scandal, which at least materialized in the definite proposal of tar-and-feathers for Nolan Doyle.

It was then that the Young Doctor, who had a gift for acting at the right time—not by any means a rare thing in his race—went out upon the warpath. First he went to the Rev. Ebenezer Groom, the Methodist minister in whose "parsonage" much sanctimonious scandal had been brewed, and insisted that he should come out to "the house of shame" and learn the truth.

They came to the door of the shaded sick room at a moment when Nolan Doyle was holding the paralyzed woman in his arms like a child—and a very heavy child at that—and Norah was freshening the pillows. The pious sky-pilot saw the woman put gently back on her bed, whispering blessings on the head of the man-nurse, who, in the whirling replies of the man-nurse, saw the face—how thin and worn it had become!—met the dark eyes of the soft slumbering fires, saw the girl on the other side of the bed with that look of single purpose which sick-bed watching, more than anything else, gives to the faces of those who fight death and decay for others, and into his lean soul there entered a new understanding of human nature, the first glimpse of a real revelation of humanity!

In the other room Nolan Doyle said to the bewildered preacher: "I've had letters—from some of your flock, I'm thinkin'. Here's wan of them. Read it. It come this mornin'."

The preacher read a letter of a dozen lines which brought the blood of shame to his face. He was not wholly a hypocrite; he had a good heart, and an ill-used conscience.

The Sunday following, having judiciously set the rumor flying that he would preach a special sermon, on a special subject of local importance, he found a congregation that filled the church to its doors; and when he stood to preach, it was so still that only the roaring of the fire in the huge stove could be heard—typical of the flame of the spirit, as he very obviously said, when he gave out his text, which was: "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

The sermon was very fully reported in the local papers, and the story he had told was of such an unusual nature that the sensational parts of it were copied in paper

after paper till they appeared in the Mississippi and ports in the Bay of Fundy.

Another spring came, and then the early summer—the first of June; and then the end fell suddenly. There came to the door of the house of Brennan one bright morning a man bearded and big and buoyant. He had in his hands a canvas bag, such as postmen or fishermen use, and in his eyes was a light of humor and eagerness and anxiety all in one. He knocked at the lintel of the open door and entered. As he did so a figure came slowly from the other room, bent and feeble and gray-haired. At sight of the bearded stranger the old man stood still for an instant, bewildered and troubled, and then with a moan of joy he stumbled forward.

"Terry, Terry—Terry, me own boy!" he cried, and was caught in the strong arms.

The old man convulsively clutched the man's hands. They kissed his cheek. "Shure, God wouldn't let me die till I'd seen you once again. Now let Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word," he added. Then, after an instant, he said: "Let me break it to her—to your mother, Terry. Oh, God, he praised! 'Tis just in time you've come, for you'll set things right—Terry, Terry."

But the quick ears of love had heard; the ears that had listened so long had grown acute beyond all usual measure. They heard the voice of the old woman calling from the bedroom.

"Terry, my son—oh, my son, my own son!"

A moment later her arms were round him, drawing him close—her arms were round him, for thus much had Norah and Nolan done.

"There was a piece in a newspaper—I got it down in New Orleans," he said at last. "Lifted out of a sermon preached in Ashtaboo it was, and I came as quick as I could. I ought to have come before, but—"

He paused, for some one was entering the room—the ghost of a man, as frail and worn as one that has come from the desert, its fame and its thirst.

"Oh, 'tis you—'tis you—and in good time!" he said feebly, and in a voice husky with weakness. "You can take my place, Terry, for I'm not feelin' so well as I might; but 'twill be all right in a day or two if you'll take the shift. Turn and turn'll do it."

"Yes, 'twill be all right now, Nolan," he said with a voice blurred. "She'll need good care yet," Nolan

said: "they'll both need watchin'; but the worst is over, and they're steppin' out into the sun—and 't'is the sun."

"But I've earned me bed and bread this past year and more. Shure, I can say that, Terry. 'Tis all I can say, I owe thim for the mornin' a man bearded and big and buoyant. He had in his hands a canvas bag, such as postmen or fishermen use, and in his eyes was a light of humor and eagerness and anxiety all in one. He knocked at the lintel of the open door and entered. As he did so a figure came slowly from the other room, bent and feeble and gray-haired. At sight of the bearded stranger the old man stood still for an instant, bewildered and troubled, and then with a moan of joy he stumbled forward.

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HUSBAND HEARS OF THE DEATH OF WOMAN HE SHOT

Orin D. Morse, who shot his wife Wednesday in a bout here last night, was at dinner in the city hospital yesterday when told his wife was dead.

"Oh, God," he moaned, dropping his knife and fork, and sinking down on his cot. "Will you let me see her? Let me do that and then I want to do away with myself. I do not want to live. I shouldn't live."

The tragedy occurred at C. Carolo's home, Georgetown. Morse says he had no intention of shooting his wife. He just wanted to see the children, and if denied this privilege, he planned to shoot himself, he said.

"I became so mad I shot her. I don't know why I did it. Then I turned the gun on myself, and but for the intervention of Carlo I would be dead now, and I wish I was."

LOS ANGELES, May 9.—Tom McMahon, of Pittsburg, got the decision in a bout here last night with Kid Kenneth of Taft. The fight was stopped by the police in the 13th.

"TIZ" FOR TIRED OR SWEATY FEET

Ab! what relief. No more tired feet; no more burning feet; swollen feet; no more aching feet; no more pain in corns, callouses or bunions. No matter what ails your feet, or what under them is a pain you've tried without getting relief, just use "TIZ."

"TIZ" draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet; "TIZ" is magical; "TIZ" is grand; "TIZ" will cure your foot troubles so you'll never limp or drag up your face in pain. Your shoes won't seem tight and your feet will never be hurt or get sore, swollen or tired.

Get a 25 cent box at any drug or department store, and get instant relief.



PRIZES AWARDED

There were deep wrinkles in the judges' foreheads before they picked the winner in the toe-dancing contest at the children's kermess at Odd Fellows' temple last night.

She was Barbara Kelley, and she got a silver cup.

Elsie Hubbard was a close second. The kermess was a great hit. The winner of the Scotch dancing contest this afternoon will compete with Effie Kyle, champion of Canada and the United States.

Best modern outside rooms, 25c to 50c. Stewart House, 86 West Stewart.—Advertisement.

This Man Can RELIEVE Your RUPTURE



WONDERFUL INVENTION REPLACES TRUSS FREE TRIAL IS OFFERED TO EVERY SUFFERER

Rupture Now Supported and Actually Cured Without Use of Old-Fashioned, Ill-Fitting Steel Spring or Elastic Harness. Now Is the Time—Here Is Your Chance to Discard Your Truss Forever and CURE Your Rupture.

Without risking a penny or taking any chances, you can obtain the wonderful Schulling Rupture Lock, perfectly fitted to the individual requirements of your case, enjoy its luxurious comforts and its inestimable benefit for 30 days. You can prove to yourself by an actual test in your own case that there is at least one device without Schulling Rupture Lock Institute from former sufferers that will hold your rupture perfectly while you go about your duties, while you walk, run, strain, bend, twist or move about in any way you like and that it never hurts. Schulling Rupture Lock Can't slip, Can't bind, Can't pinch, You will feel like shooting joy before you've worn it one day.

READ THESE WORDS

The following are extracts from a few of hundreds of similar letters that have been received by The Schulling Rupture Institute from former sufferers who were completely cured.

Cured in 4 Months
"I was fitted with the Schulling Rupture Lock four months ago and now find that the required opening is entirely healed up. An 81 years old man never expected a cure at my age."
—J. W. SCHULLING

Was Ruptured 10 Years—Cured
"I had been ruptured for years—had worn all kinds of trusses and appliances but all to no avail until your lock was tried. My rupture was as bad as before. Wore it for eight months and was completely cured."
—EDWARD E. DICKERSON

Suffered 20 Years—Now Well
"For twenty years I suffered with the worst kind of double hernia. I tried a dozen kinds of trusses without success. Was told to try a Schulling Rupture Lock. It cured my rupture in nine months."
—WALTER WAT

Only One That Gave Relief
"My name is different from the name that I have bought since my rupture first showed itself ten years ago. Your Rupture Lock is the only one that gave me the relief I needed and at the same time comfortable to wear. Will answer all who are looking for comfort and a cure."
—STEAR, BURGESS

Another Remarkable Case
"Your Rupture Lock cured me entirely. The ruptured opening was large I could put two fingers into it—now I can't even get it in."
—J. H. HARRIS

Entirely Cured
"I have taken off my Rupture Lock about three months ago and entirely cured. The ruptured opening was large, was supported by a large steel spring and was very painful. The Schulling Rupture Lock is a wonderful invention. It is the most comfortable device ever invented for the support and cure of Rupture."

Experience in many of the most severe and aggravated cases that could be found has proved that the Schulling Rupture Lock not only holds the rupture while working, frictions and perfect comfort, but does it in a way that permits rapid healing and complete and lasting cure. Hundreds, who have used it, say it is a blessing long looked and yearned for by the rupture afflicted.

Write today—simply fill in the coupon below or send your name and address on a post card.

Send This Today I am determined to get relief from my Rupture Lock. Write to me now, this very day, and get my 30-day FREE TRIAL OFFER. Now, now while you are thinking of it and have the address in front of you, send it to me. The greatest surprise of your life awaits you.

Name _____
City _____
State _____

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

A MAN'S CODE.

CHAPTER CL.
(Copyright, 1914, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

After Mollie had taken the sofa in our sitting room, Dick, for the first time in his life, seemed to understand that both he and I owed some responsibility to her, and he was furious with his mother for not paying more attention to her.

"Your mother, Dick, takes the wrong angle always. She finds fault with Mollie for the simplest little outbursts of youth and she seems to feel that the girl should have the mature judgment of a woman of forty."

The thing that Mollie did was just a girl's escapade; nothing very wrong about it. The whole trouble was in the fact that she was allowed to go her own sweet way, with no advice on the subject. It is as perfectly natural for girls to want to see and do things as it is for boys, and I am sure, Dick, dear, that you did not always tell your mother and father the whole truth about your picadillos. Now human nature is quite as rampant in the female sex as in the male, and the only way to show a girl to do the right thing is to treat her like a human being—show her where she is wrong in her ideas of life.

"You can't command and expect to be obeyed just because you have said it. This is something I found out early in my school-teaching career."

"The sooner you teach a child to reason the sooner you will be able to make them see the right thing to do and the right way to do it."

"Well, my dear," said Dick, "I guess you and I will have to look after Mollie more in the future."

"We won't need to look after her, Dick. Mollie will very properly resent that. A girl of 19 is old enough to look after herself. What we must do is to treat her as she is—show her that we value her opinions and hope she values ours. Both you and I must make a real companion of Mollie, and in doing this, dear, the beauty and sweetness and purity of girlish ideals and dreams must not be tarnished. What we must do is to treat her as she is—show her that we value her opinions and hope she values ours. Both you and I must make a real companion of Mollie, and in doing this, dear, the beauty and sweetness and purity of girlish ideals and dreams must not be tarnished. What we must do is to treat her as she is—show her that we value her opinions and hope she values ours. Both you and I must make a real companion of Mollie, and in doing this, dear, the beauty and sweetness and purity of girlish ideals and dreams must not be tarnished. What we must do is to treat her as she is—show her that we value her opinions and hope she values ours. Both you and I must make a real companion of Mollie, and in doing this, dear, the beauty and sweetness and purity of girlish ideals and dreams must not be tarnished. What we must do is to treat her as she is—show her that we value her opinions and hope she values ours. Both you and I must make a real companion of Mollie, and in doing this, dear, the beauty and sweetness and purity of girlish ideals and dreams must not be tarnished. What we must do is to treat her as she is—show her that we value her opinions and hope she values ours. Both you and I must make a real companion of Mollie, and in doing this, dear, the beauty and sweetness and purity of girlish ideals and dreams must not be tarnished. What we must do is to treat her as she is—show her that we value her opinions and hope she values ours. Both you and I must make a real companion of Mollie, and in doing this, dear, the beauty and sweetness and purity of girlish ideals and dreams must not be tarnished. What we must do is to treat her as she is—show her that we value her opinions and hope she values ours. Both you and I must make a real companion of Mollie, and in doing this, dear, the beauty and sweetness and purity of girlish ideals and dreams must not be tarnished. What we must do is to treat her as she is—show her that we value her opinions and hope she values ours. Both you and I must make a real companion of Mollie, and in doing this, dear, the beauty and sweetness and purity of girlish ideals and dreams must not be tarnished. What we must do is to treat her as she is—show her that we value her opinions and hope she values ours. Both you and I must make a real companion of Mollie, and in doing this, dear, the beauty and sweetness and purity of girlish ideals and dreams must not be tarnished. What we must do is to treat her as she is—show her that we value her opinions and hope she values ours. Both you and I must make a real companion of Mollie, and in doing this, dear, the beauty and sweetness and purity of girlish ideals and dreams must not be tarnished. What we must do is to treat her as she is—show her that we value her opinions and hope she values ours. Both you and I must make a real companion of Mollie, and in doing this, dear, the beauty and sweetness and purity of girlish ideals and dreams must not be tarnished. What we must do is to treat her as she is—show her that we value her opinions and hope she values ours. Both you and I must make a real companion of Mollie, and in doing this, dear, the beauty and sweetness and purity of girlish ideals and dreams must not be tarnished. What we must do is to treat her as she is—show her that we value her opinions and hope she values ours. Both you and I must make a real companion of Mollie, and in doing this, dear, the beauty and sweetness and purity of girlish ideals and dreams must not be tarnished. What we must do is to treat her as she is—show her that we value her opinions and hope she values ours. Both you and I must make a real companion of Mollie