

# The Forgiveness That Finally Came

By Joella Johnson

**P**RISCILLA was thinking. She had done a lot of thinking since June, and in fact before that, because the trouble had started long before the end of the school year, when it finally culminated in John Crozier

about 50 per cent," he stormed. "Singing, and daubing in washy colors, and wasting flour and butter is all nonsense. But, of course, I suppose it doesn't hurt the youngsters to sing once in a while, and as for the cooking, I suppose a few of them may learn enough to keep from starving, but as for art—" Mr. Crozier shook his head emphatically. "It's all nonsense." And having issued an ultimatum, bulldog-like, he hung on. Mr. Crozier was never known to change his mind.

Now, what Priscilla had to do with all this was considerable, for she was the art teacher, the one responsible for the "daubing in washy colors," the sponsor for certain violent landscapes and horrific sunsets of flowers the botanics did not boast, and of animals, species undiscovered. True, her own examples on the blackboard were always a delight to the eye, but when Mr. Crozier happened into a room where the art lesson was in progress, it was not these delightful examples that he seemed to see, but little, struggling, dirty fingers tracing their awfulness on paper

good for any number of problems in long or short division.

Invariably the "Bulldog" growled and made for the door, much to Priscilla's amusement at first, then to her indignation, and finally to her hurt. And in June the grand finale had arrived when supplies had come and the principal, overworked, overheated and tried beyond endurance, had called the crayons and paints "d— useless stuff" in Priscilla's hearing.

Then for the first time she put' in a defense, and a stiff one. "Mr. Crozier, if all the world were deprived of the softening effect of art," she said, "it would be no more an attractive place to live in than—if we all had the same kind of dispositions!"

And so completely dumbfounded was he by this rebuke from pretty, quiet Priscilla that he was for the first time in his life without a proper reply.

So now Priscilla was thinking again of that day. Out on the links in the bright, October sun it came back more vividly than it had done for weeks, most probably because John Crozier

himself was at the club playing and she had caught a glimpse of him as he drove off number three. It was the first she had seen him since June, because he had been away all summer and since school began she had managed to get supplies when he was out, and in turn he had evidently avoided a meeting, not forgetting the reference to dispositions that had evidently gone home.

Mr. Crozier rather prided himself on his golf. Priscilla felt it rather than knew it. He never talked to his teachers about his prowess, nor about anything personal, for that matter; but if he didn't want it known, why did he keep three large silver trophies in stately array across the top of his desk in the office?

This was the first time Priscilla had seen him playing, and she was interested. His drive off number three had been a beauty.

Then something happened! Priscilla had lost sight of the enemy, the woods and a rise in the ground intervening. She played steadily on, making long, straight shots that tallied into a won-

derfully short score. Finally, being interested in her own game, she forgot about John Crozier altogether.

At number five she teed her ball, got her direction down the wide fairway and let swing. It was a beauty, a full two hundred yards—but she had sliced a little, the ball swerved to the right and landed just on the edge of the woods. But just what else it did Priscilla did not see, as the bushes and underbrush were very thick there. She slid her driver into her bag, slung it over her shoulder and proceeded to the next shot.

Then—she saw! A man lay prone on the ground where her ball had come down. His cap had fallen off and lay to one side. It was the cap she recognized first. She had rather laughed at it all day. It had seemed so frivolous for John Crozier.

But she didn't laugh now. If it was John Crozier's cap, it was John Crozier himself, and he was hurt, most likely, and her ball had done it! Perhaps—her heart contracted! Oh, no! She couldn't think it. He couldn't be dead.

She ran quickly and knelt beside him. He was very pale and his eyes were closed. A couple of feet away lay the ball. Priscilla suddenly turned white. It was then that she knew. She understood now why she had been so keenly hurt at his disapproval—why all summer she had been thinking, thinking, of him. Was it all to end so dreadfully then, by her killing him?

One glance around told her there was no help near. She laid one hand tenderly on his forehead, and with the other felt carefully for his pulse. "You can't be dead!" she kept repeating over and over. And once she said, "Oh, no, dear, you can't be dead."

Then suddenly the blood surged into her face and she sighed with relief. A full thro' had answered her touch on his wrist—and another, and another.

"Thank Heaven! He's just fainted. I didn't think at that distance it could do so much damage. I'll have to get some water, somewhere, though."

She calculated the distance to the spring. There was nothing else for it, she would have to leave him for a min-

ute. But suddenly as she rose to go, she felt the hand she held turn and clasp her fingers warmly and her other hand imprisoned also. John Crozier sat up. "Did I, or did I not, hear someone call me 'dear?'" he asked, a queer, teasing light in his eyes. "Or was it just a fantasy born of my bump?"

"Why I—I don't believe you were hurt at all," said Priscilla, indignantly, struggling to go. "Well, if I wasn't I never want to be. The back of my head feels like—but that's not the question." He swayed to his feet, keeping light hold of Priscilla's hands. "Didn't somebody call me, 'dear?'" Priscilla reddened more cruelly still and turned away.

"Dear little Priscilla, can you ever forgive me? I've been wretched for months. It just needed a jolt like this to bring me to my stupid senses. I think I knew I was falling in love with you and that's why I was mean. I didn't want to fall in love with anybody. But I couldn't help it, dearest girl. I adore you! Now did you call me, 'dear?'"

"Yes," admitted Priscilla, turning her eyes to him and smiling tenderly.

# A Little Vacation and a Fur Coat

By Elsie Endicott

**M**ARGARET stood in the open doorway, her books under her arm, gazing thoughtfully out over the blue waters of the harbor.

"I know, Jack," she was saying, "but you must have a new overcoat and suit for the winter. Of course I'd love to have a fur coat like Helen's, but I don't see how we can afford it this year. You know you haven't made much on the last two trips, and—"

"Oh, cheer up, Sis," interrupted her brother pleasantly; "I guess we won't starve."

The girl sighed but said no more. Her brother, having finished his breakfast, rose and stood watching her a moment. "Poor Sis," he thought, "it's not the first time she's given up some pleasure for me, and it must be lonesome for her

when I'm out."

His thoughts went back over the last few years. After the death of his father, four years ago, his mother had struggled bravely to make a living for herself and her little family. Having finished the grammar school course, Jack, unlike most of the young people of the little fishing town, was sent to high school, that he might be better fitted for the world he had to face.

But after two years the strain began to show on the delicate mother. Her health broke down and she soon passed away, leaving her two children in the care of an elderly cousin, whom they had always called Aunt Jennie.

Aunt Jennie's husband was captain of a small fishing vessel named the Marietta. After Jack's mother died he took the boy out on fishing trips with him and paid him a share of the profits. Margaret was now 15, four years younger than Jack, and was in the sec-

ond year of the town high school. She was deeply devoted to her brother, and he possessed a strong affection for her.

Their father's sister, who had a beautiful home in one of the large cities of Maine had visited them during the summer, and had repeatedly asked Margaret to go and stay with her.

"It must be lonely for you, child," she used to say, "with Jack away all day."

"Well, it is sometimes," the girl would answer slowly, "but I like to be here when Jack comes home; and then there's Aunt Jennie, you know." So she quietly declined the invitation.

"I'll tell you, Sis," the boy said suddenly, "if I make good on this trip what do you say if we both spend a week at Aunt Alice's in Maine?"

"Oh, Jack, that would be great!" exclaimed the girl turning to her brother joyfully. "But," she continued, "I can't very well leave school now."

The boy's face clouded for a moment

then cleared as he asked: "How about the Christmas vacation?"

"Lovely!" said Margaret.

"Then it's a go. Come on, Sis," Jack threw his oil skins over his arm and together they started off down the shore.

It was a fresh, clear day in early October, and the brisk east wind was making little white, caps on the blue waves. Margaret stood on the wharf watching the Marietta starting out, her brother waving back to her from its deck. The boat was almost to the point before the girl turned her steps toward school.

The sun was slowly dropping in the western sky and casting long, slanting rays across the waters, when the Marietta entered the harbor the next afternoon. They had made a good catch, and had taken the fish to Boston.

"Won't Margie be pleased!" thought Jack glancing over the harbor to where their little home nestled on the water's edge. "Not such a bad trip," he

soliloquized, "Ninety dollars will be a good help toward our trip to Maine, and I don't know but I might get her the coat too."

"Hi! Jackie," called a boyish voice, and Jack saw a small dory carrying two little boys. It was fitted up with a homemade sail and mast, and was headed for the point.

"Hello, boys," returned Jack, "that's some sailboat you've got, but you better be careful. Don't go out too far." But this warning was lost on the boys as the dory sped over the waves. Jack looked after them and thought of his own younger brother who had been drowned three years before.

The Marietta had just stopped at the mooring when Jack noticed that the mast of the dory had broken and the boys, having no oars, were drifting helplessly out to sea.

He jumped into a near-by row boat

and pulled hard for the boys. He was almost to them when one boy reached out for the broken mast, and upset the dory. Jack called to them to hold tight to the boat till he reached them.

It was blowing pretty hard, and the waves were quite choppy. As the two boys grasped the side of his boat, a sudden jolt threw Jack into the water. He succeeded in getting the two boys into the boat, and was attempting to turn the dory up, when he was seized with a cramp.

The boys tried to help him, but the wind was hard against them. He disappeared below the surface, reappearing almost immediately. They did their best but could not reach him before he went down again.

What could they do! They were almost in despair when he came to the surface again, and this time, cost what it would, they must save him. One boy grasped his arm, and they held him fast,

while the captain's motorboat sped to the rescue.

Jack was laid tenderly on the cot prepared for him. Everything possible had been done for him, but as yet he showed no signs of returning vigor.

Margaret watched by the bedside with a heavy heart. During the long weary hours of the night, she never left him. Gray streaks were beginning to show in the eastern sky when Jack opened his eyes and looked slowly around.

Reaching out his hand, he asked faintly, "Is that you, Sis?"

"O, Jack!" she cried, falling on her knees by the bedside. In smothering embrace, she sobbed out all the sorrow of her little heart.

The boy smiled, and laying his hand tenderly on the soft, curly hair, he said: "Never mind, dear; I guess we'll have our trip to Maine, and the fur coat, too."

# Back to the Land of the Brook

By Abner Anthony

**H**ER first memory of the brook was as her father held her up to the window to look at it. There had been a wild rain and it was raining in its confines. Even as she

the bank and came toward the house. She had hurried down hastily and the bustle and confusion

simply a part of the one stable thing in the morning and in her bedroom window she

anything else. At night she had been in bed it rang to her. She had

it as a child with other children. And once she came near being drowned in it. But her father saved her in time.

It was always there, but it did not always wear the same aspect. Sometimes

for weeks it was a thin, gentle current, barely strong enough to bear away a twig. Again it was full bodied, strong, resolute, going toward the river as if it were on its way to a goal. And still again it was a mad, red, leaping, roaring monster that hurled itself over its banks and threatened destruction to every adjacent thing.

She had a thousand memories of it. Once she had dropped her doll into it and it had carried the doll out of her sight forever. She had paddled in it with her bare feet on the warm, wet stones. At those times it was friendly and pleasant. But there was another time when she found that it had downed her iris and poppies over night and buried them under shiny brown dirt.

The house in which she lived beside the brook with her father and mother was plain and old, yet solid and comfortable. They were poor people, but they had a knack of making the most of what they had. And they were singularly happy. She grew tall and strong.

Her mother said she was like the brook itself. There was the same brown in her hair, the same sparkle in her eyes, the same tinkle of music in her laughter. It was a fancy, but her mother was full of fancies and Helena loved them.

She was 15 when her mother died on a June night when the brook was singing its softest. Something woke in her then—a latent womanhood. She put her arms about her father and promised to be to him all that a daughter could.

A year later she was alone. The doctor said that heart disease caused her father's death, but she knew that he had grieved his life away.

From somewhere came a woman, her father's magnificent sister, hitherto mentioned as being apart from their humble lives. She filled the small house with her ample, elegant presence. With a finger under Helena's chin she studied the young, sad face. "I'm going to take you home with me," she said.

Helena struggled a little. "But the house," she murmured.

Mrs. Lindell raised a haughty eyebrow. "My dear child, this old house is little better than useless. It is unfortunate that my poor brother had nothing more to leave you. As it is it shall remain closed until you are of age. Then you can sell it, if you choose."

"I shall never sell it," Helena cried. "Why, it was their first home—and mine. I shall keep it as long as I live."

"Oh, very well," replied Mrs. Lindell, with a tolerant smile.

Mrs. Lindell had no children. This fact had prompted her to care for her brother's daughter. Perhaps also she had a regret that she had allowed circumstances to part her from her nearest kin for so many years. But she had married a rich man, who had looked down on her family, and the tide of fashionable life had borne her too swiftly along.

She was a widow now, and Helena softened her loneliness. She gave the girl everything she could—the best teachers, the loveliest clothes, the ut-

most advantages of the rich and cultured. But Helena never forgot the past. Sometimes when the dance music played sweetest she seemed to hear the murmur of the brook. Her heart went back to it even in the gayest scenes. She dreamed of it at night, or, if she lay awake, she thought of it—slipping by, a plastic, brown thing, with a thousand scintillations upon it. She missed it always, and sometimes she grew so homesick for it that it seemed to her she must run away to it and fling herself into its soothing current.

She married in her second season a brilliant elderly diplomat of her aunt's choosing. They went abroad to live, and for very many years she never came back to America. She was considered very lovely, with a superior taste in dress. She stood in the inner circle of courts and was smiled upon by royalty. And her fame as the charming Mrs. Calvert came back to adorn her native land.

But whatever she did, wherever she

went, the brook followed her. It flowed through her life steadily, constantly.

"Some day I shall go back to it," she said to herself. "Some day I shall kneel down beside it and plunge my hands and face into it and find the sweetest satisfaction and rest."

But she could never tell her dignified husband, or any one else, for that matter, of what she thought. She dare not. He would smile at her in that lofty way of his, half pityingly, half amusedly. For how could he who had lived apart from real things all his life understand how one little brown brook could call through years and vast, changeable affairs to its old playmate?

There, came a day when she stood among Italian roses alone. There was a wonderful light in the Campagna as she looked from the garden of her villa. But she saw only a little stream waiting for her, in a land where there were then no roses, only the frosts of a lingering spring.

And it came to pass that one day she

went back to the brook and the old house where she had been born, and she found contentment awaited her and peace and perfect quiet.

They say of her that she has done the strangest thing that ever was known. To give up an Italian villa and a city brownstone front, to give up society and all the opportunities of wealth and culture for the sake of vegetating in a plain, small town like Blakemore! She is not an old woman. It is true her hair is white, but her sweet face still has a youthful contour which speaks of a fresh heart. Of course, the old house is quite charming now since she had added to it and rearranged and filled it with her treasures. But it must be lonely with only Carlotta, the brown-faced peasant woman from Tuscany, to companion her.

She has built a vine-clad arbor beside the brook, and on pleasant summer afternoons she sits there reading or musing. She is quietly happy. And the brook flows on.

# Byways In the Land of Popular Science

By A. Scientist

## Lighting and Eye Trouble.

**M**ANY nervous as well as other diseases are caused by incorrect illumination. The eye is a subject of prime consideration in connection with our health and happiness.

Eye fatigue spoils the disposition. As it is one of the conditions given for efficient work, we find here again a question in efficiency and a cause for the loss of the workman's time.

The first loss was mechanical, the second is physical. Both, when reduced to

a dollar-and-cents basis, show a large percentage over the cost of the lighting that would be required to eliminate them.

As judgment is dependent upon perception, and perception upon the sight, then the laborer, to be efficient, must be able to see fine details and small objects at close range with sharpness and distinction, to distinguish objects at a distance with accuracy, and to have clear perception of all objects in the intermediate space.

## Coal in Iceland.

Coal deposits discovered in Iceland having been developed satisfactorily, scientists are investigating deposits

found on the Bear Islands, lying between Spitzbergen and Norway.

## Clothespin of Metal.

Clothespins not so long ago were so cheap that it was hardly worth while to pick them up when they fell to the ground.

But things are different now and the wood from which the little things are made is so valuable that a generous supply of clothespins is a valuable possession.

Metal has been called upon to take the place of the wood. The advantage of those made of metal is that they are practically everlasting.

Two pieces of metal are pivoted together with a spring which holds the two ends comprising the jaws in a closed position. Pressure of the fingers opens those jaws, and when released after being in position will hold the garments to the line while drying.

## Ammonia.

The production of ammonia in Germany by the Haber synthetic process, according to a German daily paper, rose from 30,000 tons in 1913 to 60,000 tons in 1914, to 150,000 tons in 1915, and 300,000 tons (estimated) in 1916.

An output of 500,000 tons of ammonia was anticipated in 1917, containing 100-

000 tons of nitrogen; at the same time 700,000 tons of sulphate of ammonia (140,000 tons of nitrogen) and 400,000 tons of calcium nitrate (80,000 tons of nitrogen) was expected to be produced, the total containing 320,000 tons of nitrogen, which exceeds by 100,000 tons the entire consumption of nitrogen in Germany in 1913.

## Sharpens the Needle.

The length of the life of a sewing needle may be a trifling matter, but seamstresses and others making use of needles in numbers known that they could effect a considerable saving if the impaired needle point could be renewed.

A little device has been recently made to perform his task.

A "chuck" is provided to hold the needle, and one end is secured to a bracket somewhat elevated to hold the needle at the proper angle as it is being rubbed over the surface of an abrasive material.

In this way a needle may be sharpened repeatedly until it grows too short for use.

## Electric Energy.

At the Margaret street sub-station of the Springfield, Mass., street railway a steel tower has been built to hold one end of a 66,000-volt transmission span

across the Connecticut river, over which the Turners Falls Power & Electric Company is to supply energy to the railway system.

A special feature of this tower is the fireproofing of the legs to a horizontal cross-section of 12 inches by 16 inches. The tower legs are of structural steel and are each incased with concrete to a height of about 40 feet above the ground, thus clearing the maximum vertical range likely under any circumstances to be reached by flames or electric arcs.

The Chinese were probably acquainted with the use of sugar 3,000 years ago.