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This Side Of Glory
By Gwen Bristow

Author Of "Deep Summer" "The Handsome Road," etc.

Kester sang to himself as he drove back toward home. Leaving his car by the front steps he ran into the house. His mother and father were in the parlor, evidently engaged in earnest conversation. Denis stood by the fire and Lysiane sat near him, looking up with troubled attention. As Kester came in he heard Denis say, "It can't be any further."

Kester came to the fire. "Hello," he greeted them.

"Where have you been?" his father asked.

"Seeing Nellie home."

"Thought so," Lysiane murmured half under her breath.

Kester started to poke the fire. "You don't like Eleanor, do you?"

"We don't dislike her, Kester," Lysiane corrected him. "But—"

"But she shocks you, doesn't she?" he persisted. "You don't understand her father's letting her live in a levee camp, do you? You're missing the carnival balls so you can stay here and keep an eye on her, aren't you?" He shook his head at them shrewdly. "I'm not impressed. She's the nicest girl I know."

"I have no doubt," Kester said, Denis, "that Eleanor Uphohn is a very deserving girl. But after all," he added tersely, "there is something called background, and your mother and she are not alone in believing it has value. Eleanor Uphohn's mother came from heaven knows where and was brought up in an orphan asylum. Her father is the most respectable of men."

Kester swung one leg across the other. "So I'm expected to blame Eleanor for that, am I? Honestly, I'd thought better of you."

"Kester," Lysiane said reprovingly, "you're trying to go into any aspersions on Eleanor Uphohn. But you and she are too different to have any basis for permanent understanding!"

"Permanent?" Kester got up from the sofa. He stared at them. "Holy smoke, do you think I want to marry her?"

They were silent.

"Hell and high water," said Kester slowly. "I do." Snatching up his overcoat he started to scramble into it.

"Kester!" exclaimed Lysiane. "Where are you going?"

"To the levee camp to ask Eleanor to marry me."

His father spoke sharply. "Kester, don't be a fool."

"I'm not. You two have been turning on a light in my head. He brushed a kiss on Lysiane's forehead and went out, trying to catch his car. Kester began to whistle a ragtime tune. His little car panting at its utmost speed, he drove to the levee. As he burst into the main tent, Randa, who was pottering about the table looked around and gave him her jeweled grin.

"Evenin', Mr. Kester."

"Evenin', Randa. Can I speak to Miss Eleanor?"

"Sho, Mr. Kester." Randa lifted her voice. "Miss Elna! Gemman to see you!"

Kester stood impatiently by the desk. A moment later Eleanor came in. She had changed her dress for a white shirtwaist and a close-fitting black satin skirt that glistened with every movement of what Kester thought was the most regal figure of a woman he had ever seen. Eleanor gave an exclamation of surprise. "Why, Kester! What brought you back?"

"You're in the way, Randa," Kester said.

"Yasah." With a chuckle and a swirl of skirts Randa left them alone. Kester came a step nearer to where Eleanor stood.

"Eleanor, will you marry me?"

For an instant Eleanor stood quite still. Then she put her hand to her forehead and pushed back her hair. Her dark blue eyes stared at him. In a low voice she answered, "Say that again."

"Will you marry me?" asked Kester.

"Yes, yes, of course I will." She spoke in a voice of unbelieving wonder.

He gripped her hands. "You mean it? You will?"

With a happy little laugh far down in her throat she answered, "I told you I would. I think I've been in love with you since the first day I saw you."

"I've loved you since then too. Only I'm such a fool I didn't know it till now. And think of it—I've never even kissed you."

"Then why don't you?" Eleanor asked smiling.

As he drew her to him Kester whispered "I've been waiting for you all my life."

IV

Kester had remembered gratefully that his parents had an engagement for supper and auction bridge, and he knew them well enough to be sure no domestic crisis could make them overlook a social obligation. Having stopped on the way to verify this by a telephone call, he took Eleanor to Arleth.

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For a long time they sat together by the fire, in the silence of a miracle that seemed to vast and at the same time too simple to need words. At last Kester drew back and looked down at her.

"Eleanor, why didn't anybody in the whole stupid, inarticulate world ever tell me it was like this to be in love?"

She shook her head. "Maybe you can't tell it, Kester. Maybe it just happens. Like this. You say that, but you make me sadly ashamed of myself."

Eleanor laughed, lovingly. "You look like a little boy caught with his fist in the cookie-jar. Did you learn this bit of the preface to a big confession scene?"

"If you think it should be," Kester said simply.

She shook her head. "No. It doesn't matter. After a pause she added, "Come here, Kester." He obeyed and sat by her again. Eleanor said, "Were any of those girls—well, important?"

"Just—regrettable incidents?"

He nodded. "Too much Bourbon or too much moonlight. Or possibly—"

"Yes?"

"I'm trying very hard to be honest, Eleanor. There was one girl who was temporarily rather important. But it didn't last long."

Eleanor smiled again. "Anyone I know?"

"I shook his head, smiling too. "And nobody I'm likely to meet."

"Oh no. I haven't seen her for years."

"Then again, I don't care."

For a long time they were silent. At last the voice of Fred was heard. Fred had been sitting up late working on his monthly report to the state levee board. He was wondering where Eleanor could be. Eleanor was a sensible girl and could take care of herself, but Randa said she had gone off with that Kester Laine and Fred was getting tired of her seeing him so often. Like a lot of fine intelligent girls who had never been bothered with puppy-love Eleanor was probably a hook innocent about men and these little flirtations about men and nothing else, and he didn't care how many dates Eleanor had—most normal amusement in the world for a young girl.

For the love of Fred it was past midnight and he had to be up and doing at five. He heard a car on the other side of the levee. So there they were. The canvas side of the tent near the levee was down, out Fred thought he'd better take a look out and be sure. He'd glance sideways around the edge to the canvas—he wouldn't want Eleanor to think he was sitting up to spy on her.

(To be continued)

Bloomfield Corner

Mr. Louis Jones motored to Alberton and O'Leary on business last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pineau were in O'Leary Wednesday on business.

Mr. Robert Martin and little son Vincent made the pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaura.

Mr. Leo Gallant of Plusville was over to Halifax on business recently.

Messrs. Edgar Gallant and Jerry Blanchard of Saint John are spending their holidays in Bloomfield.

Miss Edna Gallant and Miss Florina Martin of Halifax are spending their holidays at their homes in Bloomfield.

Mr. Terence Pineau of Halifax is spending his vacation with his grandmother, Mrs. Henry Pineau, of Bloomfield.

Mr. Camille Gallant and family and Mrs. Andrew Gallant of Chelsea, Mass., are spending their vacation in Bloomfield. They also spent some time in Charlottetown.

Mrs. Ursula Arsenault spent the week-end in Summerside. On returning home she was accompanied by her little grandson Jimmie, who will spend some time with her.

how to raise funds for the W.M.S., but was left till next meeting. There were five home calls made and one hospital call. Collection amounted to 45c.

Mrs. Frank Crabbe invited members to her home for the next meeting; roll to be answered with a verse of any hymn, by memory.

Following are the lunch committee: Mrs. H. Waite, Mrs. Frank Crabbe, and Mrs. E. Kent.

The meeting was then closed by repeating the Mizpah Benediction. A dainty lunch was then served by the hostess and committee in charge, and a social half hour spent.

LONG-KNOWN PLANT
The melon has been cultivated for many centuries.

BIG WARDROBE
A cockroach gets a complete new skin several times before it matures.

SPRINGFIELD W. I.
The July meeting of the Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Reginald Haslam. The president opened the meeting with the Ode and read 12 members and six visitors answered the roll call by naming the article they planned to enter in the handicraft exhibit.

Mrs. John Hickox was appointed to respond to the address of welcome at the district convention in Kensington. Mrs. Reginald Haslam was named to act on the nominating committee and Mrs. Joseph Matheson was the new member appointed on the executive.

The Red Cross committee reported that the last parcel sent had been acknowledged.

Mrs. Ivan Lambie invited the members for the August meeting and the following committees were appointed: Lunch, Mrs. Geo. Dunning, Mrs. Everett Haslam and Mrs. Crawford Sinclair; program, Mrs. R. E. Howard and Mrs. Geo. Dunning. Roll call to be answered by "What I remember of my first teacher, and her name."

It was decided to hold an ice-cream social July 13th, and Mrs. Crawford Sinclair volunteered to make arrangements for purchasing the ice-cream.

A contest, "Husbands' Names", conducted by Mrs. Arthur Haslam was won by Miss Ardyce Haslam and Mrs. Sinclair.

Lunch was served and the meeting closed with the National Anthem.

WE'RE ON—

VACATION

AUG. 13TH. to AUG. 20TH.

We ask the co-operation of our many patrons in planning our holiday season in order that we may give our employees a well earned rest. If you have clothes awaiting cleaning have us collect them immediately and thus avoid disappointment. Wednesday, August 10 is latest date for which we can accept cleaning and promise delivery before vacation.

Our plant will be closed down from Aug. 13 to Aug. 20 in order that our staff may complete its holiday all at one time. We feel that this way will be more satisfactory to all. It will tend for more efficiency in our plant than by extending holidays throughout the various departments.

During Vacation Week the Office will be open to accept cleaning—every day from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., except Wednesday, August 17, when the office will close at 12 noon. Our trucks will be picking up cleaning on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19 and 20.

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