

Adventure Years IN BEECHER

or XLV.

drab looked the to Sonia. To men to find a re-

Use somehow, where all the world there

7 stilled! She won't place.

going to do? How to have known—nev-

omen have loving hus-

I have nothing, perhaps more than

that Sonia craved. nature never had been

ever had she known of life. Once a friend

incomparable for Beverly money as he did! Why

young you to live alone

ousand. "As you are?"

how old I felt it ung as you do.

how you manage ash looking."

won't grow old earthily or heavenly

why women should more quickly than

let ourselves go be-

friend hesitated, r you marry Delong,

rich and doesn't mean it wouldn't mean

him. He is nice, just enough to take care of

Dora would not be objec-

What has age to do with love? It makes

hear people say what right age. Can't a woman

nger man, a man an old-

They say love goes sent—I should add it's

what a right age! what a tirade! What

did I say to warrant thing; I am bad temper.

insist that it was simply a Beverly to leave such

makes no difference. Sim-

he didn't trust me. Then: "Do you suppose if

married a woman his own

will let that? If you had been

ine or fifty years old he

have given it to you, minus

don't worry. That's one reason they keep young."

"How's Ned Campbell? Lenore Fleetwood came in the other day and said he was painting her portrait. They would be a fine couple. First me, now Ned."

"What a matchmaker you are! I had a notion you were fond of Ned."

"I am."

"But of course you wouldn't be fond of him in the same way Lenore would."

"Why not?" Sonia knew the answer when she asked the question. "There is too much difference in your ages on the wrong side."

"How conventional we all are," Sonia parried. "Has love any age?"

Afterward Sonia thought of what had been said about age. "Too much difference—on the wrong side. Yes it was true. An older woman could not hold a man younger than herself. But it wasn't so; it wouldn't have been sure she could compete with her."

She was not at all sure he loved her now even though he had offered proposals, no love-making leading up to it. The memory of it had left her sore, more uncertain than she had been before. She had thrown Ned and Lenore together as much as possible of late, and other young girls. They all looked upon her as of a different vintage. Would they influence him?

She had given him up, as far as thoughts of marrying him went. But even so she couldn't help but have him think of her as too old harsh jangling of the telephone interrupted her thoughts. "This is Ned. May I come up this afternoon?"

"Yes, come at tea time and have some tea with me."

Chapter XLVI

"As always, Sonia waited for Ned with a quickening pulse, a longing for his presence that gave her joy in spite of her decision to put him out of her life."

He came in, his face earnest, his eyes filled with a light unusual to him.

"What is it, Ned?" Sonia asked, sensing something different in him. Her thoughts raced. Had he come to tell her he was engaged to Lenore? Had the intimacy of the daily sittings at the studio shown him that he loved her?

"Sonia—will you marry me?" He felt her hand in his, his fingers twining restlessly, lacing in his. He could feel that she was greatly moved. He leaned toward her. He kissed her softly on the lips.

To hesitate was impossible when he looked at her like that. It must be "yes" or "no." A flame lighted in her eyes; her lips quivered, her bosom rose and fell.

He held out his arms and she swayed to them. Again he bent his lips to hers.

"But I am so old, Ned—so old for you!"

"Love is ageless, dear, and I love you!"

"Love? Suddenly she felt the surge of it, an enveloping quality that overwhelmed her."

"It must be, dear—it is Fate, Ned. I can fight no longer. But if you should ever regret—"

"I never shall! Trust me and—"

He kissed her gently, adoringly, all his manhood awakened by his love and the desire to possess this woman whom instinctively she knew for his mate.

"Everything that was tender and lovable in Sonia went out to meet his love. She had been willing to sacrifice herself for him, to give him to another. After a time she spoke of this, of the feeling she had that he would be happier married to a girl his own age."

"Their marriage was a nine days' wonder."

"Sonia never would let herself grow old. I have heard her declare she never intended to be, come, old," said Mrs. Clark, one of the wedding guests.

"Why should she—or any woman?"

Borden's ST. CHARLES EVAPORATED MILK

The choice of good cooks—for they want good milk and can always depend on it. With the cream left in.

man? I can see why all her friends take the attitude they do, her husband replied "just because Sonia is a few years older than Ned. I never heard that love be-

lieve they will be very happy." Dora Delong and Lenore Fleetwood discussed Sonia's marriage.

"It is ridiculous," Dora declared. "How could she marry a man so much younger than herself? He's almost young enough to be her son!"

In Ned's face, as he talked of the love he had given her even before he knew it was love, there radiated the eagerness of youth and the trust and faith that were his. No woman who loved could fail to believe him. And Sonia loved. Whatever the future brought her, whatever she cared to live for, meant just him.

When she talked to him her voice took on a maternal, caressing gentleness which he thought the sweetest music he had ever heard. It is the note every woman pours out unconsciously upon the man she loves.

"I tried to be noble, Ned," her voice half laughing, half sad, "but I couldn't even feel noble. I tried to be unselfish and all the time I made myself selfish. I tried to tell her he was engaged to Lenore for you and all the time the youth in me was clamoring to make up to her."

"You mean you tried to make up to her?"

"Both miserable," he said, his arms about her. "Are you sad that you did not succeed?"

"No, indeed I thank God for my failure."

"He's always loved her, Dora. I think I felt it long before he went to war. And I knew when she tried to throw him with me that she loved him and was afraid to let him know. Then she isn't so much older, and they say a woman is only as old as she looks, anyway."

Ned. She certainly looks young, almost as young as we do—especially since she married. I hope they will be happy."

"I hope so. Lenore had almost fallen in love with Ned Campbell during the weeks when he painted her portrait."

"The papers, especially the society weeklies, made much of the marriage, the difference in their ages being touched upon rather broadly. One went so far as to hint that it was very dangerous for a woman to marry a man younger than herself—dangerous to her happiness."

And Sonia—and Ned! "Have you any regrets, Sonia?" Ned asked on the first anniversary of their wedding.

"Not one! Sometimes I feel no one was ever so happy as I. And you. Have you any regrets, dear?"

"Not even half a one!"

"Love is ageless, as you once said, Ned."

"Ageless! You are the most disgracefully young old lady I ever saw. Don't dare talk to me of age."

"I'm young because I am happy. I'm young to herself she said. "And because you did not let myself get old." Then to him she added: "And because I love you. Ned, will the perfect love that casts out all fear."

THE END.

THE OUTLAW The Story of a Girl Who Didn't Want to Marry

By ETHEL LLOYD PATT. Chapter I.

One of the first things I can remember in my girlhood is that there was to be another one of us. Already there were six in the family. My father weighed more than 200 pounds, and had a thick, short neck, which grew red until it was purple when he was enraged. My mother, a frail, wilted creature, somehow yet held a hint of what her youth had been, as does a pressed flower between the leaves of a book.

Then there was myself, christened Helen Birney, familiarly known as "Nell"; my brother Tom, who was next to me in years, and after him Fred and Clara.

Now, as I have said, there was to be another. And from any point of view the advent of the little stranger would be a calamity. As it was, my father gave his family only just enough to feed us and eat a fashion. Where anything extra was to come from was too much to imagine.

My mother, crushed by the years of struggle and endless, thankless labor which life with my father meant, was too frail for the tax upon her which would come with another baby. I can see her yet, dragging about her work in a pitiful way. Often she would draw a chair up to the kitchen sink so that she might sit down while she washed the dishes. Yet always when she heard my father's step in the hall outside she would rise quickly and nervously. Poor mother—she was afraid my father would think her lazy.

At the time of which I write we lived in a small frame house on the outskirts of one of the cheaper suburbs. My mother did all the housework. I tried to help—more accurately I tried to help her. I did not want to, I hope some day I may be forgiven for that. But at the time I was too young to understand my mother's burdens. I only knew: I wanted to play like other children.

I remember so well the night Jane, the baby, did come. It was the night that changed me from a child to a girl, I think. My father had been drinking for days before. He seldom used to get really drunk. But he would drink just enough at intervals to keep his temper vile. He had prepared a heavy dinner. She was in hopes, I think, of making father eat so much that he would sleep heavily for hours and thus not go into the village for more liquor. Perhaps she knew how near was the time of her trial. She wanted to have my father sober.

When we had eaten the stew my mother had prepared she arose painfully and went out into the kitchen for an apple pie—a dessert of which my father was particularly fond. She was gone some time. At last—

"Dolly," my father bawled, "have you fallen into the stove? What's the matter with you? What're you doing out there? Bring in the pie!" He finished with a curse.

We heard the sound of a little sob in the kitchen. Then there was a crash. When we rushed to his side a chair, her face hidden in her folded arms. The pie had fallen from her grasp and had splattered upon the floor.

"Tom," she said weakly to my father, "I think you'd better go and get the doctor. I feel awful sick."

"Oh, mother!" I said and knelt beside her, my arm about her shoulders. "For a moment there was silence. Then—"

"For the love of heaven, Dolly! said my father, "what do you want to give like that for? Get a doctor! Don't be talking nonsense. It's not time for the little one and you know it. Go lie down for a bit; you'll be all right again in half an hour. I suppose that pie is gone."

He turned on his heel and left us. We heard the stairs creak with his heavy tread. Then we heard the double bang of his shoes as he flung them from him.

And presently my mother did struggle to her feet. I can recall the look on her face even yet; her skin as white as paper, and glittering, her spiration stood in beads on her upper lip. But she finished clearing away the dishes and washing them. She even stooped to clean up the pie from the kitchen floor. She drove the children upstairs to bed. And presently she patted me on the shoulder and told me to "go on and get your rest, a bit and then go to bed."

I did as she told me, and, child-like, I half forgot her as I fell asleep. I suppose it was past midnight when I was awakened by a flash of light in my eyes. My mother was standing beside our bed, her trembling hand shading a candle.

"Nell," she whispered, "Oh, my poor little girl, you're going to have to help, dear! The baby's coming and I can't wake your father! I've tried and tried! He's fast asleep. It's awful!"

I struggled into a sitting position. Barefooted, I padded out with my mother back to her room. And I did what I could for her. At last we did manage to arouse my father. Mumbling to himself, he did go for the doctor. But it was too late. Our little Jane had come into the world with nobody there to help my mother but a scared and weeping child.

Red-eyed and still trembling, I was making the breakfast for the children next morning to try to get them off to school, when my father burst in from the dining room.

"Another brat to feed!" he almost shouted. The vision of my mother's face the night before; the remembrance of her tortured womanhood; of her infinite courage, and of her cooperation with which she had tried to shield me as best she could, rushed over me vividly. I turning on my father like a young wild-

"Oh, you hog!" I said between my clenched teeth. "Is your baby too! You brought it here!"

Chapter II. From the time Jane, the baby, came there was plenty of work for me to do. My mother was never wholly strong again. At best, I think, she must have been frail from girlhood. My father, almost from the time of her marriage, with his drinking and ill temper, had made her life a horror. In the born by little ones. Life was too much for her. After Jane came, I am sure she had not had many more years to live with us. And I think poor mother was glad it was weeks before she could rise from her bed after Jane's coming. Meanwhile, of course, I had to take her place in the family. And although I was but sixteen years old, I gave up my school I would not have had time for it after I had prepared the breakfast for the four younger children off for their schools, gone upstairs and made the beds, washed my mother and cared for the baby, doing any laundry about the house, to be done and preparing the dinner again for father and the rest of them at night. Probably I had to take on something of my mother's pinched look. I know one day, as I leaned over her bed to give her a glass of water, I saw the tears well in her eyes. She clung to my hand.

"Oh, Nellie, Nellie child!" she whispered. "My heart aches for you, sore! Why did I ever bring you here to make you work like this? God forgive me!"

I kissed her. "Mother!" I whispered back, "God sent me here to help you. I could. Don't you worry about me!"

But it was hard work for a child just the same. Many a time, I am sure, I snapped at the younger children or boxed their ears when there was no reason for my anger. I was just as anxiously tired. At the end of two months mother was able to creep downstairs. She did all she could to help me. But it

was too much for me to watch her dragging her bent figure from room to room. I was too young to realize all that she might actually be suffering, but it made my throat tighten to see her.

But either my father could not understand or, he would not. For a time, while my mother was still in bed, he had been fairly gentle with her. But once she was able to wear her clothes and be about the kitchen and dining room again to him, she was officially well strong enough once more to bear the brunt of his harshness and ill temper. For a while, too, he had let the drink alone. Now he was at it again and persistently enough to augment his natural brutality.

Mother had been out of bed at Jane's birth but a few weeks. When I, for the first time, saw my father arise her. I don't remember now how the quarrel started. From some trifling thing. Perhaps mother had declared that she could bring her home some flour or potatoes from the grocery store, and having forgotten the errand, I never made her request. Perhaps, foolishly, my mother had persisted, had declared that she could not get the dinner without the things she had asked my father to bring.

And then, out of a clear sky, he had raised his hand to strike her. Or maybe he didn't know how weak she really was. She did not cry out to hurt her with his open palm. She struck crumpled up on the floor. As she lay there, her forehead struck on the kitchen table. A thin line of blood trickled over her white cheek as I saw her father.

"Get up, Dolly!" he ordered. "Don't lie there like that. You know I never meant to hurt you! You know what a temper I've got! What do you want to rouse me for?"

The night and the next morning at breakfast, father was sheepish and quiet. He even asked my mother in a half-shamed way if there were anything he could do to help her. She told him the washing to do; she would best get at it. It was then father had one of his rare streaks of generosity.

"I had a bit of luck the other day. Leave your washing—I'll send you a woman from the village. With your head like that you oughtn't to be over the tubs today."

Strangely enough, he kept his word. By noon a big, healthy, Irish woman, with curly hair and a perspiring face, was bending over our weekly wash. She sang as she scrubbed.

"You seem happy, Mary," my mother said.

"And why wouldn't I be?" Mary replied blithely. "I get my money. I've all the year round. I have all the work I can do and I've no children to hang on me."

"My mother turned away from her. And—"

"Mother," I whispered, "she's better off than you are! You work a hundred times as hard and you get paid."

"Hush, Nell! mother whispered back. "We have to live the life God gives us."

"We don't!" I said. "We don't! If you hadn't married father, you wouldn't have had us children to make you sick and to make you work for us! If you hadn't married, you wouldn't be a slave. Mother, I'm never going to marry! You see if I do! I'd rather be a workwoman! Look how happy she is!"

Chapter III. I remember another incident which occurred at just about this time. It was some years ago—I was, as I have written, but sixteen then. It was one of those little happenings in our lives which seem to begin and end nowhere, yet it stands out distinctly in my mind even yet.

I don't know where I met him. I cannot even recall his name. I do remember he was a young carpenter. Probably I had become acquainted with him in one of my rare trips to Sunday school. Certainly I had little or no other opportunity to form acquaintances with young people. And evidently my carpenter had admired me. This, in spite of the fact that then I was prematurely aged and worn from overwork and lack of the proper outlets for my youth.

He was a nice enough young chap. He came to see me shortly after Jane, my baby sister, was born. My mother was not yet downstairs and at her housework again. My young carpenter, quite as a matter of course, would follow me into the kitchen and help dry the dishes while I washed them, talking to me as we worked together. I remember that he told me his mother was a widow and that he had helped her similarly at her housework before he left home. Later in the evening, while I waited for father to come in, we would sit on the back step together. I would have the baby on my lap on a pillow. We had to talk in whispers, for if little Jane should wake she would, perhaps, cry for hours. She was a fall and nervous baby.

Perhaps I noticed that my carpenter's attentions were becoming more or less marked. He called pretty regularly three or four times a week. My brother Tom, next in years to me, had begun to tease me about him. But I felt no thrill such as a girl should feel with her first beau. I was too languid to care.

Where he found grounds for admiration for me, I do not know. I was a listless enough girl. I answered when he spoke to me, but that was about all. I made no attempt to make myself more attractive when he called. My face flushed and waxed, and my hair disarranged, I must have presented a picture of more usefulness than beauty.

"Go! You work awfully hard, Nell, don't you?" the young man said, as we sat together one night on the steps of the back veranda.

He turned on his heel and left us. We heard the stairs creak with his heavy tread. Then we heard the double bang of his shoes as he flung them from him.

And presently my mother did struggle to her feet. I can recall the look on her face even yet; her skin as white as paper, and glittering, her spiration stood in beads on her upper lip. But she finished clearing away the dishes and washing them. She even stooped to clean up the pie from the kitchen floor. She drove the children upstairs to bed. And presently she patted me on the shoulder and told me to "go on and get your rest, a bit and then go to bed."

I did as she told me, and, child-like, I half forgot her as I fell asleep. I suppose it was past midnight when I was awakened by a flash of light in my eyes. My mother was standing beside our bed, her trembling hand shading a candle.

"Nell," she whispered, "Oh, my poor little girl, you're going to have to help, dear! The baby's coming and I can't wake your father! I've tried and tried! He's fast asleep. It's awful!"

I struggled into a sitting position. Barefooted, I padded out with my mother back to her room. And I did what I could for her. At last we did manage to arouse my father. Mumbling to himself, he did go for the doctor. But it was too late. Our little Jane had come into the world with nobody there to help my mother but a scared and weeping child.

Red-eyed and still trembling, I was making the breakfast for the children next morning to try to get them off to school, when my father burst in from the dining room.

"Another brat to feed!" he almost shouted. The vision of my mother's face the night before; the remembrance of her tortured womanhood; of her infinite courage, and of her cooperation with which she had tried to shield me as best she could, rushed over me vividly. I turning on my father like a young wild-

"Oh, you hog!" I said between my clenched teeth. "Is your baby too! You brought it here!"

Chapter II. From the time Jane, the baby, came there was plenty of work for me to do. My mother was never wholly strong again. At best, I think, she must have been frail from girlhood. My father, almost from the time of her marriage, with his drinking and ill temper, had made her life a horror. In the born by little ones. Life was too much for her. After Jane came, I am sure she had not had many more years to live with us. And I think poor mother was glad it was weeks before she could rise from her bed after Jane's coming. Meanwhile, of course, I had to take her place in the family. And although I was but sixteen years old, I gave up my school I would not have had time for it after I had prepared the breakfast for the four younger children off for their schools, gone upstairs and made the beds, washed my mother and cared for the baby, doing any laundry about the house, to be done and preparing the dinner again for father and the rest of them at night. Probably I had to take on something of my mother's pinched look. I know one day, as I leaned over her bed to give her a glass of water, I saw the tears well in her eyes. She clung to my hand.

"Oh, Nellie, Nellie child!" she whispered. "My heart aches for you, sore! Why did I ever bring you here to make you work like this? God forgive me!"

I kissed her. "Mother!" I whispered back, "God sent me here to help you. I could. Don't you worry about me!"

But it was hard work for a child just the same. Many a time, I am sure, I snapped at the younger children or boxed their ears when there was no reason for my anger. I was just as anxiously tired. At the end of two months mother was able to creep downstairs. She did all she could to help me. But it

was too much for me to watch her dragging her bent figure from room to room. I was too young to realize all that she might actually be suffering, but it made my throat tighten to see her.

But either my father could not understand or, he would not. For a time, while my mother was still in bed, he had been fairly gentle with her. But once she was able to wear her clothes and be about the kitchen and dining room again to him, she was officially well strong enough once more to bear the brunt of his harshness and ill temper. For a while, too, he had let the drink alone. Now he was at it again and persistently enough to augment his natural brutality.

Mother had been out of bed at Jane's birth but a few weeks. When I, for the first time, saw my father arise her. I don't remember now how the quarrel started. From some trifling thing. Perhaps mother had declared that she could bring her home some flour or potatoes from the grocery store, and having forgotten the errand, I never made her request. Perhaps, foolishly, my mother had persisted, had declared that she could not get the dinner without the things she had asked my father to bring.

And then, out of a clear sky, he had raised his hand to strike her. Or maybe he didn't know how weak she really was. She did not cry out to hurt her with his open palm. She struck crumpled up on the floor. As she lay there, her forehead struck on the kitchen table. A thin line of blood trickled over her white cheek as I saw her father.

"Get up, Dolly!" he ordered. "Don't lie there like that. You know I never meant to hurt you! You know what a temper I've got! What do you want to rouse me for?"

The night and the next morning at breakfast, father was sheepish and quiet. He even asked my mother in a half-shamed way if there were anything he could do to help her. She told him the washing to do; she would best get at it. It was then father had one of his rare streaks of generosity.

"I had a bit of luck the other day. Leave your washing—I'll send you a woman from the village. With your head like that you oughtn't to be over the tubs today."

Strangely enough, he kept his word. By noon a big, healthy, Irish woman, with curly hair and a perspiring face, was bending over our weekly wash. She sang as she scrubbed.

"You seem happy, Mary," my mother said.

"And why wouldn't I be?" Mary replied blithely. "I get my money. I've all the year round. I have all the work I can do and I've no children to hang on me."

"My mother turned away from her. And—"

"Mother," I whispered, "she's better off than you are! You work a hundred times as hard and you get paid."

"Hush, Nell! mother whispered back. "We have to live the life God gives us."

"We don't!" I said. "We don't! If you hadn't married father, you wouldn't have had us children to make you sick and to make you work for us! If you hadn't married, you wouldn't be a slave. Mother, I'm never going to marry! You see if I do! I'd rather be a workwoman! Look how happy she is!"

Chapter III. I remember another incident which occurred at just about this time. It was some years ago—I was, as I have written, but sixteen then. It was one of those little happenings in our lives which seem to begin and end nowhere, yet it stands out distinctly in my mind even yet.

I don't know where I met him. I cannot even recall his name. I do remember he was a young carpenter. Probably I had become acquainted with him in one of my rare trips to Sunday school. Certainly I had little or no other opportunity to form acquaintances with young people. And evidently my carpenter had admired me. This, in spite of the fact that then I was prematurely aged and worn from overwork and lack of the proper outlets for my youth.

He was a nice enough young chap. He came to see me shortly after Jane, my baby sister, was born. My mother was not yet downstairs and at her housework again. My young carpenter, quite as a matter of course, would follow me into the kitchen and help dry the dishes while I washed them, talking to me as we worked together. I remember that he told me his mother was a widow and that he had helped her similarly at her housework before he left home. Later in the evening, while I waited for father to come in, we would sit on the back step together. I would have the baby on my lap on a pillow. We had to talk in whispers, for if little Jane should wake she would, perhaps, cry for hours. She was a fall and nervous baby.

Perhaps I noticed that my carpenter's attentions were becoming more or less marked. He called pretty regularly three or four times a week. My brother Tom, next in years to me, had begun to tease me about him. But I felt no thrill such as a girl should feel with her first beau. I was too languid to care.

Where he found grounds for admiration for me, I do not know. I was a listless enough girl. I answered when he spoke to me, but that was about all. I made no attempt to make myself more attractive when he called. My face flushed and waxed, and my hair disarranged, I must have presented a picture of more usefulness than beauty.

"Go! You work awfully hard, Nell, don't you?" the young man said, as we sat together one night on the steps of the back veranda.

Use Old Dutch Cleanser In Your Refrigerator Perfect sanitation means clean and wholesome food. Use Old Dutch; it keeps metal, wood and porcelain surfaces thoroughly-hygienically clean. Made in Canada

BROMA The Ideal Upbuilding Tonic is especially recommended and successfully used in all cases of Chlorosis, Anemia, Neurasthenia, Exhaustion, Dyspepsia and Inconvalescence.