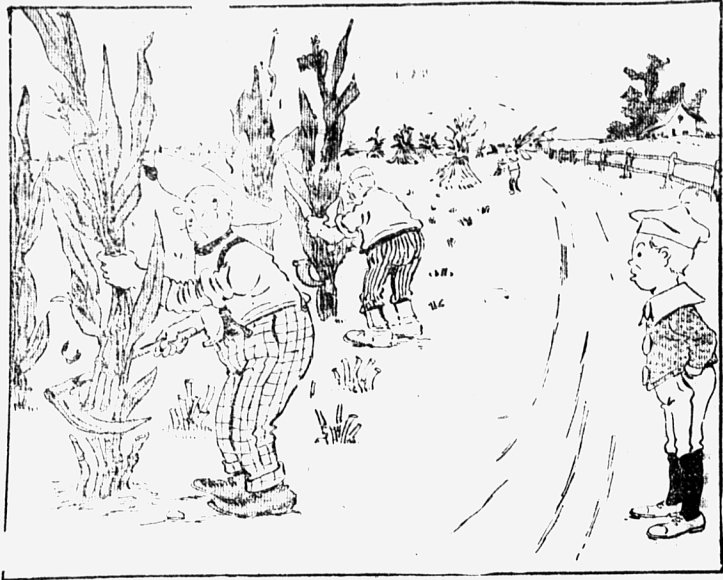
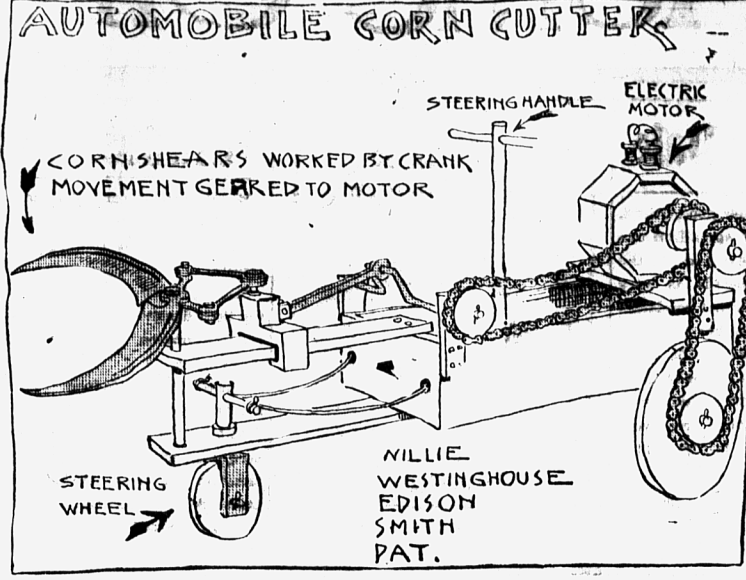


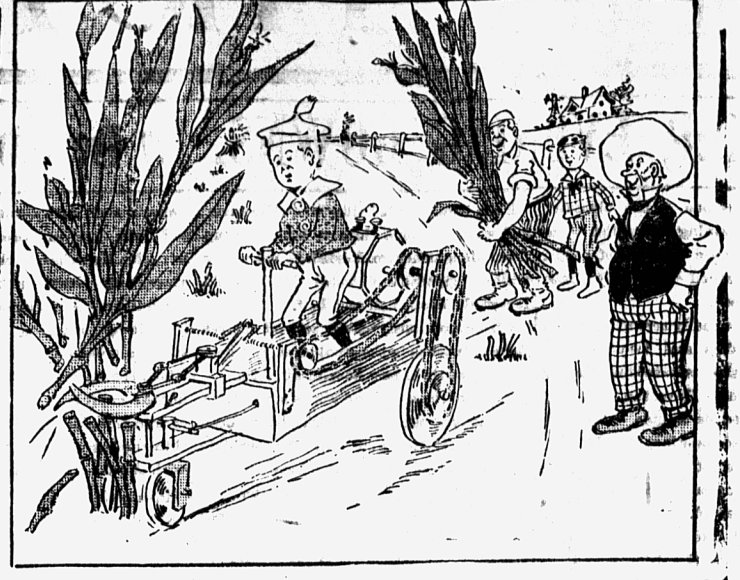
WILLIE WESTINGHOUSE STILL ASSISTS UNCLE AT FARM WORK



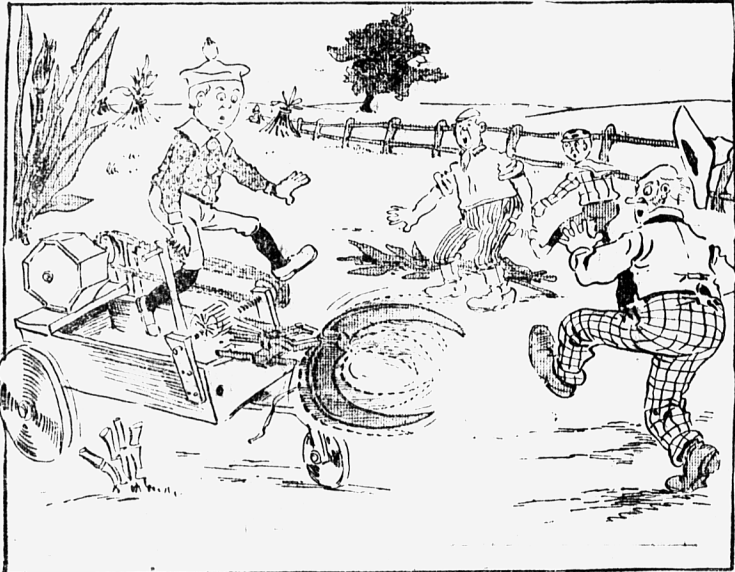
Dear Mamma—Uncle Tom has a large crop of corn this year, and they started to cut it by hand.



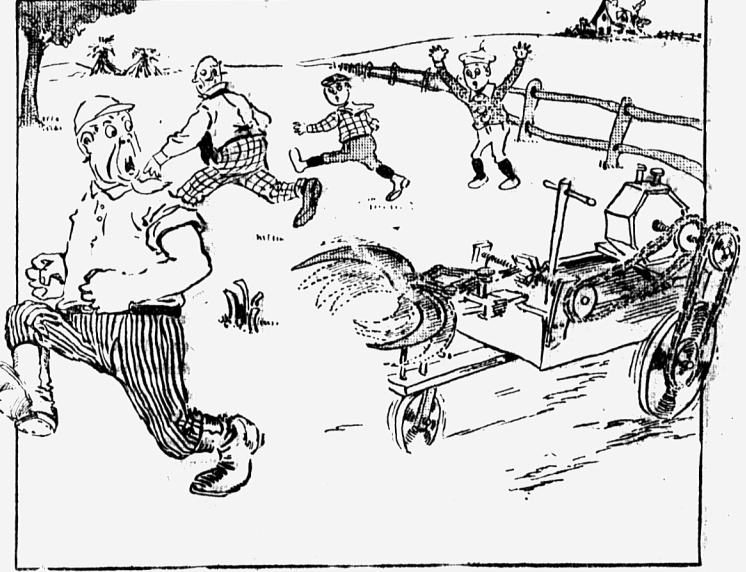
This was such a slow process that I made an automobile corn-cutter like this diagram.



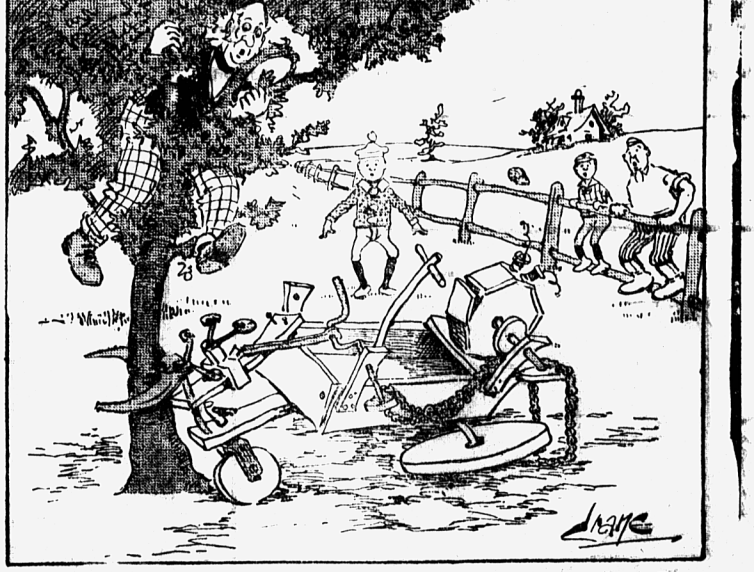
I could cut more corn with it than Uncle and the hired man together—



Only the string on the steering wheel broke and the thing ran wild.



It chased us all around the corn field—



And only stopped when it tried to cut down a tree, up which Uncle Tom had climbed. Yours lovingly, Willie.

THE GUARDIAN'S SHORT STORY

MARY'S INSANITY

By Louise Jackson Strong

"Well, Molly!" Mrs. Briggs kissed her daughter again tenderly. "I'm glad to get you back. It was unreasonable in your Uncle Page to keep you for months. I'll never spare you so long again."

"That isn't the only thing Uncle Page is unreasonable about," Mary replied, following her mother to the buggy. Mrs. Briggs said nothing more until they were jogging along the pleasant road. Then she turned with a doubtful smile. "We may as well have it out and done with, Molly. Of course I know you mean that your uncle is unreasonable about that schoolteacher, but he's a good judge of men."

"He is too prejudiced to judge fairly," Mary declared. "And he prejudiced you against Allen too. If you only waited until you had become acquainted with him, mother."

"I would never consent to your marrying a mere schoolteacher!" Mrs. Briggs broke in.

"Allen hasn't taken it up as a life profession," Mary hastened to explain. "Time he's pottered around at country school teaching a few years he'll be spotted for anything else," Mrs. Briggs asserted, "and I can't have you tied to that kind of a man, dear."

Mary was silent, and her mother scrutinized her face, finding it thinner than it should be and pale, now the excitement of their meeting had passed. That made her anxious.

"You can't really have cared for him, Molly, so as to make you unhappy! You had never seen him until you

went up there, and your father and I were two years off and on, making up our minds." "I think it is different with some," Mary said shyly, her cheeks pinking. "It seemed as if we had known each other always, from the first, and I saw him constantly, you know, till Uncle Page interfered. I care for him more than I can ever care for any one else, but I couldn't defy you, mother."

"I suppose he was angry over my letter?" Mrs. Briggs said tentatively. "No, he wasn't angry, but he felt that you were unfair in not giving him

an opportunity to be heard. He's a wonderful manager, and he is," Mrs. Briggs pointed with her whip as they rounded the home corner.

Mary glanced indifferently at the figure beyond the grove, then with a low cry leaned forward, gazing intently. "John?" she repeated, turning a bewildered face to her astonished mother.

"Why, Molly! What is it?" Mrs. Briggs cried, somewhat alarmed.

The young man took off his hat and tossed back his hair with a peculiar gesture, and with a shriek Mary jerked up Dobbin, plunged out over the wheel, darted to the barbed wire fence, dropped flat, rolled smoothly under it and flew, still shrieking, across the meadow. Paralyzed with dreadful fear, Mrs. Briggs gazed helplessly. There could be but one hideous explanation of the astounding scene—Mary was suddenly seized with mental derangement—she had taken that miserable affair to heart; she had brooded over her trouble; her whole expression showed that, and now, having it all brought up again—oh, horrible! It was her own mother who had—

"Oh, lordy, lordy!" Mrs. Briggs moaned, backing clumsily out of the buggy and fluttering along the fence like a hen at the garden pickets, but she could not roll her plump figure underneath. She would have to go around, and that poor child running headlong, perfectly wild. She was now disappearing in the grove. In her frenzy she would rush on down the hill beyond, and the creek was high.

"John! John!" Mrs. Briggs screamed frantically. "Catch her, John!" John apparently understood and disappeared in the trees, while Mrs. Briggs, shaking with sobs, scrambled into the buggy and lashed Dobbin into a run with a suddenness that fung his heels to the top of the dashboard. She slid to her knees in the box and piled the whip, waving aloft at every jump of the horse. At the pasture lane she turned so sharply that the buggy tipped against the post, nearly tipping her out, but she only urged the astonished Dobbin on, her imagination picturing her darling already at the bottom of the swirling stream. She dashed

through the open gate of the potato field.

She could not wait to take down the bars of the small out patch that intervened, but squeezed through and ran, panting breathlessly, too exhausted to call. Soon she caught sight of John. He had Mary safe. Her abused knees weakened at that, but she struggled to them. John clasped Mary close in his arms, and she was laughing shrilly, crying hysterically, "Oh, it is Allen; it is Allen!"

"Yes, honey; yes," Mrs. Briggs quavered. "Oh, lordy, lordy! Come to the house with mother, dear. Don't let go of her for your life, John. I've been wicked cruel to her— Yes, honey; yes; it's Allen."

"It's Allen, Allen!" Mary reiterated, her face on the young man's breast. "Oh, lordy, lordy!" moaned Mrs. Briggs, the tears streaming. "Honor her, John. Help me get her to the house, then bring the doctors. Yes, ho-honey; it—it's Al-Allen."

"Mrs. Briggs"—John patted her shoulder comfortingly—"you needn't be frightened. Mary is all right. It is Allen—John Allen Smithers, instead of John Smith. I wanted to prove to you that I wasn't a mere good for nothing." Mrs. Briggs sat down suddenly—"and I hope you have changed your opinion of me and I will accept me as your son-in-law."

"For I'll never, never have anything to do with the judge's nephew!" Mary declared aggressively. Mrs. Briggs started, then burst into peals of fearful, choking laughter. "I guess we'd better stop and see where we're at," she gasped. "I'm the only one that's crazy, it seems. Who wants you to have anything to do with the judge's nephew, missie? So, you young scamp, you're Allen, are you? And you've worked a slick game on me, but I'm suited. Why, it's the very thing I've been planning for weeks!"

Then, with fresh shrieks, Mary fell upon her mother, and they kissed and cried and laughed together, while John Allen looked on, grinning foolishly.



SHE PLUNGED OUT OVER THE WHEEL.

a chance to show what was in him. He went away, as you had forbidden me to see him, and I have known nothing of him since," Mary said wistfully.

Mrs. Briggs felt a sudden contempt for the young man who had obeyed her mandates so completely without a struggle. However, it only proved him a poor thing, unworthy such a prize as Mary, and the dear girl was young. She would get over it and be happy in the love of some man who was a man.

Such a one was at hand, and Mrs. Briggs considered him so desirable as a son-in-law that she already regarded him as such prospectively.

"Well," she said finally, "I am glad, Molly, that you hold no grudge against me. I told you about the judge's nephew, a fine, smart young fellow. Mrs. Brown has a couple of girl cousins visiting her, and the Hendersons have several nice young men among the boarders. Our little town will be gay this summer, and I've fixed up a bit, so you can do your share of entertaining."

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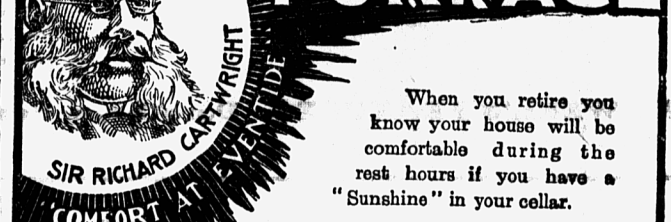
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SUNSHINE FURNACE



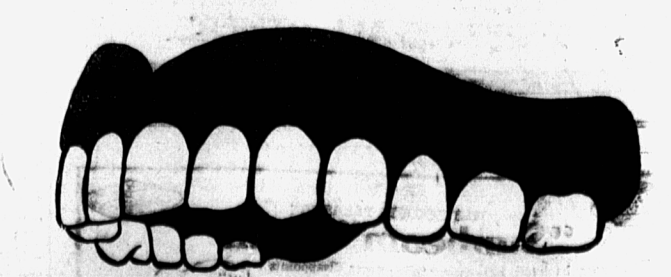
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