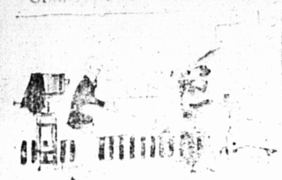
MODEST.

Mr. Wiggum (to servant girl)—Is my wife going out, Annie?
Anna—Yes, she is.
Mr. Wiggum—You haven't heard whether I'm to go along?



Lady—Now, he [illegible] very [illegible]
Photographer—Yes, madam. [illegible] can retouch it away entirely if you wish.

Jack—That old man over there told me that he used a telephone for the first time in ten years.
George—He must have been on a party line.

ALL THAT IS NECESSARY.

Reggie—[illegible] would you marry a spendthrift?
Martha—Sure, if he had the thrift.

AT THE BATHING BEACH.

First Sport—There's Mlle. de Ramler, the famous vaudeville star, going into the water.
Second Sport—It is! Well, I'll be——, I didn't know her with all that clothing she's wearing.

DEPENDED ON THE WEATHER.

First Office Boy—It's pretty cold weather for baseball.
Second Office Boy—Yes. I don't think my grandmother will die until it gets warmer.

NOT VERY WELL ACQUAINTED

"Do you know that fellow Snyder?"
"I should say I do. I loaned him $10 this morning."
"No siree! Then you don't know him at all."

GAVE HIM AWAY.

Wife—How many fish was it you caught on Saturday, George?
Husband—Six, darling. All beauties.
Wife—I thought so. That fisherman has made a mistake again. He's charged us for eight.—Edinburgh Scotsman

"So you discharged that office boy you hired yesterday. Was he too green?"
"Green? Why, I sent him out to get 50 postcards and he brought back half bathing beauties and half comics."—Boston Transcript.

After Ten Years

BY MARION RUBINCAN

A STRANGE HAPPENING

Chapter 41

Affairs seemed to go from bad to worse in the newly poor household of the Buchanans'. Mrs. Parke went about with the pursed lips and virtuous manner of one who is doing her complete duty.

Her complete duty consisted in doing rather more than her half of the household work, and in doing every day or twice a day such little tasks as even a good housewife does up only a few times a week.

In consisted also in going behind Millie, doing over the jobs Millie had been careless about. Mrs. Parke was the type that housecleans by moving the contents of one room all over the rest of the house and making the inhabitants thereof miserable for days and days until the orgy of cleanliness has been gone through.

She had a queer habit, also, of getting one person's idea about another, and then carrying that opinion to the person about whom it was expressed. Somehow, without really meaning it, she could in time break up a long, warm friendship.

She sought her sympathy about town now. And the varying opinions she heard about Humphrey, Humphrey's failure as a business man, and Millie's martyrdom, found their way back to her new home.

"It just is a pity you had to give up your nice room in your own home," Cora sympathized. "My mother would die if she had to get out of her own place, to live in, well of course, Humphrey's house isn't a stranger's house. I don't mean that, but then it is different, isn't it?"

"Terribly different," Mrs. Parke sighed. "But of course, I want to help all I can, and if selling my house to start Humphrey again in business will help, I don't complain."

"How generous you are!" Mrs. Werner cooed. Mrs. Werner was quite certain that the Parke house was really Humphrey's and that Mrs. Parke had not lost so much of her money in the recent fiasco, but she could not think of any way to ask.

"There's one comfort," Mrs. Parke observed to Millie, as she pared potatoes for supper that night. "We have the sympathy of our friend, even if we haven't from our own family." Millie knew she meant Humphrey by this.

She repeated a few of the expressions of sympathy. In her enthusiasm, she might have colored a few of them. She repeated them again to Humphrey.

"But isn't you room comfortable?" he asked at length.

"Well, of course, I've always been used to a southern exposure, so nothern windows make it seem gloomy. But I don't complain—"

"Don't you though!" Humphrey broke in. "Millie, mother will sleep in our room which has her southern exposure. We'll take hers."

"It's a single bed, we'll have to move furniture"

"I'm going to sleep at the office," he answered.

A bombshell would have had but little greater effect, had it exploded somewhere in the vicinity.

"Wha-what do you mean?" Millie asked finally, thinking there must be a great deal more behind this than she guessed.

"Just that! I cant' stand the complaiing and bickering and tale bearing in this house. I can't stand your resentment at my presence and mother's constant digs about my incompetence. It's always something. When I made money it was because I didn't make more. When I lost it, she had something real to talk about, and I must say she's made the most of her subject. I'm through!"

"What do you mean by through?" Patty's voice came in, quivering a little from nervousness. For Humphrey looked terrifying, towering in the room, his fat face red, his little eyes gleaming almost malignantly, his coat and vest flung over a chair, he had paused between discarding these and putting on a smoking jacket, and the smoking jacket was hanging now in his hand.

At Patty's voice he quieted.

"I simply mean this household makes me nervous. I'm going to get out of it as much as I can. I can sleep on that couch in the office, and I don't care who knows. I can't afford to live there so I'll come back here for meals."

He swung into his coat and vest again. He made for his little den, the refusal of the knob to turn reminded him that Mrs. Parke had appropriated it as a storeroom and had the key. He swore under his breath and went out.

"You needn't wait up for me, I'll be late," he called back.

"Where's he going?" Millie asked. For there was something unusual in his manner.

"Joe's of course," said Mrs. Parke. "Where he'll lose money."

"He won't have blankets or sheets at the office," Millie worried. "Patty, we'd better make up a bundle of bedclothes and carry them down. We can do it while he's playing pool, you go in with them and I'll wait outside the office door."

"Huh! He'll be back tonight," Mrs. Parke remarkedfi pulling her shawl over her shoulders, and getting ready to go out on the porch. "Men are like cats, they like to prowl around, but they usually come home nights."

Millie was worried nevertheless. She went upstairs with Patty and they began putting clothes into a suitcase.

PATTY'S DISCOVERY

Chapter 42

"We'd better hurry," Millie said, folding up sheets and blankets and getting them in the suitcase. "He'll go to Joe's, and then to the office, I expect. He might come back. I don't know. I suppose Mother shouldn't have repeated all the talk she hears."

Patty answered nothing. She was more worried than she cared to show. Would Humphrey do anything desperate? She had read of men who, in despair over loss of money, had made way with themselves, somehow the idea of the fat and jovial, good-natured slangy Humphrey, quite and senseless, no, it was a thought her mind refused to form.

"It would die down, the talk, if Mother would let it," she said at last. "And after all, we've been managing very well. Of course, we have to work and we can't entertain much and meals are plain." She refrained from saying badly cooked, "but there's always the chance that Humphrey will make good again. He's been trying to get orders he never tried before because he always had enough capital to speculate."

Millie folded the last sheet and snapped the suitcase shut.

"I can't stand this town any more," she said. "It was bad enough when we had a lot of money. But now, who even Mrs. Brautfelt is patronizing, insolently patronizing, and she is a tailor's wife! And Mrs. Werner gave a luncheon and didn't ask me"

"Come along," Patty urged. If Humphrey intended to live at his office, she wanted to get his things down before he went there for the night. She now dreaded having Humphrey and Millie meet.

They went down the street together, Millie wondering whether anyone would notice them and the suitcase and the bag they carried. They avoided the main street through the business centre and took a side one that was dark, crossing the railroad tracks below the station and approaching the office from the other side.

The place was dark. It was a one-story building, containing two rooms or offices and a wash room. Beynd was the lumber yard and the little river with a dock, and a flat bottomed boat moored fast, the stacks of timber and the boat black shadows against a steel blue sheen from the water.

The station, a square away, was an island of red and green and yellow lights in the darkness, with square, ugly black shapes that rose here and there against the sky. A single street lamp lighted the way between the lumber yard and the railway crossing.

Patty opened the door with her key, put the suitcase where Humphrey would find them, scribbled her name on a piece of paper and the words "Better come home" and slipped out to meet Millie.

They walked home in silence. Millie said at once: "I wonder what people will say?"

Next morning Patty helped get breakfast. She looked up as Millie came down to the kitchen. Millie looked as though she hadn't slept her hair was more careless than usual, and her kimono was fastened wrong.

"Well, he means it. He didn't come home," she said.

Even Mrs. Parke was quiet at breakfast.

"It's perfectly ridiculous," Millie broke out at last. "He's doing this to make me the talk of the town. Patty, when you go to the office, you make him come home and be sensible."

Patty was early for the oifce. When she went in, she felt somehow, as though she could not put her key into the door and go in alone. It was so strange and so unlike Humphrey! Suppose he had done something desperate?

"Silly!" she chided herself, and walked in.

The suitcases were gone and so was her note. And there was no Humphrey.

The big couch, a discard from one of Millie's refurnishing periods had no bedclothes on it, and, moreover, had not been used, because some papers that were on it the day before lay there in exactly the some position.

Her heart pounding, Patty ran to the door of the little empty rom beyond and went into it. No Humphrey.

Relieved, because of the thing she did not dare to fear, she went back to the main office, Humphrey had gone to the hotel, of course, or to one of the boy's houses, Fred's perhaps.

She walked to the desk and found on the typewriter, at which she picked out occasional letters, a note addressed to her. Her hands cold from nervous fear, she opened.

"You're a peach to bring down bedclothes and pajamas and brushes. I notice you didn't forget my shaving things, some memory, that! I'm off. I don't know where, but I've had enough. If I find a job with real money I'll write. If not, you won't hear. Don't worry about me. There's $300 in the bank, and McConnell wil sell the house if you need more, and Fletcher will buy my business. Get Cornell at the bank to handle it. That's all. Goodbye."

Patty sat staring at the note. And suddenly, for Humphrey's sake, she felt relieved. But how was she to tell Millie and her mother

DESPAIR

Chapter 43

Very few 21-year old girls have faced just the situation Patty faced that morning. She was alone in the office, the unopened mail before her, Humphrey's note in her hand.

She had to explain something of what had happened to the men in the lumber yard, a group of them, hired by the hour by Humphrey, when he had timber to ship, were loading huge planks on the river boat.

She had to do something about the office. A vague idea flitted across her mind of herself taking over his lumber business, running it, soliciting orders, getting out advertising, and supporting her mother and sister. Something had to be done!

But first of all Millie had to be told

She found, when she slipped into her blue sweater to go back that her hands were trembling. Mechanically she went to the little mirror to put on her hat her face was dead white. When Patty was pale, the blue veins seemed to show under her skin, her eyes had a way of staring from the pallor of her face. She was pretty even in her fright, for Patty was the blessed type that never loses its attractiveness.

She pulled on the soft blue hat and started back to the house.

Someone greeted her on the street: "Hello, Patty, seen a ghost?"

And she smiled, afraid the townspeople would know what had happened simply by seeing her face.

Millie greeted her at the front door.

"What's wrong?" she cried, her own face already pale as ashes. "I've phoning the office and—they say no one answers. Where's Humphrey- Patty what's happened? Mother, oh, Mother!"

Millie, without knowing or guessing what had happened, had worked herself on the verge of hysterics because she could not get an answer to her phone call. Patty's hurried step and white face completely unnerved her now. She ran back into the house, her shrill scream bringing Mrs. Parke from her work upstairs.

"Something's happened, I don't know yet, Humphrey"

"Humphrey's all right," Patty cried catching her sister by the arm and holding her so she would listen.

Mrs. Parke, who had rushed down the steps expecting to see a corpse brought in, stood now clinging to the banister, her own face gray white and her shrewd little eyes almost popping from her head.

"Oh, oh, what's happened"? she was saying over and over, not even knowing what she was saying. And when Patty, the only calm one, made them understand Humphrey was safe at least, Mrs. Parke sank down on the steps, trembling from shock and nervousness.

"If he's all right, why do you carry on so?" she asked, tears coming from her eyes. "Why do you get me upset when you know my nerves wont stand it!"

Millie, too, had sunk down on the hall bench, one of those oak and mirror affairs with an umbrella stand at one side and a cane rack at the other and brass hooks sprouting all over it to hold hats and wraps.

"Listen!" Patty began distinctly, feeling as though the weight of the office and the family had fallen on her shoulders at once. "There's nothing to get excited about. Humphrey has gone- "

Oh-h-h" Millie began a wail that was rising more and more shrilly. Patty interrupted.

"has gone on a trip." There was silence. "Its sudden. He's left things temporarily in my charge."

"I trip! Why didn't he tell us, getting us all upset this way. I never closed my eyes all night!"

Millies natural reaction to a long period of intense worry was resentment a the cause of her undeserved suffering.

But it was too much for Patty. Her sense of justice triumphed over her desire to break the news gently to her family. She took Humphreys note from her sweater pocket and handed it to Millie.

Millie read it slowly. Dead silence had succeeded the excited sobbing of the two women, who ha really been worked up to real hysteria.

In dead silence she handed the note to her mother.

For once Mrs. Parke faced a situation about which she could say nothing. For once Millie was overawed.

The silence grew as nervously unbearable as the excitement had been.

Then Millie began to sob softly, hunched up on the hall rack, an image of despair. Mrs. Parke began carying too. And Patty, affected by them, felt the tears coming. She turned and went into the living room.

"What am I going to do?" Millie was sobbing. "Why did he go off like that? What am I going to do"

She followed Patty, hunting support and consolation in the girl's presence.

PLAIN TALK

Chapter 44

For a few days after Humphrey's disappearance, the three women were in rather a chaotic state mind. Millie put on a black dress as a symbol of her feelings and Mrs. Parke appeared at the evening dinner draped in a brown shawl whirh she had not worn for years. Patty went down to the empty office, partly to escape the air of depression at home, partly as a matter of duty.

There was little enough to do, less even than usual. She dreaded facing Humphrey's friends, but she knew they had to know where he had gone, so she told them a mild version of the real story.

"He simply said he was going off to find a new place and that as soon as he knew where he would settle, he would send for us," she put it.

"But he played pool with the bunch last night and never said a word. I thought he looked glum" is was Jim's comment.

"Of course. He had been depressed about the business," Patty answered. "Yes, it was a sudden decision on his part."

Patty was trying to soften things for Millie without fibbing. But she deceived no one, and she knew it.

"News flies on invisible wires about a town like this," she wrote to Mrs. Grainger Munn. "Perhaps we all live so closely to let each other know our secrets by mental telepathy. I found Humphrey's note at 8 o'clock. It was nearly 9 when I told Millie. Some people saw me walking fast going home, one of them decided, as he put it, that something as up" and went to the office to ask Humphrey what had happened that was new. Perhaps he thought Humphrey as ill, perhaps it was curiosity. The office was empty and locked, and no one needed any more evidence to deduce the whole story.

"When I went back, they began coming to ask questions. The night man told the day man at the station (they tell each other everything here, you see) that someone carrying two suitcases had tipped a trainman, and boarded a fast freight that stopped here for water.

"So that's the story! It's probably as well things have happened this way. I've felt I should get away from here and find a position. When Milile feels better I'll go to Chicago" she went on with her vague plans

The news was so important that Cora had to go over to Maude's to tell it, the telephone wasn't even to be trusted.

"I really just came to borrow two lemons," she began. "Mother's making lemon pie, come over this evening and have some. How's your cold?" This was only preliminary as Maude very well knew. Maude set the late breakfast dish in its wire rack to drain, and went out to the back porch. Its brown and green railings had heard much gossip since they were put in, and were to hear much more.

"Have you heard Jim phoned me, Humphrey's gone! Didn't I say so?"

"Gone, where?"

"No one knows!" Cora assumed a very mysterious manner. "I've always said that no man would stand the nagging she gave him. Jim thinks he's gone to the coast to ship for the Phillipines. He thinks he's going to try a pineapple plantation, they say there's millions in that".

"I wonder how many millions he left Millie to live on? Well, I'm glad I never had a husband, look at all the trouble Millie's had with her marriage. And now she has no one to provide for her. She migth just as well not have married. He wont' come back.

Perhaps without meaning or knowing it, there was a tiny, tiny bit of satisfaction in Maude's speech. If the "old maid" of normal instincts rails against marriage, it is a defence of her marriageless state, she cannot be entirely blamed if she feels glad to welcome another one, then, to the ranks of the unloved women.

"I don't know", Cora said gently, "Marriage is an experience."

Back of the banality of her words was a feeling of gladness that she had had that "experience". Jim "had a way with women" the other men said, and the magnetism that other women felt, Cora felt too and willingly overlooked or pretended not to see the occasional transgressions. She had come to accept his sins with his virtues. When he was home she was perfectly satisfied; when he was away she kept herself so busy she had little time to think and she lied bravely and brazenly to her friends about his absenses.

"Here are your lemons," Maude said suddenly. "I think I'll go around and see Millie."

Cora felt dismissed. She never wanted the lemons, this borrowing was a pleasant fiction between the two families, an excuse for breaking into the working hours of the morning. Maude knew she never wanted the lemons, usually never even offered what Cora said she came to borrow.

Cora went to see Millie in the afternoon. By that time Millie had wept on several sympathetic shoulders, and had come to believe every wild rumor that was going about town. She hadn't heard the wildest one, which was that Humphrey had gone away to fling himself despairing over a cliff or into a river, accounts differed.

PATTY'S DECISION

Chapter 45

But no one, fortunately, took the calamity stories seriously. It was more logical to believe that Humphrey had gone off because of the unpleasantness at home. There was more zest to a tale like this, and more pevious rumors to back it up.

Wissakeagan divided into, not two, but three camps. All the men were on Humphrey's side, and the women were divided among themselves, some blaming him for "deserting" his wife and mother in the hour of calamity, as they called it; some saying "it served her right." It was usually a matter of whether or not they liked Millie.

"Everyone has been just sweet," Millie said, however, not choosing to notice those whose antagnism she felt. "We've been invited everywhere as a proof of friendship. I've four dinner parties for the next six days."

But to show her sbudued frame of mind, she wore all her dark dresses, didn't curl her hair, why is wavy hair a sign of joyousness? and dined out only when intimate friends were to be present.

"Mrs. Werner is giving a reception to the visiting members of the country club federation, and has asked me to help receive," she went on, satisfaction in every tone. "I'll have to get some black chiffon to make long sleeves on my gray and black dress. Short sleeves won't look well, now."

The "now" was significant. It seems a cynical thing to say that mourning is sometimes a token of self-importance rather than a cloak for heavy sorrow, but it has been so in many cases since the world grew old enough for human nature to become complex.

"I don't believe you miss Humphrey much," Patty observed once, breaking her usual reserve. Patty was still so young that the little complications of life often escaped her.

Millie had no answer.

First of all, it was proper and conventional, under the circumstances for her to miss her absent husband.

"Yes, I do," she protested vigorously, but at once a second thought came into her mind:

For a long time she had been trying to escape from him. He bored her, annoyed her, she was tired of him, there was no longer any sympathy between them, they had seen too much of each other. Well, she hadn't gone away, as she planned, but Humphrey had, so at least the absence existed.

But she was annoyed with him.

And she did miss him.

And she was enjoying the sudden popularity which made her the central object of interest in the town, and gave her back all her lost importance, and more.

She fell into the habit, as days went by, of saying:

"No, I haven't heard." Downcast eyes and a sigh, and silence while feminine voices whispered audibly. "It's a shame! Poor girl, how she must suffer under it!"

Millie, as a deserted wife, soaked up sympathy like a dry sponge soaks water, thrived on it, grew pretty and pleasant under it, and went back to her vigorous cold cream rubs and scalp massages and waist bending exercises to reduce thick flat hips.

She felt she should pine. But somehow she couldn't.

"You look like a girl again, now that man's gone," Mrs. Parke told her. Mrs. Parke began referring to Humphrey now as "that man" in tones of concentrated acidity.

Yet with all this, Millie was furious with Humphrey. And she was a little worried as to their future. Once she began talking plans to her mother.

"Of couse we own the house. We've lots of rooms, we could rent out some and get back Bridget to cook meals"

"And have you slaving all day running a boarding house!" Mrs. Parke condemned the idea with such vigor that Millie dropped it. She had only taken it up gingerly anyway.

"We must do something," Millie would remark.

The "something" came from Patty. She received a letter from Mrs. Grainger-Munn, a long envelope of crisp paper of the palest gray, with monogram and address stamped in silver, a bit of quiet distinction that Millie envied and Patty adored.

"Darling child, you are not going to Chicago if you break away from home," the letter read. "If there is any new home, it must be here where I can watch over you a bit. I'll take you again in our old pleasant relationship." Patty loved the tactful way she put it, "though we won't be travelling for a long time yet. Or my branch of the Civic Society needs a secetary, and you might just as well have that position as an utter stranger. I'm afraid we can only pay $20 a week, but perhaps that can be improved later. Why not try it, my dear? I shall love having you near me and your mother won't worry, knowing you have a friend"

"I'm going," Patty said and read the letter to her family.

(Continued on Page 2.)

Fruit Sponge

Two tablespoonfuls gelatin, one third cup cold water, two cups clabbered milk, one half cup sugar, one teaspoon vanilla, one cup crushed fruit, one egg white.

Soak the gelatin in the cold water. Dissolve it by setting the cup in a pan of boiling water. Mix the gealtin thoroughly with the clabbered milk, add the sugar, and set the mixture in a pan of ice water. When it begins to hticken around the edges, beat it well with a Dover egg beater, add the vanilla and the fruit, fold in the well beaten white of egg, and turn the mixture at once into a mold. Serve the sponge with whipped cream or a soft custard.

Strawberries, rhubarb, pineapple, raspberries or orange may be used for fruit.

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You know that pine is used in nearly all prescriptions and remedies for coughs. The reason is that pine contains several peculiar elements that have a remarkable effect in soothing and healing the membranes of the throat and chest.

Pine cough syrups are combinations of pine and syrup. The "syrup" part is usually plain sugar syrup.

To make the best pine cough remedy that money can buy, put 2½ ounces of Pinex in a 16-oz. bottle, and fill up with home-made sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you make 16 ounces—more than you can buy ready-made for $2.50. It is pure, good and pleasant—children like it.

You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. The cough may be dry, hoarse and tight, or may be persistently loose from the formation of phlegm. The cause is the same—inflamed membranes—and this Pinex and Syrup combination will stop it—usually in 24 hours or less. Splendid, too, for bronchial asthma, hoarseness, or any ordinary throat ailment.

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Beware of substitutes. Ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

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