

JOY at LAST

By CLAUDIA SISSON

Joy had known about it from the first. From the tiny wine-covered porch of the house where she lived with her Aunt Marshall who had taken her when she was left an orphan baby and had sent her to school until she could support herself by teaching, she had often on a Sunday afternoon seen Billy saunter past with Haroldine.

Haroldine was then one of the prettiest girls in town and also one of the best dressed. She thought a great deal about her clothes and had nothing that was not becoming and tasteful. Joy had always envied Haroldine her clothes, even as far back as the days when they had studied together in the second grade, for little girls, like big ones, feel the social distinction implied between washed hair ribbons and those that are fresh from the bolt.

Haroldine had always held herself above Joy and beyond Joy's reach. She had money and was considered fashionable. Joy was neither pretty nor well-to-do, nor popular. Many people did not know her even by sight. Sometimes Haroldine pretended she did not.

As for Billy, Joy had always known him. They had lived for years on the same street in adjoining houses. His mother was a widow, a kind, sensible woman. After she died, suddenly of heart trouble, Billy sold his house and struck out for himself. He was bright and ambitious and people liked him. Haroldine's father took him into his office and Haroldine began to take notice of him.

Young men were scarce in Westmore, and one so personable as Billy was not likely to be neglected. Haroldine asked him to dinner to meet her friends occasionally. And Billy accepted all invitations gladly. He seemed completely under her spell. And he never came back to West street to call upon Joy.

Joy loved Billy, and she suffered. She felt that he was going to marry Haroldine. It seemed the most nat-



Joy Lost Her Voice in Surprise.

ural thing in the world that Haroldine should care as much for him as she did.

But one day a rumor startled her. Mrs. Marks, who was much given to harmless gossip, said that she had heard that Haroldine had refused to marry Billy. Joy was stunned. To think that any girl who was so lucky as to get a chance to marry Billy should refuse him! Glad as she was for herself, she was yet sorry for Billy. It was cruel of Haroldine to treat him so.

A week later as Joy sat alone upon the front steps on a moonlight evening trying to get the better of her headache a man walked down the street, saw her, hesitated and came straight up to her.

"Good evening, Joy. This is a beautiful night, isn't it?" he said.

Joy had lost her voice in her surprise. Her heart beat so loudly that she was afraid he must hear. She could do no more than smile at him, but he seemed to accept that as sufficient greeting, for he sat down beside her and began to talk to her. Once in a while he sighed and she knew what he was sighing for. Yet it was such dear delight to have him there beside her that she created herself to be as entertaining as she could. Her pity for him overcame her natural shyness. In consequence, Billy remained for a long time. And the next evening he came again. And then he asked her to marry him.

"My mother always wished it," he said. "She liked you, Joy, I like you, too. And I'll be awfully good to you. I'm going away next week to the city to see if I can't find a job there. If I do, I'd like you to marry me as soon as you can get ready."

Joy consented. She was glad to have him at any cost. And when he kissed her her grateful heart was ready to break. She knew that he did not love her, that it was Haroldine he wanted and that his wounded pride had driven him to do what he was doing.

"But he shall never regret it," Joy promised herself.

He went away as he had said he would and two days later he wrote that he had secured a position. So

Joy hurried her simple preparations. She had saved a little money and she planned to make it pay for her entire "setting out" as Aunt Marshall called it. Aunt Marshall gave her as much as she could from her little store and added there unto her blessing, which Joy felt enriched her more than all her gifts.

Joy and Billy were married and went away to the city to go to house-keeping in a four-room flat. Joy proved to be a marvelous little housewife; she juggled with the dimes until they did the work of dollars; she kept Billy's clothes in perfect order; her dinners were the best of their kind to be had. She never troubled Billy with complaints or any demonstration; she simply loved—and waited. In return Billy rather neglected her. He was kind and appreciative, yet he accepted her as a matter of course. His disappointment was still recent enough to hurt.

They had been married three years then the baby came. He was a beauty—big, dimpled, merry, all smiles and giggles and with adorable wailing ways. They called him Robert, which presently resolved itself into Bobby. Then for the first time Billy woke up to the fact that Joy was of real importance; she was his boy's mother. He planned and lived and saved for that boy. And Joy looked on, stifling her longing and trying to be content. But it seemed a long time to wait.

When Bobby was four years old Aunt Marshall died and left to Joy the little house in Westmore and a few thousands of dollars, which were all her worldly possessions. Then, for the first time, Joy expressed the homesickness which she had silently endured so long.

"Let us go back," she pleaded. "Westmore is better for the boy and for us, too. We can live in the house and you can have the money to start in business with. You'll be sure to find some opening there."

Billy had fallen into the habit of taking Joy's advice. He hated to go back where Haroldine was; he had not heard anything concerning her in all the seven years he had been married and away. He still sighed with unutterable longing when he thought of her. A man's first love dies hard. Yet it came to pass that one day he and Joy packed up their belongings and set forth for Westmore. Very quietly they entered the little house which had been Aunt Marshall's. Very quietly, also, Billy began to look about for a way in which to make a living. He found it at last. A partnership in a good business was for sale and he bought it with Joy's money and what he had of his own.

From the first day of his arrival he had been on the outlook for Haroldine. But Haroldine was not in Westmore. He learned that her father had died the year before and that she had gone with some friends to California. It was not known when she would return. People had forgotten that Billy had ever been interested in Haroldine. Perhaps Haroldine herself had forgotten. Certainly it ceased to be a living reality to all save him and Joy.

The business in which Billy engaged thrived wonderfully. He had brought to it the experience and now energy that it needed. It was soon said of him that he was making money. Women who, seven years before had not known Joy, came to call upon her and ask her to their houses. They made parties for her. Soon she was drawn into such a whirl of society as Westmore afforded. By spring Billy had decided that if they were to return any of their social obligations at all they must have a larger house. He bought a lot in the fashionable quarter of the town and proceeded to have a house erected upon it. The house was finished and they were living in it when Haroldine came home. Joy heard of her return first. Then Billy heard. But neither mentioned the fact to the other.

When invitations came from Mrs. Herbert Crosby for her music on the 9th, Joy accepted them for herself and Billy, knowing very well that Haroldine would be there. There was a good deal of anguish, a good deal of uncertainty in Joy's mind the night she dressed for the music, but she hid it all under a brave little smile. She wore a black dress of jetted lace. In those seven years Joy had grown becomingly stout.

Men admired Joy and considered Billy a lucky fellow to have such a wife. And Billy himself was proud of her. When he saw her that night standing beside Haroldine, he felt a pang of revelation as turned him sick at heart. Haroldine was still Miss Ross and with no immediate prospect of changing her name. Her pale blue silk looked too young for her; she had grown visibly thinner; her eye-brows showed their pencilling and her cheeks their rouge. Beside Joy's fresh, young matronliness she looked faded and inane and overdone. And when she turned to Billy with a coquettish smile he realized poignantly that he had been a fool for seven years and thanked God that Haroldine had refused him.

At home after the party he took Joy in his arms and kissed her many times—kissed her as a man kisses the woman he loves and has won. In his penitance he confessed a great many things, but the sweetest thing of all he told her was that he loved her and her only.

"You, Joy, you—for all these years and I have not known it until tonight. I wasn't much of a lover and I haven't been much of a husband, but if you'll forgive me I'll make it all up to you, dear."

Above her scintillating black laces, Joy's face shone happily. Her waiting was over. The good she had prayed for was here forever.

Eccentric Mr. Sangster

By GERALD PRIME

Rudolf Sangster was eccentric to the verge of something far more serious than mere uncomplicated queeriness. Fortunately for him, he had been eccentric so long that it had come to be understood among men that he was to be left unmolested. Absolutely normal in matters of business and the ordinary affairs of life, he was known to be subject to the most extraordinary and even extravagant variations from the natural and expected. He was a man with a positive genius for perverseness.

Among all his eccentricities there was nothing so indicative of his perverseness as his uncompromising refusal to permit his daughter, motherless and an only child, to marry John Williston.

Both young persons seemed fashioned for such a union. John Williston was the worthy repository of several generations of transmitted wealth and the woman he had loved from early girlhood was the heiress of a man whose touch had been that of Midas freed from the sordid lust for gold.

"Don't ask me why it is," the older man would say, almost imploringly. "I don't know why myself, but I know it is impossible. It appears to me as the one thing on earth that should never be."

"Is it because you want Mollie to remain single?" persisted her lover. "No; I shouldn't like that at all. I am perfectly resigned to losing her when the predestined man comes along."

"Wherein do I fall short of the requirements?"

"You exceed them greatly. I only hope she may marry a man of half your caliber."

This was maddening. John Williston was a marvel of patient tact, but this illogical beating about the bush was almost more than he could endure.

"About the only thing left for me to believe is that you don't consider your daughter good enough for me," he said, bitterly.

At this unfamiliar outburst Sangster smiled rather sardonically. "There



It Was the Vision Who Spoke First.

may be something in that," he admitted, as if he half believed it.

Then the baffled lover rushed away, bearing the burden of a stifled longing that was well nigh crushing.

The lovers had discussed the subject of taking the matter into their own hands a hundred times and, strange to say, the idea did not appeal to either of them with compelling force. Stranger still, the notion of acting without the more or less cheerful co-operation of Mollie's father did not present itself as at all attractive to John Williston.

Years passed. Sangster showed no sign of yielding. Although he was a veritable weathercock on most questions he never swerved a hair's breadth on the subject of the marriage. The day came, however, when Williston made up his mind to bring the matter to a crisis. Putting all his wit and energy into the business, he evolved a scheme which seemed to be so promising that he went to Miss Sangster immediately. To his infinite delight she not only listened appreciatively, but agreed to co-operate.

A few hours later Williston dined with the Sangsters and when he and his host were alone in the smoking room the crafty lover steered the conversation toward occultism, a subject in which Sangster professed to be greatly absorbed.

"I've always set you down for a skeptic," said Sangster.

"I used to be," the other admitted. "Has anything brought about a change of heart?" Sangster asked, with a sharp glance from beneath a pair of unusually bristling eyebrows.

"Well, not precisely that," John confessed a certain person—and one or two fessed, rather diffidently. "Just lately things—have seemed rather mysterious—hard to accept, you know."

Sangster lighted a fresh cigar and assumed an expectant attitude. "Fire away," he said. "I'm listening."

"Oh, there really isn't much to be said. What it all amounts to is that a certain person of my acquaintance has developed suddenly the faculty of

doing things that have seemed to be impossible."

"Is he an adept or only a fakir?"

"That is still to be demonstrated."

"Let me help you unmask him."

"That's precisely what I want you to do."

"There's nothing on the planet that interests me more deeply. I must confess, though, that I have run up against nothing but impostors."

"The most extraordinary claim made by this person is the power to exchange personalities—to appear, for instance, under two or more distant forms within a very brief period—possibly in less than an hour," he said.

"Rot—deadly rot!" declared Sangster, contemptuously. "Mere buffoonery. The petty device of the trickster."

"Possibly," the other admitted, with the air of a man unconvinced. "I've not yet seen this exchange of personalities effected. I have been promised an opportunity to witness it on Saturday evening."

"Where is this precious piece of jugglery to be worked?"

"No particular place has been designated—yet."

"Then why can't it be pulled off here?"

"I know of nothing to conflict—unless it should be the odor of tobacco. I have heard the alleged miracle worker express a decided distaste for that."

"Then let it be done in one of the parlors or in the library."

"No," Williston said, decidedly. "After all it would be better to have it here. It's quieter and more remote."

"As you prefer. The hangings and furnishings can be removed if necessary. Any apparatus required?"

"None whatever."

"Want the lights turned low? I can flood the place with electricity at the first symptom of treachery."

"In this manifestation there should be as much illumination as possible. It's entirely visual, you know."

"Good! Saturday evening—at what hour?"

"About eight."

"Isn't that rather early for the supernatural to show itself?"

"This manifestation does not demand the hour of midnight as one of its conditions."

"What are its conditions?"

"As I understand the matter there is only one—that we are to seat ourselves comfortably in a well-lighted room and see what we shall see."

"Yes—we'll see what we see," echoed Sangster.

At eight o'clock on the following evening the two men were again in the smoking room. Enveloped in a constantly deepening cloud of his own creation, John Williston emitted smoke in puffs that suggested a miniature volcano. He had not spoken a word for ten minutes. Sangster had been equally silent and as he sat in a half reclining position in a big armchair, an unlighted cigar between his lips, his countenance assumed a truly saturnine expression.

"If your fakir doesn't like tobacco," he observed finally, "he won't be at his best in this atmosphere. Don't you think we'd do well to move into the library?"

"Oh, no; let us stick to the original arrangement," John said, hastily, rousing himself and consulting his watch. "Eight o'clock," he added, as if he had been asked the hour.

"Your fakir may be all that a fakir should, but he isn't Johnny on the spot," grumbled Sangster. "Somebody's coming," Williston whispered.

The door was opened softly and there floated into the mist a figure so good to look upon that both men abandoned themselves straightway to the luxury of looking.

It was the vision who spoke first. "What a perfectly dreadful atmosphere!" he exclaimed, with a little choke which was not at all unbecoming.

"John is the Vesuvius who is responsible for it," said the vision's father. I haven't been smoking. Wherefore all this magnificence? Are you going out?"

"Oh, no. My new gown came home and I just got into it and came up here to exhibit myself."

"In its present setting it certainly is," the old man agreed gallantly.

"Well," she hesitated and began to move slowly toward the door, "I want you to see me in it."

She stepped forward quickly, threw her arms about her father's neck, kissed him on the forehead over and over again, sobbed audibly half a dozen times and fled precipitately from the room.

"What the—?" began Sangster.

"Tobacco. What a brute I was not to have opened the window!" John broke in, rather excitedly. "I'll see if I can do anything for her."

When he had gone the old man lighted his cigar and fixed himself comfortably in his armchair. "Now for the next chapter in the exchange," he chuckled, grimly.

He had not long to wait. Before he had come to the end of his cigar the door was opened again and Molly, still wearing the wonderful gown, its fleecy whiteness made still more ethereal by a veil of filmy lace and a crown of orange blossoms, entered the room.

"Same girl, same gown, same everything—except the headgear. No transformation, no exchange of personalities—just the original Molly Sangster," the old man maintained stoutly.

"Not so," denied John Williston, showing himself in the doorway.

"The dean is still in the house."

"Then I'll ask you to excuse me while I go down and thank him for the great service he has rendered me!" said Sangster, making off with unwonted alacrity.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Dives from Brooklyn Bridge for \$250



NEW YORK.—A sharp-featured, undersized youth in ragged swimming trunks, with a skimpy coat and an old pair of trousers thrown over them, dived successfully from the center span of Brooklyn bridge to the East river, 135 feet below, for \$250 in cash, two new suits of clothes and whatever renown the world may hold in store for a bridge jumper.

The late Steve Brodie acquired fame as a bridge jumper and long ran a Bowery saloon on the strength of it, but many say it was never really proved that Steve really jumped. Several would-be suicides have been fished out of the river unhurt after jumping, but Otto Eppers is the first to jump with unquestioned witnesses as part of a prearranged plan.

The boy's first words when he was fished out of the river by the crew of a passing tug were: "Gee! But I hit hard!"

His next were: "Say, whose got the makin' of a cigarette?"

Eppers is seventeen years old and the son of a lithographer. He weighs about 110 pounds and has been unofficial swimming champion of the East river ever since he got into the big

Elusive Tooth Puzzle in Chicago Court



CHICAGO.—"The mystery of the Missing Tooth," a novel exposition of how seven and three (sometimes) make eleven, was staged for a large and appreciative, not to say quizzical, audience recently in Municipal Judge Torrison's court.

Plot theme: "Can a dentist recover damages for a swallowed tooth?"

Leading characters: Dr. James L. Blount, Oak Park, praying a monetary revenge, and Mrs. Alice Andrews, heroine in the tragedy of "The Missing Molar."

Dr. Blount demanded his fee for 11 teeth, false if you please, while the heroine pleaded but ten—seven in hand and three hidden by rosy lips.

"The teeth not only were false in material, but they were false to their trust and fell out," said Mrs. Andrews.

"One at a time they began falling out. The first one went on a round steak which cost 25 cents a pound. I thought it merely a coincidence. But when No. 2 fell into the soup one noon, I knew there was something wrong."

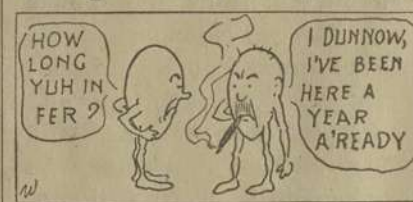
Zoo Bear Trades Laughs for Peanuts



NEW YORK.—Old Ben, the big Alaskan bear at the New York zoological park in the Bronx, understands human nature well indeed, and he makes his knowledge pay him. The other day a woman from Middletown, who had happened to see the animals, paused before the den of Old Ben and tossed in a shelled peanut. Instantly there was a stampede on the part of Little Ben, Brown Bess, Old Ben's wife, and Karnak, his nephew. Old Ben walked back to the rear of the cage while the others fought for the peanut and then crowded to the bars for more.

The visitor was about to toss in another when she was astonished to see old Ben standing on his hind legs, making motions to her to throw it high over the others' heads to him.

Help! 45,000,000 Eggs Are Imprisoned



CHICAGO.—Faithful hens of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Ohio have since April laid 45,000,000 eggs for the cold storage man, according to farmers who have sold their product to representatives of Chicago cold storage houses.

The eggs will remain in the warehouses until the high prices of last winter are duplicated.

Housewives feel that the usual corner in eggs will take place next year. South Water street commission merchants admitted that warehousemen have canvassed the four states for the last three months, buying up fresh eggs from the farmers and egg com-

boy class. Recently he heard that a Brooklyn merchant was willing to pay \$250 out of his advertising appropriation to the first man who would jump from any one of the bridges over the East river.

Otto was the boy for the job. He had jumped 104 feet from a bridge once before and the addition of a few more feet never caused him so much as a thought. "Sure, I'll do it," he said, and he did.

Otto meant to dive from the new Manhattan bridge, because he thought it was higher. The height in reality is the same for all the East river bridges. The police, however, were too watchful. He meant to shed his coat and trousers, but he didn't have time. He meant to take off his heavy boots, but the river did that for him. He meant to dive in one long sweeping arc, "but somehow," he told afterward, "I started to twist, and then I couldn't stop." Passengers on the ferryboats who saw him said he turned like a pinwheel.

"I wasn't scared a bit until I jumped," he continued, "but I don't remember anything after I hit until I came up again." He was found floating on his back, half stunned and paddling feebly. "I could have swum to shore," he boasted, and in the next breath he admitted, "but I wasn't feeling very spry."

A rubdown and two hours of rest in a hospital found Eppers fit to appear in police court, where he was promptly discharged for lack of evidence that he had attempted suicide.

"Nos. 3, 4 and 5 came out in unison and Nos. 6 and 7 when a boy set off a firecracker under my feet the last Fourth of July. It was becoming so common then, I lost track of the cause and scarcely noticed the effect. I couldn't even chew butter."

"I refused to pay the dentist's bill unless he did the work all over again, and he wouldn't. He said I must have been trying to chew rocks. Then he sued me."

As proof of the deciduous nature of the teeth, Mrs. Andrews began counting them out on Judge Torrison's desk, while court bailiffs looked on agape. Then as she reached "seven," Mrs. Andrews said:

"Three I have in my mouth. He put in 11 for me in February, 1909. Most of them came out and I had three put back."

"But where is the other tooth? Three you still use, seven you have shown the judge, now where is the other one?" was the insistent query put to Mrs. Andrews.

"Where is the other tooth?" The woman faltered. "I don't know where it can be; I thought I had it, but I must have swallowed it while asleep."

"Give the others to the bailiff; let them be preserved as evidence," said Judge Torrison.

The bailiff kept the teeth; the jury found its verdict for the woman.

Ben learned this trick years ago, the keepers say, when he was a dancing bear. When he finally was put in the zoo he astonished the keepers by making signs to them to throw the best food over the heads of the other greedy animals to him. He always takes up his position in the background, motioning the keepers and letting the other bears fight at the iron bars. The result is that he gets the biggest part of the dinner because it is so funny to watch his secret signals to the feeders.

"Chicago cold storage houses are filled with fresh eggs," declared a merchant today, "and I have been told that 45,000,000 eggs are now stored away in warehouses, to remain there until next winter when the men who form the egg pool can demand high prices for the product."

The millions of eggs bought up by the cold storage representatives will not be put on the Chicago markets for sale until there is a scarcity.

The eggs were purchased from the farmers at an average price of 23½ to 24 cents a dozen. Two cents a dozen is added to cover insurance, storage costs, etc., which brings the total cost up to about 26 cents a dozen.

If the eggs can be retailed in Chicago next winter at 45 cents a dozen, at which they were sold last winter, there will be a profit of 19 cents a dozen or a total of something over \$700,000.