

THE TURNER TRIBUNE

VOL. VI.

TURNER, OREGON, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1922.

NO. 42.

WORLD HAPPENINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume Most Important Daily News Items.

COMPILED FOR YOU

Events of Noted People, Governments and Pacific Northwest, and Other Things Worth Knowing.

A reduction of \$1,014,000,000 in the public debt during the fiscal year ended June 30, and a reduction of \$175,000,000 in the debt during the month of June, was announced Monday by the treasury.

W. A. White, editor of the Emporia (Kan.) Gazette, and nationally famous defender of all kinds of dogs, offered a prize to the boy with the most dogs in the Fourth of July parade.

Lena Walton, a famous character of the days of the gold rush to Nome and Council City, who figured in litigation with Charles D. Lane, the mining operator of California and Alaska, over the Ophir creek mines, died in Nome Sunday.

Howard and Homer Fisher are twins. Both are drug clerks. Both are in jail in Los Angeles. Both are charged with the illegal sale of liquor. "They are as much alike as two peas," said the prohibition enforcement officers who arrested them.

Governor Blaine of Wisconsin announced in an address in Superior Tuesday that he would extend executive clemency to every man in Wisconsin prisons "who can trace his plight, directly or indirectly, to causes arising out of the service to his country."

James Alexander Richardson, 85 years old on his last birthday, and Miss Christina Stafford, who refused to give her age, obtained a license to marry in Vancouver, Wash., Monday. Richardson gave his occupation as boatman. His first wife died several years ago.

Probability of a reconciliation and peaceful settlement of their differences by Sun Yat Sen, ex-president of the South China republic, and Chen Chung Ming, the military leader who deposed him, was reported to be brighter than at any time during the past two weeks.

Three mutilated mail pouches containing hundreds of opened letters, comprising part of the loot obtained by Roy Gardner, notorious bandit, in the Maricopa, Ariz., mail car robbery last November, have been found, it was announced by the postoffice inspector's office at Phoenix, Ariz.

A freight saving of from \$15 to \$25 a car for sheep producers has been effected by the decision of the interstate commerce commission reducing the weight for minimum cars 35 feet and 7 inches in length from 22,000 pounds to 18,000 pounds, the national livestock exchange announced Tuesday.

Miss Alice Robertson, Oklahoma representative in congress, standing on the site where the first missionary school in the old Indian country was established and her mother, a teacher in that school, met her father, opened her campaign at Coweta, Okla., July 4 for the republican nomination to represent her district.

The French chamber of deputies Tuesday passed a law authorizing the government to decree the utilization of a greater percentage of wheat in flour and the addition of substitutes in preparation for the expected shortage in this year's wheat crop. The crop is variously estimated at 50,000,000 to 100,000,000 bushels short of requirements.

The "Henry Ford for president" movement spread to Chicago Monday and opened headquarters in Michigan avenue. W. F. Kelley of the American Mica company, who is in charge of the organization here, said 5000 circulars were being sent out in Chicago "to feel out the sentiment." "There seems to be a strong undercurrent," he added.

The six railway shop crafts unions which went on strike Saturday were outlawed by the United States labor board Monday. In a formal resolution the board declared that the unions, by their action, forfeited all rights before the board as railway employees and that new organizations of shopmen taking the striking men's jobs should be formed to represent the shop employes in disputes before the board.

RAILROAD TANK DYNAMITED

Strike Guard on Duty in California Shot—Machine Guns Placed.

Sacramento, Cal.—The Southern Pacific water tank at Newcastle, Placer county, 30 miles from Sacramento, was dynamited Monday night shortly after 9 o'clock, according to word sent to Sheriff Gum at Roseville.

According to the story, five men drove up to the tank in an automobile, planted the lighted charge beneath the tank and drove quickly away in the direction of Lincoln.

Roseville, Cal.—An employe of the Pacific Fruit Express company was shot here at 10 o'clock as he was working on the icing platform of the fruit company. He was rushed to the Southern Pacific emergency hospital.

Reports were conflicting as to who did the shooting. Strikers were reported to be stationed at points of vantage overlooking the loading platform. They were said to be armed.

At the hospital the man was recognized as William Westlake, 21, of San Francisco, who had been employed as a guard by the express company.

Westlake, according to information given out by the Southern Pacific officials, was the target for a fusillade of 17 shots fired in rapid succession from some distance.

Bloomington, Ill.—Three shots were fired at state troops guarding the Chicago & Alton shops shortly after midnight Monday. No trace of the person shooting was found.

Twenty-five men congregated at a strikers' picket post in front of a grocery store at the north end of the shops were ordered to disperse and a machine gun was set up to cover the strike pickets.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Neuman ordered the sentry details doubled and posted additional machine gun units at vantage points.

A sentry reported to the lieutenant-colonel that the strike pickets had warned two women who passed the store "to get out of the way, for the fireworks are about to start."

More than 2000 lined the "dead line" on the west and north sides of the shops and another 500 gathered at the depot. Rain which began falling shortly before 10 o'clock drove many to shelter.

Sentries pacing their posts were jostled and jeered by the crowd. At the main west side entrance to the shop 800 men, women and children formed along the sentry line and as fast as the guardsmen passed they crowded across the line. Guns with fixed bayonets were brought into play time and again, held horizontally, to force the jeering through back.

Powder Blast Kills One.

Tacoma, Wash.—Samuel W. Hanna, 32, was killed instantly Monday afternoon in an explosion at the Dupont de Nemours powder factory at Dupont, Wash., near here, which rocked South Tacoma and other nearby districts. No cause for the explosion could be given by factory officials.

The accident occurred in gelatin house No. 1, where it is estimated about 600 pounds of nitroglycerin was stored awaiting mixing. George McCune, oil trucker, had just delivered a load of oil and was returning to the oil storehouse with his rubber-tired truck when the explosion took place.

Four Girl Bathers Jailed.

Chicago.—Four young women, romping on Chicago's Oak-street bathing beach Sunday in one-piece bathing suits, were ordered from the beach by a police woman. They declined to interrupt their revels in the sand and a big patrol wagon came and took them away. Monday the quartet filed suit for an injunction against the city, contending that the upper half of their suits was no more décolleté than that of the usual evening gowns and that the lower half conformed with all the established requirements of 1922 athletic suits.

Chicago's Drouth Ended.

Chicago.—Chicago's 43-day drouth was ended early Monday, when a heavy rain struck all parts of the city. Some damage was caused by a high wind which accompanied the downpour. The rain followed the hottest day of the summer, the mercury registering 92 degrees. June was the driest sixth month in 82 years, according to weather bureau records, the total precipitation amounting to only .14 of an inch.

Unfilled Steel Orders Increase.

New York.—The monthly tonnage report of the United States Steel corporation, made public Monday, showed 5,625,531 tons of unfilled orders on hand June 30. This is an increase from May's unfilled orders, which totaled 5,254,228.

TROOPS MOBILIZE TO KEEP ORDER

Half Dozen States Assemble National Guards.

ILLINOIS BOY IS SHOT

Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Obtains Order Restraining Strikers Picketing Shops.

Chicago.—The calling out of troops in Illinois, the assembling of soldiers in half a dozen states and the intervention of the federal courts in the nation-wide strike of railway shopmen marked the close of the eighth day of the walkout Saturday night.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad obtained a federal injunction here restraining picketing at the Aurora shops, while earlier in the day an injunction was issued at New Orleans restraining strikers from interfering with trains on the Southern Pacific and at Council Bluffs, Iowa, the Burlington obtained a temporary restraining order directed against striking shopmen in southern Iowa.

A half dozen other railroads were expected to follow the lead of the Burlington here. Department of justice officials at Washington were investigating reports that strike disorders were interfering with the mails.

Lieutenant-Governor Sterling of Illinois ordered troops to Clinton, where an outbreak was threatened following a clash between Illinois Central guards and strike sympathizers in which a boy was killed and two men, one a striker, were injured.

One bright ray appeared through the threatening strike clouds when D. W. Helt, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Signalmen, announced that he would withhold strike orders to 14,000 signal men pending the preparation and submission of a program to the United States railroad labor board.

Mr. Helt's announcement was made following an all-day conference with W. L. McMenimen, labor member of the board. This was the second time within a week that members of the board have intervened to stop an addition to the strikers' ranks, walkout of 400,000 maintenance of way men having been postponed in this manner a few days ago.

With B. M. Jewell, head of the shop crafts, and the labor board each standing firm in the attitude that peace overtures must come from the other, the railroads were girding for the second week of the struggle, determined to maintain uninterrupted transportation and thus break the strike.

British Gold Received.

New York.—Gold bars, valued at \$2,500,000, arrived here on the steamship Berengaria Saturday consigned to J. P. Morgan & Co., of which the British treasury, of which the Morgan firm is the fiscal agent in this country. A similar shipment is on the way on another steamer. While the Morgan firm said it was not advised as to the purpose of the shipment, it is believed in financial circles that the British government is accumulating a supply of gold here for the purpose of using it in part payment of the \$125,000,000 interest on the war debt due in October.

Limited Train Derailed.

Topeka, Kan.—The Golden State limited, westbound, a Rock Island passenger train, left the track here at noon Sunday, just as it was leaving the Union Pacific tracks to cross the Rock Island bridge over the Kansas river.

The engine, mail car, baggage car and the front trucks of a third car left the tracks, but did not overturn. The track was torn up for some distance.

Tornado Sweeps Farms.

Bloomfield, Neb.—Several persons were injured, two seriously, Sunday, when a tornado tore a path through the farming community six miles west of here. The storm center was at the Rohrer farm, where all the buildings were wrecked. The property damage on this farm is estimated at \$12,000. Trees were torn up and crops badly damaged.

Outlaws Take \$4000.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Between \$4000 and \$5000 was obtained by two young outlaws who late Sunday in an elevator in a downtown office building, held up and robbed E. Hamlin and E. C. Harrison. The victims were collectors for the Puente Oil company.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Salem.—During the months of April, May and June, 94 permits for the appropriation of water from the various streams of Oregon were issued by Percy Cupper, state engineer.

Pendleton.—G. H. Foster of Portland will establish kennels at the Pendleton Rod and Gun club for the training of hunting dogs, according to announcement by the club president.

Salem.—M. Senders of Albany, head of M. Senders & Co., was elected president of the Willamette Valley Grain Dealers' association at its annual convention here Saturday. Mr. Senders succeeds C. B. Buchanan of Hillsboro.

Salem.—Announcement was made here Saturday of the employment of Arthur DeMitt of Port Huron, Mich., as plant manager for the Willamette Valley Flax & Hemp Growers' association. He will succeed Robert Crawford.

Salem.—H. J. Eberly, assistant state forester, returned here Saturday from Jackson county where he went to investigate a number of fires. Although there are a number of brush fires in Jackson county, Mr. Eberly said no timber had been destroyed.

Corvallis.—That \$50,000 was earned by students of the college last year is announced by Miss Lulu Howard, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. and head of the employment bureau. Miss Howard is furnishing all summer session students, who wish to work, with employment.

Salem.—Arthur Girod, aged 35 years, who disappeared from his home here recently, is being sought by the officers. The boy has not been seen by his parents since he left his home July 5. The father told the police that he may have accepted employment on a farm.

Hillsboro.—The extreme hot weather has ripened the loganberries in this community with lightning rapidity. The matter of the loss by reason of over-ripe berries, shrinkage from the heat and the dry soil cannot be met. However, a crisis has been shown to the community to exist.

Silverton.—It is reported by the Silverton farmers that not for years has the hay crop been as short as this season. The extreme dryness during maturing time is said to be the cause. The farmers are making every effort to fill their silos with green stuffs to ward off the promised shortage of feed.

Salem.—The annual report of the Oregon public service commission for the year 1920 has been printed and is now ready for distribution. Copies of the report will be sent to all corporations, utilities and individuals having business with or under the jurisdiction of the public service commission.

Bend.—The first carload of lambs for the Portland market to leave Central Oregon this year was shipped Saturday night by W. K. McCormack. They average between 65 and 70 pounds in weight. In the same train went three carloads of grass-fattened cattle, also the first of the season to leave Central Oregon.

Marshfield.—John Sturdivant, who died at his Myrtle Point home, had lived in Coos county for 49 years and was 88 years old. He was born in North Carolina and fought during the civil war with confederate troops. He came to Coos county in 1873 and became a rancher, homesteading in the neighborhood of Myrtle Point.

Salem.—The state highway commission, at a meeting to be held in Portland July 25, will consider bids for the disposal of state road bonds in the amount of \$1,000,000. Clackamas county road bonds in the aggregate of \$91,000, Douglas county road bonds totaling \$44,000 and city of Rainier street improvement bonds in the amount of \$697.37.

Pendleton.—More than 12 cars of "Earliest of All" potatoes from the Hermiston irrigated district will have been shipped over the northwest when the season on this potato is over in two weeks. Nearly a car a day is being graded and packed in lugs for shipment. The potatoes are nearly all grade first-class, according to Fred Bennion, county agent, and bring a better price in the markets than if they were shipped in bulk.

Hood River.—Reports of residents of northern Klickitat county, Washington, are to the effect that good progress is being made on the last few miles of a new Glenwood-Yakima road, and that the entire route will be open soon. Local folk, who contributed \$1000 toward the new Washington highway, declare the new route, which will cross the Klickitat river and the gorges of tributaries, will open up one of the most scenic sections of the northwest.

MARY MARIE

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R.H. LIVINGSTONE.

COPYRIGHT BY ELEANOR H. PORTER.

IN BOSTON

SYNOPSIS.—In a preface Mary Marie explains her apparent "double personality" and just why a "cross-current" and a "contradiction" she also tells her reasons for writing the diary—later to be called "The Diary of a Girl." The diary begins with her mother's account of her birth, which seems to be of interest to her father, who is a famous astronomer, less than a few stars which was discovered the same night. Her name is a compromise; her mother wanted to call her "Viola" and her father insisted on "Alice" Jane. The child quickly learned that her home was in some way different from those of her small friends, and was puzzled there. Nurse Sarah makes it plain why the household seemed a strange one to the child and how her father and mother drifted apart through misunderstanding, each too proud to in any way attempt to smooth over the situation. Mary tells of the time spent "out west" where the "perfectly all right and genteel" and "respectable" divorce seemed so happy. But this afternoon mother's (to her unaccountable behavior. By the court's decree the child is to spend six months of the year with her mother and six months with her father. Boston is Mother's home.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Everything seems awfully queer. Maybe because Father isn't here, for one thing. He wrote very polite and asked us to come to get our things, and he said he was going to New York on business for several days, so Mother need not fear he should annoy her with his presence. Then, another thing, Mother's queer. This morning she was singing away at the top of her voice and running all over the house picking up things she wanted; and seemed so happy. But this afternoon I found her down on the floor in the library crying as if her heart would break, with her head in Father's big chair before the fireplace. But she jumped up the minute I came in and said, no, no, she didn't want anything. She was just tired; that's all. And when I asked her if she was sorry, after all, that she was going to Boston to live, she said, no, no, no, indeed, she guessed she wasn't. She was just as glad as glad could be that she was going only she wished Monday would hurry up and come so we could be gone.

And that's all. It's a Saturday now, and we go just day after tomorrow. Our trunks are "most packed," and Mother says she wishes she'd planned to go today. I've said goodbye to all the girls, and promised to write loads of letters about Boston and everything. They are almost as excited as I am; and I've promised, "cross my heart and hope to die," that I won't love those Boston girls better than I do them—specially Carrie Heywood, of course, my dearest friend.

Nurse Sarah is hovering around everywhere, asking this and pretending she's sorry we're going. But she isn't sorry. She's glad. I know she is. She never did appreciate Mother, and she thinks she'll have everything her own way now. But she won't. I could tell her a thing or two if I wanted to. But I shan't.

Father's sister, Aunt Jane Anderson, from St. Paul, is coming to keep house for him, partly on account of Father, and partly on account of me. "If that child is going to be with her father six months of the time, she's got to have some woman there beside a meddling old nurse and a nosy servant girl!" They didn't know I heard that. But I did. And now Aunt Jane is coming. My! how mad Nurse Sarah would be if she knew. But she doesn't.

I guess I'll end this chapter here and begin a fresh one down in Boston. Oh, I do so wonder what it'll be like—Boston, Mother's home, Grandpa Desmond, and all the rest. I'm so excited I can hardly wait. You see, Mother never took me home with her but once, and then I was a very small child. I don't know why, but I guess Father didn't want me to go. It's safe to say he didn't, anyway. He never wants me to do anything hard. That's why I suspect him of not wanting me to go down to Grandpa Desmond's. And Mother didn't go only once, in ages.

Now this will be the end. And when I begin again it will be in Boston. Only think of it—really, truly Boston!

CHAPTER IV.

When I Am Marie.

Yes, I'm here. I've been here a week. But this is the first minute I've had a chance to write a word. I've been so busy just being here. And so has Mother. There's been such a lot

going on since we came. But I'll try now to begin at the beginning and tell what happened.

Well, first we got into Boston at four o'clock Monday afternoon, and there was Grandpa Desmond to meet us. He's lovely—tall and dignified, with grayish hair and merry eyes like Mother's, only his are behind glasses. At the station he just kissed Mother and me and said he was glad to see us, and led us to the place where Peter was waiting with the car. (Peter drives Grandpa's automobile, and he's lovely, too.)

Mother and Grandpa talked very fast and very lively all the way home, and Mother laughed quite a lot. But in the hall she cried a little, and Grandpa patted her shoulder, and said, "There, there," and told her how glad he was to get his little girl back, and that they were going to be very happy now and forget the past. And Mother said, yes, yes, indeed, she knew she was; and she was so glad to be there, and that everything was going to be just the same, wasn't it? Only—then all of a sudden she looked over at me and began to cry again—only, of course, things couldn't be "just the same," she choked, hurrying over to me and putting both arms around me, and crying harder than ever.

Then Grandpa came and hugged us both, and patted us, and said, "There, there," and pulled off his glasses and wiped them very fast and very hard.

But it wasn't only a minute or two before Mother was laughing again, and saying, "Nonsense!" and "The idea!" and this was a pretty way to introduce her little Marie to her new home!



Well, First We Got Into Boston at Four O'clock Monday Afternoon, and There Was Grandpa Desmond to Meet Us.

Then she hurried me to the dearest little room I ever saw, right out of hers, and took off my things. Then we went all over the house. And it was just as lovely as can be—not at all like Father's in Andersonville.

Oh, Father's is fine and big and handsome, and all that, of course; but not like this. His is just a nice place to eat and sleep in, and go to when it rains. But this—this you just want to live in all the time. Here there are curtains 'way up and sunshine, and flowers in pots, and magazines, and cozy nooks with cushions everywhere; and books that you've just been reading laid down. (All Father's books are in bookcases, always, except while one's in your hands being read.)

Grandpa's other daughter, Mother's sister, Hattie, lives here and keeps house for Grandpa. She has a little boy named Lester, six years old; and her husband is dead. They were away for what they called a week-end when we came, but they got here a little after we did Monday afternoon; and they're lovely, too.

We have dinner at night here, and I've been to the theater twice already in the afternoon. I've got to go to school next week, Mother says, but so far I've just been having a good time. And so's Mother. Honestly, it has just seemed as if Mother couldn't crowd the days full enough. She hasn't been still a minute.

Lots of her old friends have been to see her; and when there hasn't been anybody else around she's taken Peter and had him drive us all over Boston to see things—all kinds of things; Bunker Hill and museums, and moving pictures, and one play.

But we didn't stay at the play. It started out all right, but pretty soon a man and a woman on the stage began to quarrel. They were married (not

really, but in the play, I mean), and I guess it was more of that incompatibility stuff. Anyhow, as they began to talk more and more, Mother began to fidget, and pretty soon I saw she was gathering up our things; and the minute the curtain went down after the first act, she says: "Come, dear, we're going home. It isn't very warm here."

As if I didn't know what she was really leaving for! Do old folks honestly think they are fooling us all the time, I wonder? But even if I hadn't known then, I'd have known it later, for that evening I heard Mother and Aunt Hattie talking in the library.

No, I didn't listen. I heard. And that's a very different matter. You listen when you mean to, and that's sneaking. You hear when you can't help yourself, and that you can't be blamed for. Sometimes it's your good luck, and sometimes it's your bad luck—just according to what you hear!

Well, I was in the window-seat in the library reading when Mother and Aunt Hattie came in; and Mother was saying:

"Of course I came out! Do you suppose I'd have had that child see that play, after I realized what it was? As if she hadn't had enough of such wretched stuff already, in her short life! Oh, Hattie, Hattie, I want that child to laugh, to sing, to fairly tingle with the joy of living every minute that she is with me. I know so well what she has had, and what she will have—in that—tomb. You know in six months she goes back—"

Mother saw me then, I know; for she stopped right off short, and after a moment began to talk of something else, very fast. And pretty quick she went out into the hall again.

"Dear little Mother! Bless her old heart! Isn't she the dearest dear to want me to have all the good times possible now so as to make up for the six months I've got to be with Father? You see, she knows what it is to live with Father even better than I do."

But I know now why I've been having such a perfectly beautiful time all this week, and why Mother has been filling every minute so full of fun and good times. Why, even when we're at home here, she's always hunting up little Lester and getting him to have a romp with us.

But of course next week I've got to go to school, and it can't be quite so jolly then. Well, I guess that's all for this time.

ABOUT A MONTH LATER

I didn't make a chapter of that last. It wasn't long enough. And, really, I don't know as I've got much to add to it now. There's nothing much happened.

I go to school now, and don't have so much time for fun. School's pretty good, and there are two or three girls 'most as nice as the ones at Andersonville. But not quite. Out of school Mother keeps things just as lively as ever, and we have beautiful times. Mother is having a lovely time, with her own friends, too. Seems as if there is always some one here when I get home, and lots of times there are teas and parties, and people to dinner.

There are gentlemen, too. I suppose one of them will be Mother's lover by and by; but of course I don't know which one yet. I'm awfully interested in them, though. And of course it's perfectly natural that I should be. Wouldn't you be interested in the man that was going to be your new father? Well, I just guess you would! Anybody would.

There are quite a lot of them, and they're all different. They'd make very different kinds of fathers, I'm sure, and I'm afraid I wouldn't like some of them. But, after all, it's Mother that ought to settle which to have—not me. She's the lovely time, with her own friends, too. Seems as if there is always some one here when I get home, and lots of times there are teas and parties, and people to dinner.

There are quite a lot of them, and they're all different. They'd make very different kinds of fathers, I'm sure, and I'm afraid I wouldn't like some of them. But, after all, it's Mother that ought to settle which to have—not me. She's the lovely time, with her own friends, too. Seems as if there is always some one here when I get home, and lots of times there are teas and parties, and people to dinner.

There are quite a lot of them, and they're all different. They'd make very different kinds of fathers, I'm sure, and I'm afraid I wouldn't like some of them. But, after all, it's Mother that ought to settle which to have—not me. She's the lovely time, with her own friends, too. Seems as if there is always some one here when I get home, and lots of times there are teas and parties, and people to dinner.

There are quite a lot of them, and they're all different. They'd make very different kinds of fathers, I'm sure, and I'm afraid I wouldn't like some of them. But, after all, it's Mother that ought to settle which to have—not me. She's the lovely time, with her own friends, too. Seems as if there is always some one here when I get home, and lots of times there are teas and parties, and people to dinner.

There are quite a lot of them, and they're all different. They'd make very different kinds of fathers, I'm sure, and I'm afraid I wouldn't like some of them. But, after all, it's Mother that ought to settle which to have—not me. She's the lovely time, with her own friends, too. Seems as if there is always some one here when I get home, and lots of times there are teas and parties, and people to dinner.

There are quite a lot of them, and they're all different. They'd make very different kinds of fathers, I'm sure, and I'm afraid I wouldn't like some of them. But, after all, it's Mother that ought to settle which to have—not me. She's the lovely time, with her own friends, too. Seems as if there is always some one here when I get home, and lots of times there are teas and parties, and people to dinner.

There are quite a lot of them, and they're all different. They'd make very different kinds of fathers, I'm sure, and I'm afraid I wouldn't like some of them. But, after all, it's Mother that ought to settle which to have—not me. She's the lovely time, with her own friends, too. Seems as if there is always some one here when I get home, and lots of times there are teas and parties, and people to dinner.

There are quite a lot of them, and they're all different. They'd make very different kinds of fathers, I'm sure, and I'm afraid I wouldn't like some of them. But, after all, it's Mother that ought to settle which to have—not me. She's the lovely time, with her own friends, too. Seems as if there is always some one here when I get home, and lots of times there are teas and parties, and people to dinner.

There are quite a lot of them, and they're all different. They'd make very different kinds of fathers, I'm sure, and I'm afraid I wouldn't like some of them. But, after all, it's Mother that ought to settle which to have—not me. She's the lovely time, with her own friends, too. Seems as if there is always some one here when I get home, and lots of times there are teas and parties, and people to dinner.

There are quite a lot of them, and they're all different. They'd make very different kinds of fathers, I'm sure, and I'm afraid I wouldn't like some of them. But, after all, it's Mother that ought to settle which to have—not me. She's the lovely time, with her own friends, too. Seems as if there is always some one here when I get home, and lots of times there are teas and parties, and people to dinner.