

JOY'S COMING

By MILDRED WHITE.

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Big Tom stood gazing absently through the window of his crude office in the wood. His mother had distinguished him by this name, from the frail Tom, who was his father. Now that both were gone, the faithful son awakened bitterly to a sense of his own loneliness. With the cheery mother awaiting him each evening in the neat cottage home, this busy life among rough lumbermen had seemed neither profitless nor dull. Big Tom dreaded poignantly his evenings. He wondered, if he might not arrange to leave the work here, and go to a more companionable field in the city. But whom could he trust to carry on his great interests, which had grown to remarkable success? No, the life which he had been obliged to take up when his father's declining health made work no longer possible, must still be the life which would hold his fretting spirit. And as he gazed with somber eyes through the opening between the trees, he beheld an unbelievable thing; a girl's figure advancing rapidly toward him.

The girl, dropping her suit case before the office door, and sounding a tentative knock answered the question. To Tom's astonished stare, she gave a wistful smile. "If you please," asked the wonder-girl, "will you direct me to a hotel—or boarding house?" she added at his evident glance of dismay. "I left the train at the last stop, and have walked, searching upon my way. The place is less populated than I thought."

"Come in," said Big Tom, cordially. Before this girl's diffidence his self-consciousness vanished.

"Why did you come?" Tom asked abruptly.

The girl's crystal clear eyes met his frankly. "I came to hide away from a man," she replied, "and I left the train at the most isolated spot I could find. I hoped,—impatiently she brushed the tears from her fringed lids,—to find work here. Stenography perhaps, and support myself."

Big Tom whistled. "You know your own business of course," he said, "but don't you think you'd better go back. Surely there is some other way—"

"This is the only way," the girl answered decidedly.

"If it's the only way," he said briskly, "and you are determined in it, why, you may become my typist, this minute. I'll be almighty relieved to find one. Even in this wilderness I'm a busy man. And there's my mother's cottage, all ready for you to keep house in. It will be pleasant to think of you there, sort of keeping things going."

"And you?" asked the girl breathlessly, "where will you be?"

"Why, right here," Mr. Tom replied. "I bunk here now half the time."

So the plan worked out like a happy fairy tale, and the new arrangement of affairs ran smoothly, as affairs were wont to run, with Big Tom's planning. The girl bade him call her "Joy"; "Because she had put her sorrows behind her," she said.

His love for her grew to a sort of reverence. In Joy, was personified all the beauty and truth and purity of the book women whom Tom had worshipped; almost the only women that he had cared to know. And every day, little Joy, singing about her neat cottage, or over the books in the cabin office, grew more and more into the very spirit of her name. It was then that Rawlings of the city end of the business came out to the forests to consult personally with Tom Hereford. And when Rawlings faced Tom's little stenographer he stammered in what he was saying and left the room patently perturbed. Big Tom's troubled eyes noted Joy's sudden pallor, and when Rawlings had gone she came to him with a gesture of resignation. "I will have to leave you, Big Tom," she said wearily.

"Rawlings is not the man you are hiding from?" he asked sharply.

Joy shook her head. "He will send the other man to find me," she told him.

Suddenly, she was sobbing. "You don't understand, Tom dear," she cried, "the man I ran away from, was my promised husband."

Instantly his arms released her, acutely his eyes held hers.

"Listen," the girl went on, "I was for years secretary to a wealthy woman who loved and trusted me. Before she died, she begged me to marry her only son, that I might guard her fortune and convert him from recklessness to wisdom. I agreed, only when I thought that he loved me. He was winningly attractive in a young girl's eyes, and I also thought—Oh! Tom how could I ever have thought—that I cared for him; we agreed before witnesses that we should be married as soon as the requirements of the will were adjusted.

Dazedly Big Tom turned to answer the telephone. When he replaced the receiver, he swung about and held out his arms.

"Joy of my life," cried Tom exultantly, "you don't have to go back. You are not going back, until you go, as my wife. That was Rawlings; he called to say that the man you ran away from is married and already he has taken steps to secure his mother's money."

"He can have it all," said Joy eagerly.

Big Tom laughed. "Reckon I've got enough for you honey," he said.

A SMILE OR TWO.

Sugar stocks are going up, but not on consumers' shelves.

If years go by contraries 1929 ought to bring many blessings.

Liberty bonds will not bite the possessor. Wild-cat securities do.

For a troubled conscience try shoveling the snow off your sidewalk.

A lump of coal for a lump of sugar may prove about an even trade.

Talking about the coal situation also helps to keep many of us warm.

If your sweetheart turns low the light, cheer up! She's but conserving coal.

The coal situation continues to stimulate production in typewriter supplies.

Liberty bonds are best in the long run even if the government is retiring them.

"Operators Can Not Raise Price of Coal," and neither can a lot of the consumers.

The last glimmering ray of hope is gone. The kick is to be taken out of hair tonics.

When mothers demand an eight-hour day then the world may as well give up the ghost.

Sales of jewelry have doubled in Paris, and this with no rush of American tourists.

The coal shortage has crowded the sugar shortage into the background of public interest.

It is a cost of living, it might be said, under which it is the easiest thing in the world to get her father to consent to his daughter's hand in marriage.

Tailors say the reason prices are high is that pocket-makers, for instance, are getting \$70 a week. What, for instance, is the good of a pocket?

Japan is said to be giving Swiss officers a big bonus to join her army. Switzerland might reciprocate and give Japanese officers a bonus to serve in her navy.

Fluctuations in the stock market may interest a few speculatively inclined persons, but the thing we are interested in is the fluctuation of sugar prices in the first page headlines.

The influx of wolves into Manitoba is interpreted by the trappers as a forecast of an excessively severe winter. But we prefer to pin our faith to the bears of New York state, who are said to predict a mild one.

Girls inclined to be particular should remember that 5,000 British women are scheduled to come to this country next year in search of husbands.

British mothers-in-law are forbidden by law to visit "the children" more than a month at a stretch. This is flagrant denial of self-determination.

None of those German statesmen are sorry for anything connected with the U-boat campaign except that it failed.

The Columbia professor who says a family of five can eat on \$11.99 a week has never lived in this little old town.

Many a nervous householder would now find the rattling of coal down the chute to the bin as soothing as a symphony.

Marie Morrissey.

Miss Marie Morrissey, whose concert Tuesday, May 4, promises to be one of the most delightful of the season, insists that her voice was not always received with the same favor as it is today.

It seems that Miss Morrissey has always been determined to sing. And when she was a little girl she used to lift up her voice and carol loudly for the edification of herself and all the neighbors.

One day the policeman on the beat passed Miss Morrissey's house and hearing strange sounds issuing forth, he finally concluded to investigate.

He was a good policeman, was Pat, and he took an interest in all the affairs of the street. So he presented himself to Miss Morrissey's mother.

"Madame," he said "is that your child?" Miss Morrissey ceased her singing long enough to hear her mother admit the relationship.

"Well, Madame," said Pat, "What in the world is the matter with her to make her cry all the time."

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