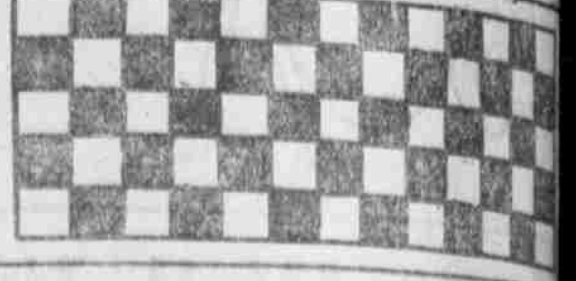
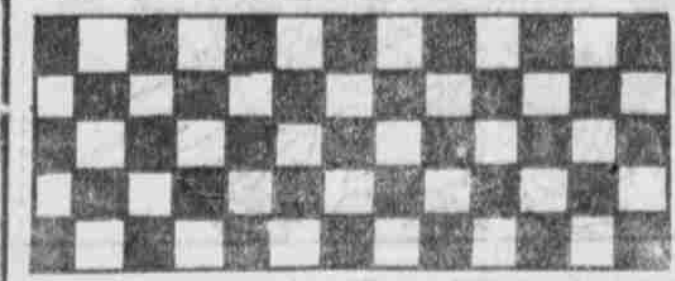


Stories of Adventures in Love



OB CASS rose at 4 o'clock that morning to milk. He had been rising at 4 o'clock in summer and 5 in winter for twenty years to milk. He had not missed once.

It was a gray day. As he went out with the milk pail a dripping, sticky fog closed about him. He could see no more than half of his five acres. They were the best five acres in the world. He had felt that when he bargained for the place, and the belief had strengthened toward conviction with each payment. The last had brought his legal ownership up to \$2,000.

There was \$1,000 more. Another ten years would see that paid. Then they would have an easy old age.

That was the future.

Job's father had never owned land, nor his father's father, nor his wife's people. They had been laborers.

So they two had been slowly and prosperously. The fact kept them glowing and happy and neighborly. In their old age they would rent the lower part of the house and live in the three small upper rooms. And they would continue to sell berries from their bushes and vines and raise chickens.

But more than all to Job, was the thought that his wife should take in no more washing. He had promised to

care for her when they were married and had done so as well as he could. But the washing had come in, somehow. With the last payment they should stop. He would raise his hand with the first emphatic command of his life. The determination had kept a little twinkle of anticipation in Job's eyes for years.

This morning the sticky fog was so thick that he almost touched the side of his red cow before he knew she was speeding toward the front lot with wild bounds, so thick, even, that his foot struck a small animal in the path without knowing it was there.

The knowledge came instantly, however, and the identity also. It stifled Job's breath and made him choke and sneeze. But a greater horror possessed him and he ran to the front, only to feel rather than see the frightened cow make a clean jump into the road. Somehow Job threw himself over the fence without looking for the gate. Then came a deafening rush and roar, followed by a sickening thud.

Job thought only of the cow. With a tremendous bound he flung himself forward. His feet slid along a board, one hand clutched the edge of something, a strong grip fastened upon his shoulder and hauled him over into the rush and roar. He felt himself being swept on through space.

"Pi-heu!" he heard a voice choke. "What you got there? Throw it out, quick!"

"Can't, now," another voice answered. "It's a man dropped down from a tree or somewhere. But we haven't a second to spare, had we don't want a dead man to call attention to us just now. We're a little late as it is, and we've only twenty minutes to make it up in. We want to be there exactly on time. When we ease up we'll pitch the fellow out. But don't he stink?"

Job tried to rise, but couldn't. He was dizzy. He had never been in an automobile before and he knew he was going straight to destruction. His cow was dead, but he had the milk pail and he clutched it tightly.

After thirty minutes, with a howl of protest the machine suddenly stopped. They were under trees, in a wood.

"Now pitch it out," wheezed a choking voice. "Quick, so I can get my breath."

A watchful hand fell upon Job's shoulder, a determined foot and leg crowded him from behind. But at that moment something plunged in on the other side of the car, and an angry voice blazed out:

"Seven minutes late, when every minute counts! Give me room, and get away from here quicker than you ever covered a distance before. And, phew, got a skunk in here?"

"Did you get it?" "Did you get it?" the two men in the car questioned hoarsely.

"Of course," snapped the newcomer. "Do I ever fall? It's in this bag. Now move!"

What was probably the bag dropped into the car with a clinking sound. The hand and leg did their work of

The pail was held carefully, without thought of its contents. Once he heard approaching footsteps, but before they got near enough for speaking their owner uttered an exclamation of disgust and dodged to the oth-



MARIA.

hurting Job viciously into the road. The car snorted and rushed off. Job was left alone with his pail. His legs were numb. He stepped up and down for nearly five minutes, and then started toward home.

er side of the road muttering to himself.

"Must think I'm a wild beast or something," Job grumbled to himself, or maybe a skunk.

When at last he reached home the

brushed through the gate. He had a' believed ye could get me (thataway Job. But what I wash on the pail. All that stuff rubbin' ag'in the milk it for milk."

After the milk was carried to the one layer of the burdock.

Job advertised three weeks of one. Then he went back lawyer. "Ain't showed up yet," announced anxiously.

"Then there ain't no more you," the lawyer declared quickly. "Or if there is there it proper to make them. Now I'll walk back with count the pailful of money my fee. That'll be low."

He took an exact half. But er half was more than Job ria had ever dreamed of. In a month's time he was so much wealth in the eyes of not kept a cool head and thieves and trespassers.

But they took from it enough ish paying for the five acres held up his head with the news and said no more ought should ever pass through None ever did. As writing appear in Maria's forehead appeared from her back. Which is the way of wealth

Losing One's Head

By Annette Angert



"TELL you men show more presence of mind than women," emphatically asserted Harold Chadwick.

"I'll acknowledge that when it comes to suffering and bearing pain calmly, a woman has it over a man, but in time of accident or emergency, nine times out of ten, a woman loses her head and goes all to pieces."

"Not so, Harold," gayly contradicted his sister, Lillian. "When you burned yourself so badly last week, didn't I show presence of mind by hustling for the soda and binding up your burn?"

"Oh, well," laughed her brother, "that didn't really require much presence of mind. But if something serious or sudden should come up requiring a cool head—while mamma was away—I'll wager a box of chocolates

that you wouldn't be there with the goods."

"No doubt our self-controlled Harold would, though," quietly observed his father who had come up unobserved and had overheard his son's last remark. This slightly sarcastic fling of Mr. Chadwick's brought forth appreciative grins from Clarence and Lillian, but Harold flushed with annoyance—he had no idea his father was within hearing.

"Of course I don't want anything bad to happen," said Lillian as her father walked away. "but I hope I'll have a chance to get that box of chocolates." Knowing his sister's weakness for the sweets, Harold grinned aggravatingly.

That night while the family was quietly reading, Harold, who was scanning a newspaper, suddenly burst forth in triumphant tones. "There, Sis, what did I tell you? Here's an account

of an accident that proves the truth of what I was saying this morning. Listen: 'Mother loses head when her 3-year-old child gets clothes afire.' Here she lost all control of herself and rushed, screaming, into the street, leaving the poor child to her fate. Wasn't that awful? Now if the father or brother had been there—"

Harold never finished his sentence for he happened to look up just then and glance at his mother, who was smiling in a way that made him feel uncomfortable. He had a feeling that she was thinking of that day she fainted away when she and Harold were alone. He was so scared and frustrated that he didn't have the wit to try to revive his mother by dashing cold water on her face, but rushed down to the woods where his father was at work, shrieking, "Papa, come up to the house, quick, mamma's dead!"

When the startled man, hot and panting, reached the house, he found

his wife sitting at the kitchen table, peeling potatoes. (Harold inwardly called his parents "bricks" for not giving him away.)

One morning a few days after the conversation at the opening of this story, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick started away with farm produce to make their weekly trip to the village.

"Finish mowing that five-acre lot," he said to Harold before leaving. "You Clarence, may do any hand mowing that needs to be done."

Lillian, busy at work in the kitchen, soon heard the noisy clock-click of the mowing machine in the field back of the house. An hour later, as she was sliding a tin of cookies in the oven, Harold, white-faced and trembling, burst into the kitchen.

"Clarence's cut him awfully with the scythe," he gasped, "and he's bleeding to death!"

Almost before he had finished speak-

ing, Lillian had bolted from the house and was speeding for the scene of accident. As she ran, she snatched off her apron and tore a strip from it. When she reached the place, Clarence was lying unconscious on the ground with the blood spurting in bright, red jets from an ugly wound in his leg which he had bared.

"An artery!" ejaculated Lillian, her face blanching.

"Oh, he'll bleed to death!" wailed Harold who was close behind his sister. "What shall we do?"

"Stop your noise and give me your jack-knife," sharply ordered his sister. She worked coolly, yet with lightning movements, cutting away the clothing from the injured boy's leg.

"Get me a small stick," was her next command to the thoroughly scared and helpless Harold. With the strip of apron she made a binding above the wound, tying the ends of the string to-

gether. The nervy girl then inserted the stick into the band and kept twisting it tighter and tighter, until the blood ceased flowing.

"Run over to Mr. Smith's quick, and ask them to telephone for the doctor and papa and mamma," she commanded. "I'll stay here with Clarence until you bring help. Hustle now!"

As Harold "hustled" away, he thought of his senseless talk about women losing their heads in time of emergency, and realized with a feeling of shame that the very thing of which he had accused them, he had been guilty of.

The neighbors hastily constructed a rude stretcher on which the still unconscious Clarence was placed and carried to the house.

When the doctor arrived 15 minutes earlier than the anxious parents, he found his patient conscious, and a very pale but self-possessed young lady sit-



ting by his side.

"Knew just what to do," approved the doctor, as he bent in the wound. "He'd had in five minutes if this young man not kept a cool head and 'first aid to the injured.'"

Lillian glanced shyly at whose face was a mixture of tion and chagrin. He grandly and made a motion of something into his mouth. He understood and returned grin.

That evening Harold made the village on his wheel. He turned, he stalked into the room and dumped three boxes of chocolates into his lap, saying as he did so, "On me, Sis. I take back all I talk about women losing their heads. For nerve, grit, and coolness, my charming sister is cake—and the chocolates."

for whatever life might bring forth. My sister, your Aunt Ruth, and I always took turns in going father's shirts every week. He would never send any work to a laundry, as he disliked to have clothing washed in a general washing. He had a laundry, too, who did the family work; but our individual clothing and some plain ironing and always fathers shirts we girls did."

"And yet grandpa kept servants who did everything?"

"Yes; there were servants, but my mother was a model housekeeper, not a nasty-temper woman, but orderly and economical, and she oversaw every bit of work in her home. Everything went like clockwork. I remember that we had the same set of servants for years—Jane, the cook; Elise, the chambermaid, and black Nancy, the laundress, and the two men about the

stables—but my mother herself was a very busy woman and she enjoyed her life so much. There, dear, these are all packed, and now we will have tea. I have your favorite sponge rolls."

"You dear little mamma, and with all you have to do. Never mind, in a few weeks I shall be through school, and then I can help all of the time and learn to do those shirts, too," she added.

"It's mostly lingerie and waists; these happen to be the only shirts that I have seen done out of a laundry for years. I think that they must belong to some very old-fashioned gentleman like my own father," with a barely perceptible tremor in her voice, "as all men have their work done at the laundry nowadays."

"Mother, dear," spoke up Frances impulsively, "please tell me about my

grandfather. You always speak as if you loved him, and yet you say so little that I have never liked to ask. Is he alive, and if so why do we never see him?"

"He is alive, dear, and I do not suppose that he cares to see me; at least I have always felt that way. It happened this way: He had business trouble with a friend of his who was dishonest, and father always thought that his son Robert must be like him and not to be trusted; so he forbade me to see him, and with the usual result that I married him. But I have never regretted it one little minute, and your dear father left us well provided for if his partner had been honest, so my lawyer said, but they could prove nothing. And after your father's death I tried writing for the magazines and that failed. I was too tired to give my imagination full scope. I

guess, because I used to have articles accepted when I was a girl and had no need of the money; so I turned my hand to the only work that I was sure of a living from. We have you pretty nearly through school, so it isn't all a failure; but I feel so sorry that you cannot enter a normal school or college this fall. I have been hoping against hope that something might turn up, in a rather hopeless tone.

"And so something may yet. I haven't given up at all."

"Little Pollyanna," said Mrs. Burnham fondly, "and now I must sprinkle these for morning, and you must carry all orders tonight."

"And your fussy old man will get his shirts, too." And laughingly Frances took the box and started.

The next morning in a distant part

of the city an old gentleman sat leisurely eating his breakfast in a splendidly appointed dining room, when a servant entered, bearing his morning's mail and the laundry work. H. Lawrence Chase, although worth hundreds of thousands and in no way a mean man, would insist upon inspecting all outside work and paying the bills himself.

"A man should not have so much nor so many businesses that he cannot personally supervise each," he was wont to remark.

"Fine work, fine work," he exclaimed upon examining, "and from a strange laundress, too. I will call and settle this little bill and see if she can send my work to the beach for the next few weeks." And he hurried down to the waiting motor.

"A motor at the door, mamma; I'll



go," exclaimed Frances, who was sitting around preparing for the gentleman to see you," she returned.

Mrs. Burnham hurriedly from the kitchen, exclaiming, "Oh, my own grandpa, I haven't even seen him for years. We just have good times with him. And H. Lawrence looked thought they might."

when you were a girl, and you must have learned afterward," exclaimed Frances Burnham as she folded the laundry work which her mother had just finished.

"Oh, but I did have to do just those things when I was a girl. My father and mother belonged to the old school. Father thought that no matter what your financial circumstances were, all boys and girls must be taught to do all ordinary work so as to be prepared

for whatever life might bring forth. My sister, your Aunt Ruth, and I always took turns in going father's shirts every week. He would never send any work to a laundry, as he disliked to have clothing washed in a general washing. He had a laundry, too, who did the family work; but our individual clothing and some plain ironing and always fathers shirts we girls did."

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The next morning in a distant part

She Loved Billy

By Enos Emory



"Hello, Kitty, come in," he called gayly, and hesitatingly I obeyed.

"Where's dad?" I asked, looking about the room.

"Gone to refill the humidifier," Billy replied, "we've smoked it dry." He bent over me, smiling. A few whispered words and my heart leaped and jumped so outrageously I just had to hold it back.

"Really," I exclaimed.

"Honor bright."

"Oh, oh," I laughed and tried to hide my face. Presently, we heard father's step, and I scurried out the nearest door. I continued on my way downstairs. Robert was awaiting me at the foot. His air of possession was repellent. Anyone would think he owned

the sickly little mustache that he fondled so continually. "Robert," I said peevishly, "I detest mustaches. You must shave yours right off."

Robert paled alarmingly and I hastened to reassure him. "Oh, not just now, but tomorrow." His hand stole to his face sort of feebly. "You mean for me to sacrifice—"

"Yes," I interrupted crisply, "and if you really loved me as you say you do you wouldn't hesitate a moment. So there."

"But Kitty, my dear girl, be reasonable."

"Very well, then," I retorted, "we're just friends hereafter. There's Edna Martin over there alone. She just dates on men with mustaches. So I

turned away with a sigh of relief only to run straight into big, blonde Archie. At the sight of his huge bulk my blood ran hot and cold. And his eyes held the strangest expression. He took my arm and led me to a secluded corner. We seated ourselves and I noticed Archie seemed greatly agitated. He touched my hand gently. I drew away. He leaned towards me good-naturedly and I pulled still farther away. "Do you believe in love, Kitty?" he asked earnestly. I became disgusted. A fat man talking about love. "Why, it seemed sacrilegious," Archie continued; "I mean love at first sight. All evening there has been but one face before me." I squealed and knocked a tabouret over as I slid up

and twisted the fingers of my hand until I had succeeded in pulling the crystal of promise so tight that it burst in four places. I felt a sharp pain. "Oh, that touch. I feel like a fool to look up to recognize the touch in the world, even if I were blind, yes, I believe I would even if I were dead. But I won't touch."

"Come," he was saying to my father and mother as they entered the big plant in the stairs. They are waiting for their blessing.

And as I started to go

"What's the matter, a mouse?"

"No-nothing," I replied, idiotically. He cleared his throat and I groaned in resignation as I desperately began building a barricade between us with my roses. Suddenly, he reached forward and parted the foliage before us. "Look," he exclaimed excitedly, pointing through the space thus made, "see that beautiful woman there in the red dress. Oh, what a perfect creature."

"Yes, yes," I fairly screamed, "that's my Aunt Helen, just on from Wash- ington, and her dress isn't red, it's coral. She's the loveliest, dearest—oh, come on." and recklessly I pulled him across the floor to Aunt Helen, almost bumping their heads together in my eagerness. Surely they were made for

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