

Natalie of the Neighborhood House.

By CECILY ALLEN

Neighborhood House was Natalie's charity by inheritance. Her mother had founded it and had met the deficiencies in its exchequer from time to time. Natalie was not sentimental, but her mother's pathetic anxiety about Neighborhood House during her last illness had touched the girl, whose life had been devoted to the pursuit of pleasure.

Why Natalie should turn to the Neighborhood House in her hour of hurt pride only Providence could explain. To her the working girls toward whose comfort, education and pleasure her checks had contributed might as well have been in Persia or China, so little did she know them. In a vague sort of way she thought of them as moles who came out of their holes at night and blinking, even dully, enjoyed such pleasure as women of her kind provided for them.

So when she came upon Maggie Connolly face downward in the pillow of a cozy corner on that hot June Saturday, when all the rest of the Neighborhood girls had gone picnicking, she stood looking down upon the tearful one with strange, brooding eyes.

"My dear girl," she began, with that gentle air of patronage which is the



MAGGIE SEATED AT HER SEWING MACHINE WITH WOODEN.

refined cruelty of the rich toward the sensitive souls among the poor, "what has happened? Have you hurt yourself? Have you lost your purse?"

Maggie was nothing if not democratic. She did not ask Miss Natalie Burgess who she was or what she was doing there.

"Tom Devery's gone to the beach with that bleach blond at the next machine, Polly Maguire. Get that, will you?"

"But you must know lots of other young men who would be glad to take you to the beach. I saw them hanging on the cars like flies."

Maggie, who had wiped her eyes, now turned her scornful gaze upon her would be comforter.

"I don't want to go with those fellows. I want just Tom."

The sudden break in her voice, the sudden gathering of mist over her blue eyes, brought revelation to the petted daughter of millions.

"I want just Tom."

It was like an echo from the night before.

Not that she had put it into words. Not that she had so much as admitted to herself that she wanted to see one Thomas Witherspoon Brainard. But suddenly, like a flash of lightning across a dark landscape, she saw the panorama of her own heart.

She wanted Tom, the other tall, clean cut Tom, and she had always wanted him.

"What came between you and Tom?" she asked.

"What came between us? What comes between every girl like me and what she wants—trouble. Working overtime till I'm that ugly you can't cross your fingers at me, and the two children sick at home, and mother taking all I earn—I know she can't help that—and me so shabby in clothes no man would want to take me to the beach, and Tom is that particular. And Polly Maguire—she can spend all her wages on herself. She's got a new organdie that you can see through to the pink silk slip. Oh—"

"But if she's wearing that to the beach she is dressed in very poor taste," said Natalie severely. "And a man who will forget you because your clothes are shabby is really not worth fretting for."

Maggie sat up very straight.

"What do you know about wanting clothes? I bet you've got a dress for every day in the year, and when he comes you have an awful time thinking which one he'd like best, 'cause you've got so many. But when you haven't one good dress to your name and things go wrong at the factory—and, well, I said a few things and he said some, and he threw me down."

For a few moments Natalie Burgess sat quietly stroking the head of her

newly acquired acquaintance and who had once more retired to the questionable comfort of the cushion. Then very gently she said:

"Don't cry any more, Maggie. I guess being thrown down is something most women have to bear some time in their lives. It was not a question of dress with me, and I am quite sure I had said nothing. We never had a word. He just left town and never even said goodby."

Maggie stared at her, speechless with wonder. Her own troubles were forgotten. Some man had "thrown down" this radiant creature in soft gray silk and shimmering plumes!

"We are going to my house, Maggie, and find a dress for you that will quite outshine Polly's organdie, because it will be much more appropriate, and then we are going to the picnic, and you are going to mingle with the young people as if Tom Devery did not exist, and when he comes to make up with you, as he surely will, you are going to meet him halfway. Do you understand?"

Talk about Cinderella and the ball! Her experiences were as nothing when compared to Maggie Connolly's trip that afternoon. The wonderful rows of clothes—presses which open when Miss Burgess' maid touched a button, the many linen frocks from which it was hard to select just the trimmest one for Maggie, and then the selection of shoes and hats and gloves, for the two girls were nearly of one size.

And at last the spin to the beach in Miss Burgess' car, the routing of Polly Maguire and the recapture of Tom Devery! In her excitement Maggie almost forgot her benefactress.

But Natalie did not forget Maggie and traced her through the Neighborhood House to her home.

Maggie's Tom had come back, and Maggie loved the whole world! So when Miss Burgess questioned her about working girls and their privations Maggie glowed and dilated on the good the Neighborhood House had done them all.

From the Neighborhood House and its privileges it was a short step to the need of a vacation hotel for girls, and almost before Maggie knew what happened she and Tom, now her abject slave, were whirled away one Saturday in Miss Burgess' machine to look over a neglected hotel estate in a once fashionable seaside colony.

Natalie Burgess knew the value of her money, and she also knew the value of a shrewd assistant like Maggie, who understood girls and their problems. So it happened that the Neighborhood House opened a summer annex at West Shore, and Maggie Connolly resigned her post at the factory to become Natalie's representative in the new establishment.

"Natalie of the Neighborhood House," her friends called her now and laughed at her caprice. And at the summer annex of the Neighborhood House Thomas Witherspoon Brainard found her one lovely fall day, shortly after his return from Vienna, where he had gone abruptly to complete his medical studies.

The idea of Natalie, the self centered, hobnobbing with factory girls rather tickled his fancy.

Maggie was packing the summer fittings. Natalie was sitting in an open window, swinging her trim feet and laughing at Maggie's enthusiasm. But she had been helping, too, and her sleeves were rolled up, her eyes bright, her cheeks flushed, as she turned to meet Brainard.

Feminine intuition told Maggie that this was the psychological moment for her to pack up what few groceries were left in the storeroom. What happened during her absence is not necessary to set forth here, but as she slipped back to remind her patron that twilight was falling and the car was waiting to take them back to town she heard Thomas Witherspoon Brainard say contritely:

"Can you ever forgive me for imagining that you were a vain, selfish, useless sort of doll that could never understand or help a struggling physician? I don't deserve you, dearest. I was a thick headed fool!"

Maggie went out on the porch and sank upon the top step.

"Does the man live who throws you down that can't be won back?" she asked herself happily, for how could Maggie know that the glorious Natalie had won happiness through her humble self?

Still Searching.

He was young and debonaire and was seen about the water front looking for an old sailor, says the Philadelphia Ledger. "Any old sailor will do," he remarked confidentially to a big man, to whom he stated the object of his quest, "because all I want is to have some tattoo marks taken out of my arms."

When the tug man informed him that those India ink punctures would stick closer to him than a blood relation, and would be on his arm when his death certificate was filed the young fellow was agast.

"What in the world am I going to do?" he asked in despair. "There's a heart and two arrows and a girl's initials on my arm, and I want to get them off. I've got to get rid of these letters any way. The girl ran away last week with another fellow, and they're enjoying their honeymoon now. I must get another girl, and I don't want to sleep with a married woman's monogram just above my elbow."

The case was truly a pitiable one, and the generous heart of the tug man was touched.

"I'll tell you what you've got to do," he exclaimed as a happy thought struck him. "You must find another girl to fit those initials."

When last seen the tattooed man was in search of a damsel who could answer to the initials "M. A. J."

CHURCHES—SUNDAY

First Methodist.

Sermon themes for Sunday: At 11 a. m., "The Christian View of Life." At 7:30 p. m., "In Want." Other services: Class meeting at 10:15 a. m.; Sunday school at 12:15 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; Mid-week service Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. The music at both services Sunday will be led by a chorus choir. You will enjoy these services and will find a hearty welcome. C. C. Rarick, pastor.

Memorial Lutheran.

Sunday school at 10:30 a. m.; morning service at 11 o'clock, theme for sermon, "Christ For Us"; evening at 7:30, theme, "The Rose of Jerico." All are cordially invited to worship with us. Gustaf E. Rydquist, pastor.

Presbyterian.

Morning worship, 11 o'clock, "Experience." Sabbath school, 12:15; Y. P. S. C. E., 3:30; evening worship, 7:30, "We Mean Business." All are invited. Wm. S. Gilbert, pastor.

Norwegian-Danish M. E.

Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.; Sunday school at 10 a. m. Scandinavians are cordially invited. O. T. Field, pastor.

Holy Innocents Chapel.

Morning and evening services, 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 11:15 a. m.

Christian Science.

Services 11 o'clock in I. O. O. F. building. Subject of the lesson sermon, "Doctrine of Atonement." All are invited. Sunday school at 12 o'clock.

Grace Episcopal.

Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 12:30 m.

First Nor. Ev. Lutheran.

Sunday school meets at 9:30 a. m.; morning service at 10:45; English Bible class meets at 6:45 p. m. in the church parlors; evening service at 7:30. Theo. P. Neste, pastor.

One Trouble After Another.

"I have just found out about the woman opposite me after two years of mystery and anxiety," said the flat dweller. "She is a pretty, fat, roly poly woman with a white complexion who sits at her window half of her time doing nothing. She has a boy of about ten. Her life seemed so simple and still I didn't see how she lived. Evidently she didn't support a husband, but who supported her? The thing worried me, but last night I found how it was. Her husband is a violin player who plays all night long at some concert hall and sleeps the livelong day. I'd rather work for my living than keep the house quiet for a husband who has to sleep all day, then gets up just at the time you want to go out for a little rollicking and plays the violin somewhere." — New York Press.

Gathering Roses.

I've gathered roses and the like in many glad and golden June, but now, as down the world I hike, my weary hands are filled with prunes. I've gathered roses o'er and o'er, and some were white and some were red, but when I took them to the store the grocer wanted eggs instead. I gathered roses long ago, in other days, in other scenes, and people said, "You ought to go and dig the weeds out of your beans." A million roses bloomed and died; a million more will die today. That man is wise who lets them slide and gathers up the bales of hay. — Emporia Gazette.

Setting It Right.

"In your paper this morning, sir, you called me a 'bum actor.' I want an explanation."

"I shall be happy to explain, young man. That word 'actor' was inserted by the proofreader, who thought I had omitted it accidentally. I shall take care that it doesn't happen again." — Chicago Tribune.

Pumps.

"Women," declared she, "have bigger intellects than men."

"I won't dispute it," responded he. "A man can't wear foggear that has to be kept on by mental power alone." — Kansas City Journal.

Hairbreadth.

Stella—I suppose you have had many hairbreadth escapes? Knicker—Yes; a woman's coiffure was all that kept me from seeing a play once.—Harper's Bazar.

The amity that wisdom limits not, folly may easily untie.—Shakespeare.

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