## The Magic of a Woman's Love

By Elsie Endicott

By Phil Moore

apples, came to the ears of Dave and furnished it out of his store of from the chimney. Evidently the old, ning down here and getting things all "Are you going to make me sorry Thornton as he turned his runabout treasures, picked up on his travels all caretaker was ready for him. from the white road of the valley to over the world. They had planned to climb Roan mountain to the pretty lit- spend their honeymoon there—he and he saw a merry little fire of Black person of another man, had interposed andirons that had been his mother's. Suddenly a little pulse in his throat stories—love stories—up here?"

Outs dear, they, too, would be rudely and Carelyn had jilted him and mar. A rough basket of wild flowers hung began to hammer with painful insist. She smiled then and looked up at mating stories, thought Dave. But none of his taken her about his taken her and looked up at mating stories. But none of his taken her about his taken her and looked up at mating stories. But none of his taken her about his taken her and looked up at mating stories. tle stone lodge he had visited every fall Carolyn Maynard. But fate, in the Jack logs crackling on the old brass ing the place now." distillusioned about life, as he had ried a young ambassador who had outside the door. Within gay pillows once. He wanted to take her in his him. "There is one disease that peo- and sweet from a contented heart. "The eternal triangle!" exclaimed been, thought Dave. But none of his taken her abroad immediately. Dave gave a festive air to his worn old arms and kiss her where her shining ple never acknowledge," she told him. There were steps on the porch and Edmee, when they were alone. "I own gloomy thoughts were reflected in had pried open the old wound every leather couch and he saw a ukelele black hair waved back from her high "Writers never admit that they can't through the door came a vision that think that I will write a love story the scene about him. The mellow fra- year by going back and living over dropped carelessly in the corner. A grance of late autumn was in the air again his old love affair. Now he was Chinese tea set that he had picked up and here and there a patch of crimson, going back to pack up a few of his in Canton was on a wagonette and a the result of an early frost glowed things, for he had planned to sell the little blue flame burned under the ket-

against the green of the trees. To the place to Edmee Boynton, a young girl tie. He stood in the doorway, a little left, in the valley, an acre of golden who was beginning to sell short sto- amazed, wondering if his eyes did not rod'rippled in the breeze, like a field ries to the magazines. He had met deceive him. Many times he had picof grain ready for the harvest. The her at a little studio tea and had come tured the little house like that, warm whistle of a bobwhite, calling sweet to like her well enough to sell her his and intimate and cory. and clear, sounded from a nearby little house of dreams, the dreams

"Possession," said Edmee Boynton.

ed, smiling at his expression.

"So much that I can't think of sell-

white forehead. He had always felt write anything they attempt to pro- Dave thought could not be real. Car- now-about you," she told him. that she attracted him powerfully, but duce. The disease is fatal. One never olyn Maynard, in the pale gray of wida burned child dreads the fire, and recovers. Won't you have some tea," owncod, was smiling at him. He went sweetheart?" he whispered, his lips on having been fooled by one woman had she asked, hospitably, "in your own forward to meet her, his arm still her eyes and her mouth. made him wary of the sex. Seeing house?" Edmee Boynton against the back- He turned and took both her flut- as he greeted her, this woman who his house right away from himground of his little house of dreams tering little hands in his own. "If you had once thrilled him, he wondered that had flowered into a real home un- will promise to be partners and own how her coming would affect him, but ing biosaoms," he supplemented. der the magic touch of her deft fingers half the house and—and—all of me!" his pulse, save when he looked at the made him realise that he had fallen he answered. He drew her into his wondering Edmee, was just as steady prophesied. Then in true housewifely cornfield, where pumpkins lay reliow that had never come true for him. dressed in a dull blue smock that half in love again, hopelessly, happy in arms, and at the touch of her yielding as usual. He might have been greet and the wagonette. "The in the sunlight. A trumpet vine She was coming up the next day to hid, half revealed the curves of her love with the little story writer. He young body all the old doubt and mis- ing any change acquaintance. He was kettle," she said dramatically, "has spilled its scarfet bloom rictously over look it over. had believed that romanes had died givings disappeared like magic and a conscious that Carolyn looked rather boiled dry."

homelike for you. Like it?" she ask- that I came? It will be such a dis- dreams, the dreams that must inev- the creature who held his heart. How ed, smiling at his expression.

appointment not to stay here—" liably come true, "I love you," he could he ever have loved Carolyni

She smiled then and looked up at mating note, and the answer came soft

whispered passionately. "I love you. The fair visitor did not tarry long

around the little story writer. Even

The happy voices of children, as the oak trees by the road.

When Dave was half a mile away. "Is nine points of the law. Mother and out of the world for him, but love can happiness greater than he had ever old, a trifle blase, and her complexion they played around an old city p love, filling it with dreams, rosy to the sincere naturally beautiful lit-

She realized, all too well that a wom Outside a bird called a tender little an of thirty can not successfully com pete with youth, at twenty.

"The eternal triangle!" exclaimed There were steps on the porch and Edmee, when they were alone. "I

"And how will you end it. little

"The here and the lady who took

"And lived happily ever after," she

# Resurrecting Happiness

"Dead!" Harriet cried. She sat, Harriet met Norman walking with his everything, did not know that. gripping her hands together, staring at two children. He looked pale and for-

Through her mind raced a picture said. "Seems like I should never redid, so strangely and perversely are of lovely Jessamy West, rosy, full-bos-cover. But I have my boy and girl women made. Three different men she omed, laughing. Ten days before they left, thank God! Mrs. Barry is keep-refused because of him, and now she had been partners at a game of bridge. Ing house for us. It was the best I was about to refuse another. She "Dead!" she repeated faintly. "Oh, could do. My business is in bad shape, never expected to marry Norman, but Miss Jessup, it can't be true!"

and it takes all my time to attend to she could not marry anybody else.

said, grimly. The doctor told her the said, grimly. The doctor told her the said of the sa with full throated folks. But she Brooke, rector of fashionable Christ as ever he can. Of course, I know laughed at him. And now she's dead Church, who gased at her from the he's poor and in debt, but seems like Norman up in the car as he was reand poor Norman is almost crazy. The other side of the street. It was known some woman ought to take pity on turning from work. He looked shabchildren, however, are getting better, to every body in Canton that Harriet him. He's a fine man, Norman West by, thin, pitcous.

HEN Miss Jewep, breathless they say." Still Harriet could not be- Hail could have the Rev. Thomas is, I've been trying to get Allie Hitt I'm really not fit to get in beside save me the trouble, Norman."

with haste, rushed in to tell lieve it. But she had to when she Brooke for the lifting of a finger. It to go after him, but she says she was you, Harriet!" he said wistfuily.

"Harriet!" he cried. "You we not cut out to be a second wife. I "Nonsense!" Harriet retorted. She —you couldn't—Oh, Harriet, you the telephone that Jessamy West was West was really dend and her home him. That was Harriet's secret and dunno. I hope when he does marry looked fresh and brilliant in her steep to marry me!"

dead. Harriet Hall was quietly paint—was made desolate.

she kept it as religiously as she kept

he won't get some little snippy young brown, fur-trimmed coat and velvet "It wouldn't be stoopping to approach to the stoop of the stoop of the stoopping to approach to the stoop of the stoop of the stoopping to approach to the stoop of the stoop as made desolate. . she kept it as religiously as she kept it was nearly a month later that Sunday. Even Miss Jessup, who knew

Harriet loved Norman West. It had Miss Jessup, her face as white as her lorn. She stopped to talk to him. begun in their school days. She never little ruffled apron. "It was a fearful blow, Harriet," he had any reason for loving him, but she And she was all of thirty years old.

are darlings, both of 'em."

Francis is the image of Jessamy." She edge.

And so months went by. Mrs. Barwhat better could Norman do?

and she was all of thirty years old. Spring came, and summer, and then riet, now, would he?"

The strange, and occurrence kept fall again. Jessamy had been dead a Harriet laughed ag

One day at sunset Harriet picked

cheeks glowed. Norman West dare

ry stayed on and Miss Jessup said that stick of a man who'd put her in the he demanded a vacation on account the bouse was becoming a pigpen. But corner where she'd have to do it. He of his health and went away and staywouldn't be worth proposing to, Har- ed until it was all over.

"I wouldn't let a woman propose to me, Harriet," Norman sighed.

"Then please propose to me quick and denly he was making his townsmen softly.

"Harriet!" he cried. "You wouldn't so badly, after all," they said. -you couldn't-Oh, Harret, you'd not

piece that'll misuse the children. They hat. It was snappy weather and her you, Norman," she answered quietly. So they were engaged. And two "Yes, they are," Harriet replied, not look at her and she knew it, weeks later they went to the Methodist "Margaret is just like her father and There was satisfaction in the knowl- parsonage and were married. Har- that folks gasped at his success. "Norman," she said, laughing- riet's friends would have made her a changed the subject, but it did not ly, "what would you think of a woman wedding, but she declined. As for the leave her mind.

Rev. Thomas Brooke, the day he heard who proposed to a man?" Rev. Thomas Brooke, the day he heard
"I would think he was a pretty poor she was going to marry Norman West

Harriet took the Wests to her own

Harriet had done far from badly. She made Norman the man be always "It wouldn't be stooping to marry should have been. He grew stout resy, light hearted. He paid off his debts without help from her, and became such a prodigious money maker

"I wonder if you're as happy as you've made me, Harriet," he said to her one day.

Harriet smiled. "You do act happy, Norman, I'm flattered, I must be a success as a second wife. Not many women are."

ed to have undergone a mental and rubbed her cheek against his and e, Harriet," Norman sighed. spiritual change. He never had been laughed a little, "Do you know, honey, "Wouldn't you?" retorted Harriet, accounted a business success, but sud- I knew that all the time," she said

ed uneasily. "I guess Will and I shall

## One Woman and Another

and had just nicely got to housekeep- one?" Olive asked, ing in neighboring dwellings on Pink "Tear it down. I er shabby now, but which Jim hoped "But that's such a big house just After May's departure Olive went get a runabout. Now I should begin their new house was in course of conto fix up after he got to earning more, for two people!" Olive exclaimed, all over the house from top to bottom, with the runabout—" he stopped—"If struction, "Just wait till you see my rainy day sum left to draw interest. But after May had gone back to the
Olive had just the necessary house—"I like big houses. I shall have it It had been Jim's boyhood home and it was my money," he ended embar- new domicile. Olive. You'll wish for and yield an income.

"he shall have it It had been Jim's boyhood home and it was my money," he ended embar- new domicile. Olive. You'll wish for and yield an income.

They had only been married a year, "What will you do with the old Olive?"

street. Olive was living in Jim's old But the lot is lovely. And I know ex- May screamed, "What an idea! A "Oh, sure! Will likes to make a home, which had come to him from actly the kind of house I want—like swallow's nest!" She was hilariously show. He says if there's anything house!" May said a few days later, new five-passenger car took up its sta- I'd done as you did?"
his mother—a small, gray house, rath—Stewart Gibson's over there." happy.

left after the house they're going to She and Will were boarding while tion there, "for," said Olive. "I shan't "Oh, pahaw!" laugh

keeping things, but they were comfor- a little nicer than Gibson's some ways. she loved it for his sake as well as for rassedly.

May Hammond and Olive Bis- get rid of the old house and build a "I don't know what I shall do with sake of building a new house upon its been talking. She's wild about having bee, who were friends as well new one. The \$7,000 arriving unexit, May. I'm going to talk it over with site—" She caught her breath as an a new house. But I like this old house as cousins, besides being extremely pectedly to the two girls, sent them Jim. I've just got a faint idea—" inspiration came. Down she sat upon better than any we could build."

"Tear it down. It isn't worth much. looks too much like a swallow's nest!"

table. May, too, lived in an old house. I've got the ideas all in my head— her own. In it she had had the hap— Olive shook her head. "No, Jim and came to maturity. It was very fine, thought her glance moved about the one which Will had bought cheap at about the fireplace and the butler's plest year of her life. Her hand ca- ders. "It is yours just as much as if I are content with this house." but May began to look worried. | simple, graceful, cozy living room, at

addered themselves squatters, waiting asked yet what you are going to do "Dear old house!" she murmured, and sorrows and good fortunes of "Most of it."

roung wives, and when old Miss Apinto a great flurry of excitement.

But May was staring out of the winpleby, their sunt, died and left each "I don't have to think for one moof them \$7,000, everybody in town felt ment what I shall do with my money," street. "I don't really like the shape door to supper.

May said. "I shall have a new house." of that balcony," she said. "Do you, "Well," he said, "I just walked up being. I'd hate to "I".

The said of the shape door to supper.

May said. "I shall have a new house." of that balcony," she said. "Do you, "Well," he said, "I just walked up being. I'd hate to "I".

The said of the shape door to supper.

"We aren" solve to "".

with Will. He says May is going to "No," replied Olive, "I don't. It build a new house with her money." rupted. "Now listen to me."

a time when real estate was down. As pantry and the porches—" She broke ressed the railing of the narrow stair- it were left to you outright, dear," she "But aren't you going to spend your May said laughingly, they merely con- off, laughing. "But there, I've not way.

"I couldn't have it torn down for the each? Jim, May's been over and we've

Jim's dark, earnest face lit up. "That pleases me," he said, "You know I'm fond of this house. Olive, I can't help

"We aren't going to," Olive inter- chine, new curtains, books, and a hun-

"And you're going to stay in this old barn into a garage and one morning a -- but do you know so one yourself, then."

#### By Abner Anthony

"Just wait and see." have to ride in your car this summer.

Presently not only May, but all West- Olive, if we go about at all. Every more, saw. Paint, paper, a changed cent has gone into the house. There's

partition or two, a bathroom, a fire- nothing left for a runabout. place and a porch transformed the old "It's a lovely house," Olive said. "So is yours." house. Besides all this, there were "It's comfy. It's home." new rugs, easy chairs, a talking ma-

May sighed. dred other beautiful and comforting "Don't you tell Will or Jim, either new things. A little work turned the of them-don't you tell anybody, Olive

Across the street May's new house Olive sat by the fire thinking. As she but May began to look worried. | simple, graceful, cozy living room, at "It's going to take a lot of furni- the books and music and good pictures ture," she said. "Well, some of the that had come out of her legacy. She rooms will have to wait." She laugh- drew a deep breath of contentment.

## Nor Fame Nor Fortune

By Joella Johnson

HAT is more natural than for good looks come first.

teacher, but she reasoned that every- fore in years. John always prided with vines growing over the door, and one must start at the bottom of the himself on knowing something about always in the open doorway he would listder and climb rung affecting to the sermon when they talked it over catch a glimpse of a certain young the very top. Why, a course if during the course of the noonday meal, lady with gray eyes, wavy brown bair would be hard work, but It was worth That day, however, his mind was a and a most adorable smile, which inthe struggie, for the topmost rung blank so far as the subject under dis-meant—fame. Ambition whispered cussion was concerned. Yes, it is a fact that this little teach-

bition, too, but to the masculine mind bition said he could do it. they are of secondary importance. Of course everything would have a career. But in the end she always reasoned. Then he determined anew smile were becoming mingled in his fortune—for her. When he had un- ered officere—and von."

True, she was only a country school self. She said it had not happened be- John would see a little white cottage gung to the sermon when they talked it over catch a glimpse of a certain young

have mentioned before that this Ambition had long been whispering in with John and his plans for the fucountry school teacher possessed a his ear to leave the little country vil- ture. generous share of good looks. Strange lage and go out into the world where And Allison Kent? to say, it was this fact that started he could make a name for himself. Why, sometimes the ladder of fame fame fame fame fame for mingle, exclaimed: trouble at the very beginning of her John wanted to amass a fortune—ne seemed to her desparately high and promise. They could be friends, After this message he applied himself of his loss. And then, before he re- "Can't you see? Will you never uncareer. Yes, she had brains and am- liked the sound of the words—and am- hard to climb, and often she wonder- though—good friends—but nothing to his business with renewed energy, alized it, he was pouring into her ears deratand? Oh, blind boy, I don't want

gone along smoothly if these two put these thoughts away from her as to amass a fortune, and some day, aft- day dreams when—the crash came! labed, he buried his face in his hands
Perhaps that will explain why John young people had only listened to the unworthy the loftier aims of ambition. er she had won fame, he would lay his Unexpected business reverses had —ashamed of his weakness. church. His mother told me this her- mattered in the least. At such times go. This young man had dreams, too. er's good looks played the mischief

especially if she is just 18 Graham, the most popular young man sober counsels of ambition, but just. Then one day John heard of a place wealth at her feet. Yes, he would swept away nearly half of his foresses a generous share of in- in the village, failed entirely to re- about that time another voice began in the far West where golden oppor- wait until he could offer her a man- tune. telligence, ambition and good looks? member the text the first Sunday this to whisper to them about a radiant tunities awaited young men of pur- sion instead of a vine-covered cottage. and, be it known, Allison Kent pos- little gray-eyed teacher attended future where neither fame nor wealth pose and character, and he decided to In the days that followed letters It was when he was bidding Allison

dream came to him again, and, acting on a sudden impulse, the next mo-Would she be willing to start life with fortune was not yet made. him in such a humble home? Would she wait for him? Then suddenly be away and at last it seemed as if John's

passed between the two occasionally. but it was five years before they met again, in an Eastern city. Here they good-by that the vine-covered cottage spent several happy days in each other's company, and their friendship deepened, but they parted again just ment he was telling her all about it. "good friends" for the young man's

Again the years slipped quickly stopped, abashed at what he had done. dream of wealth was to be realized. With flushed cheeks the girl told One day he received a letter from Alli- It was the last night of Allison's She heaftated a moment, then, in a him of her career, and the ladder of son telling him that she had secured a visit that, in answer to some question voice in which sobs and laughter seem

John aged perceptibly in those days, Feeling the need of a change, and deslrous of seeing his loved ones, he took a trip to his old home. Allison away from his face, and he looked often visited his people, and here they straight into a pair of tender gray met again. Twas plain to see that eyes. they were happiest when in each other's company, and why they were only never guessed that it is ionesome work "good friends," was a puzzle hard to climbing the ladder of fame-alone? solve. No one knew of the ladder of Have you never realized that it is fame, and John's dream of wealth to heart-breaking work amassing a for lay at her feet.

But Allison was speaking. "I'm so glad you've told me. I feared you wouldn't" he heard her saying, in a voice that thrilled him. Then his hands were drawn gently

"Oh, John," she cried, "have you,

ed if making a home could be called more. She was right, of course, John Mansions, gray eyes and a wonderful the story of his struggle to amass a wealth or fame; I want that vine-cor-