

SHORT STORIES

The Great Failure

ADDY was a failure. Eighty wood for the owner.

yoars of successive defeats scars still showed on his check.

his fellows, Daddy had trusted and and doing odd jobs. The speculation ried?" given away without thought of him- had looked toward profit. But premaloved happened to have it; and most Daddy's hands. It didn't mar the Spring opens, when there'll be plenty wife never questioned. Quite the re- That was always cheerful; his eyes al-VOTER,

money and Daddy was one of them.

After that Daddy lived as many oth- air came in.

This morning, on his eighty-second could not be used. had proved it. At two a mule birthday auniversary, Daddy was sit-

more money simply because the girl he rags died, and the stock was left on work, an' nothin' likely to come till the Winter."

of this went as had his own. But his cheerfulness of the knotty old face. o' plowin' an' garden jobs around." "Well, that's only a few months." ways twinkling. As he sat there, Dad-

in a one-room affair built for a cow- now. One of Daddy's ligs had stiff- iker an' with shoes worn to her when I'm sort of worked up I'm apt to to keep the hall clean, an' I noticed morrow go to the minister's and saw through the door. shed, in which he had cut a window ened under a sudden attack of rheu- stockin's. An' I can't do a thing." He feel for some, I wanted to give it to they most all sold. Everybody seemed his wood. Take that out, too." and laid a rough floor of discarded matiam so that his really dependable dropped down with a force that almost you an' Liza Ruth for a start. But- to buy." slabs. He paid rent by chopping fire- means of livelihood, the sawhorse in a crushed the box to the floor. "An' I say, how'd you like to go in with me "I can't sew," objected Bill. "My

corner and the wood saw on the wall, only figgered on \$50," he groaned. here as partners!" "Seems like a big husky feller like me "On what?"

"Hello, Bill," he called cheerfully, ought to get that. But 'twould hire a "Makin' patchwork quilts had kicked him across a woodpile. The ting on a box gazing questionably at "Sit down on the box. Glad to have small shanty back in the woods, put in spreads," explained Daddy. "I b'lieve the rags. He had bought them as he somebody to speak with-though I a few things an' a stove, an' pay the there's money in it an' I b'lieve I'm Starting with money, but handl- could, from door to door, with small guess all your talk'll be 'bout Liza minister, an' leave a little to start on goin' to be int'rested-I mean I b'liave jump up, but fell back with a grunt as You and I'll build-or, no. I for not the capped with the much confidence in amounts gleaned by chopping wood Ruth. How soon you goin' to get mar- groe'ries. Mighty skimpy, I 'low, but we all are." Bill waited. "There's the lame leg refused to take part in leg. I'll work on the quilt an you'll 'twould be taken care of her so much pieces 'nough on the floor an' in them such violent exercise.

By Parke Whitney .

"Don't look like's ever," gloomily, better'n she'll be over there. I'm bags to make forty," Daddy went on, self. In course of time he married turely the man who was to buy the "Fact'ry's shut down, an' I'm out of scared to think how she'll get through an' there's sale for such things round here. I notice some of the stores car-

know just how you feel, Bill," he said, real hand-stitched piece ones ought to twinkling. "You're ready to do any- will move in here. We got to get her "an' I know Liza Ruth's uncle. We've be worth four times more. But even at thing, I s'noso" "They'll kill Liza Ruth 'fore then. just got to get her away from there." \$2, usin' these rags, we could make This was the golden thread in Dad- dy reached out his hands over an old She grows peakeder every day Her His hand went instinctively into his money. What 'specially started me is ically, dy's life. When dying she said there stove, picked up in trade. The pipe uncle, too! But then he just about pocket, then was withdrawn with a a fair they're goin' to have next month. "Weil, take my saw an' sawhorse an' here. Liza Ruth can help me with the were some things of more value than led to a hole in the side of the shack. works his own children to death, an' rueful laugh. "Gettin' old an' childish, You see, they give prizes to the fair, go over to Mr. Green's, the storekeep- sewin', an you can hunt round an' do Around this hole a good deal of cold Lizz Ruth's only a niece. Don't give Bill," he apologized. "Now an' then I an' ones that want to can mark prices er, an' tell him you'll cut all his wood all the jobs you can. An'--" her half 'nough to eat, an' no clothes. forget. Long time ago I had money on their quilts an' sell 'em. They had an' take it out in groc'ries. That'll er failures; and now at \$2 was housed The rag question was important just Goes round this weather in a thin cal- down in the bottom of my pockets, an' a fair three years ago an' I was hired fetch him. Put today in there. To- the saw and sawhorse and bolted

--- As in Olden Days

fingers are too big. I couldn't sew on a button.

"Don't need to," coolly. "I can. He's give me the order, but tell him Been sewin' an mendin myself up a I'm laid out. Take his \$2 and buy good many years. Once when I was nails an' hinges an' a cheap door an" married an tied up with rheumatics, a one-sash window." my wife learned me to knit an' make lace an' do fine sewin." I'll handle the the rags an' sort of help. nn'

"But that won't be fair to you."

"What's the matter?" asked Bill. "Nothin', only a lot of idees struck me all at once, an' I forgot the leg."

Daddy nodded sympathelically. "I ry just common guilts marked \$2 an' grimaced Daddy, but with his eyes laughed Daddy. "You an' Liza Ruth

"What in?" asked Bill

"What for?" dazedly. "To build a lean-to room behind needle and' you can wash out an' iron this. The owner won't care-an' besides it'll be his when we're through. There's a pile of old slab lumber he "Yes, it will. Don't you see, it'll be told me to use for fire-wood if I wantcompany for me an' "-he tried to ed to. It'll be plenty for the lean-to.

through. Next day go to Hiram Potter's an' saw his two cords for money.

build. You can do it in a day or a day an' a half, can't you?" "Yes, but what-"

"For me to move into, of course." away from there, say, 'bout Sat'day, "Anything that's all right," emphat- You'll go for her an' take her to the minister's, then bring her straight

But Bill was gone. He had grabbed

Daddy chuckled softly, then went energetically to work at his piece-sort-

By Abner Anthony

"Liza Ruth. But wait till I get ing.

journeyed from the old New Hamp- writers long since dead. shire farmhouse a month ago to live in her daughter's luxurious home she was just itch to go to cooking!" being left alone, and Mother Grey, the thought, was undentably happy at of calls on and from Marion's aristo- she divested herself of the shimmermother from dwelling on things."

Mother spent a happy hour in her little sliting-room arranging with lov- edly, "if I won't make a berry ple!" ing care the plotures of her old friends

OTHER OREY watched the big Bible, the volumes of poetry, her last flash of her daughter's precious albums, and, away down at smart little auto as it glided the very bottom of the trunk, her cook smoothly out of the driveway and down book! She turned the yellowed pages the road, with a feeling almost akin to reverently. There were copies of recirelief. For the first time since she had pes in many handwritings, some of the "Oh!" exclaimed mother, "my fingers

She glanced out of the window and wiping them on her apron, and blissthough she childed herself guiltily for beheld the maid going down the steps. fully unconscious of the powdery ridge ing-room," she invited, "and excuse me as it should be. These modern shallow A sudden crafty little smile played across her nose and check, opened the for just a moment. I," her eyes trav- ones are painfully inadequate. May I the prospect of three long days devoid around mother's mouth/ Feverishly door. eratic friends; of being freed from the ing silk gown and donned a comforta- booted, gowned and gloved, every care- berry pie," she finished bravely. necessity of making elaborate tollettes. ble gingham house dress, relic of the fully marcelled gray hair in place beand of doing the hundred other things happy days "back home," and a blue neath her excutsite hat, stood Mrs. J. Into Mrs. J. Augustus Blynn's bored Suddenly she uttered a little delighted make your mother's, sunshine cake, with which Marion had contrived to checked apron. Armed with the cook- Augustus Blynn, come to pay a call eyes. "Berry piel" she breathed. She shriek. "My mother's Sunshine Cake!" right now." keep har busy, with the well-intention- book she descended to the kitchen. A on the mother of her daughter's most laid a smooth jeweled hand on moth- she exclaimed joyfully. "There never ed purpose of "kceping the dear little big pan of freshly-picked blueherries intimats friend!

sat on the table. "I declare!" crooned mother delight- seized with a wild impulse to slam the and watch you? Oh, those berry ples to make it when I was a girl, and Blynn stripped the rings from her dain- said hesitantly. "Maybe I'd better not

and neighbors from "back home," smil- the crust when the front doorbell rang. her daughter still further. Then her lowed mother eagerly into the big, that sunshine cake after all these ing bowl in her lap and began "cream- tus Blynn decidedly, "it's high time ing tenderly at each dear familiar face. Mother, freeing her hands somewhat natural good sense and kindly hospi- airy kitchen, "Weren't they simply years, I know I could," she murmured ing" the butter and sugar for the sun- we began teaching our daughters to Then she enpacked her books-the from flour by the simple expedient of tality asserted itself.

And there on the veranda, daintily to her visitor's face, "I was making a She took the cook book eagerly, her

She was in the midst of rolling out flee from the house ere she disgraced ing her head reminiscently, as she fol- glistened in her eyes. "I could make eager fingers into the big brown mix-

efied uncertainly from her floury apron just see your recipe??

A sudden gleam of interest flickered quite gone, as she turned the pages.

er's gingham shoulder. "My dear, will was another rule that equalled it, and only would!" For one awful moment mother was you allow me to come into the kitchen I lost hers years ago. She taught me

delicious-ah, I see you're using an half to herself.

"Won't you step right into the draw- old-fashioned deep pie-plate. That's

habitual air of bored indifference

"Oh!" breathed her visitor, "if you

door in the aristocratic lady's face, and I used to make!" she continued, shak- folks said it was just like hers." Tears tily manicured hands and plunged tell her."

shine cake.

dially, then her bright face clouded. "I "Nonsense!" differed Mrs. J. Augus-

"I haven't been so happy for years!"



X makes it a point to-"

was dead!" "You young scalliwag!" came a bed and taken her place by Bob's bed- quite as though he were a haby and have for a husband "" he asked suspi-With the last word, Phylis burst in- old Phil (Phylis was just four years village boasted. to hysterical wasping, and buried her her brother's sculor). She did look all The cool breezes from the lake were brisk voice, "wait till I get you out- side, was depositing him in the chair by the clously. in, come to think of it. Let's see, she's preferable, ah, much, to the dingy back side you'll sport more than, one black "I dreamed you and Dr. Boyd met window .Bob opened his mouth and "She's promised to give me a try at face in the cushions. each other at Aunt Kate's last Sum- shot out these words. "We've troubles it." answered the doctor with a grin. "Aw, forget it." said Bob, "I wasn't been working for old Bainbridge going room where Lawyer Bainbridge had eye." At that Bob tried to sit up but firm mer, and just because we haven't got enough without you hanging around "I had a hunch it was you." said hitting you, anyway. Guess I'll be go- on five years, and anybody that knows his office and where Phyllis was eming while the going's good. So long!" anything knows he's fierce to work ployed as his stenographer. hands kept him down. In the room whacks of 'mon' you wouldn't let him here." Bob with an answering grin, "I guess As Bob's thoughts reached the point someone sobbed. Came the brisk know where we lived. In the dream "Troubles. What do you call trou- all the baim that's been used in this Outside the door his lips puckered for," So ran Bob's thoughts, into a whistle. Whistling, he emerged "Why is Phil working?" asked his where it seamed as if every bird on the voice: Dr. Boyd came dancing into the room bles?" queried Dr. Boyd. house in the past fortnight hasn't been from the house. Whistling, he strade conscience. "She's working for you! bough screeched forth words: "She's "No bones broken. Bruises, lots of just as if he were young." But Bob was gazing out of the win- used on me," he added. C ONNY-BUNNY and Little Moth- and little son for the homeward drive. - W H # 1 # 5 W H H er were looking in at the mil- The new Ford had been necessary but liner's window. They were al- almost too expensive. This had some-Partner of By Jennie Slater most laughably alike, with their curly thing to do with the lack of money brown hair, blue eyes and trim slight- for a new hat for Little Mother. ness, and the expression on the two When Sonny-Bunny got home he faces was much the same as Sonny- changed into his blue overall suit and concluded that it would be a good idea drank from the water jug hidden in the anybody ever has to do anything. Yes- A week later the minister almost had Bunny's in front of the candy shop went out in the parsonage orchard to recurred to his memory. "How long has Silas Lovejoy been to mention the subject of weddings to bushes near the child and sat down to terday's gone and tomorrow never gets heart failure when Silas and Abbie display. Their eyes were riveted upon reflect. He did it in the crotch of the here." a dainty creation of white straw and August-sweet trees, which grew low going with Abbis Dunn?" mother had Mr. Lovejoy. rest a bit. Dunn appeared at the parsonage to get That afternoon Sonny-Bunny went "Mr. Lovejoy," said Sonny-Bunny sepink roses. Even the little boy knew and was a capital nest for a small asked. "She's a wise woman," said Silas. "Daddy says a man without a wife married. Unfortunately Sonny-Bunny it just to be the thing for Little Moth- boy. "Seven or eight years," had been fishing in the brook. There was a riously, "did you ever think about getis a poor miable thing," remarked was in bed and knew nothing about it Little Mother needed some weddings, the minister's reply, myth that a trout lived in this brook, tin' married?" Sonny. "He says Moth' has been the till next morning. He saw the bill "Well, I should think they would get and Sonny had spells of trying to "Hey? What? Git married? What "Go in an' huy it, moth'," he begged. he knew a little about weddings, which his father gave to his mother, "Can't. Sonny," said Little Mother, for mother had explained something married now," mother had said. "Since catch him. On the other side of the for?" cried the man. making of him." however, the same that Mr. Lovejoy her cheery tone belying her longing about them when young couples had old Mrs. Lovejoy died there's nothing brook was Mr. Lovejoy's potato patch, "Why lots of folks do-you know-"Shot" "Mr. Lovejoy," timidly, "are you a had handed him with the license. It eyes. "There haven't been enough come to the house. As far as he could to prevent." and in the patch the owner, hoeing, and then you'd have somebody to do see, though, weddings came unsolicit- "Silas is a man of habit," responded Sonny had thought he might be there. the housework," stammared Sonny, a poor misble thing 'cause you sin't was big enough to cover the new hat woddings this Spring." and the white pumps little mother married?" "Weddings?" queried the child. ed. Sonny-Bunny was positive that his the minister. "He's got into a rut, and By and by, the trout declining to ap- trifle frightened. A pause. "Yes, I be!" was the re- wanted. "Yes; you know daddy gives me the father did nothing to attract custom. he'll stick there till somebody or some- pear, the small boy went over to visit "Well, I never seemed to get round wedding fees for my own. This year At this moment Silas Lovejoy thing jolts him out of it." Mr. Lovejoy. to it." ply. Sonny-Bunny feels sure that he engithere haven't been enough so I can of- chaned to drive by. The sight of him The mental processes of a child may "Hullo," respoded the child. He "It says on one of the motto-carda "Then don't you think you better get neered that wedding-and so he didstarted the child's, mind upon a new be as direct as light, or as circuitous sat down beside the green rows, in the at school, 'Newer put off till tamorrow married right off?" suggested Sonny, but somehow he has never felt just ford a new hat." At this moment the minister drove tack. A conversation between his pa- -well, as a country road. After mull- shade, and watched the man work. what you can do today," said Sonny. "Yes, I do!" came the answer with like telling even little mother anything up in his shiny Ford and took his wife rents, overheard only the other day, ing it over for a while Sonny-Bunny By-and-bye Mr. Lovejoy came and "And Moth' says today is all the time emphasis. about his connection with it! the weeping girl with this statement: Alice cry. You ought to be ashamed "I guess you mean Mr. Norton. Dry of yourself to make a girl ory. I Return of Big Bear By Elsie Endicott your eyes on this so they won't be red wouldn't do that to anybody smaller'n when I bring him back." me. I'm going right home and tell my, Mr. and Mrs. Thurston who were en- daddy on you. joying the cool evening on their front He would have turned to carry out porch were amazed at seeing a little his threat had not Norton stayed him OLDEN-HAIRED Sonny, the up there among them. But as the ture book, Big Bear was enveloped in (Sonny recognized the voice as that pled in a heap meaning, "Why did you boy in white pajamas go speeding up and questioned; pride of the Thurston house- grievances of childhood are soon for- a blanket) and fearlessly went down of his Aunt Alica.) leave ma? Why did I let you go?" the street, and were thankful that their "How did you get here?" 7 This made the child sorry for his son was sound asleep under the covhold, had never before been gotten, he thought of the spiendid time the dark back stairs for a last skirmish "This is final?" Sonny's fighting blood was up. punished. On this occasion, his pa- he had had rioting around the garden before sleeping. After skulking around No response. misdeeds so he crept softly up to her ers. "I ran here 'cause you made Auns rents had decided that to further disguised as an Indian chief. in all the dark corners of the garden "Then I understand that silence saying: Up the street ran Sonny, never stop- Alice cry. C'mon back and 'pologize, "Aunt Alice, I didn't runaway. I'm ping till he reached his destination, same as I do when I quarrel with "apare the rod" was to "spoil the "It was nice fun," thought the chief, without finding any enemy, the cautions gives consent," with these words Jack child." As a result of this decision, "to behead the sunflowers, for they Indian crept up behind the Summer strode away. back again." which was when he collided with a Cousin Nettle." Sonny was called into the living room were so tall." What was the use of house. On bearing voices within, he Receiving no answer but the same young man who was disconsolately Tugging at Jack's coat in his anxiety walking homeward. With what little to bring him back to Aunt Alice, he "Why did you leave me?" he said: and his chastisement delivered with moping in hed when the stars were thought his chance had come to forma-Sonny sat down and pondered.

a young doctor come to town be engaged in whistling the gayest of same monitor.

"I wonder what's the matter with longing to the one hotel which the bent over him, Phyllis had shooed her mother off to young Dr. Boyd was picking Bob up Bob stopped. "Who's she going to

ES! girls make me tired. Let down the walk. Now, one's lips may For you! For you!" answered the working for you!" For you!" he 'em, but let's be devoutly thankful it's slammed the front gate, and stopped no worse. I hope it's enough, how- hasn't a brother," came from the othand every girl in the place gay airs and at the same time one's It was true. Unable to attend col- from the curb directly in the path of a ever, to cure him from throwing him- er and of the pillow.

mind be occupied with the working out lege herself. Phylis was determined tearing, tooting, oncoming automobile. self in front of automobiles in general, "Bob West!" cried Bob's sister, of a solution to some weighty prob- Bob should. In the fall he was to The next thing that Bob knew he and mine in particular. I'll run in mented her brother, pulling her long "I'm not done. I was about to add and starting up from the couch, a red spot lem. Bob was thinking, not a new oc- enter Harvard. He had been working heard a groan. Again he heard it, and again during the day."

on either cheek, "if you think I've been cupation for him, although it would be all Summer, but it had been pleasant yet again. The sound was close by. "Gee, I had the funniest dream." stowing a caress, and Phylis with a near him, you're mightily mistaken, I hard to make anyons in Mansfield be- work, that of taking parties on the ah, very close. He opened his eyes, said Bob with a yawn. It was in the happy heart accepted it as such. "I'd see a sister of mine skin her wouldn't go near his old office if I lieve it. It was some weeks later that as husband out of the money to put me-" lake in an up-to-date motor boat be- A face he had seen before somewhere wee small hours of the night, and

cook!"

"He is young," murmured Phylis, dow. laying her head on Bob's pillow. "Dr. Boyd," he said suddenly, "what "And he said," continued Bob, ""Ah, do you think of a fellow that allows I've found you at last and I'm never his sister to work herself to shreds to

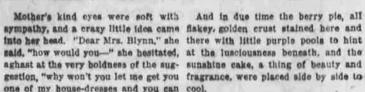
going to let you gol' Say, honest, sis, put him through college?" "I think it's high time he put the brakes on and stopped it," answered

"I'm sort of sorry for the girl who the doctor. "I'm going to," said Bob, "and

what's more-" "Hold on," interrupted the doctor, braid of hair. It was his style of be- let her husband advance the funds."

Bob glared at him

declared mother's visitor. "I'm so glad!" beamed mother cor-Ten minutes later Mrs. J. Augustus don't know what Marion will say," she



"You're a good sport. Phil," com-

great solemnity, then he was sent to calling him, and besides, didn't Big hawk someone. So he awaited the opportune time. Bear go out after dark? bed.

From his bed the child could see the After rearring cut his childish moon arise; he counted the stars and logic, the mode n Indian twined the There's your ring. Jack Nor- gate and entered the Summer house. ply and receiving none he untwined the "You bad, naughty man! Don't you caught him up in his arms and hure planned what he would de could he be bed spread about him (for, in his pic- ton, and never speak to me again." There he saw a white figure orum- spread from about him; giving it to know any better than to make my Aunt ried back to Alice.

Sonny sat down and pondered.

an active lad, he decided to investi-

"What did this mean?" But, being you want Mr. Norton?"

Sonny walted a short while for a re- Indian gave vent to his feelings.

"Do you mean me, Aunt Alice, or Jo breath he had left, and with much told of how he had overhoard the last stamping of his right foot, the brave part of their disagreement, but before

the child had finished his tale Norton.

