## THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL, SALEM, OREGON, SATURDAY, AUG. 26, 1916.



TERONICA bent a little closer over her sewing, her lips drawn tight, a troubled frown making lines between her straining oyes. She had hoped and planned for a new spring suit when Dan's salary should be raised the first of the year, but there had been no raise, and prices had gone up to unbellevable beights, so the old sult must do for a fourth year, made over so far as ciever fingers could do it.

She lifted her head now and then, mechanically listening for the stirring of the sleeping child in the next room, but her thoughts were tinged with bitterness the while she labored. What were their lives but a continual round of night-work, of dishwashing, floor-scrubbing, a constant treadmill of pinching and striving to make both ends meet, resolutely putting behind them all temptations that might further discontent? And all to no end, save that the millionairs flour man might purchase a coronet and dishonorable debts for his daughter; that the wife of a merchant prince might pay for a yard of petticoat lace more money than Weronica had ever seen in all her life. She smiled whimsically as she realfired that she was poor enough to be anarchistic, and she shook her tired shoulders in an effort to free herself wom gloomy thinking. It was the newspaper account of a society wed-Bing that had turned her thoughts In that direction, of course, Such a pitiful travesty, that wedding! What

could such people know of love? And yet there must be some joy to the heart feminine in all those gorgeous gowns. Who could not be beautiful and witty and altogether charming in meteor satin and ermine and a tiara? The marvel was that there were so many homely society women. What wouldn't one give to be able to be sure of paying the rent next month!

The needle broke, and Veronica patiently gathered the small pieces together and put them carefully out baby's reach, before she the lighted the dim lamp and went on with her work, hurrying the faster to make up for lost time. Behind her work, embittering her labor, tinging everything a dull gray, she could read the words that had come to her in a letter the day before. It had not made a great impression on Dan, because, manlike, he felt the inevitable and his own powerlessness, but to Veronica it had been more

than just another straw. The letter telling of Roger's father's death had been dictated by Roger himself, but there was no ulterior motive in his writing. Roger knew they were too poor to pay for a cousin's tuition; indeed, he had seemed to montion his being obliged to leave the college for the blind as merely an incident in the general crash, his father dying penniless, and even with a few small debts to be paid. And there was enough lace on one sleeve of one of those silken kimonos to keep him in the school the three years and graduate him a self-supporting teacher, the brightad man the college had ever known! Neconica put her head down on the shabby suit and cried softly to her-

mil. so as not to wake the baby. When she raised her head, asham? ed, it was to see her husband in the doorway, silhouetted against the light In the hall, his every nerve radiating, pulsating an enthusiastic joy. "Nonnie," he cried, "what did you

have for supper? Veal stew?" comment Sharp astonishment sent a sudden pain to her heart, for Dan was usually worn and weary from night work, but a second earnest look reassured her. - It was disloyal to her Dan, and she was shamed anew. He was tired and hungry, and he must not see that she had been crying. "It was good," she said gaily. "And

It's awful healthy!" "I'm done with things that are

healthy!" he said, striking the lintel with the paim of his hand. "Get on your hat and we'll have lobster a la Newburg and charlotte russe." "Dan!" He stepped suddenly forward as

she rose, and seized her roughly in his arms. radiantly, madly. . "I got my raise and, thank God, you ain't going to

slave any more!" He expected tears, and had braced himself for them, so he was the more unmanned by the tremulous litlaugh that came instead. He planned for her swiftly, and they were out in the street, the still sleeping baby left with the motherly wife of the janitor, before she drew her breath to ask how it happened.

"Somebody offered Simmons a tob as manager, and all the fellows in the office were shoved along. That's' why I didn't get the raise. They knew this was coming," he said, as? they boarded a street car. "If I'd been like some, or maybe if you'd been like some women I've seen, I'd 'a' got tight, but I was bound you'd

have to spree it with me. You're going to have a new suit, too. Ain't it funny how simple it all is?" 1.7.14 She nestled closer to him, and sighed contentedly.

"I ain't been out after eight for so long, only to a nickel show," she said. "Doesn't it feel nice and wicked, though ?" "We'll go to real shows," he said, "And when it gets awful happily. hot you can go to the shore for a week."

"Oh, Dan!" "And some days," he went on, urged to new flights, "some days we'll take a buggy and go for a drive. I hope the moon'll be as grand as it is tonight. Ain't it swell?" "I always said living was full of corners," she said, joyously. "You never do know what's waiting for you around the next one. It's a

comfort to remember when you get to thinking it's an awful long road you're going along. But it takes a lot of faith and hope," she sighed. "It it hadn't been for your faith and hope I don't know where I'd 'a' "It's come, girl, it's come!" he cried been," he said, with rough tenderness, "Here's where we get off, old lady."

The white-and-gold restaurant, with Its silent waiters, had not many of their lik among its patrons, but it had never welcomed a happler, gayer pair. . Dan was lordly in his commands and betrayed such an intimate knowledge of menus and high living as caused conjecture among its minions as to what distinguished foreigner might be disguised in his per-

son. A "I've been studying on it for six years," he said to Veronica as soon as the obsequious waiter would consent to leave them. ~ "I even took books out of the library to see what the swells cat. You're a swell tonight, you know." 1 . It was a little early for the fash-

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By EMMA LEE WALTON

THE LIGHTENED

LABOR

ionable folk, but Dan, worldly-wise, was glad she was not sophisticated regarding masculine evening dress in such a spot. She herself was sufficiently sweet and fair in her light gown, fashioned with her own fingers, though a trifle too white and tired.

"You won't have to do so much now," he said, fiercely. . "You can pay women to work for you."

"And you can ride both ways and have a new overcoat next winter," she cried. "And I'm going to just deliberately smash that old yellow pudding dish I've aways hated so. Will that be very wicked?"

"You can be as wicked as you want when you've got the cash." he declared. "Gee, but that waiter flew, though!"

While they ate the pink and white and slippery delicacies, rich enough to ruin their simple digestions, their glances were eloquent of joy, though the hovering presence of the waiter restrained expression. When he finally left them alone with the biscuit tortoni Dan burst out.

"Why the dickens didn't you eat your mushrooms?" he asked. "I was stepping on your toe all the time for

you to." "Were those leathery-looking things mushrooms?" she asked, contritely. "I thought they were some of the hidden things like giblets, and I thought you meant for me to drink some more of that funny, scorchy wine. I hope it didn't cost extra- to have 'em "

"They're just trimmings," he explained, tactfully. "It didn't matter." I just wanted you to taste everything, that's all. Did you ever eat cracker crumbs on ice cream before? Ain't 'it the limit?"

Veronica laid down her spoon and gazed over the scene. . The light gowns, the soft illumination, the orchestra in its white-and-gold bal-

cony, the blaze of color, the riot of pleasant sounds, all made harmony to her, and yet her gaze was troubled. Had she cared so much to be like the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal that she had not seen what was really worth while? "Dan," she began, uncertainly, "did you ever stop to think and thank, God that you weren't blind?" L.

"I don't know," he said, awkwardly. "Maybe. Kind of in a general way whenever I've seen a blind man." "Think how it would be to neve have seen things in this lovely world -all this gold and white and the

lights and the people and the moon. Or, to see all the glory and then lose It-like Roger." "Don't you worry," he commanded.

"You eat your biskit tortony and forget it." "I can't," she said, simply. "Rog-

er's got to leave the school." "Well," he responded, with a new

gruffness, "he's my cousin, so it ain't any of your funeral." "Yes '. is' ...he persisted, gently. "If b" st' ... he v"uld teach."

"On "orget it," he pleaded, "We're having a spree." she looked at him, and smiled wist-

fully.

"You've been thinking of it all the time, just like me," she said. "You choked twice on the lobster. I saw you." "You got me to say you had faith and hope," he said, dodging the question, "and now you're forcing charity

down my throat. I ain't a going to stand for It." "How fierce we are! You know you will." She put her rough little hand over his big one. "Now listen. This

has been the very grandest spree I ever dreamed of, just like fairyland, and you can have your overcoat and ride both ways just the name---" "What do you take me for?"

"For better or worse," she laughed. "But what's washing dishes compared to being blind? Tell me that. What's sewing? What's anything? And it's only for three years."

(3)

"Things happen to folks in three years," he said, fiercely. "I won't have it."

"Oh, yes, you will, too," she smiled. "I'm perfectly well, and you know it. It's only that hot weather tires me. And the boy never has a sick minute. It would be a sin to smash such a handy pudding dish, anyhow. Think of letting Roger, all alone in the world, go to an asylum!"

"I'm thnking of you. I want you should have a new suit."

"Besides, I'd be with decision. afraid."

ip "Afraid?" "Yes. If I keep on hugging all my blessings to myself I won't be happy any more. And oh, Dan, I'm

so happy!" Words failed him, and he pressed her hand and tried to smile.

"What a dear you are to help mel" she cried. "We'll telegraph him tonight."

"Now, look here-"

His protest was stopped by the new light in her eyes. She was transfigured in all the glare of the gaudy gold-and-white restaurant.

"Veronica!" he whispered, tenderly. Wasn't there a saint before by that name?"

She laughed softly, her cheeks pink, and took up her teaspoon again. "This is just perfectly grand." and cried. "Quick, eat yours before is melts."

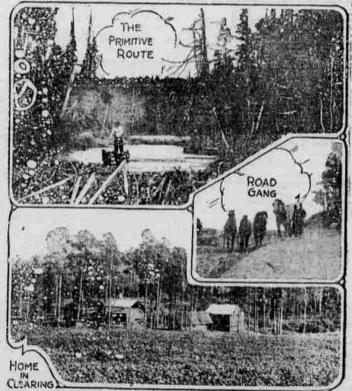
"But the work," he persisted, stupidly. "You'll have to work so hard, 'just like it was before."

"Yes," she admitted. "But, oh, Danny dear, Danny dear, it's going to have a difference in it-a difference that'll make me sing all day!"

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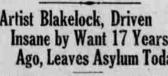
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CAPSULES

MIDY



able evidences of the return of clouded genius. His fellow American artists started a fund to provide for him at a private sanitarium, with a cottage in which he will paint the pleture marking his election to the academy, Blakelock's family will not be with him. Wedding Invitations, Announcements and Calling Cards Printed at the Jour-nal Job Department.

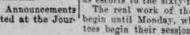
The shift on this coalinent of Chi-tago to the southward as the north-further nontier is pushed north and further north amounts now to five degrees of latitude, according to eco-mondist' data, and the road building inaugurated by the rogram in northern Ontaria rapidly is adding to the mileage. The more northiand is added, the nearer rela-tively is Chicago to the Gulf of Maxico. This year trinkes of men in a hum-hird summer camps are siashing then new roads through the timber by which the lumbor crews, and at their heals the sottlers, are pushing

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came to the asylum here that Blakelock was elected to membership in the Na-tional Accolemy. When he lost als mind he had been selling what he could of his now world famous and extremely valuable moonlight scenes for searcely crough to buy food for a few days. About a year ago Blakelock showed signs of returning sanity and unmistak-able evidences of the return of elouded grenius. His fellow American artists

Commander-in-Chief Man-

fort Arrives for National