"And now," she continued, with a tremulous smile on the faded face that unconsciously belied her words—"now the pain and anger are gone, with the love that gave them birth. There remain only ashes."

Suddenly she leaned forward with tense features and parted lips. The young officer was coming down the aisle. Something in the swinging step, the carriage of the shoulders, and the handsome boyish face, stirred her heart.

"Almost home, father," he called cheerfully.

There was a trace of awkwardness and embarrassment in the elder man's manner as he turned to his companion. "Allow me to introduce my—my son, Lieutenant Keith." He drew himself up and squared his shoulders, all embarrassment lost in fatherly pride. "Jack, Miss Hollywood is a very old friend."

She looked up into the smiling face bending over her, and her words came slowly: "I used to know your father when he was about your age. You are very like him—very like."

The lights of the city were all around them, the train was slowing up, and people were gathering up their wraps and bundles. Turning to the elder man with sudden resolution, "I am going back to my old home tomorrow," she said, lingering on the words with tender longing. "It is not likely that we shall meet again. Let me wish you good by now, and God bless you—and yours."

For a moment their hands were clasped; then she flitted through the crowd and was lost to sight.

"Who is the old party, father?" inquired the young officer carelessly.

"Old!" He roused himself with a deep sigh. "Well, I suppose she *is* old; but when I knew and—in Kentucky she was the toast of two counties!"

Through the crowded station a woman made her way. "It is wrong, wicked," she murmured and her eyes grew dim; "but I wish—yes, I almost wish that he had died instead!"

N. L. Pritchard.

THREE'S A CROWD.

MARJORY, Brown, and I were sitting in the garden. Marjory's garden is a very pretty place—flowers, trees, birds, and all that sort of thing, you know. I rather thought that Brown was a blot on the landscape, although some people think him good looking. What I wanted was to be alone with Marjory. I had something to say to her. I had an idea that that was what Brown wanted, too. Telepathy? No, apprehension.

I felt rather ill at ease. So did Brown. Marjory looked perfectly lovely. She always does. Marjory has the prettiest brown hair and eyes you ever saw. When she looks at a fellow he feels as if there's just one fellow on earth—himself; and just one girl—Marjory. I have been in love with her since the tender age of ten. It was a case of love at first sight—on my part. I had on knickerbockers and she short dresses. She wanted the apple I had; and she got it. It has been the same way ever since.

But, to go back to the garden, there we were under the apple tree. I, fidgeting, wishing Brown would go; Brown, fidgeting, wishing I would go; Marjory, serene as the morning itself. Brown was saying something about spring. He went in for literature and all that sort of thing at college. I wish I had now. Still, I made the team. Well, Brown said something about spring.

"Spring—king—ring—sing—sling," I murmured.

Marjory looked at me reprovingly.

"Let the prosaic say what they will," went on Brown, "spring, with her flowers, her birds, her blue skies, and her green trees, is ever delightful."

"Ya'as," said I; "ever delightful—with her slush and overshoes, her influenza and porous plasters, her house cleaning and spring chickens."

"I have no doubt that Mr. Marmaduke thinks more of spring chickens than he does of spring beauties," retorted Brown witheringly.

"Well, I don't know," I returned airily. "The chickens are good to eat, you know. Spring poets, for instance—well, they're only good to kill."

Brown glared. His poem in one of our leading magazines was raved over by the feminine portion of our neighborhood.

"I am afraid you have a sordid soul, Mr. Marmaduke," said Marjory sweetly.

Brown looked more cheerful.

"It is delightful to find a congenial soul—a kindred spirit, might I say?" he murmured to Marjory.

I snorted derisively.

"Isn't that a jolly looking robin in the apple tree," said Marjory demurely. "He looks so perfectly contented."

"If you'd only make me as contented, Marjory," I murmured; but she didn't hear me.

"Isn't the red of his breast striking, against the leaves?" chimed in Brown.

"He'd look better in a pie," I said brutally. Didn't mean it at all, you know. I was just out of sorts on account of that ass, Brown.

"Oh, Mr. Marmaduke, you can't mean it! It—it's cruel!" said Marjory indignantly.

I felt small, and I started to explain.

"Well—I——"

"Just what one could expect from a gross materialist like Marmaduke. The spring chicken and the spring robin, one and inseparable, now and forever," jeered Brown.

I could have killed him cheerfully. I reached for my hat.

"I'll see——" I began.

"What do you think of the new woman agitation, Mr. Marmaduke?" said Marjory sweetly. "I have been studying it a good deal lately. It's quite interesting. I am reading a book by Susan B. Doakes, of Kansas. Such a strong book!"

"Why—er—I think it is a good thing," I said hastily. "It'll teach women to be—er—broader minded and all that sort of thing." Confound it! Who wants to talk about the new woman agitation?

Then she asked Brown. He is a better talker than I, and he spoke up right away.

"Of course, it's rather a complicated question, Miss Marjory"—he had the nerve to call her "Miss Marjory"—"but don't you think that the so called 'new woman' movement will have a bad effect? Won't it rob us of the womanly woman like our mothers? What man wants is not strong minded woman, not progressive woman, but loving woman, tender woman." He looked hard at Marjory. "Don't you think that under the new régime woman will acquire masculinity to a great extent?"

I dare say his answer was more intelligent and coherent than mine.

"I don't know," said Marjory doubtfully. "There's a paragraph in the book about that very point. I'll get it. It's on the——"

"Mayn't I get it?" asked Brown eagerly.

"Well, I would like to convert you, Mr. Brown." There was sweet emphasis on the "you." "It's on the library table."

He started up the walk. Marjory looked at me. I looked at Marjory. Then Marjory looked at the toe of her shoe.

"Acquire masculinity, indeed!" she said.

She looked at me again. I guess I quite lost my head. Any way, I took her hand.

"Oh, Marjory, dear Marjory," I said, "do acquire masculinity! Acquire it to a great extent. I am six feet two. I—ah—want to be acquired. I—oh—er—oh, darling!"

The robin in the apple tree was singing sweetly when Brown came down the garden walk with the book in his hand. He saw what was up immediately. He took out his watch.

"I—ah—have an engagement this morning—er—about a horse. I'm late now. Good morning!"

Poor devil, he looked terribly cut up!

* * * *

Marjory has just told me that she sent him after the book on purpose.

Brown's not a half bad fellow, after all. Guess I'll ask him to be my best man.

Howard Shedd.

OLD GLORY.

"'My country, 'tis of thee,'" Ralph hummed in the pause that followed his announcement.

"My country, '*tisn't*,'" interrupted Edith hotly. "Oh, Ralph, what have you to do with this silly old war! I can't let you go."

"But, my dear girl, it's——"

"It isn't a crusade. It's hysteria. It's jingoism. It's a play to the gallery."

"Those are phrases. When a man's country calls for him, and there is no reason he shouldn't go——"

"There is a reason, when he is engaged to be married to such a nice girl." Her tone had grown pathetic. "I suppose I'm horrid, but I don't love my country one thousandth part as much as I love you. In the Civil War, the women always said, 'Go, my boy; I'd be the last to keep you,' with a smile on their lips, and were dreadfully noble about it. Maybe we've degenerated, or maybe it's just me. I don't love honor more, or anything else. I love you."

"But, Edy dear, there's such a thing as duty. When your country has been pretty good to you——"

"Well, I've been good to you, too, and one's country is such a far off, abstract thing. Oh, I know I'm not appearing well! The way to be truly admirable is to wish you had three sweethearts, so that you could give them all for your country. I'm small and selfish, and I don't blame you if you are disgusted with me. I deserve it. You can break with me altogether, and I won't make a move to keep you." And in proof of this, she clasped both arms tightly around his neck. Ralph looked troubled, but his affection evidently survived the confession.

"I'll tell you," he said presently. "Walk down to the recruiting office with me, any way. Then, if you still feel this way, I will put off enlisting until the next call for volunteers. Will that do?"

Edith reflected that the government might not need a second supply, and agreed.

"I know how I ought to feel about it," she said later, a little wistfully. "I can appreciate patriotism, I know how beautiful and splendid it is. Only I just can't feel it, and I've got to be honest."