

wear, and a red cotton handkerchief addicted to weekly ablutions.

As for Harry the glad news had cleared out wide spaces before him, such as he had not looked over for years; leafy vistas, with glimpses of sunlit meadows; shadow-flecked paths leading to manor-houses with summer skies beyond. He too was on his feet, walking restlessly up and down.

Pawson and Gadgem again put their heads together, Harry bending over them. Such expressions as "Certainly," "I think I can"; "Yes, of course it was there when I was last in his place," "Better see him first," caught his ear.

At last he could stand it no longer. Dr. Teackle or no Dr. Teackle, he would go upstairs, open the door softly, and if his uncle was awake whisper the good news in his ear. If anybody had whispered any such similar good news in his ear on any one of the weary nights he had lain awake waiting for the dawn, or at any time of the day when he sat his horse, his rifle across the pommel, it would have made another man of him.

If St. George was awake!

He was not only awake, but he was very much alive.

"I've got a great piece of news for you, Uncle George!" Harry exclaimed joyfully, reading his uncle's renewed strength and vitality in his manner and face.

"So have I got a great piece of news for you!" he shouted back. "Come in you

young rascal and shut that door behind you. She isn't going to marry Willits—Thrown him over; don't love him—can't love him—never did love him! She's just told me so. Whoop—hurrah!! Dance, you dog, before I throw this chair at you!!"

There are some moments in a man's life when all language fails. Pantomime moments, when one stares and tries to speak and stares again. They were both at it—St. George waiting until Harry should explode, and Harry trying to get his breath, the earth opening under him, the skies falling all about his head.

"Told you so! When!" he gasped.

"Two minutes ago—you just missed her! Where the devil have you been? Why didn't you come in before?"

"Gone—Kate—two minutes—what will I do?" If he had found himself at sea in an open boat with both oars gone he could not have been more helpless.

"Do! Catch her before she gets home! Quick!—just as you are—sailor clothes and all!"

"But how will I know if——?"

"You don't have to know! You don't have to do anything—away with you I tell you!"

And out he went—and if you will believe it, dear reader—without even a whisper in his uncle's ears of the good news he had come to tell.

(To be concluded.)

AN IDEAL

By Rosina Hübley Emmet

WHEN I see you waiting there
Not a smile, not a tear,
Not a tremor, not a fear,
Calm to judge, bold to dare,
With those eyes that pierce the gloom
Like a silent Northern doom,

When I see you, then my heart
Leaps to live, falls to break,
Yearns to give, pleads to take,
In its anguish dwells apart—
Touch me with those silent eyes!
Lift me into Paradise!

BROKEN GLASS

Georgia Wood Pangborn



CAN'T stay but a minute," said Mrs. Waring, spreading her long hands above the wood blaze. "I was taking my evening constitutional over the moors. *Did* you see the sunset? And the firelight dancing in your open windows was so dear and sweet and homy I had to come. Babies in bed?"

"Oh, yes. Such perfectly good six-o'clock babies! I can tuck them up myself and still have time to dress safe from sticky fingers. Delia is such a blessing. So big and soft and without any nerves, and really and truly fond of them. When she leaves me for a day I am perfectly wild and lost."

"What is the matter with us women," said Mrs. Waring frowningly, "that we can't take care of our own children and run our own houses, to say nothing of spinning and weaving as our grandmothers did? My grandmother was a Western pioneer and brought up six without help, and—buried three. Think of it! To *lose* a child—" A strong shudder went through her delicate body. "How can a woman live after that? We can gasp through the bearing—you and I know that—but to lose—" She covered her face with her ringed hands.

"But, my dear," said the sleek woman by the fire, "your babies are such little Samsons! That nightmare ought not to bother you now."

"No. It oughtn't. That it does so only shows the more our modern unfitness."

"I suppose our grandmothers must have been more of the Delia type."

"And yet we think the Delia type inferior. It's solid and quiet and stupid—not always honest, but it succeeds with children. You and I are reckoned among the cultured. We read—in three languages—and write magazine verse. Your nocturne is to be given in concert next week—yet I think that Delia and her type rather despise us because we are wrecks after spending an afternoon trying to keep a creeping baby from choking and bumping and burning

and taking cold, or reading Peter Rabbit the fiftieth time to Miss Going-on-Three."

"The question is," said Mrs. Waring coiling bonelessly in the Morris chair, "what will our children be? You and I may be inferior, but," she caught her lower lip in her teeth, "my babies came to me after I was thirty, and I know their value, as your Delia type or your grandmother type doesn't for all her motherliness. When women are mothers in the early twenties they don't know. They can't. My music filled in those years. Filled them! It served to express the despair of a barren woman—that was all. Since they came fools have condoled with me because I have had to give up my 'career' for their sake. Career!" She threw back her head with a savage laugh, and stood up with her hands in her coat pocket. "Here," her voice growing very gentle and humorous as she took out the tatters of a little book gay with red and green, "give me some paste. I promised to mend it. She has read it to pieces at last. I thought I could rhyme about sunsets and love and death, but nobody ever loved my rhymes as she loves this. Let's write some children's verses, you and I——"

"Goldilocks was naughty, she began to sulk and pout;
She threw aside her playthings——"

That's the way, you see, not——

"When from the sessions of sweet silent thought,"

She had seated herself at the big flat-topped desk as she spoke and was deftly pasting and mending.

"I've written one; or Tommy has. We were sitting up with his first double tooth. We had taken a go-cart ride in the early moonlight and I was taking cows as an example of people who chew properly. So we got up a song—(past one o'clock it was and a dark and stormy morning)——"

"The moon goes sailing through the sky
The cows are chewing—chewing——"