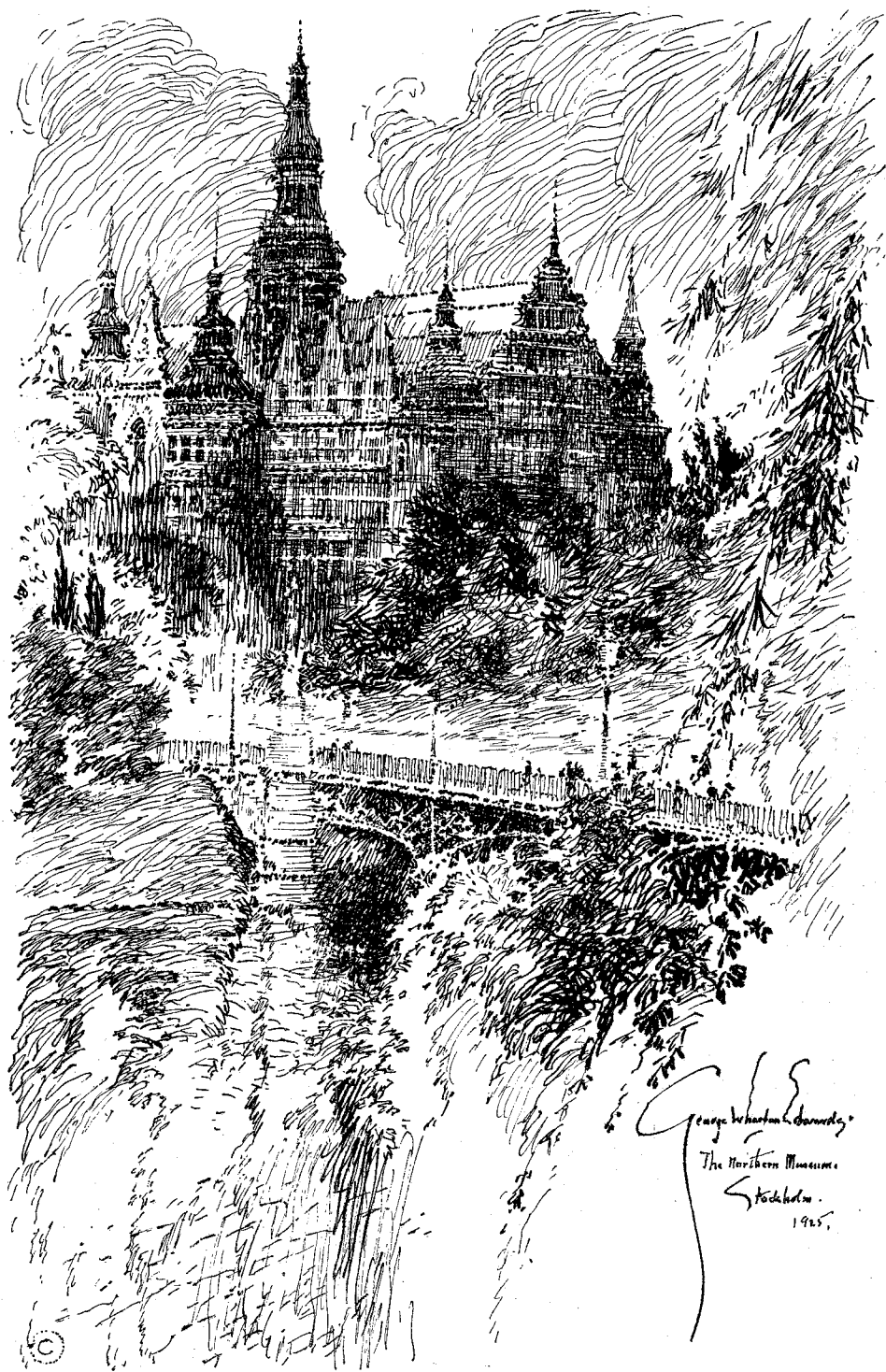
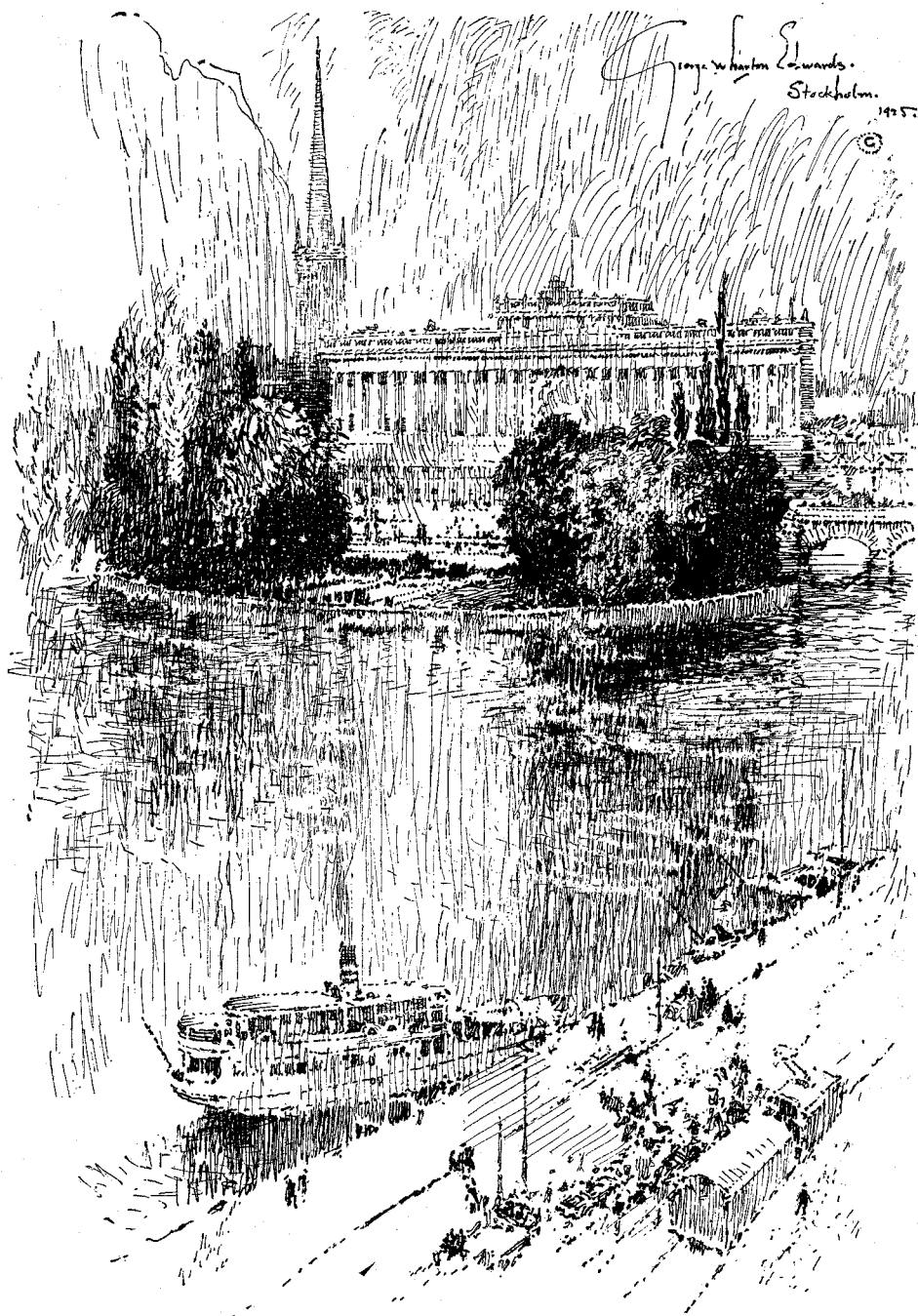




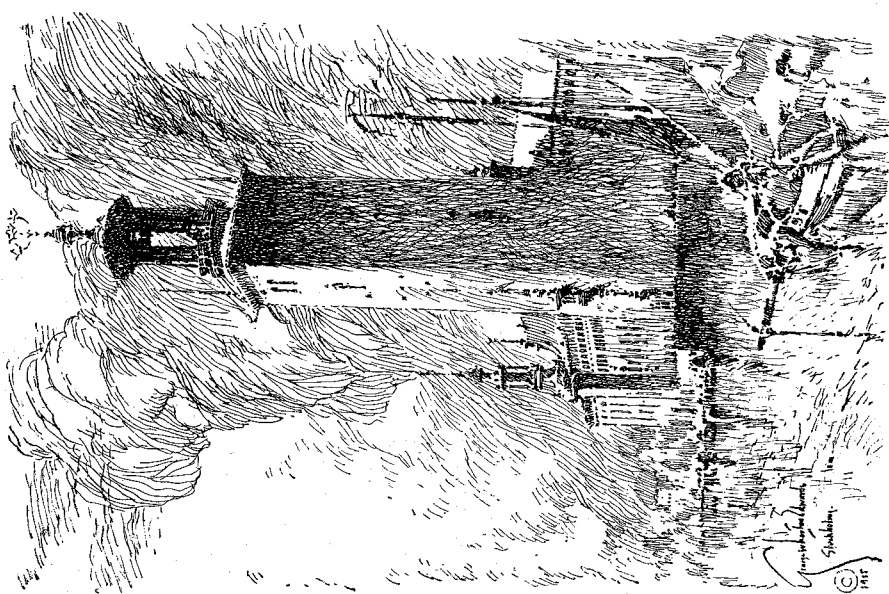
The statue of Gustav Vasa.



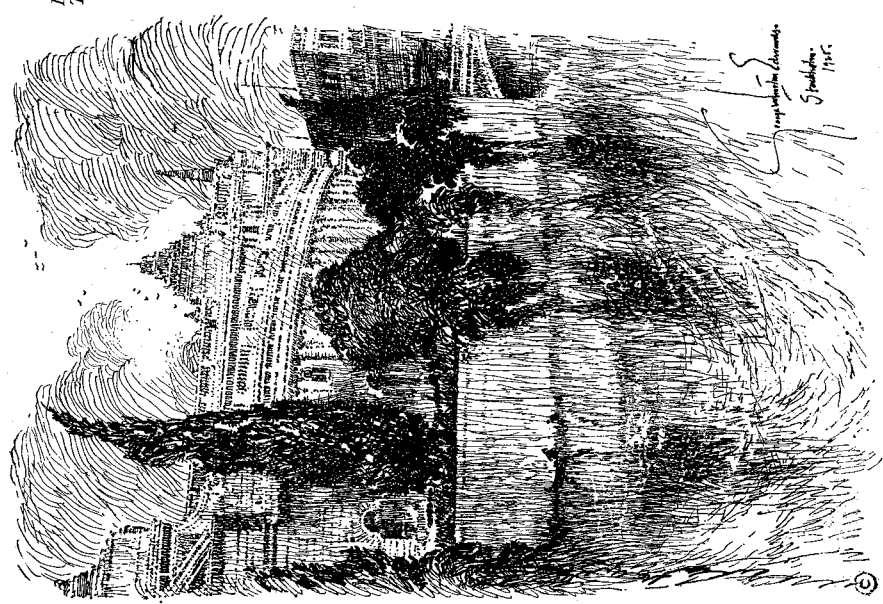
The Northern Museum.



House of Parliament.

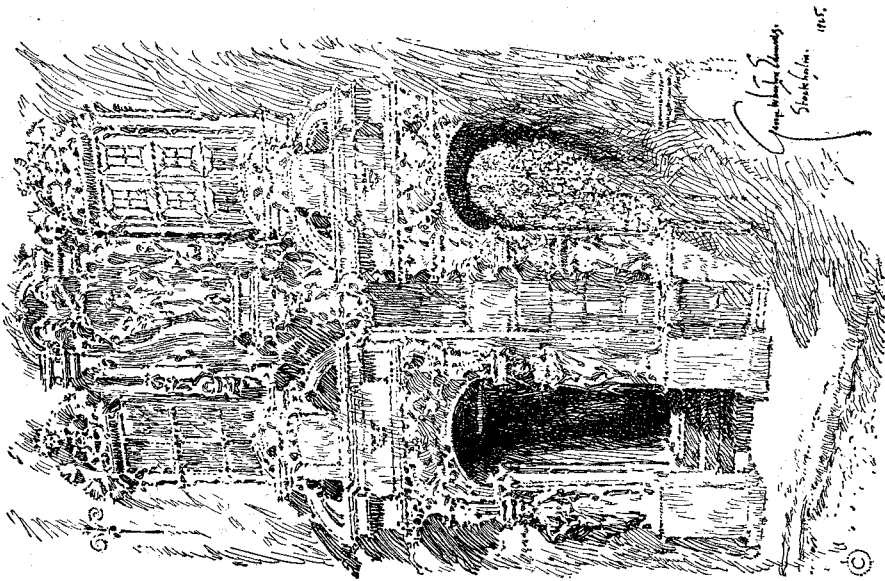
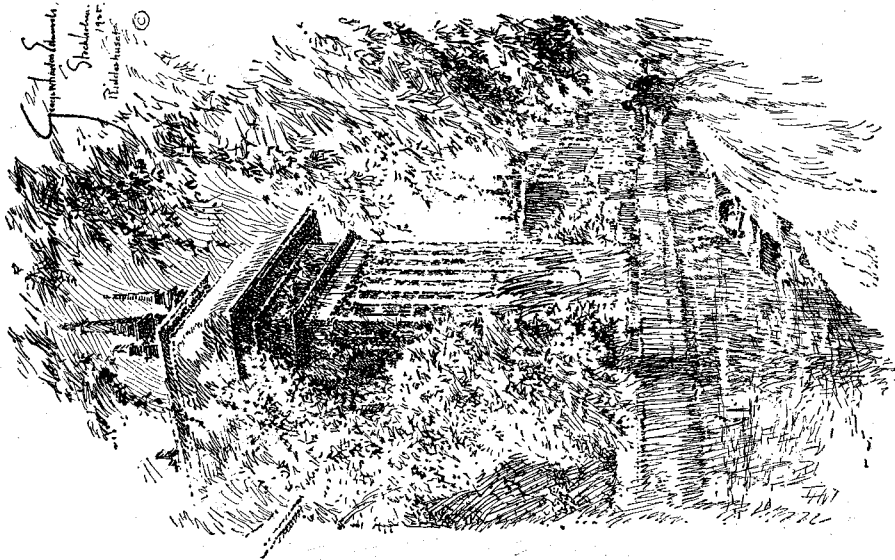


The
monumental
City Hall.



Helgeansholmen,
The Norrström.

Ridderhuset
The Knights Hall).



Doorways in
the old town.



From the arcade of the Town Hall.

Daughters

BY McCREADY HUSTON

Author of "Wrath," "Dottie," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED CEIKE



ALEXANDER STUART soon discovered that apartments in Pittsburgh were much more costly than the rentals he had written into some imaginary budgets as he rode back on the train from Albion, where he had asked Mildred Tennant to marry him.

He was doing well with the Mammoth Steel Company. His salary was, or had been, adequate; and he had, he knew, a prospect of some day being superintendent of the fuel department. He had read somewhere that a man should not put more than one-fourth of his income into rent. That was a sensible proportion, he admitted; and it had enabled him to work out a satisfactory budget, one that would permit him, theoretically, to marry Mildred.

When he began, however, to pursue the addresses on a newspaper renting-list around the city, he found without delay that the ideal budget was meant for somebody else's salary. A fourth of his income would get practically nothing in the kind of apartment he wanted for Mildred. He did find a number of small suites in less desirable streets for fifty per cent of his salary, but for the one-fourth permitted by the efficiency experts he could find only what his sensitive nature instantly rejected.

Stuart was twenty-four, two years out of Adams and Hamilton College. From commencement he had gone to Pittsburgh, had asked the Mammoth Steel Company for a job, and had gotten it. He had not tried to pull wires, though his family was not without influence. He was not only willing to take what he could get but he wanted to begin and continue on his own. He was that kind of boy.

Stuart was not analytical. He actually liked coal and coke; the handling, hoisting, crushing, and baking in the long rows of beehive and by-product ovens. He liked the contacts with the gangs of Slavic laborers and furnace-tenders; he even liked the noise, heat, confusion, and dirt, and they helped him enjoy by contrast the fun his salary permitted him to find around the town. He intended to stay with Mammoth, save his money, and be promoted. He was content with his present and his future.

He did not quarrel with his situation even when his salary was cut during a temporary slump in business; he knew that the company's practice was to reduce when times were dull and advance when they were good. He knew he would have to work hard, obey orders, and make himself a part of the system; but he was ready to do that. He had his feet on the ground. Stuart was healthy and happy; and, until he met Mildred, he did not know that an economic problem or a housing shortage existed. It was when he decided that she was the girl he had been waiting for without realizing it, that he began to learn a number of things.

He had met her at a resort hotel on top of the Alleghany Mountains. She was driving home to Illinois with her parents after an Eastern visit and had stopped off to stay a week-end with a school acquaintance. Stuart was one of the dancing boys who happened to be there; and before the evening was over he decided that she was different from the other girls he knew.

By falling on Monday, Independence Day enabled him to travel the six hundred miles westward to see her in her home. Two or three letters and then a telegram had gone before; and so, on a Sunday evening, he found himself at the wheel of one of the Tennant cars, rolling