

Another Servant Problem

By Joella Johnson

"Oh!" cried Nellie Harrington, stamping her foot. "I simply can't stand this humdrum existence of cooking three meals a day, washing dishes, sweeping floors and making beds any longer. It's the same old thing over and over. How I hate it!"

Now Joe Harrington didn't like this idea worth a cent, but he was getting tired of having the same thing to quarrel about every evening. While he sat thinking over the situation his face brightened, as he thought of an idea.

The next day as Nellie came down to breakfast in her tailor-made suit, ready for work, her smile changed to a frown, as she saw the maid in the daylight. Without her hat on she was beautiful, and Joe, with his sweetest smile and in a solicitous manner, was showing her where the household utensils were concealed.

ter now that you're making your own money. Guess you were right about the housework. Well, so long, don't be frightened coming home alone, you know you're a working girl now, so you must be as brave as the rest."

affectionately... miss her fingers will be all right, but we will sweep through his hair and sing to him in a soft, sweet voice.

At first Nellie could have screamed and then she wanted to cry. Finally she didn't know what to do, but do something she must. No wonder he liked the arrangement. Going in the back door she called the girl to the kitchen.

"Anette," said she, tremblingly, "you may pack your things and leave here in the morning."

HELLO, Dick!—Very well, thank you—sorry I have an engagement for this evening. Molly spoke flippantly over the telephone. "All right—perhaps some other time. Good-by." She hung up the receiver quickly.

provokingly. "I wish you had accepted his invitation. Helen would have been willing to go with you some other evening. And I wanted to ask Dick to supper Sunday."

It was evident that the man was one of the unfortunates who stand on the street corners peddling their poor wares. Dick led him solicitously to a near-by doorway and stood chatting with him a minute.

A Real Speed Demon

So the big half dollar clattered with a cheerful ring in the little tin dipper, and a sweet voice interrupted the blind man's reveries. "Does that young man take you to lunch every day?"

about daughters—up to a certain stage they object to hearing about a young man's good points, but after the mental crisis has passed, they will listen contentedly and gratefully.

By Elsie Endicott

The Telephone Love-Match

By Parke Whitney

DORIS LAIRD'S gaze passed idly over the dainty room in which she lay indulging in an unaccustomed afternoon rest—mentally she contrasted its pretty appointments with the simple furniture of her bedroom in the little Vermont town where she taught school.

her first attendant at her marriage to Phil Crosby. No wonder all the other young men in Nina's set were so envious of Phil's success!

Nina is calling you from downstairs, Miss Laird," she said.

ceiver was placed on its hook with a sharp click.

ing all this time! Do come and see the gorgeous lavaliere that Aunt Harriet has sent." And the two girls ran happily downstairs.

nosegay, with its white lace frill.

His rapid courtship, accompanied by lavish offers of flowers and sweets, would have swept almost any girl off her feet.

The Bond of Affection

By Phil Moore

HILLCREST people have not yet forgotten the eccentricities of Peter Tromp. When he built his house, the best situated in the village, it had two fronts. One, with a big piazza, faced the street; here Katie, his wife, sat and sewed or visited.

Two days after Emma Simonds died Katie went into Peter's garden and found Emma's four-year-old daughter there playing "mud-pies" with Peter. They seemed the best of chums.

the house.

take care of her, is it, Peter?" she flared. "She probably got her death of cold."

"Till mornin'," Katie agreed, grimly, and went out to sit alone on her porch.

"Who's Katie, Daddy?"

fumbled for Katie's skirt, and little arms reached up for her embrace.

The Helping Hand

By Abner Anthony

FOR many weeks Ruth Stanton had planned for this vacation day which now seemed a reality. Her ardor was not dampened on awakening, when she beheld rain driven in gusts, as the wind howled around her comfortable home.

"That's why I arose early. The sooner our work is done the more time we shall have. My little girl needs a rest."

interrupted breakfast, and said, gayly, "The kitchen for mine, mother dear, for I have given my promise."

Dean's dinner. He forgot it, and his rubbers are worn out. If his father doesn't forget he will get him some and leave them later at the school."

said: "Don't wait for dinner for me and don't worry, please, mother. I shall get along fine and be home later."

day, my dear child," she said, "but the Lord will surely bless and keep you."

store. Imagining Aunt's scanty hard-earned, she ordered many extra things to be carried out. With her own money she paid for all, while seeing a vision of a much longed for hat fly into space.