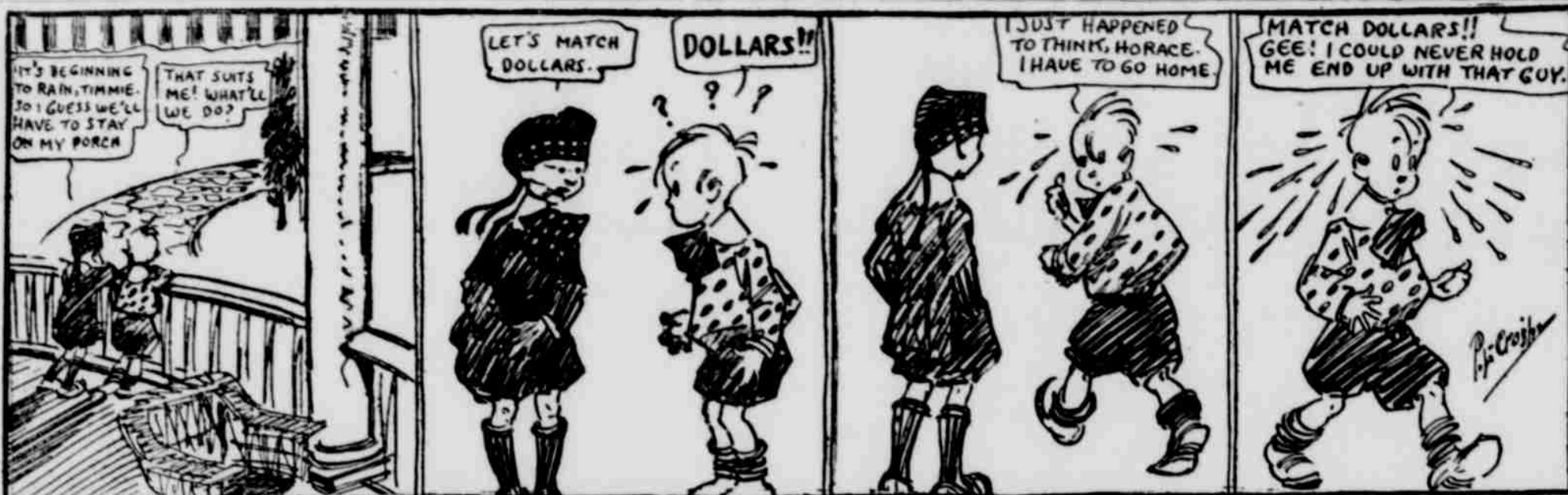


### The Clancy Kids

Geel The Warriches Must Have Oodles of Coin



By PERCY L. CROSBY



### All Aboard for Normal



### "Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining" -- True Story of Marshville Folks

By LINA COVINGTON HARRELL

Marshville, Jan. 10.—When I rang the bell of Kate's pretty bungalow that morning, I was feeling particularly at peace with the world. For once things seemed to be running smoothly in my small domain, and I meant to enjoy the novelty while it lasted.

I opened the door and went inside, suspecting that Kate was in the kitchen and did not bear my ring. A three year old howl greeted me, issuing from somewhere in the depths of the interior. A crash of tinware came next, followed immediately by a younger, more piercing screech from some outraged individual. Then the weary tones of Kate's voice saying something, which I hope was appropriate to the occasion!

I grinned to myself. Then I went up through the house and opened the kitchen door.

You can imagine the scene. You have held it dozens of times, probably in your own home. Kate sat in a rocking chair in the middle of the room rocking the eight months old baby violently in an attempt to get him to sleep, and that young tyrant was fighting with equal violence the map that was about to overtake him, and howling by way of keeping up his determination.

Junior stood in the pantry door surrounded by a mound of pots and pans which he had just plucked from their bearings, and was howling with sheer rage. The dishes, of course, were piled, unwashed, upon the kitchen table, and things were in general disorder everywhere.

"Who committed the murder?" I inquired from the doorway in a loud voice.

Junior put brakes on a howl in mid-air so to speak, leaving his mouth and eyes wide open in surprise. The baby squawked once more, then lifted his head to investigate in curious silence.

Kate drew a deep breath. "Welcome to our happy home! This is the first silence we have had in three years it seems to me. Why didn't you come sooner?"

"Now, see here," I warned, "I am no wild animal trainer, so don't try to wish one of these young hyenas off on me to subdue. If you do I'll go straight home!"

Kate laughed. "Don't worry. But please just stand where you are and let them look at you as long as they will so they will be quiet. No! Unfortunately you do not wear well. We are off again!" As the baby collapsed in evident disappointment at what he had seen, and resumed his howling with renewed vigor, and Kate her rocking. "Sit down; if we had megaphones we might talk."

Junior had discovered by this time that it was only I who had come, and in disgust began to look up another grievance. In an effort to crawl over his barricade of tin ware, he stepped upon a pan which promptly threw him. He rolled over like a ball, then, prone upon his back, began a wicked pounding of his young heels on the floor, emitting one mad bellow after another. I picked him up and looked at Kate. She read desire in my eyes.

"Please do; he needs it and I'm busy!" she said. I placed the young gentleman across my lap and moved my chair close to Kate's right hand. "It might have better effect from you," I said, and handed her a toy paddle from the floor.

Well it worked; after a while that is. Junior was so unused to such treatment that the novelty of the thing appealed to him. He went off by himself then to snob and ponder over the ways of an evil world. The baby at last gave up the struggle and was put to bed with care and thanksgiving.

Kate rubbed a hand across her forehead and looked about in a dazed way.

"Do you see any place to sit down? Perhaps the living room—"

"Why sit down?" I asked. "That kettle of hot water is going to waste. Atta boy," and I led her to the kitchen.

Well, when Kate was in suds to her elbows, and I was relating some choice bit of gossip while I wiped the dishes—the telephone rang. Kate went to answer it, and was gone several minutes. When she came back her face was positively stricken.

"Kate!" I exclaimed, "what is it? Anybody dead?" She shook her head. "Worse than that!" she answered. "Well, for pity's sake don't keep me in suspense." "Will it bring home a friend to lunch?" and she collapsed into the rocker and closed her eyes.

I sat dumb, for once in my life. After a bit, Kate opened her eyes and looked at me. "Can you tell me—" she asked slowly, "why any girl will deliberately get married?"

I laughed then. "No, I can't. But that knowledge would not help us out a bit now. There's lunch to get for a husband and a strange man, a house to clean and two babies to look after. It's no time to speculate on the fool ways of 'womankind now."

Kate went to change her and the children's dresses. Presently I heard her talking to someone on the 'phone, then she came into the living room where I was putting on my hat and coat.

"Your hubby is coming to lunch, too, so take off your wraps. We are going to make a party of it."

And we did! Everybody had a good time. The luncheon was good; the children were good too, with the exception of Junior turning over his glass of milk and the baby getting choked on another zwiback. The men enjoyed it, and showed it. Will's friend had traveled extensively, and could talk interestingly. Everyone felt free and easy.

When the men left after luncheon we could tell from their tilt of their cigars, and the way they walked, that they were well fed and content.

The wash woman came in just then and we bundled her into the kitchen without ceremony to wash the dishes. Before she had recovered from her surprise she had them washed.

"Well," said Kate, stretching out on the living room couch and kicking off her slippers. "All's well that ends well!"

"Yes," I responded, lapsing into a philosophical mood now that it was all over. "And have you ever noticed that if you stick to your course and go ahead with a grin it always seems to end well? You know," I continued, growing enthusiastic, "I am firmly converted to the adage of the silver lining. When the situation looks perfectly hopeless, and you are about ready to jump in the well, or do something equally as rash and undecidable, it is a blessedly comforting thought that if you will just hold your grip the thing will pass, and somehow everything straighten out again."

"You are right!" exclaimed Kate with energy. "But I'm wondering"—she paused, and laughed. "I'm wondering if I could ever have held on today if you had not come along just when you did!"

"But don't you see?"—I pointed out, "I did come along! Somebody always does come along or something happens to save the situation before it is everlastingly too late. That is part of the silver lining."

"I see," murmured Kate—and do you know—to this day she insists on calling me "Silver Lining," when she wants to tease.

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