

THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1920

## SPRING HUNGER

Getting hungry for the trees,  
And the whispering of the birds,  
Or the rain upon the pane,  
Getting hungry for the birds;  
Getting hungry for the birds,  
An' the sunshines once again.

Hungrily in all winter long  
Am I weary of the song  
And the taste of the birds;  
An' the getting rid of me!  
An' more morn I'd like to use  
The birds' life every tree,  
An' the birds' food every leaf,  
The birds' home at the plow.

I'll be glad when I can get  
Out of doors once more, and let  
The breezes of the spring time  
Play upon my face once more,  
I'll be glad when I can get  
The old fireplaces here, and sit  
In front of them all day long,  
Where there's so much to see.

I want to get outside,  
From hilltops and ant hills,  
And watch the panoramic  
View of the world again;  
I want to live life freely,  
By a certain little stream,  
An' learn from trees and song birds  
How we ought to live and act.

## THE WOMAN'S LEAP YEAR PEROGATIVE

It's Happy Climax

His dance in Mr. Herbert Ward's handsome London house was the first time that Dorothy, the baroness' high-spirited daughter, sought out her old school friend, Dorothy, Maine—described by the dancing master as honest—and proposed a very serious question.

"Look here, Dorothy!" she started, "I want to have a wager with you. You know Jim Mason, don't you? He is standing by the door—the tall, slim, good-looking boy who looks as bored as though he were listening to one of his own lectures."

"I've met him once or twice," Dorothy answered, "but I've never heard him call Jim Mason before. Beryl was always Professor James Mason."

The buoyant Beryl shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, I know," she said. "He's all sorts of a big pot in natural history, especially, but I always call him Jim for I like it. And, now, how he's by way of being a workaholic, it seems, and although he's a guest, I want to give him a bad five guess, because of his aggravating absurdness. He's like a Yule log, and I bet you at our coat to a log of chocolate that it would go to him to-night and ask him to marry you."

Beryl laughed. "I'm not exactly lucky," she said. "Of course, I could do such a thing. Paney's going to a man like Professor Mason—or any other man, for that matter—and saying: 'Will you be my woman?'

"Why not?" the other persisted. "It's as simple as snapping your fingers. It'll be a rag, and you needn't be afraid that he'll accept you. He's lived to be now, without looking at a woman, they say."

Dorothy flushed slightly. "I'm not concealed enough to think that he'll accept me," she returned. "But—I could do it."

"Nonsense!" said Beryl. "Of course you could! It's only a lark, Dorothy, and the danger holds a fear for you as well as for me. Listen, please, while I tell you how it started."

And she told him that he had overheard a remark or two which had been made between them.

"I am very glad, very glad," Mrs. Maine said, "that you are so dreadfully raw and then, Jim, when I thought that you were giving your time and attention to that musty wife of yours, I knew—everybody's different now. If I had known myself to choose a wife for you, I could have chosen no one more sweet, or lovable than your Dorothy."

"I'm extraordinarily lucky," he answered.

Dorothy heard no more than that step by step, as she backed away, until knowing herself to be out of sight, she turned and ran into her own room, and there spent an introspective and tearful hour. But, still urged by pride, she talked with utter frankness to the professor that night after dinner.

"The visitors found a cheerful group of mother and four sons assembled in the pretty drawing room, and all enjoyed what Mrs. Brightwell called "a real jolly afternoon."

"Everything passed off well. When the boys had finished their first meal and Beryl too noisy, Julian went into the nursery awhile. Ralph attended to the toilet and the kitchen; indeed, Mrs. Park could devote herself to the children. At the table, the boys did all they could to assist their mother. Ralph carefully changed the plates, and brought what was needed from the pantry, cupboard, and Julian twice went upstairs to see if Lucy, who had been fed and put to sleep, was all right and had not thrown up over night."

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"All right," she said, "I'll take you on!"

Her opportunity did not come until nearly an hour later, when Professor Mason, having waited with her deconsecrated form, was waiting beside her in a palm-filled corner to which she had dexterously led him.

"The annual society charter" passed between them in a mere ten minutes, then Dorothy, wishing that she had not picked up the girls, yet determined to see the bold adventure right through, said, "I'll start our little adventure, and you'll start on it, turned, and with eyes like something of nervous excitement, looking straight through at James Mason. Her eyes were glazed, and she was conscious that she was trembling slightly. But, despite all that, she was resolved to play her part."

"I'm going to do something that I never believed, until to-night, that you could possibly find courage to do. You and I haven't met very often, but I—Dorothy, I don't know whether you liked me, but I hope you have. You know what you've done."

The line on his brow deepened, and his eyelids drooped together slowly.

"What?" he asked. "I didn't mean—that's Leap Year! The first Leap Year, when we women can take ourselves, without asking, to a man for our privilege. In Leap Year, it's a man that we love him and ask him to take us. I feel dreadful speaking like this."

"I'm sure that you're too good and kind, Dorothy, to worry of me if I have said or done something that isn't right. I want you to tell—will you be my husband?"

The professor was shocked, or, if not shocked, interested, but he was obvious enough. Moments later, in a silence that was distinctly strained, Dorothy, who almost had burst into tears and regretted very bitterly her foolish wager with the daughter of her host.

"But at last a deep voice answered her."

"If it has been difficult for you to ask that question, Miss Maine, he said, "I'm perhaps as difficult for me to answer."

"I'm glad, of course, that you spoke," the professor went on, "though, manlike, I might have preferred that I had put a similar question to you. Still, I've been a bit of a fool, I suppose. I'm afraid, and there is only this to say: I accept your proposal!"

"There is no use in writing that Dorothy, for I am, at night and, perhaps, for convention's sake, you will prefer, not to mention from whom I have passed."

Thousands of mothers can testify to the virtue of Mother Graves' Worm Extirpator, because they know from experience how useful it is—London Opinion.

## HELPING MOTHER

The proposal came? "Let us go and announce our engagement now," "No," she whispered. "Not for a day or two yet."

"Dorothy may be allowed to have my way in this!" he said, and somewhat reluctantly, in his turn, he agreed to let her feel free to tell him.

Mr. Herbert Ward was passing then with one or two of his merry-making guests in town, and Jim Mason stopped him.

"Mr. Herbert," he said, "you and I are old friends; I would like you and some other guests here to be the first to hear about it."

Mrs. Dorothy had his hand held in her lap, and he took it to his mouth to kiss it. "I must get to work," he said, and found time to tell him.

During the interval that followed she could never afterwards have told you. All that she knew was that congratulations rushed toward her in a flood, and that the clear bonhomie that she carried away was the dazed look of Beryl Ward.

On the next day her trick won names, and she was soon a great favorite among the boys who made a play that almost in the nature of a command.

It took some industry to release her, for the small boy had done his best, but he had another little boy, a good deal, for his mischief. Then the baby arrived and cried to be taken up, and the boys were sent to their mother.

The truth here is that the boys' mother had had time to think what she should do about the tea company.

At the dinner table she told them all that she had been a woman when the habit of telling others her faults, and Beryl Ward.

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