

# A Run-Away For Happiness

It Might Be Well For The World If There Were More Such Departures As This One.

BY PHILIP KANE.

## PART I.

For more than one-fourth of a century Margaret Mason had called Green Hills Farm "home." Before that, in pink-cheeked little girlhood and in more sedate young womanhood, she had roamed Green Hills' thousand acres, rejoicing in the heaven-kissing hills, the fertile valleys, the panorama of well-fed cattle, rich upturned loam, substantial buildings. For her parents were tenants on an adjoining farm.

It seemed very wonderful when Wilbur Mason, college graduate and heir of the great farm, asked Margaret Weatherby, daughter of a tenant farmer, to be his bride. Margaret had graduated with honors from the village high school, was admitted, the prettiest girl in Elm Ridge township and a bright future in the special field of plant-ology had been predicted for her by her teachers. She was a born botanist and was more teacher than student as the classes went afield. Her young lover soon put any ideas of a career out of Margaret's pretty head and after a brief courtship they were married and went to live with John Mason, aged master of the great farm.

Perhaps we should not blame young Wilbur so much for the things that transpired. His father, John Mason, belonged to the old school which believed that a woman's "place" is at home—and nowhere else, ever. Moreover, a tenant's daughter had not been reckoned in the scheme of things for the old man's son and heir. He had visioned a daughter-in-law who would add acres to their holdings, for land was the god he worshipped, and here had come as mistress of Green Hills, a slip of a girl with scarce an extra change of garb.

It was not then to be wondered at when Margaret one day returned from a ramble and joyfully exhibited some rare flower specimens which she told her husband were to be the beginning of a fine and complete botanical collection that, John Mason felt it his duty to take a hand. "Young woman," said he sternly, "the hours of God's days are for labor; His nights are for rest. With these hands," and he stretched out gnarled and work-worn palms, "I have paid for and worked this thousand acres which some day shall be my son's and as his, yours. She who has gone did her full share. Let us have none of this foolishness of flower hunting when there is work to do at home."

As Margaret Mason listened, with never a word of protest from her husband, something died in her heart. But she gave no sign.

In the days that came and passed Old John Mason ruled the farm with a rod of iron but came, in time, to yield grudging admiration for the woman who, with tireless energy did well what was to be done yet so managed her work that she found time for wide reading—at home.

When the old man was gathered to his fathers, there were three sturdy juniors at Green Hills Farm and never was there a mother who loved her children more or few who more fully gave themselves to their children's upbringing. By this time Wilbur Mason had become the hard-working, close-scheming man of affairs that his father had been. Another thousand acres had been added to Green Hills Farms, among them that self-same tenant farm from which he had brought his bride. Rough, with one stretch of land so inaccessible that Mason decided not even to pasture it and therefore fenced it off, it was none the less an addition which had been strongly urged by his wife. Little of sentiment was left in Wilbur Mason's make-up yet he questioned Margaret if she wanted the place for "old-time's sake." There was an inscrutable smile on her face as she answered him that there were "many reasons" why she wished it in addition to the fact of the fertile bottom land. And one day perhaps they might wish that farm for a son or daughter. So the deed was made and Green Hills, now covering two thousand acres of debt-free land, acknowledged a mistress who once could claim no spot as a permanent home.

Swiftly passed the years and, to the great disappointment of Wilbur Mason, his college-bred daughters married professional men. Only John, hard-headed and practical, elected to follow in his father's footsteps and after taking an agricultural college course, returned to take active supervision of work on the home farm.

Probably it was as much of a disappointment to Wilbur Mason as his own choice had been to his father when John married a city girl totally ignorant of farm life. Winsome, vivacious, a fellow student at the University, Marian Roberts took the young farmer by storm. She had traveled in far countries and had been taught that all happiness is not a matter of house nor land.

It was a matter of neighborhood gossip that while Wilbur Mason had little to say if questioned about his new daughter, Mother Mason adored her from the time they first met. So, some time which once had been home

to Margaret Weatherby, the newly-weds began their home life.

Far back in the bloodstream of the Weatherby family there was a gypsy strain. Margaret Weatherby's mother was dark, quick, emotional, counting each move to a tenant farm as one more glad adventure. As a little child, Margaret, now sedate and matronly, could remember overland journeys at night when she lay happily watching serene stars or, unafraid, heard the wind howl about a white-topped wagon. On that never-to-be-forgotten summer before her first baby came, she had prevailed upon her husband to "go camping." Fearing the displeasure of Old John, the two, still lovers, slipped away like truant children to ride to glory behind piodding horses while with almost every passing mile Margaret gathered botanical specimens. A tempest of wrath for wasted time met them upon their return. Grimly vowing that not for another day should Wilbur be son or heir, his father tore his will to shreds before their eyes and only combined pleadings and promises won him to forgiveness and reinstated them in his will.

With the passing of Old John there was a slight relaxation in the strict regime of life at Green Hills and Wilbur even consented, to take a little trip for pleasure but spoiled it by reminding his wife all too soon that there was no time for "such foolishness." Then the neighbors—some of them—were scandalized when the wife of the richest farmer in the county, took a team and her little children and went "gypsying." But the children had not enjoyed it! They inherited, alas, their father's love of comfort and warm beds and did not share the joy of their mother in starlit skies or with her, smell incense in the smoke of the camp fire. So the adventure was not repeated and Margaret Mason settled down to the routine of farm life, except as she could go afield in books and magazines. She read eagerly everything she could pertaining to botany and plant life and many a time her knowledge found practical application on the home acres. But never a word of co-operation or encouragement reached her for her contributions or particular accomplishment.

The coming of Marian Mason brought renewed girlhood to her mother-in-law. Marvelously the stranger adapted herself to the community and except that she insisted upon a girl to help with housework, won entire approval of the neighbors. When it was explained that Marian had "money in her own right," criticism ceased. Nor was there the outcry that might have been expected when a helper also was hired for "the big house" at Green Hills, giving Margaret Mason more time for occupations other than housework.

With two thousand acres clear and money well invested, it was admitted that the Masons were "well fixed." Still, when Margaret Mason reminded her husband that now there was neither excuse nor reason why they should not go on the trip deferred from the year of their honeymoon, she met only rebuff. Not only was there no time, "but," said Wilbur Mason, "we are too old for such foolishness." Once they had been too young! More and more Mother Mason spent her time at the home of her daughter-in-law and there were days when the master of Green Hills scarcely saw his wife, but since his temporal comfort was well cared for Wilbur Mason did not care so much, although one night he bluntly upbraided his wife for "wasting time" There had never been serious bickerings between these two, who were so different in temperament and outlook, and Margaret was amazed as well as newly disappointed. This time, however, she had ready a calm deliverance, an answer:

"I have given you more than twenty-five years of my time," she said. "Now all I ask in return is a few weeks of yours. If you will take the car and go on a three-months vacation with me, I will be willing to come home and take up work again. Otherwise . . ." She left the sentence unfinished.

With impatient rejoinder, Mason rebuffed her once more. "A woman of your age should have more sense," he said and dismissed the matter as closed. Margaret Mason silently turned away.

(To be concluded.)



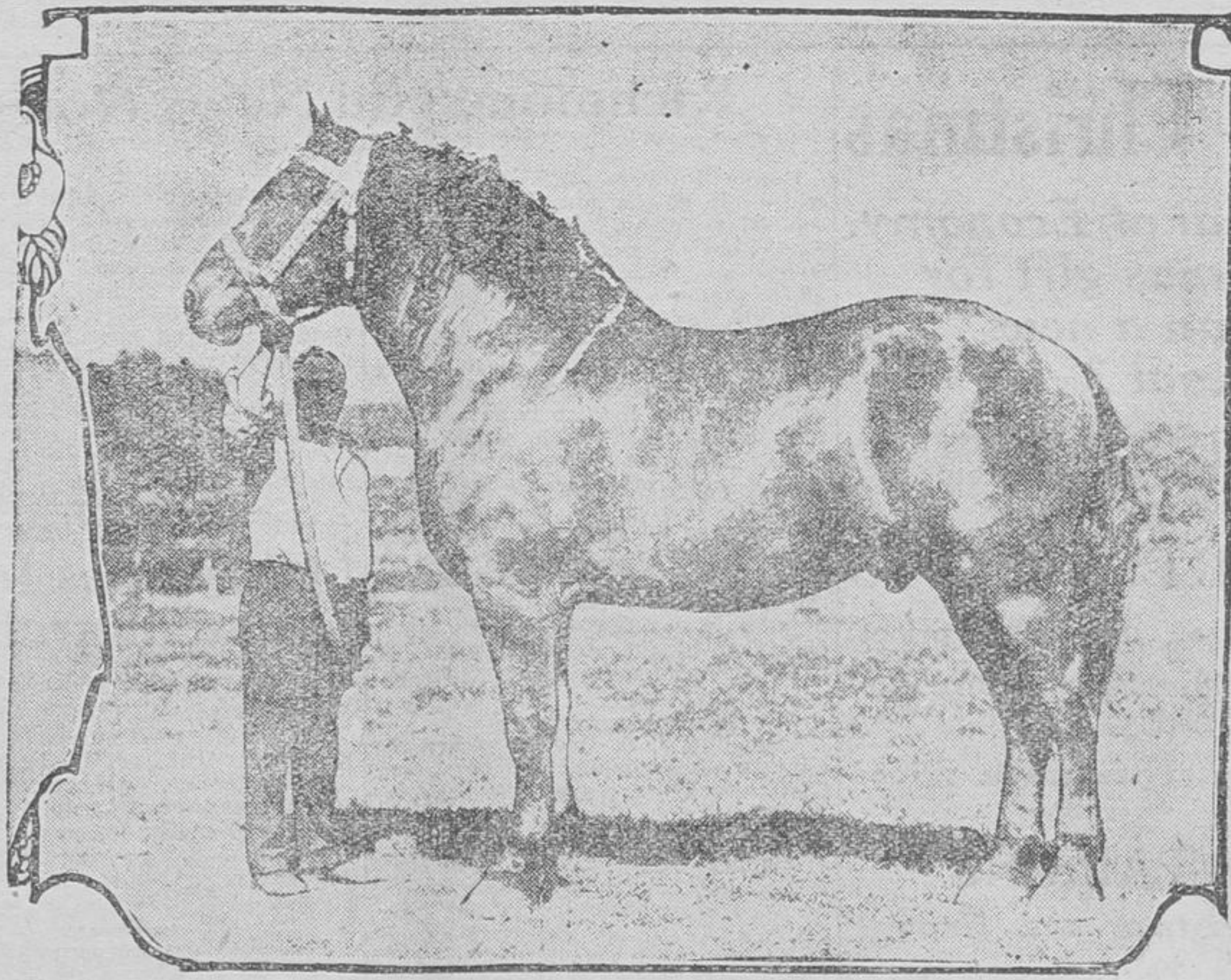
Ground His Teeth.

"He had an axe to grind, of course, but got left."

"When he failed what did he do?"

"Ground his teeth."

Of the total meat consumption of Great Britain only about two-fifths is produced from home-bred animals.



"Lubber," recently acquired by a Nebraska firm, is said to be the largest horse alive. He stands 21 hands high and weighs 3,000 pounds. He is a five-year-old bay gelding with black points.

## THE MOTHERS OF MEN

Withered and old was the little woman. Work-worn her hands, snow white her hair. Quite useless she seemed in a busy household, a mere spectator as her little world moved on. Great grandchildren there were within the home, for grandmother was nearing the century mark. An old and fragile figure, almost unnoticed, except as each meal time came, or shadows called for a season of rest. It was always night for grandmother. She was blind. Yes, the world had passed grandmother by. The miracles of to-day, except that of the radio, meant but little to her. The chatter of her grandchildren was as language in a foreign tongue. Quiet, unnoticed, she sat, day after day, her knitting needle flashing in and out. Grandmother could still knit. What a comfort in her old and sightless days.

Tiny was the little sock in grand-

mother's hands, and yet, as I watched it seemed to grow as a living thing. "A pretty thing," I ventured, "for a man child." The bent frame straightened, the faded eyes seemed to gleam with light. "Yes," she answered, "for a man child. For seventy years I've been knitting, knitting, much of the day, far into the night. Eight boys of my own. Then their sons, a score of them. And now the sons of their sons. But I love boy babies, I still can feel their chubby arms about my neck." And grandmother's smile was transforming, beautiful.

Oh, the mothers of men, how much we owe them! And this grandmother had mothered men of heroic deeds in soldiery, of skill in medicine, of achievement in the arts and agriculture. Unsung, unheralded, she sits in the shadow and knits. And knits. But some day surely, there shall be great reward for such as grandmother.

## An Error in Judgment.

Whether or not animals have a sense of humor, it is certain that they do not enjoy being ridiculous. Most of us can recall the sheepish look of a dog which has been made the butt of some practical joke, but now comes the story of a swan whose amour propre was much ruffled as the result of a comical mishap.

This swan inhabits a pond in the beautiful city park at Ashland, Oregon, only a few miles from the California state line. As the winters there are very mild, water in lakes and streams ordinarily does not freeze, but during a recent winter the lake was partly frozen over.

The swan was floating here and there over the open water, occasionally standing on his head to snatch a tidbit below the surface. Presently he came to the edge of the ice and clambered up on it. Whether he thought it was solid ground or whether he was merely inexperienced in the proper

way to navigate on ice we cannot know, but we can at least agree that he was injudicious, for having gained his feet he began to run. Not content with that he flapped his wings as he ran.

The next moment a most astonished bird, seated on his tail, was careering rapidly across the ice toward the bank, his long neck stretched inquiringly upward, his webbed feet sticking stiffly up in front of him, while his snowy wings still outspread helped to waft him onward.

The person who saw the comical performance burst into peals of laughter which presumably did not help matters, for the swan, having reached the bank, carefully climbed it and stumped away shaking his head grumpily, for all the world like a crusty old gentleman who has come to grief on a slippery bit of sidewalk.

There are eight species of pine in Canada, but only five are of commercial importance.

## The Short Cut.

"That old doctrine about honesty being the best policy may have been all right in the past, but it is out of date now," remarked Bob Hampton cynically.

"Is, hey?" grunted old Turner Gill. "Well, rather. Of course, I wouldn't want to be an out-and-out crook, but I've made up my mind that a man can be too conscientious for his own good. I have noticed that a man is pretty generally measured by the amount of money he is able to get, if his practices aren't too rank. The man who believes in 'getting his while the getting is good' gathers in more 'worms' than the proverbial early bird. The man who is shrewd enough to 'cut bases' in the game of life without the umpire's catching him is the one who has the most runs marked up to his credit. He lives well, stands high in the community, has plenty of friends, and when he dies the preacher 'gives him a free ticket to heaven' the same as if he had walked in the straight and narrow path all his life."

"Tickets to heaven are not at the disposal of the ministry, Bob, and the surface of a stream doesn't show the depth of mud at the bottom. The man who gets what he wants by a short cut that leaves out the mile-posts of honesty and righteousness will find he has lost his way as sure as right is right and God is God. By no system of mathematics can we compute the value of a clear conscience, and all the money and fame and pleasure in the world are not a fair price to offer a man in exchange for his self-respect. A man must live with himself twenty-four hours a day and three hundred and sixty-five days in the year; and no man is good company for himself who is not on the level. A man may steal money or fame or praise or preferment, but peace of mind must be honestly earned. The unrighteous may prosper for a season and seem to be contented, but at the harvest a man must reap that which he has sown. It is not what men think about us, but what God knows about us, that counts. However long the payment may be deferred, and whatever flowers may strew the intermediate pathway, you'll find, in the end, 'the wages of sin is death.'"

Even Unto the Second Childhood.

Miss Passay—"You should see all my Christmas gifts—right from Santa Claus! He never forgets any of us children."

Miss Sharpe—"So good of him to remember there's a second childhood, I think."



Even Unto the Second Childhood.

Her Bread as Good as His Dough.

Hubby—"There's no use talking, you can't make bread like mother used to make!"

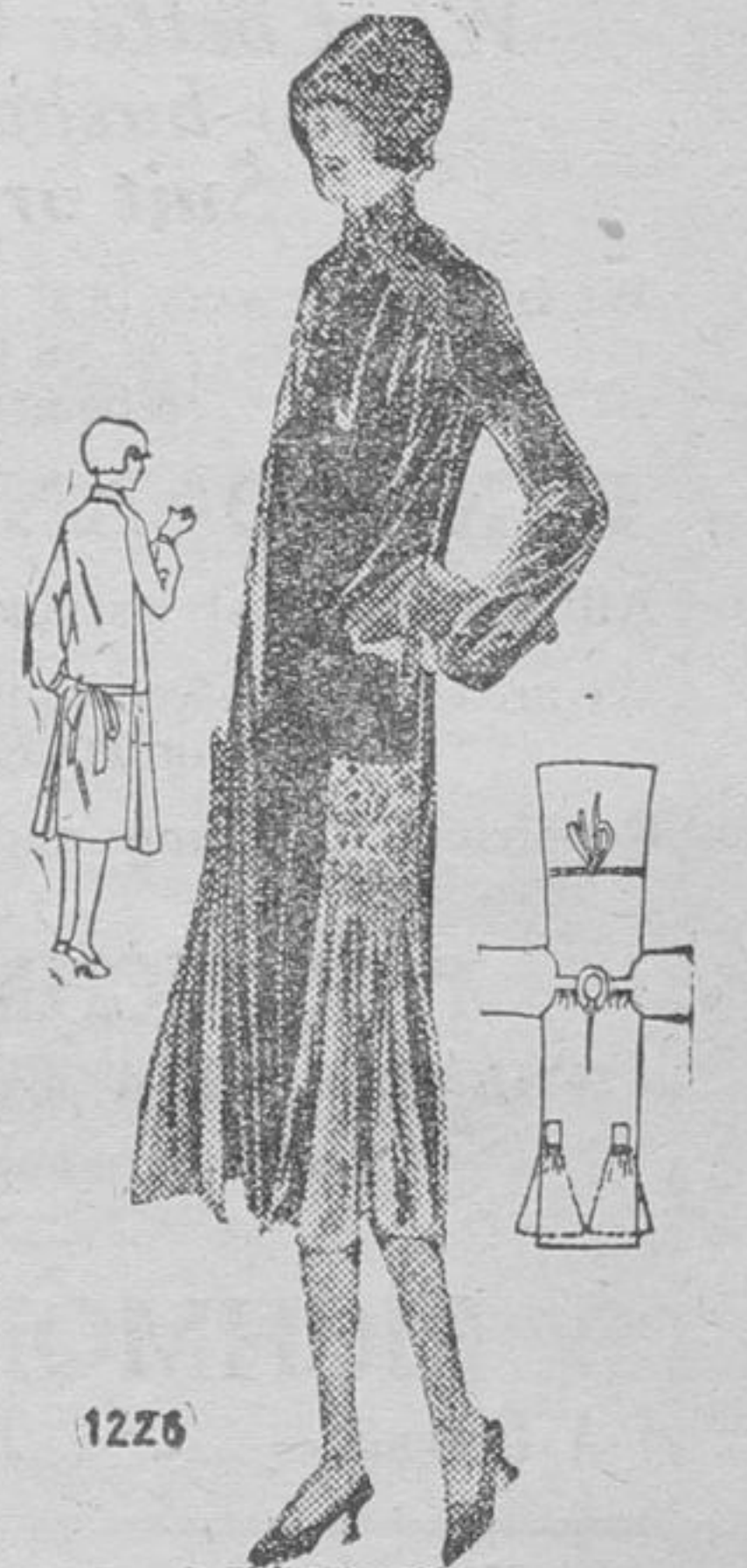
Wife—"Without any talk at all, you can't make dough like father used to make—so there!"



Her Bread as Good as His Dough.

Hubby—"There's no use talking, you can't make bread like mother used to make!"

Wife—"Without any talk at all, you can't make dough like father used to make—so there!"



1226

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## The Pace That Kills.

Each year flying machines are being turned out with engines of increasing power, making it possible to travel through the air at an ever greater speed. The Flying Bullet, that most up-to-date of British seaplanes, has an average speed of about four miles per minute, and it seems likely that in the near future ten or twelve miles will become possible. But at what price?

The question is looming large in the minds of both flying and medical men at the present time as to how long it will be before the human body proves itself inferior, in at least one respect, to the machine made with human hands, and collapses under the strain of speed.

Serious physical results have been felt by airmen flying at the comparatively slow speed of four miles a minute. Nothing could be worse for the human frame than the results of a sudden turn while flying through the air at high speed. The blood is wrenched from the brain and drawn down into the body by centrifugal force, as a result of which the airman loses consciousness for the space of some seconds.

As long as aeroplanes require human bodies and brains to control them, say the medical experts, four miles a minute must be their maximum speed. Any rate of travel above this means, ment for the pilot.

## Two Epitaphs.

I. I fell in battle; you, allowed to live, Now sigh to find each day more fugitive. I knew alone unwearied work and play; You die a little every hasting day.

II. Here lies in peace, a simple soldier's dust; Waste not a tear; he thought the cause was just. Haply he pities you, who, passing by, Live for no cause for which you'd dare to die. — W. K. H.

## The Cause.

The palm is naught to the dauntless, And the cause is more and more. — J. H. D. Flavel.



Since the recent removal of the scaffolding which cloaked the classic beauty of Victory Tower, the above is the first published view of the now complete memorial which crowns Parliament Hill, Ottawa. The 53 bell carillon is still to be installed. The old buildings were destroyed by fire, February, 1916.