

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 II.

Spring was merging into summer though shy wild flowers still bloomed in profusion. Wilbur Mason did not feel the peace and beauty of his own broad domain as he came in that evening from a day's hard work. It was what is called a "late" season. Work pressed, and drive the hired men as he would, accomplishment seemed slow. Cross and irritable, he resented the "moods" of a woman who could suggest that he slow up his work as Margaret had done. An addition of one hundred acres was just in sight. One year more of strenuous pushing—then possibly . . .

As he entered the house that peaceful evening, he was met by the stolid Hilda, who handed him a letter. Wondering, he opened it and standing there, his hat on his head, read slowly to himself:

"Dear Wilbur: For more than twenty-five years I have wanted to take a vacation. This you know. We had one glorious little trip—you will recall—but your father spoiled all that when we came home. Then I tried to take the children but they didn't understand. And finally I urged you to go again but you would not listen to me. You say we are too old. If you would only let me be so, I should not be a day older, in spirit, than when I came here to the farm. But if we go on and on, working only to pile up wealth, forgetting and neglecting ourselves, soon we shall be old indeed but beyond any real happiness.

"It is as much for yourself as for my own self that I am going to do something I long have had in mind. After all these years of waiting and disappointment, I am going away to study my beloved botany. You do not need the help of my hands. Hilda is capable. When I am ready, I shall return home, not before, and that will be when you have learned that we are not too old for happiness. I have plenty of money for all my needs. Do not look for me for it would be useless. I shall be in a place where you never have been but I shall know if there is serious need for my return. Upon you and you alone depends my return. No woman likes to be told that she is 'too old' for the beautiful things in life that her heart craves. When you are ready to be as you were in the first year of our wedded life, I shall know it and will come to you. Until then, good-bye. Margaret."

Dazed, Wilbur Mason held the paper in shaking fingers. He could not seem to understand. Then, with coarse demands, he tried to wring information from Hilda, but all she could tell him was that "the Missus" had given her the letter and left early that afternoon, driving the little car which had been hers for years. Which way did she go? East on the highway.

Flinging himself into his powerful roadster Mason took up the chase. At Windon, a few miles away, Mrs. Mason had been seen driving leisurely through town. The big machine roared in pursuit for a hundred miles but the angry man at the wheel found no trace of the runaway and when, late at night, with white and haggard face, Wilbur Mason drove up to his son's home to break the news, it was to admit shamefacedly that Mother Mason had gone out of his life.

All gentle sympathy, Marian Mason begged her father-in-law not to worry. "Never fear, Father! She'll take care of herself. And remember she says she will come back if . . ." Marian said. But memory was sharply recounting to Wilbur Mason the many quiet requests that he had denied. Nor did anyone know so well as he the indomitable will and clear-cut thought of the mistress of Green Hills. How could he meet that "if"—at his age? "God help us!" said Wilbur Mason, and breaking down, he wept.

The stricken man could not be prevailed upon to make his home with the young folks and, as his widowed father before him, the master of Green Hills reigned in the big old house in solitary state.

John Mason was as much at loss as to his mother's whereabouts as was his father. So far as Green Hills Farms and the community were concerned, Margaret Mason was gone.

There was more than a nine-day sensation in Elm Ridge township. The garrulous Hilda took keen enjoyment in telling of the "goings on" of the master and dropped many a dark hint out of her own imagination, of domestic infelicity. Current rumor had it that Margaret Mason had left her husband in anger, never to return. Smarting under the lash of gossip, Wilbur Mason stayed more and more at home, to drive the farm work with untiring energy. His daughters added to his misery by letters filled with frantic reproaches as they demanded to know the real reason why their mother had gone away.

As the days had passed, the lonely master of Green Hills came to have added respect and affection for the wife of his son. With the deft touch that only an intelligent woman can give, she kept the great house home-like and endurable. On one pleasant day, as they were discussing the farm and its needs, his daughter-in-law . . .

of overwork. "Why wear yourself out?" she said. "You still have many years of life before you; there is far more money already than you or yours will ever spend. Why not take a little time for happiness. Mother is right about that—absolutely right. Why can you not see it?"

"What could I do?" he humbly asked, in a dawning willingness to learn. "What did you enjoy when you were a young man?" Marian Mason replied. "Whatever it was, begin over!"

As a result of that brief conversation, Wilbur Mason, after more than a quarter century of abstinence from "foolishness," unpacked rod and reel, fly hook and gun case and it was not long until, day after day, he whipped the streams of Green Hills or followed a keen-nosed dog. A superintendent took his place over the men. Slowly, something of the zest of youth returned and the most of Green Hills knew that never again would he be slave to toil for mere gain.

As Marian Mason noted the change, she expressed frank approval. "I'm no prophetess, Father," she said one day as he proudly displayed a string of bass, "but, somehow, I feel that Mother's coming home!" Eagerly he questioned but she insisted that there was no definite information. She had "just a hunch."

One glorious day, following a frost, Wilbur Mason decided to go exploring. He knew his two-thousand-acre farm well except for a certain rough tract of wild land which never had been tilled or pastured. With gun and dog he set out, first for the home of his son, then on up into the hill fastnesses. "I'm going to beat the brush at the bottom," he confided to Marian, "then work up to the top. Haven't had time all these years to look it over. Big acreage still there untouched. Who knows but I may find something valuable?"

"No telling," Marian replied brightly. "Perhaps you may find happiness—up there on the hill. That's better than land or gold!"

The ascent was toilsome and the game bag full. Although it was well past noon, Mason determined to reach the hilltop before eating lunch. He wished to see with his own eyes what manner of possession the wilderness held.

Finally the boulder-strewn summit was reached and a surprising sight greeted him. In a depression before him was a tiny but perfect valley; a gushing spring trickled into a crystal stream; on a rich bluegrass pasture grazed a long-eared burro and a sleek Jersey cow. Nestling against the hill was a log cabin and near it what had evidently been a small garden. He stared about him in wonderment and then saw that which set his heart pounding so that his breath came thick and fast—a woman—standing in the cabin's door, a woman whose image had not left his mind for long, lonely months. A moment later Mason was plunging recklessly down the hill to break into joyful halloing as Margaret Mason moved slowly forward to meet him.

They stared, wide-eyed, each at the other. In the months of separation and life outdoors, years had slipped away from both. The brown of his wife's face matched the bronze of his own. Each exclaimed over the radiant appearance of the other. "Being outdoors isn't just everything, dear," said Mason, after the breathless greetings were over. "It takes more than sun and wind . . . I've missed you, Margie, but I've tried to find the things you said I'd lost." He had not called her "Margie" since the honeymoon days!

There was abiding affection in Margaret Mason's eyes. "I was just coming home," she said softly. "I knew that you had been seeking happiness. A week more and I'd have been back again. Marian has told me. Come to the cabin—I want you to see . . ."

Within the cabin were walls festooned with ferns and moss and ranged upon a shelf, book upon book filled with pressed flowers, mute tribute to a flower-lover's work and a botanist's knowledge.

"And here is my real accomplishment," announced the happy woman as she placed in the hands of her husband a bulky manuscript. "Flora of Green Hills Farms," read Wilbur Mason, and as he turned the pages written in his wife's clear hand, came realization that there was no work of a novice but a scholarly assemblage of facts which would win a name for the writer in the world of people who work with mind as well as muscle.

They sat down to talk as once "the young master" and winsome tenant girl had shared their dreams and enthusiasms. Rippling and musical came the laugh of Margaret Mason as she told why she had urged purchase of the rough hill farm. "You see," she said, "I discovered this tiny valley when I was a 'gypsy' years ago. I kept the secret close. I loved to think there was a spot on the farm where Romance might still be found. I always felt I'd have to run away some day—to wake you up. When Marian

A DAY WITH THE POPE

Intimate Details of Life at the Vatican.

Very few of the thousands of pilgrims who have seen Pope Pius XI. this Jubilee Year, who have kissed his ring, received his apostolic blessing, and a commemorative medal from his own hands, know how he lives, how he spends those busy days, which begin at six in the morning and do not end until after midnight (writes a special "Tit-Bits" contributor, whose facts were obtained at the Vatican).

They see him dressed in his long white robes, surrounded by members of the Papal Court, Cardinals in scarlet and rare lace, chamberlains of cape and sword, dressed in the high stiff ruffs and knee breeches, relics of bygone centuries, and by prelates in sombre black. They note the enormous rooms, halls in the sense of medieval grandeur, painted by the artist giants of the Renaissance—rooms large enough in themselves to make more than one West-end flat.

They admire His Holiness's Swiss Guards, in their ancient uniforms of red and yellow, with their halberds and helmets; or the Noble Guards, in shining cultrass and scarlet. And they think of the Pontiff as ever surrounded by these outward forms of state.

But when Pope Pius XI. retires to his private apartments, high up in that same palace of the Vatican, he becomes a recluse, though a very hard-worked recluse indeed.

CLOCKWORK PRECISION.

He rises at six in the morning, but his first mass of the day he says in the chapel of his private apartment after midnight. All the same, His Holiness says mass there again on rising. Prelates of his household, and some privileged persons, especially invited, attend this mass. After mass he passes into the dining-room and partakes of a simple breakfast, consisting of a small cup of coffee with a dry biscuit, which he dips into the coffee. The work of the day then begins. And his day is regulated with clockwork precision.

He goes to his private library—not the smaller one in his private apartment, but one on the lower floor—and looks over his mail. At nine o'clock he receives his Cardinal Secretary of State, and the important matters connected with the diplomatic and political activities of the Holy See are gone into.

These things take up the Pontiff's time until eleven o'clock, at which hour he begins his daily series of private audiences. First to be received are those Cardinals resident in Rome who may have to report on the business peculiar to their respective offices and congregations; then Italian and foreign persons of distinction in the church, and sometimes diplomatists accredited by foreign countries to the Holy See.

But for ordinary business such diplomatists are received by the Cardinal Secretary of State. With all, Pope Pius is calm, courteous, and brief.

At one o'clock His Holiness takes a small glass of cordial and begins the most tiring part of his arduous day's work. Accompanied by his Court, he crosses the Throne Hall; the Ducal Hall, and the Royal Hall, where the pilgrims await him. To every four or five he extends his hand for the kissing of the ring.

Almost always the pilgrim throng, often running to a thousand, some-

times even to two thousand souls, is then gathered in the Hall of the Benediction, where the Pope pronounces a speech of welcome, admonition and comfort. This is translated into whatever language the pilgrim's nationality may render necessary; for the pilgrims are almost invariably grouped according to their respective countries, and Italians according to their cities and provinces. But with French, German, and Spanish pilgrimages, the Pope speaks to them in their own tongues.

This done, he bestows the apostolic blessing. Each pilgrim is then given a jubilee medal—which very often the Pope distributes with his own hands. He then returns to his own apartments and dinner is served in his private dining-room. The Pope always partake of their meals alone. The principal meal of the day consists of soup, a little fish or meat with vegetables, and either cheese or fruit, followed by a small cup of coffee. Pius XI. drinks a small glass of white wine occasionally.

When there is a solemn function of sanctification, the Pope goes surrounded by his Court to St. Peter's basilica in the morning. When a beatification, he goes in the late afternoon, after the ceremonial has taken place, and venerates the newly beatified. Occasionally His Holiness himself celebrates mass in St. Peter's, in the presence of thousands of pilgrims and distributes communion to a certain number thereof. In very hot weather he receives pilgrims in one of the spacious courts of the Vatican.

Dinner over, His Holiness again goes into his personal library, looks at a newspaper or a review, writes some strictly personal letters, exchanges a few words with his two secret chamberlains on duty for the week, who act as private secretaries, and sits in an arm-chair for half an hour. But he hardly ever sleeps during the day.

LISTENING TO ZLO.

At half-past four to the minute the Pope takes his daily walk or drive in the Vatican gardens. The gardens are the Pope's only recreation ground.

After exactly an hour in the gardens, the Pope returns to the palace and begins his audiences again. They last until seven. As soon as they are over, he proceeds to his private chapel and recites the rosary with his two secret chamberlains and two personal servants.

At night, after a supper yet more frugal than the dinner—for the meat or fish course is left out—His Holiness again engages in prayer. Then he studies for an hour or so, and says mass after midnight.

At last the long day is over and he retires.

Without change of air, through the most oppressively hot weeks of summer when Rome is swept by the damp, hot sirocco winds from African deserts, it is a marvel that Pope Pius, performing the superhuman work entailed by the Holy Year, robust as he is, keeps well.

Latterly, of an evening, part of the time allotted for studying is given to "listening." A British firm installed a radio apparatus for the Pope, and he delights in the concerts which he hears from Rome and Milan, from London, Paris, Berlin, and other European capitals.

came I shared my secret with her for I knew she would keep it.

"The month you thought Old Jud was away, he worked here for me, building the cabin. From the time I left high school, I planned to study and write about the wonderful flowers and ferns of this part of the country. That's what I intended to do when your father told me I must 'work.'"

"There's something in me, Wilbur, that calls for the outdoors. When you began to call me 'old' I knew that, given a few weeks in these hills, I could regain lost youth. I knew, too, that engrossed in your work, you never would awaken except by a real shock. Had it not been for Marian I should not have had the courage to do as I did. She believed it was vitally necessary for both of us. She prom-

ised that she would look after you. But it has been hard to stay away." She pointed to a fine field gass. "I brought you close that way, and many times so close I could almost have touched your arm as you fished the streams! My girlhood has come back, again. Tell me, Wilbur," and her lips were tremulous, "am I 'old' to you—now?"

Complete understanding and love were in the eyes of the master of Green Hills as he held her close.

(The End.)

To remove fruit stains from the hands, moisten a crust of bread with vinegar and rub on the stains; or grease the hands with lard, and then wash with soap and water.



Standing six feet five inches in his bare feet, Frank Clarke, aged 16, of the Irish Guards, Aldershot, is claimed to be by many inches the tallest drummer in the British Army. With him is shown the bugler.

Does a Horse Have a Sense of Humor?

Yes, I think some horses do have a sense of humor. But I find that horses are like humans in this extent: In a herd of say a dozen horses you will find a dozen different dispositions. In every herd of say half a dozen or more there is the "tease"—a horse that will tease other horses for hours at a time, nibbling at them, chasing them or kicking them now and then, not really hard enough to injure the other horses, but in somewhat the manner of a boxer who just touches up his opponent.

One instance which I now recall of the sense of humor in a horse happened when I was a small boy on the farm. I was holding an old equine family friend while my father trimmed his hoofs. The trimming over and the horse still standing, our house cat sat on the barn floor directly in front of the horse, facing away from us, with its tail lying back along the floor. The old horse pricked up his ears, and it seemed to me that a flash of mischief came into his eyes. He reached out a front foot very carefully and touched the cat's tail. The cat jumped away, and if a horse could smile, I really believe that old horse smiled. He didn't try to hurt the cat's tail—just touched it gently.

I believe the humorous instinct crops out in colts more often than in grown horses. We raised one colt that liked to tear a rag. My father wore a ragged coat, and this colt would follow him all over the barn lot, pulling and tearing at the rags of his coat, and seemed to enjoy the fun immensely. After becoming a grown horse, this colt would nibble at our hands and arms, though not with the intention of hurting us. He seemed to think it fun. Sometimes he would get too rough, and we would slap him. Then he appeared to be very much offended or hurt in his feelings.—M. M.

Convict labor is to be used in reforestation work in Michigan.



FOR BABY.

For the lucky ones who boast a baby in the family, and for those in search of gifts for these important personages, the "baby bunting" sleeping-bags pictured here will prove opportune indeed. As warm as toast and smart "as anything" in fashion, they are carefully designed to give comfort and freedom of movement, yet so constructed as to be impossible for the most athletically inclined to wiggle out of. View A is of a most practical nature. The back has an extension buttoning onto the front, making it possible to open the bag right out flat. The hood is joined to the bag and all the edges are bound with wash ribbon. Soft woolly elderdown would be nicest to make View B from. The extension has been omitted from the back and the lower edges stitched together. The right front buttons over the left and a wider width of ribbon was used to bind the edges. No. 1252 is in sizes 6 months and 1 year. Size 6 months requires 1 1/2 yards 36-inch, or 1 yard 64-inch material. Two yards of ribbon is required for binding the edges, and 1/2 yard elastic for front of hood. If the hood is lined 3/4 yard 36-inch additional material is required. Price 20c.

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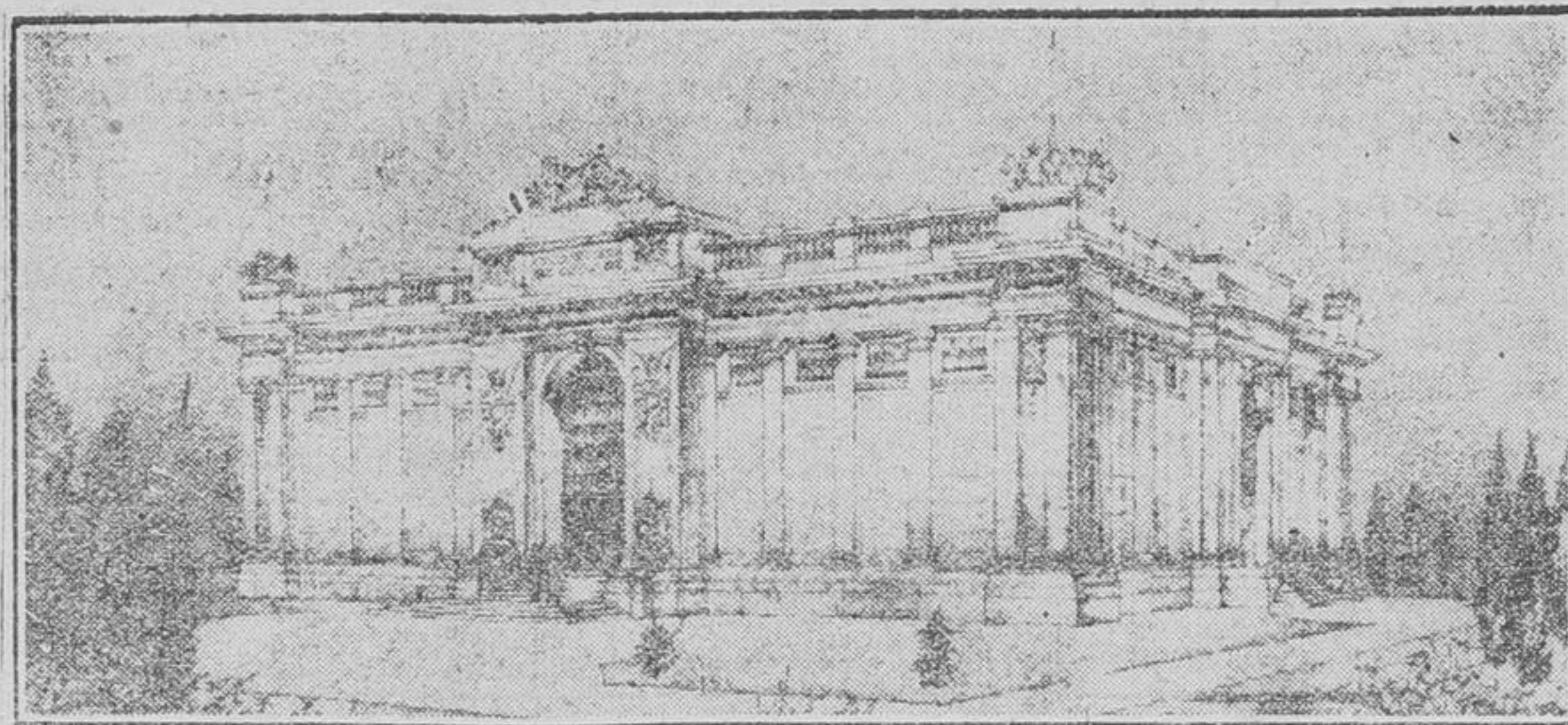
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Crossed Channel 30,000 Times.

Captain John Bennett, who was in charge of one of the cross channel steamships for many years, crossed from Dover to France more than 30,000 times.

CANADIAN NATIONAL'S NOBLE BUILDING AT WEMBLEY IS TO BE SOLD.



PRIZE STRUCTURE WAS DESIGNED BY TORONTO ARCHITECT.

Above is shown the magnificent building of the Canadian National Railways at the Wembley exhibition, which is to be sold, together with the other buildings erected by interests from the overseas dominions. The C.

N. R. building, shown above, was awarded the prize medal by the exhibition authorities in 1924, and was designed by Eustace G. BIRD, A.R.I.B.A., Toronto architect, his design being chosen from a large number

submitted by architects from all over the dominion. The building is 90 x 110 feet in dimensions and is distinguished by fine carving and noble sculptured groups. The award for the finest building in 1925 has not yet been announced.