

Ann, Father's Helper.

By JANE OSBORNE.

When George Walton's friend, Jack Gray, said he had been transferred to San Francisco, and that he was worrying about what to do with the little home he had bought at Breton, a nearby town that boasts a small college, George had an inspiration. "I'll rent the home myself," said he. "It's just the sort of quiet place I'm looking for, where I can finish this story I'm writing."

On a September day George established himself in the Gray bungalow on the outskirts of Breton. He considered himself lucky. He didn't know a soul, so he need fear no interruption. And he had a thoroughly reliable housekeeper in the person of middle-aged Mrs. Bridget Magoon, who had kept his bachelor apartments in town and whose only drawback was her motherless grandson, Patsy Peary, aged two and a half years.

On the morning after his arrival George was dwelling on his many blessings when his reveries were interrupted by a quick rap on the screen door. He looked up to see a young girl—perhaps just past twenty—a comfortable, substantial looking sort of girl, with fresh color, warm brown eyes and a definite way of doing things. George could tell that by the way she put one firm brown hand on the knob of the door.

"May I come in?" she asked. "Isn't this the Gray bungalow?" "Assuring her that it was George stumbled over a chair in his hurry to open the door. He begged her to be seated and after she had composed herself comfortably in one of the wide wicker chairs he sat down opposite her.

"You're just the person I want to see," she said, and George felt flattered. "You see, I'm Miss Stace, Anna Stace. And I'm visiting my brother, Walter Stace. I came for only a few weeks, but he wants me to stay the winter. You know, brother's an instructor at the college, and like all the rest of them he's as poor as a church mouse. So I told him I wouldn't stay unless I could earn enough money to take care of myself. I'm not a bit clever, and I don't know how to teach or do anything. But the other day I had an idea.

"I hate to play cards and I love to take care of children—that's just the opposite of most of the women about here. There's a card club at least once a week—and card parties in between the trips to town for shopping and the matinee. And all the girls who are married to faculty people get their husbands to take care of their children afternoons, when they want to have a good time. So I thought I'd be not mother's helper, exactly but—a father's helper."

Ann ended her recital breathlessly and laughing. "Isn't it a jolly idea?" she went on. "And if isn't a bit expensive for you fathers. Club afternoon I entertain the children for fifteen cents apiece—and call for and deliver them, too. For a quarter apiece I take them on other days—private treatment, you know, and I have to charge more, for there aren't so many children those days."

"Walter's wife knows Mrs. Gray—not very well, but they belong to the same club. So she sent me over to see you. I thought maybe you'd be one of my customers."

For the first time Ann stopped long enough to let George explain. She looked at him, appealingly, from her soft brown eyes.

"But I'm not Mr. Gray," said George, with real regret. "I'm just Mr. Walton. The Grays have gone unexpectedly to California, and I've taken their bungalow. You see, I write stories."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," apologized Ann. "I must have seemed so stupid. I really beg your pardon."

George was casting about for an excuse to detain the charming Ann, when Patsy ran into the room. He had bright blue eyes and bright yellow hair. His hair was pink and freckled and his baby lips smiled bewitchingly as he ran confidently up to George.

"Oh, but after all," said Ann, when she saw the boy, "maybe you do want me. Isn't he a dear?" "Isn't he, now?" said George with fervor, as the idea for seeing more of Ann came into his head.

"And Mrs. Walton does play cards, I suppose?" questioned Ann. "Why—yes—see—see—blundered George. "Mrs. Walton's not here."

"Oh!" Ann's monosyllabic was comprehensive. The scene before her became a tragedy. She noted the absence of a button on George's coat—the apparent embarrassment of the big man who was trying to fill a mother's place to the small boy—the child's gleeful ignorance of the whole situation. Mentally, Ann dubbed the mother heartless, a brute.

"Then you do want me sometimes, don't you?" she said finally. "I know I could help you make the boy happy."

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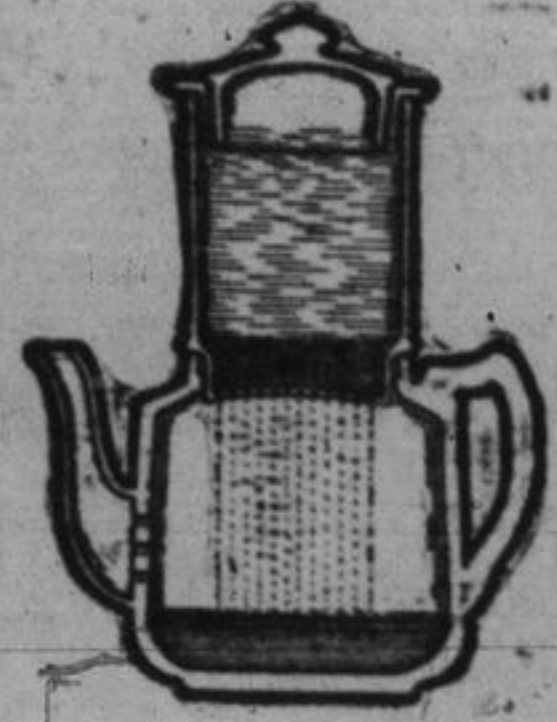
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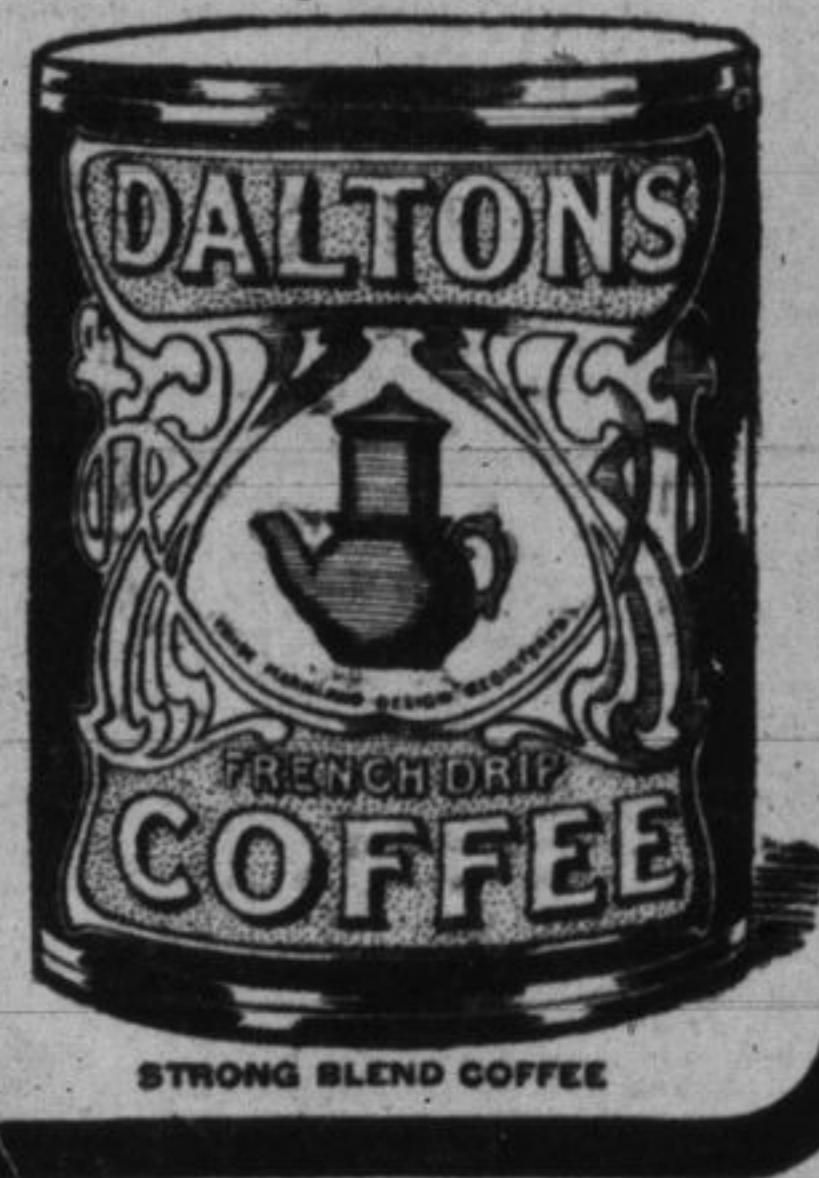
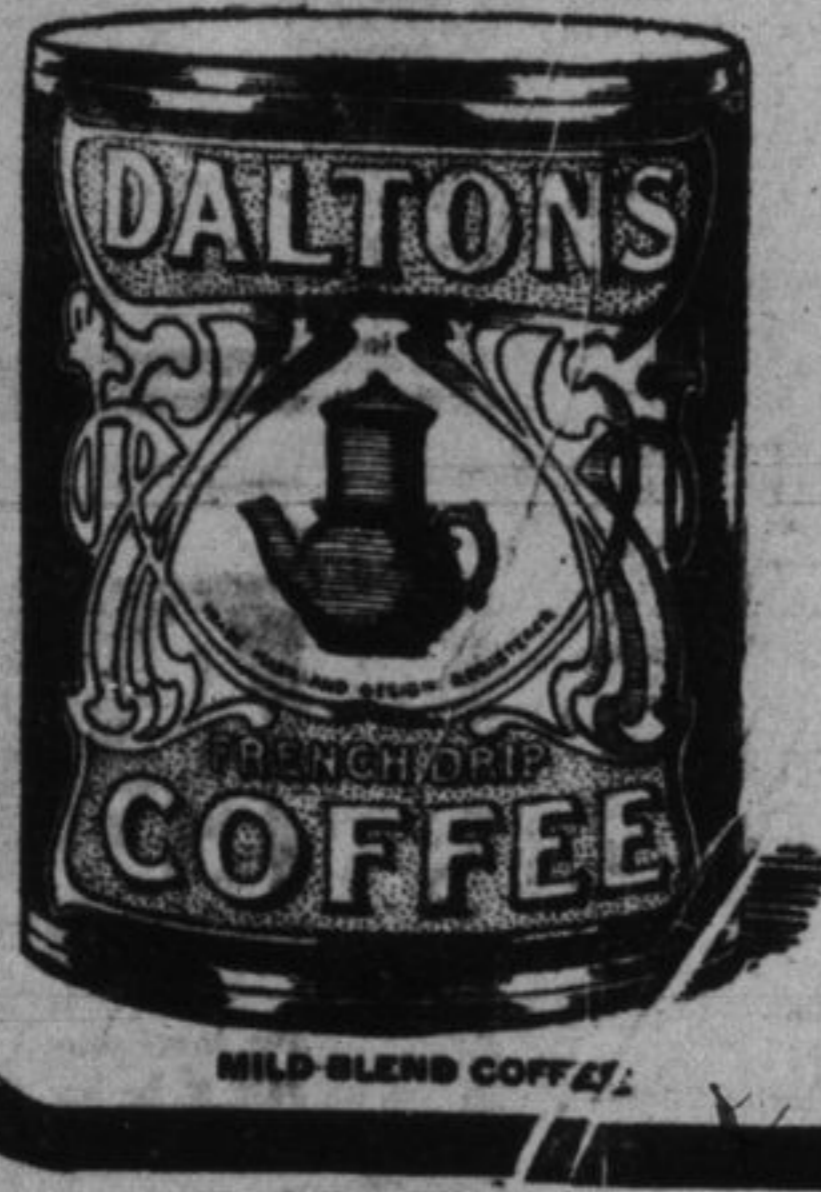
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but after George had explained that he had arranged to have Patsy absorb a little education and refinement every morning and offered to rent the boy for a dollar a week, that valuable child's grandmother, gave in and promised to say "never a word" to nobody. She consoled herself with the assurance that, though doubtless out of his mind, Mr. Walton was nevertheless gentle and harmless. As for gossiping neighbors, George did not have any, as yet, and he vowed that he would continue not to have any.

One morning a couple of months later Ann burst suddenly into George's study.

"Oh, Mr. Walton," she cried, "do come here. Little Archibald has just learned a word. I've been trying to teach it to him for ever so long, but you know he's a little backward about talking."

"Thank goodness he is," muttered George to himself, as he followed the girl to the living room, where Patsy sat playing with his tin soldiers. She got down beside him on the floor.

"Archibald, dear," she said, "say the word Miss Ann taught you. There's a good boy."

Archibald, Walton, alias Patsy Peary, looked up. His blue eyes were guileless as he lisped his first distinct word:

"Divil a bit," he said, with conviction.

Ann looked at George with frightened eyes. The corners of his mouth were twitching, but he said solemnly:

"It must have been hard to teach him that."

"Oh, I see," he said, comfortably. Ann, already miserable, felt that something was wrong.

"See here, Miss Stace," he said, after a moment's hesitation. "Things are in a mess and I don't see how I ever can get out of it. But this nonsense has gone on long enough. You see, when I first saw you I knew I wanted you."

Just then a stalwart young man with freckles and yellow hair, and with murder in his clear blue eyes,

stalked into the room from the direction of the kitchen. In the wake was the frightened Mrs. Magoon.

"What's this I hear, Mr. Walton, about me son, Patsy?" he demanded. Ann turned pale. George turned red. Mrs. Magoon began to wring her hands—and Patsy threw himself rapturously on the speaker.

"Daddy's Daddy!" he screamed. And hearing himself thus addressed for the first time, and seeing the boy fat and happy, Patsy's father gathered the child in his arms and decided that perhaps after all the treatment he had been daily subjected to hadn't harmed him and retreated with the hysterical Mrs. Magoon to the kitchen.

"The jig's up, Ann," said George Walton. "You see what I did. I rented the youngster so that I'd have an excuse to keep you near me. From the first I wanted you."

Ann's cheeks were pink again.

"Perhaps," she said, "you could keep me without an excuse."

Teaching Freshmen Their Place. Cornell Daily Sun.

If you could remember a few of the cardinal virtues how much better it would be for everyone. That that small gray cap is always to be worn, save in the specified exempt cases. That, smoking on the campus is for you. That the dearly prized preparatory school insignia show to better advantage ripped off, and the high school pin, even though hid beneath your coat, does surely break the spirit of the rules. That on the Union street railway, if the car is crowded with upper classmen aboard, your position is standing. And right here it might well be noted, that this rule will never be effective unless your classmen co-operate for its enforcement.

MARVELOUS HAT. Inventors Have Produced a Style That is Sensible.

A woman came forth from a department store with a smile as if one who has stumbled on a gold mine or found \$10. In her hand she grasped a narrow parcel. Her fond gaze rested on this parcel, with the consequence that she bumped into a friend as she turned a corner.

"Well!" exclaimed the bumped friend as she righted herself and saw who had cartoned against her. "Well, you look uncommonly happy. Been shopping?"

"Happy!" replied the other. "I haven't been so happy in two whole seasons. I've been wearing the same clothes since 1909, because the new beginning to think I would soon have fashions were so preposterous. I was to take to a blanket and a shawl tied over my head—for I cannot and will not wear the present styles. But today, lured by something I saw upon another woman, I ventured, not too hopefully into a shop, and behold—my hat!" And she held forth the slender parcel.

"You don't mean to tell me there's a hat in that lean, little, light bundle?"

"Certainly there is—a pretty hat, a sensible hat, a comfortable hat, and a hat that will never be pierced with a hatpin to maim my fellow-citizens. When I bought this hat from the counter it had a shape. It was nice and even, with the brim turned up all around. It was soft and light, and flexible and big in the crown. I put it on my head. I pulled it down and gave the brim a little chirp. Then I cautiously looked into the mirror. Would you believe it, Clara, I looked—"

"It seemed too good to be true, perfectly human!"

ter all these years, to find once more a becoming hat. But that isn't all. I gently thumped it and administered a poke. Believe or not, Clara, that hat transformed itself into a different creation, and still it was becoming.

"Another twist, and again it was a different shape, more becoming than ever. I almost danced. I hastened to buy it and to buy a nice little feather to stick up on the side. I wouldn't have it sent. I wanted to get it home as quickly as possible for fear I might wake up and find it was a dream. And here's the hat in this tiny parcel, soft felt, you see, with the brim turned down, the whole thing laid flat and rolled up tight. Perhaps the greatest virtue of my wonderful find is its cheapness—\$1.49. I shall keep it!"

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There is only one way to cure La Grippe and that is by attacking the germs which have entered the membrane and dislodge them. This is exactly what Hyomei (pronounced High-omei), does. Hyomei is simply the concentrated healing and antiseptic forces of nature combined. You breathe these essences and nature does the rest. After inhaling Hyomei your head becomes clearer, the headache disappears and in the night the cold is broken up.

Hyomei is guaranteed by your druggist to cure La Grippe, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, Asthmas, Bronchitis and Croup, or your money is refunded.

The outfit consists of a neat hard rubber pocket inhaler and a bottle of Hyomei. This costs you \$1. (Extra bottles of Hyomei, if necessary, 50c.) All druggists, or post paid from the B. T. Booth Co., Limited, Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by J. B. McLeod.

rested all winter giving my hat a new shape each day. For once, Clara, men, with their ever-comfortable headgear, will have nothing on me. It's the first time I've dared buy a hat in two years. The inventor of it is a philanthropist, for it's a blessing on your head!"—New York Times.

"Sabbath Room."

One of the exhibits which attracted much attention at the International Hygiene exhibition at Breslau was an old-fashioned furnished room designated in the catalogue as the "Sabbath room." It was an exact reproduction, says a writer in the Vienna Wochenschrift, "of the best room in the home of a poor family among the Jews which has been scrupulously cleaned and arranged to look its best on the Sabbath day. The exhibit reminds one of the fact that it was this cleanliness and the observance of the various ancient sanitary laws which gave vigor to the people who observed them and strength to overcome hardships."—New York Tribune.

Where Language Fails.

Linguistics, London.

The English language today contains upwards of four thousand words. This is nearly two hundred times as many as the most effusive gossip has any need for; and yet, despite this wealth of material at our disposal, enabling us to construct elaborate sentences and philosophies, we find ourselves without adequate means to express properly some of the simplest remarks.

Everybody should have his or her purse with him or her when he or she travels.

Where, oh, where, is the common-gender pronoun that will spare us this ridiculous circumlocution?

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