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BACK TO HIS IDEAL

By R. RAY BAKER

The three years' war was over and Leonard Moore was going home. The war in question had nothing to do with England, France or Germany. It was a private family war—between Leonard Moore and J. Griffen Moore. Perhaps it had better be termed a rupture in relations, for no shots were fired.

In his hand Leonard held the terms of peace. They were contained in a letter from J. Griffen Moore, who happened to be his father. The situation was summed up in the closing paragraph of the letter:

"So the doors of the old home are open to you. I learn from reliable sources that you have settled down and made good as an automobile salesman. It has been a trying three years for me, all alone in the big house except for the servants, but I believe it has done us both good, and we will understand each other better when you return. There is only one obligation I will place you under; that is that you marry at once, and of course it must be some one in your own class. Masie Dixon would suit me, and you used to appear extremely fond of her. I'll look for you shortly."

It was the first communication from his father since the latter sent him out into the world to shift for himself three years ago. It was after Leonard's second expulsion from college that the break occurred.

Leonard had steadfastly refused to shoulder any responsibility in life, had never been vicious, but had traveled with a clique that was not noted for its thrifty propensities or its mild forms of amusement; had openly defied hard and fast regulations of the school and had ended his career there with an extemporaneous valedictory address delivered in the presence of the faculty when the latter summoned him before it and which was far from being a eulogy.

The summons had resulted from a series of misdemeanors which had come to the faculty's attention, but when the faculty tried to express its opinion as to the merit of Leonard's sundry escapades the latter usurped the stage and expressed his ideas concerning the faculty, collectively and individually. He went home by the next train, bag and baggage.

When J. Griffen Moore shut the door of his magnificent home that night Leonard was on the outside with \$500 in his pocket with which to "try to make something of yourself."

It woke Leonard up and, taking an inventory of himself, he decided it was high time to assume a different attitude toward life. Heretofore he had been irresponsible, because his father was wealthy and he was the only heir; consequently there had been no occasion to shoulder responsibility.

Now, of a sudden, there was plenty of occasion. He had been disowned by his parent, and his remaining faculties told him J. Griffen Moore was right. So he went to work.

Three years later found Leonard a successful salesman, rooming at a place where other young business men and women made their homes. He had responsibilities, and he was glad of it.

Not once had he implored aid of his father. He was proud of himself, but not too proud to go back home when invited. Leonard had no particular liking for hard work, and he knew his father would get him a position where that kind of activity played a minor role. He had worked hard, but because he had to.

His heart filled with exaltation, which showed in his eyes, he left his room and walked down the hall, pausing before a door, on which he knocked. It was opened by a pretty brunette, rather diminutive, attractive, intelligent young woman, who smiled him welcome and invited him to a chair.

"It's come, Minnie," he announced gleefully. "Father has relented, and I'm to go home. The world is rosy once more."

She walked to the window and looked out. The smile disappeared from her face when her back was turned to him.

"Tell me about it," she said.

He did. There was no reason why he shouldn't, because Minnie had been his confidante ever since he came to room here. They had been great friends—nothing more than that—and had spent many an evening together, discussing their hopes and ambitions. Minnie edited the woman's page on one of the newspapers, but had an intense yearning to become a police reporter.

"They don't have women police reporters," she said, "but I don't understand why, seeing that they have women policemen. Anyhow, I want to be one. I'm tired of fashions and divorces and marriages and other heart throbs of the feminine world. I'd like to handle murders."

"So Leonard told her how the rupture in relations was about to terminate and suggested they go out to dinner in celebration of the event, because on the morrow he would return home. But she insisted that they simply have one of their 'chatty sessions,' as she expressed it.

"I suppose before long you will be married," she observed, "to one of your former sweethearts?"

This extracted a sigh from Leonard. "Yes, I suppose I will. At least I hope to. Masie Dixon always was my ideal. She's the most wonderful girl I ever met—a pronounced blonde with blue eyes—and she certainly would make me happy. I have always been in love over her, but of course when I left home I was obliged to give her up. Now it will be different."

He gave vent to another sigh,

which was echoed by Minnie, no doubt out of sympathy for him, although there appeared to be little occasion for sympathy.

In the morning Leonard severed his connection with the auto sales company. The manager was not at all pleased, because Leonard had been a valuable man; but he was told that a place would be open for him any time he might care to return.

Then Leonard went to his father's office, where an affectionate greeting took place, and that night Leonard was formally welcomed back into the old home with a dinner party, at which young ladies and young gentlemen of "his class" were guests.

Among the guests was Masie, and her greeting was effusive.

"I've missed you a lot," she said. "It would seem that you might have dropped me a line now and then."

"I was in no position to consider you as a friend," he reminded her. "I was just a poor working man. It would not have been the right thing, exactly."

"Perhaps you are right," she agreed. "But now we are back on the same level once more, and I shall expect you to make up for lost time and take me to all the best parties and dances and theaters."

While this conversation was taking place Minnie sat alone in her room pounding a dilapidated typewriter, trying to grind out material for her paper. Leonard did not know that she had laid aside this work on more than one occasion in order to receive him and that it made the performance of her duties the next day doubly hard.

On this particular night the rickety machine would not run smoothly. Sheet after sheet of paper was torn up and finally Minnie admitted defeat, covered the typewriter, turned out the lights and moved her chair to the window, where she spent a silent hour, meditating.

It was only a sample of her program on several succeeding nights. A month after Leonard's exit from her life she sat thus at the window, lamenting the flight of inspiration, when a knock on the door intruded on her thoughts.

She exclaimed, wearily, "Come in," thinking perhaps it was the bothersome Miss Jenkins on a borrowing quest for the current magazines, or Mrs. Shear seeking a cupful of sugar, or Miss Haverhill with the latest gossip.

Instead a man stood at the opening when the door was thrown back. As the light was out she could not see who it was, but she could discern that he carried two suitcases. She pressed the electric switch and the light shone on the face of Leonard Moore.

"Back!" she exclaimed. "Did your father change his mind?" "No," he said grimly, setting the suitcases in the hall and entering the room. "No, he didn't change his mind—but I did. Minnie, my three years of work have spoiled me for a life of leisure. Dad and I are on friendly terms all right, but I'm going to take my job back."

She motioned him to a chair, but he remained standing.

"How about your ideal?" she inquired. "Why aren't you with her to-night?"

He walked up close to her, his face carrying an expression she had never seen before.

"Minnie," he said, and there was a peculiar softness in his voice, "Masie Dixon isn't my ideal; she belongs to the Leonard Moore who used to be and who didn't know any better. You ask me why I am not with my ideal to-night and I answer that I am with her. I've been living three years under the same roof with her and I have just found it out."

Assert Ruin Was Chief's Home. Casa Grande ruin, Arizona, is claimed by the Pima Indians who dwell in its neighborhood as the habitation of one of their ancient chiefs. They designate it by several names, among which are Vanki, Old House; Civanavaki, Old House of the Chief; and Sialim Civanavaki, Old House of Chief Morning Green.

Casa Grande was a ruin when discovered and has not been permanently inhabited since first seen by white man. The walls of this historic structure are of a brown color, slightly tinged with red. Externally they are rough, but internally are plastered and still showing places that formerly were as smooth as "Pueblo pottery."

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