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Why is it that the woman who trains won't let her husband smoke in the house always hogs a seat in the weather all winter will now begin smoker when she gets on a railroad kicking about hot weather.

## The Girl of the Wilderness

By R. Ray Baker.

The old man leaned forward and rested a hand on a knee of his son. They sat before a fireplace in which a snapping blaze was struggling against a fall chill. They were smoking pipes and apparently enjoying each other's company, as cronies do; and they were cronies.

The old man? He was not that when one came to a closer inspection. He looked old, seated as he had been in the shadows, for his silver hair was all that was really distinct in the dusk. There were wrinkles, but not deep. One would take it he had led a free and easy life, until gradually the impression formed that there was something about him denoting a sorrow. Possibly it was his eyes. "It's up to you, Paul," he said in a voice that was singularly soft and pleasing. "I would not try to argue you out of this marriage, but I want to warn you and be sure you are not making a mistake—as I did once." The last four words preceded a deep sigh, and the father leaned back again in the shadow, to watch the glow from the fireplace play about the handsome, clean-cut face of his son.

"I am sure, father," the son said, with a note of finality. "I love this girl of the wilderness. You should see her romp through the woods, her cheeks aglow with health. You should see her paddle a canoe, and dive and swim. And yet she is as retiring and reserved as the most demure society belle, when the occasion requires it."

"But your station in life," his father hesitated. "This girl cannot be your social equal. You say she and her mother live in a shanty in the woods near Cedar Creek, where you spent your vacation. They must be crude people, it seems to me. The son was on the point of making an angry retort, but he checked it.

"She's as good, and a lot better than most of the girls in my station of life," he said. "Her English is perfect, and she has a conversing knowledge on a wide range of topics. I did not see her mother, for I never could get Anne to invite me to their home. In fact, it is not her mother, Anne told me. Rather, it is her adopted aunt. Anne is really the daughter of the sister of the husband of the sister of the woman she calls mother—if you can grasp that. Anyhow, she's no blood relation, but they love each other like mother and daughter. It seems that each is all the other has.

"They live in the woods, from choice. Anne's father was wealthy and left a large amount of money to his daughter; and Anne insists on sharing it with the woman she now calls mother. Because they love the woods and choose to live in them—that does not indicate a low station, does it? And what if it does? I love Anne."

"It all sounds very rosy, this love talk," observed his father, and there was a touch of bitterness in his voice, "but it doesn't always work out that way. Look at my own case. I don't care to talk of it as a rule, but it's a sample of what one gets for marrying beneath his level. Your mother was a lovable, good girl, but she had not been educated in my ways of thinking. In many ways the case parallels yours. Your mother would not get along in the society to which I was accustomed. Like this girl you think you love, she was fond of the woods and she wanted me to spend my life in them. I could not reconcile myself to it, because I love the noise and bustle of the city. The silence of the woods drives me frantic. But I consented to try it, and built a habitation in the woods; not a modern structure, as I desired, but a rustic log house to suit your mother's fancy. I could not endure the solitude and finally one night we quarrelled; and a terrible quarrel it was! It was raining, and thunder and lightning punctuated every sentence that was uttered. In fairness to your mother, whom I loved in spite of our incompatibility, I must say that I did most of the quarrelling. She simply sat and looked into my face with those gentle blue eyes and let me rave. I never told you this before, because—because it was pretty hard for me; but now, when you are considering a step that is almost identical, I cannot refrain from bringing it up as an example. But it is hard.

The silver hair was buried in the man's arms. "The next morning I left the house with you," he went on, more composed. You cannot remember it, for you were only a year and a half old and I had to carry you in my arms. I sneaked out of the cabin with you bundled in a blanket before Ethel, your mother, was awake. I did not return for three months, and when I did, repentant, I found nothing but ashes to mark the spot where we had tried to live. And never was I able to get a trace of your mother, though I believe she perished in the Frisco earthquake.

"So you see, my son, what marrying beneath my station did to me. You see what may be the consequences for you—of marrying one of those nature-loving spirits. It sounds well, but it works out differently."

The son was silent several minutes. "I know you meant well, father," he finally said, and this time it was his hand that stretched forth and it touched the other's shoulder. "But I love this girl, I am sure of it, and, besides, I love nature, too, so we ought to get along. Now I must be going, for I have an engagement with Carl. We want to discuss old college days."

He left, and for a time the man with silver hair smoked and silently

watched the fireplace flames; and two or three tears crept into his eyes. It was Paul's wedding day, and he was on his way to claim his bride from the forest. His father was with him.

"I said my say, and you've made your choice, son," he said. "It is for you to decide. And of course I'm going to be present when my son is married, even if it should be in the center of African jungles."

So they packed travelling bags and took a train for the wilderness. At Cedar Creek they disembarked and set out on foot through a path in the woods.

"Does smell rather good," admitted the elder man as they trudged along inhaling ozone from the pine trees. "It's the first time I've been in the woods since—since that night."

Two hours' walking brought them to a clearing, where a log house sent a thin wreath of smoke heavenward. It was a small hut, but it looked inviting, an island in a sea of flowers and vines.

"This is the place," Paul announced. "I had never seen it, but I received good directions in my last letter." His face was lighted up expectantly.

From the door of the hut romped a laughing girl, clad in a blue blouse,

short khaki skirt and leggings. In the doorway behind her appeared a tall, handsome brunette of middle age.

Paul clasped his sweetheart in his arms and they remained embraced for several minutes. Suddenly the girl broke away.

"I must introduce you to mother, and I must meet your father," she said and turned toward the hut, to stop dead still, amazement shining from her big bright eyes. "Well, would you look at mother!" she cried, and Paul turned to stare in astonishment that equaled or surpassed hers.

For Paul's father and Anne's mother had followed the example of the young people and were hugging each other tightly, while she repeated over and over the one word, "George," and he was saying "Ethel."

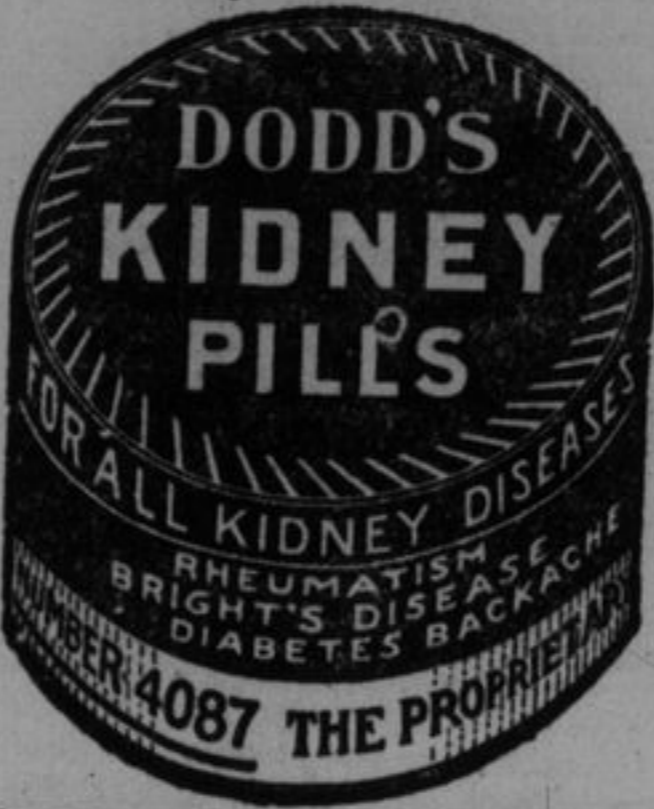
## The Fool Season.

(Toronto Telegram.)  
The fool season lasts for twelve months of every year. In the fall the fool who "didn't know it was loaded" occupies the spotlight. In the winter the one who starts the fire with the coal oil can is not yet extinct, even if the person who looks for a gas leak with a lighted match runs him a close race for a place in the obituary column.

But in the summer time the fool who experiments with a canoe leads all the rest. His season is just climbing to its height. Of course, the man who rocks the boat is a full brother. You'll find both of them in the news columns and in the morgue almost daily. Moral: Don't be a fool.

## The Sinn Fein Idea.

(Hamilton Herald.)  
It's funny. The A.F. of L. convention unanimously adopts a resolution strongly urging naval disarmament because naval competition leads to war, and then a large number of delegates urge the adoption of resolutions designed to bring on war between the United States and the British Empire.



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