THE FAIRY GODMOTHER.

I had a dream the other night When I was all in bed,

I thought a fairy came to me With wings about her head. She was my Fairy Godmother,

I knew her right away, And I sat down upon her lap, For I wanted her to stay.

She took me to a cool, cool place-My bed was very hot-And then she sang some songs to me The words I have forgot.

And then she got a shiping book And put it on her knee, And lots and lots of fairy tales

And as she read aloud to me-Without the least surprise-All sorts of magic fairy things I saw with my own eyes. I saw some knights in armor pass,

And castles tall and high And dragons fierce and dangerous With wings so they could fly. I saw so many princesses

In silver and in gold, And ugly beasts turned into men, And giants big and bold! For I was in real Fairy land Where I'd never been before But my mother came and found me Near the window on the floor. -Edith B. Sturgis, in Scribner's Magazine.

AN EXCLUSIVE STORY

To this story was awarded the \$1,000 prize by Collier's in the Quarterly Contest ending June 1st. 1908.

Kent walked listiessly into the city room, sauntered over to his desk at the farther end, tossed his hat upon it, lighted a cigar-ette, glanced at the clock, and sat down. Some of the staff were already turning out stuff, the early and easy assignments. Kent knew that he had plenty of time. He never hastened, anyhow, and because of that usually found himself writing under the impatient prod of the city editor. No one ever devised a way of hurrying Kent; the last story in was more apt to be his than

any one else's.

He unfolded a couple of "evening" editions, and was giving them a cursory and indifferent examination when he heard the sharp call :

Indolently he unfolded himself out of the swivel chair and strolled across to the city desk. Haskins was sitting there, snapping his fingers in a nervous way and glaring at him through his glasses. Haskins was impatient and jumpy and forever key-ed at high tension. There were times when he wanted to shriek at Kent. 'Well ?'' he snapped, his voice queru-

"I got it," said Kent, lounging into an

empty chair. Haskins breathed a gentle and involuntary sigh of satisfaction "Any trouble?" he asked.

"No; it was easy enough. Kent nodded. "About the way I gave it to you?"

"Who 'd you see ?" asked Haskins. "I saw him first."

"Did he admit it ?" "Oh, yes; he didn't make any trouble about that.'

"Give a reason ?" "No; just admitted it. He said he'd leave the reason to her, if she wanted to

give any."
"And you saw her, I suppose?"
Kent nodded again, and his glauce waudered out of the window.

"Did she say anything ?" Haskins's examination was devoted to a swift probing "Yes," said Kent, slowly. "She talked

a lot." "What was her reason ?" "She didn't give much of any reason.

She just talked—a lot."
"Well, you can use what she said, any how," declared Haskins, briskly. "That kind of stuff is always good. Anybody else after the story ?"

"No: I guess we're the only people who know about it."

There was preoccupation in Kent's manner, but to Haskins it had no significance he was used to it. He looked at the desk clock, then ran over the schedule swiftly. "All right; go ahead," he said. "I'll take all you can write."

Kent arose, hesitated a few seconds, and

then said : 'She asked not to have it printed." "I suppose so," observed Haskins, with-out looking up from the desk.

"I told her I'd ask you." "Oh, sure." Haskins made a little gesture. "I don't suppose it makes any differ-

ence ?" added Kent, lingering. "No, of course not. We're still getting out a newspaper."

"That's what I told her," said Kent, nodding, and he started back toward his desk. Haskins called him :

"Did you get any pictures?"
Kent shook his head, and Haskins pursed his lips in momentary annoyance.
"Well, go ahead with your stuff, any

how. I'll see what can be done," he said. Kent took off his coat, draped it over the back of his chair, unlocked his desk and swung a typewriter into view. He sat there thinking for several minutes, watching jets of cigarette smoke sift through the typebars of the machine. Then he reached for a sheet of paper, slipped it in and began to write with deliberation. Kent worked with the outward air of a "plugger," yet he was not that. He merely had a set speed, which he seemed unable to increase, but which seldom faltered. His fingers pushed down the keys with a slow regular-ity that turned out copy with dispropor-

tionate rapidity.

For nearly half an hour he fed the machine with words and sentences and paragraphs, as though he himself were but an automatic attachment. Then he picked up three sheets of copy and carried them over to Haskins's desk

"All here?" asked Haskins, with a glance at the clock. He fairly lived with that clock. It was his oracle, his guide and his friend.

"I think everything's covered," said "Well, stay around till I read it, anyhow. I may want to ask you something

if it wasn't all worked out, but it is. For the last week I've been holding out a starter for the next day, but now there isn't anything left to hold out."

"I know," said Kent, absently.
"I think I'll ask Haskins to give it to "All right; I don't mind," answered

Kent, indifferently.

McCann laughed. "You're a pleasant liar," he observed. "You wouldn't stay on a crusade three days, if they doubled your guarantee."
"Oh, I don't know."

McCann laughed again, jeeringly, but Kent was giving his attention to Haskins, who was hitching about in his chair un-easily, frowning. To Kent, that signified. He watched Haskins finish the last sheet, toss the thing away from him and remove his glasses to wipe them.

His name was called explosively, and with a sigh he went to answer.
"Sounded pleasant, that," commented
McCann. "Guess I'll hang onto my cru-

Haskins motioned to the vacant chair and picked up the typewritten sheets. "Are these notes, or is this the story?"
he inquired, with elaborated sarcasm.
Kent recognized that as one of Haskins's
favorite and choicest bits.

"The story," he answered evenly.
"Well, it's a hell of a story. Is that all
you can write?" Kent shrugged his shoul-

"See here, Kent," said Haskins, tapping the manuscript. "This is about the worst you ever did. It's rotten. It's as wooden you ever did. It's rotten. It's as wooden and perfunctory as the auction sales. You know as well as I do that it's not what we want at all. The story itself is too big and too good to put up in this shape."

"That's right," assented Kent.

"Then what's the use of writing it this way?" Haskins shrilled.

"Well, the facts are all there."

"Certainly they are. I understand that."

"Certainly they are; I understand that," and Haskins waved his hand impatiently. "So does a summons and complaint con-tain facts. But it wouldn't be a story. What I want is the human side, the color, and all that business. You know perfectly. If there's any pathos in it, I want it; if it's funny, make it funny. I don't care which way it goes, so long as it's got life and blood in it. Rewrite it. You've got two hours yet. Do you need this?"
He pushed the manuscript toward Kent.
"No, you can chuck that away," said

Kent, rising.

Haskins tore the sheets across vindictively and dropped them into the basket. When

he glauced up Kent was still there. 'What's the trouble, Kent? Don't you want to write it ?' 'Can't say I do," answered Kent, slow-

ly. "You know, she asked—"
"Of course; they all ask," broke in Haskins, shaking his head jerkily. "I know all about that. But we can't keep it out any more than we can keep out any other news. We're here to print things. So long as we've got to carry the story, the only way to handle it is to do our very best with it."

"I guess so," said Kent, nodding.
"Of course. Now go ahead with it,
Kent. You've got a rattling good story
there, and I know you can write it. Go as far as you like on space. And don't forboth sides. That's where it's particularly Kent made a brief sign of understanding

and went back to his desk. Of course, Haskins was right. That was beyond dispute. The story was a good one and it ought to be written just as Haskins said. Besides, it was Haskins's own private tip that discovered it. Haskins was particular about stories that he dug out himself. He rarely said where he got them, but Kent, who wrote most of them, seldom found that a Haskins tip was unfruitful. This one had borne the test of investigation in every de-tail. He did not blame the city editor for being particular about it; even fussy, if he

And yet Kent did not want to write it. That was odd, because he had enthusiasm, as well as Haskins. He liked to write features, not because he was vain of them, but because features meant good workman-ship, and he liked good workmanship. Clearly, there was no excuse ror poor work here; the material was superior. Professionally, his own opinions had nothing to do with it. All he had to do was to tell the story, as Haskins said it should be told; to make it human, readable, and "safe."
The rest was up to Haskins. But some-how he found it singularly hard to keep the professional view in the foreground.

After a time he began to write, very slowly and carefully. He covered half a sheet, lifted the carriage and was reading t when Haskins came over and threw one leg across the edge of the desk. "She just had me on the 'phone," he

"Yes?" Kent tipped back his chair. "I told her we couldn't do anything; that if we didn't carry it some other paper would get bold of it. I guess I beaded her off from coming to the office." "What sort of a person is she?" asked

Haskins, glancing down at the half-finished sheet in the typewriter. "Well, she isn't young," said Kent, owly. "She's kind of little, and white,

slowly. "She's kind of little, and warre, and scared looking. She's-why, she's "Pretty ?"

"No; homely." "But she talked all right," suggested Haskins. "Oh, yes; she did that."

"Quote ber in the first person all the me. Did she say anything about him?"
Kent nodded affirmatively and Haskins mitated his motion, in a pleased sort of

"Write the whole business, Kent," he said. "It's a corking good story. Give it an atmosphere. Put in that stuff you just told me, about her being white and scared. Give her the best end of it, if that's the way it is. We can't keep it out, but we'll give her a good show. You don't need to say she's homely." Haskins was making concession. He could afford to be magnanimous, now that the story was his.
"All right," answered Kent. "I under-

He lifted the carriage to pick up an uu finished sentence, then carried it through to a period and reread it thoughtfully. He would be very careful to leave out nothing. The news was told now, in half a sheet. But the story was to come. He began to write steadily again, his eyes upon the keys, although he did not seem to see them.

About it."

Kent went over to McCann's desk and opened a perfunctory conversation about that gentleman's poolroom crusade. But that rushed beadlong uptown, a place

ly carved door. A push button was an incongruous concession to convenience, but the knocker was there of hereditary right. There were vines on either side of the columned vestibule, climbing upward to the eaves. Some of the broad windows, with their small panes, were framed in the course, I am not young now."

"You told it to me freely," he said, but he could not meet her eyes. "I hardly asked a question, you know, after the first. Nothing was said about not using it."

"But I have the letter back. You have not been able to copy it and—I won't let you." There was an air of puny defiance umned vestibule, climbing upward to the eaves. Some of the broad windows, with their small panes, were framed in the greenery. The house looked wholesome and placid.

It was just as he expected to find it, inside. A maid let him into the dimly-lighted, high-ceilinged ball. There was a massive hat-rack, with marble top and mirrer; a little table, with its tray for cards; carpets, soft and thick and sombre; a staircase that began at a robust newel post and seemed to vanish somewhere up in the dimness; dark, walnut woodwork, and everywhere an almost tangible formality and dignity. The parlor was long and gloomy in the half-light, and as the maid drew up the shades and parted the cur-tains Kent saw that here, too, the house was true to itself. Cushioned furniture, carved almost fantastically; white-topped tables; gilt-framed mirrors over the mantels; a great, square piano; a few bits of ornament; some age-stained paintings—it That he came to call at the house, and was all an ancient harmony. Through an sometimes we went driving. I keep horses, archway at the further end, where the folding doors bad been rolled back, he could see a library, with shelves built high against the walls. There was a primness about the place that isolated it strangely from the whirling town only a block away. He had stepped upon a stage set with the scenery of half a century back. Nothing could have happened here since then.

A queer place for "news" be thought, his eyes roving. The maid had taken his

card upstairs. "Give it atmosphere," Haskins had said.

Kent wrote steadily.

And then she had come, noiselessly, and stood hesitant in the curtained doorway that opened into the hall. Again he realized that the harmony of the house was still unbroken. She was holding his card, regarding him with inquiry, and, it seemed to Kent, apprehension. There was a time did not really understand until he wrote. thin and white and well shaped, yet prominently veined; nrrvous hands, that expressed things without gesture or motion. She stood as if shrinking under his scrutiny, twisting and folding his card. Then,

with a little inclination of courtesy : "You are Mr. Kent, I believe? keep your chair. I will sit over here." She perohed opposite, erect and precise, on a great armchair. She seemed like an

Kent was writing with minuteness, as He had found it enriously hard to begin with this colorless creature, for what he wanted to say was absurdly incongrnous. He explained it very plainly and briefly, and her eyes followed mechanically the movements of his lips. Then she nodded

"Yes; that is true," she said. Her voice was low, monotonous and flat. There was a queer docility in it. "And the engagement had been announced?" Kent found that the words stumbled;

her lack of resistance disconcerted him.
"Yes; to my friends—and some of his. I have only a few friends," she added. Her tone implied that he must know, of course.

"And he broke it?" "Yes." It was a child saying a lesson. Kent's mind flashed back to the man and the querness of the thing puzzled him. It was almost laughable, yet he winced. But he had a glimmer of understanding, too; that is, as to the ending of it. For the man was almost everything that she was not. He had gone on with the stream; she had never emerged from the eddy. The old house had made her

its creature, as well as its mistress.

She had acknowledged it with a frankness that Kent could not understand, and now she seemed to be waiting for him to go on, her eyes fixed wonderingly on his, like those of a dog waiting for command It was bard to ask things; it was so easy to

make her answer.
"Perhaps," he suggested, gently, "you would prefer to tell it your own way." "Wby, yes; perhaps," she answered, in a tone of vague surprise and perplexity. "Would that be better? I really don't know. Perhaps it would. It seems an odd thing to be talking about, does it not? Would you really care to hear it? There is not very much to tell, you know. I don't suppose it is very interesting. But perhaps it would do me good to talk about it -to somebody. It is so oppressive not to be able to tell things. Don't you ever find it so? I haven't anybody to talk to here, of course," and she made a little gesture that embodied the loneliness of the house. "There are just the servants. They have been here for a long time, of course, and they are very kind, but you can not talk about things—like this—to a servant. Can you? Yet there have been times when it eemed as if I must tell it to somebody. But really, I don't know. I am a little confused I think."

She paused, twisting the lace handkerchief about her fingers. "Yes ; I-I think you are right. I think

t would do me good to talk about it, if you rould care to listen.' Kent was staring at her in astonishment. A protest leaped to his lips, but he forced it back. The "story" was to come yet. He

merely nodded. "In the first person," said Haskins. Kent gritted his teeth and the typewriter olicked steadily.
"There isn't very much to tell," she was

saying. "I live bere so quietly. I am a little old-fashioned, I think. Perhaps you would say I was an old maid. Oh, I would not mind if you did; it is quite true. I was born in this house, you know. My father built it; we always lived here. I have been alone a long while now, but I always stayed here. I could not leave it. You know who my father was, don't you? He was very prominent; our family is one of the oldest here. Yes, my father was one

course, I am not young now."

An eagerness to talk seemed to bave come upon her, yet her voice ran on in the same monotonous key. To Kent there was something uncanny in the dispassionate way in which she dissected her life. He "Did—did you think that I would—that

but I feel better for talking, somehow. If print a thing like that." know him until a year ago, although my father had known his family. His people, you know, are of the very best. Yes; the family is as old as ours. They were prominent, too. It is strange, perhaps, that we never met until a year ago, but things seem to happen that way. He was kind and pleasant and thoughtful, from the first.

The swer.

"Why, a paper could not print that," she continued, uncertainly. "Could it? Do they ever print things like that? It was not for that I talked to you. I just had to talk. I did not think you would misunderstand. It was foolish of me, of course. But I am glad that you explained about it hecause now that you understand, His fingers were dramming.

Him motionless before, and the talling him as incongruous. For several minutes he sat thus, his head turned away from the room. Then he started suddenly and glanced at the clock.

"Kent!" he called.

Kent went over to the desk. Haskins did not look up at once; he appeared to be studying the pile of manuscript that lay on you don't mind I will go on. I did not seem to happen that way. He was kind and pleasant and thoughtful, from the first. He was interested in things that I liked. He used to talk often about my father. That he came to call at the house, and sometimes we went driving. I keep horses, you know.

"I suppose it all seems a little silly; we ware both so old. Perhaps you could not may be ware both so old. Perhaps you could not must always a sometimes we went driving. I keep horses, you know.

"I suppose it all seems a little silly; we ware both so old. Perhaps you could not must always a studying the pile of manuscript that lay on the blotter. His fingers were drumming on the edge of the desk and he was biting bis under lip in a preoccupied way.

"I can not understand," she said, slow-it and the was old and the way of the peak of the desk. Haskins did not look up at once; he appeared to be studying the pile of manuscript that lay on the blotter. His fingers were drumming on the edge of the desk and he was biting bis under lip in a preoccupied way.

"Have you spoken to anybody about this story, Kent" he asked, suddenly.

"Have you spoken to anybody about this story, Kent" he asked, suddenly.

were both so old. Perhaps you could not call it really a courtship. We were both past that time. But he seemed to care for me, and I-I got so that I cared for him I guess such things happen, don't they?
"We were to have been married—let me

Yes, that is the exact date. He was coming to live here in the old house, because I could not leave that. He did not was trite; he had said it often. But it had ask me to. It was understood that my home was to be his. I think that was con-

siderate, don't you?"

There was a break in her droning speech,

to Kent, apprehension. There was a timid embarrassment in her pose, and Kent bad a vague sensation that he was absorbing something of it. She was surely more than forty. If the real surely more than forty is a surely more than forty. If the real surely more than forty is a surely more than for than forty. If she was not absolutely old- that he was right about it. It would have fashioned, she was distinctly not modern. It was not her gown, nor the way she wore ber hair, nor anything physical, perhaps, that impressed this, yet it was as certain as it was indefinable. She was small in stature, and thin. Not one of her features was represented a celer than I, you know. I am sure that they can not?"

Shas he was right about it. It would have been a great mistake; he said so. He is you can not—you must not! Can a paper print a thing—like this—when you say that they can not?"

Her eyes were wide with amazement. "He told me, too," said Kent. "He told—you?" she repeated after the features was a mistake for me. He saved me from that. good; if her face had ever possessed a color it had faded years ago. But for all that it was a likable face. What attracted Kent most were the pale gray eyes, large, and round, and questioning. They spoke for her. Her hands were rather remarkable, be different from other women, but I am. be different from other women, but I am. Perhaps it is because of the old house, and always living in it. I am not sensitive about it. When I think of it now, it seems quite absurd that I should have thought of being married. It was not that way with him. He knew people; he could go anywhere.

"And there would have been the money, too. He has not very much money, you know. Our families were both well-to do house, of course; I keep two horses. The income is just comfortable; that is, for me. Ob, I am far from being rich, and yet people keep saying that I am. Even he thought so.

"Did I tell him about it—the money?"

was very natural, was it not? I don't ber so clearly. But that did not matter much; the story was told. The rest was ing about money, I think. I explained it to him one evening, very carefully. It was so easy to talk to him about things that would seem embarrassing; he was always so interested and kind. I remember the of her talk was incoherent. He did not "Sove "Committed that was incoherent." conversation quite well, because it was one interrupt, nor try to explain. She did know anything about news.

of the last that we had.
"It was a little while after that that he

the letter ?" Kent made an involuntary motion, but before he could speak she was gone. She was back in a few seconds; every motion of her was quick and nervous. She put a wrinkled sheet of paper into his bands and then perched again on the edge of the big chair. He looked up in dull wonderment.

"Am I to read it?" he asked. Kent studied the paper for an instant before he began to read. It had been creased and twisted and flattened out. The very aspect of it told her story far better than she had done. And she had said that t was a kind letter ! It was inconceivable that she did not understand. Kent read it with self-loathing. Yet she had urged him to read it; he was taking nothing that she did not freely give. When he had finished he looked up and found her watching him. Kent leaned back in his chair, his eyes half closed. He was wondering if Haskins really wanted everything. Haskins had said so, but-Well, he had his orders. He

wrote again, steadily.

He did not remember how he managed to say it; it slipped from his lips instinctively. He asked if he might copy it.

Her band went to her throat with a sudden, convulsive movement, her eyes widened and her brow wrinkled questioningly.
"Copy it?" she whispered. "I don't think I understand. Why should you copy

Kent shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know what you mean," she went on puzzled. "Why should you copy

"To use it," Kent muttered. "In the paper.' She startled him then, for she slipped from the edge of the chair with a fierce, cat-like movement, snatched the paper from his hand and sprang back, gasping. He could see fright and horror in her eyes.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, but her voice was pitifully low. "How could you say a thing He sat dumbly, watching her thin fingers twisting the letter. Then she spoke again: "You did not mean that—about pub-

"You knew I was a reporter?" he replied, stolidly.

She unfolded his card and read it again,

in her voice; it sounded so brave and futile.

nooded as she paused, and she went on I could have talked about-if I had understood ?-a thing like that! Oh, no, no! more rapidly:

"Tell me if it becomes tiresome to you. | stood ?—a thing like that! Oh, no, no! You can not think that. You could not Kent moved uneasily, but made no an-

ly, shaking her bead. "How could it be printed? Oh, please do not say that. It is just ours—his and mine. Who could be

interested in it? Would anybody read it?"
"It is true, isn't it?" he asked.
"True? Why, yes; of course. Did you doubt that? I would not have told it if it

never seemed like a lie before. Even now be would not believe that it was a lie, though it sounded despicable. "I am afraid I don't know anything

about news," she said, dully. "I am stupid, I suppose. But how can it be news? I am sorry, of course, that I talked to you when you did not understand. But now

"You could not? Why, I tell you that

Her eyes were wide with amazement.

"He told me, too," said Kent.

"He—told—you?" she repeated after him. "I did not know that. You did not

tell me that. And—" there was a hopeless catch in the voice—"did he know it was to be printed ?" "He must have," answered Kent, dog "I do not believe it," she said, shaking

her head slowly. "He did not understand. He would have told you not to. Did he say anything about not printing it?"

Kent shook his head. Her breath came sharply, as though she were in pain. "He did not understand," she went on. 'He could not have known. He would have told you no. Then you could not have printed it. But now I tell you. You

She perched opposite, erect and precise, on a great armchair. She seemed like an old child. There was some mistake, Kent felt, for the thing seemed impossible now; the story had taken him astray. Save for the pale eyes, and the thin hands that now and then went involuntarily to her hair, or played with the lace handkerchief in her lap, she was featureless.

She perched opposite, erect and precise, know. Our families were both well-to do once, but his lost agreat deal. I used to feel sorry for him about that. He had possible now; the story had taken him astray. Save for the pale eyes, and the thin hands that now and then went involuntarily to her hair, or played with the lace handkerchief in her lap, she was featureless.

The brutality, the cheap vulgarity, of it came to him with a shock—the brutality of the pale. Yet the man of the story of himself. He had been proper inscription or legthe man, of the story, of himself. He had told her it was news ! The thing sickened him. Yet why? It was news. Any paper would print it. There could be no doubt

that it was news.

Kent, who had been writing steadily, shivered as if from chill. She looked up at Kent's question, surprise in her eyes. "Why, of course—yes. That was very natural, was it not? I don't ber so clearly. But that did not matter

He arose, pausing for an instant to look wrote to me. I have not seen him since down at the crumpled figure. There was then. I would not expect to, of course, an unnatural fascipation in the misery of

Kent was finding it hard to believe that this tiny, shrunken creature was talking of herself.

Link creature was count to be cry voice from somewhere seemed to be cry ing: "Thief!"

And then he cursed himself for the pause, "I do not blame him at all," she went for she was on her knees -- to him !-- her on. "He explained it so clearly in the let-ter; that we were both too old. He was much wiser than I. Would you like to see on the rug in front of her, a hand clutched

convulsively toward him, and she was moaning: "No, no, no! You can not! Don't understand? I lied! It was a lie-all of it I swear it. I lied! I lied! I lied!" Kent had no clear idea of how he reached the sidewalk, but he remembered glancing back at the big, placid house almost fear-fully. The panic of flight seemed to be driving him. The picture of the limp curature on the rug made bim shudder; the

pitiful denial, so false and so useless, was

still in his ears. He walked several blocks rapidly, trying to get a grip of bimyelf.

After all, it was silly to feel shaky. Things like that had happened before. Not exactly in that way, perhaps, but in all essentials it was the same. They all wanted to keep out. If he felt anything, it ought to be elation. That was the gway Haskins would feel, and Haskins would judge the thing simply on its merits, as news. "It is news," he repeated to himself, and he said it over and over again, as if to get the sound of it. It was a good story. And it had been so easy; no hours of fruitiess work, no baffling obstacles, no "digging." He had not stolen it! He kept saying that over and over again, too. She knew he was a reporter—and she had talked. How could she blame him? Nobody was to blame. Not even Haskins. It was news; it was a story; and it was going to be printed. News could not be stopped.

Kent dropped his fingers from the keys, swiftly reviewing in his mind what he had written. He did not think he had left anything out. Even the "human interest" was there. If there was any pathos, they wanted it; if it was funny, he was to they wanted it; if it was funny, he was to make it funny. Well, the whole loathsome thing was there, naked and quivering. They ought to be satisfied.

"How about it, Kent?" Haskins's metallic voice roused him.

"Just a paragraph," he answered.

A minute later he pulled out the last page, arranged the sheets in their numbered order, laid them on the slide of the desk and started to read them over. Then he

and started to read them over. Then he arose suddenly and carried the story over to Hasking's desk

"Here it is," he said, dropping it on the otter. "I haven't read it over, but I She unfolded his card and read it again, ewildered.

"Yes—I knew it; of course. But I did kins. "Stay around a while."

his mind was on Haskins. If Haskins was | where the things of fifty years ago seemed of the leading men in the city. He had a not think-I did not understand. I just | Kent went back to his desk, slid the typehis mind was on Haskins. If Haskins was reading the story himself, it was a sign that he regarded it as "big."

"God help the man who invented crustades," McCann was saying, sourly.

"You're lucky not to get 'em, Kent. This one is giving me paranoia, and I understand it's going to run for a couple of weeks more, anyhow. I wouldn't mind so much more, anyhow. I wouldn't mind so much if it wasn't all worked out has its for one person, but you agreed many friends, but of course I could not know where I could not know where in the city. He had a great many friends, but of course I could not keep that up, just alone. The house does seem hig, just for one person, but you can understand how I cannot leave it. Why, I would not know where to go. I think we all ought to be loyal to our homes, when we can be. Don't you?

"You told it to me freely," he said, but one freely, it is freely and for the could not know and the surface of the leading men in the city. He had to do talk. It felt so much to talk. "You told it to me freely," he said, but did not reach his senses. He seemed to see nothing but a shrunken figsked a question, you know, after the first. Tothing was said about not using it." and looked toward Haskins's desk.

Haskins was reading it, turning page after page with mechanical regularity. He bad not lifted a pencil from the desk, and Kent wondered vaguely if he was going to run it without subheads. He looked at the clock and saw that Haskins would have to rush it, if he wanted to catch the edition. It was already presty late. He watched Haskins turn the last page and lay it on top of the others.

Haskins was sitting motionless, gazing

out of the window. Kent had never seen him motionless before, and the thing struck

Kent shook hes head.
"Nobody in the office?" The tone was

searching.
"No; nobody." Haskins picked up the pile of typewrit-ten sheets and slowly tore it across. He laid one pile upon the other and tore them again. A third time he repeated the opera-tion. Then he dropped the pieces into

the basket. "If you ever speak about that story you'll be fired, Kent," he said, fiercely. "Do you understand? And I'll resign." "I understand," said Kent, nodding. "I'll allow you for your work," he snap-ped, swinging around his chair and look-ing out of the window again. "Get your lunch, if you want to. That's all."

A second later he called Kent back. "You can send her word, if you like," he said in a curious voice "All right," answered Kent. "I think

Haskins whirled on him. "Stop thinking! Don't bother me!" he broke out. "And-oh, damn it, Kent, don't do anything like that again."-By E. J. Rath, in Collier's.

A Suggestion That Changed the Plans of a Pope.

At a time when there was great suffering among the people from lack of food and when famine in its worst form was threatened Pope Alexander VI. had made arrangements for the erection of a magnificent palace. The best architects had been employed, and the plans had been submitted and accepted, and an accomplished builder had been sent for to come from Venice, a man whose work had won for him

has been no proper inscription or legend thought of to be placed over the main entrance of the palace. It should be put above the great gate. You have had experience. Do you think of an inscription that would be appropriate?" "If your holiness would parden me

for the liberty, I might suggest one most appropriate at this time." "You are pardoned in advance," said the pope, smiling. "Now, what shall

"Sovereign pontiff, let it be thus: 'Command that these stones be made

bread!" " The pope was visibly and deeply affected. He paid the builder munificently for his expenses of coming and going, and instead of building his palace he fed the hungry ones of his children.

Poverty Has Its Advantages. A man on the wane of life observes that poverty has advantages and adversity its uses. If you are poor you can wear out your old clothes. You are excused from calls. You are not troubled with many visitors. Bores do not disturb you. Spongers do not haurt your tables. Brass bands do not serenade you. No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial. No storekeeper irritates you by asking you, "Is there anything I can do for you?" Begging letter writers do not bother you. Flatterers do not flatter you. You are saved many debts and many a deception. And, lastly, if you have a true friend in the world you are sure to know it in a short space of time by him not deserting you.-Huntsville

(Tex.) Post-Item. The Origin of a Miserable Joke. Confucius had just met William Penn at one of Cleopatra's 5 o'clock teas. "William Penn?" he said. "William Penn? Seems to me I have heard of

you, sir." "Yes," said Penn, with a pleased Mile. "I am the man who was mightier than the sword." "Ah, yes!" said Confucius. "You are

also the man who invented sleep, are vou not?" "No," said Penn; "I founded Philadelphia."

it was something of that kind."-Success Magazine. The Important Item. He-Here is a thrilling account of the way in which that daring woman

"Oh, yes," said Confucius. "I knew

climbed to the top of a mountain which is five miles high. Wonderful, isn't it? She-Yes. What did she wear?-Cleveland Plain Dealer. Well Bred.

"Do you speak the truth?" "Not always." "Why not always?" "I hate to be impolite."-Nashville American.