

HER OWN TRUE WAY.

"John, you must never think of it—I know my place. I also know that no mother-in-law can live in peace with a son's wife."

"But Nellie says that is all nonsense. She wants you."

"I don't doubt she says that out of courtesy and respect, but you two must do as your dead father and I did, begin to live on your own resources unhampered by any meddling or unwelcome relative."

So John Marcy reluctantly left the lonely old woman he loved just as he did when a boy. It was 25 miles to the new home to which he had led Nellie a bride a month ago. They had spent a month in traveling. Now they were settling down to practical housekeeping.

"Oh, dear!" greeted him in a pained tone as he reached home that evening. "You didn't bring mother with you?"

"She wouldn't come, dear."

"Not even for a visit?" pouted Nellie.

"Not even for that. Tell you, Nellie, you're the sweetest little woman in the world, but mother says it would be wrong for her to intrude on you, and wrong for you to encourage her."

"Why, John! I love your mother as if she were my own."

But John recalled what his wise old mother had told him. He had great faith in her mature judgment. He had made up his mind to follow her advice. He pretty definitely told Nellie so, and she pouted over it and shed a few tears.

"All the time I have planned to have mother here," she declared, almost sobbing. "I suppose you think I'm just saying that to please you. I'm not. Mother shall come—see if she don't!"

"Never!" asserted John, thinking he knew best.

"All right; wait and see," observed Nellie. "Just the grandest dear in the world, my John," whispered Nellie to herself. "As to his mother, she's



He Was Not Quite Himself.

an angel. They've thought of nothing but me, selfish little me, and the old time-worn tradition that a son's wife can't get along with the mother. Yes, she shall come and—she shall stay!"

John sat at the tea table after the meal three evenings later. He was not quite himself. Nellie secretly veiled the mischief in her eyes as she noted his mood.

"I say," observed John, "we've had codfish for three nights."

"Yes," nodded Nellie. "I bought a lot of it so we wouldn't run out. Why, John?"

"Well—er, do you call it fried, or boiled, or roasted?"

"It's a kind of fricassee."

"H'm!" mumbled John. "Suppose we have a change. Baker's bread, too. Mother always had biscuits."

"Yes, John, dear, and beautiful ones, too. I'll cook some."

Which Nellie did. And the next evening, after choking on two of them, when she was not looking John walked to the window, threw a third biscuit wrathfully at a passing dog and sent the animal off yelping as if he had been struck by a cannon ball.

"Bread tomorrow, John," announced Nellie, never losing her domestic optimism. "I've found a lovely recipe."

"All right—don't make any more biscuits, though."

"Why, John?"

"Well, you see—that is, I like bread best."

"I see!" said Nellie, biting her tongue to keep from laughing out right.

John came home the next evening to find Nellie standing in dismay outside the kitchen window. Upon its sill rested a great pan. Overflowing it on all sides were streams and tricklings of sticky, pasty dough.

It had patted the sill and the side of the house. It lay in wads and chunks across the lilac bushes. There was a pool of it on the grass.

"Why, Nellie! What is the matter?" questioned her amazed helpmeet.

"The bread, John. I put in only four cakes of yeast and that is what it did. The flour can't have been any good."

John groaned. After supper he wandered restlessly about the house. When he talked it was about home and mother.

The next day, as Nellie passed from

the kitchen to the dining room, she saw a tramp just leaving through the open front door, her husband's second best overcoat under his arm.

Nellie did not run after him. She only smiled. She was, however, sober-faced enough when she told the annoyed John of the incident.

"You see, John," she explained plaintively, "I'm all alone here. I can't watch every part of the house all of the time."

"Yes, I see," said John rather sulkily. Then Nellie discerned that he was making a great effort to muster up the courage to say something.

"Look here, Nellie," he blurted out finally. "You're a sweet little woman and all that, but a fellow must eat."

"Yes, John," responded Nellie demurely.

"I don't want to offend you, but you don't know how to cook."

"No, John, but can't I learn?"

"Who from?" asked John hopefully.

"I don't know, indeed," murmured Nellie in a forlorn way.

"I do," cried John. "mother. We'll have her here to teach you for a month."

"No, John," dissented Nellie deliberately.

"Eh?"

"Not for a month. If she will come to stay, yes."

"But—"

"That's all, John," declared the little lady firmly. "Do as you please, but those are my terms."

"Humph!" got a mind of her own when she's aroused," reflected John, alone later. "Dear little chick!" And mother, after a stormy discussion with her son, came the next day.

What a glowing loving heart to heart talk with the doubting, fearful old mother the affectionate confiding wife had! How sadly Nellie spoke of her dead mother, how tenderly to this lonely woman whom she asked to share her heart and home.

And what a royal meal for John that evening! How his eyes sparkled at the goodly array of eatables! No biscuits like rocks, no doubtful roast, no burned pudding!

"Ah," he observed, "let us see how soon mother can make a graduate of you in cookery, Nellie."

"Why, son," spoke Mrs. Marcy, a radiant smile on her face, "Nellie has been teaching me all the afternoon."

"Teaching what?" asked John.

"Cookery."

"Put—"

"Now listen, John," spoke his mother, winding one loving arm about Nellie and holding her close. "You have got a jewel here."

"I always knew that," declared John.

"She has so surely proved that she wants me here, that I've got to stay, just to be in the sunshine of her loving smiles. Those biscuits—"

John made a wry face.

"And the bread—"

John threw up his hands in direful dismay at the memory.

"Were all frauds, innocent frauds," went on the old woman. "She was bound to drive you to have me here. She made those biscuits like rocks and spoiled the bread and let that thief get away with your coat—"

"Just because I love your mother almost as much as yourself," added Nellie.

"Oh, you darling! cried John enthusiastically. "You are just the dearest little wife in the world!"

"And a daughter-in-law to be proud of," supplemented his old mother.

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TO HONOR GEORGE CRABBE

Trowbridge (England) People to Hold Celebration in Memory of a Poet-Rector.

Preparations are being made at Trowbridge, Wiltshire, England, for holding in June an appropriate celebration in honor of George Crabbe, the poet, who held the rectory of Trowbridge for more than eighteen years.

It was on June 3, 1814, that Crabbe's induction took place. He was in his sixtieth year and nearly half his lifetime had been spent since the success of "The Village" and the introduction into fashionable and literary circles of eminence and fame which it secured for him.

The rectory is an old-fashioned house with tiled roofs and high-pitched gables and in summer a green profusion of creeper upon its walls. Such was Crabbe's home for 18 years, and he rarely left it except to pay occasional visits to London or to friends in Suffolk. In his library, when the rest of the household was abed, he settled himself to his work, with his snuff box ready to hand and a glass of brandy and water by him, oblivious of the confusion of the room, the rattling windows and the absence of paint where paint should have been.

Strong Competition.

In Colorado, remember, the women vote as well as the men.

In the fall of 1910 a man named Smith was running for sheriff against a man named Jones. One evening just before election Smith rode up to the barn-yard of an old farmer. The farmer was milking a cow and was having difficulty with a lusty calf that continually tried to "butt in." The candidate, to gain the favor of the farmer, took the calf between his legs and held it until the milking was done. He then introduced himself: "I am Mr. Smith, the Republican candidate for sheriff of the county. I suppose you know the man who's running against me?"

The farmer's eyes twinkled as he slowly drawled: "Waal, I reckon I do. He's in the house now, holding the baby."—Everybody's.

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