## VIEW POINTS.

What matter pray tell, if I'm Gentile or

If I do my work well, and my purpose is

What matter I ask, to which church I may If I do my full task, to the best that I

know? What matter again, as to who is my neigh-

If duty is plain, in my own field of labor?

What matter it then, for which party vote. If honor in men, is my choice to denote?

What matter my clan, or how I am classed. If good is my plan, and upheld to the last? What matter who sanctions, my life when

I die, If fitted for mansions, of love in the sky? -By J. C. Bateson, at Maryland Academy

## SINGING WOMEN.

of Sciences

Elvina Rudd did not go forward to welcome her stepmother. She just stood in the open doorway of her father's dilapidated house held together by tough, ancient vines, and watched him bringing her home. Never before in the fifteen years of her lonely life had Elvina known Cephas Rudd to ride out from the Centre in a hired vehicle. But up the winding, rocky, weed-grown road came the station

"Whoa!" shouted the wizened old his day, setting his brake as the faint tracks of the weed-grown road disap-

ly from the courthouse, he proceeded to unload his passengers' baggage-- a trunk, a little trunk, two suitcases, and a round leather box. Elvina wondered apathetically what the round box was called, what it contained; wondered with the part of her mind that had not become paralyzed as she stared at the wagonette.

Her father had got out of it. From it he was assisting a woman to alight. And within it sat a girl not much older than herself! Evina was unprepared for this pretty girl. She had not expected her. Indeed, through no words of her father's had she been preparded for his bride's existed. ed for his bride's arrival. The news, conveyed by gossiping neighbors, had come to Elvina over the wires of their telephone, which had been installed after her mother had died, needlessly, ten minutes before Cephas got back with the doctor who could have saved her. The phone was on a party line. Elvina had been listening in. And if that is a crime all good country peo-

across to the north of her had asked. 'Bout that music-show comp'uy bein' stranded last week at the Cen-Sure, I heard that," the woman three farms to the south had answer-

Elvina had listened no longer. She less supportable than the one before house, despising it and her. had flung herself upon the couch, beatit. And she had Milly to look out "When you women once it. And she had Milly to look out "When you worked hittorly."

ing the dust from it with her bare in a fury of resentment. She had cried as she had not cried since her mother's death five years before. Then she had eaten three pieces of ing her stepmother as she got out of the wagonette.

"Elvina," said her father, looking at her commandingly, for he was a stern and ignorant, one old and wise, though man, and he never tried to disguise she appeared quite girlish in an outthe fact at home, "come say howdy to size way, shone the white light Elyour ma.

"Ma's dead," retorted Elvina, with- for supper. out moving more than her eyelashes, thick and tangled like the grass. "I ain't got no ma, thanks. Ma's dead."

fiance before. But she was his daughter, and the measure of his stubborn-

ness was hers. "Now, Mr. Rudd, don't!" begged the new wife, catching him by heavy arm and squeezing it. At that in'." Elvina could not have kept her black eyes in their sockets except for the barrier of her tangled lashes. "Of course, she don't want to call me 'mama.' I don't want her to, either. Milly never has. Be mama to such big girls? Not me! Call me Tilly, honey, like Milly and everybody does.
What a sweet complexion you got!
Milly, Milly come look at this child's

white skin and yours'll turn green." The pretty girl in the wagonette laughed hilariously. "I'm parked here till Papa Rudd lifts me out and leads the way," she declared, beckoning him with two crooked forefingers. Elvina gasped at her impudence. "I don't wanta get lost in the impen'trable for- table.

Cephas Rudd went back and extended her his arms. With their aid Milly floated to the ground.

"To-tumpty-ta, Methuselam," she called to the cackling old driver as the station wagon, the bridal coach, I'm gonna help her dish supper." went jouncing down the hillside. this is 'home, sweet home.' Well, it couldn't be any place else and get away with it."

"Don't talk about scenery or I might get homesick."

"No, you won't, Milly. You and El- and Milly toward the open door. wina'll be such chums you'll forget you was ever on the stage. Already I feel like I was back home on the farm where I was raised, and hadn't never left it. Ain't Elvina white, like I said?"

"Whet kind of whiteweek de west and Miny toward the open door. "Skip, you two," she said, "and get acquainted. I'll wash the dishes, and Mr. Rudd'll wipe."

Skip, you two," she said, "and get acquainted I'll wash the dishes, and Mr. Rudd'll wipe."

Skip, you two," she said, "and get acquainted I'll wash the dishes, and get acquainted. I'll wash the dishes, and began to sing the merriest of gay songs and tossed a ragged dishest towel to her husband. Did he let the vina'll be such chums you'll forget you was ever on the stage. Already I feel

"What kind of whitewash do you use, Pierrettie? I'd like to buy a gal-

I bet. Want we should just come right in, Elvina, dear?"

With no sign of invitation or protest Elvina stepped aside and let them enter the dwelling that was as de- father. What had changed him? pressing within as it appeared desolate from without.

"Supper ready?" asked Cephas Rudd, blotting up the faint sunset glow as he loomed in the doorway, the two suitcases in one of his hands, and on his back the smaller trunk.

"My, ain't you strong!" exclaimed Tilly Rudd, turning to look at him. She removed her hat and ran her fingers up through her colorless short hair. "This clinging vine sure picked out a sturdy oak!"

"Set another plate, Elvina," said Cephas, noting that the table was laid for three, but deigning to show no surprise at the presicence which "Didn't know you was luggin' home

a singin' woman to take my place, too," Elvina remarked dispassionatehe was bade.

Cephas did not answer. He never did unless he had to. He went out after the big trunk and round leather wagonette, its engine coughing as the heaves that had been the death of the team it had replaced.

box. And as there seemed nothing for poor intruding Tilly and Milly to say, they stood silently by the gloomy twilight while Elvina added another box. And as there seemed nothing earthenware plate, another thick cup driver who had outlived his horses and and saucer, and another blackhandled knife and fork to the array on the faded red cloth that covered the small peared in the long, tangled grass of Rudds' front yard. "End o' the line, all-l-l out! Weddin' tower's over, heh, heh!" table, removed its pink shade and shining chimney, and held a match to for he had brought the Rudds directshot up promisingly; and when she slipped the chimney and shade back into place, a warm ruddy light dif- nicer to Henry than she had any call fused cheer into the barren room that to be. had seemed so hopelessly dreary be-

The new light showed them plainly as they were, these three female creatures who were henceforth to share its rays. It shone on Elvina, a thin woman-child clad in a shapeless cotton garment; Elvina, a woman with immobile features, a child with fear and rebellion and distrust fluttering in her eyes-these emotions, and nothing of joyous expectancy that enlivens the

innocent glances of happy children.
It shone on Milly Larkin, her stepsister, infinitely older, infinitely younger, dressed in cheap, stylish finery, ready to make the best of whateven of these, poorer than those of

It shone on Tilly Larkin Rudd, who | mock Milly had pre-empted. counted it part of the luck which nev-"Heard the latest?" the neighbor er failed her desperation that they ed on Milly, as she swung lazily and likely I did. I'm sorry, I declare I had been stranded in the Center, caroled a light tenor to the throaty am. But you can buy a new one. Sit where she had run across Cephas soprano of her mother's song. Elvina down and eat your fried cakes." Rudd, a boyhood friend of her dead husband. When he had asked her to different, her father was different, ed.
"That ain't the latest. The latest is Cephas Rudd married one o' them disbanding company of her experience was a little more tawdry and a little ways, to live in her father's mean house, despising it and her.

discovered the character of Cephas never let up? What you got to sing Rudd; honest but glum, fair but cold, about? well-to-do, having made money "swapping" farms instead of farming bread and molasses and had felt a great deal better. Still she did not feel like running forward and kiss-theless, Tilly Larkin had married him. People in the show busines are innately hopeful and courageous.

On these three women, two young

"This is your ma, an' you'll treat her like it," announced Cephas Rudd, advancing toward her.

Elvina did not cringe. She feared him as she feared thunderstorms and bulls. Yet she knew he would not strike her. He never had. Though she was often sullen when he was often sullen when the said, laying one hand lightly on a nar
the sullen when he was often sullen when he she was often sullen when he was se- I've learned Milly to be one, too. fur your singin'." vere, she had never offered him de- And I'll make a singin' woman out of you, you poor, unhappy, little kid. their branches like I want 'em to, if long. He didn't come toward us, but than that I don't realist. I sing right," replied Tilly. "If I sing he seen us I brown he will be se

than that, I don't reckon."

"Ma never sung," said Elvina, "an'
his I don't neither. Pa don't like screech-

That was too much for Milly, with her spirits revived by the lighted lamp. "He don't?" she cried, flinging herself into a chair at the sup-per table. "You'd ought to 'a' seen him in the bald-headed row the night

we closed!" "Hush, Milly," her mother admonished her. "Men ain't the same at home as at shows."

She kissed Tilly and slapped Cephas Rudd on his coatless shoulder as she stepped past him into the house.

Cephas Rudd, having disposed of the baggage in various corners of the house, was washing his hands in the less knowing, little way. basin on the bench outside the door. Wordless, Elvina glided after her, Wetting his comb in the wash water, keeping a distance as great as she he smoothed down his hair, hung the could make it between herself and her comb back on its nail, and came in to

"Set up," he said to Tilly as he seated himself. "Bring it on, Elvina."
"No, indeed!" protested Tilly, protested Tilly smoothing his wet hair again with her chamber under the eaves, to the little own venturesome hands. "I ain't bed which she had never shared be-

comp'ny that Vinie should wait on me. fore. Milly was ascending to it, carrying Elvina's small glass lamp, mak-Instead of looking grateful, Elvina pouted. Were her privileges as mistress of the house to be snatched from her at once?

"I'll fill the water glasses," Tilly decountry, Tilly. Don't the air smell good? Like that pillow you used to carry round in your two laws of the same and the water glasses, Tilly de-didn't allus do jest right by your ma, but I aim to do right by you."

She had chosen the most trivial of She felt his coft much laws of the same and the water glasses, Tilly de-didn't allus do jest right by your ma, but I aim to do right by you." carry round in your trunk, that one with 'For you I pine, and, too, I balsam' chain-stitched on it."

Sile had chosen the most trivial of tasks, leaving Elvina to preside with unimpaired dignity over the stove.
Tilly Rudd praised the viands for with 'For you I pine, and, too, I bal-sam' chain-stitched on it."

"Yes, don't it? And look at the "Yes, don't it?"

And look at the tasks, leaving Divina to preside with unimpaired dignity over the stove. Tilly Rudd praised the viands for their excellence, as she might have

tonishing thing. She pushed Elvina

clean cloth fall to the rough floor as Elvina felt sure he would? He did n." not. He caught it. And dried the "You can catch it in a rain-barrel, thick, crazed dishes for his bride.

From the yard Elvina saw him.

"He didn't tromp on it!" she exclaimed sharply, puzzled by the strange acquiescence of her fearsome "Sure not," said Milly knowingly,

as she got gingerly into the old rope hammock. "Not tonight, I'll say!" Elvina sat cross-legged on the ground and watched the moon rise on the world that had become so strange and different since its last rising. She had no intention of becoming friends with this pretty girl who called her father "Papa Rudd." Her bare feet burned as she looked at the dainty, white slippers swinging in the hammock. How this fashionable actress must look down on her for going without shoes! Her feet must be white, like her slippers, and unbruised. Still, they had said her skin was the whiter.

"Vine, you got a sweetie? Who's that comin' up the hill?" ly, crossing to the cupboard to do as down there an' works the garden for

moon, does he?" must of heard you was here."

She could see him as he was, even him he always tried, unsuccessfully, ly. to swallow it. An he had reddish hair that straggled around a double crown.

"Is he good-looking?"
"Yes," said Elvina solemnly, laughing to herself; for she thought Hen Thompson must be the funniest-looking boy in the world. "Oh, my, yes!"
She wondered if Milly believed her, tain moonlight. She was certainly

"Come back again," she said, when he was leaving without ever having explained why he had come. "Life She wanted to, especially to play with." "Thanks, Miss Larkin. Thanks.

Vinie, will your pa care?" Henry ask-"Not if you sing to him," Elvina

retorted crossly, thinking of the rag-ged dishtowel upon which he had not trampled.

For she could hear her stepmother still singing, softly now, as she moved about unpacking her things in the downstairs bedroom. And Cephas ever accommodations life had to offer, Rudd sat watching her. He had not come outdoors to smoke his pipe, as the poorest hotel yet better than none he always did on such moonlight at all.

When Henry had gone, Elvina turnmarry him what else could she do but everything was different and would her voice was already husky, and each that these queer city women had come he

"When you women once start singfor. By cautious inquiries she had in'," she asked bitterly, "don't you singin' tonight?"
"Cat's fur to make kitten's britches,"

Milly replied mockingly. "What fur you singin', I asked

you?" From behind her Tilly answered, clasping her hands under the quiverso that the moon and her own kind,

vina had placed on the table all laid for supper.

Elvina's stepmother spoke, as if she had been thinking over the words last uttered in that room. "Vinie, she said, laying one hand lightly on a nar-year and hand ligh

"If I sing right," she repeated softly, looking back at the doorway where Cephas in bed, quick." stood, a powerful, still figure black against the lamplight.

He knocked the ashes from his pipe. "Bedtime, Elvina," he said briefly, and

Hard Cider. I like you even if you have got a kick in you like a mule." stepped past him into the house. "Sweet dreams, Papa Rudd," she

said, and laughed again in her care-

"'Night, ma," she whispered at the door of the downstairs bedroom. Then she started up to the little

ing herself amiably at home. But as Elvina stumbled against the bottom step, Cephas Rudd put his heavy arm about her.
"G'night, Elvina," he mumbled.

She felt his soft mustache against her cheek. Pa had kissed her! Everything was very different. Three months later everything was, their excellence, as she might have indeed, except the one important thing for their simplicity. Then, when sup-

per had been eaten, she did an as- still hardened against singing women think o' Tilly," said Elvina. "Lay by whose coming she herself had so still." profited. There were new dishes. flower trimmed, in the cupboard. There were ruffled curtains at the win- vina crept down the stairs. dows, and grass rugs on the floor.

Tilly had sung them there. "When a woman sings, it's because she's happy," she would say, as she went humming about, doing twice the work Elvina could, in half the time. "Or maybe," she would add, her gray eyes twinkling mischievously behind Cephas' broad back as he walked down the hill to the Center, "maybe it's because she's planning on how swell her sewing machine will look, when she gets it, right here by this south window."

And when she had got the sewing machine, she started at once to sing a bigger machine, a shiny, black, tin one, into the barn beside the cow she had sung there already. Oh, Tilly Rudd sang to good purpose as she brightened up the cheerless home into gin' an' kissin' him!" which she had married! But she could not sing her way into Elvina's hard, little heart.

Elvina had grown up alone, a moody child whose surroundings had fostered a sensitive, melancholy spirit. It did not please her to see her father buying lavishly, to delight these strangers, the things for which she had never dared ask; of which, in her isolated ignorance, she had scarcely even known how to dream. Whatever Tilly "Him? Oh, that's nobody. Hen known how to dream. Whatever Tilly Thompson. He lives on that farm did for her she attributed to her desire to do the same, impartially, for wasn't her, standing here. It was just Milly. Elvina was better dressed, bet- a dish of ice-cream, waiting for pa to "Plants the taters in the dark of the ter fed, more comfortable, than she eat it. had ever been in her life before. But 'No," replied Elvina. "No, he ain't home was home to her no longer, and never come of an evenin' before. He she yearned with adolescent eagerness, inarticulately, to get away from it, to go down the hill away, away, to in the darkness—a tall boy with an see the world of cities concerning Adam's apple. When she looked at which Milly Larkin could talk so glib-

What she wanted most, though she did not realize it, was to escape from Tilly Rudd before she learned to love her. Elvina did not want to accept the woman who had taken the place of her mother. Her poor mother! She had known how to get things from a stingy man without nagging for them, deceived by her words and the uncer- and she hadn't been able to get them that way. A little of that truth Elvina sensed, remembering how ma had sulked for days, trying to get pa to have a phone put in. Poor ma! El-

explained why he had come. "Life in the wildwoods won't be so worse if we got little neighbor boys like you pipe. It had been his pride for years, "Cer

and he was very angry.
"Looka here!" he said, shaking the pieces in their faces as they seated themselves around the breakfast table. 'Who busted this? Who busted it, I

"Not me," volunteerered Milly, cracking her egg. "I wouldn't touch the dirty thing with a ten-foot pole, dead or alive.'

Elvina trembled and tried to speak. She had been trying to confess ever since she had knocked it

"Don't want any," Cephas refused, stalking off without his breakfast. Elvina knew he was furious if he wouldn't eat. She wondered that even e had said so little, feeling so much.

"Never mind, Vinie," said Tilly. "He'll get over it if he lives long enough, which I hope he will." He had not got over it, however, when he came back home that night, never let up? What you got to sing late, after the supper dishes had been about? Nobody ain't paid no ticket washed, after Tilly and Elvina had money fur your show. What fur you gone to bed, after Milly had gone to bed, full dressed, had got up, and had gone to bed again, breathless, after Hen Thompson had slipped away through the dark and the grove. Cephas Rudd came into his unlighted house in a mood as angry, angrier than the one in which he had left it. ing chin raised belligerently toward He flung back the door noisily and Milly, and drawing the white face back kicked a chair from his path as he

> lently, almost tearing it from its dreamin'." hinges.
> "Come down here, you!" he shouted

up the well of the steep stairs.
Elvina and Milly had lain trembling

the grove. He stood halfway up the he seen us, I know he did. Cripes, but I ran to beat him home! Let me

Terror-stricken, Elvina clutched the sheet, one of the new sheets that Tilly had bought, refusing to sleep between

blankets. sat down uopn the doorstep.

"Well, let's hit the hay, Vinie-vine-gar," Milly suggested. "Come on, sneak off an' spoon with Hen thisaway. I knowed they'd catch you, one

"Can your I-told-you-so's. They're over ripe, kid. What'll I do, that's the question? Quick, what'll I do? There he's coming up the path. I ain't tended at first, afraid of him. I ain't his nigger. But the sidewalks." Tilly-good old Tilly! Hen and I ain't done nothin' much, but I wisht I could ing at her penetratingly, "when we keep this Romeo stunt from her. could make it between herself and her stepmother, between herself and her father.

Cripes, he's mad! Listen at him raisin' the dickens down there."

Then—"Come down here, you!"

Cephas shouted.
"What on earth's the matter, Ce-

"Wait, I'll bring a lamp."

Tilly, good old Tilly! Maybe she'd cry and not sing when she knew Milly had sneaked off two, three, a dozen times to specify with Hen Thompson. times to spoon with Hen Thompson. Whatever they called her, Tilly was Milly's mother. But that very morning she had lied for Elvina the same she sang a great deal over everything

as if she had been Milly. Elvina could do as much for her.

"Lay still an' keep your mouth shet," said Elvina, getting up out of looking into her wide eyes that glowed her bed and slipping her dress on over her gown. "I'll fix pa."
"How?" asked Milly eagerly. "Can

you? How?" "Don't you butt in. You got to

Milly, thinking of Tilly and keeping her mouth shut, lay still while El-

down as if he were very tired. "So.

You was the one, was you?"

"What if I was?" asked Elvina, shaking her black hair out of her challenging eyes. "I ain't done noth-in' much."

"For goodness' sake, Cephas," interposed Tilly, setting her lamp on the table beside her husband, and head in at the open door, as there fell drawing her flowered kimono closer upon the air the loud and rhythmic about the elliptical curves of her uncorseted figure, "what's eatin' you?
That old smelly pipe still?"
"'Nothin' much'?" repeated Cephas

loudly. "'Nothin' much' when I seen you sittin' on some feller's lap, hug-"Elvina?" exclaimed Tilly unbelievingly. "Why, Cephas, the girls 've been in bed since nine o'clock, and

sooner.' "One of 'em ain't."
"Well," said Elvina calmly, "what

She felt cold, frozen, like the icecream Tilly had insisted on making last Sunday with ice brought clear out from the Center. The ice-cream in her mouth had felt no colder than she felt all over, inside and out. This

"'What of it?' she says, the little fool! Who was he? Who was he I fool! say? I'll make him marry you or get measured for his windin' sheet.'

"Marry Hen Thompson? I won't," cried Elvina then, melting in her fright. "I won't marry nobody. won't marry Hen! I won't, she sobbed.

"You won't? You will, or get out of my house, you—you—"
"Now, you stop right there, Cephas Rudd!" Tilly enfolded Elvina in her arms and confronted her husband militantly. "Don't you dare call our daughter no dirty names she ain't never even heard before. What for you puttin' on a East Lynne show, any-

"Would you uphold that girl of mine in spoonin' like a—like them loose girls in that show o' yourn? What kind of a ma might I 'a' knowed a singin' woman would make for Vinie!

made our bargain with our eyes open, give and take. We ain't neither of us done so bad. You got to treat Elvina square; that's the main thing now. Maybe you seen 'er kissin' Hen, though I myself couldn't believe it lest I seen it with my own eyes. But what if you did? When you was nineteen or twenty, didn't you never kiss no girls without there bein' no call for you to marry 'em? Think back oletime, think back!"

from its shelf.

"Why, Cephas, I reckon I musta done it," said Tilly calmly, putting a warm hand over Elvina's cold one.

"Not that I remember doing it, but likely I still I warm hand the said faintly smiling behind his soft mustache. "A few," he said, faintly smiling behind his soft mustache. "A few," The rest wouldn't 'a' cried about

few. The rest wouldn't 'a' cried about havin' to marry me. Go to bed, Vinie."
"She's going to bed," declared Tilly, leading her toward the stairs. "And that ain't the only place she's going. I been thinking about it ever since I came, only I been too selfish to want to let them go. Cephas Rudd, her and Milly are going to boarding school and get an education. That's where they're going."

Elvina paused on the stairs, her little hands clasped tightly, palm to did want to go to school! palm. To boarding school! Oh! She "Come now, Milly. He was going away to a boarding school!
"Huh?" grunted Cephas interroga-"Huh?" grunted Cephas interrogatively, looking up as he sat leaning over unlacing his shoes.

like I promised you, buy you a player, an' send them girls to school, all find some rice an' old shoes! It's all this fall?" asked Cephas, padding right, honey. Mama'll sing 'Here Goes stocking-footed toward his bed-room. strode, heavy-footed, to the door of the stairway. It, too, he opened vio-

"When the girls are gone," said Tilly sweetly, picking up the lamp and padding after her husband, "we won't aint 'you the world's best mama!"

sprung when her husband returned. "You can blow that lamp," he said. Toward the darkness that covered

them, Elvina, crouching on the stairs, sent a happy sigh. Story No. 6.

"'Night, pa and Tilly," she whispered. "Ma, she's gonna make him send us to a boarding school!"

Milly, however, did not receive the news so jubilantly when it was told

her in the morning. "Cripes, Tilly," she said, pushing her chair back from the table with an irritated shove, "me go to a boarding school when I'm almost in my second childhood? Just when I've got used to the country and like it like I pretended at first, you route me back to

"Why, Milly," said her mother, lookwas on the road you was all the time wishing to go to school and all such like."

"To a co-ed school, yes, maybe. never wanted to get no closer to a boarding school than I got readin' boarding-school books, though-all about robbing pantries and climbing up and down outa second-story win-dows," she finished irrepressibly, with

After that she was very silent for an hour or two. And then, as though she sang a great deal over everything

with the excitement of the prepara-tions for the coming exodus, "Elvina, when a woman sings like that-" she motioned with her head toward Milly, pinning wet stockings on the line

"when a woman sings like that, she's happy. Or she's hiding something from somebody. Only when the somebody's her mother it can't be did.'

vina crept down the stairs.

"I'm here," she said shortly. A small figure, she faced her father stonily. "What you want?" sho," said Cephas Rudd, sitting down or if he were study and the stairs.

"She knows I didn't hug an' kiss Hen," thought Elvina swiftly. "That's why she's sendin' me to boarding school. So's she can send Milly away from Hen."

But aloud she only said, "I wisht I could sing like she can, higher'n a

"Try," said Tilly, going back to her wash tub. "You never know how

grand you can sing till you try."
"Be back and help finish in a little
while," cried Milly, putting her bobbed sound of a sturdy engine. "Here's Hen, come to take me to the Center to shop, like I called him up and asked him to."

"I didn't hear you," said Tilly amazedly. "While I was at the barn?" "Yes!" Milly called back. "Take Elvina, too!"

Tilly dried her hands on her apron as she hurried to the door. But Milly had gone. For the rest of that morning the Rudd house was very quiet, except for the minor and intermittent humming of Tilly as she washed and ironed and baked. In the early afternoon, however, Milly returned, her arms loaded with packages, and Tilly's relief burst forth palpably.

"You come back! "Sure, did you think I'd eloped?" Look what I bought."

Admiring and exclaiming, Elvina and Tilly opened the bundles, and their contents were divided by two. That Papa Rudd's money had slid from Milly's buttered fingers to purchase these garments did not occasion Elvina a single pang. This was get-

ting ready to go to boarding school!
Early Thursday morning everything
was packed, the little trunk and suitcase with Elvina's clothes, the larger trunk and suitcase with Milly's, the round leather box, which Elvina had viewed with such curiosity a few months before, with their joint supply of hats. Cephas Rudd was to take them to the city and the school Tilly had selected for them to enter. She had made arrangements for their matriculation, capably, over the long distance phone. While Cephas was gone, Tilly was to stay at home to look after the cow she had sung into the barn. But as Cephas drove around to the

in the shiny car he had acquired since "Cephas," said Tilly Rudd, quietly, the day he drove his new wife home in a hired wagonette, another car with a sturdy engine care. the day he drove his new wife home with a sturdy engine came up the weed-grown, rocky hill.
"Milly," called Elvina, standing in the door way, "here's Hen Thompson,

front and started to load the baggage:

come to tell you good-by."
"No, he ain't," said Milly, watching the tall red-headed boy come timidly but bravely toward the house. "He ain't come to tell me goodby. Tilly,

Running into her mother's arms, Milly began to cry.

"There," said Tilly evenly. "There, now, honey. When was you married?" "That day you went to the Center? thought so. ie in. Hen. Wait with them trunks, Cephas. Therehoney, there now. Not even remembering that she had on a new silk dress and patent leath-

er pumps, Elvina sat down on the doorstep. So Milly was married. Then they wouldn't be going to boarding school. It was all over, the wonderful dream. And she had so yearned to see something of the world' spread out at the foot of the hill! They'd build three new rooms on the house and buy a player. When oh, she "Come now, Milly. Hen's a good boy. You got a good husband, if you

wanted to be a farmer's wife, even if I didn't want you should marry so-young. And you'll be living right next "That's what I said. This very door, almost, where we can borrow week, too. Thursday. That's what." back and forth, see?" Tilly was a "You think I'm made o' money, that very brave woman that day of her should have three rocms built on disappointment. "Dry your eyes and ke I promised you, buy you a play- get out your compack. Vinie, run "I ain't. Turn over, Tilly. You're and Hen load up your things. Listen, dreamin'." "Oh, mama!" cried Milly. "Oh,

"She sure is," agreed Hen devoutly, swallowing something in his throat that seemed to bother him more than his Adam's apple. He drew Milly out to the bridal coach. "She sure is!" "Not the hat box," said Tilly, as she kissed her daughter good-by again and again. "Wait, Hen. Get your hats out, Milly. Leave the hat box.

Story No. 7. Elvina stood still in the doorway, trembling as she heard. Then Tilly still meant to let her go to boarding school! Good old Tilly!

Elvina's to take that!"

"Ready, Vinie?" asked Cephas Rudd, seated at the steering wheel of his car wherein a suitcase, a trunk, and a round leather hat box were pil-ed for a journey. "I'll get back soon's

I can, Tilly." Elvina walked slowly out to her stepmother, who stood smiling and waving her apron in response to the colored handkerchief fluttering from the car jouncing down the hill. Tilly turned her bright, tear-wet eyes toward her stepdaughter and held out her arms. Straight into them Elvina

"Mama," she said, "now Milly's married, I'd liefer stay here at home with you. You'll be lonesome, maybe." Tilly Larkin Rudd smiled radiantly, wiped her eyes, and shook her head. "Mamas like to have their daughters get married," she said. "But mamas like to have their daughters go to boarding school better. It don't seem so-fatal, somehow. I want you to go, like's best for you, honey. It don't make no difference if I'm lonesome." Her arm about Elvina, she put her

beside her father. "When you're gone I'll sing the Doxology for you callin's me mama!' she said. "When women sing, they're happy. Or leastways they ain't afraid to stand up and face their lot with songs and smiles. Some sing hymn

tunes, some sing jazz tunes. Don't (Continued on page 7, Col. 3.)