## WHAT IS AGE?

By the late Rev. William V. Kelly, LL. D. I could not learn from words of men The real significance of "old" and

"young," And so I asked the mountains What is age? They said: "O, child of Days,

Thou canst not know what age is; Neither can we know, For earth is not yet old but in its prime And, though our brows are furrowed deep

with time, We hope to see full many a thousand

Before our day of dissolution come A century is but one tick of the great

clock Which counts our years.

"And as for men, They grow not old on earth-They have not time; They but begin to live. They do not even come to ripeness here, But only yonder in the Great Unseen. It takes a million years to make a man!

"This earth is but man's cradle; A man of fourscore is a babe, Peering, perhaps, over his cradle's edge, But the wide world of his existance Is yet to roam through and to widen in. Life is before him, greatness is to come! After a while he shall vacate his cradle, And go forth to seek the fortune

God reserves for him. "But man on earth knows nothing of Old Age. Man's longest earthly life Is but a ripple lapping at our base. We see the generations come and go. And men say we are old:

Yet are we young beside God And His angels, which excel in strength. And Paul is young yet, And John and Moses, too, Walking the hills of everlasting life. Immortals grow and grow, but ne'er

"What man gets on earth Is just a Start in Life. And it is well with him, whate'er his years,

Who is well started-Has learned the speech of truth, The trade of righteousness, The love of God. The hope of deathless glory.

"He lives by heavenly plan. His hands are clean and kindly, His heart is gentle and his word is true Men honor, angels love him. And his name is writ on high. He grows, but grows not old!"

So said the mountains; and I said: "Thank God, who gives His children, An eternal youth, which knows advance But never knows decay! All hail, eternal youth! Eternal Life, that knows not youth nor

-From the Christian Advocate

## IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

Not to put too fine a point on it, Baird Carruthers was by way of get-ting himself disliked. He was becoming known as a woman-hater, a designation which has lost its prewar kick. He was the debutantes' dehour of anxious mothers. Otherwise, he wasn't a bad sort.

The trouble with Carruthers was that he was cursed with that dark, scornful appearance which is a natural temptation to the huntress of eventural temptation te ural temptation to the huntress of every woman. In addition to this, he was distinctly eligible as far as family, background and money were concerned. And no woman likes to be hated by an eligible bachelor.

Carruthers was a hater of modern womanhood only. He had a frown for the lip-stick, a distaste for the girlish hip-flask, a horror of feminine profanity. But he was terribly in love with the dear, dead women of another generation, the women his forefa-thers had courted and married against a setting of old rooms, dusky with tradition, and an accompaniment of harp-strings touched to sentimental melody in dim twilights.

These long-haired and alluring ghosts had been modest and womanly, and for their vanished sakes Carruthers was a throw-back and he knew it. There were times when he wistfully fancied that if he threw back far enough one of them might come to life and let him do the pursuing and the wooing-a procedure which, he had heard, was not routine today. It should be understood, perhaps, that Carruthers's major, if unadmitted, reason for his general grudge against the present-day girl had been blond and ultra, and had happened five years previously. His backbone had been stiff with the starch of his ideals, and although the minx had loved him more than a little, she had seen the unwisdom of life on an uncomfortable pedestal-hers were dancing feet if of common clay-and so she had sent him away, and later married a man of less critical nature.

When Carruthers was very bored he could depart to a camp in the Adirondacks where he maintained a whiskery and taciturn caretaker, or he could sail for Capri where he had a villa, or he could look on a cottage at Southampton or a bungalow at Palm Beach; or, all else failing, he could drop into his down-town office and see how much money his late father's business had made for him up to any sunny Saturday afternoon.
In the autumn of 1927, having celebrated his thirty-second birthday, he elected for the camp, took his guns and departed. He was tired of being

hunted and determined to revenge himself somewhat upon more innocent and easier game. The camp was panacea. He spent

exist. He fancied her beside him, and sighed to think that strapped slippers and muslins and old laces would be. somehow, what is wrong with this picture.

It is rather hard to make a companion of an ideal. But Carruthers, musing upon what appeared to him a doomed celibacy, was not altogether unhappy, for it is at least soothing to the vanity to remain faithful to a Cynara you have

He was trampling through a hushed noon, under a soft gray sky— a noon so still that no branch stirred and he seemed to himself to be the last man upon a deserted star-when he was startled by a husky adolescent voice near by, which said, conspicuously, "Confound it!"

Carruthers stood still. Presently

he saw, crashing through the tangled underbrush, weaving around the great trunks of trees, the slim figure of a boy with a head of rough red curls, a gun in the hollow of his arm and a dead cirgaret between lips that

"Oh! Hello, there!" spoke the boy in a match? I dropped my infernal lighter some miles ago.' Carruthers answered the greeting

and the smile, produced a light and held it. Inhaling, the boy looked up at him from tilted green eyes, and Carruthers perceived that his new acquaintance had a tanned and merry face, and that across a short and insolent nose there was a bridge of golden freckles.

"Am I shooting over your proper-ty?" asked the youth casually. "If

so, I'm not sorry. Let's go!"
"My property, yes, as it happens,"
Carruthers answered pleasantly. But yours to shoot over, of course. I'd be glad of your company, if you care to trail along with me. Where are you from?"

"Temporarily or chronically? If the former, I'm staying at the Hastings camp. You're Baird Carruthers, naturally." "Why naturally?" inquired Car-

ruthers, faintly amused. "I've seen you-in town. I'm Leslie, Thorne, by the way" Carruthers thought a moment.

Thorne? The railroad people, very likely. More than likely, as old Thorne was Hastings's closest friend. He said smiling:

press. She was a polo, golf and tennis-playing hoyden, with a string of medals and cups to her everlasting discredit. He trusted that face did not reflect to her little brother what he, Carruthers, though of this hard-living, probably hard-smoking and drinking female of the species.

The boy, walking on beside him, answered, with a small crow of myster- in this day and age." ious amusement: "A sister? Rather-"

"She's with you at the Hastings?"
"Yes." Carruthers made conversation in the not-that-I-give-a-hang manner.

"Miss Thorne is a great athlete, I tle shoulders," he commented scorn-

believe. I've not met her, but as I said, one can't help hearing—"
"She's not so bad," agreed the redheaded boy and, throwing away his cigaret, demanded joyously. "Well, where do we go from here?"

They went to a number of places, and Carruthers was impressed with his companion. The boy had a steady hand and a keen eye and such honors as there were fell to him. His spair, the fly in the pomade of the talk. slangy and witty, was enter-younger married women and the zero taining. He had a strain of sound common sense, and great physical endurance for his physique. Carruthers found himself liking him immensely, haired specimens which Carruthers had distastefully encountered at

home and abroad. They lunched on sandwiches and chocolate, produced from Carruthers's ample pockets, and shared the contents of a small coffee thermos. Later, as a premature dusk fell and the first flakes of snow drifted downward through the still air and the hushed world grew cold, Carruthers, a little reluctantly, offered his small flask and, moralizing inwardly, watched the boy take a moderate drink.

at the cook-stove.

"Why do you go back to the Hast-ings' tonight?" Carruthers wished to know. "It's something of a tramp, and I think we're in for a storm. I've

smelled snow all day, and it's coming down thicker."
Young Thorne, half asleep in his Young Thorne, half asleep in his long chair, raised a flushed brown cheek from his hand and slanted his long married, I would draw the line

phones, you know." "They won't worry, argued the boy drowsily, but presently he staggered sleepily to the instrument and called the Hastings camp.

Miss Thorne. "Leslie speaking. I won't be back tonight—stumbled into a nother camp." There was a pause, and then the boy chuckled, "Baird Carruthers

darling, do!" He hung up and went back to his chair without comment. Presently Hutchins had supper ready and his go around yapping about 'the woman customers did him justice, after which Carruthers and his guest played double Canfield at a cent a point unput all the blame on the other bozo til nine o'clock, when, finding them-

a week of tramping, shooting, growing a beard and eating fried food, and wondering why he had been born.

his inconsiderable winnings, and rose to stretch luxuriously by the mantel. Thorne watched him, noting the

boy, Carruthers had them all stopped on looks

Presently Thorne found himself the recipient of pajamas sizes too large for him, a shabby bath-robe and a new tooth-brush. Carruthers escorted him to the narrow guest-room, bade him good night and left. When the door had closed behind his host Leslie Thorne sat down on the edge of a camp cot and regarded his calloused palms thoughtfully. It was then that Carruthers heard his guest's laughter through the thin walls, and smiled in sympathy and frowned in bewilder-

ment. By midnight the wold about the camp was a ghost world, and two hours later the wind had risen and was singing in the branches of the patient trees. At seven the next morning Leslie Thorne rose to look out upon a driving wilderness of

white. It snowed for four days, and for that time the Carruthers camp was habitation enforced for young Thorne. Carruthers ran out of cigarets, and his guest, with a nose slightly ele-vated took bravely to one of his astonishing speed. The boy was an entertaining companion. He said little about himself, and in answer to Carruthers's questions about school, answered "Tutors," and let it go at that. But he appeared to have been all over the face of the globe, and Carruthers was amused by his casual, sometimes caustic and always shrewd comments upon the ways of earth and

life in general.

He had, of course, the cynicism of the very young, but hand in hand with it there went a tolerance that Carruthers himself had not yet "Well, I must say—" began Carruthers himself had not yet "Well, I must say—" began Carruthers himself had not yet "Well, I must say—" began Carruthers arounds a say of the say o

The wires were down, of course, and there was no communication with

"Well," remarked Carruthers comfortably, "as they know you are with me, it's all right," and wondered why Thorne laughed out suddenly, riffling the pack of cards he was holding in quick brown fingers his avers intent quick brown fingers, his eyes intent self."
upon the pasteboards, his red head "I bent.

Cards! Every game the two could play—with the blue smoke of tobacco above the table and the flame gossiping on the hearth, and Hutchins shif-"I'm glad to know you. I've met some face grave your father and mother—and you've as he pondered on their larder and a sister, haven't you? I've heard—" the possibility of another week of He broke off, vaguely embarrased. Storm. And in between Canfield and Russian bank, spit-in-the-ocean two handed bridge and cribbage, Carruthers and the boy talked and laughed. It was on the evening of the last day that, the talk having turned on women, Carruthers found himself speaking of the girl who did not exist.
"I'm a fool," he said, laughing, sorry he had spoken, "but I look for her

everywhere—and she just isn't—not Thorne leaned forward, his elbows Thorne leaned forward, his elbows he substituted "goofy" for the softer on the table, a home-made cigaret in term, "Goofy" was the guest's favorhis wide laughing mouth. He had found cigaret papers and now rolled

tle shoulders," he commented scorn-

fully, "and darned few guts!"

Carruthers whistled.
"You don't like the word," said the youngster, and tossed his mop of rough red curls, "and you hate to hear it applied to women." He accepted Carruthers's silence as assent, and went on doggedly, "But that's because you don't live in this world at all, Carruthers, or you'd realize that women have to have-well, you know what-to get through at all. Life hasn't been made much easier for them-freedom hasn't helped them much-and they aren't so many generations removed from your girl with the smelling-salts. They have to fall in love and get married and have children, don't they? They have to die—I suppose you'll admit that? I

can't see so much difference-Carruthers was amused to see how the boy flushed with his own earnestness. He said gravely: "Perhaps you're right. I don't know. How do you know so much, at your age?

"I have a sister-"I never had one. Does it alter the view-point? I should have thought that your sister was so much the modern type that-

The not particularly successful expedition ended near the Carruthers camp, and the two turned in there to find the comfort of a blazing log fire and old Hutchins busily engaged

The boy laughed, unlappedition they were out on the door-sill, apologetic for his interruption. "Because she's considered a pretty good sport? That's not modern. Even bash—sne nodded at apologetic for his interruption. "Because she's considered a pretty good sport? That's not modern. Even bash—sne nodded at apologetic for his interruption. "Because she's considered a pretty good sport? That's not modern. Even bash—sne nodded at apologetic for his interruption. "Because she's considered a pretty good sport? That's not modern. Even bash—sne nodded at apologetic for his interruption. "Because she's considered a pretty good sport? That's not modern. Even bash—sne nodded at apologetic for his interruption. "Because she's considered a pretty good sport? That's not modern. Even bash—sne nodded at apologetic for his interruption. "Because she's considered a pretty good sport? That's not modern. Even bash—sne nodded at apologetic for his interruption. "Because she's considered a pretty good sport? That's not modern. Even bash—sne nodded at apologetic for his interruption. "Because she's considered a pretty good sport? That's not modern. Even bash—sne nodded at apologetic for his interruption. "Because she's considered a pretty good sport? That's not modern. Even bash to give his hand to Carruthers sip. But this isn't gossip. B They didn't jazz it up, of haps.

"Nevertheless," said Carruthers, 'you've not converted me.' "I didn't expect to," Thorne answered quickly, "but all this chatter about the present generation makes green eyes at his host. He said, at some sappy girl who would sit ings camp and Carruthers was able "Thanks I'd like to" and relansed around and coo at me and tell me how to call up He found himself talking into semi-slumber.

Carruthers observed him, half amused half irritated. Youth was— Wonderful I was all the time. That's what you want, isn't it, boiled down? I'd want a girl who knew a little rather wonderful but exasperating, about life and wasn't afraid of itsomehow. "Hadn't you better let a girl who was—a—well, a gentle-them know?" he suggested. "We have man, if you understand what I mean. man, if you understand what I mean. One thing you'll have to say for the sort of girls your sort of man knows -they aren't forever leaning on some man's neck for purposes of support, teras it were. They stand on their own

When the connection was estab-lished Carruthers heard him ask for "Sometimes they—slip," suggested Carruthers, with unworthy cynicism. He was amazed to see the green eyes darken and the widen mouth straighten. And when the breathless defense came, he was amused at the terday. . . No-no. Keep your hair on boy's championship-and, obscurely

a little touched. "Well, if they do," said the youngter, and his voice shook, "they don't | click of the instrument as Carruthers they play pretty darned fair nowa-days. They don't 'stand for mar-Carruthers accepted an I O U for his inconsiderable winnings, and rose to stretch luxuriously by the mantel.

Thorne watched him. Rotin and a control of the minister's draperies for a 'pledge of undying love'—they don't go and weep on a man'r which is a manual of the minister's draperies for a 'pledge of undying love'—they don't go and weep on a man'r which is a manual of the minister's draperies for a 'pledge of undying love'—they don't go and weep on a man'r which is a manual of the minister's draperies for a 'pledge of undying love'—they don't 'stand for mar-riages at the point of a gun and a curtain ring off the minister's draperies for a 'pledge of undying love'—they don't 'stand for mar-riages at the point of a gun and a curtain ring off the minister's draperies for a 'pledge of undying love'—they don't 'stand for mar-riages at the point of a gun and a curtain ring off the minister's draperies for a 'pledge of undying love'—they don't go and weep on a man'r and the rough mop of curls! And talked like a boy!

What the so-and-so did show the manual ring off the minister's draperies for a 'pledge of undying love'—they don't go and weep on a mar'r and the rough mop of curls! And talked like a boy! a week of tramping, snooting, growing a beard and eating fried food, and wondering why he had been born. He had also dreamed a little, in the healing hush of the woods—dreamed of the girl who did not and could not of the girl who did not and could not in growing for a piedge of undying love—they don't go and weep on a man's door-step to stretch luxuriously by the mantel. Thorne watched him, noting the head also dreamed a little, in the head also dreamed of the woods—dreamed of undying love—they don't go and weep on a man's door-step by putting him in such a position? It was curious that he had never would her people think, what the so-and-so did see mean.

It was curious that he had never the was interrupted by Mary's don't go and weep on a man's door-the woods—are well as the other fellow. The woods—are well as th

square."
"You're arguing," remarked Carruthers, "in favor of—well let's call them light women. The double standard may be a pity, but it's a pretty steadfast institution."

"I'm not arguing for light women, "I'm not

champion in you?

their own shadow—or anyone else's.

I like girls who can be friends with
a line or two: a man, too, comrades-

"There aren't any-nowadays." "Were there any in the days you are thinking about?" asked the boy quickly. "I don't mean the pioneer women—those were women, if you like. I mean the girls of yesterday you were talking about a moment. you were talking about a moment ago—all frills and stays and curls, sitting around waiting for some man

reached and, therefore, marveled accordingly.

Well, I must say began ruthers, somewhat scandalized.

Thorne laughed. "I'm sorry. suppose I've been awfully rude. Forget it. If this storm keeps up much longer, I'll have to borrow one of your shirts-this one of mine isn't

so good."
"You're welcome to my entire wardrobe," said Carruthers heartily. "All you have to do is help your-

"I probably won't need to. stopped snowing, really and I should be able to make the Hastings camp tomorrow on snow-shoes. Hutchins showed me a stack of 'em. Mind if I borrow a pair?"

"No. But I'll miss you," commented Caruthers sincerely. He looked across the card-table and reflected that he never had been as contented during the last four days. Kids were pretty fine, after all. He

somehow, endearing.

He went to bed with this thought woman. in his mind and wondered if he were growing sentimental, and laughed as

ite insult. When Carruthers woke the next morning he found himself planning not to lose Leslie Thorne—not to let -not to let ble. him go, altogether. He'd surely see the boy sometimes. They'd got on so well together in their enforced intimacy-surely Leslie wouldn't mind a game of golf now and then.

After breakfast, which was unusually silent, Thorne announced his immediate departure. The world was et cetera. blanketed with snow, but the wind was down and the sun shining-it would be no trick at all to get back to camp.

"I'll come along," said Carruthers. For the first time he saw Thorne ill at ease as he answered reluctant- it.

finding my way back."

The husky voice that was more contralto than baritone was cool, and Carruthers found himself looking into steady green eyes which were not entirely—friendly. He stiffened a little. Of course if the youngster was bored with him . .

Irritated out of all proportion, he answered, as coolly as the boy, "That's all right, then." Leslie busied himself with preparations for departure, and a rather hos-

tile silence hovered over the two. But "Modern!" The boy laughed, un- when they were out on the door-sill,

him how long he would be at the Hastings'. That, however, was easily remedied. He would ring up in a few days, er by accident or design; opinions as

he thought, when the wires were available again, and talk to the boy. They'd been too good friends to part quite as casually as that. It was three days before he established communication with the Hast-

to Mr. Hastings's secretary. "I wonder if I might speak to Mr. Thorne."

"Mr. Thorne? Mr. Thorne is not here," the answer came in a ladylike go out any more. and Bostonian accent. "He has never been here" was the

weary reply. "His daughter and sis-"Oh, I see," cut in Carruthers. "I meant his son, Leslie."

Thorne? She left for New York yes- er than have her leave home-she She waited for Carruthers to make

some comment or, perhaps, to say good-by. All she heard was the slammed it down. Miss-Leslie-Thorne Confound it, she looked like a boy -the slim, straight figure and the rather blunt features and the rough

of blizzard?

Her aunt knew-he supposed now

"'You men,'" repeated Carruthers,
"'You set it but you men!"

"'You men," repeated Carcuthers, and laughed. "You're forgetting your own sex, aren't you?"

The boy flushed, and answered slowly "No, I'm not." He grinned a little very impishly. "And anyway, I'm not quite adult enough to he in little your woman with a boy's head anyway, I'm not quite adult enough to he in low had been his comrade and his companion—the boy who had been his comrade and his companion—the boy who had been his comrade and his companion—the boy who had been his comrade and his companion—the boy who had given him back his belief in Youth—the boy he had wished was his own son. The thought of that made him laugh, very angrily. The boy had never existed. There had been only a modern young woman with a boy's head Product quite adult enough to be in your class."

"How come," asked Carruthers lazily, "that the flapper has such a laughed and played with him—who had taken advantage of his natural

his consistent winnings at cards, and

Dear Baird Carruthers: By now you've found out, of course. I'm sorry if you're angry, but I know you are. Don't forgive me—and don't forget me. Blame it on the modern woman,

if you wish, and be gratified that the Other Generation girl would never have done such a thing. As for me, I'm not as ashamed as I should be-and I had an awfully good time. Take this for the bread-and-butter letter that is due you.

Very sincerely yours,

Leslie Thorne In the same mail was a note from Hutchins to the effect that Mr. Thorne had had the snow-shoes sent over from the Hastings camp. Carruthers tore up the check-a

very senseless procedure and very annoying to any good bank. Then he burned the letter viciously. Not long after, he went abroad. And one reason he went was because, picking up a smart magazine devoted to the doings of any unusual person, he found a page of pictures—pictures of Leslie Thorne. He threw the magazine in a corner, and then went and picked it up again. Leslie in a riding-habit; Leslie in a shooting kit—

the kit he knew; Leslie astride a pony with a polo mallet in her hand; Leslie walking down the Avenue in found himself wishing, suddenly, that he were a few years older, with a son of his own like this boy—clean son of his own like this boy—clean short, curly hair haloing her face. As straight as a boy's eyes, her eyes; a tailor-made; and Leslie in an evenand yet-her lips and the curve of her

Carruthers buried the magazine under a pile of newspapers and-went

He was in Capir when the first rumors reached him. He was lunching at a hotel with some friends when he heard women talking at the next ta-He heard her name mentioned. and he caught much of the general heads-together buzz which followed.

"A week, I understand . . . Yes, at all. You hate everything I do—all alone in a camp . . . Well, I must everything I stand for—everything I know who the man was . . . If I thought that my Sophie would!" . .

Carruthers felt his eyes and his face burn. Leslie! Leslie Thorne! The fearless eyes and the proud and again... and once more. small head-the eyes wounded and

The lovely room, as colorful and "If you wish, of course. But as animated as a flower garden, there's no need. I'll have no trouble turned black and misty. Carruthers speak to the woman in his party, the wife of one friend and the sister of another. She too, had heard, for she leaned toward him, her pretty face

> "They're talking about Leslie body is. It was more than a nine-days' wonder."

> "What about her?" asked Carruthers, in a voice strange to himself. "My dear, don't tell me you haven't heard! Where on earth have you been? Even Basil"—she nodded at But this isn't gossip. She was gun-she's always done fool things like that. She wandered into some to that vary—and she stayed there alone with him for four days. don't know who the man was. The Hastings know, and her people do. Her people, by the way, have sent her to Coventry. They've always let her do much as she pleased, but they're a proud pair and hate scandal -always have—and this was certainly a large, virile blot on the scutcheon. So, for once, they called a halt, and I have heard she doesn't

"Her father wanted to get after the man—with a good old-fashioned horsewhip, I understand-but Leslie threatened all sorts of terrible things if the man were even approached. She said it wasn't his fault, that he didn't mean the elder Mr. Thorne. I had taken her for a boy, and it wasn't Apparently she didn't get that, for she said, with a sort of gasp, "You mean Miss Thorne—Miss Leslie doesn't quite believe that. But rathup to her to disillusion him-even at the price of her reputation. Well, has her own income—and cause more an worse talk, the Thornes agreed to leave the man out of it. I never did like Leslie Thorne," interpolated Mrs. Howard plaintively and virtuously. Carruthers lost the rest of the nonolog.

That night, under a dark blue Italian sky, he had it out with himself. What a mess she had made of it all! And it was her fault. But she was, he conceded grudgingly, what she once had told him she admired in women. She was a sport and a gent-

matters-and they try to be on the all the world-four days and nights his late guest was, he had thought of it angrily and fleetingly, like a small sullen boy, "She'll be sorry, and I don't care!" But after that he had

don't care!" But after that he had been too busy trying to salve the wound to his pride—for she had made a fool of him, hadn't she?

Here he stopped short and reflected that she might have made a fool of him—but not a knave. Too busy, his

tures, to think about gossip.

Now he had to think about it. There was only one way he reflected furiously, to have his just revenge, to put her in her place—woman's place being, as he had always held, in the

He sailed for New York, and stayed there long enough to discover that the Thornes were on Long Island, "in," as some said cattily, "seclusion."

He went to Long Island and he saw Mr. Thorne. He sent in his card with a message written firmly beneath his name, a message potent enough to give him access to the great library overlooking the Sound where old Thorne stood—not so old, after all—frowning over the incredible audacity of the fellow.

What was said then, in the room that smelled of leather bindings and violets and salt, no one ever toldnot Thorne and not Carruthers. There were grave words and deferential words, and then laughter and the sound of elderly prefanity. And at the end, a hand-clasp.

Then Carruthers went out to find Leslie. She was not "going out." That much her family insisted upon. So he found her, alone on the beach, in a suit of that amazing scarlet which does not quarrel with red curls and wondered, as she sprang to her feet and faced him, why he had ever

thought her a boy. The slim straight body was deliciously faintly curved, and a strap had slipped over one shoulder, showing a band of skin the color of cream.
"You!"

He wasted no words. "You're going to marry me!" he said furiously.
"I am not!"

They stood and glared at each oth-Carruthers said, choked: "You dear, darned little fool! As if I'd let you

go on—being chivalrous!"

She said, flushed: "I'm to make an honest man of you, then?" He was so angry at that that he simply walked up to her and took

her in his arms and kissed her, temporarily, he let her go, and said: "If you want to put it like that."
"But—but—"

"Keep quiet!" He silenced her effectively, for the moment. She said after a pause: "I—fell in love with your looks ages ago. I nearly shot myself out of sheer excitement when I met you —there, in the wood."

"We'll go back for our honeymoon. can still beat you at Canfield." After another entirely marvelous interval she said, suddenly very marvelous grave: "But I'm not your type of girl

am. Look at me, Baird!" He looked-at the tanned, square face, at the green eyes, tilted, and the wide mouth, which was now

and again . . . and once more. . . cast down—the head bowed . . . He couldn't think it—he dared not think friend. I thought—Leslie, darling, "You're everything I love-and I thought—if I could have a son like that!"

She closed her eyes and leaned her pulled himself together and turned to ing her, he bade good-by to the dear head against his shoulder. And holdghosts of another day-the ghosts who could not have given him the gay, sexless companionship of four snowy days—the ghosts who would not have taken all the blame had they Thorne, of course. But then, every-body is. It was more than a ninewould not have been gentlemen.

He said—and found that he meant

it, and meant it for the rest of the lovely, exciting, undreamed-of life which lay before him: "You're all I ever wanted .. " -By Faith Baldwin in the Cosmopolitan

Shortening Motor Routes in the Old Keystone State.

Completion and opening to traffic of two pieces of road construction work in Pennsylvania, has shortened the former Philadelphia-Baltimore route by eight miles. The former road is carried over the top of the new Conowingo dam, in Maryland, while the latter road is reconstructed over what was once an old stage trail. The other construction work was on the William Penn Highway, between Amity Hall and Newport, west of Harrisburg. The cut-off is built over the old stage road which follows the Juniata River, but which was abandoned in 1889 after it had been damaged by heavy floods. Whereas the old road was a few inches above

the stream's water level, the new road is 20 feet higher.

With the opening of the cut-off the motorist will follow the Juniata River for about 60 miles, through some of the most beautiful of Pennsylvania's scenery, from Clark's Ferry Bridge to Lewistown.

## Practically Arrived.

Hiram had walked four miles over the Great Smokies to call on his lady fair. For a time they sat silent on a bench by the side of her log cabin, but soon the moon, as moons do, had its effect and Hiram slid closer to

her and patted her hand.
"Mary," he began, "y'know I got
a clearin' over thar and a team an' wagon an' some hawgs an' cows, an' I 'low to build me a house this fall