

ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL

Don't crowd and push on the march of life. Or tread on each other's toes. For the world at best, in its great unrest, is hard enough as it goes.

If a lagging brother falls behind And drops from the toiling band, If fear and doubt bit his soul to rout Then lend him a helping hand.

GET YOUR MAN.

Somewhere in Southampton there is a large and lavish house called, for no particular reason, Great Meadows.

Since income is income and living is proportionately higher for the rich than for poor, the cottage is rented out every summer by the owners of Great Meadows, to whom it belongs.

Mrs. Lawton was a widow with three daughters and a moderate income. Thus in twelve words you have tagged—in New York. For Mrs. Lawton was to the manner born and all that sort of thing, her position in society being impeccable.

At their father's death Dora was ten, Maude was eight and Letty was six. They were healthy, husky children, all pretty, all well-mannered. They took governesses, ponies, expensive schools, silk smocks and dancing slippers for granted.

Mrs. Lawton had a good deal of hard common sense. She mourned her husband sincerely because she had loved him. She was irritated by his lack of foresight and the outburst of recklessness which had caused him to risk and to lose the major portion of his inherited capital.

Remarriage did not appeal to her. It would be, she reflected, a very unusual man who would be willing to take over the support of three little girls as well as of herself.

As the girls grew up Mrs. Lawton increased her expenditures during the summer months. She took Little Meadows and she settled down to a planned campaign. People commented upon the charming and gentle manners of the Lawton girls. They spoke flatteringly of the advantages of a European education.

hold true for Letty when Dora had succeeded in her great quest and Maude came next into the arena. Therefore one girl at a time. Dora and Maude made their debuts. They made good debuts, solid, satisfactory and not splashy. They belonged to the Junior League and they never lacked invitations.

Thus far Mrs. Lawton's plans had proceeded without a hitch. It was unfortunate that Dora did not marry in her first season as that retarded things somewhat for Maude. But despite the incalculable rules, guaranteed not to fail, Dora remained single for two years.

But there are a great many pretty girls in the world and not enough young bachelors who are also millionaires to go around. In despair and also in love, Dora Lawton married the delightful young secretary of a steel magnate and settled down in the Oranges, quite happily.

There was nothing she could do to advantage. At least Jimmy Peters would support her child, and if he could contribute nothing to the two remaining campaigns, Dora was off her hands. Next came Maude, dark and rather dashing, encouraged to a little genteel darning and rather famed as an amateur swimmer.

Mrs. Lawton was downcast but she was not beaten. She no longer had Maude to clothe and to feed. There remained her one last card, little red-headed Letty, the last of the trio, one most difficult in many ways the most attractive. Surely one out of three was Letty was now twenty. She understood what was expected of her.

She had beautiful teeth and attractive ugliness of countenance. He wore good clothes carelessly. He had an insolent manner. He sat between the two other girls, who fluttered and cooed and were provocative, while he listened, barked at them now and then and looked more bored than ever.

After dinner there was a little dancing for the young people and bridge for the elders. Letty and Mortimer Evans danced together once. Mrs. Lawton, rising, while dumpy, to view the youngsters with a tolerant smile, saw this with some anxiety. The other two girls were much more in evidence than her own child. She went back to the bridge table and overbore her hand out of sheer nervousness.

Letty gave herself to Mortimer Evan's whipcord arms. He danced very well. So did she. She did not utter a word during the progress of the fox-trot.

When the music—which was a superior phonograph—ceased, he said suddenly: "Why so silent?" "I didn't feel like talking," she answered, looking at him very directly with no-discernible-trace of coquetry.

Mortimer Evans laughed. "A nd do you always do just what you feel like doing?" he asked. "Always," was her answer and that constituted their exchange of civilities for the evening.

"I want to loaf and invite my soul." To his astonishment he remained there with her. What an odd little person! After a while she said: "I've had enough. Let's go and sit on the beach. Have you cigarettes in your bathrobe?"

He had. They found a sunny and more or less solitary spot and sat down tingling and dripping. Mrs. Lawton, not far off, under a scarlet beach umbrella, observed them. Really she might have known she could depend on Letty.

Letty was still silent. She seemed as bored as Evans usually felt. He experienced a sudden desire to entertain her. It was rarely that he exerted himself but he did so now. He told her, sifting the warm sand through his fingers, of an experience he had had swimming off some obscure Greek island or other.

She turned over, put a slender tanned arm under her head and fell instantly asleep. Evans gazed at her in wonder. He had never met such a rude young woman in all his life. Women were never rude to him. You don't insult bachelors and bank accounts, not if you're in your senses.

"I'm going in," said Letty. "What are you doing this afternoon?" "I hadn't planned," he muttered. "Let's play some golf." "I'll expect you at Little Meadows at two. Give me a stroke a hole if you're any good."

She nodded, smiled fleetly and ran down the beach. Evans stayed where he was, gaping unbecomingly. What the devil was her game? Walking thoughtfully back to the bathing houses he wondered—had she a game at all?

He followed her out to his small foreign car with his head spinning. It wasn't fair. They always said, hastily, "Oh, not at all—I just this minute came down-stairs," or else they pouted, "It's been ages—how could you?" and looked at him slantwise through long lashes.

At nine o'clock he arrived in the little car. Letty came out immediately, climbed in beside him and sighed with satisfaction as they spun over the Shinnecock Hills under a rising moon.

The supper dance proved amusing after all. He had not danced with many other girls. Letty appeared to claim him, frankly. Once they wandered out and contemplated the old figurehead in front of the hotel.

"I'm going to climb up!" announced Letty. "Why on earth?" "Oh, one does. You kiss the brute or something and then make a wish." She raised a small foot and climbed nimbly, implanted a loud salute on the impassive cheek and then climbed down again.

"It's a very sentimental night," she observed. "You'd better kiss me." Young Mr. Evans nearly fell out of the car. Of course girls had asked him to kiss them before—but not in so many words. Letty lay back with her eyes shut and waited. If her heart was pounding in her throat, if her eyes were burning back of their shut lids, if her hands were icy cold, she made no sign.

He obeyed, like a man in a dream. She went to his arms with the funniest little crow of satisfaction. She kissed. She said, "you're a darling!" and kissed him again.

"What on earth are you doing, then?" "I'm not flirting with you," she said. "What on earth are you doing, then?" "I'm not flirting with you," she said. "What on earth are you doing, then?"

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He laughed. He knew he'd never be sorry. He thought to himself... all I ever wanted, all I ever hoped to find... love and youth and beauty—and absolute sincerity. He looked down into her eyes and said to her, gravely gay: "You're the only genuine human being I've ever met in my life."

She answered softly: "I know. It's not worth while to be anything else. You're always found out." Hand in hand and perfectly happy, loving each other so much that they were illuminated with it, that it radiated from them, star-dust and moonlight, they went into the house.

By Faith Baldwin in Cosmopolitan.

Changes Announced in Game Regulations. The entire State will be open to the shooting of female deer between December 1 and 15 of the present year, while killing bucks will be punishable with a \$100 fine, under new regulations issued by the board of game commissioners.

The season for killing of bear has been lengthened and will be from November 1 to December 15. During November hunters may pursue them only on Thursday, Friday and Saturdays. In December the usual six day hunting will be allowed.

The Thursday, Friday and Saturday plan also will govern the killing of pheasants, quail, woodcock, male ring-neck pheasants and the three species of squirrels. The season for them will be from October 15 to November 30.

The rabbit season will be from October 15 to December 15 with the three day stipulation in operation until December 1. In December the usual six day hunting will be allowed. Raccoons, under the new plan, may be hunted from October 15 to November 30, inclusive. They may be trapped only during November. The season limit was fixed at 15.

Erecting New Penitentiary. C. W. Hunt, deputy secretary of the department of welfare, reported "good progress" in the building of the new eastern penitentiary at Graterford, after an inspection of the work under way.

The railroad bridge across the Perkiomen is completed and it is expected that the grading for the railroad tracks will be finished by June 1. The temporary barracks also will be completed then and the management will be prepared to transfer 300 prisoners. One hundred and forty-six prisoners are now housed at the institution in the remodeled farm house and in tents.

Recently a deep well with a power pump was completed giving the institution a supply of 100 gallons per minute of good water. The new wall to surround the main buildings and enclosing approximately sixty-two acres will be started in the near future. It is expected that three sections of this wall with the towers will be erected this year.

The Brain Athletes Compete. A new kind of college athletic contest took place just recently when two teams of 10 students each met in competition between Harvard and Yale, to see which should pass the best examination in English composition and literature.

Heretofore, it has seemed as if the physical athletes got most of the scholastic glory. Now if many colleges and schools would go in for these brain competitions, success in scholarship would be more highly esteemed.

There seems a certain disproportion when a successful football player is acclaimed over the entire length of the country, while the fine scholar may be hardly known in his own college.

The Watchman gives all the news while it is news.