

**The Flower of Happiness**

By S. B. HACKLEY

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"How beautiful, how more than beautiful Keith's singing is!" thought Eleanor Garrow, as a clear tenor came in from the sitting room adjoining.

"Think I'll do to do musical cheer-up work at one of the 'Y' huts over there, Hal?" she heard Keith Litsey, her husband's friend, saying presently. "I'd been wanting to go until the 'heart of me' ached so I went to Johnson yesterday. 'Sure, we'll take you,' he said."

"I'm glad for you, Keith. It's a wonderful opportunity."

Eleanor detected a wistful note in Halbert's heavy voice.

"I wish—" he hesitated. "I wish I could go to Johnson and offer myself, too. What does Jessy say, Keith?"

"She doesn't know yet. I was to finish paying for that bungalow that Jessy's set her heart on in another year, and then we were to be married. But—" he smiled a bit ruefully, "I can't add much to the fund while I'm doing 'Y' work. I meant to take my butterfly girl out of that stenographer's place she hates next May sure, but now I'll have to ask her to wait."

Eleanor sighed. Jessy Glynn, she reflected, for all her dainty prettiness, was as devoid of feeling as a bisque doll! Who but the embodiment of selfishness would put on her young brother the entire upkeep of their little home and mother, and spend her weekly \$20—every penny—on pretty clothes for herself? If only Keith had had some clearness of vision with regard to Beryl Armistead, who lived alone in that great house her parents left her, with only her old invalid cousin and the servants—Beryl, who with all her money cared nothing for social life and whose greatest happiness was in listening to Keith's voice in the Ninth Street church choir!

When Keith left, Eleanor sat down to mend. There were so many little garments to mend! Four little boys, every one of them as rollicking, as joyous, as unselfishly good as Hal himself.



"May I Come to You This Evening," self, had tumbled into existence in a surprisingly short space of time, and it took the interest on that \$6,000 Hal's aunt had given him (along with their little home) and most of Hal's earnings to keep things going. But they'd been happy—oh, so happy! Eleanor thought a little breathlessly.

For a long time Halbert sat silent, thinking; then he rose and came to kiss her good-night. She drew his curly head down on her shoulder.

"Oh, honey," she whispered lovingly. "I know you want to go! I know you want to go with Keith!"

"I'll come back," he murmured. "God would let me come back to you and them—but oh, Nell, there wouldn't be enough for you and the little fellows to live on while I'd be away! But don't worry, dear," he raised his head and kissed her downcast face. "Maybe they don't need me over there!"

The next evening Beryl Armistead, sitting in her car with the old cousin in the city park, waiting for the patriotic concert to begin, heard Litsey's voice.

"I'm going over to France, Jessy," he was saying, "to work at a 'Y' hut. We—I'll have to ask you to wait longer than we thought, dear!"

"Why Keith!" flamed the girl when she understood. "Whatever do you want to do that for? You don't have to go, even as a soldier! Max thinks they will just take men under thirty when they begin drafting and you—"

"I am thirty-one, Jessy, but I want to go to do this work and I'll come back!"

The conversation ended in the girl's pulling his ring from her finger and hurling it from her. "You don't love me or you'd stay here and try to make money for a home for me!" she wailed softly.

And in her car, Beryl Armistead felt the pearl ring that had fallen in her lap burn her fingers like a coal of fire!

The next day at noon Keith Litsey had a visitor at his office—Beryl herself.

"I have just learned," she told him, "that Halbert Garrow is very anxious to go to France as a 'Y' worker and

he's so tactful, so genuinely good he'd make a splendid one—but his family needs his earnings here. I know what they are, and I have brought you what is one year's salary for him. Take it to them and tell them a woman of means who has no son to do the good work he wants to do sends it, and each year he is over there will send them the same sum. You might make them think," she added, coloring a little, "the lady is somewhat elderly. I do not want them to guess who sends it."

Keith looked at her in astonishment. Was this beautiful woman with the angelic light in her luminous eyes the pale, quiet Miss Armistead who had sat in Lawyer Vardeman Hughes' Sunday school class with him for two years?

"May I come to you this evening," he heard himself asking, "and tell you what Halbert and his wife said?"

"They were the happiest people you ever saw," he told her that evening, "and I—had been feeling blue until you came to me at noon—I felt you were a messenger from the skies!"

When he was going she took from a table the pearl ring Jessy had thrown away.

"This fell in my car last night"—she spoke with an effort—"I—I could not help hearing the conversation! Can't you let the same 'old' buy that bungalow so there need be no putting off of your happiness when you get back from France?"

A strange emotion shook him, but he could only gaze at her.

"Let me," she went on; "I want to see the flower of happiness growing in everybody's garden!"

"I did not know the earth held one so heavenly kind," he said presently, "but I won't need the bungalow. I—I am going to France, but before I come back some other man will be the husband of the girl who wore this ring. She's discovered I'm not her kind of man. Well—" an odd smile constricted his features, "I should worry. I'm not going to be sent for two weeks yet," he went on. "May I call for a little while tomorrow evening, and the evening after? I—I want to hear more about the flower of happiness."

At the end of the second week Litsey, in the Armistead drawing room, rose for good-by.

"You'll write to me," he pleaded, "won't you? Even a cheer-up man will need cheering up sometimes, don't you suppose?" He was trying to speak lightly to cover the emotion that shook him.

"I'll write," she promised. "Good-by." He looked at her and the white agony back of her tremulous smile told him what his heart craved. He dropped her hand and caught her in his arms.

"Oh, Berry, my sweet," he faltered. "I've loved you every moment of these two weeks, but I never dreamed until this minute—that you—kiss me, love, so I'll know I'm not dreaming."

**LIMIT TO PARENTAL CARE**

Child Must Be Allowed Freedom of Mind if the Best Results Are to Be Attained.

We must not seek to run our children's minds as if they were molten metal, into prearranged molds; for, in the first place, if we succeed (which is improbable) we shall leave them rigid and inert, dead shapes that were meant to be quicksilver currents; and, in the second, if we do not, we shall rightly lose their confidence, their respect, their love. No; having brought them, winningly, naturally, into the presence of their friends—those true friends and ailers of all who would live in the spirit—we must bid them Godspeed and be willing to stand aside. For the spirit takes many forms, works through many temporal combinations, and we must trust our children to find or create the forms most congruous to their individual hearts, the forms that best satisfy them, please them best. Too anxious a shepherdess will but weary out these lambs, till they sicken of our superfluous care. This pasture or that—what does it matter? this hill or that valley?—if only we have persuaded them to enter (and that merely by showing them its beauty) a green, wide country where there are neither deserts nor wolves!—Lee Wilson Dodd, in Yale Review.

**Romances of Lady Arabella.**

The history of Lady Arabella Stuart was a succession of romantic incidents and disasters. She was the daughter of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, and being in the line of succession to the throne, was the object of jealous care by Queen Elizabeth, who attempted to marry her off to some European prince. When she was about thirty-three years old she married William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp. Her marriage had been secret, and when Elizabeth heard of it she had Seymour committed to the tower while Arabella was detained as a prisoner in the house of Sir Thomas Parry. Both lovers escaped their prison, but poor Arabella was caught and brought back and placed in the tower, where she remained until her death in 1615.

**Enough is Enough!**

There had been a slight accident in a Pennsylvania coal mine, with the result that Casey was partly buried by a small quantity of earth.

Callahan, the leader of the rescuing party, called down to Casey: "Kape alive, Casey. We're rescuin' ye."

Whereupon there came up from the earth a muffled voice. "Is that big McIntyre up there wid ye?"

"Shure he is."

"Thin ask him plaze to step off the rotns. I've enough on top o' me wid-out him."—Harper's Magazine.

**LIVESTOCK PRICES AT SOUTH OMAHA**

Cattle Slow, Steady to 25c Lower

HOGS SELL 15-25c HIGHER

Moderate Run.—Lamb Receipts Also Light and Killers Hold Steady While Feeders Show a Slight Advance.

Union Stock Yards, South Omaha, Oct. 7.—Cattle receipts yesterday were 23,500 head, the largest run that has been here in three weeks. Trade in all classes of stock lagged a little, Chicago also having a generous run and the market was generally slow to 25c lower on everything including beef, butcher stock and feeders.

Quotations on cattle: Fair to good beefs, \$13.00@14.50; choice to prime beefs, \$16.00@17.50; good to choice beefs, \$14.50@16.00; common to fair beefs, \$11.00@13.00; choice to prime yearlings, \$16.50@18.00; good to choice yearlings, \$15.00@16.50; fair to good yearlings, \$12.00@14.50; common to fair yearlings, \$10.00@12.00; good to choice heifers, \$8.50@10.50; choice to prime cows, \$9.50@11.00; good to choice cows, \$8.00@9.50; fair to good cows, \$6.50@7.75; cutters, \$5.75@6.50; canners, \$5.00@5.50; veal calves, \$7.00@14.00; bologna bulls, \$6.00@6.75; beef bulls, \$6.50@7.50; choice to prime heavy feeders, \$12.00@13.00; good to choice feeders, \$10.00@11.75; medium to good feeders, \$9.00@10.00; common to fair feeders, \$7.00@8.50; good to choice stockers, \$10.00@11.00; fair to good stockers, \$8.50@9.50; common to fair stockers, \$6.50@8.00; stock heifers, \$6.25@8.50; stock cows, \$5.75@7.25; stock calves, \$7.00@11.50; choice to prime grass beefs, \$13.00@15.00; good to choice grass beefs, \$11.00@12.50; fair to good grass beefs, \$9.50@10.75; common to fair grass steers, \$7.00@9.00; Mexicans, \$6.50@9.50.

**Hog Market Unevenly Higher.**

Following Saturday's strong trade hog values made quite a sharp advance yesterday. Demand was very good and while the market was not particularly active prices were generally 15@25c above Saturday. The bulk sold at \$15.50@15.75 with a top at \$16.55. Receipts were 3,400 head.

**Lambs Steady to Higher.**

Another moderate sheep and lamb run showed up yesterday morning, arrivals counting out only about 23,600 head. While the killing trade was slow prices held generally steady with last week and feeders were active and generally a little higher. Old sheep sold readily at last week's prices.

Quotations on sheep and lambs: Lambs, good to choice, \$15.25@15.75; lambs, fair to good, \$14.75@15.25; choice feeder lambs, \$12.50@13.00; medium to good feeders, \$11.50@12.25; common to light feeders, \$9.00@11.00; culls and throwouts, \$6.00@9.00; yearlings, \$9.50@10.25; wethers, \$8.50@9.25; ewes, good to choice, \$6.75@7.25; ewes, fair to good, \$6.00@6.75; good feeding ewes, \$6.00@7.00; ewes, culls and canners, \$2.50@4.00; breeding ewes, \$7.50@13.00.

Atlantic 16,000 Feet Deep. The average depth of the Atlantic is estimated at about 16,000 feet.

Here are some pleasant words from L. J. Cooper in the Central City Nonpartisan which make us feel good enough to pass along: "G. L. Burr, Jr., and his brother, E. M. Burr, who have been associated with their father since their discharge from military service, have purchased the Herald at Alliance from Lloyd Thomas and will take possession immediately. Their success with the Alliance publication is assured. Both young men are hustlers and the work they have done on the Register in the past leaves no doubt but

that under their guidance the Alliance Herald will be one of the liveliest wires in country newspaperdom."

—Church workers in Alliance are already beginning to see results from the religious census completed recently, in which the religious preference of the entire city was ascertained. The card index system was used, and the names of those expressing a denominational preference were turned over to the pastor of the church. Rev. Stephen J. Ep-

ler reports that the attendance for the attendance for the first Sunday after the census was completed showed that there were as many people in the city who are not affiliated as there are church members, which is certainly an opportunity for hard work. The churches are working hard to gain a total Sunday school attendance for the city of 1,400 by Thanksgiving day, and prospects are bright for the success of their efforts.

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