

SIGHING LIPS

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

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It all happened because of the verse on the calendar.

Mollie was in the depths of the blues, when the verse caught her eye, and the only reason I can give for Mollie's blueness is that she had nothing to do. When one has nothing to do, that unenviable state of mind often follows.

Mollie read the verse at first idly, then with a gleam of interest. For the advice of the calendar appeared to be exactly what she needed—like a doctor's prescription for the thing that ails you.

"How to be glad," screamed the calendar in red letters, this is the suggestion which followed:

"A smile thou'lt give to sighing lips, again shall make thee glad." And farther down the promise: "The good that thou shalt do will return to thee."

A smile, then, in this case, was service, whose rendition must return to make the donor glad.

Mollie wanted to be glad; there was every reason in the world why she should be, yet was not. Evidently the first step toward this desired goal was the seeking out of sighing lips, with the intent of turning them to smiles.

It is sad, but true, that "sighing lips" are easy to be found, so Mollie had gone no farther than the gateway of the hedge where her own particular sigh reached her. It came in need of comfort straight over the hedge to her listening ears. And it came disappointingly, from the drawn lips of a bent, old woman.

"Good morning," she greeted brightly.

"Good morning," quavered the woman in doubtful reply. But Mollie fell into step at her side.

"It is a lovely morning, isn't it?" she asked, "and you must have been out early to gather your greens. I have seen you often, have I not, passing the house mornings?"

"Yes," the old woman answered. Mollie was surprised at the refinement of her tone. The dress she wore was shabby, and her wrinkled hands worn with toil.

"I have been coming by for years carrying vegetables from my garden to my little shop in town. It's a long walk. I have to start early. But—I'm afraid I shan't be able to come any more."

At the genuine interest in the girl's inquiring glance the woman raised a pitifully eager face.

"They have raised the rent of my shop," she confided. "It was all that I could do to carry it before. It's my only means of support, you see," she added.

"You have no children?" Mollie asked; "no one to help you?" A tender light came into the faded eyes beneath the rusty bonnet.

"Yes, there's Danny," the mother said. "But Danny can't be much help." Resolutely the mother awaited leniency for Danny.

"I suppose—" Mollie admitted. "Oh, it's so," the old woman insisted. "You wouldn't believe that I had a home as nice as yours. And a father and mother who cared. But they just couldn't see Danny's father as my young eyes saw him, so—we ran away and were married."

"That is my shop," she went on. "The little place with the garden flowers in the window. I like to keep it tasty. And there—" sudden fear showed in the woman's white face.

"That man in the automobile," she whispered, "he's going to put me out. There is back rent to pay, as well as it's being raised. Danny was planning to make it up for me when he could—" She broke off apologetically.

"I don't know why I've been telling you all this. Because you looked kind, I guess, and my old heart was aching for kindness. Don't think about it any more, my dear. Good-by."

But Mollie lingered. She could buy that basket of vegetables at least, and then:

A frank-faced young man jumped from the automobile to meet them. "Mrs. Thomas," he began carefully, as though trying to soften a blow. "Father says that he's sorry he can't reconsider the rent question. You see, this bill for arrears—"

The astonished young man found himself abruptly led aside by a pretty young woman.

"Please," begged Mollie, "don't you see she can't pay? But if this bill of arrears could be managed, do you think your father would possibly continue the old rent of the store?"

Mr. Jack Darby stared perplexedly. "You are willing to pay the arrears?" he asked.

Mollie shook a determined head. "I can't," she said. "I'm going to make Danny do it."

"Danny?"

"He's her son," explained Mollie. And while Danny's mother gazed apprehensively from the shop window Mollie told him briefly her story.

"Tell you what," suggested the son of rich old Darby, "let's drive over and interview Danny together. And they did."

It is Danny who runs the shop now, and it flourishes every day, while his mother watching him proudly, smiles the smile of faith restored.

As for Mollie, well, gladness surely is hers. But when Jack Darby gives himself credit for this happy condition Mollie murmurs something about "The smile thou givest to sighing lips."

NEED NOT HAVE HESITATED

Enraptured Maiden Was Eager for Question Hovering on the Lips of Fond Lover.

The dance was over, and now, as Ruffield tenderly helped her on with her wraps the question that had been burning through her brain all the evening reached fever heat.

Would his lips ask her what his handsome dark eyes had seemed to be asking mutely?

She hoped so. She prayed so. She and Ruffield had known each other for four months now, and never had such a splendid opportunity for the question offered itself.

He gulped. She trembled with anticipation. Why was the poor boy so shy? Did he think for a moment she could possibly refuse him? Dear, foolish boy.

"Miss Porgie—Helena—" he stammered. "I—will you—would you—"

"Yes, Ruffield?" she encouraged with eager tenderness.

"Would you care to go somewhere for a bite to eat?" he finished breathlessly.

He had actually asked it! Helena beamed gloriously and accepted with becoming reluctance, and in the brightly lighted cafe, amidst the palms and soft music, her bite consisted of a lobster salad, a turkey sandwich, four glasses of fruit punch and two saucers of ice cream.—Indianapolis Star.

LEFT A NAME THAT ENDURES

Memory of Noah Worcester, Known as First "Great Apostle of Peace," Worthily Honored.

America has produced more than one very famous cobbler. One of these was Noah Worcester, known as the first great "Apostle of Peace." He it was who founded the first great "Peace Society of Massachusetts."

Born in 1758, he went into the war against Great Britain when about 18 years of age, and fought at the battle of Bunker Hill. He became so disgusted with the vices of the soldier's life and the horrors of the battlefield that he became a hater of war and advocate of peace. He worked in the field all day and made shoes at night, besides studying as much as he could.

He became a minister before 30, continuing to do farm work and cobble shoes so as to eke out an existence. He even taught the children of his parishioners for no pay, conducting a school in his study. It was in 1814, after he had written urging Christian unity, that he published his famous pamphlet, "A Solemn Review of the Custom of War," advocating the abolition of war, interpreting literally the New Testament doctrine, "Resist not evil," in line with the teaching of the Society of Friends. Dying in his 80th year he asked to have inscribed upon his tombstone: "He Wrote the 'Friend of Peace.'"

"Faust" a Real Personage.

"Faust," hitherto regarded as a legendary character, emanating from the brain of Goethe, really existed as a self-styled prophet, quack doctor and peddler of fake horoscopes, according to a discovery made during the recataloging of the Munich library. In the diary of Canon Killian Lieb there was found this entry:

"Faust, 5 June, 1528, when the sun and Jove meet in the same constellation other prophets like myself will be born."

Under this Canon Lieb had written: "Faust may believe he was a great commander with high-sounding titles undertaking a pilgrimage through Germany, but he was, as a matter of fact, a quack doctor selling faked horoscopes and remedies. The fact that he became rich was due chiefly to his education, he having been a graduate of Heidelberg in the class of 1487."

Sycamore's Good Traits.

Of all our forest trees the sycamore is the last to clothe itself in the spring. In fact, spring is gone before the sycamore has donned its raiment of foliage. In early June, when all the other trees are at their best, the sycamore still displays its winter bareness scarcely veiled by immature leaves. It is said that the sycamore's leaves, which come in May, are likely to be destroyed by a mysterious fungous disease, and that the foliage which finally matures in July is in reality the tree's second crop. If this be the true explanation of the sycamore's tardiness, the tree deserves great praise. Such undiscourageable persistence is quite in harmony with the sycamore's rugged personality. What other tree would not give up the fight were it thus handicapped and tortured by a malignant enemy?

Beware of Talking Too Much.

Tact is displayed to advantage when people practice the old motto, that "silence is golden." It doesn't pay to retort to every injustice. The fellow that can "grin and bear" is sure to win in the long run. Some folks are always talking but never have any following to speak of. At a recent public gathering a man of decided intelligence commented on the address of another by saying, "That man can speak more words and say less than any other man I know." It's not words but ideas that make the world go. The best advice that a young person can cling to is, "Don't talk unless you have really something to say." And besides it's a pretty good rule that says, "People who always have their mouths open seldom have their minds full." That may not be strictly true, but it's worth thinking about.—Grit.

OLD-FASHIONED

By GRACE E. RILEY.

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"What has come over girls today?" questioned Grandmother Eldredge of her granddaughter. "Time was that a girl had one dress for Sundays and parties, and one for every day. Two dresses are sufficient for any girl's happiness!"

"Oh, grandmother, today a girl could win no victories on a two-dress campaign!"

"I've a feeling, Ruth, that there would be fewer bachelor girls today if there were more old-fashioned ones who expected less in the way of dress and gaudy."

"Grandmother, you're old-fashioned—why, if the girl had no variety of pretty clothes, the boys would never look twice at them." Ruth donned a lovely little hat and went forth convinced that in its folds and feathers lay the lure which would bring Weyman Standish to her feet.

Two blocks away, Weyman was pursuing a similar argument with his chum. "Rex, it's all very well for you to urge me to marry. You know right well my heart is set on Ruth Eldredge, but Lord! my year's salary would not take care of Ruth for six months. Therefore, discretion being the better part of valor, I remain single."

When Ruth reached home, she found a letter from Chloris Hunter urging her to come to a girls' camp in the mountains:

"Once you've tried a horse for a companion, you will say with the rest of us on our return in the fall, 'The more I see of some men, the better I like my horse.' Put all your evening gowns and dancing slippers in the closet, don a middie blouse, and join 20 of the finest girls that ever rode a 'boss,' wrote Chloris, gaily; and something awoke in Ruth—a desire to try this thing with her beloved Chloris.

A month later, on "Flighty," she was galloping across country. With an hour's advance, she was trying to elude the girls, who once found her trail but lost it again. She retraced her path while they went ahead. Her beautiful bronze gold hair, tossed by the wind, framed her lovely laughing face; the sun had kissed her cheeks to a warm, glowing color, and had Ruth gazed then in her mirror she would have been amazed at her own beauty. She was thinking of home. "Dear Weyman, I wish I knew the secret way to his heart." She fell dreaming. Her horse neighed two or three times before attracting attention. "What is it, Flighty—see something?" she asked. "Was that an echo—surely I heard another horse." She turned in her saddle. Standing by the roadside, whinnying piteously, was a handsome roan.

"Where's your rider, Beauty?" she asked. Sensing trouble, she dismounted and leading Flighty, went to the roan's side. There on the ground was a man, unconscious.

"Thanks be to my first aid lessons," thought Ruth as she set to work. She was finally successful in bringing him to.

"Don't try to talk yet," she admonished him.

"You are a nurse?" he finally asked. "No, I'm just a worthless butterfly, trying to spread her wings in the land of usefulness," she answered. "Can you tell me now what made you fall?"

"I've been ill—re recuperating in a lodge up yonder—the call to ride was too urgent to be denied, and I took advantage of my pal's absence to get Flicker out."

"Where is the lodge?"

"Just across those lots—I guess I can make it." He rose, but again sank limply on the turf.

"Try again and don't be afraid to lean on me." This time he was more successful. "I'll bring your horse over when I've disposed of you."

"As they neared the lodge, Ruth saw a man on the porch.

"My pal," said the sick man, with a wealth of affection in his tone. Ruth's heart stood still. Even as she recognized Weyman, he knew her, and came forward quickly to meet them.

"Jack, you deserve a thrashing," he sternly spoke first to Ruth's companion, the while his eyes questioned her with a caress in their depths as she never had seen there before.

"I know it, old man, but I'll be all right in a minute." Without another word Weyman helped his friend into the lodge. When he came out, Ruth was gone. As he was condemning himself for his apparent neglect of her, she again came into view, leading Flicker.

"Ruth," Weyman said, when he joined her, "if you knew the tempest you have stirred up in my heart, you would quell it at once by saying you would marry me."

"The storm was a long time coming up, wasn't it, Weyman?"

"It has been rumbling in the distance for months, dear, but that middie blouse was the lightning that struck home."

"This is the first thunder storm I ever welcomed, Weyman," Ruth said, looking roguishly up at him.

"And you're willing to marry a man on a limited income, dear?"

"Not willing only, but glad—anyway, Weyman, middie blouses are cheap," she said, laughing.

That night Grandmother Eldredge was puzzling over a telegram from Ruth, reading:

"Two dresses are sufficient for any girl's happiness."

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