TEN CENTS

Stuck a Feather in His Hat By William Almon Wolff

Bill Halliday, Exile, Learns a Thing or Two About Pyrotechnics and Wins His Heart's Desire.

B ILL HALLIDAY sat straight up in bed as who, blinking a little, came in. Mr. Halliday was in evening dress; he seemed to be vastsurprised. So was Bill; he hadn't supposed that his mother and father would be back from the theater for another hour. They must have seen the light in his window, he reflected, bitterly; that was what had betrayed him. That he had forgotten to lock his door didn't matter. "Bad for your eyes, reading in bed," said Mr. Halliday. "Your mother tells me she's

spoken to you about it before." He came over and sat down beside Bill. He wasn't angry; he didn't speak harshly. It surprised Bill a good deal that it should be his father, rather than his mother, who had come to deal with him. He saw very little of his father, and didn't know him well; that man of great affairs had little time for his son.

'What's this?" said Mr. Halliday. He picked up the paper-covered book Bill had been reading. "Hello!" he said, and stared down at the boy, more surprised than ever. "Spalding's Football Guide?" Swift suspicion came into "Got another book under the covers? Nick Carter-er-"---His memory failed.

"No, sir!" said Bill. "I-I was just reading about the teams at home, father! Yale had a great team last year! That Coy-he kicked two goals against Harvard! Did you know that? Eight points, that was. They don't count the same way in America that we-I mean-that they do here, do they?" "I believe not," said Mr. Halliday. "It's a

different sort of game, Bill." "It must be. There aren't but 11 on a team, instead of 15-like soccer, that is. Soccer's a muff game, though. It's more like rugger, isn't it, father-at home, I mean?" "Yes. You'd better go to sleep now, though,

Bill." He picked up the book; stood looking uncertainly at his son, "Father-let me keep that book, please? I won't read any more tonight, if you will-I

promise. But it's not mine-' Mr. Halliday dropped the book at once.

"Where did you get it, Bill?" "Ted Little lent it to me." "Who's he?"

"He was a new boy last term. He's from Chicago, father. He's going home next summer. He's going to Princeton. Father-"

"When are we going home? We've been over here an awful long time, haven't we?"

Why—I don't know, Bill," Mr. Halliday said, slowly. "You've been here most of your life, haven't you? I have a good deal to do here. And your mother isn't so well in America.

We may stay here." "Always?" Bill had to fight to keep from choking. "Father-I want to go home. I want to go to Princeton. And Ted says-he says I ought to go to Lawrenceville or some school

like that for a year, anyway, first." "We'll have to see, boy," said Mr. Halliday, slowly. "Your mother thinks you can get a better education here. She's talked to me about sending you to Oxford. A good many of the boys at school are going there, aren't they?" "But they're English, father.. And I'm

"Well, we'll have to see," said Mr. Halliday, "We've settled down here, you see, Bill. And it's where we came from, in the beginning. There have always been Hallidays near Swaythling, ever since the time of William the Con-

queror." "I don't care!" said Bill. "And-I don't believe you do, either, father! Weren't there Hallidays in Washington's army, too?"

"You bet!" said Mr. Halliday, before he thought, "It's pretty late, Bill. Your mother'll be looking for me if I don't put out your light. Good night, boy. We'll talk about these things some other time."

"Good night, father," said Bill. And when he was alone, in the dark, he sighed. He wished he could talk to his father-really talk to him. The way Ted Little did to his. He had lunched with Ted and Mr. Little one day, and gone to a cinema afterward. And Mr. Little had talked about base ball and things Bill hadn't been able to understand at all, until, later, Ted had explained. About Giants, and Cubs, and White Sox and Tigers.

It was a long time before Bill slept that night, even though the light was out, and he kept his word about reading any more. He wanted to go home. He had wanted that for a long time, but lately, since Ted Little and Jim Murray, who lived in New York, had disputed violently with Ted, because he was going to Yale, had come to school it had been worse.

Ted Little, who had never played cricket in his life, had been on the first eleven, and every one expected him to be on the first fifteen, too, next term. Bill hoped to get his cap, too; he had been three-quarter on the second fifteen a year earlier. Ted had amazed every one with his bowling. He could make the ball curve in the air before it struck the ground; no other bowler Bill had ever seen, even the great county players, whose pictures were in the Graphic and e Illustrated London News every week, could do more than make it break forward. It was all in the way you placed your fingers against she ball; Ted had shown him, and explained that in base ball the pitcher could make the ball do what he pleased.

He was homesick—as desperately homesick as only a boy who cannot so much as remember home can be. They had brought him over when he was very small. Such memories as he had of home were vague, fragmentary. Trains, running on a high platform; a tall tower, in the center of a city, with the huge statue of a man in a broad brimmed hat on top of it; a beach, where he had played with other children; policemen in yellow helmets and long coats. . . .

He had pieced out his memories with scraps and bits of pictures out of books that he had read almost surreptitiously. His mother had not approved of American stories. But he had spent long hours in his father's library. There was dull reading on those shelves for a boy, you might have thought. But Bill would have challenged you fiercely on that score. He knew John Piske's "American Revolution" almost by heart before he was 12; Hay's great life of Lincoln was like the Bible to him. And he had found and lost, and found again the most precious of all his books-"The Story of a Bad Boy," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

It was in the pages of that book that the America he had never known had lived for him. Through Bailey's eyes he saw long winters of snowy roads and fields, and frozen ponds, as unlike as they could be to the open English country of the midlands where his school was; glowing autumns, when the woods and hills were painted in a thousand colors; days and

nights of mischievous delight. His mother, when he asked her, innocently, about this and that, was appalled; she had taken the book from him, condemning it to be Its very title was anathema to her; a glance at its pages confirmed her fear that it shrieked with the blatant crudity of the America that she had put behind her. But he saved , and had gained, through its peril, the knowledge that his secret hopes and longings must be forever hidden from the mother, lovely, re-



been a time of wandering about in France, Germany, Italy; a time when he had seen much of muse and governess and little of his mother. He could remember her, radiant and shining, dressed for the theater or opera, stopping in to bend over his bed for a moment. Sometimes, on rare mornings, he had been allowed to go into her room before he was dressed. Then school; an English public school. He had taken his knocks as a youngster; fought his way up through the lower school, till now he was in the Fifth and reasonably sure of landing in the sacred precincts of the Sixth next term, with the prospect of being a prefect, perhaps, before so very long.

And to the long wanderings on the continent, when he had moved back and forth across Europe, seeing Paris, Dresden, Vienna, Munich, Rome, Naples, Venice, there had succeeded the after. ordered and settled life in England. School always, in the foreground; the house near Swaythling, in the lovely Hampshire country, which he really liked; the smart little town house near Hyde Park. He was happy enough. he had everything a boy could be supposed to want, Heaven knows!

But he had never quite stopped wanting to go home. It had been a great day when he had discovered that the docks of Southampton were open to a boy who rode in on the tram from Swaythling. He used to spend hours there, after that discovery, watching the great steamers come and go. And it hurt him whenever he saw a liner bound for home. He envied the careless people who lined her rails so much that he hated them.

Of the history of the Halliday invasion of Europe Bill knew little or nothing. He knew, of course, that his father was a Halliday of the great banking firm of Pierce, Halliday and Company, and, vaguely, that he was at the head of the London house. But he guessed, and guessed correctly enough, with that way that children have of getting at buried truths, that it was his mother who was really responsible for the permanence of this European sojourn. The facts he could scarcely have understood. Yet they were simple enough.

The Hallidays were of Philadelphia, and of that prideful city's innermost circle. John Halliday had crossed its boundaries when he married; his wife had not been allowed to forget The trouble had lain in this: she, too, was a Philadelphian, but one who dwelt on the wrong side of Market street. She had expected her marriage to ennoble her. Her disappointment had angered and embittered her. Originally there had been a project, suggested first by her husband, perhaps, of a year or so abroad, with the vague prospect of a triumphant return.

But Mrs. Halliday, a shrewd woman, had not been long in making up her mind to change that plan. In England her husband's wealth; his importance in the financial world, had opened all doors to her; her own beauty and charm had helped her, too. She found that English people were simply amused by the idea of class lines among Americans; one American, to them, was much like another, so far as such things went. If they had money, if they were

amusing, they were welcome. Her eyes were set upon certain precedents. Americans like her husband had stayed in England before; had become, in effect, Englishmen. She could contemplate a future in which she should be Lady Halliday. Her real hopes and ambitions she never confided to her husband. But she saw, with a quiet satisfaction, the way the sane English life appealed to him; the way he sank, insensibly, into its comfort. She could manage John when the time came; she was

sure of that. Of all this Bill had no inkling. But after that night when his father surprised him Bill was afraid, as he had not been before. Always, until then, he had regarded his exile as temporary; he had been sure that, sooner or later. they would go home. Now, for the first time, he had to face the possibility of staying away always-or, at least, until he should be old enough to shape his course for himself. And he was at an age when a few years loom up like as many decades.

During the autumn term he had small time for worry. He was in the Sixth, with Ted Little and Jim Murray. Bounds were relaxed; the three of them could go into Bedford, now, when cordin' to figgers, whenever you see they were free from schoolroom or from com- a picture of a man hittin' his friends boy, helpin' weed th' garden an' see- stickin' in the special slides announcpulsory games. There was foot ball, too, to keep them busy. Ted Little's play was a revelation to Bill-to the whole school indeed. With the fiercer, closer American game behind himand already, at home, college scouts had had their eyes on Ted against the day when he should matriculate—the old Rugby game was a holiday for him. He ran with a fierceness unknown to the school backs, sliding off tacklers one after another, and he followed the ball like

His life had been odd, confused. There had that term for the first time. The school was surprised, and inclined to be offended. It took Little and Murray calmly enough. They were real Americans, you couldn't mistake them. Ted talked through his nose, rather; their speech was shot with strange and highly colored bits of foreign idiom.

"Say!" Ted would cry, hailing someone; never "I say!" And if you asked him a question to which the answer was affirmative it was

always "You bet!" instead of "Rather!" There had been, in the beginning, impertinences about Indians in the streets of New York; sneering comments concerning the crudeness of American life. But Ted had fought a few times, in the classic ring near the fives court, and the school had become strangely reluctant to harry him upon his nativity

But what was right and natural and according to kind in the case of Ted or Jim was rank swank and accordingly to be put down when it proceeded from Bill-from young Halliday, who had grown up in the school, and was, to all outward seeming, as English as any of them. There was bewilderment in the attitude the school took toward him, of course, too; why in the world should any fellow keep insisting he was an American when no one would know it unless he admitted it?

Every morning, through the long winter, Bill struggled to wakefulness 15 minutes before the rest of the dormitory, slipped on a bathrobe over his pajamas, and padded through long, dark corridors to the shower bath near the fives court, where he and Ted and Jim submitted themselves to the shock of icy water. Ted had proclaimed his wonder and his dismay at the discovery that the bathrooms were open only at a stated time, when the school bathed in groups, once a week, and had gained permission to use this almost forgotten shower.

"We bathed whenever we liked in school at home," he told Bill. "Golly-you hear a lot about the way an Englishman takes his tub every morning, but look at 'em here! A bath once a week-and that's a rule!"

More swank! Especially in Bill's case. Freakish customs were allowable in a real foreigner like Ted, but it was plain cheek when Halliday did the same thing. Bill, who had never before, in all his years at the school, been prominent, began to be distinctly unpopular. Restraints that had never irked him before

began, in the light of what Ted and Murray knew of freedom at home, to be intolerable. In the Sixth, to be sure, the bounds were wide. You could walk for miles along roads lined with hedges full of blackberries, even in late November; even Ted approved of British berries, and conceded their superiority to those of home. You could go into Beds any afternoon, and drink coftee and eat cake in a dingy shop, with its mock magnificence of red plush cushions. You could stare at the jail in which John Bunyan had been confined-for that matter, though, you could see John Bunyan's house at Elstow by looking across the fields from the dormitory windows. You could hire a boat and row on the sluggish Ouse. But that noble stream, that the British called a river, provoked ribald laughter in Ted and Jim.

brook!" said Jim. And Ted agreed, and they talked of rivers a mile wide, until Bill groaned. Christmas came, and for Bill two weeks at Swaythling. There was good Christmas cheer. But he longed for snow; he couldn't even skate! He had wanted to ask Ted home for the holidays, but his mother had written that it would not be convenient. Yet the house had been no more than half full of guests. Back to school after that, and the long grind until Easter in London, when he did see something of Ted. Bill hated the second winter term at school. Foot ball was all over; hockey had never appealed to him; he thought it was a girl's game. And Ted talked of what he called real hockey, which you played on the ice, skating after a

"It's not a river! It isn't even a creek! It's

frozen surface of a rink. It was at Easter that Ted spoke out frankly. "I thought you were coming home some time soon, Bill?" he said. "You and your folks?" They had been having lunch with Mr. Litttle, and he, having business, had suggested a matinee and furnished tickets.

'We are-directly my father finishes his business here," said Bill, a little flushed. "Well-but-say-Dad-he says your father's going to stay here and turn Englishman! He says he's never going home—says your

mother won't let him-"My mater-" Bill wanted to say something in her defense, but he choked on the words. He stared at Ted, dismayed, horrified. For the first time the secret fear that had been mounting in him had been expressed. "The governor won't do that!" he cried flercely. "He's an American -you bet-

Wen-that's what everyone's saying-that's all I know," said Ted. "All the men my dad meets-Americans here. I guess he heard it first from Mr. White. He's a newspaper man, and I guess he knows what he's talking about." "I guess he doesn't!" said BAn. - "Not if he

says things like that! You mind your own business, young Ted!" "Oh, all right-I was only telling you what

I'd heard! You needn't get stuffy. Keep your shirt on-as you'd say!" Bill dined with his mother, alone, that eve-

ning: an unusual privilege. And he gained the courage to speak to her. "Mother-we are going home, aren't we?"

curiously. It was hard for Mrs. Halliday to realize that Bill was growing up; that before so very long she would have two men, instead of one, to manage. "Do you want to, so very much, Bill? How do you know you'd like America? You can't remember it." "No. But-it's home-

She frowned. "It's home here, too, isn't it, Bill? You've

grown up here. You like school, don't you?" He nodded. "And Swaythling? All your friends are here. Don't you want to go to the university when they do?" He shook his head "I want to go to Princeton."

"You must talk to your father," she said.

"You don't quite understand, I suppose, Bill. But your father is a very important man. Some one has to live here to look after business for his firm. Someone will have to do that, al-

ways. We've thought that you could do it, when your father retires. And it will be better if you're really an Englishman-" "But I can't be that, mother! I'm an

"Do you know what it means when anyone

is naturalized. Bill?" He just stared at her.

"If your father were to be naturalized, for instance, he'd be an Englishman, afterward. And you and I would be English, too, because we belong to him." "But-he won't be, mother! He-hecouldn't-"

"He's been thinking about it, Bill. I suppose you will have to decide for yourself, later, when you're 21. But just now your father has to do what seems best to him."

"It-it's not fair!" "Bill. That's rude. Your manners haven't been very nice since you have been going around so much with that American boy-Little, isn't

"I'm sorry, mother. But-" "We won't talk any more about it, dear. Your father will talk to you, when he has made

up his mind." Bill tried to see his father before he went

back to school for the long term. But it was almost as if Mrs. Halliday sought to prevent a meeting between them. Nor did Bill see much more of Ted. Never had he seen so much of his mother during his holidays. He lunched with her at the Carlton; once she took him with

her to Paris for a week-end; he must go with tuck that night, was disappointed when the parher in the motor when she went shopping; be home when people came in for tea.

He was glad to get back to school. He was made a prefect; Traill major had not come back, having gone to Sandhurst. The Head talked to him soberly of his new responsibilities, and Bill was rather awed. It was something to be one of those to hold in charge traditions that had come down through centuries. The school was a medieval foundation.

The quarrel between Bill and Ted was forgotten. Ted had imparted all his knowledge of the art of curving a ball, so that Bill, who had always been a good slow bowler, became almost invincible. Then, too, he and Ted played tennis together, and in the long hours of practice Ted grew accustomed to turf courts and taught Bill to come up to the net and hold his place, volleying always, and how to kill a rising ball. In doubles they soon proved themselves the masters of the school; Bill's conservative game, quickened by Ted's teaching, fitted in well with Little's dashing play.

This was to be the last term for Little and Murray; Bill could not see enough of them. Both were going home that summer. "It's a crime—the way we have to stay here all through July," said Murray. "Lord-at home

we get through early in June. Ted and I'll get back just about in time to get ready to go back in September. "That's a sell," Bill agreed. "But you're going home-

"You bet we are! Wish you were coming, too, old scout! Say-come on! Make them let you. Come on up to Exeter with me and to Yale next year. You'd have a good chance to make the freshman team-and I'll bet you'd make the 'Varsity afterward."

"Forget it, Jim! He's booked for Prince-

Bill sighed. He was losing hope. His mother had told him that he had been entered already for Magdalen college at Oxford; he should be ready to go up after one more year at school. April passed into May; May, swiftly, into

June. Bill could begin to count the days that were left of companionship with Jim and Ted. They had formed a triumvirate; one for all and all for one, against the school. Rill would have to pay later, he knew, when they were gone; the school would neither forget nor forgive. But he clung desperately to his last link with home. And on a day late in June, in the same post, letters came to Little and to Murray that set them to cheering.

"We're going home!" Ted shouted to Bill. waving his letter. "On the same ship! We're sailing from Southampton on the third of August! Oh, boy-I'll see a ball game at the Polo grounds in less than two months!"

"You're coming to stay with me," said Jim. 'We're going straight to Maine and open the I've got a motor boat-Bill turned away. But later he went into Beds, loyally, to join the celebration. Coffee

and cake, and a surreptitious cigaret, to be smoked with a duly watchful eye for stray masters who might be passing. "Wish we were going home for the Fourth,"

strictly forbidden. But they were dealing in said Ted. "This makes twice I've missed that!" "I've never seen any fireworks for the Fourth!" said Bill. "Say-

They turned to look at Murray. He was one broad grin.

"Can't we pull something off next week?" he "We might get hold of a few fireworks! -wouldn't they be sore-" Bill lifted his head. His eyes were shining;

his cheeks flushed. "Those French chaps—they got a half holiday last year for Bastile day!" he said. "Suppose we asked the Head-'

For a moment Little and Murray were silent. awed by the sheer splendor of the thought. They then whooped.

'Would he? Would there be a chance? Let's Oh, Lord-think of the school-how

"We'll ask," said Bill. "After call-over today. And then-if we could get some fireworks." He emptied his pockets. "I've got nine and threepence-and we all get some pocket money Saturday-"

"They pooled their wealth. They had nearly two pounds among them. They left half filled cups; hurried to Sadler's, the shop that lived on the school's trade. "Fireworks? Ho-vuss-when fireworks

time comes, boys! Fifth of November there'll be plenty.' But for the Fourth of July-not so much as

rocket or a squib! "That's all right, too," said Ted. "I'll write "So'll I!" Jim echoed. Bill would have giv-

en anything he possessed to be able to say the same. But he dared not. But he pressed his money upon Ted; begged him to send it to his father, and ask him to spend it for his share. This-why, this might be his last, as it was his first, opportunity to celebrate the Fourth! The letters were posted; Sadler could furnish

paper and envelopes, pen and stamps. And later the three of them filed into the Head's study and made their request. He received it without a smile. But then, his long beard hid his lips. "I might call this Yankee cheek," he sug-

gested. "Have you thought that the school would not be-er-pleased?" "You gave it to Blanc and Michaud last

year, sir," said Bill stoutly. "So I did-so I did! On your own heads be it! You shall have your half holiday. You may be excused from afternoon call over and from

Now-if Mr. Little and Mr. Murray would do their part! And they did! There were two great packages, wrapped in brown paper, for Ted and Jim on the third of July; the school, hovering about, eager in the anticipation of

"Never heard o' him," says th'

"Cap'en Bones, an ex-pi-

An' change that bar-

"Cut that out," says the chairman.

cels were carried to the study that Bill enjoyed by virtue of being a prefect. But that evening they transferred everything to an unused wooden rick in Elstow, for the use of which a smocked rustic had thankfully accepted a shilling. They lived through school, somehow, on the morning of the Fourth; it wasn't easy, but they had no choice. They were free with the ending of the morning's last lesson, and set out at once along the Bedford road, leaving an unsuspicious school, incapable of imagining so dire an insult, behind them. But when they had gone a quarter of a mile they heard an outbreak of shouts and cries behind them.

"I guess they've seen it!" said Bill-and was proud that he had guessed and not fancied. "Seen what?" said Ted.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you! I put up a notice on the board. Just this: "The school is invited to attend a display of fireworks, to celebrate the Fourth of July, Independence day, at o'clock tonight.' And I signed our names!'

"Oh, Bill-don't you ever let anyone make an Englishman of you!" "I don't believe our dear classmates love us very much just now," said Jim. "Bill, if I were

"That's the plu-perfect touch!" said Ted.

French I'd kiss you!" They lunched at the hotel in superb state; money orders had come for Little and Murray, as well as the fireworks, from fathers who remembered not only their own boyhood but cer-

tain evidences of British condescension of more recent date. A cinema was tempting, but Bedford was no safe haunt for them that afternoon. They could trust the school, they knew; that threatened show of fireworks could never come off if they put themselves in the way of being captured. And so, after, lunch, they were off, circling the school widely, striking out into open country, out of bounds for all save those who were, like themselves, of the Sixth. They had

tea in an old thatched farmhouse; eggs warm from the nest, foamy milk, strawberries with clotted cream; rock cakes. Later, as the shadows grew longer, they made their way back, with infinite caution, toward the school, Scouting parties were out looking for them; they avoided roads and made their way through fields of mangel wurzel and potatoes, sinking deep in the soft earth. Twice they watched parties of the enemy, lying hidden behind thick hedges. But they came to Elstow

at last, somewhere near 8 o'clock. It was not dark. But then, indeed, real darkness would not come at all that night, and it was dark enough for the freworks to make a show. They had chosen their spot and prepared it against their need. It was in a remote corner of the playing fields, with the embankment of the Midland railway at the back and a brick wall at one side. They had contrived a sort of barricade of branches to protect their front; the other flank was covered by a jungle of thorn bushes. Their approach with their burden invoived a double crossing of the railway and a double breach of the sternest of all school rules, since to step upon the embankment was

sheep, now, not in lambs, Siculy they made their way. They had to wait for two trains to pass. But they were ready at last. Pockets were planted in the ground; roman candles, glant crackers, squibs were piled up; to the brick wall was affixed the for piece that was their crowning glory—a thing

contrared to set a great American ing ablaze.

Eagerly they studies their watches. They could hear a murmur of vaices from the tion of the fives court; the secool was waiting. They might have set off their diray at Elstow and escaped before pursuit could reach them. But it had seemed to them that their holor was involved in staying on school ground.

"Time," said Bill, at last, and lit the fuse of the first rocket. For a moment it hissed and sputtered; then a streak of fire shot upward, and a minute later, with a bang, the rocket burst, high above them, in a constellation of red and green and yellow stars. Ted had lighted the set piece; already, as the rocket burst, stars

and stripes were appearing on the wall. There was a yell from the fives court; at once they saw a dark mass charging across the field. "They're going to rush us!" said Bill. "Aim the roman candles right at them-and chuck some squibs to go off at their feet! They won't be hurt, but I fancy they'll ston!"

So they stood, roman candles in their hands, pouring out threatening balls of fire, flinging lighted squibs and giant crackers. There was no harm in the false fire they flung, but the moral effect was tremendous. It took more than boyish nerves could furnish to face that barrage; furiously the great American flag burned brightly and the rockets rose. "Come out, you sneaks! Fight fair! You're

trying to put our eyes out!" 'We'll fight fair if you will!" That was Ted. "We'll take you on, three at a time!"

There was another rush, but again the roman candles and the exploding crackers checked "Come on-come on, you cads!" Bill cried.

"Who's afraid now?" Turf was flying; stones; fives balls, small and

hard, that some genius in the attacking force had thought of bringing up. But the spirits of the Americans soared high, like the rockets they sent skyward; they were above feeling pain. And so it went, until, at last, they had made good their boast, and the last rocket had flown upward, the last candle been discharged. The flag was fading out now, as star after star, stripe after stripe, burned out.

The school scented its chance; charged again, and swept over the barricade, this time, to victory. But it was a victory hollow and cheap. The numbers were too great for discrimination when blows were being dealt; friend struck friend as often as foe. And then the masters, who had been strangely deaf to all the tumult, came, and discipline came into its own again. "O, come on, fellows!" cried Bill. "What do

we care for these cads? They can't fight unless they're a hundred to one!"

Arm in arm, untouched in spirit, defiant still, they swaggered across the field. It was Ted Little who began to whistle that air his ancestors had transformed from a taunt into a boast. "Yankee Doodle came to to-own,

Riding on a pony. Stuck a feather in his cap And called it macaroni!"

They heard laughter before them; saw three men who were coming to meet them.

"Dad!" Ted sprang forward; Murray was at his heels, greeting his father, too . There was a lump in Bill's throat. And then, amazed, incredulous, he stood still, unable to believe hi

"Hello, boy!" It was his father. "Father!" he cried. "How-I never dreamed

you were here-" John Halliday chuckled, ruefully. Sam Little told me what you fool youngsters were up to," he said. "I-well, I thought I'd come down. By George-you sure did hand it to those Englishmen, boy! I-I've been talking to your mother, Bill. Do you still want to go-

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NEXT SUNDAY "MISS MARY SMITH" By Elizabeth Jordan.

Letters From Home-Made Father to His Son

Dear Son: I see by th' papers th' tickets at the door he may look to Carryallque," which was havin' a thing without tirin' theirselves. National Bored of Sensors is goin' you like a meek little fellow what great run in Rome just then. He'd "Gentlemen," says th' Producer, to make th' movies so pure they'd wouldn't allow fly paper in his house always been his crony an' when some'at nervous, "I'm goin' to show put Bryan hisself to sleep. A sen- fer fear of annoyin' th' flies. As a Ceaser ran fer Alderman, he voted you a new picture called 'Treasure sor, as you probably don't know, is matter o' fact, though, all he needs fer him 122 times which was quite Island' by a chap called Stevenson. a man what takes the sense out o' t' make him a runnin' mate o' Cap- a lot in them days when it was so the fillums. It seems they've had a tain Kids is edycation.

from bein' exterminated. The sensor folks has made a study "The Cheese Makers Revenge." o' crime an' they found that the only the big climax th' villin knocks th' reason we ain't all crooks is because hero fer a home run with a stone read an' little Jesse, who was then nobody ever showed us how. Ac-

relatives, fishin' on Sunday, train- Abel, an' was th' first one to get his out o' the box office an' went into wooden leg comes in an' there's a wreckin', kickin' th' dog an' forgery. name carved on the police records. Every man what sees these things

whole lot of trouble lately with kids Think o' all th' histery we could to the picture, though, nothin' would cause a lot o' class feelin.' Change goin' to th' movies an' then comin' 'a saved ourselves from learnin' if do till he'd used a letter opener on it to 'Staten Island.'

home an' shootin' their gran'folks. we could o' discovered this idear him to find out what he was stuffed This kind o' thing ain't right. We earlier. Take Cain f'r instance. He got to keep the American gran'folk was all right till his mother took.

It's generally knowed that the barroom o' the Admiral Benbow him to see a picture show called dicktionary.

only reason you waited so long is with th' snakes, which were his because you never thought of it be- great failin's. The picture did fer him, though. He come right home Th' same is true o' shootin' your an' tried it out on his little brother,

Why Brutus Turned. o after another, and he followed the ball like in the pictures has a nateral cravin' Brutus would never 'a thought o' big marble hall built fer 'em with an' then falls dead of a fit.

The pictures has a nateral cravin' big marble hall built fer 'em with an' then falls dead of a fit.

The pictures has a nateral cravin' big marble hall built fer 'em with an' then falls dead of a fit.

Cut all that out," says the proclaimed himself an American yard. When you see him buyin' his seen a picture called "Omnibus lie on their backs an' cuss out every-

hard to get round. After he'd been Chairman, "but th' name

whole trouble with Jesse James was Inn. A man named Cap'en Bones is In his father bein' a movin' picture stampin' up an' down th' room conoperator. the pillow o' the Sunday school, rate." over the head your fust idear is to in' that his father didn't fritter away in' the Gran' Openin' o' the Min-try it on the fellow next to you. The all his time eatin' apples an' foolin' erva Lawndry an' the Sale o' White erva Lawndry an' the Sale o' White room scene to the lobby o' the honight they run a William S. Hart doin' somethin' show him signin' diately shot the doorman, took \$1.86 In th' next scene a man with a

> business fer hisself. Some day th' sensors'll have a

The old man couldn't sumin' large quantities o' likker. Title: "Change it to 'Cap'en Bones, an Goods at the Emporium. Then one tel. If you want th' Cap'en to be before his innocent eyes. He imme- his name in the register."

> terrible fight. Cap'en Bones chases him out o' th' house with a cutless

"Cut all that out," says the sensor. ATura to Page Elett, Column Six.)