

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.

BILL HALLIDAY sat straight up in bed as the door opened. He stared at his father, who, blinking a little, came in.



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 picked up the paper-covered book Bill had been reading. "Hello!" he said, and started down at the boy, more surprised than ever.

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His life had been odd, confused. There had 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.

It was at Easter that Ted spoke out frankly. "I thought you were coming home some time soon, Bill!" he said.

Bill dined with his mother, alone, that evening. An unusual privilege. And he gained the courage to speak to her about business for the first time.

"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!"

They turned to look at Murray. He was one broad grin. "Can't we put something off next week?" he said.

Letters From Home-Made Father to His Son

Dear Son: I see by th' papers th' National Bored of Sensors is goin' to make th' movies so pure they'd put Bryan himself to sleep.

Carryaligue," which was havin' a great run in Rome just then. He'd always been his crony an' when Caesar ran for Alderman, he voted for him 122 times which was quite a lot in them days when it was so hard to get round.

thing without tririn' themselves. "Gentlemen," says th' Producer, "I'm goin' to show you a new picture called 'Treasure Island' by a chap called Stevenson."

Next Sunday "MISS MARY SMITH" By Elizabeth Jordan.