## The RULE of THREE By Ethel Train

Mother Was Object of So Much Solicitude That She Longed for Just a Little Wholesome Neglect.

R Sirls," notwithstanding the fact they were married. Whether that was due to the enduring quality of their filial devotion or to a spinsterliness that persisted in them, remained subject for conjecture.

There were three of them-Elizabeth, Mary

Elizabeth was thirty. In her twenty-eighth year, as women physically inactive are prone to do when youth is on the wane, she had begun to put on weight. Lindsay Weston, her husband, loyally asseverated upon all occasions that he liked it. Perhaps he did. If so, he must have failed to observe the pockets under the eyes that the superfluous flesh was making, the mottling of the relaxed skin. Not but that, upon the whole, his wife was a fine, upstanding oman, as women go.

The second daughter, Mary, though possessed of as large a frame, was not so well filled out as her elder sister. She was, in fact, bony. Nature had taken unnecessary pains, it seemed, with a face which was hardly worth the trouble of modeling. The cheek bones were high, the chin inadequate, the lips thin. Yet Mary had made a desirable match. Her husband came of people in good standing in the community. Nobody quite knew how she had managed to attach Jim, but the fact remained that she had.

Ruth, the youngest, was locally considered a live wire. In matters civic or charitable she was inevitably to the fore. She was potentially the best looking of the sisters, but she dissipated this advantage by wearing her hat high on the summit of her head and ruthlessly displaying er prominent cars. Her talk consisted of asserns closely strung together and uttered with her face as close as possible to that of the person addressed.

Not one of them, it was universally admitted. could hold a candle to their mother. Mrs. Farnam's figure was as supple and slender as a girl's. Her bloom was the more subtle for being a little faded, like roses at twilight; her hair none the less alluring because one felt rather than saw in it the underlying brown.

Mr. Farnam had surprisingly retained his physical energy and the freshness of his outlook upon life. He had the stoop of the tall man approaching sixty, but his white hair was thick as ever and his spare figure showed a pleasing concavity in the region of his gold watch chain. This chain he had worn for half a century, as well as a gold band through which his necktie was thrust. The substitution of a variegated necktie for his former black "cravat" was his only concession, as far as his personal appearance was concerned, to modernity.

In business, however, he was progressive enough. He had passed by natural stages from the exploitation of acetylene lighting to that of gas, thence to electricity, and for the past year he had been engaged in the installation of electric lighting plants upon farms,

His efforts in this last venture had met with extraordinary success-so much so that he had moved into larger offices and had taken his third son-in-law into a partnership which had previously embraced the other two. By this action were further cemented ties already remarkably close. Indeed, the relations of the Farnam family were the wonder of the town, exploited as one of its assets, like the model village at its outskirts near the soap factory.

At least four evenings a week, with or without their husbands, the girls spent in the society of their parents, either at their own homes or in the white frame house "set back" from the street, in which they had all been born. It was charming, old fashioned house, with an air of weet retirement that breathed of Mrs. Far

nam herself. In the arc light that the town, bent upon improvement, had latterly placed at the corner of the street, it was mysteriously flecked, upon an early summer night, with motionless shadows of leaves. Together its owners had planted the stalwart trees that flung them, more than thirty years ago. Their love had been a little love then, precarious of root as the saplings, swaying in every breeze. Now it was a thing of

many years' growth; significant, weather-proof. Behind the house was a little garden, with a flagged walk that cut the flower beds in two. The air that crept upward from it toward the bedroom window was blended of pleasant odors. When their daughters had left them after an evening grouped about the lamp, Mr. and Mrs. Farnam often went out there to pace the circumscribed area and enjoy the fragrance, arm in arm. Such small interludes in a conscientious

life were not unwelcome. Another Thursday had come round. The Farnam evening meal was invariably partaken of at Ruth's upon that day

At half-past five Mrs. Farnam put on her black silk and laid out her husband's blue suit. Half an hour later he came in and began to

"Janet." he inquired suddenly, seeing his wife's somber reflection in the mirror as he was slipping his tie through its golden band, "why do you always wear that black dress when you go to one of the girl's? Where's that new colored one you had on at Mrs. Saunderson's one night last month? I don't believe I've seen it

"I'm saving it," she told him. "What for?" he retorted. "Death?"

She laughed. "The real reason I wear black," she admit-

ded, "is that I'm expected to wear it. The girls never think of me in anything else. 'Mother' and 'black' go together in their minds. They're used to it. John, they haven't even seen my 'colored' dress, as you call it. I didn't dare tell them I was getting it made."

"Wear it tonight," he suggested, with a combative sparkle in his bright, dark eyes. "Jolt 'em a little. They're too settled-twice as settled as you are, at half your age. Do something different from what's expected of you! Something conspicuous!"

Not receiving an immediate answer, he turned and saw that she was gazing through the open window, with its gently bellying curtain, with eyes that sought to pierce the foreground of trees screening her from the world beyond. Then she shook her head. "I couldn't," she said, with decision. "Not

Somewhere else, maybe. Here, never." "Where?" he demanded.

"O. I don't know," she answered, evasively.

"You never go anywhere!" he persisted. "I haven't been yet," she said, slowly, "but -some time-who knows? I might go. never can tell! Come, John. Fix your tie and put on your coat. It's twenty-four minutes past already, and you know it takes six minutes to get there. They'd think something had hap-

Ruth lived in a semi-detached modern house of red brick. Peter Hadley had bought it before their marriage, four years ago, while the scaffolding was still upon it, and it had been nished to suit the young couple's requirements. Ruth had supervised the alterations, having partitions removed or added-knowing exactly what she wanted. So far events had worked out cisely according to plan: one nursery, two cribbed, was already full, and a second was awaiting the first of its predestined pair of occupants due to arrive in about three months.

Upon the assembled connection Mr. and Mrs. Farnam entered, arm in arm. Solicitously Ruth hastened toward them. "Let me pull out the folds of your skirt, for

You Mother," she said. "Peter, take Father's As Peter, complying, relieved his father-in-



law of that appendage, the eyes of the two men met with an understanding gleam. Such ceremonial treatment was not observable in the office. But if the women wanted it, they might . well have it their own way-at home.

The sitting room was finished in cartridge paper and shellac, with mission furniture. Ruth not believe in having things about that might prove detrimental to the free movements of the bables, but she was not sufficiently imaginative to apply this Montessori doctrine to the adult members of her family circle. "Peter, draw up that chair for Mother," she

dictated, as soon as greetings had been exchanged; then, too preoccupied to notice that she was cutting in upon a conversation between Mrs. Farnam and her favorite son-in-law, Lind-

"Now, Mother dear, sit right down."

Mrs. Farnam sat down obediently and Lindturned away. He had forgotten what he had been about to say. Then, at a signal from Ruth, Peter, formally advancing, offered his mother-in-law his arm, and, according to precethese two led the way into the dining

"Father," asked Ruth, after she had assigned them to their places, "will you say grace?

the unalterable preliminary to every meal he ate in this house, Mr. Farnam had never got used to it. He mumbled the formula very fast into his mustache and then looked up in obvious

A relentless drop light in the center of the table picked up the glass, the crockery, the features of the assembled company and the pattern on the tablecloth. Mr. Farnam, with furrowed brow, was struggling to think of some remark that should lead back from the initial note of solemnity to that of normal, everyday intercourse, by a transition not too abrupt.

Peter was watching Ruth to discover what he ought to do next. Elizabeth's attention centered upon the food that had been put before Lindsay was wishing that he had been placed beside Mrs. Farnam instead of between Ruth and Mary, neither of whom had the capacity to interpret his habitual whimsical vein. The result was that nobody spoke.

It was Ruth who, conscious that the pause was awkward, broke in by exclaiming nerv 'Peter! Mother's in a draft from that win

Won't you close it, please?" "I don't feel it." Mrs. Farnam returned as Peter pushed back his chair. "You ought to feel it," her daughter's ex-

pression implied. Looking from one to the other, Peter halted midway between the table and the window.

'Well, which is it, open or shut?" he guired laconically. Ruth drew her lips together. Whereupon,

rather than contest so small a point, Mrs. Farnam gave way. "You'd better close it if it worries her," she

told him with a resigned sigh. Later on in the meal, when the occasion had somewhat recovered itself and there was desultory talk going on, Mary, who had a flat, pene-

trating voice, drew the attention of the whole table to Mr. Farnam by asking him suddenly: "Doesn't that light hurt your eyes, Father? Ruth, the light's shining right in Father's eyes." "My eyes are all right," returned her father shortly. "Don't bother."

Mary looked aggrieved. 'They weren't all right," she asserted, "last

"That was only dust he got into them when he was driving the car," her mother reminded her. "Don't you remember?" Neither Ruth nor Mary was listening. Both

re critically inspecting the offending drop "It ought to be pulled up." volunteered Ruth. "I think it should come down," disagreed

"Let's try it both ways," Ruth suggested brightly. "Now, Father, when I pull it up you say whether that makes it better or worse. But Mr. Farnam's patience was not as en-

during as his wife's. "Stop talking like an occulist, Ruth," he ordered, "and eat your supper. I can take care

The disconcerted pause that ensued was broken at length by Peter, for once acting upon his own initiative. In a manner he endeavored to make nonchalant he asked, brandishing the carving knife and fork:

"Anybody have some more meat?" Plates were passed, and for the remainder of that evening nobody told either Mr. Farnam or his wife what to do about anything. Upon the next, however, they got another dose.

Elizabeth was due to "sit" with them at half-past eight. At eight-twenty they were lingering in their tiny garden. The forsythia was in bloom and the Japanese quince was almost at the bursting point. There was a tender sliver of moon.

"We've got to go in." Mrs. Farnam said. sighing. "She'll be here in five minutes. Come, He stood still.

"Why not have her out here?" he demanded. "Now, John," she returned, "you know very well Elizabeth never walks a step more than she has to."

"Do her good if she did," he grumbled, reluctantly following his wife indoors. When their daughter arrived, she found the

stage set, with themselves in position, one upon either side of the center table, the lamp bethe evening paper upheld screenwise in his long, supple fingers. Mrs. Farnam was knitting. Neither was saying a word.

"You poor dears!" cried Elizabeth, deposfting her velvet bag upon the table and pulling off her white cotton gloves. "How dull you look! It's high time one of us came along to cheer you up!" She dropped heavily into the rocking chair

that had been placed in readiness for her and set it in motion. It creaked, and the folds of her silk dressed creaked with it. "It's awfully stuffy in here," she commented

resently, "I don't see how you stand it." "We don't," replied her father promptly. "We were out. We've only just come in." "Father!" Elizabeth protested. "You haven't

been keeping Mother out in the night air!" "What's wrong with night air?" he demanded defiantly. "Does air deteriorate after sun-

"You know as well as I do," she retorted, "how delicate Mother's throat is

"You always say that, dear," interposed her mother mildly, "but I don't know what makes you think so. I haven't had a cold for years." "No," agreed her daughter, "and we don't intend that you shall."

Mrs. Farnam's smile was a shade perfunc-"You certainly all take the best of care of

me," she acknowledged. "Well," Elizabeth demanded unctuously, "who wouldn't take care of a lovely little mother like you?"

Affectionately as this remark was meant, its effect was to kill conversation for at least a minute and a half. Elizabeth finally started the ball rolling again by remarking that the lamp smelled. "Sarah is so busy," apologized her mother.

"She forgets to trim the wick. I was going to do it, but I forgot, too. Reaching over, Elizabeth took one of Mrs. Farnam's slim hands in her own large one.

"That hand," she enunciated, contemplatively fondling it, "is too precious to be messing around with oil." No sooner had she concluded her remark than an ominous sound issued from behind her

father's newspaper. She took no notice, even when he lowered it and pushed his glasses up. "What's the show," he inquired innocently, "at the New Star theater this week?" 'I'll Never Miss My Mother 'Till She's

Gone," she recited. "It's lovely." "I knew you'd been going to the movies!" "We might go ourselves some night, John,"

interposed Mrs. Farnam hastily, hoping to create a diversion. Elizabeth drew back. "I don't think I'd do that," she warned. "The feature film isn't all there is to it, you know."

"No," sald her mother eagerly. "There are the animated cartoons. And there's the comic.' "That's just it," returned Elizabeth. "You never can tell just how vulgar those animated cartoons and comics are going to be. They change them every performance. I can't see you looking at them, Mother dear." "Perhaps I shouldn't notice it much if they

were a little vulgar," her mother suggested, plying her needles busily-"in with all the rest." "Indeed you would notice it," her daughter asserted, adding reverentially, "You with your sweet, pure mind!"

This was too much for Mr. Farnam. "I wonder, Elizabeth," he said, "that you allow your mother to knit." "Why shouldn't she knit?" his daughter

"I thought maybe it might damage her in some way," he hazarded vaguely. "Not at all." was Elizabeth's solemn reassor-"There's nothing more beautiful to me than to see my mother knitting there, beside the lamp."

"Here's where I come in," said father. "I've got something to

At ten precisely, Mr. and Ars. Farnam, from

Elizabeth looked back over her shoulder. "Don't stand there-" she had it on the tip of her tongue to say, "in the night air," but thought better of it, and substituted "any longer than you have to. Do go inside! It's grown

the doorway, watched the departure of their

quite raw. Alas! It was true. The young moon they had deserted had not waited for them to rejoin It had set, a chill wind was blowing, and all the delicate odors had withdrawn sensitively each into the kernel of its own plant. Mrs. Farnam yawned brazenly. Before her mate-her contemporary-she could lower her guard; be

herself. "What an evening!" she sighed, making wry face. "Come, John. Let's go to bed." On Saturday all the grandchildren came to spend the day. There were Elizabeth's two pale, pig-tailed little daughters; Mary's three rollicking sons, and Ruth's young boy and girl. Mrs. Farnam asked nothing better than to have the whole troupe deposited on her hand. It was the most effectual relaxation she knew. Upon these occasions nobody assumed responsibility for her the livelong day. Nobody asked her to sit down, or to get up, or to keep out of draughts, or sun, or rain. She was free to stew herself to pulp over the hot stove making the things they loved, or to grind away at the ice

cream freezer to her heart's content. When she had kissed each happy upturned face good-bye, and the last sounds of their little piping voices had died, her husband entered. At rare intervals, such as this when she had him all to herself, life was wholly satisfying. He gave it a background by his vibrant, deep-toned voice, his rare masculine tenderness, and the firm quality of his tread. The trouble was that moments did not last. Somebody was always stepping in. . . . That reminded

She felt suddenly weary. "I'd go up right after supper," she told him, "only Elizabeth and Lindsay are coming." He looked up at her solicitously.

Well, they're not going to see you if they do," he returned. "You've had a long day. When they get here you'll be in bed." "Ought I?" she said doubtfully. "Maybe

Mary and Jim will drop in." "And Ruth and Peter are sure to run over," he laughed. "All right. Don't bother your head about them. I'll entertain the lot"

Which he did, for all six arrived on the dot of eight, remained for two hours, and went as punctually as they had come. When all was quiet, Mr. Farnam put out the lights. A moment later he entered the bedroom, shoes in his hand. He had taken them off so as not to wake his wife, and he stood, his big frame silhouetted against the light from the hall, hushed and motionless, as though upon holy ground. He was glad to get back from the girls to where Janet was, even though she slept. The girls were all right in their way, but it was not Janet's. Not one of them was in the least like her. Her qualities were not transmissible. She was unique and, by some miracle, she was his. He felt very sorry for those poor fellows,

Peter, and Lindsay, and Jim. The Monday of the following week was to prove an eventful day for Mrs. Farnam. She had eluded her daughters' solicitude for her welfare during the whole of Saturday, and Sunday's systematized inactivities always diverted their attentions to their own homes. On Monday, therefore, they returned to the onslaught with renewed vigor. Elizabeth arrived ahead of the others while Mrs. Farnam was examining the

"Mother!" she panted, for the day was hot, don't stand there right in the sun! Where's "I don't feel the need of it," replied Mrs. Farnam.

"You ought to have it," Elizabeth insisted. "It would never do for you to get a headache." "I was going in anyway," Mrs. Farnam lied. "Come up with me while I put on my hat."

She mounted the stairs with springy step. and her daughter followed ponderously. "Where were you thinking of going?" she asked when she had recovered her breath. "Down street. I've got some shopping to

"I don't mind a little heat. I like it." "You'd be much more comfortable on the porch in the shade. I could do your shopping for you. I was going anyway.

"No, thanks. I'd rather do it myself." Elizabeth looked very much aggrieved. "Mother!" she exclaimed plaintively. that kind?-when you know that I love more

"Well," her mother yielded, "if you feel as

strongly as that about it, have it your own way." She was rewarded by a complacent smile. "Here's my list," said Mrs. Farnam resign-

edly, handing it over. Elizabeth put it into her purse.
"I hear voices," she said. "We'd better go

In the hall they confronted Ruth, her forehead beaded with perspiration, her exposed ears beet red.

"Good morning, Mother!" she said. "I've left Mary outside on the plazza. There's a little breeze there. We've fixed your chair just where it reaches. We want to get you all settled before we go on downtown.' "I've got my housekeeping to do."

"Not today, please, Mother dear," begged "It's too hot. Do let Sarah manage for once. If I have to think of you in that reeking kitchen it'll spoil my whole morning." "Mine, too," echoed Ruth.

Mrs. Farnam gave up her innocent intention of interviewing the cook, and suffered them to convey her out onto the porch.

Mary was there, standing guard over the "This is the coolest place," she said, "for

you to be.' "It's not so cool at that," muttered her mother, sitting down. "I wonder you didn't stay on your own porches this morning. Isn't it just as hot for you anywhere else as it is

for me?" "We can stand it better." explained Mary. And Ruth added explicitly:

"We're younger, you see." There was no denying this, so Mrs. Farnam made no rejoinder. Suddenly Sarah threw open a window, displaying to the critical gaze a pair of curtains

rolled and distorted into ungainly lumps. "I thought you were going to have bags made for those curtains, Mother!" remarked Mary. "You were." Elizabeth confirmed her.

"So I was," admitted Mrs. Farnam indifferently.

"We can just as well make them for you. Mary said. "You can look on and give us your advice. I'll take the measures right now. Then we'll go and get the muslin, and I'll have it sent special. They always do that for me at Green & Tompkins'. We'll come back and put them together after lunch."

"The sewing machine's out of order," jected Mrs. Farnam, who hated standing about and watching other people work. "Well, we'll stop at Reynolds' and tell them to send some one to fix it within half an hour,

briskly rejoined the competent Ruth. right on our way." When they had gone Mrs. Farnam heaved a little sigh of boredom. Her morning had been mapped out for her, and now she was similarly obliged to envisage her whole afternoon, an

afternoon of passivity, watching the girls cutting and sewing on the machine. The morning passed; the lunch hour came and went. By one-thirty the girls had reappeared. The sewing machine was humming; the bags were making; all her little pretexts pretenses and protestations had been of no avail. Absorbed in the execution of one of the simple domesticities that to them meant living, her daughters hardly noticed whether she was present or absent. Between intervals of looking on over their shoulders she would go out and stroke

the cat or stroll downstairs and examine the

photograph album. Then she would return to

her idle observation of their progress and wonder how soon the irksome business of the bags Things that for years she had accepted as inevitable were open to question upon her part today. It may have been the sultriness of the weather, for there was thunder in the air, or it may have been the addition to a long chain of interferences of the proverblal last straw. What concern of theirs was it, when you came right down to it, whether she had curtain bags or not? Whose house was it, anyhow? To go a

step farther, whose life was it that they were

endlessly supervising?-their own, or hers? Upon one of her peregrinations she heard the telephone ringing and went into the pantry to answer it. It was her friend, Mrs. Saunderson, who was calling her up to cancel, with many apologies, her invitation to the Farnams for supper that night. Her husband, she explained, had suddenly been summoned east on business, and she had volunteered to drive him in the Ford to a point 15 miles distant to catch

the through express. As Mrs. Farnam stood with the receiver in her hand her face, so ruffled a moment before, became the picture of equanimity. She very nearly overdid the graciousness with which she accepted her friend's excuse

"It's all right, my dear," she declared. "Don't you worry yourself for one minute. Just go right upstairs and pack Asa's things. Never

think of us again. Why, we've got enough for a regular feast here! Potted ham, and calves'foot felly, and pie, and all sorts of things. More than I know what to do with.'

After a few more amenities, her friend rang off. As for Mrs. Farnam, she did not walk upstairs she ran. If only she could contrive to get the girls away soon enough, she could first prepare the supper, and then then, put on the new bright dress!"

"Nearly done?" she asked in a fever of impatience as she stood at the sewing room door.

Elizabeth nodded. "Almost," she said. "What's your hurry? What time are you going out?"

Mrs. Farnam paled. She was of all women the most upright and direct. Nevertheless, she answered without hesitation: "Supper's at half past six."

A quarter of an hour later the sisters, buoyed by a sense of accomplishment, met their father on their way out.

"You'd better hurry, hadn't you?" advised Mary gratuitously as he came up. "You'll be Supper at the Saunderson's is at half past six, mother says."

"But we're not going to the Saunderson's," he objected. Three pairs of eyes opened wide.

"Not going!"

"No. The party's off. I got a message at the office. They said your mother had been notified."

"Well," Elizabeth informed him, "she hasn't Isn't that too bar of Mrs. Saunderson? We must go right back and make some other arrangement for her."

When they re-entered the house their mother was coming downstairs in a blue and white checked gingham apron, with her sleeves rolled up. There was a nervous moment before she discovered that her sins and subterfuges had not found her out. Luckily for her the girls had got their assumption of Mrs. Saunderson's thoughtlessness firmly fixed in their minds.

"The only thing for you to do now," said Elizabeth oracularly, "is to come and have supper with us." "Or with us," echoed simultaneously Mary

and Ruth. Was it an offer of hospitality, this, that with iteration and reiteration, they insisted upon? Was it not, rather a claim? Flushed and resentful, Mrs. Farnam retorted

with unheard of sharpness: "What's the matter with having it here?" Mr. Farnam, who was beginning to catch the drift of her thought, stepped forward and encircled her waist with his arm.
"That's what we'll do," he said. "We'll

stay right here and have a little celebration of our own-for once. "Just you two?" they demanded in an smazed chorus.

"Just we two-and what's more," their father affirmed significantly, "as we look at it we couldn't either of us be in more congenial com-

With a delicious sense of relaxation he took down a book from the shelf in the sitting room and began to read. Save for a soft rustling in the trees near the house and the equally light footfall of his wife moving about over his head. there was not a sound to be heard. Janet had told him that she did not know when the evening meal would be ready. He was released from the obligation of watching the round, unimaginative face of the clock for confirmation of the

hour, since no hour had been set. He become so absorbed in his reading that he was no longer conscious of his wife's existence, and then, suddenly, he felt her presence. and raised his eyes. She was standing motionless in the doorway. He sprang up with the

eagerness of a lover and closed the book.
"How—nice you look," he said, awkwardly She looked, indeed, more than nice, clad in the gown he had referred to vaguely as "colored" because he could not have told offhand what its color was. It was gray, he thought. or blue, or some indefinite shade between that suiting the gradations running all the way from

In a contented and companionable silence they seated themselves at either end of the shining mahogany table. They felt no obligation to make talk. He loved to watch the moving about of her hands among the tea things, hands a little thinner than of old, with tender veinings that offset their delicacy like the veinings on a leaf. Her charm was of the sort that is deepened rather than diminished by the lapse of years. At eighteen it had been that of a pretty girl; it was of far rarer texture now that she was fifty-five. Her daughters were accustomed to draw the attention of their friends to her remarkable state of preservation. Her husband resented the unconscious disparagement of their attitude in so doing. In his opinion, his

wife's beauty was unqualified. As the meal progressed, they fell into conversation. Suddenly she interrupted the easy flow of talk by saying:

"I had to work hard-to get this." He thought she was referring to the food. "It was worth it," he declared, lifting a composite bit of salad upon his fork and examining

it appreciatively. But she dismissed the supper with a gesture. "That wasn't what I meant," she said. "I meant the evening. This evening to ourselves. I can't remember when we've had an evening

alone together before." "I like it," he responded. "Don't you?" No sooner were the words uttered than he was conscious of their inadequacy. "'Like it,'" she said disappointedly. "Is

He flashed her a smile. "It's a man's way of putting it," he said. "You're not enjoying it one bit more than I ain.

Not a bit.' When they entered the sitting room after supper he lighted a pipe and pulled his chair around next to hers because, he said, the other side of the table seemed so far away.

"I'm so happy tonight," she said, looking up at him. Then, in a burst of confidence: "John, I'll tell you a secret. I'm sick and tired of having the girls around all the time. It's women, women, nothing but women, from morning till night. You don't know as much about women as I do. You don't know how

small they can be. No man does." "That's where you're wrong!" he cried. "I've had my own troubles with those three girls." "And you never told me!" she cried re-

proachfully. "I didn't want to worry you," he explained. "But after what you've just said I can't resist letting you in on the whole bothersome business. You know, of course, Janet, that I'm pretty nearly on easy street. Next time we move w may have to take a whole building, the orders are coming in so thick. In the middle of the rush one day Lindsay suggested expanding, opening a branch in a bigger place. Chicago,

SRY. "Good idea," she said. She was sitting erect, attentive and alert. "A cracking good idea," he agreed. "I said so right off the bat and offered to put him at

the head of the new shop." enthusiasm. "I've always believed in Lindsay. He's too big a man for this town. Well, what did Elizabeth say?"

husband grimly, "She said that?" exclaimed Mrs. Farnam, a belligerent little pink spot appearing upon either check. "Elizabeth said that? I wouldn't have believed it of her. I'm surprised at her

"Said she wouldn't hear of it," returned he

I'm sahamed." "I offered it to Jim next," he told her. "It would be Jim, of course," she acceded. "It never would be poor Peter."

"It's got to be Peter or nobody," he re-(Continued on Page Five.)