## S-U-R-V-I-V-A-L-S The Generation That Strives to body else would understand. Two lumps, Please, Collides With the Gen-

H ELENE BINBY'S monogrammed note paper slipped from the envelope into her old friend's hand. The old friend sighed. For afteen years that square envelope, that flowing script, that monogram had spelled ill omen in the morning mail. Howard Bixby's death, the disentangling of his affairs, unjust landlords, troubles with drainage, with pastors, with rights of way, with Genevieve's tendency to sore throat, with unsatisfactory investments with neighbors whose dogs trampled the flower beds, all had come heralded by the pale blue of Helene Bixby's stationery. The old friend paused to indulge in forebodings. What would the trouble be this time? Then gallantly, besuse he had long since accepted Helene as part payment on his inexplable debt to Howard, he

eration that Prefers to Shock.

sit the envelope and rend. After all, it was only an invitation to have ea with her on Thursday. She knew the thousand demands upon his time. But his unfailing generosity made her trespass once again. There was a matter upon which she needed his

The old friend looked at his calendar. This was Thursday. He telephoned, and apprised the Swedish voice invisibly responding that he would be by Mrs. Bixby's fireside at five that afternoon. He wrote the engagement into his little red note book, slipped it into his waistcoat pocket, said "Come in" to the knock upon his office door, and temporarily forgot Helene.

The tall sophomore who followed the knock

was in trouble. He had been the inspiration behind the painting green of certain lanterns last night. The green paint had gone farther than had been foreseen. Certain steps and a doorway, emerald in the morning sunshine, betrayed the illegal activities of the night. Helrae's old friend was not on a faculty disciplinary committee. The sophomore had merely come in for a friendly talk.

"I guess it's up to me to do something," he ventured, an experimental eye upon his friend. "You did the painting?" The sophomore hesitated, then indicated that there might have been a few others mixed up with it. But it had been his idea. Of course, if the committee once started to investigate they might miss him altogether and penalize the others, which would Well," counseled his friend. "If you hunted

them up first and took all the responsibility, they would probably lose interest in the possible It was a good idea. The sophomore arose,

visibly relieved. "Good-bye, professor," he said. "Thanks very

Helene's friend looked after his sleek head as it disappeared. The instincts of these young cubs were all right. He could hear the discussion of the faculty committee. Williams would say vandalism a great many times and vote for expulsion. Jefferson, on the other hand, would think it was funny and vote to pay no attenfon to the affair. Sommer would say it was a matter for the students themselves to handle. Haves would point out that when the newspapers got hold of it it would have a bad effect on the state. The state was not sending its young people up here to learn to destroy state property. The state would reflect this act in the next legislative appropriation. He would vote to make all concerned a glaring example. Helene's friend sighed. He hoped his sopho-

more would be prompt. Then he said "Come in" to a knock on the door. The girl who followed the knock was perplexed. She was, she told him, up in the air over her freshman laboratory.

"He tells us to ask ourselves questions and mother?" cover the answers," she complained. "And you want a manual saying, 'Look at

this spot. See this object? Write down that you saw it." Yes, that was exactly what she wanted. She

beamed at him. "Well," said Helene's friend, "I can't blame you. It's what is generally called teaching. But, to my mind," and he beamed in return, "it's

really forcible feeding. Painful. And in the long run inefficient." It was the beginning of a half hour's talk. At the end of it the girl's eyes were large with supposed a teacher was an institution created

the excitement of a new idea. She had always to drive information into the resistant surface of a student. Here was the revolutionary idea that a student was one who made life stand and deliver itself. The student was the pursuer. "It's a great game," he told her. "You want to play it for all it's worth."

She went away with a quickened step. Helene's friend looked at his watch. He was due at his seminar. The seminar was a group of young creatures very dear to him. They were vividly alert to the excitement of being alive in a world in which the riddle of life was always fust beyond analysis. Today there was to be talk about light reactions. Woods, the education man, would be present, his nose in the air. Woods did not exactly deny light reactions. He merely deplored drawing inferences from them. It wouldn't do to make beings seem too mechanical. If you did, what was to become of the soul? It was all right for young people to look into these things. But all he had to say was, "Go slow." After the seminar, in which Woods was

was unusually deprecatory, and it fell to Helene's friend to do an uncommon amount of untangling, there was the department luncheon. It was his business at the noon hour to centralize the purpose and kindle the enthusiasm of come dozen associates.

After the luncheon there was a lecture and its two-hour laboratory. These were not in his case perfunctory. He gave the best of himself, leaving, fairly fagged, at 4 to attend a faculty committee discussing problems of university organization. On the whole, faculty committees worked with an intelligence that compared favorably with that of committees of business men with whom Helene's friend often sat. They deliberated more, acted less impetuously. When they acted it tended to be from knowledge. Yet, as all things are relative, and faculty committees, like all others, composed of human beings, all these qualities produced in their own degree their own weaknesses. The faculty committee, strongly deliberative, had not acted at all when Helene's friend looked at his watch and saw that in fifteen minutes she would be waiting for him.

He let her wait an extra quarter of an hour. in order to hear through an impassioned debate over democratic versus autocratic organization of departments. At a little after 5 he sat by Helene's are and saw her delicate hands playing

over the teacups. As he sat, he recognized that he was tired. It had been a futile day. He was supposed to be a physiologist. Popular fancy pictured him one of the fortunate, sequestered from the maddening throng, buried among his reagents and his smelly experiments, happily dreaming scholarly dreams, while the wicked and ignorant old world rocked in passion beyond the soundproof walls of his laboratory. In reality he had not known three consecutive solitary moments since 2 o'clock. His 1 o'clock lecture lay upon his conscience. It was all right in a way. But the subject was moving by him. While he ran other people's errands the great forces of living truth were marshalling themselves far in advance of him. He sat back weary, not with work, but with the centrifugal pulls dragging him in a thousand directions. Helene's hands, meanwhile, delicately pretty and glitteringly ringed, hovered over the cups, doing their beautiful share of dragging at him.

There isn't any one but you to help me. No- a boylsh whistle came nearer, in advance of

"And make it strong," he added. Helene's eyebrows went up. "That means you're tired out. And here 1

am, asking something more of you."
"Genevieve?" he smiled at her over an excellent piece of toast. After all, Helene made things wonderfully comfortable. Her eyes paid him astonished tribute.

"How could you guess it? I think you are marvelous.

"I saw her at the concert last night with a new captive." "That poet," said Helene, with infinite distaste. "Isn't he dreadful? His finger nails are

beyond belief." 'Is Cameron deposed?" Cameron was the last year's foot ball star. Genevieve had worn

him, as it were, on her muff ever since his remarkable eighty-yard run. "O. poor Dick! She's been treating him like dog for three months. Austen, I hate to ask anything of you. I know you are up to your

ears. But I do wish you would speak to Gene-Helene's friend sighed. Then he laughed.

What shall I say to her?" Helene laid her hands in her lap and fixed on him troubled eyes. They were beautiful eyes, set in a face deservedly famous for its harm. Helene made a delightful picture, all silver and soft gray in her big blue chair. She

looked at him appealingly.
"Austen, I wish I knew. There isn't anything I can say. I'm sure I don't know what anyhody can say to her. Perhaps what I really want, is to have you hear what she has to say to you. Of course, I am an old woman." She paused imperceptibly.

"Never!" He roused himself to protest. Helene dimpled. She could not resist even a

tardy compliment. "Well-you are very sweet. But I am. I never was modern, you know. Suffrage, or anything like that. I've tried to be a mother and keep Genevieve nicely dressed, and I'm sure I tried to have her properly educated-thanks, of course, always, to you. But Austen, you know, really, she seems to be quite beyond me. It isn't that I mind her being a decorator. The war made me see that the young woman of today must have her own life. I don't object at all to that. And I think her studio is nice. and lovely for teas. She has talent, too."

"Genevieve is a clever girl." Helene played with her sapphire ring. "Do you think she-do you suppose there is such a thing as being too clever? Of course, she is cleverer than I am. Every one is. I

am not clever at all." "That is why," he said, with a certain degree of sincerity, "you are so irresistible." Helene dropped her cyclashes. She conveyed, without blushing, the effect of having blushed.

"You always say such nice things, Austen. But, seriously. It seems to me that Genevieve is getting so clever she is actually-well-

Helene brought out the word in a desperate climax. Her friend suppressed his smile. That would, of course, be the difficulty. No crime, he knew, equaled in Helene's lovely eyes the crime of being queer. She went on,
"Austen, I am afraid she is going to get

herself-well-talked about. And there isn't one thing I can say. She tells me I am of a past generation. Of course, that is perfectly true—in a way." Her eyes hung upon him. "Beauty," said her friend, "is eternal."

Helene accepted this, with a fleeting look of acknowledgment. "At any rate, Austen, it's perfectly useless

to tell her that in my day nice girls did not do such things." "Of course." Austen held out his cup for

replenishment. Helene looked at him.' "Do you mean that? Don't you think a girl ought to be guided by the advice of her

Austin watched the two lumps dissolving his fresh cup. "Has she asked for it?"

"Mercy, Austen! If I waited till she asked

"Well," he said slowly, "isn't it a practical question? What a girl ought to be guided by and what she is guided by-aren't the two things sometimes different, in spite of what we

Unexpectedly, Helene's eyes filled. "It's rather hard. Austen, when I've always had so much deference. I suppose I have been

Her friend looked at her. What she said was quite true. Her world paid Helene extraordinary deference. It was not entirely Howrd's money that bought it. Howard, too, had

always been at her feet. "I pay her extraordinary deference myself," he admitted, amused at the admission. He had always thought Helene a goose, a remarkably pretty goose, but a goose. Yet, he paid her extravagant compliments, and in effect threw his mantle before her feet at every muddy crossing. Every one, as he thought it over, did the same thing. Women long since had paid her the marked deference of electing her czarina of local society. Mrs. Howard Bixby's name was the magic by which every dance, Red Cross drive, debutante reception or college festivity hoped to gain itself prestige. He had it, on authority of his wife, Agnes, that her name was all Helene Bixby ever gave to these things. "O, a cheque, of course. But when they want hard work done," she said, candidly, "they

come to women in ground grippers, like me." He looked at Helene thoughtfully. He knew she had not fought for this deference. She had kept remarkably the air of letting it come of itself. As she sat, now, carefully, harmonious, in her big blue chair, her blue eyes, tear wet, upon him, her little foot in its gray suede shoe upon its tootstool of blue velvet, he said to imself, that, goose or not, Helene staged herself wonderfully. It must have shocked her beyond measure to have deference refused her by Genevieve, of all people.

"Our children," he smiled at her, "are too close to us, aren't they? We look pretty fine from the gallery seats. But the people in the parquet see the crow's feet under the grease

Helene's eyes gave him a horrified look. "Crow's feet," she gasped. Then she laughed slightly. "O, I see. You're talking in metaphors, or whatever you call them. Well, it seems to me that makes it all the worse." Her color rose, a little angrily, and the small foot tapped its footstool. Her friend knew that he had blundered. He looked at his watch and got hastily to his feet."

Wretched man that I am." he said. "I am about to be late to dinner." Helene looked appealingly up at him. "How Agnes must hate me! I am always

making you late to dinner." The idea gave her, he could see, profound consolation. "No one could ever hate you," he brought out, he hoped, quickly enough. Helene smiled

"And you will help me about Genevieve," she pleaded. "You are so analytical. You know, Austen, I can't analyse. But," her lips trembled, as she brought out, "I can't help feeling things."

"I'll do what I can." he promised

upon him and rose.

"You will talk to her?" "Well," he hesitated-"T'll see that she talks

"O, of course, that is much better. u will do it soon, won't you? I have a feeling that Genevieve has some horrid idea in her mind just now." Helene shrugged her beautiful shoulders. The ideas were much too horrid, she conveyed,

for her to phrase. But Genevieve would phrase The two stood with the air of conspirators "You are such a dear, Austen," she said, as the door far down the hallway hanged and

As his son sat beside Frances, facing Genevieve's tremulous pendants and greening parrots, Austen caught himself, more than once "You surprise me greatly." His eyes, wide In the intervals of laugh and talk that went about the table, searching the boy's face. He felt that he could not bear any cloud upon that clear glance of his son's eyes, in which he had always found comfort. No eyes, looking at life with that directness, could conceal anything furtive behind their steadiness. It almost seemed impossible to him, however, that any adolescent boy could face Genevieve without furtiveness. Yet as dinner flowed on smoothly, nelped to its ease, he realized, by Agnes, per

He was awfully sorry there was the giee club But I'll be back in time to get you safely home," he told Genevieve at parting. It was not furtive. Yet his father knew a bad moment, as he found a seat for Genevieve opposite

him, beside the hearth.

fect as always, no furtiveness appeared. After

dinner Agnes remembered that she was to sit

with a neighbor's baby until ten o'clock. And

Frances had a paper to write on the early life

of the Romans. Austen Junior found his hat.

the figure that in a moment waved a hand to

"Hello, people," said Genevieve. "Isn't this nice, Uncle Austen? Staying to dinner?"

always. You know you are. Do stay.

"I'm sorry," said Helene's friend. "I haven't

"O, Austen!" walled Helene. "You are

"The Woodworths!" cried Genevieve. "Not

"Why, darling! Don't talk so about my

"Uncle Austen," begged Genevieve; "please

friends. The Woodworths are the nicest people

ask me to go home with you. The Woodworths

make me laugh so. They're so dull. Couldn't

I come home with you? I don't really care a

thing about eating. But I will not live through

she managed skillfully. Uncle Austen, who dreaded the nervous driving of most women,

leaned back, enjoying the control with which

she threaded in and out among the traffic, los-

ing the minimum of time, yet staying by a

her out a little in this straightaway. You keep

out, meanwhile, as directed. Her profile, show,

ing cameolike against her purple hat and scarf,

was well designed by nature in one of her best

inspirations. Genevieve had taken a hand, ob-

viously, in later improvements, using a lip stick

and, he suspected, having her eyebrows pulled

cut. Or, perhaps they were shaved. At any

rate, he remembered when they had been broad

and black, and rather impressive above her big

green gray eyes. Now they were a thin arched

line, well above the eye socket. To Uncle Aus-

ten's eye, nature had been the better decorator.

Her purple suit, well cut, and expensive, rum-

pled as she slouched, well down on the end of

her backbone. He reflected that Helene.

straight backed and slim, must shudder at her

dinner to which Agnes gave them tranquil wel-

come, that Helene probably shuddered when-

ever she looked at Genevieve. The purple coat

once off, a smock of purple of chiffon was re-

vealed. A good deal of torso was evident, and

what little Genevieve wore under the chiffon

blouse was low cut in front as well as behind.

There were jade pendants in her ears, there

was woolen embroidery in orange and green,

ing refuge to any eye that sought to evade full

teen-year-old daughter, taking absolute refuge

in the green woolen birds and woolen poppies

that bloomed upon Genevieve's diaphanous pur-

ple bosom. Frances, he reflected, was not as

yet intrigued by flesh. Austen Junior, he

watched with some covert anxiety. Austen

Junior was nineteen. Every moment of his

nineteen years had marked in his father's con-

self and Agnes. Even yet the long habit of

married life between them as they faced each

other at the candle lighted dinner table, he

could not look across at her without a throb of

thankfulness and ecstasy. She had been so per-

fect to him always, the sense of her so unfail-

ingly had meant restfulness and affection, that

no habit could dull for him the wonder of her

existence. At Austen Junior, who for nineteen

years had lived the patent bond between them.

he had never been able to look without at least

the memory of that catching of the breath with

he told Agnes often enough as the boy grew

efore them. "But I do like him most extraor

"I suppose Junior's just an ordinary boy."

which he had first seen his face.

diparily.

sciousness a fresh epoch in the miracle of him

He could see the eye of Frances, his thir-

and there was a necklace of Chinese jade offer

He sensed, several times, throughout the

daughter's barrel-like silhouette.

verification of anatomical fact.

Praise from the emperor. Think I can let

He watched her, covertly keeping the eye

She took him home in her small car, which

Woodworths are coming and the Jimmy

them from the archway,

those horrible Woodworths?"

a dinner with the Woodworths."

hairsbreadth within legal limitations.

She shot him a quick glance.

an eye out for the cop."

"You drive well," he said presently.

been asked.

in this town."

Davises."

"Mind if I smoke?" she said, looking about the quiet room. Austen found the cigarets, and they had smoked for a few moments in

silence. Austen waited. "It's nice here," Genevieve said finally, knocking her ash off into the oak embers. "Think of the awful Woodworths!" She sighed and Austen let another silence come between them. Genevieve found a fresh cigaret. "I suppose," she began at last, "mother wants you to speak to me." Austen laughed, "What makes you think that?"

"O. I saw the symptoms. Tear wet lashes. air of guilty innocence as I entered. Poor old Uncle Austen?" She smiled at him. terrible care to you." In her smile he almost saw a replica of Helene's satisfaction over Agnes. Helene, he thought swiftly, built up a universe about herself in which all women had, cause for jealousy. Genevieve, on the other hand, fancied herself an infant terrible.

"Not at all," he said heartily. "I only hope you're enjoying this quiet smoke as well as I This was a trifle wicked. Genevieve's am." smoking, he more than suspected, was somewhat heroic, necessary for her pose, but in itself distasteful. As if to confirm his theory, she let her cigaret die out, gesturing with it gracefully as she talked.

"Well, I'm glad to have a chance to discuss things a little with you if you don't mind. Of course, you know, I get dreadfully on mother's nerves. Just"-she hesitated, then plunged-"just as she does on mine."

Austen, who was determined to be shocked at nothing, save her a comprehending nod. "It isn't that mother minds being kissed when the lights are low, as it were. But she would die before she'd admit it. Now I-The wave of Genevieve's cigaret was expressive.

"In fact," she went on, "I made up my mind when I was quite little that I would be kissed when I got to be a lady. And I am. A good

Austen laughed. "I like your candor," he said.

"That," said Genevieve, "is just what mother can't abide."

"I wonder." He looked at her doubtfully. "Fact," said Genevieve, settling more comfortably in her chair. "It isn't at all what I admit that bothers her. It's that I admit it. Of course," she brought out with finality, mother is of the past generation."

Uncle Austen smiled at her. "Just what do you mean," he asked, "when you say that?"

"O, of course," Genevieve apologized, "I don't just mean that she's fifty. You're fifty, aren't you?"

"Forty-nine," he admitted.

"Well!" She tried another cigaret. not silly enough to think that fifty is old, or anything like that. What I mean is that mother is crystallized into her form. You say you're forty-nine. But I can talk to you. Now mother is sure that anything I say or think that she can't recall that some one else-some one of the right sort, said or thought sometime in her own set, must not be said or thought by me. I shook her to her foundations the other day by throwing out that monogamy is no longer smart. Our best people are quite polygamous. You know mother. After she ceased to 'Why, Genevieve, she began to think. I gave her a list of names offhand, right here in town, and then any number beside. Well! She was so bothered! And it wasn't at all for the reason you might Mother could not bear to be out of style. "How do you feel about that yourself?"

asked Uncle Austen. Genevieve gave him a frank stare. "About being out of style."

Genevieve laughed. "Well! Uncle Austen! You surely give me pause. I've never thought of myself in those

"Terms of stylishness?" "Yes. Stylishness, or not stylishness. That's just what I'm trying to say to you. Let's get down to fundamentals. Let's be sincere. What on earth is style, anyway?"

and innocent, were upon her. "Surprise you? How can I surprise you? You surely don't think I'm stylish-conventional-any of that awful nonsense!" vieve almost sat erect in her slarm. "Why, certainly. What else?" Uncle Austen

Genevieve laughed. "When mother is sitting around wringing her hands over me and Locksley Fenimore, this

Uncle Austen felt that the important m ment of the interview had arrived. "Is there something about you and Locksley Fenimore about which your mother ought

ing that he was the monarch of all he surveyed and none should say him nay. to wring her hands?" "Well," she said, with effect of reasonable-"Particularly." he continued in an impas ness. "That's as you look at it. You know sioned recitative, at the door of the living what we're discussing?" room, "shall none stay me from attending thee O beauteous maiden, to the confines of thine

Uncle Austen smoked in silence for a mo-"I don't know," he admitted finally. "But

Genevieve rose. I believe I can guess." "I am boring Uncle Austen to death," she said

rather coldly. "I'll run along, but you don't need to bother. I can manage,"

By Grace Torrey

"We will relegate you," said Uncle

Austen, " not because you eren't per-

feetly all right in your way, but be-

cause you have become each a bara."

"Well, if you guess right," she told him,

"You probably have in mind a trial mar-

"Because you are so-I hate to say it, since

the word bothers you-but it's the right word

"Stylish!" her voice was an amazed echo.

at you, you seem typical of a considerable class

through about the whole arc of a hundred and

eighty degrees away from the point where your

mother's generation struck twelve. In her day

nobody did such things, or if he did them, he

would die before he'd admit it. Now, the style

is as different as possible. You all take off

your clothes, mentally, physically, socially, as

publicly as possible. I vow, I can't tell one of

you from the other. Ideas, phrases, habits, all

shock. In the long run, I believe your mother

plays the better cards. In the long run, I be-

lieve we enjoy being smoothed down more than

"Why, everybody is. We're all through with

"Yet it isn't two hours," he reminded her,

the silly old bondages of every description.

We're all breathing freely. And we'll never

go back and suffocate." She looked at him de-

"since I heard you suffocating your mother."

likes them. They suit her. You not merely

don't like them yourself, but you won't let her

have them in peace. You called them those

daughter, trying to break the bonds of your

way. But your children's friends won't stand

more?" Genevieve's eyes were on him, frankly

interesting to me, just as many objects interest

me in my laboratory. I like to see them do

things. It doesn't matter much what. I can

shall know that he is the center of the stage-

you"-he paused. "Well-in time, you know,

the rest of us will want our moment in the

spotlight. And just then we will become ruth-

less. We will relegate you, not because you

aren't perfectly all right in your way, but be-

of her chair. Plainly, the idea was inconceiv-

"A bore, Uncle Austen!" she repeated.

ancestral castle whenever thou gettest ready.'

"A bore," he reaffirmed, smiling.

baritone at the street door just then anno

"A bore!" Genevieve sat erect on the edge

It was a relief to hear Austen Junior's gay

cause you have become such a bore.'

"What's the matter with Locksley Feni-

"From my point of view, nothing at all. He's

for him one minute, I give you my word."

lieve that your vogue will be fairly brief."

"Who is emancipated?" he asks.

"What are you talking about?"

exposed, and all identical. Of course,"

smiled at her, "the style will change.

the meanest man in the world."

more alike. Very conventional."

"Uncle Austen!"

emancipation."

hostile.

"Why?"

of girls of your age. Your pendulum has swung

"Why, yes," said Uncle Austen. "As I look

A bore!" Ganoviere sat erect.

"How did you know?" she asked.

riage, or something of that sort."

Uncle Austen laughed.

"I'll admit it."

--- so stylish."

generation.

Austen Junior was clear, however, that she could not manage. The purple coat, the purple hat, the purple scarf were brought and arranged with their usual careful considered casualness, and Austen Junior, warbling protective arias, bore her forth, after somewhat reserved good nights were exchanged with Uncle

He was still smiling into the oak embers over it when Agnes returned. She stood beside him a moment, her wraps about her.

"Did you straighten everybody out?" she asked. He laughed.

"No. I mortally offended everyone. I told Helene that she had crowsfeet. She's hunting for them at this moment. And I told Genevieve that she was a bore." Agnes looked at him.

Well, of course she is," she said judicially. "But she'll never forgive you. Has Austen come

"He's gone home with Genevieve." There was a moment's silence, in which the attempted lightness of his tone sounded hollow against the fear that suddenly bulked itself between them. "Austen!" Agnes breathed at last in a little

They looked at each other. In Agnes' eyes there was a deadly terror. He kicked angrily at the charred end of the oak log that lay upon the hearth.

"How could you?"

"For heaven's sake!" he cried, "why not?" He was irritable because of his own fear. "Junior's not a baby." Agnes pressed her hands to her eyes. "O! But she is so-so-cruel. It amuses her so to play with the fine young creatures-make

them less fine. She degrades them, then she throws them away. She calculates it all, so horribly. And Junior hasn't any weapons against her. He won't understand." She was walking up and down now twisting

her hands about each other. As she passed him once he caught her. "Don't worry, mother," he said gently. She

looked at him with eyes from which tears were starting. "She's angry with you. You piqued her especial vanity. She'll show you whether she's

a bore or not. And I cannot bear it." Agnes again sobbed against his shoulder. As he looked bitterly into the embers he

told himself that Junior was all right. He might not understand, but his instincts were decent. After all, he was Agnes' child, And Genevieve's game was so crude, she was so frankly predatory, that even at 19 Agnes' child, and his, would be armed against her. "Don't worry," he said again, and laughed.

Presently, Agnes found some sewing, and sat under the lamp, beside him, while he read. The oak logs whispered comfortably in the fireplace. Furtively behind his book, he looked at his watch. They had been gone only half an hour. Hardly time yet for Junior to be back. He looked at Agnes' face, tranquil now, over her sewing, and told himself not to be feminine.

The next three-quarters of an hour dragged. Through its final 10 minutes he had not turned a page. At the end of an hour and a half Agnes' sewing was in her lap and they were staring at each other. Wretchedly, he was admitting to nimself that he had been wrong. He had given an angered egotist the weapons for her ugliest revenge. He had succeeded in Helene's mission. Genevieve, he knew would not think of Locksley Fenimore again. But at what price? Junior would go through some sort of a debasing intrigue with Genevieve. He would never again be clear eyed. The wretchedness of it flooding ever him, he bowed his head in his hands. What horrible day it had been! And how horribly in the end, he had blundered!

"Agnes!" he groaned, "forgive me." She laid When a cold hand on his. you are your mother's age your daughter's friends will think you of a very funny past

"Don't worry," she said, gently. How long they say

the waiting stillness of the room there came "I think," said Genevieve, "that you are finally stealthy sounds at the front door. Furtive hands turned the knob, and softly closed the "What impresses me," he went on, undisdoor again. In the tense quiet, while Agnes once turbed, "is the scarcity of individuals. So few again got her sewing and Austen found his people of any generation ever emerge. I knew chapter, they could hear an overcoat coming off, your father well. He was a person. His brain and careful tiptoeing down the hall. At the actually functioned. He never went with the door of the living room the tiptoeing paused. herd. Your mother-well-you and she are As he read, apparently absorbed in his book, Austen could feel his son standing behind him in the doorway. What fevered revelation there "Of course," he admitted, "there is this difmight be in Junior's eyes, he could only guess. fefence. It was the style in your mother's He could not lift his own. girlhood to please-your generation aims to

"Well, of all the humbugs!" remarked the disgusted voice of Austen Junior. "I suppose, of course, you'd gone to bed. And here you sit. One splendidly stealthy entrance wasted!"

we enjoy being rumpled up. I believe," he He strode in and sat himself on the arm of knocked the ash off his cigar with care: "I be-"Decent women are not abroad at this hour." "It's not a vogue," she said hotly. "It's

he said. It's nearly midnight."

Austen looked at his watch. "By Jove!" he said with astonishment

"Where has the evening gone?" "I'll tell you," said Junior, "where an hour

and a half of it has gone. After depositing your friend safely, sez to myself it is a bully night, and why not walk back? Which accordingly took place. The long way around, across the bridge. And there, in the moonlight, on the bridge, at midnight or thereabouts, I had a remarkable idea. We're doing stresses and "I'm talking about the Woodworths. She strains just now, and it sort of come to me -" Junior, turning his vivid gaze upon his father, began to expound a theory. giving outwardly absorbed attention, in reality awful Woodworths in my presence, and took all harely heard. Within, he both laughed and the joy out of poor Helene's evening. As I wept. He had hung over abysses of remorse for heard you do it I was dramatizing your own an hour. As he drew back from the brink, life looked jubilant. He nodded wisely as his son tyrannical generation. Of course, I don't mind talked of parabolas, and strength of materials Locksley Fenimore myself. He's all right in his

and drew arcs in the air. "I think there's something in it," he said. when Junior paused. "A whole lot in it. You go right after it."

"I'm going right after a few of those doughnuts rumor reports to be in the pass pantry." said Junior. "Nothing like six doughnuts fore retiring to keep up the strength of the human structure."

As he went through the swinging door, Agnes asked evenly. "Did you and Genevieve have a nice talk?"

look at him and go my way. Take him or leave him, as I like. I believe," he said pleas-Austen lingered, leaning against the door antly, "eventually, I believe, I should leave "Just between ourselves," he said, "she makes me tired.'

"Well," he considered. "Of course, we are Austen stared at him. all egotists, more or less. We all want the "I thought she was quite an interesting girl," center of the stage, some of the time. You and he said. "What's the matter with her?" Locksley and the rest of you constantly see life Junior in embarrassment kicked the brass

as a drama with yourselves as the heroes. Now that protected the corner of the door. -that's all right, of course. That's just the "Hasn't she got herself rather on her mind?" way your mother sees it much of the time, and he asked. "Still, perhaps that's natural, at her I, and everybody. Only your mother, for inage.

stance, is a clever woman. She always con-"At her age!" cried Agnes. "How old do you trives that the person with whom she talks think Genevieve is?" at least while he is with her. Locksley and

"Oh, 16 or 27," Austen Junior hazarded, "Old enough to be kind of on the prowl. "On the what?" inquired his father.

Austen Junior colored up in some embarrassment. "Well, of course, I apologize. But, you see, when you're young life looks pretty darned in-

teresting. Now Genevieve-well-she's kind of in a past generation. She seems to me to have tried everything out, and have just come around back to herself. She's out for Genevieve, first, last and all the time. I'll say it again," and he threw his head back in some defiance. "She's on the prowl, and she makes me tired." He took his long figure through the swinging

door. They could hear him opening drawers and putting the lid back on the stone cooky jar, singing softly meanwhile. Austen leanes forward and caught his wife's fingers.

"Dear mother!" he said, gently, laying his cheek against the back of her hand. He could feel it tremble as he kissed it, softly. mother!" he said again.

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