

The Blue Goddess

By LOUISE OLIVER

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Peggy lay awake at night listening to the rain. Oh, if it would only stop! She had planned so many things for the next day, the day Captain Pearson was to be in town and had asked her if he could come to see her.

Come to see her! Peggy's heart had fluttered almost to suffocation when she read the few lines on the heavy white paper. Come to see her! She had closed her eyes and pressed the words to her heart in ecstasy. The tall, serious officer she had met at the Marstons, about whom all the girls had been completely mad, including herself!

Then Peggy had done some officering herself, as Peggy could. Her little hands, which took only a five-and-a-half glove, could make Phil and Little Chuckie step around more lively in one minute than father and mother combined could do in a week, and a word from her pretty red lips meant more to Susan in the kitchen than a whole regiment of orders from higher up. Lola, her twelve-year-old sister, adored her openly, as did Lola's girl friends who met after school every day for Peggy to instruct in knitting.

The officering Peggy did, on receipt of Captain Pearson's letter, consisted of disposing of the family for the day, beginning with Philip and Charles, and had gone on down the line until no one was left but her mother and father and herself. Captain Pearson was to stop to dinner, and Susan was to achieve the most delectable meal Peggy's busy brain could plan.

In short, the program was to be as follows: Morning, house cleaned up, flowers arranged in bowls everywhere, best linen and silver hunted up, porches cleaned and everything in order.

Afternoon—The boys to go fishing after school and to Aunt Mary's for supper and to stay all night; Lola and the club to go to Mabel Brown's and Lola to stop for dinner and all night, as Mabel had so often coaxed.

Peggy planned to put on her new sport suit of army-blue jersey and with her own little car sparkling clean was to take the captain for a ride out to Bowling Rocks to see the view, stop at the club and introduce him to a few friends, then bring him home to a quiet, delicious candle-lit dinner for four, Peggy in her new pink dress; a whole delightful evening alone on the moonlit veranda (there was a moon, Peggy found from the calendar a whole week ahead), and then—Peggy never tried to look past that.

But—"The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley."

It rained, and it rained and rained and rained. The flowers would be ruined, the tulips had been almost ready to drop, anyway. The road to Bowling Rocks was impassable now, even with a whole day's sun, and the boys couldn't go fishing. Mother wouldn't let them when it was damp.

After a sleepless night Peggy was up at six. To her surprise, her mother was stirring in the hall. Peggy opened her door. "What is it, mother?" she asked.

"It's Susan; she's sick. I've been up all night with her. I think she got overheated yesterday and then cooled off too quickly. I'll send for Doctor Boyce soon, now, but I think she'll be all right in a day or two."

"A day or two! But, mother, Captain Pearson's coming to dinner and there's so much to be done today."

"I'm sorry, dear, but we can't help it. I'm almost too tired to get breakfast."

Peggy's face changed instantly. "Don't you worry, momsy, dear. I'll get breakfast. You telephone for the doctor, then go and lie down. I'll get the kiddies off to school."

After that there was no rest for Peggy. The rain kept up and Susan got worse. The doctor came and stayed, and Peggy had to be everywhere at once—in the kitchen one minute, filling hot water bottles the next, answering the telephone, making beds, washing dishes, getting lunch, and a hundred other things.

Lunch over, the boys had to be warned to come straight home from school, for it was the kind of day when mother worried about them. And, as the Browns lived too far away, Lola was told to come home also.

Lola forgot about the company and at four o'clock the entire knitting club walked in. The boys had brought a few extra spirits along, too. Never was there such a houseful.

Peggy by this time had accepted the inevitable, changed to a blue linen dress with white collar and cuffs and apron, and decided to make the best of it.

She was out sweeping some extra large chunks of mud off the front steps when Captain Pearson arrived.

Peggy did not run, nor hide the broom. She stood smiling down at him from the top of the steps—a blue goddess with the emblem of woman's sphere in her hand. The humor of the situation lent an added sparkle to her smile.

"I'm so glad to see you, captain," she said, holding out her unoccupied hand to this splendidly caparisoned man. "It's a dreadful day, isn't it? I have some small brothers who won't wipe their feet, and they in turn have

a dozen or two friends who won't wipe theirs. But just come in and see what I have on my hands today—a combination day nursery and a hospital. I'm two kinds of nurse."

"Lucky people!" said the captain, warmly holding her hand.

"Also I'm not sure that you're going to get any dinner. If Susan sleeps, I can cook it. If not, I can't. Mother has developed neuralgia, so the family may have to eat crackers and cheese in the pantry."

"But I can't stay anyway," said the captain. "I just came to tell you I can't come—that is, not till Thursday. I'm on my way to New York on business and stopped over a few minutes between trains."

In fact, he did stay just long enough to meet the admiring friends of Lola and the boys. Then he had to go. "I'll be back on Thursday for all day. Miss Peggy, if it suits you," he said as he left.

Thursday it didn't rain. Susan was better and able to cook the delectable meal. The boys went to Aunt Mary's, Lola to Mabel Brown's. The road to Bowling Rocks was good, the car perfect, and Peggy never prettier. More flowers had come out in the garden, and the house looked wonderfully sweet and attractive.

The moon was full now, and the veranda that night a fairyland of lace-work shadows. Delicious scents came from the garden, and Peggy breathed a sigh of ecstasy. It had all worked out so satisfactory—just as she had planned.

"Peggy, dear, I love you," said the captain suddenly.

"Why—why, captain!" said Peggy, breathlessly.

"Yes I do, and I may as well tell you now. Why wait? I've known it all along, but I'll confess if I hadn't seen you Monday I should probably have waited. I can hardly tell you why. It's because, perhaps, I've always had a horror of useless women. I wish you could know how adorable you looked that day in your blue dress. Most girls would have been worried to death. Peggy, dear little Peggy, tell me you care a little, won't you?"

"Yes, I do," said Peggy, happily. "I love you very much." But, woman-like, she knew it wasn't the blue dress and the broom at all that did it. It was the pink dress, and the shadows, and the garden scents, and the moon!

REALLY BEARER OF MESSAGE

Pain Has Its Purposes and Should by No Means Be Looked Upon as an Enemy.

Pain is a message sent to the brain to report that some part of the body is in trouble, and to ask for relief. It is, therefore, not an unmixed evil, but a bane or a blessing, according to the view that we take of it. Many persons, especially those whose nervous organizations are acutely sensitive, dread pain, both for themselves and for others, to such a degree that their first instinct is to do something—anything—if only the distress can be checked. They refuse to listen to the message, and think only of hushing it. If we adopt the view that pain is a faithful servant bringing us a message, we alter our whole attitude toward it. We learn to listen patiently and to organize relief wisely. But we must remember that there is pain that can and must be borne, and pain that cannot and should not be borne.

In certain kinds of accident, such as extensive burns or lacerations, the physician always gives the speediest temporary relief that is in his power and then removes the sufferer to a place where he can give him proper care. In such cases the call for the morphine needle, or for some other anodyne, is a perfectly legitimate one. But there are certain kinds of intense pain that ought not to be immediately masked with an anodyne, because it is very necessary that the physician should be able to incorporate their messages in his diagnosis. Sometimes, as, for example, when there is urgent need of an operation, quieting the patient with morphine might mean that when the effect of the drug had worn off and the pain began to call attention again to the diseased condition it would be too late to save the patient.

Many of the pains we suffer are coward pains. We know very well that a little courage would give us relief, but we are so much afraid of the dentist's chair or of the surgeon's lance or probe that we temporize from day to day and so endure a great deal of unnecessary suffering.

Pain is a good servant and a bad master. We should learn to heed its message and then dismiss it as quickly as possible. When it is of the chronic type and cannot be dismissed, we should always consult a trained physician. He will do his best to render it bearable and he will save us from adding the blunders and penalties of self-dosing to our troubles.—Youth's Companion.

Changes in Hudson Bay.

The trappers and others employed by the Hudson Bay company have noticed that where deep water was to be found in the bay heretofore it is becoming so shallow that navigation is accomplished with difficulty. Investigation has led to the discovery that the shores of the great body of water are gradually being tipped as if an effort was being made to empty its waters into the adjoining sea. The bay where Henry Hudson spent the winter of 1610 has entirely disappeared or has so changed that it cannot be now located, although there is sufficient data left by him to locate the bay under conditions as he found them.

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TWO HOLD OFF GUN COMPANY

Yanks Caught in Pocket Fight Until Last Bullet Is Gone.

BOCHE SHELL GETS THEM Caught Between Barrage and Huns They Fight in Manner to Make One Proud to Be of Same Race.

By E. A. BATCHELOR.

Paris.—The Y. M. C. A. man told the story with tears in his eyes and a break in his voice. He said that it was the saddest thing that he ever had encountered, which meant much. He had been a long time in France, so death and suffering were no strangers to him. But when he spoke of the sergeant and the private that they had found dead beside their machine gun he couldn't control his emotion.

It seems that the sergeant and the private had been caught in a pocket. The Germans, in force, were in front of them. There was a barrage behind which made it impossible for them to rejoin their company. So they stayed and roughed it out, fought in a manner that made one proud to be of the same race.

Held Off Whole Company.

When they found them there was pile of empty shells several inches high around the gun and not a single round of unexpended ammunition remained. The two had held off a whole company of Boche machine gunners for several hours.

The enemy had been around a bend in the road, a scant 50 yards away, and hadn't been able to advance because of the brisk fire of the lone American gun manned by the sergeant and the private. The sergeant had been evidently pointing the gun and the private had been feeding it. Their only protection had been a little ridge where the dirt had been thrown up beside the road.

The undergrowth just behind them had been cut to ribbons by the Boche bullets and the trees near where the enemy had been were scarred by Yankee fire. It had been the hottest kind of a fight and the Americans had been winning against the terrible odds until a shell burst right on them and killed both.

Whether it was a Boche shell or one of our own, nobody ever will know. Both sides had been firing into that part of the wood. Whatever the source of the shell, it had done its work quickly and thoroughly, for the men were badly torn. Death probably had come instantaneously. They

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