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WILLIAM ALSPAGH.

Elizabeth's Position.

By CARL WILLIAMS.

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Elizabeth found the town formidable as she emerged from the station to face the horde of shouting hucksters. At other times she had come to the city with a party or she had been met by the people whose guest she was to be. This time she came alone to face the new life which graduation and a determination to make a career had opened up to her.

In her pocketbook was \$50, a card with the home address upon it in case of accident and a clipping from the Moreton Century. These were the shield and buckler in the fight she was to make for success. The money would keep her going until she obtained a position and the clipping would cheer her. It was written in the editor's best style and ran:

Miss Elizabeth Cady, whose graduation essay on "The Wider Scope of Woman's Sphere" was the sensation of the high school exercises, will leave for the city Monday to become a valued recruit in the army of commerce. We believe that it will not be long before our accomplished townswoman leaves the ranks to assume an important position of command.

With such an augury for her future Elizabeth could not turn back. Her mother had sent marked copies to all their relatives, and, for her mother's sake as well as her own, Elizabeth felt that she must succeed.

She swallowed the lump that came into her throat and headed for the street car. In other days she had always taken a cab, but now she felt that she could not afford the expense. It was at the time when toilers were returning to their homes and the cars were crowded to the rails, but she bravely climbed aboard and thankfully accepted a strap with the feeling that she was already one of the workers.

The Home For Self Supporting Girls, to which she had been recommended, was vastly different from the accommodations to which she was accustomed. The tiny room with its two iron cots and its duplication of bureaus and rockers sharply marked the line that separated the two girls domiciled together.

There was no homely air about the place, and the chill atmosphere of the dining room found a responsive chill in her heart. She went to bed early, feeling that she must stifle her sobs to avoid annoying her roommate.

She lay in the narrow bed thinking of the dainty room at home, with its white dimity hangings and its great white bed. If she had listened to Joe Trenton she would be there tonight, dreaming of the time when she and Joe would have a home of their own.

A score of times Joe had proposed, but Elizabeth had made the career of woman her fetch and she would not sacrifice her freedom. Joe's last effort had been ill timed, for he had spoken on the night of her graduation, when the plaudits of the audience still rang in her ears and bits of the essay echoed loud and clear.

"Perhaps—when I have found my career," the girl had promised gently, "but don't you see that to turn back now upon my own principles would be false to myself? Others, looking to me for example, might be tempted to turn back too."

"What if they did?" argued the man. "Do you have to put happiness from you just to practice what you preach?"

"I didn't say anything about that!" cried Joe in surprise.

The gentle faced woman only smiled. For ten years she had mothered numberless girls. She did not have to be told that Elizabeth had found her post.

"I am very glad that I could help," was the gentle response. "I hope that you two will be very happy."

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