

up her mind to that. Why,

his arms hung down at his sides as straight and limp as Sally's old rag dell's, and his halr was so white and stood up so stiffly all over his head that he looked like a dandelion gone to seed. Besides, his shoes squeaked, so as Mag was leading lady and her will was law, the matter was settled.

Mag wanted Phillip to be the prince. Mag wanted Phillip to be the prince. Phillip had soft yellow curls and big sad-locking blue eyes. More than that, he could make gestures—he could place his hand upon his neart and how, and could kneel and kiss the Lady Araminta's hand. To be sure, Philip lisped, but Mag would do all the talking, an fact, no one expected any hing different, for she was the only one who ever knew what the play was to be about. This time, Mag sat on the back steps, thinking. The hair-eaten apple she had

thinking. The half-eaten apple she had refused to share with Johnny was turning brown and rusty colored in her hand, while Johnny sat on a lower step and gazed reproacatully at Mag

and the wasted apple,
"Well," he wanted to know, "Hadn't
she got through thinking yet?"
For a fraction of a second, Mag hesitated to give weight to what she was about to say. Johnny must be im-Yes, I've decided. It's to be a Royal

play." Mag's plays were always "royal," and Mag herself never anything less than queen or princess, or, perhaps, Lady this or that.

"And there's Phillip for the prince," she went on, with a sidelong glance to see if Johany's face expressed the jealous ire be should have felt toward his victorious rival, "and there's Sally for the kidnapped baby. She's kind of heavy to lift, but maybe we can use the baby carriage to wheel her off in. Then there's the burglar and a hired girl and—"

Can't I be the burglar?" Johnny asked with renewed hope. He had long ago given up expecting to play the prince. He was coming to realize that his hair was hopelessly white and un-

You crazy! Sam has to be the burglar, cause he's got a lantern and a mask and he won't let anybody else

alley with his dirty face and ragged clothes was just the one for that part.

Mag was sorry, but—well! The very thing! Why hadn't she thought of it before? Johnny could ring the curtain up and down!

"Ring the curtain up and down!"

Johnny was hopelessly literal.

"Yes-pull it you know. It's easy;" Mag assured him. "Oh!" Johnn'y's tone was unenthu-siastic but resigned. In the matter of plays and playwrights, they all, boys and girl's alike, followed Maggie's lead, so not for a minute did Johnny think of

demurring against his lot when he was given the obscure position of merc scene shifter and curtain ringer, More-over there was one possible advantage in his new position. It might afford him an excellent opportunity of watch-ing Mag act, and though he would have to see his rival Philip court the lovely lady Araminta, yet now he knew that Philip wouldn't dare to kiss her hand for true—he wouldn't dare!"

Mag and the rest of the rest of the research! Mag and the rest of the "crowd"

busied themselves all morning, swee ing, dusting, moving boxes, and hang-ing curtains for the afternoon perform-ance while Johnny cut his uncle's lawn for a quarter to buy peanuts with, to

A rehearsal was never thought of.
The several members of the cast knew
no more about their parts than the order in which they were to come on the stage and the approximate amount of time they were to spend in doing what Mag had instructed. The speeches were to be entirely extemporaneous, but the but the actors were clever and the audience expected wasn't likely to be Little Jacob from the alley was sent

out to herald the coming event. He went around the neighborhood announcing that, "I bin in a vine zhow dot vas to be at dree o'clock—vife bins to ket it-efferybody n'now! Un' ton't ferkit de vife bins!"

A little after juncheon, the players

were to meet in Mag's back yard, to at-tend to a few final matters. They were depending upon Mag for their As usual, it was Johnny who arrived

there first. Too timid to knock and en-quire for Mag, he hid behind the cher-ry tree by the back tence, and pecked out every now and then to see if he could catch a glimpse of Mag's stiffly starched skirts and flying hair ribbons it seemed a long time before she came and then she was scarcely recognizable in a long trailing skirt, with a wonderful creation of feathers and ribbon bows on her head. Johnny fairly gasped as he saw her splendor. He failed to notice that her skirt, an old layender pettican of Annt Jones, was vender pettieoat of Aunt Jane's, was bunched up queerly at the waist to make it walking length in front, and how did he know but that chicken fea-thers, two pair of Mag's best hair-ribbons, and a shapeless wire frame. made the most beautiful hat in all the

Mag glaheed covertly in the direction of the cherry tree as she came down the steps—she knew Johnny's habits. She knew that he would soon paragraphic from behind his hiding place, perhaps, casually pick up a stone and throw it at an imaginary cat on the fence, or make a useless attempt at elliphing the characteristics. flimbing the cherry tree, or he might even turn a couple of hand springs be-fore he let it appear that he had seen her. But this time, Johnny was too overcome by Meg's gorgeous attire, to

where'd you get the duds?" "Ge! whered you are swell." Mag "Why, they're nothing swell." Mag mawered in a tone borrowed directly mawered. In a tone borrowed numerous answered, in a tone borrowed directly from Cousin Fanny whose numerous clothes were the wonder and admiration of Mag's heart. What was the need of telling Johnny that she had missed dessert—apple pie it was, too—just to sew those feathers on her hat, and to have a few popular. to have a few minutes' practise with her train before the glass?

' she said, "Let's go to the

AG was inexorable. No, Johnny could not play the part of
the prince—she had guite made
un her mind to that. Why

ington House, you know," with a meaning glance,
Johnny looked mystified. He never could make Mag our when she put on these grand and grown-up airs.

"Where's that," he asked sulkingly. It's the wash house of course stupld. Come on! Let's hurry!"

The fever was upon her. She loved to act and was never happier than when she could get some one to watch her perform. Sister Sally at home was the most willing and appreciative spectator that she had, but when she would lose her outhuslasm and fall askeep in her chair, Mag would take to the nitror and amuse herself. She was a vivacious, highly imaginative little creature, and though she loved to dominate and was apt to use and misuse her power for her own ends, as yet her will was not developed to the detriment of the more sensitive side of her nature.

the detriment of the more sensitive side of her nature.

The rest of the players arrived, Phillip, arrayed in Mag's golf cape and with a tinsel crown on his fair curis, could never have been taken for anything but a prince, and the Burglar was almost too realistic with his scowling eyes peering flercely through the holes in his mask. Jacob, as the Poorman, had no special costume—he looked man, had no special costume—he looked ragged and poor enough just as he was. Mag avowed. May in her last week's apron was the Poorman's wife. Helen was the hired girl, sleepy little

Helen was the hired girl, sleepy little Sally was a sweet enough baby for any one to kidnap, and Mag was in her element as the Lady Araminta.

Jacob, net having to trouble with any superfluous amount of costuming, showed his business capabilities as door keeper by giving Mary Larkins and Fanny Mills front seats, because their pins had little colored beads on ton, while "Shorty" Jackson and "Fat" top, while "Shorty" Jackson and "Fat" Higgins were made to seek seats in the back of the building where they perched on the sacks of flour leaning up against the wall, because their pins were bent and rusty looking. The whole neighborhood of children came and brought all the little brothers and sisters until the seating capacity of the

wash-house gave out.

The clamer and uproar caused by box seats that would not stand upright, by naughty boys that showed their affection for their own particular "Marys" and their "Janes" by pulling at their curls and tweaking at their carefully tied hair ribbons, and the take 'em. Sampy can glare and look fierce and scarcy, too, and—and—not everybody can!" Mag did not want to hurt Johnny's feelings.

There was only the poor man left now. Mag thought Johnny might be that perhaps, but little Jacob from the alley with his alrey face and starcy are talked by pulling at their curis and thear waking at their curis and th

The hired girl flirted a feather duster lightly over the royal table and the royal chairs that are placed about the court. Then while she wheels the sleeping baby Sally up and down the stage, she makes a few halting remarks on the beauty of the lovely Lady Araminta (Mag had insisted upon that), and follows that up with a cllb discourse on the sweetness of glib discourse on the sweetness of the royal baby-in fact, she becomes so enthusiastic and talkative on this latter subject, that Mag feels herself forced to enter in the middle of one of her speeches. So, with haughty mien, the Lady Araminta enters, and curtly dismisses the hired girl, who, angry at this untimely interruption, and also loth to depart from off the boards, hisses a half audible "smarty at Mag as she goes flouncing out.

Mag's calm is apparently undisturbed by the epithet. She proceeds to tell the nudlence, who know better, how much she loves her little royal sister, throwing such fervor into her words, that not only do her very playmates soon find themselves convinced, but he hearst is for the minute almost she herself is for the minute almost deceived into believing that she adores this little Sally, hitherto the trial of her life. But now she loves her baby sister, and as she lies down upon the royal couch (two starch boxes and a board), she falls asleep, murmuring that she hopes and prays that nothng ever happens to the darling little

For a minute nothing happens Sammy has forgetten to come in, so in-terested did he become in watching Mag flirt her fan and stalk across the stage So, after another moment of suspense Mag, to remind him of his eue, out a snore, so loud and unexpected hat all the little girls in the front row sump and clutch each other frantic-

Suddenly, "Oh" screams Fanny Carer, right out loud, as she sees a dark-y musked figure all at once appearly masked ngure all at once appearand climbing through the window throw the light from his villainous lantern on peaceful, sleeping Solly.

The play goes on. The royal baby is kidnapped, as everyone expects, and the scope ends with Araminta screaming at the top of her voice: "Help! Help! Murder! My sister! My sixter!" while she falls fainting on the

The audience applauded, and cries of "Isn't it grand?" "Wasn't you scared?" and so on, gratified the hearts of the

players behind the curtain in the next act the kidnapped baby is found on the Poorman's doorstop, Christmas day, The Lady Araminta arrives, followed by her devoted swain, the Prince, carrying presents and money to the Poorman and his wife. There they find their "long lost royal baby," who lies quietly in her carriage, still asleep. The Lady Araminta dances around for joy at finding her works, and everyone expects the play dances around for Joy at finding net again, and everyone expects the play to end. As a matter of fact, Man had intended that for the conclusion but the sight of Sally in such heavy slumber puts a new idea into her head and she changes her exclamations o joy to sudden bursts of sorrow

los to state the royal baby has just passed away. She is dead—dead!

This unexpected turns of affairs, Mag's unrestrained grief and tears over the little sister she has lately come to love so much, visibly distress-es some of the younger portion of the audience; but this only lends fresh impetus to Mag's outbursts of sorrow, and finally she becomes so extremely emotional that little Judy Stewart can stand no more. With a piercing wall she slides from her seat and runs sob-

bing home to her mother,

Fearing lest others should be similarly affected by the tragic ending of
the play, John hasteys to pull down the
curtain, and the audience passes quietly out of the wash house door, the
boys scornful but subdued, the girls
red eved and weening.

"Come on." she said, "Let's go to the red-cyed and weeping, teayfer now."
"Where is it?" Johnny began to regret on the back steps again and talked



and beautiful like her Aunt Fan

, acting before great crowds of peo-e, moving them all to tears. "And I'll be rich," she said. "I'll n a room-more'n you can put in a whole house, even—and the yard, too, maybe. And on Christmas day, I'll go to all the poor people that are starving and can't buy any presents and I'll take them dolls and turkeys "And velocipedes," interrupted John-

Yes-and you can come with me carry some of the things," she added magnanimously. "Oh dear! There's the dinner bell, and I'm not one bit hungry. I want to stay and tall about Christmas some more, 'cause love Christmas more than anything all the world-don't you, Johnny?"

It was the last day of the school term—a hot day in June, when the children squirm in seats, scraping the feet beneath their desks, and sigh, cast ing longing glances at the open window ere the warm summer wind blows and reminds them that the hills are reen and the grass in the fields soft nd high enough for "hide'n seek." Even the teacher—feels more than sual the monotonous drag of the min-tes. With her chin on her hand, she ans over her desk and gazes steadily wall beyond. One curious boy turns to see what she is looking at so hard, the finding nothing more than some boncil marks on the wall, and, on the blackboard, a few figures that were

es on making little rows of "A's" and "s" on his half filled slate. The teacher continues to gaze stead-astly at the little spot on the opposite all, while her thoughts wa orther and farther. It seems ha ssible that it is she who, in exactly minutes by the clock, will have to get up and drill the class: two times two is four, four times two is eight, eight times.—. The words were burnes, into her brain. She hated it.

rrected yesterday, he turns back and

How much longer than a year ago seemed since she had come back from boarding school in the south Then it was that she had felt the courof youth and the enthusiasm of inexperienced, when she went to aunt and told her that she wanted o something for herself, after al had been done for her. Then, too she had felt brave, and capable, and ceady to make some sacrifice. But, ike all womankind, with their inheren esire to make martyrs of themselve was eager for the sacrifice no for the good that it might resul but because the idea of sacrifice it elf appealed to her. The ventur is when one stopped to think and unt the separate days of the thool year-five times four times nine bundred and eighty, all in all. That neant a hundred and eighty geography essons, a hundred and eighty spelling essons, a hundred and eighty reading and writing lessons-a hundred and

and writing lessons—a number and eighty everything: she hated it. Though the prophecies of childhood rarely are fulfilled and childish dreams. almost never materialize, yet if we have a dream and the dream grows as we grow, too, there is a chance-and the teacher's dream had never left her Leaving the desk, she walked list-lessly down the aisle toward the open window at the back of the roo straightening little George's copy bool mechanically and almost unconsciously as she passed. What did it matter if his "e's" were turned so that they looked like rows of "threes" instead? At last, after hearing the multiplion table—he table of twos-from different pairs of lips with almost as table, the welcome sound of the gong was heard and the teacher quietly dismissed the class. "Hello, Mag! Ready?"

ast day, you know."
She gave him her books to carry and swung them lightly over his shoulder, while he broke into a merry whis tle as they started down the walk. "Let's take the road around the other ide of the meadow today, shall we,

"Just a minute, John. There's a eavy load we're packing up—its the

books for the last time.

Maggie The trouble in Mag's eyes quickly deepened as she heard his tone. Why had he come for her today? Why did want to walk around the meadow

Why did he suddenly call her Maggle too? Was it possible that—oh, ouldn't be-it mustn't be! She would of let him tell her-she didn't know-"Yes, yes—let's walk home that way, you like. The schoolroom was so hot and dull today! Besides, I want to ask on what you think of my new plan hey turned into the little cross path

What is it," John asked, apprehen-'Now you mustn't say you don't aprove, or that it's impracticable, dways known what I wanted to nd I've tried teaching for a year just

"Mag,—you don't mean—"
She stopped still in the middle of the little path and faced him. John straightened his shoulders as if a long expected blow were about to fail. 'You don't mean-

"That I am going on the stage? Yes I do mean it. I've tried teaching, John and it doesn't appeal to me from a ethical standpoint or any other—I don's want to improve the mind of the hu man race any longer. It's ruining my disposition. Besides, I can't see that the multiplication table is especially apilifting, and it only makes me lose my temper to be told that nine and ur are twelve. So what else can

"Maggie, you can-"
"It isn't only that," she hurried on, "I love to act—I always have. And I can do it, you know I can. A chance is all I want, and Aunt Fanny's friend, Miss Wilson, has always promised to telp me.

They were out past the meadow now walking toward the winding lane that led to Aunt Jane's large old-fashioned

The warm quiet of late afternoon pervaded the sunny hills. The breeze had died down as the sun approached the horizon, and now, not a breach o ilr stirred the leafy trees or moved th grass. It was a country town and the houses were far apart with long stretches of broad white road between and long lines of fencing confining the oadway as it stretched far away into he distance. Mag always remembered little Doberville as she gaw it that fternoon, calm. peaceful and home-

As they reached the house, John turned to Mag. "Have you quite made up your mind to this? Are you sure that you will not be sorry?" he asked n a dull, stunned tone.
"I want to do it! I want to do it nore than anything else in all the

John caught the note of eager exitement in her voice and it seemed to ake her miles away from him. "Your Aunt Jane "," he helplessly

She has Aunt Fanny with her now and doesn't need me in the least," Mag's tone was final. But still John ried once more Then nothing that I could say, or do

could keep you?"

ake his meaning. "I'm sorry-but-oh, can't you understand how I want to go? I must go-it John broke the match in his hand nto small bits. "When do you think into small bits.

No one could mis-

that you will start?"
"It had better be soon, very goon.
And this had better be goodbye." She
gave him her hand, saying with a sorry little smile, "Come and see me in

here was an anxious light in her eyes as she watched John raise his hat and walk away, his lips tightly closed and its head crect above his thick set thoulders. "I wonder-," Mag began to muse

aloud-then stopped and suddenly tossed back her dark little head, while the fire of determination burned bright n her eyes.

won't wonder! I must not think of anything but what I have decided on. I'm going-I'm going-I'm

"Good Lord! Miss Morgan, is that the best you can do? Here your brother's just died and you walk or he stage as calmly as if you were aking an afternoon stroll! Why don't out out some animation into your part? Feel it, woman, feel it! Nov to out and come in as though you really had heard bad news, heart reaking news! This thing's dragging vil today. Now, ready lke the very devil today. Now, ready there Miss Wilson? Just try that cue

Mag hurried back of the wings for n second attempt. She brushed her hair back from her aching forchead and clinched her lists nervously. This time she was determined she would get it right. She wanted to show that she could, when she tried, But before she knew it the voice from the front was crying out again-"Now what's the matter? Why weren't you in here on time? That's your cue, Miss Morgan."
"I didn't hear it." Mag returned

"Well, you've got to hear it-that's

what you're here for. Now you get ready and be in here on the stage by the time Rebecca reaches the window. And don't forget that you're suppored to be upset! Ready now!" Mag Irled once again but was not allowed to 'proceed. T stopped her with a groan, The director

'What the deuce has got you people today, anyway?" ed the infuried little man. "Are you trying to make a spectacle of yourself, Miss Morgan?
First you come in as cool as a cucumber and when I suggest that you put a little agliation into your manner, you hop around like a jumping jack. No go on out again and see if you can't give us a decent en-trance. Kindly don't act like a pallbearer, but don't go to the othe treme and make a crazy hop toad of yourself. Now we'll give you that cue for the last time. Understand? "Miss Wilson, you'd better begin back there at 'Oh where shall I find another?" and Miss Morgan you see

if you can't make something really good out of this. Now get into the pirit of the thing, people, all of you! Get into it now!"

Not until the theater was too dark for further practise was Mag dismiss-ed that night. She almost had to feel her way around the trunks and over the stage properties piled in the wings,

through the damp and dirty corridors

o the little stage door that opened on a narrow side street. Mag was tired and downcast. Her at was on one side of her head, her shirt dragging dismally along the muddy street. There was a noticeable listleseness about her walk and a certain lack of buoyancy in her carriage not at all characteristic of the old

She sighed. It was a long walk "Well , where are you going this

time o' day? There was Carolyn St, John leaning out of her carriage door, as the driver oulled up by the curbing. As usual he was conspicuously gowned in a dashing get-up of black and white, and as usual, her appearance looked studied. One realized immediately apon seeing her the time it must have taken her to dress. Her perfect neat-it ss and harmony of detail irritated Mag she maintained that they were

speak to me?"

Mag looked over her shoulder and all around to see whom Miss St. John could possibly be calling.

"It is you, I mean, child. There's no one else within a block. Come and the latter you home."

no one else within a block. Come and I'll drive you home."

Carolyn laughed at Mag's unconcealed amazement. She knew perfectly well that she had cut Mag and all the other "mihor parts" religiously time and again; she realized also that Mag was entirely conscious of the fact; but Carolyn was used to handling afficients afficients afficients.

"Get in," she commanded, smiling "Get in," she commanded, smiling sweetly, as she helped Mag up. "And don't be amazed at my sudden cordiality. I'm tired of remembering that I have the "lead'—and I want to get acquainted." Miss St. John was clever. Not knowing what to say, Mag laughed a short embarrassed laugh. she was quite willing that the burden of the conversation should fall on

Carolyn, "You know, it's really just because we older women are so outrageously jealous of you young creatures that we're such cats," and Carolyn went on were such cats, and Carolyn went of chattering all the way home, keeping up a steady stream of conversation, telling Mag all about her day's experience while shopping, and reciting little anecdotes about her pets, until at last Mag forgot that she was tired and found herself laughing in suite and found herself laughing in spite At her door she thanked Miss St.

John warmly, and was just turning to go up the steps of her dingy boarding place when suddenly Miss St. John called her back again to her carriage, and, as though the idea had just oc-

curred to her, invited Mag to a little informal supper in her apartments.

"Tomorrow night after the performance! I'll take you home with me and we'll have a jolly little time." Without waiting for Mag's thanks or acceptance, Miss St. John drove off, knowing well that Mag would only be too glad of the invitation—her amount of pleasure was curtailed by the num. of pleasure was curtailed by the num-ber of rehearsals she had to attend. and by the scarcity of her friends in the city.

Mag stamped heavily up the stairs to relieve the queer numbness in her feet after the drive. It was bleak December weather, and she was ting-ling all over with the cold.

"Hurry in here, Maggie, and get warmed up."

Miss Wilson opened the door of their room and displayed to Mag the table set for two, a steaming kettle of up well, tea on the hearth and something Rebecc

simmering delictously in the chaffing 'You're such an angel, Becky," said Mag, dropping wearily into a chair and rubbing her hands in front of the

blazing fire Maddocks keep you all this time?" Rebecca asked. Longer than you think! I shouldn't

have been here now but Miss St. John ery kindly drove me home"-

Mag jumped. "Why what's the "Nothing—just proof number two. You are becoming famous and yet you sit there as if you were perfectly accustomed to the feeling."

"Famous! Because I rode home with Carolyn St. John?" "Of course not, child. That is merely another evidence of an apparent truth." Rebecca laughed. "Now why do you suppose that Maddocks has

been keeping you so long after regular rehearsal hours, lately?"
"Don't mention Maddocks' name to
me! Becky. Did you hear the awful
names that man called me today? Now can stand all sorts of epithets, stick,

idiot, dummy--I don't even murmur against jumping jack, but when it comes to hop-toad, Becky"-"You don't know when you're in k. I wish he'd take the trouble

to call me names again. He only yells at people he considers worth the energy he expends, and just you wait energy he expends, and just you wait and see if something better doesn't come along right soon. Isn't Miss St, John wise enough to see that you are on a fair road to leave minor roles and start on leads? She knows Maddocks like a book. That's why she drove you home. Soon she will ask you to one of her parties after the performance some night and"-

"She already has," said Mag, begin-ning to pour the tea, "Why shouldn't she?" There was a challenging note She should, as far as she is con-

cerned—that's just the point. listen here. I want to talk to you. "Several years ago, when I was no more used to this sort of life than you, and when I was just starting out with Maddocks, one day I felt desperately blue and alone after a hard day's drill with him. And that night after the performance, Carolyn St. John invited me to one of her little informal suppers. They are always little, and always informal, and they are always

suppers—till you get there, people that you do not want for friends, and hear what you would rather you had not listened to. They are a cheap, slangy lot of people that Carolyn knows -you'll only come home shocked at the light conversation and at the amount of wine they drink.

"You haven't been here long enough as yet to know many of the other kind of people—the kind that you are used to—but there are plenty of the other kind and you must have patience, remembering that 18 months is a short time in a large city." Mag sipped her tea in silence. She

recalled that Rebecca was eminently sincere in what she was saying, and though Mag half believed, yet she could not fully understand, and only thought that Becky was very Puritanical—while Mag herself was tired of being lone-

After tea they hurried back to the heater for the evening performance. Rebecca watched Mag anxiously all evening; saw with disapproval the flush of excitement on her face as she was introduced and gradually surrounded by Carolyn's friends.

dancing fire of her eyes and the gay ring of her frequent laugh, as she exchanged witticisms with some of the men. She could be very droll at times. In a peculiar sort of way, Mag was attractive, too. Her face was small, and, though irregular in feature, was yet so expressive that it possessed great fascination to watch. She was tall,

"Well, aren't you going to come and and, except when one was very tired, possessed a certain light grace of motion that added immeasurably to be

general charm.

Mag stayed back of the scenes later than usenf that night, so that it was past her usual time of departure who she went upstairs to her dressing room, she did not appear in the last act. Standing before the little mirror is

her room, she was amiling at her happily in the glass, when a sud draught through the outside open the unlatched door tha open the unlatched door that led into the next room beyond. As Mag went to close it again, she caught the sound of voices, and stopped suddenly as she heard her own name.

"—Yes, of course——I know that she's an awful prig—all Maggle's are. But it wont take long to get her over that." It was Clarolyn's voice—what was she saying? Mag stood transfixed and listened without realizing any eth.

and listened without realizing any eth leaf considerations that were involved Did you see the devilled lib tie sparkle in her eye tonight? She wont . I've warned Bertle to be careful of his stories for a while-ouch! Look out there! Haven't you any sense? Take the brush and watch what you are doing—"

Mag came to herself and closed the door. Her eyes held glints of fire and her cheeks burned notly when she thought of Carolyn and what she had overheard.

Gottarium has things together the she was t Guthering her things together, she

Guthering her things together, shadressed as quickly as she could, tumbled the cosmetics ruthlessly together in her make up box, and stole quietly down stairs. Rebecca was walting for her below, "Coming, Mag?"
"Just a minute, Becky!" Mag answered, abstractedly. The bell boy had just gone up for the last call, so Mag waited until Miss St. John should appear.

pear. Seeing her alone, Berty Higgins came up with the apparent intent of continuing the conversation that a shifting a scenes had disturbed earlier in the events. ing: but finding that she replied to remarks only in monosyllables, he ided that after all Miss Morgan war bore, and went off to smoke a cigarette and tell Nettie James that her dimple were still the prettiest in all the Hearing a rustling of silk from al

Mag glanced up and saw Carely cending the stairs, dress with her train held over to keep it from sweeping stairs, and she looked col tiful en costume, for she took her m

Rebecca stopped in the middle of but oning her glove and w and self-contained as and turn away polsed haughtily in the air, ently Carolyn was much surpl she watched Mag in silence I ment, then shrugging her

went over and walted in the wings for Rebecca hurried on after Mag, an they walked home together, silently, side by side—each was absorbed in her

wn thoughts. Finally Mag spoke, "The last litt stone in my castle has fallen Becky."
"Build another, Maggie," said Becky,
softly, "Build another kind of castle. softly. "Build another shall of pietoe. You've tried the one full of pietoe. You've tried the one full of pietoes." ures and excitement and success, but you haven't tried the one built of love and truth and happiness. And yet you "Ah, don't," Mag interrupted. "That's over now-he hardly ever even will

Rebecca drew Mag's arm tender through her's and her voice was ear-est and pleading as she spoke. "I he two castles once to choose betw it took me less than a minute elde what I have regrette ten years. It is too late for me,

"Oh, you don't understand-he did really ever—. It's too late for me, too There's nothing I can do!" Rebecca smiled out into the dark a they turned the corner and approach their house.

"Mag, wake up; what do you me by sleeping late on Christmas morning?"
"Come in-I'm not asteep. I've beet

lying here watching the snow fall that back door step over there-it just been so carefully swept. In it's snowing—Christmas isn't Chri unless everything is white.

Mag sat up and clasped her across her knees, "Bec. have the same delicious pectation that I had when expected nuts and raisins ing. I can't outgrow that feeling'-the sight of a sends me wild with excite do you know, I wouldn't be prised if all sorts of mira should happen, for dee ta Claus. There's someth ural about Christmas to always love it!"

Becky smiled a queer little herself as she replied, shaking "I fear me there wont of the supernatural about this Ch mas. The postman and the exp just passed us by-weren't you exp

ing a box?"
"Yes; Aunt Fanny always sends
one and last Christmas Aune Jane How queer!"

Mag's face fell as she realized disappointment. Even John had gotten her! But she tried to a) as cheerful as before and ins the little chamois penwiper sh found under her pillow was to for anything less than face I and then only on festive occas it to be used!

It was not until after Becky out to make her Christ that Mag's real feelings assert She was homesick, that selves. She was homesick, the in and own up to it. forgotten ber-and she w Mag was playing better than ever before that night, too; her spirits had risen and her old desire for fun and craving for excitement showed in the

The street still looked as dreary before in spite of the last snowsto New York's snows were still a dis-pointment to Mag, for instead of dazzling white crust covering the and sidewalks, all that one saw panks of scoty snow, piled up high

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