

# Rosemary—that's for Remembrance

## A Christmas Story by S. R. Crockett

THE Morris-Moore had just had their first—no, not quarrel—Mr. Harry was now in his study pulling down books he did not want and piling them up on his table. He selected a row of notebooks bearing title, "The Grisons and the Italian Valleys." He got out extensive white-blotted Swiss survey maps and—files of the little "Ladin" paper printed at Samaden. He had got all this up thoroughly on his last journey, and now was the time to slip deep into the pile of printed and annotated "stuff." It would help him to forget anything so absolutely silly as a little wife upstairs in her room, the tears of temper still wet on her cheeks, and emptying her small white teeth in reducing to tattered "waste" a soaked lace pocket handkerchief.

Henry Morris-Moore felt himself very superior. He was calm, cold, Italian, and above what he called "infantile temper."

To think, only to think—scarcely ten months married, and it had come to this! Ah, if only she had known: Were all men so cruel, so bitter? Did nobody care for her? She would go to her mother—No (Clara's reflection came refreshingly cool like a splash of cold water), no—no—well, not quite that! For one thing, she knew her mother; and Mrs. Murray-Lincklater would "pack her back to her husband." Clara heard her mother speak these very words.

But—it was over. So much was fixed. Never, never would it be "glad, confident morning again." Harry had retted that, when he spoke those words—those cruel dividing words, he had, said—had—said—well, Clara could not



CLARA WAS LOOKING SIDEWAYS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CORRIDOR



A GIRL STANDING ON TIPTOES PUTTING UP A RED AND GREEN STUFF

quite remember what. But, at any rate, it was over. She could never forgive him—for saying that—yes, about dear Aunt Laetitia. Oh, yes, she remembered, "that he could never get her a single night to himself without some stalling old she-matriarch with a reticule coming in to spoil everything."

Clara would not have her family spoken against—not by a scold of Henry Moore. She had been educated carefully in the Murray-Lincklater cult, and no Vere de Vere could be prouder of her name.

Clara, in her bolted bedroom, was getting out her blotting book and was to write to her poor wronged aunt. She was going to ask a refuge for the few remaining days of a blasted life. Yes, that was the adjective she was using, and (strange coincidence) the villain below stairs was also using it, though perhaps in a more colloquial sense. He had just knocked over a whole pile of the neat notebooks in which he stored away his literary material, and was passing off his own clumsiness in leave-tive against inanimate things. This was his man's way of biting his handkerchief.

But the strong arm of coincidence reached yet further.

Stumbling and grumbling, Harry gathered up the fruit of his travel experiences and began restoring them to the little three-cornered shelves where he kept such things for reference. Work would not "go to-night, somehow. One remained in his hand—a small pocket notebook with rounded corners, which served to carry about him for the shortest personal jottings. I usually keep among his keys on the dressing table, and when he shaved he was in the habit of putting down a word or two—oh, so brief and bald as possible!"

But this particular stubby volume happened to be his diary of two years ago, and he stood there with one hand mechanically pushing the notebooks into their places, while his eyes, entangled by what he read, transported him to the rugged carpet, the perpetually furnished lodgings, the settled walk, hands deep in pockets, overcoat collar up, cap pulled low—of the days when first—But stay, what was "Clara come?"

She had got out her blotting book from under the "Bones of the North." The new maid—very hard on the temper of young wives de mowadays—came a-class—had jammed it into the rack, bending the corners shamefully. And so, when she had Clara had released the folio, he was a cascade of solid white volume in red leather clattered to the ground. She had just time to spring back, for the volumes had solid brass locks, all opened with the same little gold key. She wore it about her neck, and no one in the

world, not even Harry, had ever been allowed to peep within. Indeed, since she was married she had not often done so herself. But now—now that the happiness of her life had foundered beneath her, she would go back—it might be all the pleasure (so) that was left her—her return to live over a happy past. (A time.)

Watkins, the Moore's new maid, experienced some surprise (and not unnaturally) when, in the exercise of her vocation, she was carrying a copper jug of hot water to Mrs. Moore's dressing room before ascending the first floor, she observed her master and mistress approach each other from opposite ends of the corridor, both intently reading, like people on a stage—in a small black book, she in one large, fat and red.

A still poorer opinion had Sarah Watkins of her new place when she saw the readers look up simultaneously, suddenly and guiltily close their books, turn on their several heels, and so exult.

"And them see as what they has only been married ten months!" she meditated. "Well—we'll see what's to come of this!"

The family dinner that night was distinguished by extreme correctness of demeanor, and an etiquette almost Spanish in its stateliness. They were nothing if not polite—that is, when Watkins was in the room. But Watkins knew, and played a moment on the mat, listening to the silence that dropped like a pall. She entered, smiling to herself, knowing (oh, experienced, Watkins) that she would find Clara looking sideways at the pattern of the carpet as though she had never seen it before, while at his end of the table Harry was molding bread-polets as if for a wager. These things do not vary.

But even Watkins the did not know everything. Penny dining does not inform as Clara had escaped out of the dining room, before he had time to open the door for her. Harry sulking sat down on the floor for his cigar-drawing room. Yet he would not go for it in the little case. He was sure he had left it in the little case—Harry playing a noisy jig, the wriggle and stamp of which he particularly loathed.

"The little witch," she said, laughing in spite of herself, "she knows quite well."

"Good evening, Mr. Moore," said his wife, and rose and went. "Your cigarette case is in the smoking room."

But this time Harry had it all his own way. Six feet of blonde hair, and a beard, and he came in a big gray cloak like one of Millet's shepherds. But he talked—yes, it was worth

himself swept off the piano stool and installed where, on the rounded arm of a big easy chair, she had little more liberty of movement than that of swishing her feet naughtily and rebelliously while her husband questioned her.

"What book were you reading so intently this afternoon when I came upon you in the corridor? Let me see it!"

"Shant!" (A time.) "Oh, you coward! Because you are strong! I shall go to—"

"Where?" To whom? said Harry, easily. "To my—to Aunt Laetitia."

"She wouldn't have you, child," laughed her husband, and besides, she would charge you board—when I should have to pay!"

"Well, I would pay it out of my own money—there!"

"What own money?"

"My house money."

"You forget, Mrs. Morris-Moore," said her husband, gravely, "if you run away you wouldn't have any house money!"

"Then in a hurry, as he shook her, "Oh you great lady," he cried, "make up. Bring the book! It was a volume of your diary, I know by the lock I'll show you mine. Fair exchange! Off with you!"

"Well, come with me, then," said Clara, holding out her hand. "But don't you think I'm giving in. It's only yielding to brute force. My spirit is unconquered."

"Never mind your spirit," said her lord, "fetch the book!"

And in these books, the greater and the lesser, they read late into the night.

And this was what they found.

"Christmas eve"—said Clara, "begin there!"

And she paused, waiting, with her finger in its place.

"Oh," said her husband, "I don't think there is much."

"And you call yourself a writer!"

"Well, shall I begin?" Clara was all on pins and needles now. She would hardly keep still.

"Christmas eve" (she read). "A dull day—paid calls in the lane—went to Margaret's. Baby is adorable and Tom begins to love me and calls me Auntie de-ear. Came home by Grant's and brought back fruit for dinner. There is a man coming, a friend of father's. It is a horrid nuisance."

Here Clara Moore broke off suddenly.

"Oh, I wrote everything fresh, you see. I wanted to remember. You've no idea how hard my memory used to be in those days. Being married helps. One has to remember one's husband's iniquities."

"Set in a notebook, learned and censored by rote," murmured Harry.

His wife stopped and looked severely at him.

"Well," she said, "I did write a lot. I know, and yours is no fair exchange. I did it partly as an exercise, you see, for I was considered very good at composition at school, whatever you may think. Besides, I don't believe you have anything in that book at all!"

"Oh, yes—I have!" and she flourished a closely written page of memoranda before her eyes.

"Well," she said, with a sigh (and her eyes were dim and distant), "I will read—though I never thought to let anyone see—not even you. But since you have been so horrid to me, I will."

"It seemed an odd reason, but Harry wisely nodded. Clara fluttered some leaves thoughtfully. "Where shall I go out?" she asked, knitting her brows.

"You did begin from the beginning," he smiled as he spoke, "why not continue?"

She glanced up with sudden shyness, almost as he spoke, "why not continue?"

while hearing him talk. Not much to me, though, but he looked at me a lot, and squeaked seemed to be conscious of everything I was doing. Dr. Sibbur came in after, and wanted me to look out music for him. We went into the corner together and got out the folios, and though he was talking to father, I saw very well he was watching us. "That's all," Clara concluded. She had been reading very rapidly, as if anxious to get to the end. "Now for yours!"

"Mine? Oh, mine's no great thing," said Harry, opening his little black pocketbook. "Jottings merely."

"Go on, please," cried Clara, stamping her foot, "and mind, don't enter a word or put in more. I shall know!"

"Christmas eve" (began Harry) "worked at Guardian article, took it round, saw proof of yesterday's. Chief wants me to go to Alameda about the apoplexies. Shant! To club in afternoon—Clifton, McCosh, Moxop and several of the fellows there, who painted me to stop. Told them I couldn't. Had to go out to old Linklater's to dinner—girls, music, bore—but I should look in later!"

"Oh!" interjected Clara, with her head suddenly haughty, "a bore—was it?"

"You said a horrid nuisance!" remarked her husband, and continued his reading without attempting to defend himself further.

"I got there early—long way out of town—several false trails. At last found the place—a big house under trees. From the doorway I could see in the hall a girl standing on tiptoes putting up holy and green stuff. Precisely old Linklater came and introduced me. 'This is Clara!'"

"I became conscious of two great, dark, steady, grayish-hazel eyes. The dinner went all right after that. Pretty—well, I don't know, a fascinating and glamorous person remark. There was also a sister!"

"Nonsense," said Clara. "You are making up as you go along. I know you."

Her husband silently handed her the book. Decidedly it was so written.

Clara did not apologize for her unbelief. She only remarked, "Oh, but you are a dear!"

And, rubbing her cheek against his coat sleeve, she turned.

"Go on!" she said.

"These quite informal," Harry continued. "Talked too much, but got bed on somehow. Everything went well. I have a fellow there who was on a lot of friends—the family sat in a corner and talked to the girl with the eyes."

"Ah, ha! You see—you were jealous at ready!" cried Clara, clapping her hands joyously.

"Nonsense!" said Harry Moore. "Of little story! I think I see myself!"

"Read the next day—go on—go on! No, the day you came to Eton again!"

"Went to make my 'digestion' call. Took some flowers up to Eton, and talked to the old lady. Think I made a conquest. But the Lady of the Eton did not show me. Waited an hour and a half, but didn't! This I wasted my time entirely. Dear old lady!"

"Harry, you are a cold-blooded wretch!"

"Very much the contrary, Mrs. Moore."

"Now shall I read?"

"Yes, if you like," Clara opened the little book and continued, "Dec. 25th: Went out all the afternoon with Miss Grierston. Down the lane—soup kitchen, girls' club, and went home with her tea. When I got home I saw another had a secret. You always know by the satisfied way she has of looking mysterious. She would be disappointed if you didn't ask her at once. So I teased her to tell."

"Do you mean when I've gone into the garden all afternoon?" she said, her shoulders shaking with repressed laughter. I understood well enough.

"Oh, the curate," I said, as carelessly as I could. "I saw him going down the lane like a pair of compasses let loose."

"Do you think the curate would bring me those?" said mother, triumphantly. Add she showed me a lovely bunch of roses, a wagon-load nearly which she had sent well back in the dusk of the piano, so that I should not see them before mother had her little triumph. My! they must have cost heaps of money this time of year. They are all mine," said mother, "but if you are good you can have just one bud for yourself. You see what one gets by staring quietly at home!"

"She was teasing me, of course, this dear old sweet-hearted mother."

"You see what one gets for doing works of charity for me. You've no idea how hard my memory used to be in those days. Being married helps. One has to remember one's husband's iniquities."

"Now turn on to 'Four Seas Cottage' and read about that," cried Clara. Her eyes were not gray, nor yet hazel. The dark pupils had swallowed up all the rest, overblowing everything with the soft blackness of a misty night of few stars.

"Let's see. Easter, wasn't it?" said her husband. "But why stop? Much water had flowed under bridges during these months of spring."

"Oh, I want to get to the end—the end!" Clara whispered, excitedly. "Quick, quick—I can't wait!"

"Well, here it is: 'April 5th. We went a walk along the beach, she and I. We talked. I told her that useless something was going in shape of this. I must go away!'"

"What," she said, "for something?" And I said "Yes." Then she walked a good, white silent, and when I looked, I could see—"

"No, you didn't," said Clara. "I could never have been so silly!"

"Dear old dear rolling slowly down her cheek," Harry continued, imperturbably. "I needed no more than that—who would?"

"You don't want me to go?" I cried.

"She shook her head, still weeping, and not caring now whether I saw or not."

"So I stayed."

They sat thus silent that night in their own home, each with a happy Harry Moore's heart was softened. He was in the mood for concessions.

"Dear," he said, "if you would like Aunt Laetitia to come and stay with us a month—"

"Oh, little Aunt Laetitia!" exclaimed Mrs. Henry Moore, "I only want you!"

And thus did Clara Murray-Lincklater, doing her father's house and cleave to her husband

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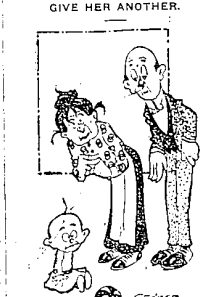
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**Fondant—You may baby swallowed a spoon? Did it hurt her?**

Mrs. Fondant—I'm afraid so; she hasn't been able to sit since!

**Does Your Cat Cough?**

Poor pussy! As if the innumerable coughs against her of keeping us awake at night and of crying canary birds whenever she gets the chance were not enough, the doctors have just discovered that for years she has been responsible for the spread of diphtheria. Dr. G. J. Axburn of Manchester, England, having traced an epidemic of this disease in a suburb of that city to a pet cat belonging to one of his patients, has found, after much clever investigation, that all cats are peculiarly susceptible to alphabetic affections of the throat. He has therefore recently been warning all families who own cats to watch them carefully, and if they develop coughs, to forbid their being hugged and petted. Dr. Axburn further recommends that, if the cough persists and the cat begins to grow thin to have the animal destroyed at once. The only really safe way, he says, is to let the first wheeze be pussy's death warrant.

**How It Happened.**

He was tiptoeing down the street with one arm in a sling and both eyes in mourning.

"What's the matter?" queried a friend. "Automobile accident?"

"No," replied the other, sadly. "I met a man who couldn't take a joke."

**A Woman's Privilege.**

"What is the latest thing in wedding?"

"Generally, it is the bride."

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