

Leighton cried. "Isn't Eddie coming home?"

"Yes, ma'am, no ma'am," Yegg gulped. "Eddie ain't coming home—no more!"

She uttered a moan and covered her face with her hands. After a few moments she turned toward him, her eyes an aged mask of grief but her eyes shining clearly, steadfastly with some inner illumination.

"Tell me, sir," she said very low. "When he was in the army, over there, he wrote he'd got hurt, was in the hospital, nothing much," he said. "I didn't hear again for so long—and then only a note saying he was all right, back in America and playing on the road somewhere. But I just all the time there was something wrong—that he had one of those injuries that he'd never get over and he was trying to save me worry. My Eddie! I know he died a hero—even if it was long afterwards—in a hospital!"

Before that avowal of faith Yegg Oakley's eyes fell. Eddie died as a gun should die, fighting, but the details were best forgotten. Aw, Eddie had hardly known there'd been a war!

That lovely lamp to be blown out! That faith shattered!

Yegg Oakley knew suddenly that that must not happen.

"Yes, ma'am," he heard himself gabbing away. "Eddie was a hero, you know it! He never got no medals nor nothin' but the most heroes ever do, ma'am." Mrs. Leighton broke into tears and Yegg cursed himself under his breath. Now he would have to live up to that fool yarn!

And what he knew about war wouldn't fill much of a book!

"Tell me about it," she murmured. "Tell me everything!"

The sweat started on Yegg's brow. "It was over in Russia, ma'am," he began. He had seen a film depicting the Russian revolution.

"We both fought there after Europe, ma'am," he went on. "Eddie was guarding a bunch of pills and nurses against—against the bo-hunks and hell a-popp—"

"Bohunks?"

"I can't pronounce their real monikers, ma'am. Bohunks they looked, bohunks they was. Tough ones. A shell hit him. I caught him in my arms, ma'am. The pills did the best they could. No use. So before Eddie goes west he tells me to come out here and see you and give you all this money what he saved up and see that you was all to the merry-go! Yes, ma'am, your Eddie died fighting to the last—a regular he guy!"

"I can't take all this money," Mrs. Leighton protested. "I don't see how Eddie could have saved up this much."

"Officers get big swa—big money, Eddie was a lieutenant, ma'am."

"A lieutenant?"

"Promoted right in the scrap by the head pill—he was a general, a Rooshian. Dead now. You have to take my word for it, Mrs. Leighton. I was there!"

"I did so hope Eddie could come back home," she murmured. "I need a man around here. I'm not as spry as I once was. I wish—I wish—" she looked at Yegg kindly. "You're a good man, I'm sure. Or you wouldn't have been my Eddie's best friend. But I don't suppose you would want to give up your business to live in a little pokey town like this and run a res—"

"My business?" blurted Yegg. "Excuse me, ma'am, that reminds me. I picked up your watch just now. Here, put it away!"

Mrs. Leighton laughed. "Funny, I thought I had it on," she said. "I was saying about living here!"

"Mebbe old dawgs can't learn new tricks," said the emboldened Yegg. "But they can try, Widow. For Eddie's mother—yes. If you'll forgive me for being kinda—kinda loose-fingered now and then, ma'am. I'll get it after a while."

Yegg did learn new tricks and in time the restaurant sign read: "Mrs. and Mr. Oakley. Our Home Restaurant."

The light of faith, which the mother had kept in the window of her soul for so many years, had failed to save Eddie, but it had salvaged Elbert, never again known as the Yegg.

The Oxford Group

The Oxford Group or First Century Christian Fellowship was founded by Dr. Frank N. D. Bushman in a small town in Pennsylvania, 25 years ago. The movement has no churches, ministers, salaried officials, membership dues nor expenses. It has been described as an informal "family evangelistic movement which seeks to develop the individual's spiritual life. The creed is embodied in the four words: "Honesty, purity, unselfishness, love," which have been taken as the guiding principles in the life of Jesus. It has spread into other countries and among various sects of the Christian church, has been praised as the greatest spiritual movement since the time of Wesley and Whitfield, and has also been condemned as a "County Club religion."

Killed by Own Sculpture

An Italian sculptor, Bresciano, inspired by the work of his fellow-countryman, Michelangelo, did his best to emulate him in his figure of Moses striking the rock and when he had finished and compared his statue with that of Michelangelo, so the story goes, he died on the spot from mortification.