

young people passing the house added hastily:

"Poor old muzzie! Well, you should worry!" Then screamed to the passing girl without:

"Hi-yi, Dot! Wait for me, will you!"

She was out of the house in a flash, and arms linked with her friend's was waltzing down the street to the strains of a whistled melody, which came from the background of youths who loitered, simpering, behind the girls.

Mrs. Maitland, looking after the dancing young figure disappearing down the pretty tree-ed street again sighed.

IT was no easy matter to govern the headstrong passionate young creature that fate had confided to her care, and whom she was obliged to leave all of the week days. Ellie's wants grew like an ever rolling snow ball, and there were so many things she was obliged to ban, for the girl's own good, and neither Ellie's tears nor her defiance were comforting matters to face upon her return from work. She had solved the problem of the play, the dance, the movie and the joy rides with gay parties of young folk, and she no longer sat up for Elspeth, dancing till the small hours. They had come to a satisfactory arrangement. Elspeth was to have definite evenings out; she was to be home at a stated hour, and her mother would know exactly who was her escort and who constituted the party. On the other hand, she agreed to allow her child to invite her friends to the house on the evenings she was in. Indeed the little house rang with mirth and music and motion day as well as night. Upon her return from work, it was no uncommon thing to hear the gramophone bleating out some banging waltz or foxtrot, as the whirling young couples ranged over the entire lower floor. Rugs were pulled up, and furniture thrust back to the wall. Elspeth's lovely, flushed face and starry eyes somehow compensated the mother for the sacrifice of those peaceful hours which in her heart of hearts she craved above all things.

Ellie always broke like a flower from the midst of the merriest group, and rushing to her mother, she would cry breathlessly something like this:

"Oh Muzzie, is'nt that just a pippin of a waltz song? Don't you just love it? Old thing dear, your supper's red hot in the oven. I've got it all fixed for you, angel."

Her mother often thought that she would have preferred to buy or make the cake herself rather than clean up after Elspeth, who thrust pans behind and under the stove, and piled pots and dishes and cups into pails and "any old place" where they could be hidden for the time being.

HOWEVER, the noise and movement that seemed always somehow to be in the wake of Elspeth and the upset house, over which a trail of the girl's things were scattered were minor matters compared with a more serious menace to the peace of mind of her mother. The business woman was none the less mother enough to regard with indulgence mere matters of noise and sauciness, and all girls at that age, she believed, had a constitutional reluctance to housework. Girls of Elspeth's time, thought her mother sadly, literally jazzed their way through life, while their bewildered and befuddled parents prayed for that period to pass hastily, and sometimes wondered why God had cursed them. So she blamed not her daughter for what she believed was the inherent nature of a girl of her age, and she endured with a mother's patience the affliction of the innocuous company of immature youngsters continually in her house, and that atmosphere of careless disorder that pervaded the place. Then suddenly she found herself fronted by a new problem—one that aroused her alarm and concern and kept her up nights, hovering at the top of the stairs or the hall, leaning over the banister to peer down and listen, till Elspeth should come slowly and reluctantly to bed.

All the way up in the car, Mrs. Maitland had been thinking of Hal Holloway, and of that tumultuous hour the night before, when her daughter had flown into a passion at her attempt to curb an affair that was taking on serious proportions.

HOLLOWAY was a newcomer in Elspeth's "crowd", and was older than her other friends. His people belonged on the West side of the town. A McGill student, home for the summer vacation, he had in some way drifted into this younger set on the humbler side of the city and of which Elspeth was the leading spirit and magnet. There was something magnetic about Elspeth's personality, something that drew about her all the young people of the neighborhood, and made her highly popular wherever she went. She seemed to live and thrive upon excitement and thrills. Elspeth had no patience with the leisurely wayfarers along life's pretty pathways; she herself was breathlessly engaged in hurtling her way through. It seemed to her mother that this strange child of hers was always running, like one in a breathless race, and many a time she tried to check and hold the girl back in her headlong career.

"Ellie, Ellie, don't go through life as if you were in a race to catch a train. There's whole heaps of time. Walk, dear, or better still, sit down awhile by the wayside."

