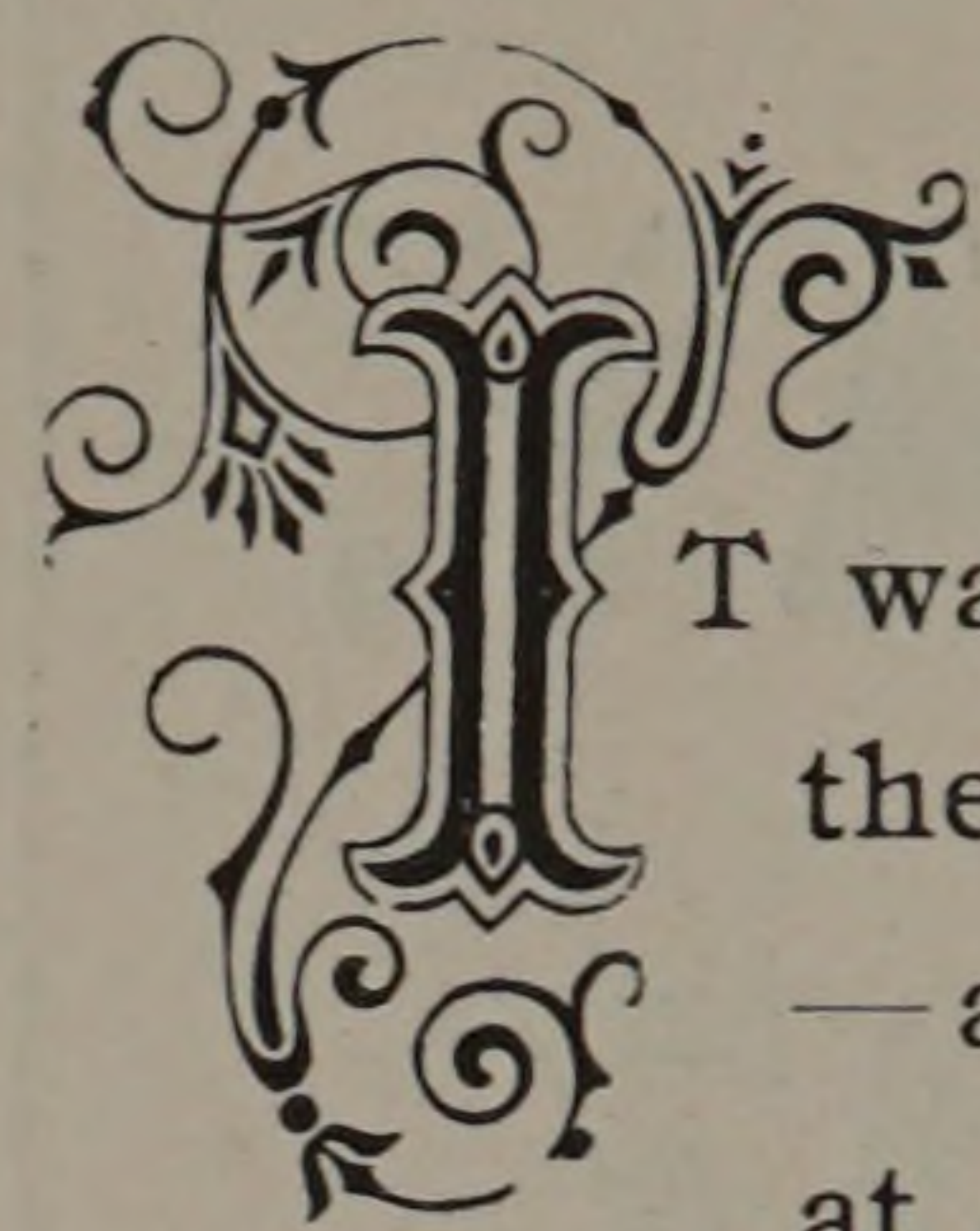
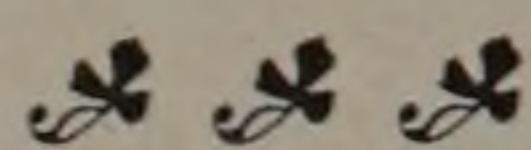


The Family Sweater



It was a great day in the family when the eldest of the young Cramptons appeared in his new sweater — a sweater especially designed for foot ball work at Armour. It was a particularly gorgeous sweater, black with a yellow stripe right across the middle on which was emblazoned the letter "A," signifying that he was a member of the proud house of Armour. Young C. was a splendid looking fellow and the sweater was the noblest of his kind — the combination was stunning. Crampton wore him most of the time, although, as I said before, he was a foot ball sweater.



There was a young woman for whom the sweater took a violent liking. It sent a thrill through his very ribs when she rested her head on his arm, and he went into ecstasies when her lips touched his shoulder. He felt that he was making rapid strides toward universal popularity, especially as he never disgraced the polite society into which he was admitted. He was indeed doing finely, but like many another young society favorite, he went the pace that kills. He appeared in public morning, noon and evening, so it was not surprising that he soon should have a shrunken, faded air. Crampton soon noticed the change in his friend and was not slow in casting him aside.

It was a terrible day! Pen cannot describe the feelings of the outraged sweater — his heart was broken and he did not consider matters improved one particle when a younger Crampton happened along and seized upon him. He felt very ignominious indeed, to be adorning a young high school boy who played a very indifferent game and who covered up the "A" because *he* was not an Armourite. Not the least of his sufferings was the thought that never more would he be permitted to listen to the gentle voice of the one woman. He was no longer sent to the laundry,



but was "washed out" at home and was allowed to dry behind the kitchen stove. To say that he was unhappy would be putting it mildly; nor did he receive any consolation from the occasional glimpses of himself, which he was allowed to get when his master condescended to look in the glass. Each day he grew more wrinkled, shrunken and faded, until there came a time when even his second master scorned him and he was left to languish in the closet.

One sad night Mrs. C. was looking for something with which to bind a sore throat when she spied the old sweater, and before he could take a long breath or bid himself good-bye, he was minus an arm. He now felt that his humiliation was complete, when, suddenly the cook, arriving on the scene, grabbed him up and threw him over her greasy shoulders while she went to do an errand; he gave one prolonged, convulsive sob and passed in his checks. A few days later, after having been used to mop the floor he bore no semblance to the proud being who had entered on such a noble career — he was only a rag.

