

December

Cosmopolitan

15 Cent



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- Gouverneur Morris
- Robert W. Chambers
- Ella Wheeler Wilcox
- Henry C. Rowland
- Arthur B. Reeve
- James Hopper
- Amélie Rives
- Harrison Fisher
- Frank Craig
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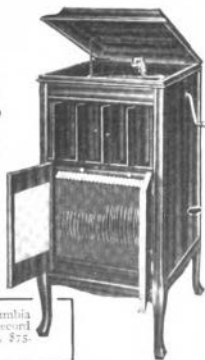
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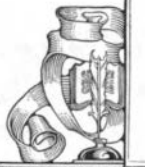
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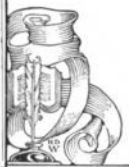
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Salesmen—Earn \$2000 to \$4000 a year. New combination, 12 tools in one. Sells at sight to contractors, farmers, teamsters, fence builders, threshers, miners. Weighs 24 pounds, fits 2 men, carries 500 lbs. of tools. Particulars, etc. Chance for men who want honest money making proposition. Harrah Manufacturing Co., Box A, Bloomfield, Ind.

We pay salary and commission to men qualified to sell Automobiles to Merchants as a Premium Proposition. Write today for literature. W. H. McIntyre Co., Dept. M. Auburn, Ind.

Home business. Collect names, information, etc., for business concerns. Sell your ideas and knowledge by mail. Some clear \$100 monthly. Booklet free. Nat'l Information System, 170 Marietta, Ohio.

Report Local Information, news, names, etc. We have established a business—no canvassing—spare time. Exceptional opportunity. Particulars for stamp. "Nisco," Dept. BGV, Cincinnati, O.

Agents make big money and become sales managers for our goods, establishing growing business of their own. Fast office. Fine profits. Particulars and samples free. One Dip Pen Company, Dept. 3, Baltimore, Md.

Government Positions Pay Big Money. Examinations everywhere soon. Get prepared by former United States Civil Service Examiner. Write to-day for 64-page free booklet. Federal Civil Service School, Box 1421, Rochester, N. Y.

An intelligent person may earn \$100 monthly corresponding for newspapers. No canvassing. Send for particulars. Press Syndicate, 734 Lockport, N. Y.

Men of Ideas and inventive ability should write for new "List of Needed Inventions." Patent Buyers and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advise free. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 33, Washington, D. O.

Free Illustrated Book tells of about 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet, 8-3. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

A Money Proposition. Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars, Dept. 161.

Hazen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Mich.

Local Representative Wanted. Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. We are men in honest, open action and willing-ness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. All or spare time only. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. National Co-Operative Realty Company, L-26, Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

Do you want another \$2 daily? No experience, constant spare time work, knitting history. Machines furnished on contract. We take production for you. Write for booklet. Helping Hand Socks (Inc.), Dept. 902, Chicago.

Write PhotoPlays. Turn your ideas into cash. Earn \$25 to \$100. Big demand. Our model scenario and detailed instructions make it plain. Sent for 20 cents. United Film Plays Co., G-172, Canfield Bldg., New York.

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Something new in Health and Accident Insurance—unlimited protection. Unusual benefits for all accidents and all diseases. Free death benefit \$7,500. Free \$10.00 a year. No assessments. Perpetual renewals paid. L. B. Smutz, U. S. Mgr., 911 Holland Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

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Agents—Pair silk hose free. Mate size and color. Beautiful line direct from factory. Write to-day. Tripleezer Mills, Dept. E. 112 8. 13th St., Phila., Pa.

Agents—Salary or commissions. Greatest seller yet. Every user of pen and ink buys on sight. 200 to 500 per cent. profit. One agent's sales amounted to \$620 in six days; another \$32 in two hours. Monroe Mfr. Co., X-15, La Crosse, Wis.

\$1,200 Cold Cash—Made, Paid, Banked in 30 days by Stoneham; \$5,000 to date. Join our famous \$1,000 class, which absolutely insures \$1,000 per man per county. Kotstad, a farmer, did \$2,200 in 14 days. Scheicher, a minister, \$1205 first twelve hours after appointment. Ten inexperienced men divided \$10,000 within 18 months. Strange invention starts work in 10 minutes. No patent. No machinery. No invention does. Gives every home a bathroom with hot and cold running water for \$6.50. Abolishes plumbing, water works. Self-heating. No wonder Hart sold 10 in three hours — \$1,000 altogether; Ludewick 17 first day. Credit given—come now—investigate. Postal will do. Exclusive sales require quick action but mean \$1,000 and more for you. Allen Mfr. Co., 3902 Allen Building, Toledo, Ohio.

Agents—\$100.00 Weekly selling Guaranteed Aluminum Cooking Utensils to consumer. Large Cash Prize—Undisputed territory. A newer quick Div. Cos. American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Lemont, Ill.

Specialty Salesman Wanted. Big commissions being earned; write for particulars. Arnott, Greenfield, Ohio.

Agents—Make \$25 to \$50 weekly selling self-lighting tips and gas stove lighters; no matches required; just turn on gas, lights itself; sells on sight; send for proposition before all territory is taken. Automatic Gas Appliance Co., Dept. C-1, Union Square, N. Y.

Young Man would you accept and wear a fine tailor-made suit just for showing it to your friends? Or a Slip on Raincoat free? Could you use \$5 a day for a little spare time? Perhaps we can offer you a steady job? If you live in a town smaller than 10,000, write at once and get the beautiful styles and this wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 857, Chicago.

Large Profits. Manufacturing—Barley Crisps, new Confection costs cent to make. Sells like hot cakes for 5c. Everybody buys. Machine in sections, prepaid \$7.50. Send this for sample. Barley Crisp Co., 1618 Hyde St., San Francisco.

Agents make \$5000 this year. Be your own boss—Independent—abundant money—your time your own. All or spare time—at home or traveling. Write E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 524 Third St., Cincinnati, O., to-day for full particulars. Agents—To sell the newest electric appliance on the market; sold everywhere there is electricity, in the home and office; liberal profits; sales-driving sample weighs a pound, no experience or knowledge of electricity required; it shows how to use one light instead of two and get the same results; sells for \$3.50 and saves the purchaser an investment of \$25. Write "The Handy Light" Co., 618 Handy Light Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Salesmen making small towns should carry our fast-selling pocket size line. Special sales plan allowing return of unsold goods makes a quick easy sales; \$5 commission on each order. \$6 to \$15 daily profit for full time. Some big new territory for outfit to-day. Canfield Mfr. Co., 208 Sigel St., Chicago, Ill.

Agents—Sell three 50c. silk tang totes for \$1; beautiful monogram cuff links and stick pin free to each purchaser. Bowen cleared \$71—5 days. Write for samples. Comer Mfr. Co., 35 Main St., Dayton, O.

Agents: Great opportunity. Be permanent representative largest mfrs. High-Grade Soaps and Toilet Goods. \$25-75 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Business good year round. Best ever till Xmas. Write for immediate appointment. E. M. Davis, 1314 Davis Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Reliable Agents Make Big Profits selling our Guaranteed Goods. Small capital starts you. \$200.00 firm and Liberal Credit Plan backs you. Premiums for you and your customers. Wm. J. Dick, Mgr., Dept. D-1, 20 W. Lake, Chicago.

General Agents Wanted to represent Oxygenated Naph in unoccupied territory. Excellent opportunity for those who can qualify. Only small capital necessary. Drawer 165, New Haven, Conn.

Magic Ink Eraser. No blade, no acid. Removes blot, letter, or line like magic. 10c. Sells 25c to 35c. \$5000 by 1 to 12. Any man that can sell hundreds couldn't sell bread in a family. Sample by mail 10c. S. Mfg. Co., Warren St., N.Y., Dept. 4.

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Hurrah! Here's a New One! If you want to make big money, this is your chance—get in on the ground floor. Nothing like it ever on the market. This is for the home, office, hotel, store; they'll sell themselves anywhere to anybody. Enormous profits—no opposition. Good all year—wonderful for holiday gifts. Don't wait—write for full particulars. The Master Reproducing Co., 573 Broadway, New York City.

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Men and Women average \$5 to \$12 daily selling astonishing size massage machine. New! Just patented. Different. No electricity or water power required. Nothing complicated. Affords exhilarating massage with out cent expense. Lowest priced, but best outfit. Retail \$2.50, allowing you big end of profit. Particulars free. Folder free. Aztec Remedy Co., Dept. 142, Toledo, Ohio.

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Every Household on farm, in small town or suburb, and where oil lamps are used, needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin Mantle Lamps; burns coal oil (kerosene); gives a light five times as bright as electric. One burner cleared over \$500.00 in six weeks—hundreds with rigs earning \$100.00 to \$300.00 per month. No cash required. We furnish capital. Write quick for wholesale prices, territory and sample lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 853 Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

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General Agents—Capable of calling on the big trade themselves and handling canvassers for the house to house and office to office business, to sell the newest electric specialty on the market; sold everywhere there is electricity—in the home, office, factory, store, hotel; liberal profits; sales-driving sample, weighs a pound, no experience or knowledge of electricity required; shows how to use one light instead of two and get the same results; sells for \$2.50, \$3.50, \$5.00, and saves the purchaser an investment of \$25.00. Write for particulars. The Handy Light Co., 666 Handy Light Block, Cincinnati, O.

Agents to handle exclusively or as side line, policy covering any accident or sickness for \$10 yearly. Policy may be sold on a commission basis, or as a side line, or as a benefit. One-half the above for \$5 yearly. Ages, 16 to 70. Deposit with State.

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Agents! Earn \$1.00 or more an hour. All or spare time. "Try-it-before-you-buy-it" plan sells Climax Automatic Razor Sharpener to every man—100% profit. Write for exclusive territory and guaranteed sales proposition. Victor Specialty Co., 110 Victor Bldg., Canton, Ohio.

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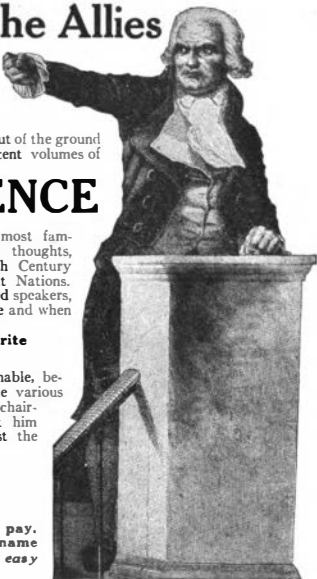
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The situation in which John Bristol finds himself in respect to the attitude of his wife and daughter when it is necessary for him to face a disastrous crisis in his business affairs is, we believe, by no means an unusual one in the so-called "high society" of this country. To what do you ascribe their utter indifference toward a man who has bent all his energies toward giving them every luxury, and needs, when in trouble, the assistance and sympathy that it is his right to have and their obvious duty to give? What is it that so changed a wife who was once a loving helpmate, and a daughter between whom and her father there had existed the subtlest sympathy?

By James Hopper

Illustrated by Walter Dean Goldbeck

JOHN BRISTOL, mining promoter, in Wall Street, and accounted enormously successful, although he was engaged at the very time in a desperate battle, had a stenographer—or secretary, rather—a Miss Spencer. One Winter afternoon, at about four o'clock, he suddenly saw her. She had been in his employ seven years, having come to him almost a child; she had been in her position of close trust three years, and she had been to him always a mere machine—a compact, noiseless little dynamo—working there at his side. And, now, something that must have been going on long in secret crystallized abruptly; he saw her for the first time—very clearly.

He had sent off his last telegram and given his last order, and she was standing at her desk. Her gray eyes looked big; there was a touch of darkness, like a shadow, beneath each of them. How delicately her brows ended! The corner of her mouth toward him was a little heavy; his attention remained a long moment, hypnotized on that soft droop. He shook himself.

"Good Lord, Miss Spencer, you are tired! I have been overworking you. For weeks I have been overworking you." He swept his hand over the note-books scattered on her desk. "Why, I leave you enough to hold you here till midnight!"

She had that complexion which is called olive. Beneath the olive skin lay a hint of color, always in a very low tone. This warmed, now, to a dull red. She looked away, with raised chin, to a window at her right, and replaced a loose lock of her hair in its position in the strand that swept across her clear forehead. And that gesture, although he thought he had never seen it before, came to him, now, as the memory of something tenderly familiar.

Then she said, "This is no time to shirk." "I should say not!" he laughed.

The laugh was half in encouragement of himself. For the financial fight in which he was engaged was a sore one, and for months he had been steadily losing.

He added, "I shall get you more help."

But she protested. "Please—please, do not. Not till—till it is all over—the worst of it. You see, I know—every rope." She smiled slightly. Then, with something in her tone which astonished him, which he was to remember long, something darkly ardent, "I want to stick it out to the end."

He said, "You are fine." Then they were standing there, embarrassed. He felt that he had stepped off the line of conduct which he held rigidly where his female employees were concerned. Always he kept them—kept her—out on the borders of his consciousness. And now

his words sounded in his ear as though he were respecting them; they disgusted him as something melodramatic. Finally he said good-night in a tone more gruff than he had meant, caught himself, and said good-night in a tone more gentle than he had meant; then, despairing of catching the exact note, went out without saying anything more.

His motor was awaiting him at the end of the twenty-five-story elevator-drop, the chauffeur at attention at the door. Bristol gave both machine and man a hostile squint, the look a prisoner gives his keeper. And, settled back in his cushions, whizzing elastically to his club, he looked about him and hated the rich upholstering, the crystal cornucopia for flowers; also the two sober and very costly cuff buttons that peeped on the cuffs of his very expensive shirt, the fine socks that showed between his costly trousers and his costly shoes, and, looking through the glass front of the limousine, hated the fat neck of the chauffeur bulging over the livery. He employed four other such fat necks and owned eight cars. His hand went to his collar as though he were choking. "This is what is killing me," he thought—"all this luxury! It's the millstone round my neck. One must be free to put up a good fight. I'm going down like a rat in a cage."

Which rather hysterical statement expressed a churning that had been going on long within him. A year before, exultant of his growing strength, Bristol had dared cross a man older and more powerful than he. And since that he had found himself engaged in a duel with the great occult power which holds the land with its invisible and terrible tentacles, and, fighting valiantly, had felt himself slowly and surely being forced to the wall.

He crossed the big room of his club, now, with sprightly step, his visage cleared to that expression of bluff good humor which had been one of his financial assets. "Hello, Ed! Hello, Frank!" Cordial wavings of the hand, a springy passing—and, reaching the elevator, he thought he had made his usual good impression and felt better at it.

But in the Turkish baths, stretched in his osier chair in the hot room, the mood of many days returned. The naked ugliness of his fellows revolted him. Suddenly he saw himself again the young engineer he had been before the suction of the cities

had caught him; he dragged a chain across a plain, over mountains, under a blue sky; he launched a span across a torrent. And now the close hot room became an unbearable prison, and he rose abruptly and pushed out through the door.

His reflection in a glass, as he passed toward the massage-room, consoled him a moment. He was not like those others, back in the hot room, after all. His chest was still deep, his stomach reentrant; muscles played beneath his skin; his hair was upon his head. He was still stripped well.

"Stripped!" The word brought back his worry. "Stripped—that is how I should fight," he thought. "I'm a privateer, fitting about iron-clad mastodons. Lightning speed is what I need. And I am weighted down—city house, country house, mountain lodge, motors, cooks, valets, servants. Stripped I should be, and I am swaddled!"

A plunge in the cool pool after the massage, an alcohol rub, the cocktail upon which more and more he relied sent him home with fresh cheeks and a dapper air of success—and he arrived at the end of one of his wife's teas. The Louis XIV room buzzed like a beehive; its portières bulged as to the passing of butterflies, and as he sat in the library, the butler stood before him and told him that Mrs. Bristol wished him to come in for a moment.

It was his opinion which was wanted. The ladies were discussing stenographers. Two late scandals—a man marrying his stenographer after divorce, another running away with his without waiting for divorce—had placed their interest there, and they wished the opinion of a man. A little befuddled lady was holding the floor.

"Oh, Mr. Bristol, tell us what you know; say I am right! I was saying that all these horrid women stenographers are after our husbands—all of them. They are horrid, horrid creatures, with clothes they can't possibly earn and heavy perfumes—and men are such terrible fools about perfumes!" Her tone rose to the oratorical singsong she used in her club. "I tell you these women are a danger to the social order—at present the greatest danger to our social order, for they are sapping its roots—the home!" She smiled a little at her own earnestness. "And Mr. Bristol, I have found the best name for them! I call them 'love-pirates.' Don't you think that this is a wonderful

name for them? Love-pirates! And, Mr. Bristol, aren't they all— all love-pirates?"

Bristol, standing in the midst of a flattering flutter, could not think. His mind insisted, instead, in presenting him a picture. And that was the picture of the husband of the little woman who was speaking. He saw plainly old Tom Morton nursing his dyspepsia, fighting his neurasthenia, and working, working—working to satisfy the appetites of this little woman. Suddenly he almost laughed. Not all stenographers would want that bald pate, that broken carcass, that shivering whine—even with the secret, indomitable courage beneath.

"Isn't that a splendid name for them? Aren't they all love-pirates?"

All the bright eyes were on him, almost beseechingly. But he could give them no satisfaction. The question had come to him, for one thing, too suddenly. Then, he was not accustomed to think on such subjects. His affairs took all of his thinking; he had no time for social problems. The world, for him, had been arranged, once for all, with laws, customs, and conventions, just so that a man should never have to think again of the cases ruled by the laws, customs, and conventions, and hence should be left all of his energy for his business. This does not mean that he did not sometimes break these laws, customs, and conventions. But when he did, it was without illusions. He knew,



"Good Lord, Miss Spencer, you are tired! I have been overworking you"

then, that he was immoral. He did it to be immoral. But he never would have dreamed of changing, or even discussing any change in, any of these laws, customs, and conventions. His vague hatred of reformers came from this. He felt that they were merely trying to establish an order of things which would enable them to perform acts immoral while still considering themselves moral. They were hypocrites and madmen. And they spoiled the game. It was necessary to have rigid rules, to have things forbidden; there was otherwise

no pleasure in breaking these rules, in doing these things.

Bristol, then, gave these women no definite answer. He evaded them, jested, laughed, and finally made good his escape.

But back in the library with his cigar, he found the term "love-pirate" insistent within him. "Love-pirate," he would say to himself, and then found himself applying the epithet questioningly to his own stenographer, to Isabelle Spencer. It would not fit. Love-pirate! The little fluffy woman with the consciously sad eyes and the irresistibly rapacious nose who had invented the term aroused in him an obscure resentment. Love-pirate! Let me see—one, two, three, four—four years. She had been with him four years, his love-pirate. And during that time, not by a word, not by a gesture, not by a flicker had she tried to force her personality upon him in any way. She had been a little machine, working silently and faithfully at his side. And he had treated her so—impersonally. His eyes had never rested upon her. Why, right at this moment, if asked, he would not be able to describe her!

He raised his glass of sherry—and leaving it raised, contemplated it fixedly. To his own surprise, suddenly he found that he could describe his stenographer. Small details, but very precise, were before his eyes. The olive of her skin, and that dull-red tide beneath. Her eyebrows were very delicate; at the ends of his fingers he felt exactly the stroke with which he would draw them, with their fine, fine ending, like a thread of flame beneath a windless sky. A familiar gesture returned to him—the way she would place back, with so intelligent an expression, a vagrant lock amid the strands that swept across her clear forehead. And what was it she had said to-day? Oh, yes! "I want to stick it out to the end." What a strange, almost somber vibration there had been in her voice.

Then all the time that he had thought he was not looking at her, he had, in fact, looked at her. Her personality had impressed itself on him, had *painted* itself on him—like one of those transfer-pictures used by children.

But it was not a matter only of what struck the eye. He was also aware of her, and still more sharply, as something sensed.

He *felt* her. At this very moment he felt her at his side, so close that her fragrant head seemed to be within the shelter of his arm; and she was a strength there, a reassurance, and a consolation. A low thrill came from her, low but ardent, like the red beneath the olive of her complexion; and his chest trembled a little to it, like a violin-box.

"That is because we have worked so long together, side by side," he thought—"almost heart to heart."

A grip came to his throat and a fog in his eyes; and he sprang to his feet in consternation.

"I'll be like old Tom Morton soon," he exclaimed angrily—"a broken old neurasthenic!" He emptied his glass, refilled it, and went up to his room to dress.

His valet was there waiting. He had laid on the bed the white shirt with its studs. Bristol viewed the studs with distaste. The set, given him by his wife, had cost six hundred and fifty dollars. The man at his elbow, that awful encumbrance who would not let his master even tie his shoes in peace, cost him seventy-five dollars a month plus that part of the enormous upkeep of the establishment which was called his lodging and board. Bristol, weary, felt that he would like to apply a carpenter's plane to his life and shave off all its grotesque excrescences to a smooth simplicity. He was being smothered beneath them. On the moment, he resolved to speak to his wife that very night. He had wished to do so for months; he knew by heart the appeal he meant to make to her. He would make it now.

He met her on the landing as, leaving her room, she was preparing to go downstairs. She had her diamond aigrette in her hair; her shoulders were more beautiful than ever beneath their filmy scarf; in her whole being there was a certain magnificence, quietly sure of itself and marble-hard, something which had come gradually under his eyes through many years, but to which he could never become accustomed, at which he was ever secretly astounded. His task appeared suddenly impossible.

"What is the program to-night?" he questioned.

She raised her brows slightly in ostentatious surprise.

"Why, we dine at Sherry's this evening.

To-night is the night of our box at the opera."

There was in her tone that for which he had been aware for some time—a secret dissatisfaction with him, a subtle reproach, as if, in some way, he were failing in his duty toward her.

"Let us dine home to-night," he cried, with an impulsiveness which was only partly sincere, which already foresaw defeat, "and cut the opera. I must have a long talk with you—a long talk."

She scarcely paused in her movement toward the first steps, and brushed off his suggestion as if it had been the negligible whim of a child.

"How funny you are!" she exclaimed softly, with a vexation that pretended to be an amused tolerance.

Then, as if condescending a further and totally unnecessary explanation, she said, going down the stairs: "Of course this is impossible. We can't miss the box to-night. You know it comes only twice a month this year." (In former years they had had their box every week.) "Under the circumstances, I can't very well miss to-night."

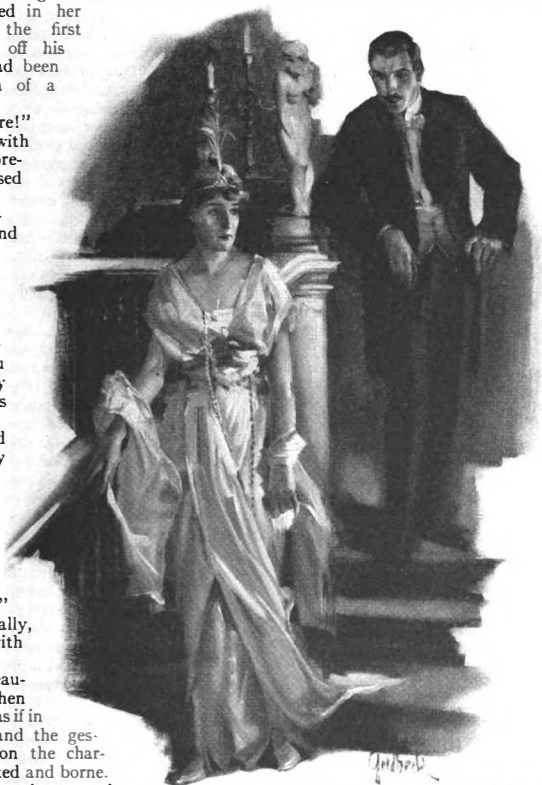
The hint of censure in her tone irritated him. "But I insist," he said tensely. "Really, I must have a talk with you."

She raised her beautiful shoulders, then dropped them limply as if in immense weariness, and the gesture gave his exaction the character of one oft repeated and borne. She went on down the staircase, and, when she reached the foot, she led the way to the large drawing-room, pivoted just

on the inside of the sill, and faced him.

"Now tell me," she said. "We don't need to miss the opera. Surely what you have to say is not going to take so long."

She regained her manner of half-amused tolerance, and was looking at him with eyes that tried to smile. He plunged in right away. He told her of the desperate struggle in which he was engaged, of the trouble in which it might end. He tried to show her that he must make use of all his



"Of course this is impossible. We can't miss the box to-night. You know it comes only twice a month this year"

resources, that their manner of living was proving too much of a drain on his strength, that they must change it—for a while at least. He could feel her, as he talked, draw her soul from him as one draws one's skirts from something not quite clean. He could see that she considered his speech indecent, that this bringing so close these sordid business details soiled, in some indefinable way, her superior delicacy. But he went on bravely. The house must be sold; a less expensive one rented. The country house, the lodge, must go. Three of the cars. And so forth. The allowance of their daughter Estelle cut in two; her own, also.

Plainly she was trying to bear his boorishness as at a dinner the hostess covers a *faux pas*. He saw her struggle and finally achieve the requisite attitude.

"Why, my dear," she said, "you have always told me that! You are always in trouble, or going to be in trouble. Why, you will come out all right! We can't change our mode of life."

She made a little movement as if she were preparing to go, and, looking at her, he saw that she was, in fact, ready to go, was going, everything to her mind, settled, decided. And, with a sort of desolate helplessness, he followed her—and went to the opera.

But the mood which had begun with him that day would not leave him. And when they had returned after midnight, he went into his study and sat with it before the open fire.

In the silence he could feel about him his great house—the many rooms and halls, the carpets, tapestries and pictures, the furniture, the bric-à-brac, its vases and precious objects, in remote parts of it a troop of servitors whom he did not know and who lived upon him. The entire thing seemed to weigh directly upon him, and he began to ask himself questions. Why this house; why these servants; why the enormous complication of his life? Why this sort of life, at all; why its strain, its struggle, and its toil, which made of it a sort of mechanical dream in which one lost utterly one's personality? Why? Why? Why?

The door opened. Perhaps that was the answer. His daughter Estelle came in. She had been at a social gathering of her own, for, with the advantage of an earlier

and a more canny start, she belonged to an inner set in which her parents had never been fully allowed. And she came to him as the answer—a gracious, frail, and exquisite girl, an orchid tinted with all the graces and refinements of civilization. He rose; but she pushed him gently back in his chair and sat herself on his knee.

At one time, when she was a small child, a subtle sympathy had existed between this girl and her father. Meeting him in halls she would kiss his hand as he passed. But as she had grown older and he richer, she had been taken away from him altogether. Trained nurses, governesses, servants, and teachers had taken possession of her, had performed all the deeds and acts of parenthood—or the gestures of it. There was never any personal service he could render her; a troop of attendants forestalled his slightest move. There was never anything she could do for him. A valet, a chauffeur, a butler left nothing undone. As she grew into a young woman absorbed in the social relations which her mother, from her very babyhood, had prepared for her, she had become a stranger. Father and daughter met on stairways, going out or coming in.

Yet of the old sympathy there remained a singular vestige. At long intervals she came in to him, just as to-night, and sat upon his knee. He drew her to him now, and they sat together close, father and daughter, in some vague imitation of their true relation, sat dumb, unable to manufacture it for themselves, waiting as if in some dim hope that it might come to them by miracle from heaven. After a time there came to the lonely man an impulse which made his heart beat. Suppose he tell *her*. She would understand!

He began guardedly. "Little Estelle, I suppose you are much attached to pretty things—the pretty things you wear, the pretty things about you. And the house, motors, parties—"

She frowned a little, trying to imagine life without these things, then laughed.

"I don't think I should like to live in a tenement, father!"

"Because," he went on, more determined, "there may come a change to us, dear. We may have to give up—many of these things. I'm having a hard fight. And there come times when one must rely upon human beings, when those who care for each other

must hold each other tight—and let the objects go.”

She turned within his hold and looked up at him with an expression he could not define. Then she said,

“Poor father, he is so tired!”

Her fresh cheek came up to his, pressed gently; he relaxed to the charm of the moment. A torpor crept about his senses; the thoughts which had been tormenting him all day buzzed a little longer like a departing trolley-car, gave a last vivid spark, and vanished.

Then he found himself again wide awake. She was speaking. She had been speaking for some time; he had listened without understanding. Now he understood; he caught clearly her soft, her coaxing inflections; he knew their meaning. She was asking him for a new electric coupé.

Such a coupé, it seemed, for the park was absolutely necessary!

From that day, Bristol's life changed; he had struck a wall which had rebounded him around his life's turning-point. He found it impossible at his office to resume his old manner toward Isabelle Spencer.

She was no longer a little machine held away on the border-lands of his mind. He was conscious of her all of the time; he saw her—every minute of the day, he saw her.

He saw the delicacy of her brows, drawn by the Creator with the same exquisite stroke with which he touched with color the heart of a Mariposa lily. And the coral warmth beneath her olive skin. And whenever she replaced a strand of her hair into the broad sweep across her forehead, the gesture pleased him as if he had heard a strain of music once very dear.

He sensed her, also, in an infinity of ways of which he could not have spoken. It was as if he had put forth invisible feelers which waved sensitively in the air for all the passing subtleties of her.

Her eyes were very frank. They were like little nuts—brown, round, small, and sound, and bright with a very level, friendly light.

In her whole being there was something direct, sweet, and sincere. In this fight in which he was engaged, she was just as good as he—with an invention, sometimes, better than his.

He could not have done without her.

She worked all of the time, tirelessly, for him. When he awoke in the morning, remembered that some sweet happiness was waiting him that day. At first he could not place it. Then he remembered that he was to pass that whole day in the office with her.

Absurd incidents took place. They would reach for the same telephone at the same time; their hands would meet, then would drop as if each had touched hot iron.

Whenever he had to speak to her, he held himself ridiculously aloof. He gazed at the ceiling, or past her head, or with eyes vacuously fixed, like a soldier.

And when he had finished speaking, he continued standing thus, sometimes looking fixedly over her head, and she, not knowing if he had ended, also stood. Then between them a void seemed to hollow itself, which drew—and they escaped only by a violent movement.

As she sat near him, taking his dictation, with an unconscious movement he rose, sometimes, and opened the window. She was as warm as a little stove—a little porcelain stove.

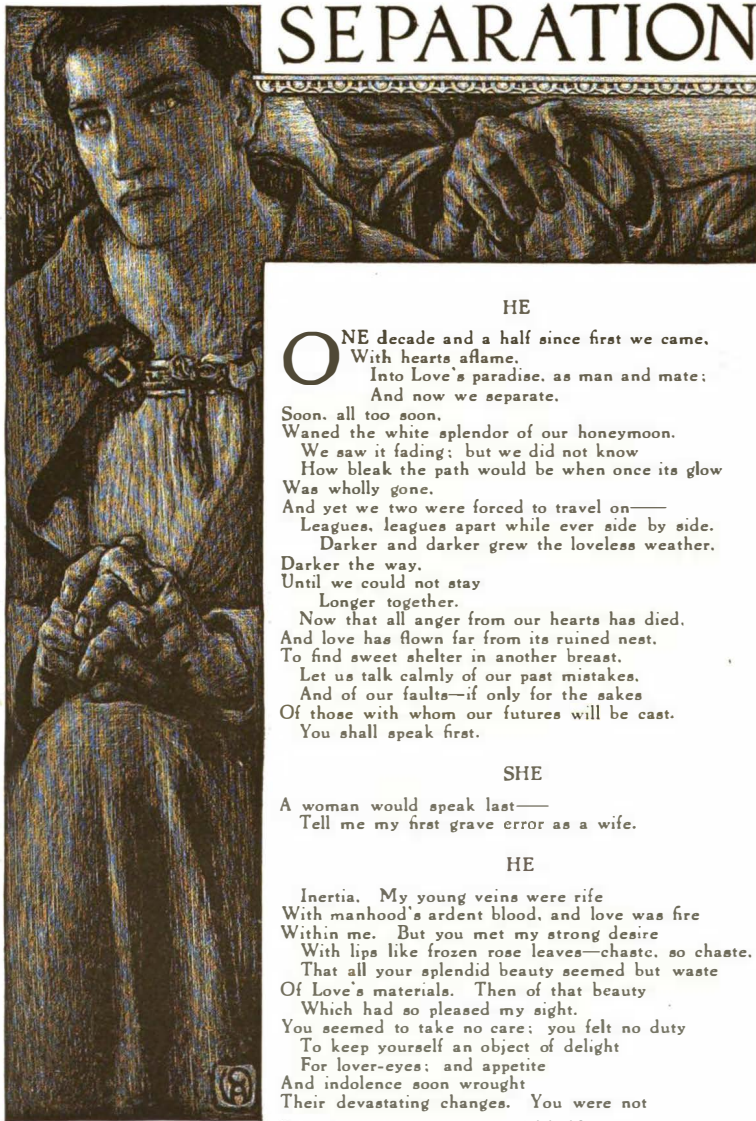
Meanwhile his fight for life was going on. He was using all of his resources, his invention in sudden and new maneuvers. But the enemy, backing one step, perhaps, somewhere along the line, continued, impassive, its huge enveloping movement. He was like a general with a regiment of cavalry fighting a whole army, or one whose troops, with guns carrying one mile, were being decimated by an invisible foe shooting three miles. Each time the pendulum swung, it was a little farther toward him; the end was nearing, gradually and surely.

And she was always at his side, indefatigable. All his orders, hardly out of his lips, became immediate and faultless execution; she was the goddess of telegraph, telephone, and records, and now and then, in a whisper, as though crouching with him in ambush, she suggested some new attack or parry which filled him with instant enthusiasm. He was like a captain on the bridge in a storm, who, in the most terrible and blinding moments, feels the shoulder of his first mate against his and, during a lull, hears his voice.

But one morning, when he came into his office, she was not there.

The conclusion of *The Loss-Pirate* will appear in the January issue.

SEPARATION



HE

ONE decade and a half since first we came,
With hearts aflame,
Into Love's paradise, as man and mate;
And now we separate.

Soon, all too soon,

Waned the white splendor of our honeymoon.

We saw it fading; but we did not know

How bleak the path would be when once its glow
Was wholly gone.

And yet we two were forced to travel on—

Leagues, leagues apart while ever side by side.

Darker and darker grew the loveless weather,

Darker the way.

Until we could not stay

Longer together.

Now that all anger from our hearts has died,

And love has flown far from its ruined nest.

To find sweet shelter in another breast.

Let us talk calmly of our past mistakes,

And of our faults—if only for the sakes

Of those with whom our futures will be cast.

You shall speak first.

SHE

A woman would speak last—

Tell me my first grave error as a wife.

HE

Inertia. My young veins were rife

With manhood's ardent blood, and love was fire

Within me. But you met my strong desire

With lips like frozen rose leaves—chaste, so chaste.

That all your splendid beauty seemed but waste

Of Love's materials. Then of that beauty

Which had so pleased my sight.

You seemed to take no care: you felt no duty

To keep yourself an object of delight

For lover-eyes; and appetite

And indolence soon wrought

Their devastating changes. You were not

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox
Drawing by Charles A. Winter



The woman I had sworn to love and cherish.
If love is starved, what can love do but perish?
Now, will you speak of my first fatal sin
And all that followed, even as I have done?

SHE

I must begin
With the young quarter of our honeymoon.
You are but one
Of countless men who take the priceless boon
Of woman's love and kill it at the start.
Not wantonly but blindly. Woman's passion
Is such a subtle thing—woof of her heart,
Web of her spirit; and the body's part
Is to play ever but the lesser rôle
To her white soul.
Seized in brute fashion,
It fades like down on wings of butterflies:
Then dies.
So my love died.
Next, on base Mammon's cross you nailed my pride.
Making me ask for what was mine by right:
Until, in my own sight,
I seemed a helpless slave
To whom the master gave
A grudging dole. Oh, yes, at times gifts showered
Upon your chattel; but I was not dowered
By generous love. Hate never framed a curse
Or placed a cruel ban
That so crushed woman, as the law of man
That makes her pensioner upon his purse.
That necessary stuff called gold is such
A cold, rude thing it needs the nicest touch
Of thought and speech when it approaches Love.
Or it will prove the certain death thereof.

HE

Your words cut deep: 'tis time we separate.

SHE

Well, each goes wiser to a newer mate.





DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

She studied his palm with great sternness. "I read here," she said, "with regret, that you are an outrageous flirt. It seems, also, that you are something of a fraud." "One more calumny," exclaimed Mr. Langham, "and I withdraw my hand with a gesture of supreme indignation!" But she held him very tightly by the fingers

The Seven Darlings

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "The Penalty," "A Perfect Gentleman of Pelham Bay Park," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

SYNOPSIS—The six Darling sisters—Mary, Maud, Eve, and the triplets, Lee, Phyllis, and Gay—and their brother Arthur find themselves, on the death of their father, with almost nothing. Their divorced mother has married an Italian nobleman and, having a son by him, cannot be expected to assist them. Their chief asset is a magnificently appointed Adirondack camp, which they decide to run as a hotel at high rates. Into a magazine advertisement of The Camp, Gay and Lee surreptitiously put a picture of the six girls in bathing-costume. This brings quick response from Samuel Langham, a middle-aged oil millionaire, who arranges to come with a party of five young men before the season is open. One of them is an Englishman, Pritchard, heir of the Earl of Merrivale. He promptly falls in love with Gay, but the romance is interrupted by the summoning of Pritchard to England, on account of the approaching death of his uncle, the earl. It is evident, however, that he will return at the earliest possible moment. Another of Langham's guests, Renier, devotes himself to Lee, decides that he will resign his business position and remain at The Camp all summer. Meanwhile, a somewhat original youth, Sydney Herring, has arrived from Boston. He is convalescing from typhoid fever. One day, he induces Phyllis to row him to where he can fish. Now, Phyllis is the one member of the family who takes no interest in sports. But, as a joke, she does as he wishes. They upset the boat in the midst of a swamp, which they foolishly try to cross on foot, and do not get out until after nightfall, when they are in a thoroughly exhausted condition. Langham becomes most friendly with Mary, the eldest sister. He is soon treated as one of the family and is consulted about everything. His advice is valuable, and he offers financial assistance. The regular season opens. It is remarked that all requests for accommodation have come from men, for which state of affairs the famous magazine advertisement is held to be responsible.

IN a certain part of the Land of Cotton where they grow nothing but rice, Colonel Melville Meredith stood beside the charred foundations of a house and nursed his chin with his hand. With the exception of a sword which the King of Greece had given him, all those possessions which he had considered of value had gone up in smoke with the house of his ancestors. If Colonel Meredith had been an older man, he must almost have wept. But the grip upon his chin was not one of mourning. It was the grip of consideration. He was wondering what sort of a new house he should build upon the foundations of the old.

He must, of course, build upon the old site. There were other good sites among his thousands of acres, but none which was so well planted. A good architect could copy the Taj Mahal for you. But the Remaque oak is one hundred and seven feet in circumference, and the avenue of oaks leading from the turnpike, two miles away, was planted in 1653. There were also divers jungles of rhododendrons, laurel, and azalia in the river-garden that it had taken no less than a great-grandmother to plant.

"It can't be the first conflagration in the family," he thought. "Everybody's ancestors, at one time or another, must have

lost by fire and built again. As for Remaque—it *was* a lovely old house, but a new house could be just as lovely, and it could have bathrooms and be made rat-proof. And I wouldn't mind if people scratched the floors."

I have said that Colonel Meredith had lost all the possessions which he valued. But of course the land remained, the trees, the duck-ponds, the alligator-sloughs, and so forth. There remained, also, a robust youth, crowded with experiences and memories of wars and statesmen and of delightful people who live for pleasure. There remained, also—least valuable of all to a man of action and sentiment—a perfectly safe income, derived from bonds, of nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. Colonel Meredith was by all odds the richest man in that part of the Land of Cotton where they grow nothing but rice.

It was piping hot among the foundations of the old house; the sticky, ticky season had descended upon the Carolina seacoast. The snakes and the lizards were saying among themselves, "Now this is really something like," and were behaving accordingly. Every few minutes a new and ambitious generation of mosquitoes was hatched. The magnolias were going to seed. Colonel Meredith's Gordon setter,

a determined expression upon his face, had been scratching himself with almost super-canine speed for the last twenty minutes.

Colonel Meredith scorned ticks, trod with indifference upon snakes, and was not poisoned or even pained by mosquitoes, but he had traveled all over the world and was not averse to being cooler and more comfortable.

He whistled his dog and walked thoughtfully to where his automobile was waiting in the shade. His driver, an Irish boy from New York, was in a state of wilt.

"I have determined," said Colonel Meredith, "not to begin building until cool weather. We shall go North to-night. I hope the thought will refresh you. Now we will go back to Mr. Jonstone's. Do you feel able to drive, or shall I?"

It was typical of the region that the Mr. Jonstone with whom Meredith was stopping should own the best bed of mint south of Washington, and could make the best mint juleps. The mint bed was about all he did own. Everything else was heavily mortgaged. Everything, that is, except the family silver and jewels. These, Jonstone's grandmother had buried when Sherman came marching through, and had almost immediately forgotten where she had buried them. Jonstone employed one trustworthy negro, whose year-around business was to dig for the treasure. There existed a list of the objects buried which was enough to make even a rich man's palm itch.

"Nothing to-day," said Jonstone, as his guest drove up. "And it's about time for a julep."

"I'm going North to-night," said Meredith, "and you're going with me."

They were cousins, second or third, of about the same age. They even looked alike, but whereas Meredith had traveled all over the world, Jonstone had never been south of Savannah or north of Washington.

He began with an ivory toddy-stick to convert sugar and Bourbon into sirup.

"How's that, Mel?" he asked. "And why?"

"Between us two, Bob," said Meredith, "this is one hell of a climate in summer. The brighter we are, the quicker we'll get out of it."

"I'd like to go you on that, but aside from the family silver I haven't a penny in the world."

"Bob, I'm sick of offering to lend you money. I'm sick of offering to give you money. There's only one chance left."

Jonstone made a gentle clashing sound with fine ice.

"As you know, my family silver has all gone up in smoke. Now yours hasn't. Suppose you sell me yours. What's it worth?"

"With or without the diamonds?"

"If I should ever marry, it would be advisable to have the diamonds."

"Well," said Jonstone, beginning to turn over a bundle of straws with the object of selecting four which should be flawless, "I don't want to stick you. We have a complete list of the pieces, with their weights and dates. Some of the New York dealers could tell us what the collection would be worth in the open market. Double that sum in the name of sentiment, and I'll go you— But, look here, Mel! Suppose the silver and stuff has been lifted—doesn't exist any more? Wouldn't I, in selling it to you, be guilty of sharp practise."

"Our great-great-grandfather, the Signer, doesn't exist any more, Bob. That silver is somewhere—in some form or other. I pay for it, and it's mine. Does it matter if I never see it or handle it? I shall always be able to allude to it—isn't that enough? As for you, you'll be able to pay all your mortgages, to fix the front door so's it won't have to be kept shut with a keg of nails, and to spend what is necessary on your fields. Come, then; there's just time for one more julep and to pack up our things. You'll just love New York. And when we get there, we'll make up our minds whether we'll go to Newport or Bar Harbor. Bob, did it ever occur to you that you and I ought to get married? What's the use of having ancestors if you're not going to be one?"

"Show me a girl as handsome as Sully's portrait of great-grandmother Pringle, and I'll take notice."

"Why, every other girl in a Broadway chorus has got the old lady skinned to death, Bob!"

"You may be worldly-wiser than me, Mel, but you've lost your reverence. It's always been agreed in the family that great-grandmother Pringle was the most beautiful woman in the South. And when a man says 'the South,' and refers at the same time

to female charms, he has as good as said the whole world."

"Do you really think that wooden-faced doll that Sully painted has no equal of beauty north of the Mason and Dixon line? What you need is travel and experience."

"What's the matter with you getting married?"

"There's nothing the matter with it. And I'll tell you what I'll do: I will if you will."

"They ought to be sisters, seeing as how you and I have always been like brothers. We'll have a double wedding. We'll each be the other's best man, and they'll each be the other's best girl."

"No—no; they are each to be our best girls."

"What I mean is——"

"I know what you mean, but you've made this julep too strong."

"That's *one* thing they can't do in the North."

"What's that?"

"Make a julep."

Meredith considered this at some length.

"No, Bob," he said, at length, "they can't. But I once met a statesman from Maine, who made a thing that looked like a julep, tasted like a julep, and that—I'd say it if it was my dying statement—had the same effect."

"She must be better looking than great-grandmother Pringle," said Jonstone. "She must be able to make a julep, and she must have a sister just like her. Can you lend me a suit of clothes till we get to New York?"

In the morning, soon after this precious pair had breakfasted, a boy went through the train with newspapers and magazines. He proclaimed in the sweetest Virginian voice that his magazines were just out, but a copy of *The Four Seasons* which Colonel Meredith bought proved not only to be of an ancient date but to have had coffee spilled upon it.

At the moment when this discovery was made, the youthful papermonger had just swung from the crawling train to the platform of a way station, so there was no redress. The cousins agreed, laughing, that if a Yankee had played them such a trick they would have wished to cut his heart out, but that, turned upon them by a fellow countryman, it was merely a proof of smartness and push.

Meredith slowly turned over the pages of *The Four Seasons*, looking always, with Remaque in mind, at pictures of country houses. Suddenly he closed the magazine, looked pensively out of the window, and began to whistle with piercing sweetness. He once more opened the magazine, but this time with great caution, as if he was half afraid that something disagreeable would jump out at him. Nothing did, however. He folded the magazine back upon itself and held it close to his eyes, then far off, then at mid-distance.

"What's the matter with you?" said Bob Jonstone.

"Nothing," said Meredith, "only I'm thinking there ought to be six of us, instead of only two. Look at that page and tell me where we're going to spend the summer."

Jonstone took the magazine and saw the six Darling sisters sitting on the float in their bathing-dresses. Presently he smiled and said, "You've just won an argument, Mel."

"How's that?"

"Why, in the South there wouldn't be so many of them—but maybe they are not always there. Maybe they were only there last summer?"

"Well, we can find out where they've gone, can't we?"

"It doesn't seem in strict good breeding to pursue ladies one doesn't know."

"Why, bless you, I chased all over Europe after a face I saw in *The Sketch*, only to find out that she was willing to marry anybody with money and had a voice like a guinea-hen! And after I'd found that out, she chased *me* all over Europe and as far east as Cairo."

"I've never been chased by a woman," said Jonstone, a little wistfully. "What happened in the end?"

"I left Cairo between two days, fled away into the desert with some people just stepped out of the Bible, and never came back."

"Suppose she hadn't been willing to marry you, and had had a voice like a dove?"

"Don't suppose. We are on a new quest."

Jonstone spread *The Four Seasons* wide open upon his knees.

"Let's agree right now," he said, "which each of us thinks is the prettiest. It would be dreadful, after traveling so far, if we were both to pick on the same one."

"We would have to fight a duel," said Meredith, "with swords, and considering that you could never even sharpen a pencil without cutting yourself—"

"A boy wouldn't come along," said Jonstone, "and sell us a copy of a magazine months old if fate hadn't meant us to see this picture. I think I like the third one from the end."

"I think I like the three that look just alike."

"That is because you have traveled in Turkey. You never seem to remember that you are a Christian gentleman."

XIX

WHEN they found out how much the buried silver was worth—the inventory was very thorough in the matter of description, dates, and weights—Mr. Bob Jonstone burst out laughing. But Colonel Meredith, although determined to stand by his bargain whatever the cash-cost, looked like a man who has just missed the last train.

"I haven't got that much money loose, Bob," he said, "but I can raise it in a few days and then we'll execute a bill of sale."

"Mel, I had no idea that old junk was worth so much."

"You hadn't? Well, it's worth more. I'm getting a bargain. Thank the Lord you're a gentleman, so there's no danger of your backing out!"

Jonstone seized his cousin's hand and pressed it affectionately.

"Mel," he said, "can you afford to do this thing? God knows the money will make all the difference in the world to me! But in taking it I don't feel any too noble."

"It was always ridiculous for me to be rich and for you to be poor. That's done with. I'm still rich, thank God! and you're well-to-do. You can travel if you like, breed horses, install plumbing, burn coal, and marry."

"If I was sure that the silver would ever be turned up, I wouldn't feel so sheepish."

"As long as you don't look sheepish or act sheepish—suppose that now, after a slight fortification, we visit a tailor. It is necessary for you to dress according to your station in life."

It did not take Jonstone long to acknowledge that New York is even bigger than Richmond, Virginia, and even livelier. The discovery of a superannuated mosquito

in his bathroom had made him feel at home, and the fact that the head bartender in the hotel, though a native of Ireland, fashioned a delicious julep.

But his equanimity came very near to being upset in the subway. He felt a hand slipping into his pocket, and caught it by the wrist. He had a grip like looped wire twisted with pinchers. The would-be thief uttered a startled shriek, and was presently turned over to a policeman.

All the way to the station-house, Mr. Jonstone talked excitedly and triumphantly to his cousin.

"Yes, sir," he said; "you had me groggy with your high buildings and your Aladdin-cave stores and your taxi-cabs and park systems. But, by the Everlasting, sir, this would never have happened to me south of the Mason and Dixon line! No sir; we may be short on show but we're long on honesty down there. I don't even have to lock my door at night."

"That's because the lock's broken and you've always kept it shut with a keg of nails. There are more pickpockets in New York than in Charleston, but only because there are more pockets to pick."

"I don't get you," said Jonstone stiffly. A little later he did.

The culprit was asked his name by a formidable desk-sergeant.

"Stephen Breckenridge."

Bob Jonstone gasped.

"Where do you come from?"

"Lexington, Kentucky."

Colonel Meredith let forth a howl of laughter. And after he had been frowned into decorum by the sergeant, he continued for a long time to look as if he was going to burst.

For some hours, Mr. Jonstone was moody and unamused. Then suddenly he broke into a winning smile.

"Mel," he said, "I wouldn't have minded so much if he had been smart enough to get my money. It was bad finding out that he was a compatriot of ours, but much more to realize that he was a fool."

XX

MR. LANGHAM was consulted about everything. And it was to him that Maud Darling took Meredith's letter asking for accommodations.

"We've only two rooms left," she said,

"and such nice people have come, or are coming, that it would be an awful pity if we had the bad luck to fill up with two men that weren't nice. Did you ever hear of a Colonel Meredith?"

"Is that his letter? May I look?"

Mr. Langham read the letter through very carefully. Then he said, looking at her over the tops of his thick glasses:

"I don't know if you know it, but I have made quite a study of handwritings. The writer of this letter is a gentleman—a Southern gentleman, if I am not mistaken. Accepting this premise, we may assume that his friend, Mr. Robert Middleton Jonstone, is also a Southern gentleman. Middleton, in fact, is pure South Carolinian."

"But if they are from South Carolina, wouldn't our terms stagger them? I've always understood that Southern gentlemen lost all their money in the war."

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Langham, "this is the writing of a rich man."

"How *can* you know that?"

"I tell you that I have made a study of handwriting. It is also the writing of a horse-loving, war-loving, much-traveled man—in the late twenties."

"You will tell me next that he is about five feet ten inches tall, has blue eyes, and is handsome as an angel."

"You take the words out of my mouth, Miss Maud."

"Tell me more." She was laughing now.

"He is very handsome, but not as angels are—his eyes are too bold and roving. If he wasn't a good man, he would be a very bad man. He is quixotically brave and generous. And I should by all means advise you to let him have his accommodations."

"I can never tell when you are joking."

"I was never more serious in my life. Shall I tell you something else that I have deduced?"

"Please."

"Well, then, he isn't married, Miss Maud, and he is a great catch!"

Miss Maud blushed a trifle.

"I don't know if you know it," she said, "but I have made a profound study of palmistry. Will you lend me your hand a moment?"

"Very willingly. And I don't care if some one were to see us."

She studied his palm with great sternness.

"I read here," she said, "with regret, that you are an outrageous flirt. It seems, also, that you are something of a fraud."

"One more calumny," exclaimed Mr. Langham, "and I withdraw my hand with a gesture of supreme indignation!"

But she held him very tightly by the fingers.

"And this little line," she cried, "tells me that you have known Colonel Meredith intimately for years; and that you never studied handwriting in all your born days."

Mr. Langham began to chuckle all over.

"The next time," he said, "that people tell me you are easily imposed on, I shall deny it."

"You *do* know him?"

He blinked and nodded like a wise owl.

"Shall I write 'or telegraph?"

"You will use your own judgment."

So she did both.

XXI

MR. LANGHAM was at the float to welcome the two Carolinians.

"You have," he complimented Colonel Meredith, "once more proved the ability to land on your feet in a soft spot. You will be more comfortable here, better fed, better laundered than anywhere else in the world."

As they strolled from the float to the office, Mr. Jonstone looked about him a little uneasily. Not one of the beautiful girls who had looked into his eyes from the page of *The Four Seasons* was in sight, or indeed any girl, woman, or female of any sort whatever. He had led himself to expect a resort crowded with rustling and starchy boarders. He found himself, instead, in a primeval pine forest in which were sheltered many low, austere, buildings of logs, above whose great chimneys stood vertical columns of pale smoke. It was difficult to believe the season summer, and Mr. Jonstone was reminded of December evenings in the Carolinas.

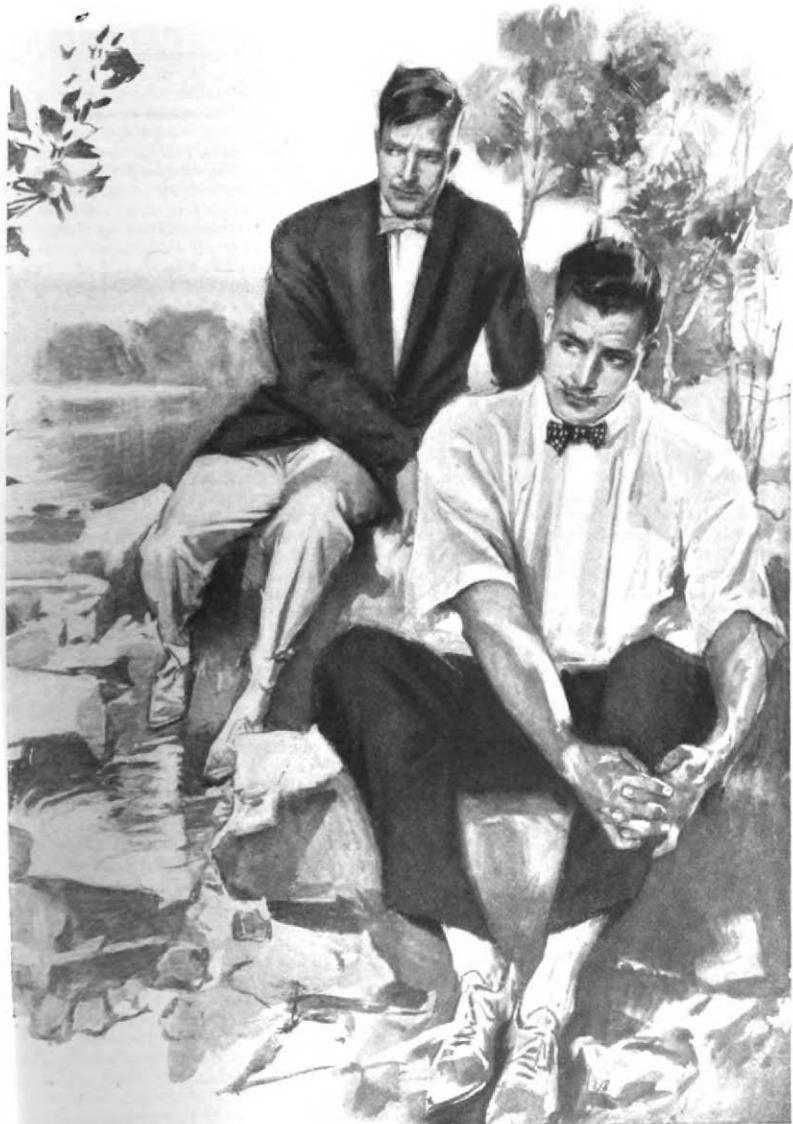
"This is the office," said Mr. Langham, and he ushered them into the presence of a bright birch fire and Maud Darling. Mr. Langham presented them to Miss Darling. She begged them to write their names in the guest-book and to warm themselves at the fire.

"And then," said Sam Langham, "I'll



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"Do you usually manage to?" asked Maud, very much



puzzled. "So far," he said, "I have *always* managed to"

shake them up a cocktail and show them their house."

"Are we to have a whole house to ourselves," asked Colonel Meredith. He had not yet taken his eyes from Maud Darling's face.

"It's only two rooms, bath, parlor, and piazza," she explained.

"That last?" asked Mr. Jonstone.

"It's the same thing as a 'poach,'" explained Mr. Langham, with a sly twinkle in his eyes.

"It's to sit on and enjoy the view from," added Maud.

"But I don't want to admire the view," complained Colonel Meredith. "I want to lounge about the office. It's the prerogative of every American citizen to lounge about the office of his hotel."

Colonel Meredith had yet to take his eyes from Maud Darling's face. And it was with protest written all over it that he at length followed his cousin and Mr. Langham into the open air.

The three were presently sampling a cocktail of the latter's shaking in the latter's snug little house.

"Darling, *père*," explained Sam Langham, "went broke. He used to run this place as it is run now, with this difference: that in the old days he put up the money, while now it is the guests who pay. Two years ago, the Miss Darling you just met was one of the greatest heiresses in America; now she keeps books and makes out bills."

"And are there truly five others equally lovely?" asked Colonel Meredith.

"Some people think that the oldest of the six is also the loveliest," said Sam Langham, loyal to the choice of his own heart. "But they are all very lovely."

To the Carolinians, warmed by Langham's cocktail, it seemed pitiful that six beautiful girls who had had so much should now have so little. And with a little encouragement they would have been moved to the expression of exaggerated sentiments. It was Maud, however, and not the others, who had aroused these feelings. The desire to benefit her by some secret action—and then to be found out—was very strong in them both.

Langham left them after a time and they began to dress for dinner. Usually they had a great deal to say to each other; but on the present occasion their one desire was to dress as rapidly as possible and

to visit the office upon some pretext or other.

When Colonel Meredith, from the engulfment of a starched shirt, announced that he had several letters to write, and wondered where one could buy postage-stamps, it afforded Bob Jonstone malicious satisfaction to inform him that the "little drawer in their writing table contained not only plenty of twos but fives and a strip of special deliveries."

"All I have to think about," said he, "is my laundry. I suppose they can tell me at the office."

"They?" exclaimed Colonel Meredith.

As he spoke, the collar button sprang like a slippery cherry stone from between his thumb and forefinger, fell in the exact middle of the room in a perfectly bare place, and disappeared. Up to this moment, the cousins had remained on even terms in the race to be dressed first. But now Mr. Jonstone gained, and before the collar button was found, had given a parting "slick" to his hair and gone out.

It was now dark, and the woodland streets of The Camp were lighted by lanterns. Maud Darling had left the office long enough to change from tailor-made tweeds to the simplest white muslin. She was adding up a column in a fat book. She looked golden in the firelight and the lamp-light, and resembled some heavenly being but for the fact that, for the moment, she was puzzled to discover the sum of seven and five and was biting the end of her pencil. The divine muse of Inspiration lives in the "other" ends of pens and pencils. The world owes many of its masterpieces of literature and invention to the reflective nibbling at these instruments, and if I were a teacher, I should think twice before I told my pupils to take their pencils out of their mouths.

Mr. Jonstone knocked on the open door of the office.

"This is the office," said Miss Maud Darling. "You don't have to knock. Is anything not right?"

"Everything is absolutely perfect," bowed Mr. Jonstone. "But you are busy. I could come again. I only wanted to ask about sending some things to a laundry."

"You're not supposed to think about that," said Maud. "There is a clothes-bag in the big closet in your bedroom, and my sister Eve does the rest."

"Oh, but I couldn't allow——"

"Not with her own hands, of course; she merely oversees the laundry and keeps it up to the mark. But if you like your things to be done in any special way, you must see her and explain."

"In my home," said Jonstone, "my old mammy does all the washing and most everything else, and I wouldn't dare to find fault. She would follow me up-stairs and down, scolding all the time, if I did. You see, though she isn't a slave any more, she's never had any wages, and so she takes it out in privileges and prerogatives."

"No wages ever since the Civil War!" exclaimed Maud.

"We had to have servants," he explained, "and until the other day there was never any money to pay them with. We had nothing but the plantation and the family silver."

"And of course you couldn't part with that. In the North when we get hard up we sell anything we've got. But in the South you don't, and I've always admired that trait in you beyond measure."

"In that case," said Mr. Jonstone, turning a little pale, "it is my duty to tell you that the other day I parted with my silver in exchange for a large sum of money. I made up my mind that I had only one life to live and that I was sick of being poor."

Maud smiled.

"If you want to keep your ill-gotten gains," she said, "you ought never to have come to this place. Wasn't there some kind friend to tell you that our prices are absolutely prohibitive? We haven't gone into business for fun but with the intention of making money hand over fist. It's only fair to warn you."

She imagined that, at the outside, he might have received a couple of thousand dollars for his family silver, and it seemed wicked that he should be allowed to part with this little capital for food, lodging, and a little trout fishing.

"My silver," he said, "turned out to be worth a lot of money, and I have put it all in trust for myself so that my wife and children shall never want."

A flicker of disappointment appeared in Maud Darling's eyes.

"But I didn't know you were married," she said lamely.

"Oh, I'm not—yet!" he exclaimed joyfully. "But I mean to be."

"Engaged?" she asked.

"Hope to be—mean to be," he confessed.

And at this moment Colonel Meredith came in out of the night. Having bowed very low to Miss Darling, he turned to his cousin.

"Did Langham find you?" he asked.

"No."

"Well, he's waiting at our house. I said I thought you'd be right back."

"Then we——" began Jonstone.

"Not we—you," said his cousin, malice in his eyes. "I want to ask Miss Darling some questions about telegrams."

Bob Jonstone withdrew himself with the utmost reluctance.

"We have a telephone that connects us with the telegraph-office at Carrytown," Maud began, but Colonel Meredith interrupted almost rudely.

"We engaged our rooms for ten days only," he said, "but I want to keep them for the summer. Please don't tell me that they are promised to some one else."

"But they are," said she.

"Can't you possibly keep us?"

She shook her fine head less in negation than reflection.

"I don't see how," she said finally, "unless some one gives out at the last minute."

"How long," he asked, "would it take to build a little house for us?"

"If we got all the carpenters from Carrytown," said Maud, "it could be done very quickly. But——"

"Now you are going to make some other objection!"

"I was only going to say that if you wanted to go camping for a few weeks, we could supply you with everything needful."

"But we don't want to go camping. We want to stay here."

"Exactly. There is no reason why you shouldn't pitch your tent in the main street of this camp and live in it."

"That's just what we'll do," said Colonel Meredith, "and to-morrow we'll pick out the site for the tent—if you'll help us."

XXII

EARLY the next morning Colonel Meredith and his cousin presented themselves at the office dressed for walking. Butter would not have melted in their mouths.

"Can you come now and help us pick out a site for the tent?" asked the colonel.

Maud was rather busy that morning, but she closed her ledger and smiled her willingness to aid them.

"It will seem more like real camping-out," said Mr. Jonstone, "if we don't pitch our tent right in the midst of things. Suppose we take a boat and row along the shores of the lake, keeping our eyes peeled."

Maud was not averse to going for a row with two handsome and agreeable young men. They selected a guide-boat and insisted on helping her in and cautioning her about sitting in the middle. Maud had almost literally been brought up in a guide-boat, but she only smiled discreetly. The cousins matched for places. As Maud sat in the stern with a paddle for steering, Colonel Meredith, who won the toss, elected to row stroke. Bob Jonstone climbed with gingeriness and melancholy into the bow. Not only was he a long way from that beautiful girl, but Meredith's head and shoulders almost completely blanketed his view of her.

"We ought to row English style," he said.

"What is English style, and why ought we to row that way?"

"In the American shells," explained Jonstone, "the men sit in the middle. In the English shells, each man sits as far from his oar-lock as possible."

"Why?" asked Meredith, who understood his cousin's predicament perfectly.

"So's to get more leverage," explained Jonstone darkly.

"It's for Miss Darling to say," said Meredith. "Which style do you prefer, Miss Darling, English or American?"

"I think the American will be more comfortable for you both and safer for us all," said she.

"There!" exclaimed the man of war. "What did I tell you?"

"But—" continued Maud.

"I could have told you there would be a 'but,'" interrupted Jonstone triumphantly.

"But," repeated Maud, "I'm coxswain, and I want to see what every man in my boat is doing."

So they rowed English style.

They came to a bold headland of granite crowned with a half-dozen old pines that leaned waterward.

"That's rather a wonderful site, I think," said Maud.

"Where?" said the gentlemen, turning

to look over their shoulders. Then, "It looks well enough from the water," said Jonstone.

"Let us land," said Colonel Meredith, "and explore."

They landed, and began at once to find reasons for pitching the tent on the promontory and reasons for not pitching it.

"The site is open and airy," said Jonstone.

"It is," said Colonel Meredith; "but in case of a southwest gale, our tent would be blown inside out."

A moment later, "How about drinking-water?" asked the experienced military man.

"I regret to say that I have just stepped into a likely spring," said Jonstone.

"We must sit down and wait till it clears."

When the spring once more bubbled clean and undefiled, Mr. Jonstone scooped up two palmfuls of water and drank.

"Delicious!" he cried.

Colonel Meredith then sampled the spring and shook his head darkly.

"This spring has a main attribute of drinking-water," he said. "It is wet. Otherwise—"

"What's the matter with my spring?" demanded his cousin.

"Silica, my dear fellow—silica. And you know very well that silica to a man of your inherited tendencies spells gout."

Jonstone nodded gravely.

"I'm afraid that settles it." And he turned to Maud Darling. "I can keep clear of gout," he explained, "only just as long as I keep my system free from silica."

"Do you usually manage to?" asked Maud, very much puzzled.

"So far," he said, "I have *always* managed to."

"Then you have never suffered from gout?"

"Never. But now having drunk at this spring, I have reason to fear the worst. It will take at least a week to get that one drink out of my system."

And so they passed from the promontory with the pine trees to a little cove with a sandy beach, from this to a wooded island not much bigger than a tennis-court. In every suggested site, Jonstone found multitudinous charms and advantages, while Colonel Meredith, from the depths of his military experience, produced objections of the first water. For to be as long as

DRAWN BY HOWARD CHAMBERLIN CROSBY

And in a very short time the three shipwrecked mariners had waded ashore



Howard Chamberlin Crosby 1890

possible in the company of that beautiful girl was the end which both sought.

Maud had gone upon the expedition in good faith, but when its true object dawned upon her, she was not in the least displeased. The very obvious worship which the Carolinians had for her beauty was not so personal as to make her uncomfortable. It was rather the worship of two artists for art itself than for a particular masterpiece. Of the six beautiful Darlings, Maud had had the least experience of young men. She was given to fits of shyness, which passed with some as reserve, with others as a kind of common-sense and matter-of-fact way of looking at life. The triplets, young as they were, surpassed the other three in conquests and experience. And this was not because they were more lovely and more charming, but because they had been a little spoiled by their father and brought into the limelight before their time. Furthermore, with the exception of Phyllis, perhaps they were maidens of action, to whom there was no recourse in books or reflection. Such accomplishments as drawing and music had not been forced upon them. They could not have made a living teaching school. But Lee and Gay certainly could have taught the young idea how to shoot, how to throw a fly, and how to come in out of the wet when no house was handy. As for Phyllis, she would have been as like them as one pea is like two others but for the fact that at the age of two she had succeeded in letting off a 45-90 rifle which some fool had left about loaded, and had thereby frightened her early sporting-promises to death. But it was only of weapons, squirming fish, boats, and thunderstorms that she was shy. Young gentlemen had no terrors for her, and she preferred the stupidest of these to the cleverest of books.

Mary, Maud, and Eve had wasted a great part of their young lives upon education. They could play the piano pretty well (you couldn't tell which was playing); they sang charmingly; they knew French and German; they could spell English, and even speak it correctly, a power which they had sometimes found occasion to exercise when in the company of foreign diplomats. The change, in their case, from girlhood to young womanhood had been sudden and prearranged; in each case a tremendous ball upon a given date. The triplets had never "come out."

If Lee or Gay had been the victim of the present conspiracy, the gentlemen from Carolina would have found their hands full and overflowing. They would have been teased and misconstrued within an inch of their lives; but Maud Darling was genuinely moved by the candor and chivalry of their combined attentions. There was a genuine joyousness in her heart, and she did not care whether they got her home in time for lunch or not. And it was only a strong sense of duty which caused her to point out the high position attained by the sun in the heavens.

With reluctance the trio gave up the hopeless search for a camp-site and started for home upon a long diagonal across the lake. It was just then, as if a signal had been given, that the whole surface of the lake became ruffled as when a piece of blue velvet is rubbed the wrong way, and a strong wind began to blow in Maud's face.

Several hours of steady rowing had had its effect upon unaccustomed hands. It was now necessary to pull strongly, and blisters grew swiftly from small beginnings and burst in the palms of the Carolinians. Maud came to their rescue with her steering paddle, but the wind, bent upon having sport with them, sounded a higher note, and the guide-boat no longer seemed quick to the least propulsion and light on the water, but as if blunt forward, high to the winds, and half full of stones. She did not run between strokes but came to dead stops, and sometimes, during strong gusts, actually appeared to lose ground.

"We're going to have rain," said Maud, "and we're going to have fog. So we'd better hurry a little."

"Hurry?" thought the Carolinians sadly. And they redoubled their efforts, with the result that they began to catch crabs.

"Some one ought to see us and send a launch," said Maud.

At that moment, as the wind flattens a field of wheat to the ground, the waves bent and lay down before a veritable blast of black rain. It would have taken more than human strength to hold the guide-boat to her course. Maud paddled desperately for a quarter of a minute and gave up. The boat swung sharply on her keel, rocked dangerously, and once more light and sentient, a creature of life, made off, bounding before the gale.

"We are very sorry," said the Carolinians,

"but the skin is all off our hands, and at the best we are indifferent boatmen."

"The point is this," said Maud: "Can you swim?"

"I can," said Colonel Meredith, "but I am extremely sorry to confess that my cousin's aquatic education has been neglected. Where he lives every pool contains crocodiles, leeches, snapping turtles, and water-moccasins, and the incentive to bathing for pleasure is slight."

"Don't worry about me," said Mr. Jonstone. "I can cling to the boat until the millennium."

"We shan't upset—probably," said Maud. "It will be better if you two sit in the bottom of the boat. I'll try to steer and hold her steady. This isn't the first time I've been blown off shore, and then on shore. Who would have thought this morning that we were in for a storm?"

"If only you don't mind," said Colonel Meredith. "It's all *our* fault. You probably didn't want to come. You just came to be friendly and kind, and now you are hungry and wet to the skin—"

"But," interrupted Bob Jonstone, "if only you will forget all that and think what pleasure we are having—"

"I can't hear what you say," called Maud.

"I beg your pardon," shouted Mr. Jonstone. "I didn't quite catch that. What did Miss Darling say, Mel?"

"She said she wanted to talk to me and for you to shut up."

Mr. Jonstone made a playful but powerful swing at his cousin, and the guide-boat, as if suddenly tired of her passengers, calmly upset and spilled them out.

A moment later the true gallantry of Mr. Bob Jonstone showed forth in glorious colors. Having risen to the surface and made good his hold upon the overturned boat, he proposed very humbly, as amends for causing the accident, to let go and drown.

"If you do," said Maud, excitement overcoming her sense of the ridiculous, "I'll never speak to you again."

Colonel Meredith opened his mouth to laugh and closed it a little hastily on about a pint of water.

XXIII

THE water was so rough, the weather so thick, and their point of view so very low down in the world that Maud and the Caro-

linians could neither see the shore from which they had departed nor that toward which they were slowly drifting. The surface water was warm, however, owing to a week of sunshine, and it was not necessary to drop one's legs into the icy stratum beneath.

It is curious that what the three complained of the most was the incessant, leaden rain. Their faces were colder than their bodies. They admitted that they had never been so wet in all their lives.

Half an hour passed.

"Personally," said Jonstone, "I've had about enough of this."

His clinging hands looked white and thin; the knuckles were beginning to turn blue. He had a drawn expression about the mouth, but his eyes were bright and resolute.

"I've always understood," said Colonel Meredith, "that girls suffer less than men from total submersion in cold water. I sincerely hope, Miss Darling, that this is so."

"Oh, I'm not suffering," said she—"not yet. My father used to let us go in sometimes when there was a skin of ice along-shore. So please don't worry about me."

Mr. Jonstone's teeth began to chatter very steadily and loudly. And just then Maud raised herself a little, craned her neck, and had a glimpse of the shore—a long, half-submerged point, almost but not quite obliterated by the fog and the splashing rain.

"Land ho!" she said joyfully. "All's well! There's a big shallow off here; we'll be able to wade in a minute."

And, indeed, in less than a minute Bob Jonstone's feet found the hard, sand bottom. And in a very short time the three shipwrecked mariners had waded ashore and dragged the guide-boat into the bushes.

"And now what?" asked Colonel Meredith.

"And now," said Maud, "the luck has changed. Half a mile from here is a cave where we used to have picnics. There's an ax there, matches, and probably a tin of cigarettes, and possibly things to eat. It's all up-hill from here; and if you two follow me and keep up, you'll be warm before we get there."

Her wet clothes clung to her, and she went before them like some swift, woodland goddess. Their spirits rose, and with them their voices, so that the deer and other animals of the neighboring woods were

disturbed and annoyed in the shelter which they had chosen from the rain. Sometimes Maud ran; sometimes she merely moved swiftly; but now and then, while the way was still among the dense waterside alders, she broke her way through with fine strength, reckless of scratches.

The following Carolinians began to worship the ground she trod, and to stumble heavily upon it. They were not used to walking. It had always been their custom to go from place to place upon horses. They panted aloud. They began to suspect themselves of heart trouble, and they had one heavy fall apiece.

Suddenly Maud came to a dead stop.

"I smell smoke," she said. "Some one is here before us. That's good luck, too."

She felt her way along the face of a great boulder, and was seen to enter the narrow mouth of a cave.

"Who's here?" she called cheerfully.

The passageway into the cave twisted like the letter S so that you came suddenly upon the main cavity. This—a space as large as a ballroom—had a smooth floor of sand, broken by one or two ridges of granite. At the further end burned a bright fire, most of whose smoke, after slow, aimless drifting, was strongly sucked upward through a hole in the roof. Genially gathered about this fire were four men, who looked like rather dissolute specimens of the Adirondack guide, and a young woman with an old face. Maud's quick eyes noted two rusty rifles, a leather mail-bag, and the depressing fact that the men had not shaved for many days.

It is always awkward to enter your own private cave and find it occupied by strangers.

"You mustn't mind," said Maud, smiling upon them, "if we share the fire. It's really our cave and our firewood."

"Sorry, miss," said one of the men gruffly, "but when it comes on to rain like this, a man makes bold of any shelter that offers."

"Of course," said Maud. "I'm glad you did. We'll just dry ourselves and go."

She seated herself with a Carolinian on either side, and their clothes began to send up clouds of steam.

The young woman with the old face, having devoured Maud with hungry, sad eyes, spoke in a shy, colorless voice.

"It would be better, miss, if you was to let the boys go outside. I could lend you my blanket while your clothes dried."

"That's very good of you," said Maud, "but I'm very warm and comfortable, and drying out nicely."

One of the men rose, grinned awkwardly and said, "I'll just have a look at the weather."

With affected carelessness he caught up one of the rifles and passed from sight toward the entrance of the cave. This maneuver seemed to have a cheering effect upon the other three.

"What do you find to shoot at this time of year?" asked Maud, and she smiled with great innocence.

"The game-laws," said the man who had spoken first, "weren't written for poor men."

"Don't tell me," exclaimed Maud, "that you've got a couple of partridges or even venison just waiting to be cooked and eaten!"

"No such luck," said the man.

Neither of the Carolinians had spoken. They steamed pleasantly, and appeared to be looking for pictures in the hot embers. Their eyes seemed to have sunk deeper into their skulls. Men who were familiar with them would have known that they were very angry about something and as dangerous as a couple of rattlesnakes. After a long while they exchanged a few words in low voices and a strange tongue. It was the dialect of the Sea Island negroes—the purest African grafted on English so pure that nobody speaks it nowadays.

"What say?" asked one of the strangers roughly.

Colonel Meredith turned his eyes slowly upon the speaker.

"I remarked to my cousin," said he icily, "that in our part of the world even the lowest convict knows enough to rise to his feet when a lady enters the room, and to apologize for being alive."

"In the North Woods," said the man sulkily, "no one stands on ceremony. If you don't like our manners, Mr. Baltimore Oriole, you can lump 'em, see?"

"I see," said Colonel Meredith quietly, "that that leather mail-bag over there belongs to the United States government. And I have a strong suspicion, my man, that you and your allies were concerned in



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Suddenly Maud came to a dead stop. "I smell smoke," she said. "Some one is here before us. That's good luck, too." She felt her way along the face of a great boulder, and was seen to enter the narrow mouth of a cave. "Who's here?" she called cheerfully

the late hold-up perpetrated on the Montreal express. And I shall certainly make it my business to report you as suspicious characters to the proper authorities."

"That'll be too easy," said the man. "And suppose we was—what you think we would be doing in the meantime? I ask you *what?*"

Mr. Jonstone interrupted in a soft voice.

"Oh, quit bleating and threatening!" he said.

"Say," said a man who had not yet spoken, "do you two sprigs of jasmine ever patronize the 'movies'? And if so, did you ever look your fill on a film called 'Held for Ransom'? You folks has a look of being kind o' well to do, and it looks to me as if you'd have to pay for it."

"Why quarrel with them?" said Maud, with gravity and displeasure in her voice, but no fear. "Things are bad enough as they are. I saw that the minute we came in. Just one minute too late, it seems."

"That's the horse sense," admitted one of the men. "And when this rain holds up, one of us will take a message to your folks, saying as how you are stopping at an expensive hotel and haven't got money enough to pay your bill."

"And that," said Colonel Meredith, "will only leave three of you to guard us. Once," he turned to Maud, "I spent six hours in a Turkish prison."

"What happened?" she asked.

"I didn't like it," he said, "and left."

"This ain't Turkey, young feller, and we ain't Turks. If you don't like the cage you can lump it, but you can't leave."

"We don't intend to leave till it stops raining," put in Mr. Jonstone sweetly.

"Miss Darling," said Colonel Meredith, "you don't feel chilled, do you? You mustn't take this adventure seriously. These people are desperate characters, but they haven't the mental force to be dangerous. It will be the greatest pleasure in the world both to my cousin and myself to see that no harm befalls you." He turned once more to the unshaven men about the fire.

"Have you got anything worth while in that mail-bag?" he asked. "I read that the safe in the Montreal express only contained a few hundred dollars. Hardly worth risking prison for—was it?"

"We'll have enough to risk prison for before we get through with you."

"You might, if you managed well, be-

cause I am a rich man. But you are sure to bungle."

He turned to the woman and asked with great kindness,

"Is it their first crime?"

"Yes, sir," she said. "Mr——"

"Shut up!" growled one of her companions.

"A gentleman from New York turned us out of the woods so's he could have them all to himself, and after we'd spent all our money on lawyers. So my husband and the boys allowed they had about enough of the law. And so they held up the express, but it was more because they were mad clear through than because they are bad, and now it's too late, and—and——"

Here she began to cry.

"It's never too late to mend," said Maud.

"Have you spent any of the money they took?" asked Colonel Meredith.

"No, sir; we haven't had a chance. We've got every dime of it."

"Did you own the land you were driven off?"

"No, sir, but we'd always lived on it, and it did seem as if we ought to be left in peace——"

"To shoot out of season, to burn other people's wood, trap their fish, and show your teeth at them when they came to take what belonged to them. I congratulate you. You are American to the backbone. And now you propose to take my money away from me."

Colonel Meredith turned to his cousin, after excusing himself to Maud, and they conversed for some time in their strange Sea Island dialect.

"Can that gibberish," said one of the train-robbers suddenly. "I'm sick of it."

"We shan't trouble you with it again, as we've already decided what to do."

The robber laughed mockingly.

"In view of your extreme youth," said Colonel Meredith sweetly, "in view of the fact that you are also young in crime, and that one member of your party is a woman, we have decided to help you along the road to reform. In my state there is considerable lawlessness. From this has evolved the useful custom of going healed."

He spoke, and a blue automatic flashed cruelly in his white hand. His action was as sudden and unexpected as the striking of a rattlesnake.

"All hands up!" he commanded.

The next instalment of *The Seven Darlings* will appear in the January issue.

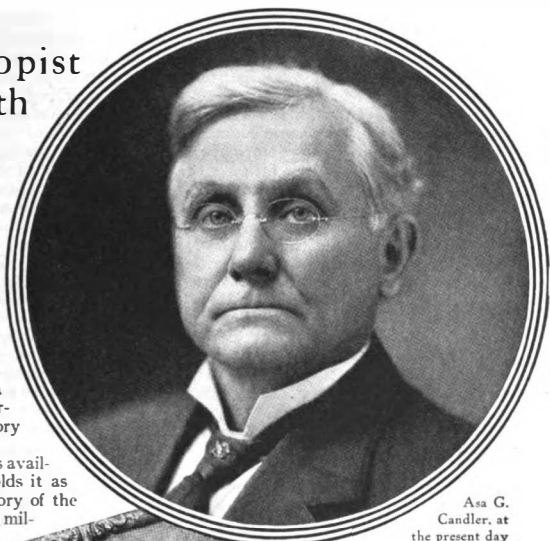
A Philanthropist of the South

By
John Temple
Graves

THE Atlanta citizen who has just given more than a million dollars to found a Methodist university in the capital of Georgia becomes at once an interesting figure in the history of that section.

So far as the record is available, Asa G. Candler holds it as the one man in the history of the South who ever gave a million dollars to an educational

or an altruistic institution; and this fact makes no impeachment of the liberality or philanthropy of the lavish and generous people of that section, but carries the historical observation that the South before the war, with all its princely planters and its feudal lords of many slaves, with its generous impulses and its splendid hospitality so lavishly dispensed, did not contain a man who was worth a million dollars.



Asa G.
Candler, at
the present day



Mr. Candler and his sister, now Mrs. Harris, in 1867

The donation of Mr. Candler thus punctuates an epoch in the moral as well as in the industrial history of the South, inspiring in the highest degree in its splendid example of unselfish public spirit.

His name, undoubtedly, will endure in Southern annals; others will surely follow his great example of splendid giving and inspire a spirit which will place its people and its institutions upon a plane to put in peril the

long supremacy of the North and East in educational and philanthropic institutions.

The particular Candler who did this splendid thing is in himself a most interesting man—a type of a period and of a race. He was one of a family of eleven children—born December 30, 1851, sixty-three years ago, the eighth child and the fifth son of Samuel Charles and Martha Beall Candler, of Carrollton, Georgia. Out of this home have come congressmen and bishops and supreme-court justices and philanthropists.

Milton A. Candler was for twenty years the congressman from the Fifth Georgia District. Warren A. Candler, for ten years president of Emory College and twelve years a bishop of the Methodist Church South, is now, by the will of his brother, to be chancellor of this great Southern university. He is one of the ablest of the Christian statesmen of the South and will be to Southern education and opinion what Doctor Eliot was to Harvard. John S. Candler has been judge of the Superior Court and associate justice of the Supreme Court, and colonel of the Third Georgia Regiment in the Spanish War.

In a sense, Asa G. Candler educated all of his brothers and sisters younger than himself and has been, in a very high and noble sense, the burden-bearer and the servant of a powerful and individual family. Bishop Candler and Justice Candler, his two younger brothers, were educated entirely by Asa. In the necessities of perfecting their education, he lost the opportunity to secure an education for himself. He was ten years old when the Civil War came. He was fourteen years when it ended, with the stern necessities upon his family forcing him immediately to work upon the farm. Such education as he has, he got between crops.

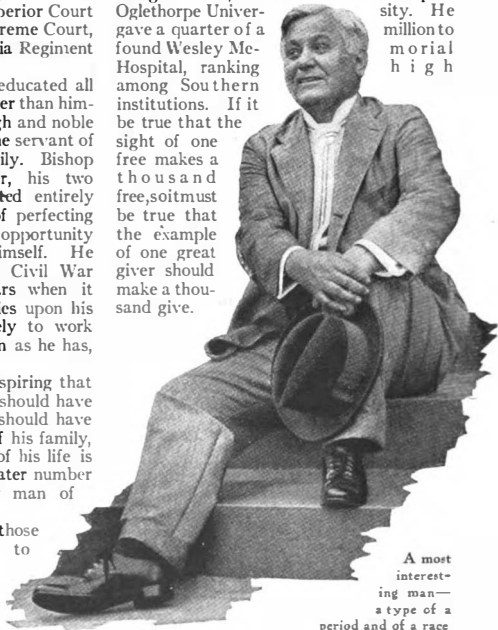
It is both suggestive and inspiring that he who, of all his stalwart race, should have lost the value of an education, should have been able to educate the rest of his family, and now, before the meridian of his life is past, to give education to a greater number of Southern youths than any man of his generation.

Heredity and environment—those mighty educators—knew how to train a philanthropist when they surrounded Asa G. Candler. Mr. Candler's generosity has made the foundation of what

ought to be the greatest Methodist university in the South and in the country. With his own contribution, backed by succeeding contributions, it promises to start with more than five million dollars' endowment.

And so out of this heredity of rugged fortitude and the rare environment of responsibility and of service that forced him to altruism, out of the heroic helpfulness of his boyhood days as the benefactor and educator of his young brothers and his nephews, Asa G. Candler, working his way through forty-one years in Atlanta to a great fortune made in the drug trade, comes at the age of sixty-three, easily, normally, logically, but with no small admixture of self-deserved good fortune, to his place as the foremost philanthropist of the New South. He has helped all his life—helped his church, helped his Sabbath school of which he was for fifteen years the superintendent, helped his beloved mother and all her sons and grandsons; he has

helped Oglethorpe University. He gave a quarter of a million to found Wesley Memorial Hospital, ranking among Southern institutions. If it be true that the sight of one free makes a thousand free, so it must be true that the example of one great giver should make a thousand give.



A most interesting man—a type of a period and of a race

The Murder Syndicate

The European war unexpectedly brings Craig Kennedy one of the most startling jobs he has ever been called upon to tackle. It is one that calls for quick action rather than leisurely scientific investigation. But if he hadn't had, ready for use, a new and marvelous instrument, perhaps this would have been the last of the Craig Kennedy stories, for his fearlessness leads him into a terrible trap from which extrication seems all but impossible.

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Devil-worshippers," "Happy Dust," and other Craig Kennedy stories

Illustrated by Will Foster

"I MUST see Professor Kennedy! Where is he? I must see him!"

I was almost carried off my feet by the inrush of a wild-eyed girl.

Startled by my own involuntary exclamation of surprise, which followed the vision that shot past me as I opened our door in response to a sudden, sharp series of pushes at the buzzer, Kennedy bounded swiftly toward me, and the girl almost flung herself upon him.

"Why, Miss—er—Miss—my dear young lady—what's the matter?" he stammered, catching her by the arm gently.

As Kennedy forced our strange visitor into a chair, I observed that she was all tremble. Plainly there was something she feared. She was almost over the verge of hysteria.

She was a striking girl, of medium height and slender form, but it was her face that fascinated me, with its delicately molded features, intense, unfathomable eyes of dark brown, and lips that showed her idealistic, high-strung temperament.

"Please," Kennedy soothed, "get yourself together. What is the matter?"

She looked about, as if she feared that the very walls had eyes and ears. Yet there seemed to be something bursting from her lips that she could not restrain.

"My life," she cried wildly. "Oh, help me, help me! Unless I commit a murder to-night, I shall be killed myself!"

The words sounded so doubly strange from a girl of her evident refinement that I watched her narrowly, not sure yet but that this was a plain case of insanity.

"A murder!" repeated Kennedy incredulously. "You commit a murder!"

"Yes—Baron Krieger—you know—the German diplomatist and financier who is in America raising money and arousing sympathy for his country."

"Baron Krieger!" exclaimed Kennedy, in surprise, looking at her more keenly.

We had not met the Baron, but we had heard much about him—young, handsome, of an old family, trusted already, in spite of his youth, by many of the more advanced of Old-World financial and political leaders, one who had made a most favorable impression on democratic America at a time when such impressions were valuable.

Glancing from one of us to the other, she seemed suddenly, with a great effort, to recollect herself, for she reached into her chataleine and pulled out a card from a case. It read simply, "Miss Paula Lowe."

"Yes," she replied, more calmly now, to Kennedy's repetition of the baron's name; "you see, I belong to a secret group. I am an anarchist."

She watched the effect of her confession, and finding the look on Kennedy's face encouraging rather than shocked, went on breathlessly: "We are fighting war with war—this iron-bound organization of men and women. We have pledged ourselves to exterminate all kings, emperors, and rulers, ministers of war, generals—but first of all the financiers who lend money that makes war possible. We are going to make another war impossible!"

"And your plan?" prompted Kennedy, in the most matter-of-fact manner. "How were you to—reach the baron?"

"We had a drawing," she answered, with amazing calmness. "Another woman and I

were chosen. We knew the baron's weakness for a pretty face. We planned to lure him on."

Her voice trailed off as if, the first burst of confidence over, she felt something that would lock her secret tighter in her breast.

A moment later she resumed, now talking rapidly, disconnectedly.

"You don't know, Professor Kennedy," she now explained, "but there are similar groups to ours in European countries, and the plan is to strike terror and consternation everywhere in the world at once. Why, at our headquarters here, have been drawn up plans and agreements with other groups, and there are set down the time, place, and manner of all the—the removals."

Momentarily she seemed to be carried away by something like the fanaticism of the fervor which had at first captured her—even still held her.

"Oh, can't you understand?" she went on, as if to justify herself. "The increase in armies, the frightful implements of slaughter, the total failure of the peace propaganda—they have all defied civilization!

"And then, too, the old, red-blooded emotions of battle have all been eliminated by the mechanical conditions of modern warfare, in which men and women are just so many units, automata. Don't you see? To fight war with its own weapons—that has become the only, the last resort."

Her eager, flushed face betrayed the enthusiasm which had once carried her into "The Group," as she called it. I wondered what had brought her now to us.

"We are no longer making war against man!" she cried. "We are making war against picric acid and electric wires!"

I could not help thinking that there was no doubt, that to a certain type of mind, such reasoning might appeal most strongly.

"And you would do it in war-time, too?" asked Kennedy quickly.

She was ready with an answer. "King George of Greece was killed at the head of his troops. Remember Nazim Pasha, too. Such people are easily reached in time of peace—and in time of war, also—by sympathizers on their own side. That's it, you see—we have followers of all nationalities." She stopped, her burst of enthusiasm spent. A moment later she leaned forward, her clean-cut profile showing her more earnest than before.

"But, oh, Professor Kennedy," she added,

"it is working itself out to be more terrible than war itself!"

"Have any of the plans been carried out yet?" asked Craig, I thought a little superciliously.

She seemed to catch her breath.

"Yes," she murmured, then checked herself. "That is, I—I think so."

I wondered if she were concealing something, perhaps had already had a hand in some such enterprise, and was frightened.

Kennedy leaned forward, observing the girl's discomfiture. "Miss Lowe," he said, catching her eye and holding it almost hypnotically, "why have you come here?"

The question, pointblank, seemed to startle her. Evidently she had thought to tell only as little as necessary, and in her own way. But Kennedy's eyes conquered.

"Oh, can't you understand yet?" she exclaimed, rising passionately and throwing out her arms in appeal. "I was carried away with my hatred of war. I hate it. But now—the sudden realization of what this compact all means has—well, caused something in me to—snap. I don't care what oath I have taken. Oh, you—you must save him!"

What did she mean? At first she had come to be saved herself.

"You must save him!" she implored.

Our door buzzer sounded.

She gazed about with a hunted look, as if she felt that some one had, even now, pursued her and found her out.

"What shall I do?" she whispered.

"Quick—in here. No one will know," urged Kennedy, opening the door to his room. He paused for an instant. "Tell me—have you and this other woman met the baron yet? How far has it gone?"

The look she gave him was peculiar. I could not fathom what was going on in her mind. But she did not hesitate.

"Yes," she replied; "I—we have met him. He is to come back to New York from Washington to-day—this afternoon—to arrange a private loan of five million dollars secretly with some bankers. We were to see him, to-night—a quiet dinner, after an automobile ride up the Hudson—"

"Both of you?" interrupted Craig.

"Yes—that—that other woman and myself," she repeated. "To-night was the time fixed in the drawing for the—"

The word stuck in her throat. Kennedy

understood. "Yes, yes," he encouraged; "but who is the other woman?"

Before she could reply, the buzzer had sounded again, and she had retreated from the door. Quickly Kennedy closed it and opened the outside door. It was our old friend Burke, of the secret service.

Without a word of greeting, a hasty glance seemed to assure him that Craig and I were alone.

"Kennedy," he blurted out, in a tone of suppressed excitement, "can I trust you to keep a big secret?"

Craig looked at him reproachfully, but said nothing.

"I beg your pardon—a thousand times," hastened Burke. "I was so excited."

"Once is enough, Burke," laughed Kennedy, his good nature restored at Burke's crestfallen appearance.

"Well, you see," went on the secret-service man, "this thing is so very important that, well, I forgot."

He sat down and hitched his chair close to us.

"Kennedy," he whispered, "I'm on the trail, I think, of something growing out of these terrible conditions in Europe that will tax the best in the secret service. Think of it, man. There's an organization, right here in this city, a sort of assassins' club, as it were, aimed at all the powerful men the world over. Why, the most refined and intellectual reformers have joined with the most red-handed anarchists and——"

"Sh, not so loud!" cautioned Craig. "I think I have one of them in the next room. Have they done anything yet to the baron?"

It was Burke's turn, now, to look from one to the other of us in unfeigned surprise.

"The baron?" he repeated, lowering his voice. "What baron?"

It was evident that Burke knew nothing, at least of this new plot. Kennedy beckoned him over to the window furthest from the door to his own room.

"What have you discovered?" he asked, forestalling Burke in the questioning. "What has happened?"

"You haven't heard, then?"

Kennedy nodded negatively.

"Fortescue, the American inventor of fortescite, the new explosive, died very strangely this morning."

"Yes," encouraged Kennedy.

"Most incomprehensible, too," Burke pursued. "No cause, apparently. But it

might have been overlooked, perhaps, except for one thing: It wasn't known generally, but Fortescue had just perfected a successful electromagnetic gun—powderless, smokeless, flashless, noiseless, and of tremendous power. To-morrow he was to have signed the contract to sell it to England. This morning he is found dead, and the final plans of the gun are gone!"

Kennedy and Burke were standing mutely looking at each other.

"Who is in the next room?" whispered Burke, hoarsely, recollecting Kennedy's caution of silence.

Kennedy did not reply immediately. He was evidently much excited by Burke's news of the wonderful electromagnetic gun.

"Burke," he exclaimed suddenly, "let's join forces. I think we are both on the trail of a world-wide conspiracy—a sort of murder syndicate to wipe out war!"

Burke's only reply was a low whistle, which involuntarily escaped him as he reached over and grasped Craig's hand, which, to him, represented the sealing of the compact. Hastily Craig gave a whispered account of our strange visit from Miss Lowe, while Burke listened, open-mouthed.

He had scarcely finished when he reached for the telephone and called for Long Distance.

"Is this the German embassy?" asked Craig, a few moments later, when he got his number. "This is Craig Kennedy, in New York. The United States secret service will vouch for me—mention to them Mr. Burke of their New York office, who is here with me now. I understand that Baron Krieger is leaving for New York to meet some bankers this afternoon. He must not do so. What? He left last night at midnight and is already here?"

Kennedy turned to us blankly.

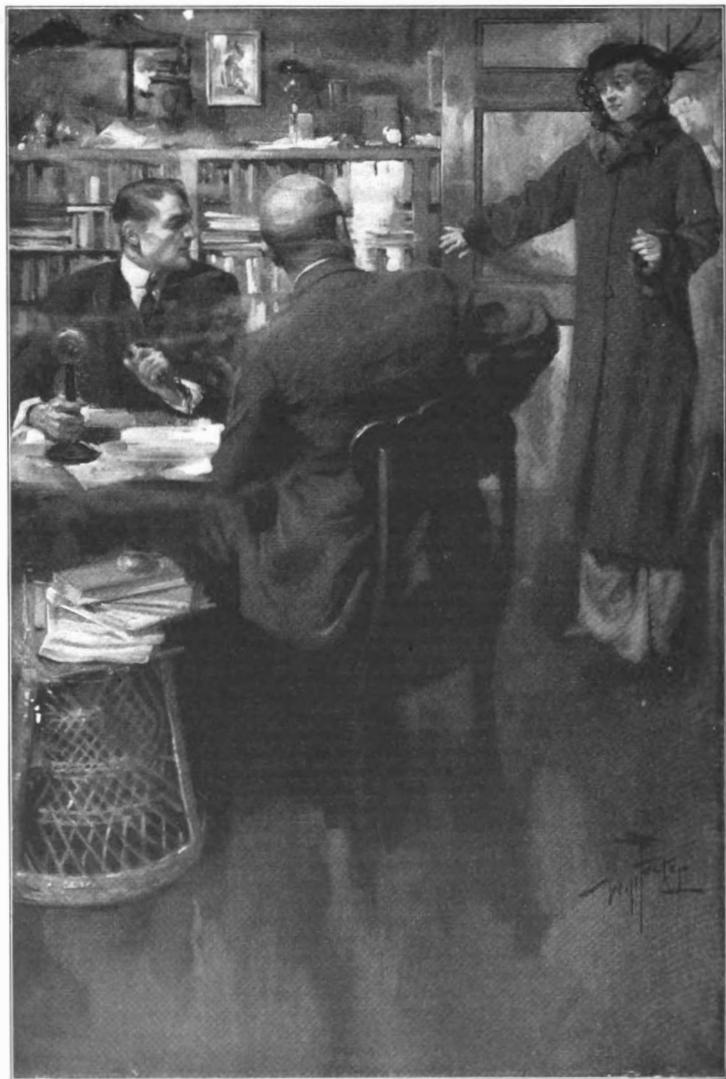
The door to his room opened suddenly.

There stood Miss Lowe, gazing wildly at us. She had heard what we were saying. I tried to read her face. It was not fear that I saw there. It was rage; it was jealousy.

"The traitress—it is Marie!" she shrieked. "She has made a secret appointment with him."

At last I saw the truth. Paula Lowe had fallen in love with the man she had sworn to kill!

"What shall we do?" demanded Burke, instantly taking in the dangerous situation.



DESIGNED BY WILL AUSTIN

There stood Miss Lowe, gazing wild-eyed at us. "The traitress—it is Marie!" she shrieked. "She has made a secret appointment with him"

"Call O'Connor," I suggested, thinking of the police bureau of missing persons, and reaching for the telephone.

"No, no!" almost shouted Craig, seizing my arm. "The police will inevitably spoil it all. No; we must play a lone hand in this, if we are to work it out. How was Fortescue discovered, Burke?"

"Sitting in a chair in his laboratory. He must have been there all night. There wasn't a mark on him, not a sign of violence, yet his face was terribly drawn, as though he were gasping for breath or his heart had suddenly failed him. So far, I believe, the coroner has no clue and isn't advertising the case."

"Take me there, then," decided Craig quickly. "Walter, I must trust Miss Lowe to you on the journey. We must all go. That must be our starting-point."

I caught his significant look to me and interpreted it to mean that he wanted me to watch Miss Lowe especially. I gathered that taking her was in the nature of a "third degree," and, as a result, he expected to derive some information from her. Her face was pale and drawn as we four piled into a taxi-cab for a quick run down-town to Fortescue's laboratory.

"What do you know of these anarchists?" asked Kennedy of Burke, as we sped along. "Why do you suspect them?"

It was evident that he was discussing the case so that Paula could overhear.

"Why, we received a tip from abroad—I won't say where," replied Burke guardedly, taking his cue. "They call themselves 'The Group.' It seems they are composed of terrorists of all nations."

"The leader?" inquired Kennedy.

"There is one, I believe, a little florid, stout German. I think he is a paranoiac who believes there has fallen on himself a divine mission to end all warfare. Quite likely he is one of those who have fled to America to avoid military service. Perhaps—why certainly, you must know him—Annenberg, an instructor in economics at the university?"

Craig nodded and raised his eyebrows in mild surprise. We had indeed heard of Annenberg and some of his radical theories, which had sometimes quite alarmed the conservative faculty.

"How about Mrs. Annenberg?" Craig asked, recalling the clever young wife of the middle-aged professor.

At the mere mention of the name, I felt a sort of start from Miss Lowe, who was seated next to me in the taxi-cab. She had quickly recovered herself, but not before I saw that Kennedy's plan of breaking down the last barrier of her reserve was working.

"She is one of them, too," Burke nodded. "I have had my men out shadowing them and their friends. They tell me that the Annenbergs hold *salons*—I suppose you would call them that—attended by numbers of men and women of high social and intellectual position who dabble in radicalism and all sorts of things."

"Who are the other leaders?" asked Craig. "Have you any idea?"

"Some idea," returned Burke. "There seems to be a Frenchman, a tall, wiry man of forty-five or fifty, with a black mustache which once had a military twist. There are a couple of Englishmen. Then there are five or six Americans who seem to be active. One, I believe, is a young woman."

Kennedy checked him with a covert glance, but did not betray by a movement of a muscle to Miss Lowe that either he or Burke suspected her.

"There are three Russians," continued Burke, "all of whom have escaped from Siberia. Then there is at least one Austrian, a Spaniard from the Ferrer school, and Tommaso and Enrico, two Italians. These in the main, I think, compose what might be called 'the inner circle' of 'The Group.'"

It was indeed an alarming, terrifying revelation, as we began to realize that Miss Lowe had undoubtedly been telling the truth. Not alone was there this American group, evidently, but all over Europe the lines of the conspiracy had apparently spread. It was not a casual gathering of ordinary malcontents. It went deeper than that. It included many who, in their disgust at war, secretly were not unwilling to wink at violence to end the curse.

The big facts to us, just at present, were that this group had made America its headquarters, that plans had been studiously matured and even reduced to writing, if Paula were to be believed. Everything had been carefully staged for a great, simultaneous blow or series of blows.

As I watched, I could not escape observing that Miss Lowe looked at Burke furtively now, as though he had some uncanny power.

Fortescue's laboratory was in an old building on a side street several blocks from the main thoroughfares of Manhattan. He had evidently chosen it partly because of its very inaccessibility.

"If he had any visitors last night," commented Kennedy, when our cab at last pulled up before the place, "they might have come and gone unnoticed."

We entered. Nothing had been disturbed in the laboratory by the coroner, and Kennedy was able rapidly to gain a complete idea of the case.

Fortescue's body, it seemed, had been discovered sprawled out in a big armchair, as Burke had said, by one of his assistants only a few hours before, when he had come to the laboratory in the morning to open it. Evidently the body of the inventor had been there undisturbed all night.

As we gleaned the meager facts, it became more evident that whoever had perpetrated the crime must have had the diabolical cunning to do it in some ordinary way that aroused no suspicion on the part of the victim, for there was no sign of any violence anywhere.

Fortescue's body had been removed from the chair in which it had been found and lay on a couch at the other end of the room, covered merely by a sheet. Otherwise, everything was undisturbed.

Kennedy pulled back a corner of the sheet, disclosing the face, contorted, and of a peculiar purplish hue from the congested blood-vessels. He bent over, and I did so, too. There was an unmistakable odor of tobacco from the body. A moment Kennedy studied the face before us, then slowly replaced the sheet.

Miss Lowe had paused just inside the door and seemed resolutely bound not to look at anything. Kennedy, meanwhile, had begun a most minute search of the laboratory.

In my effort to glean what I could from her actions and expressions, I did not notice that Craig had dropped to his knees and was peering into the shadow under the laboratory table. When at last he rose and straightened himself up, however, I saw that he was holding in the palm of his hand a half-smoked, gold-tipped cigarette, which had evidently fallen on the floor beneath the table, where it had burned itself out.

An instant afterward he picked out from the pile of articles found in Fortescue's

pockets and lying on another table a silver cigarette-case. He snapped it open. Fortescue's cigarettes, of which there were perhaps a half-dozen in the case, were cork-tipped. Some one had evidently visited him the night before and had apparently offered him a cigarette, for there were any number of the cork-tipped stubs lying about. Who was it? I caught Paula looking with fascinated gaze at the gold-tipped stub, as Kennedy carefully folded it up in a piece of paper and deposited it in his pocket. Did she know something about the case?

Without a word, Kennedy seemed to take in the scant furniture of the laboratory at a glance, and a quick step or two brought him before a steel filing-cabinet. One drawer projected a bit. On its face was a little typewritten card bearing the inscription: E-M GUN.

He pulled the drawer open and glanced over the data in it.

"Just what is an electromagnetic gun?" I asked, interpreting the initials on the drawer.

"Well," he explained, as he turned over the notes and sketches, "the primary principle involved in the construction of such a gun consists in impelling the projectile by the magnetic action of a solenoid, the sectional coils or helices of which are supplied with current through devices actuated by the projectile itself. In other words, the sections of helices of the solenoid produce an accelerated motion of the projectile by acting successively on it, after a principle involved in the construction of electromagnetic rock-drills and despatch-tubes.

"All projectiles used in this gun of Fortescue's evidently must have magnetic properties and projectiles of iron or containing large portions of iron. You see, many coils are wound around the barrel of the gun. As the projectile starts, it does so under the attraction of those coils ahead, which the current makes temporary magnets. It automatically cuts off the current from those coils that it passes, allowing those further on only to attract it, and preventing those behind from pulling it back."

He paused to study the scraps of plans. "Fortescue had evidently also worked out a way of changing the poles of the coils as the projectile passed, causing them to repel the projectile, which must have added to its velocity."

He continued turning over the prints and notes in the drawer. When he finished, he

looked up at us with an expression that indicated that he had merely satisfied himself of something he had already suspected.

"You were right, Burke," he said: "the final plans are gone."

Burke who, in the meantime, had been telephoning about the city in a vain effort to locate Baron Krieger, both at such banking-offices in Wall Street as he might be likely to visit and at some of the hotels most frequented by foreigners, merely nodded. He was evidently at a loss completely how to proceed.

In fact, there seemed to be innumerable problems—to warn Baron Krieger, to get the list of the assassinations, to guard Miss Lowe against falling into the hands of her anarchist friends again, to find the murderer of Fortescue, to prevent the use of the electromagnetic gun, and, if possible, to seize the anarchists before they had a chance to carry their plans further.

"There is nothing more that we can do here," remarked Craig briskly, betraying no sign of hesitation. "I think the best thing we can do is to go to my own laboratory. There, at least, there is something I must investigate sooner or later."

No one offering either a suggestion or an objection, we four again entered our cab. It was quite noticeable, now, that the visit had shaken Paula Lowe, but Kennedy still studiously refrained from questioning her, trusting that what she had seen and heard would have its effect.

Like everyone visiting Craig's labora-



Kennedy dropped the receiver, turning quickly, his automatic gleaming in his hand

tory for the first time, Miss Lowe seemed to feel the spell of the innumerable strange and uncanny instruments which he had gathered about him in his scientific warfare against crime. I could see that she was becoming more and more nervous, perhaps fearing, even, that, in some incomprehensible way, he might read her own thoughts. Yet one thing I did not detect: she showed no disposition to turn back on the course on which she had entered by coming to us.

Kennedy was quickly and deftly testing the stub of the little thin, gold-tipped cigar-

ette. "Excessive smoking," he remarked casually, "causes neuroses of the heart, and tobacco has a specific affinity for the coronary arteries as well as a tremendous effect on the vagus nerve. But I don't think this was any ordinary smoke."

He had finished his tests, and a quiet smile of satisfaction flitted momentarily over his face.

As he looked up he remarked to us, with his eyes fixed on Miss Lowe: "That was a lady's cigarette. Did you notice the size? There has been a woman in this case."

The girl, suddenly transformed by the rapid-fire succession of discoveries, stood before us like a specter.

"The Group," as anarchists call it," pursued Craig, "is the loosest sort of organization conceivable, I believe, with no set membership, no officers, no laws—just a place of meeting. Could you get us into the inner circle, Miss Lowe?"

Her only answer was a little suppressed scream. Kennedy had asked the question merely for its effect, for it was only too evident that there was no time for us to play the stool-pigeon.

Kennedy, who had been clearing up the materials he had used in the analysis of the cigarette, wheeled about suddenly.

"Where is the headquarters of the inner circle?" he shot out.

Miss Lowe hesitated.

"Tell me," insisted Kennedy; "you must!"

If it had been Burke's bulldozing, she would never have yielded. But as she looked into Kennedy's eyes, she read there that he had long since fathomed the secret of her wildly beating heart, that if she would accomplish the purpose of saving the baron, she must stop at nothing.

"At—Maplehurst," she answered, in a low tone, dropping her eyes from his penetrating gaze, "Professor Annenberg's home—out on Long Island."

"We must act swiftly if we are to succeed," considered Kennedy, his tone betraying rather sympathy with than triumph over the wretched girl who had, at last, cast everything in the balance to outweigh the terrible situation into which she had been drawn. "To send Miss Lowe for that fatal list of assassinations is to send her either back into the power of this murderous group or perhaps to involve her again in the completion of their plans."

She sank back into a chair in complete nervous and physical collapse at the realization that in her new-found passion to save the baron, she had bared her sensitive soul for the dissection of three men whom she had never seen before.

"We must have that list," pursued Kennedy decisively. "We must visit Annenberg's headquarters."

"And I?" she asked, trembling, now, with genuine fear at the thought that he might ask her to accompany us, as he had on our visit to Fortescue's laboratory.

"Miss Lowe," said Kennedy, bending over her, "you have gone too far, now, ever to turn back. You are not equal to the trip. Would you like to remain here? No one will suspect. Here, at least, you will be safe until we return."

Her answer was a mute expression of thanks and confidence.

Quickly now Craig completed his arrangements for the visit to the headquarters of the real anarchist leader. Burke telephoned for a high-powered car, while Miss Lowe told frankly of the habits of Annenberg and the chances of finding his place unguarded, which were good in the daytime. Kennedy's only equipment for the excursion consisted in a small package which he took from a cabinet at the end of the room, and, with a parting reassurance to Paula Lowe, we were soon speeding over the bridge to the borough across the river.

Our quest took us to a rather dilapidated old house on the outskirts of the little Long Island town. The house stood alone, not far from the tracks of a trolley that ran at infrequent intervals, and even a hasty reconnoitering showed that to stop our motor at even a reasonable distance from it was in itself to arouse suspicion.

Although the house seemed deserted, Craig took no chances, but directed the car to turn at the next cross-road and then ran back along a road back of and parallel to that on which Annenberg's was situated. It was perhaps a quarter of a mile away that we stopped and ran the car up along the side of the road into some bushes. Annenberg's was plainly visible, and it was not at all likely that anyone there would suspect trouble from that quarter.

A hasty conference with Burke followed, in which Kennedy unwrapped his small package, leaving part of its contents with him and adding careful instructions.

Then Kennedy and I retraced our steps back to the mysterious house.

To all appearance there had been no need of such excessive caution. Not a sound or motion greeted us as we entered the gate and made our way around to the rear. The very isolation of the house was now our protection, for we had no inquisitive neighbors to watch us for the instant when Kennedy, with the dexterity of a yeggman, inserted his knife between the sashes of the kitchen window and turned the catch.

We made our way on cautious tiptoe through a dining-room to a living-room, and, finding nothing, proceeded up-stairs. There was nothing to indicate that it was different from most small suburban homes, until, at last, we mounted to the attic.

This was finished off as one large room across the back of the house and two in front. As we opened the door to the large room, we could only gaze about in surprise. This was the rendezvous, the arsenal, literary, explosive, and toxicological, of "The Group." Ranged on a table were all the materials for bomb making, while in a cabinet I fancied there were poisons enough to decimate a city.

Kennedy sniffed. Over all I, too, could catch the faint odor of stale tobacco. No time was to be lost, however, and while Craig set to work, rapidly going through the contents of a desk in the corner, I glanced over the contents of a drawer of a heavy Mission table.

"Here's some of Annenberg's literature," I remarked, coming across a small pile of manuscript, entitled "The Human Slaughter-House."

"Read it," panted Kennedy; "it may give a clue."

Hastily I scanned the mad, frantic indictment of war.

I see wild beasts all around me, distorted unnaturally, in a life-and-death-struggle, with blood-shot eyes, with foaming, gnashing mouths. They attack and kill one another and try to mangle each other. I leap to my feet. I race out into the night and tread on quaking flesh, step on hard heads, and stumble over weapons and helmets. Something is clutching at my feet like hands, so that I race away like a hunted deer with the hounds at his heels—and ever over more bodies—breathless, out of one field into another. Horror is crooning over my head. Horror is crooning beneath my feet. And nothing but dying, mangled flesh!

Of a sudden, I see nothing but blood before me. The heavens have opened, and the red blood pours in through the windows. Blood walks up on an altar. The walls run blood from the ceiling to the

floor, and a giant of blood stands before me. His beard and his hair drip blood. He seats himself on the altar and laughs from thick lips. The black executioner raises his sword and whirls it above my head. Another moment, and my head will roll down on the floor. Another moment, and the red jet will spurt from my neck.

Murderers! Murderers! None other than murderers!

I paused in the reading. "There's nothing here," I remarked.

"Well," remarked Craig contemplatively, "one can at least easily understand how sensitive and imaginative people who have fallen under the influence of one who writes in that way can feel justified in killing those who bring such horrors on the human race—Hello—what's this?"

He had discovered a false back of one of the drawers in the desk and had jimmied it open. On the top of innumerable papers lay a large linen envelop. On its face it bore in typewriting—just like the card on the drawer at Fortescue's—E-M GUN.

"It is the original envelop that contained the final plans of the electromagnetic gun," he explained, opening it.

The envelop was empty. What had been done with the plans?

Suddenly a bell rang, startling me beyond measure. It was, however, only the telephone, of which an extension reached up into the attic arsenal. Kennedy quickly unhooked the receiver.

"Hello!" I heard him answer. "Yes; this is it."

He had disguised his voice. I waited anxiously and watched his face.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed, with his hand over the transmitter so that his voice would not be heard at the other end of the line.

"What's the matter?" I asked eagerly.

"It was Mrs. Annenberg—I am sure. But she was too keen for me. She caught on. There must be some password or form of expression that they use, for she has hung up the receiver."

Kennedy waited a minute or so. Then he whistled into the transmitter. It was done apparently to see whether there was anyone listening. But there was no answer.

"Operator! Operator!" he called insistently, moving the hook up and down. "Yes, operator. Can you tell me what number that was which just called?"

He waited impatiently.

"Bleecker—7180," he repeated, after the girl. "Thank you. Information, please."

Again we waited, as Craig tried to trace the call.

"What is the street-address of Blecker, 7180?" he asked. "Five hundred and one, East Fifth—a tenement. Thank you."

"A tenement?" I repeated blankly.

"Yes," he cried, now for the first time excited; "don't you begin to see the scheme? I'll wager that Baron Krieger has been lured to New York to purchase the electromagnetic gun which they have stolen from Fortescue and the British. That is the bait that is held out to him by the woman. Call up Miss Lowe at the laboratory and see if she knows the place."

I gave central the number, while he fell to at the little secret drawer of the desk again. The grinding of the wheels of a passing trolley interfered with giving the number, and I had to wait a moment.

"Ah, Walter, here's the list!" almost shouted Kennedy, as he broke open a black-janned despatch-box in the desk.

I bent over it, as far as the slack of the telephone wire of the receiver at my ear would permit. Annenberg had worked with amazing care and neatness on the list, even going so far as to draw at the top, in black, a death's-head. The rest of it was elaborately prepared in flaming red ink. Craig gasped to observe the list of world-famous men marked for destruction in London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Vienna, Petrograd, and even in New York and Washington.

"What is the date set?" I asked, still with my ear glued to the receiver.

"To-night and to-morrow," he replied, stuffing the fateful sheet into his pocket.

Rummaging about in the drawer of the table, I had come to a package of gold-tipped cigarettes which had interested me, and I had left them out. Kennedy was now looking at them curiously.

"What is to be the method, do you suppose?" I asked.

"By a poison that is among the most powerful," he replied confidently, tapping the cigarettes. "Do you smell the odor in this room? What is it like?"

"Stale tobacco," I replied.

"Exactly—nicotine. Two or three drops on the mouth-end of a cigar or cigarette. The intended victim thinks it is only natural. But it is the purest form of the deadly alkaloid—fatal in a few minutes, too." He examined the thin little ciga-

rettes more carefully. "Nicotine," he went on, "was about the first alkaloid that was recovered from the body by chemical analysis in a homicide case. That is the penetrating, persistent odor you smelled at Fortescue's, and also here. It's a very good poison—if you are not particular about being discovered. A pound of ordinary smoking-tobacco contains from a half to an ounce of it. It is almost entirely consumed by combustion; otherwise a pipeful would be fatal. Of course they may have thought that investigators would believe that their victims were inveterate smokers. But even the worst tobacco fiend wouldn't show traces of the weed to such an extent."

Miss Lowe answered at last.

"What is at Five hundred and one, East Fifth?" Kennedy asked.

"A headquarters of 'The Group' in the city," she answered. "Why?"

"Well, I believe that the plans of that gun are there and that the baron—"

"*You damned spies!*" came a voice from behind us.

Kennedy dropped the receiver, turning quickly, his automatic gleaming in his hand.

There was just a glimpse of a man with glittering bright-blue eyes that had an almost fiendish glare. An instant later, the door which had so unexpectedly opened banged shut; we heard a key turn in the lock—and the man dropped to the floor, before even Kennedy's automatic could test its ability to penetrate wood on a chance of hitting something the other side of it.

We were prisoners!

My mind worked automatically. At this very moment, perhaps, Baron Krieger might be negotiating for the electromagnetic gun. We had found out where he was, in all probability, but we were powerless to help him. I thought of Miss Lowe, and picked up the receiver which Kennedy had dropped.

She did not answer. The wire had been cut. We were isolated!

Kennedy had jumped to the window. I followed to restrain him, fearing that he had some mad scheme for climbing out. Instead, quickly he placed a peculiar arrangement from the little package he had brought, holding it to his eye as if sighting it, his right hand grasping a handle as one holds a stereoscope. A moment later, as I examined it more closely, I saw that, instead of looking at anything, he had before

him a small parabolic mirror, turned away from him.

His finger pressed alternately on a button on the handle and I could see that there flashed in the little mirror a minute incandescent lamp which seemed to have a special filament arrangement.

The glaring sun was streaming in at the window, and I wondered what could possibly be accomplished by the little light in competition with the sun itself.

"Signaling by electric light in the daytime may sound to you ridiculous," ex-

plained Craig, still industriously flashing the light, "but this arrangement with Professor Donath's signal-mirror makes it possible, all right.

"I hadn't expected this, but I thought I might want to communicate with Burke quickly. You see, I sight the lamp and then press the button which causes the light in the mirror to flash. It seems a paradox that a light like this can be seen from a distance of even five miles and yet be invisible to one for whom it was not intended, but it is so. I use the ordinary Morse code."

"What message did you send?" I asked.

"I told him that Baron Krieger was at Five hundred and one, East Fifth, probably; to get the secret-service office in New York by wire and have them raid the place; then to come and rescue us. That was Annenberg. He must have come up by that trolley we heard passing just before."

The minutes seemed ages as we waited for Burke.

"No—you can't have a cigarette—and if I had a pair of bracelets with me, I'd search you myself," we heard a welcome

voice growl outside the door, a few minutes later.

"Look in that other pocket, Tom."

The lock grated back, and there stood Burke holding in a grip of steel the undersized Annenberg, while the chauffeur who had driven our car swung open the door.

"I'd have been up sooner," apologized Burke, giving the anarchist an extra twist, "only

I figured that this fellow couldn't have got far away in this God-forsaken Ducktown and I might



Before any of us could reach her, he had caught her in his arms and imprinted a warm kiss on the insensible lips

as well pick him up while I had a chance. That's a great little instrument of yours, Kennedy. I got you, fine."

A few minutes later, with the anarchist safely pinioned between us, we were speeding back toward New York, laying plans for Burke to despatch warnings abroad to those whose names appeared on the fatal list, and at the same time to round up as many of the conspirators as possible.

As for Kennedy, his main interest now lay in Baron Krieger and Paula. While she had been driven frantic by the outcome of the terrible pact into which she had been drawn, some one, undoubtedly, had been trying to sell Baron Krieger the gun that had been stolen from the inventor. Once they had his money and he had received the plans of the gun, a fatal cigarette would be smoked. Could we prevent it?

At last we pulled up before the tenement at Five hundred and one. As we did so, one of Burke's men jumped out of the doorway. "Are we in time?" shouted Burke.

"It's an awful mix-up," returned the man. "I can't make anything out of it, so I ordered 'em all held here till you came."

We pushed past without a word of criticism of his wonderful acumen.

On the top floor we came upon a young man, bending over the form of a girl who had fainted. On the floor of the middle of the room was a mass of charred papers which had evidently burned a hole in the carpet before they had been stamped out. Near-by was an unlighted cigarette, crushed flat on the floor.

"How is she?" asked Kennedy anxiously of the young man, as he dropped down on the other side of the girl. It was Paula. She had fainted, but was just now coming out of the border-land of unconsciousness.

"Was I in time? Had he smoked it?" she moaned weakly.

Kennedy turned to the young man.

"Baron Krieger, I presume?" he inquired. The young man nodded.

"Burke, of the secret service," introduced Craig, indicating our friend, "My name is Kennedy. Tell what happened."

"I had just concluded a transaction," returned Krieger, in good but carefully guarded English. "Suddenly the door burst open. She seized these papers and dashed a cigarette out of my hands. The next instant she had touched a match to the papers and had fallen in a faint, almost

in the blaze. Strangest experience I ever had in my life! Then all these other fellows came bursting in—said they were secret-service men, too."

Kennedy had no time to reply, for a cry from Annenberg directed our attention to the next room where, on a couch, lay a figure all huddled up.

As we looked we saw it was a woman, her head sweating profusely, and her hands cold and clammy. There was a strange twitching of the muscles of the face, the pupils of her eyes were widely dilated, her pulse weak and irregular. Evidently her circulation had failed so that it responded only feebly to stimulants, for her respiration was slow and labored.

Annenberg had burst with superhuman strength from Burke's grasp and was kneeling by the side of his wife's death-bed.

"It—was all Paula's fault—" gasped the woman. "I—knew I had better—carry it through—like the Fortescue visit—alone."

I felt a sense of reassurance at the words. Paula was innocent of the murder of Fortescue.

"Severe, acute nicotine poisoning," remarked Kennedy, as he rejoined us. "There is nothing we can do—now."

Paula moved at the words. With a supreme effort she raised herself.

"Then I—I failed?" she cried, catching sight of Kennedy.

"No, Miss Lowe," he answered gently. "You won. The plans of the terrible gun are destroyed. The baron is safe. Mrs. Annenberg has herself smoked one of the fatal cigarettes intended for him."

Krieger looked at us, uncomprehending. Kennedy picked up the crushed, unlighted cigarette and laid it in the palm of his hand beside another, half smoked, which he had found near Mrs. Annenberg.

"They are deadly," he said simply, to Krieger. "A few drops of pure nicotine hidden by that pretty gilt tip would have accomplished all that the bitterest anarchist could desire."

All at once Krieger seemed to realize what he had escaped so narrowly. He turned toward Paula.

With a faint little cry, she tottered.

Before any of us could reach her, he had caught her in his arms and imprinted a warm kiss on the insensible lips.

"Some water—quick!" he cried, still holding her close.



DON'T STOP!

By Rudyard Kipling

IF you stop to find out what your wages will be
And how they will clothe and feed you,
Willie, my son, don't you go on the Sea,
For the Sea will never need you.

If you ask for the reason of every command
And argue with people about you,
Willie, my son, don't you go on the Land,
For the Land will do better without you.

If you stop to consider the work you have done
And to boast what your labor is worth, dear,
Angels may come for you, Willie, my son,
But you'll never be wanted on Earth, dear!

© Pearson, 1914, by Herbert Koster



DRAWING BY WILFRED JONES



FRANK CRISP. 1917

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK CRISP

Beside her, eager, happy, flattered, walked Clive Bailey, Junior, very conscious that he was being envied: very proud of the beautiful young girl with whom he was so constantly identifying himself

Athalie

THE ROMANCE OF A GIRL WITH A STRANGE POWER

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," "The Streets of Ascalon," "The Business of Life," etc.

Illustrated by Frank Craig

SYNOPSIS—Athalie is the youngest of the four children of Peter Greensleeve, an impractical man who had failed as a school-teacher, failed as a farmer, and has finally been reduced to keeping a road-house on the south shore of Long Island. As a child she is recognized by her family and companions as being "different," and her strangeness is due to the fact that she is possessed of very pronounced clairvoyant power. When she is about twelve her mother dies, and her broken father survives his wife but a few months. On the day of his sudden death, just before Christmas, there is staying at the Hotel Greensleeve a party of duck-hunters, among whom is a boy, Clive Bailey, Junior, the son of a wealthy and socially prominent New York family. Clive evinces a tender interest in Athalie, and is most sympathetic over her loss. When leaving, he fastens a strap-watch upon her wrist—as a Christmas present—and says that he will return the following summer.

But Athalie does not see him again until she is fifteen, when she meets him on an elevated-railway platform in New York. She is now a stenographer in a department store and is living in the city with her two sisters. Clive is at Harvard, and home for the Easter holidays. He recalls her most pleasantly, when she speaks to him, and notices that she is wearing the strap-watch. He promises her a better one for Christmas, and says that he will go to see her. This, he finds no opportunity of doing. He sends, however, the watch and an apologetic letter at Christmas, but both are returned through the dead-letter office.

THERE was a suffocating stench of cabbage in hallway and corridor, as usual, when Athalie came in that evening. She paused to rest a tired foot on the first step of the stairway, for a moment or two, quietly breathing her fatigue, then addressed herself to the monotonous labor of climbing five flights of stairs, let herself into the tiny apartment with her latch-key, and immediately begin her part in preparing the evening meal for three.

Doris, now twenty-one, sprawled on a lounge in her faded wrapper reading an evening paper. Catharine, a year younger, stood by a bureau, some drawers of which had been pulled out, sorting over odds and ends of crumpled finery.

"Well," remarked Doris to Athalie, as she came in, "what do you know?"

"Nothing," said Athalie listlessly.

Doris rattled the evening paper: "Gee," she commented, "it's getting to be something fierce—all these young girls disappearing! Here's another—they can't account for it; her parents say she had no love-affair—" And she began to read the account aloud, while Catharine continued to sort ribbons and Athalie dropped into a big, shabby chair.

When Doris finished reading, she tossed

the paper over to Athalie, who let it slide from her knees to the floor.

"Her picture is there," said Doris.

"She isn't pretty."

"Isn't she?" yawned Athalie.

Catharine jerked open another drawer.

"You bet they'll find that some fellow had her on a string. What idiots girls are!"

"I should worry," remarked Doris.

"Any fresh young man who tries to get me jingled will wish he hadn't."

"Don't talk that way," remonstrated Athalie.

"What way?"

"That slangy way you think is smart. What's the use of letting down when you know better?"

"What's the use of keeping up on fifteen per? I could do the Gladys to any Percy on fifty. My talk suits my wages—and it suits me, too. Lord! I suppose it's fried ham again to-night," she added, jumping up and walking into the kitchenette. And, pausing to look back at her sister, "If any Johnny asks me to-night, I'll go—I'm that hungry for real food!"

"Don't be a fool," snapped Catharine.

Athalie glanced at the alarm-clock, passed her hands wearily across her eyes, and rose. She went into the kitchenette.

Once or twice during the preparation of

the meal, Doris swore in her soft, girlish voice, which made the contrast peculiarly shocking; and finally Athalie said bluntly, "If I didn't know you were straight, I wouldn't think so from the way you behave."

Doris turned on her a flushed and angry face. "Will you kindly stop knocking me?"

"I'm not. I'm only saying that your talk is loose. And so it is."

"What's the difference as long as I'm not on the loose myself?"

"The difference is that men will think you are—that's all."

"Men mistake any girl who works."

"Then see that the mistake is their fault, not yours. I don't understand why a girl can't keep her self-respect even if she's a stenographer as I am, or works in a shop as Catharine does, or in the theater as you do."

"Hurry up that supper!" called Catharine. "I'm going to a show with Genevieve, and I want time to dress."

Athalie, scrambling the eggs, which same eggs would endure no other mode of preparation, leaned over sideways and kissed Doris on her lovely neck.

"Darling," she said, "I'm not trying to be disagreeable; I only want us all to keep up. It's only too easy to let down when you're thrown with careless and uneducated people as we are. I have to struggle against it all the while. For, somehow, I seem to know that a girl who keeps up her grammar keeps up her self-respect, too. If you slouch mentally, you slouch physically. And then it's not so difficult to slouch morally."

Doris laughed. "You funny thing! You certainly have educated yourself a lot since school—you use such dandy English."

"I read good English."

"I know you do. I can't. If it wasn't for hearing you talk every day, I'd be talking like the rest of the chorus at the Persian Garden: 'Sa-ay, fr Gawd's sake, ain't you done with my make-up box? Yass, you *did* swipe it! I seen you. Who's a liar? All right, if you want to mix it——'"

"Don't!" pleaded Athalie, shuddering but laughing. "Oh, Doris, I don't see why you can't find some other business——"

Doris began to strut about the kitchenette. "It's me temperament. Honest, I can't keep away from the theater——"

"Please don't! It makes me actually ill!"

"I've a temperament, I would have you know! When I learn how to use my voice and my legs, you'll see me playing leads. Here, ducky, I'll take the eggs——"

Athalie, her arms also full, followed her out to the table which Catharine had set very carelessly.

They drank Croton water and strong tea, and gravely discussed how, from their several limited wardrobes, sufficient finery might be extracted to clothe Catharine suitably for her evening's entertainment.

"It's rotten to be poor," remarked the latter. "You're only young once, and this gosh-dinged poverty spoils everything."

"Quit kicking!" said Doris. "I don't like these eggs, but I'm eating them. If I was wealthy I'd be eating terrapin."

"Genevieve has a new gown for to-night," pouted Catharine.

"Genevieve seems to have a number of unaccountable things," remarked Doris. "She has a fur coat, too."

"Doris, that isn't square of you!"

"That isn't the question. Is Genevieve on the square? That's what worries me, Kit."

"What a perfectly rotten thing to say!" insisted Catharine resentfully. "You know she's on the level!"

"Well, then, *where* does she get it? You know what her salary is?"

Athalie said coolly, "Every girl ought to believe every other girl on the square until the contrary is proven."

"Come over to the Persian Garden and try it?" laughed Doris. "If you can believe that bunch of pet cats is on the square, you can believe anything, Athalie."

Catharine, still very deeply offended, rose and went into the bedroom which she shared with Doris. Presently she called for somebody to assist her in dressing.

Doris, being due at the theater by seven o'clock, put on her rusty coat and hat, and, nodding to Athalie, walked out; and the latter went away to aid Catharine.

"You *do* look pretty," she insisted, after Catharine had powdered her face and neck and had wiped off her silky skin with the chamois rag.

The girl gazed at her comely, regular features in the mirror, patted her hair, then turned her profile and gazed at it with the aid of a hand-glass.

"Who else is going?" inquired Athalie.

"Some friends of Genevieve's."

"Men?"

"I believe so."

"Two, I suppose."

Catharine nodded.

"Don't you know their names?"

"No. Genevieve says that one of them is crazy to meet me."

"Where did he see you?"

"At Winton's. I put on some evening gowns for his sister."

Athalie watched her pin on her hat, then held her coat for her. "They'll all bear watching," she remarked quietly. "If it's merely society they want, you know as well as I that they seek it in their own circles."

Catharine made no audible response. She began to repin her hat, then, pettishly, "I wish I had a taxi to call for me so I needn't wear a hat!"

"Why not wish for a n automobile?" suggested Athalie, laughing. "Women who have them don't wear hats to the theater."

"It is tough to be poor!" insisted Catharine fiercely. "It drives me almost frantic to see what I see in all those limousines—and then walk home, or take a car if I'm flush."

"How are you going to help it, dear?" inquired Athalie, in that gently humorous voice which usually subdued and shamed her sisters.

But Catharine only mumbled something rebellious, turned, stared at herself in the glass, and walked quickly toward the door.

"As for me," she muttered, "I don't blame any girl——"

"What?"

But Catharine marched out with a twitch of her narrow skirts.

Athalie, thoughtfully, but not really disturbed, went into the empty sitting-room, picked up the evening paper, glanced absently at the head-lines, dropped it, and stood motionless in the center of the room, one narrow hand bracketed on her hip, the other pinching her under lip.

For a few minutes she mused, then, sighing, she walked into the kitchenette, unhooked a blue-checked apron, rolled up her sleeves as far as her white, rounded arms permitted, and started in on the dishes.

When the crockery was done, dried, and replaced, she retired to her bedroom and turned her attention to her hands and nails, minutely solicitous, always in dread of the effects of housework.

There was an array of bottles, vials, jars,

lotions, creams, scents on her bureau. She seated herself there and started her nightly grooming, interrupting it only by exchanging her street gown and shoes for a dainty negligée and slippers.

The care of her hands took her a long time; and they were not finished then, for she had yet her bath to take and her hair to do before the cream of something-or-other was applied to hands and feet so that they should remain snowy and satin smooth.

Bathed, and once more in negligée, she let down the dull-gold mass of hair which fell heavily curling to her shoulders. Then she started to comb it out as earnestly, seriously, and thoroughly as a beautiful, silky Persian cat applies itself to its toilet.

But there was now an absent expression in her dark-blue eyes as she sat plaiting the shining gold into two thick and lustrous braids. Perhaps she wondered why the springtide and freshness of a girl's youth should exhale amid the sere and sordid circumstances which made up, for her, the sum-total of existence; why it happened that whatever was bright and attractive in the world should be so utterly outside the circle in which her life was passing.

Yet, in her sober young face there was no hint of discontent, nothing of meanness or envy to narrow the blue eyes, nothing of bitterness to touch the sensitive lips, nothing of sadness; only a gravity—like the seriousness of a goddess musing alone on mysteries unexplained even on Olympus.

Seven years' experience in earning her own living had made her wiser but had not really disenchanted her. And for seven years, now, she had held the first position she secured in New York—stenographer and typist for Wahlbaum & Grossman.

It had been perplexing and difficult at first; so many men connected with the great department store had evinced a desire to take her to luncheon and elsewhere. But when at length, by chance, she took personal dictation from Wahlbaum himself in his private office, Athalie suddenly found herself in a permanent position. And, automatically, all annoyances ceased.

Wahlbaum was a Jew, big, hearty, honest, and keen as a razor. Never was he in a hurry, never flustered or impatient, never irritable. And she had never seen him angry or rude to anybody. He laughed a great deal in a tremendously resonant voice, smoked innumerable big, fat, light-

colored cigars, never neglected to joke with Athalie when she came in the morning and when she left at night, and never conveyed to her anything that any girl might not hear without offense.

Grossman's reputation was different, but, except for a smirk or two, he had never bothered her. Nor did anybody else connected with the firm. They all were too much afraid of Wahlbaum.

So, except for the petty, contemptible annoyances to which all young girls are more or less subjected in the cosmopolitan metropolis, Athalie had found business agreeable enough, except for the confinement.

That was hard on a country-bred girl; and she could scarcely endure the imprisonment when the warm sun of April looked in through the windows of Mr. Wahlbaum's private office, and when soft breezes fluttered the papers on her desk.

Always in the spring, the voice of brook and surf, of woodland and meadow called to her. And her heart beat passionate response.

In winter, it was better. She had learned to accept with philosophy the noises of the noisiest of cities. Even, perhaps, she rather liked them, or at least, on her two weeks' vacation in the country, she found, to her surprise, that she missed the accustomed and incessant noises of New York.

Her real hardships were two—poverty and loneliness.

The combined earnings of herself and her sisters did not allow them a better ventilated or more comfortable apartment than the grimy one they lived in. Nor did their earnings permit them more or better clothing and food.

As for loneliness, she had, of course, her sisters. But healthy, imaginative, ardent youth requires more than sisters—more, even, than feminine friends, of which Athalie had a few. What she needed, as all girls need, were acquaintances and friends among men of her own age.

And she had none—that is, no friends; which is the usual fate of any business girl who keeps up such education and cultivation as she possesses, and attempts to add to it and to improve her quality, because the men of her social and business level are vastly inferior to the women—inferior in manners, cultivation, intelligence, quality—which seems almost to make their usually excellent morals peculiarly offensive.

That was why Athalie knew loneliness. Doris, recently, had met a few idle men of cultivated and fashionable antecedents. Catharine, that very evening, was evidently going to meet a man of that sort for the first time in her career.

As for Athalie, she had had no opportunity to meet any man she cared to cultivate since she had last talked with C. Bailey, Junior on the platform of the Sixth Avenue elevated—and that was now nearly four years ago.

Braiding up her hair, she sat gazing at herself in the mirror while her detached thoughts drifted almost anywhere—back to Spring Pond and the Hotel Greensleeve, back to her mother, to the child cross-legged on the floor, back to her father, and how he sat there dead in his leather chair, back to the bar, and a boy and girl in earnest conversation there in the semi-darkness, eating peach turnovers—

She turned her head leisurely; the electric bell had sounded twice before she realized that she ought to pull the wire that opened the street door below.

So she got up, pulled the wire, and then sauntered out into the sitting-room and set the door ajar, not worrying about her somewhat intimate costume, because it was too late for tradesmen, and there was nobody else to call on her or on her sisters excepting other girls known to them all.

The sitting-room seemed chilly. Half listening for the ascending footsteps and the knocking, partly absorbed in other thoughts, she seated herself and lay back in the dingy armchair before the radiator, elevating her dainty feet to the top of it, and crossing them.

A gale was now blowing outside; invisible rain, or more probably sleet, pelted and swished across the curtained panes. Her nickel alarm-clock ticked loudly in the room; the radiator clicked and fizzed and snapped.

Presently she heard a step on the stair, then in the corridor outside her door. Then came the knocking on the door, but unexpectedly loud, vigorous, and impatient.

And Athalie, surprised, twisted around in her chair, looking over her shoulder at the door.

"Please come in," she said, in her calm, young voice.

VI

A RATHER tall man stepped in. He wore a snow-dusted, fur-lined overcoat and carried in his white-gloved hands a top-hat and a silver-hooked walking-stick.

He had made a mistake, of course; and Athalie hastily lowered her feet and turned half around in her chair again to meet his expected apologies.

"Miss Greensleeve?" he asked.

She rose, mechanically, the heavy, lustrous braids framing a face as white as a flower.

"Is that *you*, Athalie!" he asked, hesitating.

"C. Bailey, Junior," she said, under her breath.

There was a moment's pause; then he stepped toward her and, very slowly, she offered a hand still faintly fragrant with "cream of lilacs."

A damp, chilly wind came from the corridor; she went over and closed the door, stood for a few seconds with her back against it, looking at him.

Now, under the mask of manhood, she could see the boy she had once known—the clean-cut mouth unchanged. His cheeks seemed firmer and leaner, and the eyes were now the baffling eyes of a man.

"How did you know I was here?" she asked, quite unconscious of her own somewhat intimate attire, so entirely had the shock of surprise possessed her.

"Athalie, you have not changed a bit—only you are so much prettier than I realized," he said illogically. "How did I know you lived here? I didn't until we bought this row of flats last week—my father's company. I'm in it, now. And I saw your name in the list of tenants."

She said nothing.

"Do you mind my coming? I was going to write and ask you. But walking in this way rather appealed to me. Do you mind?"

"No."

"May I stay and chat for a moment? I'm on my way to the opera. May I stay a few minutes?"

She nodded, not yet sufficiently composed to talk very much.

He glanced about him for a place to lay coat and hat, then, slipping out of the soft fur, disclosed himself in evening dress.

She had dropped into the armchair by

the radiator; and, as he came forward, stripping off his white gloves, suddenly she became conscious of her bare, slippered feet and drew them under the edges of her negligée.

"I was not expecting anybody—" she began, and checked herself. Certainly she did not care to rise, now, and pass before him in search of more suitable clothing. Therefore the less said the better.

He had found a rather shaky chair, and had drawn it up in front of the radiator.

"This is very jolly," he said. "Do you realize that this is our third encounter?"

"Yes."

"It really begins to look inevitable, doesn't it?"

She smiled.

"You haven't changed a single bit, Athalie," he declared.

"No, I haven't changed.

"Do you remember our last meeting—on the elevated?"

"Yes."

"Lord," he said, "that was four years ago! Do you realize it?"

"Yes."

A slight color grew on his cheeks.

"I *was* a piker, wasn't I?"

After a moment, "I hoped you would come," she said gravely.

"I wanted to. I don't suppose you'll believe that; but I did—I don't know how it happened that I didn't make good. There were so many things to do, all sorts of engagements, and the summer vacation seemed ended before I could understand that it had begun." He scowled in retrospection, and she watched his expression out of her dark-blue eyes. "That's no excuse," he concluded. "I should have kept my word to you, and I really wanted to. And I was not quite such a piker as you thought me."

"I didn't think that of you, C. Bailey, Junior."

"You must have!"

"I didn't."

"That's because you're so decent; but it makes my infamy the blacker. Anyway, I *did* write you and *did* send you the strap-watch. I sent both to Fifty-fourth Street. The dead-letter office returned them to me." He drew from his inner pocket a letter and a packet. "Here they are!"

She sat up slowly and very slowly took the letter from his hand.

"Four years old," he commented. "Isn't



DRAWN BY FRANK CHASE

The magnificence of the most fashionable restaurant in town had thrilled and enchanted Athalie. At
Clothing of a very different species from any she had ever permitted herself was
see Clive's surprise and his naive pride in her. And truly the



close range, for the first time, she had an opportunity to inspect the rich, the fashionable, and the great, now becoming a necessity. She made the inroad. It was worth while, if only to girl was very lovely in the few luxuries she ventured to acquire

that the limit?" And he began to tear the sealed paper from the packet.

"What a shame," he went on contritely, "that you wore that old gun-metal watch of mine so long! I was mortified when I saw it on your wrist that day——"

"I wear it still," she said, with a smile.

"Nonsense!" He glanced at her bare wrist and laughed.

"I do," she insisted. "It is only because I have just bathed and am prepared for the night that I am not wearing it now."

He looked up, incredulous; then his expression changed subtly.

"Is that so?" he asked.

But the hint of seriousness confused her, and she merely nodded.

He had freed the case from the sealed paper, and now he laid it on her knees, saying: "Thank the Lord, I'm not such a piker now as I was, anyway! I hope you'll wear it, Athalie, and fire that other affair out of your back window."

"There is no back window," she said, raising her charming eyes to his; "there's only an air-shaft. Am I to open it? I mean this case?"

"It is yours."

She opened it daintily.

"Oh, C. Bailey, Junior," she said very gently, "you mustn't do this!"

"Why?"

"It's too beautiful! Isn't it?"

"Nonsense, Athalie. Here, I'll wind it and set it for you. This is how it works——" pulling out the jeweled lever and setting it by the tin alarm-clock on the mantel. Then he wound it, unclasped the woven-gold wristband, took her reluctant hand, and, clasping the jewel over her wrist, snapped the catch.

For a few moments her fair head remained bent, as she gazed in silence at the tiny, moving hands. Then, looking up,

"Thank you, C. Bailey, Junior," she said, a little solemnly perhaps.

He laughed.

"You're welcome, Athalie. Do you really like it?"

"It is wonderfully beautiful!"

"Then I'm perfectly happy and contented—or I will be when you read that letter and admit I'm not as much of a piker as I seemed."

She laughed and colored. "I never thought that of you. I only—missed you."

"Really?"

"Yes," she said innocently.

For a second he looked rather grave, then again, conscious of his own constraint, spoke gaily, lightly.

"You certainly are the real thing in friendship. You are far too generous to me."

She said: "Incidents are not frequent enough in my life to leave me unimpressed. I never knew any other boy of your sort. I suppose that is why I never forgot you."

Her simplicity pricked the iridescent and growing bubble of his vanity, and he laughed, disconcerted by her direct explanation of how memory chanced to retain him. But it did not occur to him to ask himself how it happened that, in all these years, and in a life so happily varied, so delightfully crowded as his own had always been, he had never entirely forgotten her.

"I wish you'd open that letter and read it," he said. "It's my credential. Date and postmark plead for me."

But she had other plans for its unsealing and its perusal, and said so.

"Aren't you going to read it, Athalie?"

"Yes; when you go."

"Why?"

"Because—it will make your visit seem a little longer," she said frankly.

"Athalie, are you really glad to see me?"

She looked up as though he were jesting, and caught in his eye another gleam of that sudden seriousness which had already slightly confused her. For a moment only, both felt the least sense of constraint; then the instinct that had forbidden her to admit any significance in his seriousness, parted her lips with that engaging smile which he had begun to know so well, and to await with an expectancy that approached fascination.

"Peach turnovers," she said. "Do you remember? If I had not been glad to see you in those days, I would not have gone into the kitchen to bring you one. And I have already told you that I am unchanged. Wait! I am changed. I am very much wealthier." And she laughed her delicious, unembarrassed laugh of a child.

He laughed, too, then shot a glance around the shabby room.

"What are you doing, Athalie?" he asked lightly.

"The same."

"I remember you told me. You are a stenographer and typist."

"Yes."

"You live with your sisters, don't you?"

"Yes."

He planted his elbows on his knees and leaned forward, his head on his hands, apparently buried in thought.

After a little while, "C. Bailey, Junior," she ventured, "you must not let me keep you too long."

"What?" He lifted his head.

"You are on your way to the opera, aren't you?"

"Am I? That's so. I'd rather stay here if you'll let me."

"But the *opera!*" she protested, with emphasis.

"What do I care for the opera?"

"Don't you?"

He laughed. "No; do you?"

"I'm mad about it."

Still laughing, he said, "Then, in my place, *you* wouldn't give up the opera for *me*, would you, Athalie?"

She started to say "No!" very decidedly; but checked herself. Then, deliberately honest:

"If," she began, "I were going to the opera, and you came in here—after four years of not seeing you—and if I had to choose—I don't believe I'd go to the opera. But it would be a dreadful wrench."

"It's no wrench to me."

"Because you often go."

"Because, even if I seldom went, there could be no question of choice between the opera and Athalie Greensleeve."

"C. Bailey, Junior, you are not honest."

"Yes, I am. Why do you say so?"

"I judge by past performances."

"Are you going to throw past performances in my face every time I come to see you?"

"Are you coming again?"

"That isn't generous of you, Athalie——"

"I really mean it," said the girl.

"Coming here? Of course I am, if you'll let me!"

The last time he had said, "If you *want* me." Now it was modified to, "If you'll *let* me"—a development and a new footing to which neither were yet accustomed, perhaps not even conscious of.

"C. Bailey, Junior, do you want to come?"

"I do indeed. It is so bully of you to be nice to me after—everything. And it's so jolly to talk over things—with you."

She leaned forward in her chair.

"Please," she said, "don't say you'll come if you are not coming."

"But I am——"

"I know you said so twice before. I don't mean to be horrid or to reproach you, but—I am going to tell you—I was disappointed—even a—little—unhappy. And it lasted—some time. So, if you are not coming, tell me so, now. It is hard to wait—too long."

"Athalie," he said, completely surprised by the girl's frank avowal and by the unsuspected emotion in himself which was responding, "I am—I had no idea—I don't deserve your kindness to me—your loyalty—I'm a—I'm a—a pup! That's what I am—an undeserving, ungrateful, irresponsible, and asinine pup!"

"C. Bailey, Junior, you were just a boy. And I was a child. I am still, in spite of my nineteen years—nearly twenty, at that—not much different, not enough changed to know that I'm a woman. I feel exactly as I did toward you—not grown up—or that you have grown up. Only, I know, somehow, I'd have a harder time of it now, if you tell me you'll come, and then——"

"I *will* come, Athalie! I *want* to," he said impetuously. "You're more interesting—a lot jollier than any girl I know. I always suspected it, too—the bigger fool I to lose all that time we might have had together——"

She, surprised for a moment, lifted her pretty head and laughed outright. And he looked at her, disturbed.

"I'm only laughing because you speak of all those years we might have had together as though——" And suddenly she checked herself in her turn, on the brink of saying something that was not so funny, after all.

Probably he understood what impulse had prompted her to terminate abruptly both laughter and discourse, for he reddened and gazed rather fixedly at the radiator, which was now clanking and clinking in a very noisy manner.

"You ought to have a fireplace and an open fire," he said. "It's the cosiest thing on earth—with a cat on the hearth and a big chair and a good book. Athalie, do you remember that stove? And how I sat there in wet shooting-clothes and stockinged feet?"

"Yes," she said.

"Do you know what you looked like to

me when you came in so silently, dressed in your red hood and cloak?"

"What did I look like?"

"A little fairy princess."

"If In that ragged cloak?"

"I didn't see the rags. All I saw was your lithe little fairy figure and your yellow hair and your wonderful dark eyes in the ruddy light from the stove. I tell you, Athalie, I was enchanted."

"How odd! I never dreamed you thought that of me when I stood there looking at you, utterly lost in admiration——"

"Oh, come, Athalie," he laughed; "you are getting back at me!"

"It's true. I thought you the most wonderful boy I had ever seen."

"Until I disillusioned you," he said.

"You never did, C. Bailey, Junior."

"What! Not when I proved a piker?"

But she only smiled into his amused and challenging eyes and slowly shook her head.

Once or twice, mechanically, he had slipped a flat gold cigarette-case from his pocket, and then, mechanically still, had put it back. Not accustomed to modern men of his caste, she had not paid much attention to the unconscious hint of habit. Now, as he did it again, it occurred to her to ask him why he did not smoke.

"May I?"

"Yes; I like it."

"Do you smoke?"

"No—now and then when I'm troubled."

"Is that often?" he asked lightly.

"Very seldom," she replied, amused; "and the proof is that I never smoked more than half a dozen cigarettes in all my life."

"Will you try one now?" he asked mischievously.

"I'm not in trouble, am I?"

"I don't know. I am."

"What troubles you, C. Bailey, Junior?"

"My disinclination to leave. And it's after eleven."

"If you never get into any more serious trouble than that," she said, "I shall not worry about you."

"Would you worry if I were in trouble?"

"Naturally."

"Why?"

"Why? Because you are my friend. Why shouldn't I worry?"

"Do you really take our friendship as seriously as that?"

"Don't you?"

He changed countenance, hesitated,

flicked the ashes from his cigarette. Suddenly he looked her straight in the face.

"Yes; I do take it seriously," he said, in a voice so quietly and perhaps unexpectedly emphatic that, for a few moments, she found nothing to say in response.

Then smilingly, "I am glad you look at it that way," said Athalie. "It means that you will come back some day."

"I will come to-morrow, if you'll let me. I see no reason why I shouldn't. Do you?"

"No."

"May I take you to dinner and to the theater?"

A quick glow shot through her, leaving a sort of whispering confusion in her brain, which seemed full of distant voices.

"Yes; I'd like to go with you."

"That's fine! And we'll have supper afterward." She smiled at him through the ringing confusion in her brain. "Do you mind taking supper with me after the play?"

"No."

"Where, then?"

"Anywhere—with you, C. Bailey, Junior."

Things began to seem to her a trifle unreal; she saw him a little vaguely. Vaguely, too, she was conscious that to whatever she said he was responding with something more subtly vital than mere words. Faintly within her the instinct stirred to ignore, to repress something in him—in herself—she was not clear about just what she ought to repress, or which of them harbored it.

One thing confused and disturbed her: his tongue was running loose, planning all sorts of future pleasures for them both together, confidently, with an enthusiasm which, somehow, seemed to leave her unresponsive.

"Please don't," she said.

"What, Athalie?"

"Make so many promises—plans. I—am afraid of promises."

He turned very red.

"What on earth have I done to you?"

"Nothing—yet."

"Yes, I have! I once made you unhappy; I made you distrust me——"

"No; that is all over now. Only—if it happened again, I should really miss you very much—C. Bailey, Junior. So don't promise me too much—now. Promise a little—each time you come, if you care to."

In the silence that grew between them



THOMAS EDGAR 1912

DRAWN BY FRANK CHASE

"Use? Well, there's no particular use. I'm not in love with her. Did you think I was?"

the alarm went off with a startling clangor. It was midnight.

"I set it to wake myself before my sisters came in," she explained, with a smile. "I usually have something prepared for them to eat when they've been out."

"I suppose they do the same for you," he said, looking at her rather steadily.

"I don't go out in the evening."

"You do, sometimes."

"Very seldom. Do you know, C. Bailey, Junior, I have never been out in the evening with a man?"

"What?"

"Never."

"Why?"

"I suppose," she admitted, with habitual honesty, "it's because I don't know any men with whom I'd care to be seen in the evening. I don't like ordinary people."

"How about me?" he asked, laughing.

She merely smiled.

VII

DORIS came in after midnight, her coat and hat plastered with sleet, her shoes soaking. She looked rather forlornly at the bowl of hot milk and crackers which Athalie brought from the kitchenette.

"I'd give next week's salary for a steak," she said.

"You know what meat costs," said Athalie. "I'd give it to you for supper if I could."

Doris seated herself by the radiator; Athalie knelt and drew off the wet shoes, unbuttoned the gaiters, and rolled the stockings from the icy feet.

"I had another chance to-night. They were college boys; some of the girls went," remarked Doris disjointedly, forcing herself to eat the crackers and milk because they were hot, and snuggling into the knitted slippers which Athalie brought. After a moment or two she lifted her pretty, impudent face and sniffed inquiringly.

"Who's been smoking? You?"

"No."

"Who? Genevieve?"

"No. Who do you suppose called?"

"Search me!"

"C. Bailey, Junior."

Doris looked blank, then—"Oh, that boy you had an affair with about a hundred years ago?"

"That same boy," said Athalie, smiling.

"He'll come again next century, I suppose—like a comet," shrugged Doris.

Athalie said nothing; her sister slowly stirred the crackers in the milk and from time to time took a spoonful.

"Next time," she said presently, "I shall go out to supper when an attractive man asks me. I know how to take care of myself—and the supper, too."

Athalie started to say something, and stopped. Perhaps she remembered C. Bailey, Junior, and that she had promised to dine and sup with him "anywhere."

She said, in a low voice, "It's all right, I suppose, if you know the man."

"I don't care whether I know him or not, as long as it's a good restaurant."

"Don't talk that way, Doris!"

"Why not? It's true."

There was a silence. Doris set aside the empty bowl, yawned, looked at the clock, yawned again.

"This is too late for Catharine," she said drowsily.

"I know it is. Who are the people she's with?"

"Genevieve Hunting. I don't know the men—some of Genevieve's friends."

"I hope it's nobody from Winton's."

There had been in the Greensleeve family a tacit understanding that it was not the thing to accept social attentions from anybody connected with the firm which employed them. Winton, the male milliner and gown-designer, usually let his models alone, being in perpetual dread of his wife; but one of the unhealthy-looking sons had become a nuisance to the girls employed there. Recently he had annoyed Catharine, and the girl was afraid she might have to lurch with him or lose her position.

Doris yawned again, then shivered.

"Go to bed, ducky," said Athalie. "I'll wait up for Catharine."

It was two o'clock when she came in, flushed, vague-eyed, a rather silly and fixed smile on her doll-like face. Athalie, on the verge of sleep, rose from her chair, rubbing her eyes.

"What on earth, Catharine—"

"We had supper—that's why I'm late. I've got to have a dinner gown, I tell you. Genevieve's is the smartest thing—"

"Where did you go?"

"To the Regina. I didn't want to—dressed this way, but Cecil Reeve said—"

"Who?"

"Cecil—Mr. Reeve—the man who was so crazy to meet me——"

"Oh! Who else was there?" asked Athalie dryly.

"A Mr. Ferris—Harry Ferris, they call him. He's quite mad about Genevieve——"

"Why did you drink anything?"

"I?"

"You did, didn't you?"

"I had a glass of champagne."

"What else?"

"Nothing—except something pink in a glass—before we sat down to supper. And something violet-colored afterward."

"Your breath is dreadful. Do you realize it?"

Catharine seemed surprised; then her eyes wandered vaguely, drowsily, and she laid her gloved hand on Athalie's arm as though to steady herself.

"What sort of a man is your new friend, Cecil Reeve?" inquired Athalie.

"He's nice—a gentleman. I told him he might call. He's really all right, Athalie——"

"And Mr. Ferris?"

"Well—I don't know about him. He's Genevieve's friend. But of course he's all right—a gentleman——"

"That's the trouble," said Athalie, in a low voice.

"What is the trouble?"

"These friends of yours—and Doris's, and of mine—they're gentlemen. And that is why we find them agreeable socially. But when they desire social amusement, they know where to find it."

"Where?"

"Where girls who work for a living are unknown. Where they never are asked, never go, never are expected to go. But that is where such men are asked, where such men are expected, and is where they go for social diversion—not to the Regina with two of Winton's models, or to the Café Arabesque with a Persian Garden chorus girl, or——" she hesitated, flushed, and was silent, staring mentally at the image of C. Bailey, Junior which her logic and philosophy had inevitably evoked.

"Then, what is a business girl to do?" asked Catharine vaguely.

Athalie shook her golden head slowly.

"Don't ask me."

Catharine said, still more vaguely, "She must do something—pleasant—before she's too old and sick to—to care what happens."

"I know it. Men of that kind *are* pleasant. I don't see why we shouldn't go out with them. It's all the chance we have—or will ever have. I don't see that it helps to resent their sisters and mothers and friends. Such women would never permit us to know them. The nearest we can get to them is to know their sons."

"I don't want to know them——"

"Yes, you do. Be honest, Catharine. Every girl does. And, really, I believe if the choice were offered a business girl, she would rather know the mothers and sisters than the sons."

"There's no use thinking about it," said Catharine.

"No; there is no use. And so I don't see any harm in being friends with their sons. It will hurt at times, humiliate us, maybe embitter us—but it's that or nothing."

"We needn't be silly about their sons."

Athalie opened her dark-blue eyes, then laughed confidently.

"Oh, as for anything like *that*, I should hope not! We three ought to know *something* by this time."

"I should think so," murmured Catharine, and her warm, wine-scented breath fell on Athalie's cheek.

VIII

BEFORE February had ended, C. Bailey, Junior and Athalie Greensleeve had been to more than one play, had dined and supped together more than once at the Regina.

The magnificence of the most fashionable restaurant in town had thrilled and enchanted Athalie. At close range, for the first time, she had an opportunity to inspect the rich, the fashionable, and the great. The best hotel orchestra in America played there; the loveliest flowers, the most magnificent jewels, the most celebrated *cuisine* in the entire republic—all were there for Athalie Greensleeve to wonder at and to enjoy. There were other things for her to wonder at, too—the seemingly exhaustless list of C. Bailey, Junior's acquaintances; for he was always nodding to somebody or returning salutes wherever they were, in the theater, or the street, in his limousine car, at restaurants. Men sometimes came up and spoke and were presented to Athalie; women, never.

But although she was very happy after her first evening out with C. Bailey, Junior,

she realized that a serious inroad upon her savings was absolutely necessary if she were to continue her maiden's progress with this enchanting young man. Clothing of a very different species from any she had ever permitted herself was now becoming a necessity. She made the inroad. It was worth while, if only to see Clive's surprise and his naive pride in her.

And truly the girl was very lovely in the few luxuries she ventured to acquire—so lovely, indeed, that many heads turned and many eyes followed her calm and graceful progress in the theater aisle, amid thronged tables, on the Avenue, anywhere and everywhere she moved along the path of life, now already in flowery bloom for her.

And beside her, eager, happy, flattered, walked C. Bailey, Junior, very conscious that he was being envied; very proud of the beautiful young girl with whom he was so constantly identifying himself, and who, very obviously, was doing him honor. And it made her intensely happy to know that she gave him pleasure and to accept it from him.

It was pleasure to Clive, but not entirely unmitigated. His father asked him once or twice who the girl was to whom "people" were talking; and when his son said, "She's absolutely all right, father," Bailey, Senior knew that she was—so far.

"But what's the use, Clive?" he asked, with a sort of sad humor. "Is it necessary for you, too, to follow the path of the calf?"

"I like her."

"And other men are inclined to, and have no opportunity; is that it, my son? The fascination of monopoly?"

"I like her," repeated Clive, Junior, a trifle annoyed.

"So you have remarked before. Who is she?"

"Do you remember that charming little child down at Greensleeve's tavern when we were duck shooting?"

"Is that the girl?"

"Yes."

"What is she?"

"Stenographer."

Bailey, Senior shrugged his shoulders patiently.

"What's the use, Clive?"

"Use? Well, there's no particular use. I'm not in love with her. Did you think I was?"

"I don't think any more. Your mother

does that for me. Don't make anybody unhappy, my son."

His mother, also, had made very frank representations to him on several occasions, the burden of them being that common people beget common ideas, common associations corrupt good manners, and that "nice" girls would continue to view with disdain and might ultimately ostracize any misguided young man of their own caste who played about with a woman for whose existence nobody who was anybody could account.

"The daughter of a Long Island road-house keeper! Why, Clive, where is your sense of fitness? Men don't do that sort of thing any more."

"What sort of thing, mother?"

"Parading a very conspicuous young woman about town."

"If you saw her in somebody's drawing-room, you'd merely think her beautiful and well bred."

"Clive, will you please awake from that silly dream?"

"That's the truth, mother! And if she spoke, it would merely confirm the impression. You won't believe it, but it's true."

"That's absurd, Clive! She may not be uneducated, but she certainly cannot be either cultivated or well bred."

"She is cultivating herself."

"Then, for goodness' sake, let her do it! It's praiseworthy and commendable for a working girl to try to better herself. But it doesn't concern you."

"Why not? If a business girl does better herself and fit herself for a better social environment, it seems to me her labor is in vain if people within the desired environment snub her."

"What kind of argument is that? Socialistic? I merely know it is unbaked. What theory is it, dear?"

"I don't know what it is. It seems reasonable to me, mother."

"Clive, are you trying to make yourself sentimentalize over that Greensleeve woman?"

"I told you that I am not in love with her, nor is she with me. It's an agreeable and happy comradeship—that's all."

"People think it something more," retorted his mother curtly.

"That's their fault, not Athalie's and not mine."

"Then, why do you go about with her? Why? You know girls enough."

"Plenty. They resemble one another to the verge of monotony."

"Is that the way you regard the charming, well-born, well-bred, clever, cultivated girls of your own circle, whose parents were the friends of your parents?"

"Oh, mother, I like them, of course! But there's something about a business girl—a girl in the making—that is more amusing, more companionable, more interesting—"

"What on earth are you talking about? It's perfect babble; it's nonsense! If you really believe you have a penchant for sturdy and rather grubby worthiness unadorned, you are mistaken. The inclination you have is merely for a pretty face and figure. I know you. If I don't, who does? Don't talk to me about your disinterested admiration for a working girl. You haven't anything in common with her, and you never could have. And you'd better be very careful not to make a fool of yourself."

"How?"

"As all men are likely to do at your callow age."

"Fall in love with her?"

"You can call it that. The result is always deplorable. And if she's a smart, selfish, and unscrupulous girl, the result may be more deplorable still, as far as we all are concerned. What is the need of my saying this? You are grown; you know it already. Up to the present time you've kept fastidiously clear of such entanglements. You say you have, and your father and I believe you. So what is the use of beginning now?"

"Mother," he said, "you're going about this matter in the wrong way. I am not in love with Athalie Greensleeve. But there is no girl I like better, none, perhaps, I like quite as well. Let me alone. There's no sentiment between her and me so far. There won't be any—unless you and other people begin to drive us toward each other. I don't want you to do that. Don't interfere. Let us alone. We're having a good time—a perfectly happy time together."

"What is it leading to?" demanded his mother impatiently.

"To nothing except more good times. That's absolutely all. That's all that good times lead to where any of the girls you approve of are concerned—not to sentiment, not to love, merely to more good times.

The next instalment of *Athalie* will appear in the January issue.

Why on earth can't people understand that, even if the girl earns her own living?"

"People don't understand. That is the truth, and you can't alter it, Clive. The girl's reputation will always suffer. And that's where you ought to show yourself generous."

"How am I to show myself generous, as you put it?"

"By keeping away from her."

"Because people gossip?"

"Because," said his mother sharply, "they'll think the girl is your mistress."

"Would—you think so, mother?"

"No. You happen to be my son. And you're truthful. Otherwise I'd think so."

"You would?"

"Certainly."

"That's rotten," he said slowly.

"Oh, Clive, don't be a fool! You can't do what you're doing without arousing suspicion everywhere. You know it."

"I have never thought about it."

"Then think of it now. Whether it's rotten, as you say, or not, it's so. It's one of the folk-ways of the human species. And if it is, merely saying it's rotten can't alter it."

Mrs. Bailey's car was at the door; Clive took the great sable coat from the maid who brought it and slipped it over the handsome afternoon gown that his handsome mother wore.

For a moment he stood, looking at her almost curiously—at the brilliant black eyes; the clear, smooth olive skin, still youthful enough to be attractive; at the red lips, mostly nature's hue; at the cheeks, where the delicate carmine flush was still mostly nature's.

He said: "You have so much, mother. It seems strange you should not be more generous to a girl you have never seen."

His handsome, capable, and experienced mother gazed at him out of friendly and amused eyes from which delusion had long since fled. She said:

"I can be generous with any woman except where my son concerns himself with her. Where anybody else's son is involved, I could be generous to any girl, even"—she smiled her brilliant smile—"even perhaps not too maliciously generous. But the situation in your case doesn't appeal to me as humorous. Keep away from her, Clive; it's easier than ultimately to run away from her."



ILLUSTRATION BY W. G. STYENHO

"Suddenly she bent forward, clasped her arm round his shoulder, and whispered: 'Oh, I love you!
I don't want ever to be without you again!'"

The Mating

Well, what do you think of this? A new school of psychologists is telling us that all love is only self-love, and that one loves in the beloved what he finds of himself in his beloved. That may be, but how about the problem of two people living together when their likeness is more pronounced in what we call faults than in virtues? Such a one confronts a perplexed young man in this delightful and original story.

By Dana Gatlin

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

WHEN David Burleson finished writing "Claire Carteret"—which, by the way, he did not write at all, having dictated the whole hundred thousand words to young Arwood, who took it down in shorthand and transcribed it on the typewriter—when Burleson finished, he took a two months' rest. And, of course, Arwood took one, too. Burleson's vacation was quiet. Aside from a few short motor trips with Mrs. Burleson, he spent the time loafing around home, sunk in cushions and reading his contemporaries.

The Burlesons wanted Arwood to continue staying with them at their country place through the period of rest. But Arwood thought he wanted change; so he went to New York. He got the change; there was no more doubting that than that it hadn't done him any good. One look at him, after his return, and Mrs. Burleson diagnosed the case.

"It's a girl," she said to her husband.

She spoke with solicitude. In the two years Arwood had lived with them in their house, she and her husband had become very fond of him. He had come as Burleson's secretary, but, somehow, he had evolved into a member of the family. He did secretarial work for her husband in the mornings; he worked at his own short stories in the afternoons and evenings; he always found time for a daily "rough-house" with little Davy; he, of course, could be counted on to enliven the visits of occasional young-lady guests; he was good-looking, witty, and obliging—virtues to outweigh occasional bursts of temper. Mrs. Burleson understood about

his temper. Usually it meant nothing more serious than literary growing-pains. But now—his appetite was poor.

"What makes you think it's a girl?" asked Burleson.

"For a novelist," answered his wife, "you're really surprisingly dense."

"But what makes you think it's a girl?"

"You'll see," she said.

And he did. For, on the third evening after his return, Arwood couldn't stand it any longer. He had to talk about her.

At dinner he had eaten almost nothing. Afterward he met Davy's boisterous good-night advances half-heartedly. When the children had been sent away to bed, he sat silent for a time, watching Mrs. Burleson's crochet-needles work in and out of something pink and fleecy. In the rosy shade of the table-lamp, her face showed sweet and peaceful—the face of a woman who had found complete happiness in her home and family.

Arwood's gloomy gaze passed on to her husband. Burleson, too, seemed marked with the indefinable brand of domestic tranquillity. He was sunk into the depths of a huge chair before the fire, smoking a good cigar. His face was partially in shadow, but the firelight reflected cheerfully from the exposed bald top of his head. He was inclined to stoutness. If you had any romance in you, you would never have taken him for a romantic novelist.

Arwood's somber eyes traveled on round the roomy, homelike library—the restful brown walls here retreating into the shadows, here brightened with the colorful backs of books; the soft patches of light where tables were spread with books and maga-

zines, and the easy chairs drawn invitingly beside. It was a room which radiated companionable peace, subtly in harmony with its owners.

Presently he rose, stood before the fireplace, and kicked at a log. Then he moved aimlessly toward some book-shelves.

"What's on your mind, Don?" gently asked Mrs. Burleson, without looking up.

Then Arwood came back to his chair, flung himself into it, and told about the girl.

"That's why I can tell you," he concluded. "You're the happiest people I know, and I know you won't think me cheeky—"

"Oh, no!" assured Mrs. Burleson quickly. "We understand—don't we, David?"

Burleson nodded, smoking on silently.

"And we'd like to help you, Don—if we can. Of course, in such matters—"

"Oh, I know people have to decide those things for themselves," said Arwood, reaching over to the table and nervously fumbling for a cigarette. But—

"You love each other very much?" asked Mrs. Burleson, resting her work and staring reflectively in the fire.

"Do we just!"

"That's the first factor, of course."

"Yes."

"But you fear you're too much alike."

"She fears it," the young man amended. "I tell her it's good to be alike—that it makes people congenial. But she says that our similarities are bad points—that we're both extravagant, and selfish, and quick-tempered, and fond of gaiety, and—and poor."

"But don't you think you might be able to help each other—help overcome each other's faults?"

"She says we *don't*," he answered gloomily. "She says we aggravate them instead—that I'm jealous—and that if we can't, now, before we're married—"

"She must be a sensible girl," commented Mrs. Burleson, as he paused. "Mustn't she, David?"

Burleson nodded.

"Yes," he said; "but when there's a very strong natural attraction—I don't know—sometimes I think being sensible doesn't count for much. People are in the hands of the gods."

He paused, looking down at the ash of his cigar, blinking. The other two waited.

"This reminds me of a plot I've had for a long time," Burleson went on. He turned to his wife. "Do you remember those people?"

"I was thinking of them, too," she said. "You've never done anything with that story, have you?"

"No; I've always meant to. It's good for a novelette." Again he paused, turning his cigar slowly between his fingers. Then, glancing up at Arwood, he said: "I've got to get a novelette to Graham—pretty quick, too. It's been promised a year. You and I have been loafing a good while—what do you say to having a whack at it to-night? I think I might be able to dictate the first chapter."

"I'd like to," Arwood said. "It might get my mind off other things."

"As to that," said Burleson, "maybe this story won't get your mind off."

Arwood swallowed audibly.

"Well," he answered, "I shan't be surprised if it doesn't. Nothing has, so far."

Rising, he crossed to a smaller desk beside the library table, seated himself, switched on a light under a green shade, took some pads out of one drawer and some pencils out of another, and began to sharpen them.

"Perhaps, if it's going to be work, I'd better go," suggested Mrs. Burleson.

"No; stay, if you don't mind," said her husband. "I may want to call on you for help."

He shifted back comfortably in his chair, sprawled out his legs, took his cigar from his mouth, and blinked at it.

"Let's see—we'll call her Mavis. That's pretty and poetic-sounding. He'll be Nicoll. And I've got the title for the first chapter. I'll call it 'The Mating.' How do you like that?"

He was looking at his wife. She considered a minute, then nodded.

"Yes; I like that," she agreed.

"All right. Ready, Don?"

"All ready," replied Don. He had ranged the pencils out on the desk and put on some large-lensed spectacles.

"Here goes then: Chapter One—'The Mating.'" He interrupted himself with a sharp sneeze.

"Move your chair, dear," admonished his wife. "You're in the draft from the door."

The novelist obeyed. Then he began again: "Chapter One—'The Mating.'"

"I have that."

"Oh, all right! Let me see." He paused and squinted his eyes as though visioning the opening paragraph. Then he began speaking slowly:

"This is the oldest story in the world. The hero and heroine of this particular version—

"No; that's wrong. Mark it out. Wait a minute." There was a long silence while he stared with glazed eyes at the fire. Then: "Here:

"Nicoll arrived late at Burbank's studio tea—cock-sure and wearing a suit of London clothes. He was a painter and had just returned from four years' abroad. (That'll do for the time being. We'll pad it out later). He ran into Burbank at the fringe of the crowd and was greeting him when she passed them. She was beyond his sight almost before he registered her profile and her shining hair. Automatically he turned and looked after her. She had that kind of hair—the kind that swings men round for a second look, and swings women's shoulders into a you-can't-fool-me shrug. You know the color.

"I wish you'd ask that girl to take her hat off," said Nicoll.

"Which girl?" asked Burbank.

"The picture-girl—with the old-fashioned dress and big hat."

"Oh; you mean Mavis Garden?"

"Mavis Garden," repeated Nicoll. "What an odd name!"

"Mavis is an odd girl."

"Nicoll flicked his cigarette ash.

"She must take her hat off," he said. "She's such a lovely thing."

"Burbank laughed. 'You're a spoiled pup, Nick,' he declared. 'Come on, and I'll introduce you—'"

"Before you get started, David," interrupted Mrs. Burleson. "I want to call your attention to the time."

Burleson followed her glance to the mantel clock and sighed.

"Let it go an hour, Dulcie," he pleaded.

"And have you complaining on my hands to-morrow? You'll find it all set out for you on the side-table in the dining-room—and the water-pitcher beside it. Run along, like a good boy."

With a protesting grunt, the novelist rose and shambled off in quest of his medicine.

"Baby!" laughed his wife. "You're worse than the children."

Then, before he returned, she rose and fussed with the pillow at the back of his chair, patting it into more comfortable curves.

"I've kept your place for you," she said, when he reappeared. "'You're a spoiled pup, Nick,' he declared. 'Come on, and I'll introduce you.'"

"Thank you, dear," said Burleson, patting her shoulder. He waited until she had settled herself again in her chair, watching the rosy light softly engulf her. Then, stretching out his legs, he continued:

"Navigating the china-clinking sea of people with the halts, bumps, and apologies such social adventures impose, the two men overtook the girl at the far side of the room. Burbank introduced them, and told her of Nicoll's nery wish. Mavis only laughed and lifted off her hat. And she could dare it without a mirror!

"Then, looking deliberately about, she selected a tall-backed chair, moved over, and sat down in it. She gave a swirl to her skirt, patted her hair, rested her arms on those of the chair, and looked up with a smile.

"How's that?" she asked. "That's the way they all want to paint me."

"That's the way I'm going to paint you," replied Nicoll.

"At that Burbank snickered, called them two of a kind, and abandoned them into each other's hands.

"Nicoll dragged up a chair so as to barricade her in front, seated himself, and balanced her hat upon his knees.

"That quaint dress suits you exactly," he commented.

"Think so?" she asked calmly. "I haven't quite made up my mind—it's just an experiment. I've been going in for the Oriental."

"The Oriental?" he repeated, amused.

"Yes. Earrings, you know. Queer jewelry, strong colors—everything but the strong scents. It really broke my heart to give up the earrings. I had a fascinating collection."

"Why give them up? I should think they'd be very becoming."

"They are—but they've become fashionable."

"Nicoll laughed. 'You're an "original,"' he said.

The Mating

"Oh, no! It's just that I have unusual looks. I'm really not in the least original—I just try to live up to my "style." She could assume an air of confiding modesty which seemed almost real.

"Nicoll laughed again. She was diverting. From the first minute he had felt strongly attracted to her. She was an unbelievably pretty thing. And she had fascinating jumbles of moods. She was capable of the divine frivolity of laughter in a moment of tension, or of sudden sober comprehension in a humorous situation. Then, too, she had the knack of making men feel they were talking well. Nicoll was to find out that many other men besides himself considered her attractive.

"And Mavis was to find out that other women liked Nicoll—that they found excuses for him. And, at that first meeting, she felt the attraction between them as strongly as he did. That kind of attraction is a strange thing. According to theory, the magnetic spark strikes between opposites. But Mavis and Nicoll certainly were not much unlike. They were similar in some traits which both could well have dispensed with—as shall be seen. In two organisms where peculiar individualities are the same, one may reasonably hope to find some temperamental accord. But when the individualities both include selfishness, restlessness, and a tendency to philandering, one may fairly reckon upon temperamental discord.

"Of course, Nicoll, being self-indulgent, found a pretext for a speedy second meeting—at an exhibit of paintings, the very next afternoon. Meantime, some well-meaning idiots had taken officious occasion to warn each against the other, holding up appalling flirtatious records. Warning people of their kind!

"At the rendezvous, Nicoll, being a man and interested, was a quarter of an hour early. And Mavis, being a woman and interested, was a quarter of an hour late.

"It was a good exhibition. But, considering his exceeding punctuality in getting there, Nicoll did not linger as long as might have been expected.

"I know a cozy little place for tea,' he suggested, 'where there aren't many people.'

"Don't you like people?' she asked—the minx!

"Oh, sometimes!' He smiled, with bold meaning, straight into her eyes. And she smiled back.

"As they walked up Fifth Avenue, he was conscious of that peculiar mixed feeling which men often experience. He was proud, because men looked at her, and for the same reason he was jealous—of a girl he had seen but twice!

"The Avenue makes a fine lovers' walk on a spring day. It was a golden April day—a day such as confusingly mingles feelings of pain with pleasure, so poignantly does the throbbing spring hint its transitoriness. They just walked along, talking happily about all sorts of things until, before they realized what had happened, they found themselves at the Plaza, several blocks beyond their destination.

"For a moment they stared at each other. Then they both laughed.

"That's the first time I ever did *that!*" he exclaimed.

"And I."

"I'm glad of it."

"Why?"

"Don't know. I'm—" He broke off.

"You're what?"

"Nothing. It's just a fine day to be glad in."

"That wasn't what you were going to say."

"No-o."

"Why not?"

"I keep finding myself saying things to you that I didn't intend saying—that's all."

"Mavis had the grace to blush slightly under his gaze. Nevertheless, it was she who proposed that they walk through the park—the park in April! They sat down on a bench, under the young budding leaves, and let the soft sunshine splash over them.

"Sunshine's a magician," observed Nicoll. "It transforms you. You're a woodland sprite. I wish you could take your hat off. In the sun your hair would be gorgeous. Don't you think you could—just for a minute?"

"Are you always asking women to remove their hats?"

"Not always."

"But when you do—do you always get your wish?"

"Most always," he admitted, with his ingenuous smile. "It's because I wish so hard. When I want, I want harder than most people."

"At that, Mavis sobered a little. 'Most of us believe the same thing of ourselves,

I fancy. We all like to believe that we feel things more deeply than others. And what we like to believe—'

'You're not a cynical young person, are you?'

'Don't know. Hope not. Why?'

'Sometimes—just for a moment—an expression comes over your face—you look far away and say something like that. Oh, I don't know! But, somehow, you suddenly seem so wise—too wise!'

'Maybe I am.'

'And I feel like a callow youth beside you,' he complained.

'And maybe you are.'

'Alas, he sighed. 'I'm not. I almost wish—'

'He did not finish the sentence. He had had much experience in love-making, and how much sincerity was contained in that artful pause, he himself could not have told you.

'That was the beginning. And then—Oh, there never was such a spring! I know how it was to them, and so do you, for we have all been young in the springtime—the springtime, with its young, green, tender days, throbbing with new and warming life; days which, though they brim with gold and sunlight, are tinged with the haunting bittersweet of spring's impermanence.

'Nicoll contrived to see her every day. They rambled through the park, exploring, like children, for new haunts; now chattering over trifles and weaving bright-colored fancies; now grave over those problems which (in the abstract) furnish eternal fascination for young men and women in the springtime: women, the psychology of love, man, the endurance of love, temperament, and marriage—the little things like that!

'By the end of April, having known her for three weeks, Nicoll felt that he could give her a birthday dinner *à deux* in her little apartment. No one else could have achieved such a dinner. He devised the menu and had it sent from his favorite restaurant in ice-buckets and hot ovens. He sketched the dinner-cards and wrote amusing verses on them. He adhered to a color-scheme, matching up the candle-shades and flowers. Finally, it was he who set out the courses upon the serving-table, his napkin over his arm like a waiter. Then he seated himself opposite her and was the entertaining host. And presently he was mak-

ing a great show of his skill in opening the napkin-wrapped bottle so it would not pop.

'They had finished, and he was smoking his favorite cigar, when the telephone-bell rang in the next room. Mavis went to answer it and left the door a little bit ajar. She talked a long time. Nicoll moved over to the window. A continuous stream of lovers walked by in the lamplight. He tried not to listen to what Mavis was saying. She sounded gay. He felt injured, somehow. Partly to keep from listening, and partly because he was irritated by the sight of the promenading lovers, he carried the dishes out into the pantry.

'When he returned, she was standing by the window. The room was dim; the candles had nearly burned out. Without turning, she pointed toward the park. You know how it looks at night—a mass of invisibly stirring shadow; vague outlines of tree-tops blurring against intermittent lighted spaces; automobiles cleaving paths of swift flame; lights, lights everywhere—lights of all kinds, even to a round moon over the tree-tops, like a hole punched in a velvet curtain, and, among the indistinguishable leaves, a thousand sparks of incandescence, twinkling.

'The fairies must be giving a ball,' Mavis said, without turning her head.

'He did not answer, and she went on: 'See! They've hung out all their lanterns. I'm glad they're happy to-night, too.'

'At that Nicoll made a quick movement, seized her pointing hand, and kissed it. Mavis stood motionless and silent. Then, as suddenly as he had grasped her hand, he let it fall. For a moment she stood there, as though looking from the window, but very conscious of his breathing back of her. Then she edged over to the table, snapped on the light, and scrutinized her hand, laughing, and speaking quickly.

'Do you know that's the first time I've ever had my hand kissed? Thank you so much! And you do it so well, too—just as I imagine a Frenchman would. I wish you'd set a fashion.'

'So she carried off the situation. But, as she spoke, she was thinking to herself: 'He'll be going home pretty soon. I'm glad. I like him too much. I must avoid him.'

'And that was what she did do.

'It must not be imagined that she moped. Not Mavis. She only went the more with

other men. There were plenty of them dangling on her string, most of them more 'eligible' than Nicoll. Mavis had always shown a preference for 'eligibles.'

"Nicoll craved her companionship terribly. He could not understand why she avoided him. He feared he had offended her—that she had wearied of him. Men are pitifully less subtle than women in emotional matters. His uneasiness made him irritable; the composure of the people about him got on his nerves; their calmness seemed so blatantly unfriendly.

"Then, one day, when he was hungering to see her, he ran across her in a restaurant, lunching with an 'eligible.' His name was Busby. He was a retired importer of something or other, rich enough to collect paintings as a pastime. Nicoll knew that his taste was execrable. Besides, he was fat and middle-aged. So Nicoll disapproved—disapproved to the extent of cutting in, himself, without any encouragement from the importer, who was, in fact, furiously rude.

"Nicoll was desperate in spirit, but not so desperate that he could not hide it under an air of debonair gaiety. Busby's rage helped stimulate him. He complimented Mavis to blushes, and heaped Busby with sallies to the point of strangulation. As for Mavis, who had been bored to the eating of a luncheon of too many courses, she could have no more withheld a sympathetic response than she could have withheld a sneeze in an encounter with red pepper. She allowed herself not only to forget both her scruples and her importer but to be decoyed from both to visit an exhibition which was absolutely mythical.

"Of course she knew it was mythical—just an excuse. So she asked no question when their hansom turned out of Fifth Avenue into the park. They had spoken little as they drove along.

"'It isn't spring here any more,' she said.

"'I don't like Busby,' Nicoll said, as though replying.

"'Don't you?'" she returned calmly, gazing out at the scenery on her side of the drive.

"'No; I don't. And I don't like to see you wasting time on him. He's not worth it.'

"'Aren't you a little—presumptuous?'" Her gaze was still on the scenery.

"'Oh, I suppose so! But, hang it!—can't I say what I want about him?'"

"'Oh, I suppose so!'"

"'Look here!' he continued. 'Why can't we be sincere with each other? That's what worries me about you—you're so infernally secretive. You baffle me. You're like a house. I visit the house, but I'm admitted to only one room. I feel the existence of other rooms—many others. They're dark and unlighted when I'm here, in my room, but they're lighted at other times, for other visitors. And when I'm away from you, I remember vague footsteps I've heard in those other, unseen rooms, and, worst of all, how you've pretended not to notice them. And then, when I stumble on you—like to-day—and you turn evasive— Oh, Busby's in love with you! You know it!'"

"'She turned slowly and looked at him.

"'He's a very good friend.'

"'Good friend!' he repeated derisively.

'He's mad about you! You're not the kind to inspire that "good friend" kind of thing.'

"'What do you mean by that?'"

"'Something in her tone reached him, warned him. 'Forgive me,' he said more quietly; 'I only mean that I hate to see you, who go after the truth of things so much more fearlessly than most women, deluding yourself—even a little.'

"'Mavis flashed him a quick, satirical smile. 'How do I delude myself?'"

"'As most people do,' he answered soberly. 'Most people like to minimize sex when figuring why they're attracted to another person—or another is attracted to them. But between a normal man and woman Platonic friendship definitely cannot exist. It may on one side, but never on both. Why, even in people one hardly knows one feels the attraction of sex—and may be scarcely conscious of it. I can't understand why we want to fool ourselves about it. Truth—the thing in which I believe most and which most interests me—is what I'm always hunting for.'

"'He paused. Mavis, who had returned to her contemplation of the park, did not answer at once, though there were many things she might have said—many shafts she might have hurled, which would have gone straight home. But, for some reason, she refrained. When she spoke, her tone was noticeably lighter than his.

"'Well, then, I'll tell you the truth—for once. See the reform you've worked!'"

"'What is it? Go on!' he said quickly.

"I'm engaged to Mr. Busby."
 "Nicoll stared at her. She waited a minute, then asked,

"Well, aren't you going to say anything?"

"What can I say?"

"You can congratulate me—or wish me well. That's what they usually do, you know."

"But," he stammered, 'what are you—the man's not worthy of you.'

"I suppose you mean that as a compliment; so I thank you."

"But what are you marrying him for? Do you love him?"

"Mavis laughed.

"How very out-of-date!" she exclaimed. "Do people marry for love nowadays?"

"People ought to," he said.

"Do you really believe that?"

"Of course."

"Do you apply the principle to yourself?"

"What do you mean by that?" he countered, flushing.

"Oh, nothing—much.

I only remembered your touching advocacy of truth between friends, and—" She paused with a little laugh.

"His flush deepened. 'Do you mean—'

"She nodded, then turned toward him, as if deciding to help him out of his embarrassment. 'I know that you're engaged. And to Miss Wilberforce, of Boston. And that she's very rich—a "good match," as they say. I congratulate you.'

"Her eyes twinkled, but he looked gravely back at her.

"How long have you known?" he asked.

"Since the day I met you. Some one told me at the Burbanks' tea."

"But why didn't you—you surely—' he floundered. 'Didn't you think it strange

"No."

"You didn't! Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. Perhaps because we're such



"How's that?" she asked. 'That's the way they all want to paint me'"

kindred spirits.' She ended with a fluttering ghost of a laugh.

"For a moment Nicoll did not answer. Then he tried to adopt her bantering tone.

'So we've nothing on each other, have we?'

"No," she answered. Then she added seriously: 'I hope you will be very happy. I've seen pictures of her. She must be lovely.'

"Yes," said Nicoll, in a deadened voice. 'Thank you.'

"And of course you know," Mavis continued, 'that I admire Mr. Busby very much indeed. He has splendid qualities—perfectly splendid.'

"Of course," agreed Nicoll.

"Then they tried to talk of other things, and managed pretty well until it came time for Nicoll to give the cabby Mavis's number. Then he looked at her and weakened.

"Anyway, we'll stay wonderful friends," he said, bumping back into personalities.

"But Mavis shook her head soberly. It has been said that women understand more than they know, while men know more than they understand. Certainly, men and women seldom show equal proportions of understanding and knowledge when dealing with each other.

"No," Mavis said. 'I don't believe we can be friends at all.'

"Why not? What harm can it do?'

"Fie!" she twitted. 'Where's your little talk on Platonic friendship?'

"He frowned, then smiled whimsically. 'That's a hard one. But, sometimes, I do wonder at myself—whether, when moral obstacles fall into my path of desire, I don't just kick 'em out like leaves.'

"You don't kick them. You step over them—carefully and gracefully.'

"You're laughing at me, and I don't blame you. I know I'm frail—frail as the very devil—and inferior to you—and—"

"Mavis reached over and patted his hand—the first demonstration of tenderness on her part. That's the way men like Nicoll win forgiveness from women—by a fascinating candor in confessing their inferiority. Nicoll took her hand and kissed it, and she laughed and called him 'Frenchman,' and by that time they had reached her door, without more definite talk about the ending of their 'friendship.'

"During the next two or three weeks, however, she tried to see him as little as

possible, and when she did see him, she tried to turn the conversation round Mr. Busby and Miss Wilberforce—especially Miss Wilberforce; nor can it be denied that she extracted satisfaction from the news that Nicoll's fiancée had straight hair, and that he was not sure how tall she was or how much she weighed.

"With Mavis as much as with Nicoll, probably, the fact of their engagements was the smallest factor in the situation—that is, their engagements as a mere ethical consideration. The light in which they did loom was one of a permanent materiality; but the girl, more than the man, realized that in both of them selfishness and cupidity had been guiding forces, and that there was danger that these forces might prove more enduring than their love.

"Though she admitted to herself the risk that lay in seeing him, and though she contrived to see him as little as possible, she listened to his sophistry about 'one last party,' and let him send up another of those extravagant, informal dinners. It was the night before he left for Boston. Miss Wilberforce had returned from Europe, and he must hurry to greet her.

"They got through the dinner pretty well. Afterward, they stood beside the window and looked down on the darkening park.

"You'll remember me a little?" he asked. 'You won't try to forget me?'

"She made no reply.

"Please say you won't," he insisted.

"You know I must."

"I can't bear to believe that!" he cried. 'Now, when I have to go—when I realize that to-morrow the morning will go by, and the afternoon, and the night—and I won't see you! And day after day—always like that! It's driving me mad. I've never been so utterly contented, so supremely, wildly happy in my life as I've been with you. And I have to know what you're doing. Every day! Promise me you'll write every day.'

"You know I can't," said Mavis.

"I don't know it!" he denied stubbornly. 'Friendly letters can't do any harm. I must know what you're doing. I only want your promise to write me—every day.'

"It's impossible! You know it—if you look at it sanely.'

"Oh, I suppose I am insane, but—" He reached over for her hand and started to lift it to his lips.

"Stop," she said. "We must talk calmly and clearly. We must realize that everything must end here—to-day."

"You mean to kill our friendship?"

"It's not friendship—merely. And whatever it is, it's not right for us to continue it when—"

"Oh, "right, right!" he interrupted impatiently. "How I hate that word! I'd rather live by reason than by rote—even if the reasoning's wrong!"

"Mavis turned to him pleadingly.

"But you can't ignore issues. You know—"

"I only know you're the most beautiful thing that's ever come into my life," he interrupted, running his words together with swift fervor. "I love what's beautiful—in form and color and thought and spirit—more than anything else in the world!"

"Mavis knew very well that men like Nicoll can not only dodge issues themselves but also can infuse a hypnotic current into others. She dragged her gaze from his.

"That's wrong," she whispered, in a caught breath.

"Well, it means more to me than right or wrong."

"Don't!"

"It's true," he insisted. "And you've given me more beauty than has ever been mine before. You're not only beautiful—you exhale beauty. And I feel that you have the power to draw it from me. It's been wonderful! I don't want to stop before the light goes out. I dread the dark. And the light will only warm us—not burn—"

"Mavis stirred restlessly. "Oh, stop!" she pleaded. "Don't you see—"

"What?"

"That you're selfish."

"I needn't be proud of your opinion of me," he said bitterly. "But, oh, Mavis, you know what I think of *you*! You're the finest, dearest, most fascinating person in the world!"

"Yes; I know you think that. That's why you act selfishly with me."

"My God! Life's a muddle!"

"I think," she said, "it's rather that we are apt to *make* a muddle of it."

"Yes; I know I've—"

"Oh," she broke in, "it isn't only you. I've helped!"

"Mavis!"

"Scarcely realizing what he was doing,

Nicoll let a hand fall heavily on her stiffened shoulder. A tremor ran through her. She turned slowly. Their eyes met in the half-darkness and held for a time. Then suddenly, she melted toward him, hiding her face against his shoulder, while her hands stole up and clasped themselves tightly round his neck.

"He held her to him, whispering over and over: 'Oh, I love you! I love you!'"

"Then, presently, he breathed, 'Kiss me!'"

"Oh, I can't! I mustn't!"

"But of course she did."

"Still holding her, drawing her with him, he felt his way to the lamp on the table, snapped on the light, and stared at her as though he had never seen her before.

"Mavis! Your eyes! Stars shining on dew! And I've kissed you! Darling, I can't lose you; I can't bear to lose you! I must marry *you*, Mavis!"

"An expression, almost of fright, crept into her eyes. In the lamplight he could see the tremor of her lashes.

"No; oh, no!" she whispered.

"But you love me?"

"Yes."

"Then we *must* smash everything else. To give each other up would be unnatural—wicked. Don't you see, darling?"

"She was silent, and he went on rapidly:

"I can't give you up—you're so wonderful! You're a thousand women, Mavis! That's why you're the only woman I could ever be faithful to."

"At that she gave a quick little laugh, but without mirth.

"And you couldn't be faithful to *me*!"

"Mavis! Don't you believe I—"

"Yes; I believe you love me."

"Don't you trust it to—last?"

"Of course it won't last. You know it, too—down deep in your heart. That's been the secret knowledge between us all this time. Knowing—oh!"—she suddenly hid her face and sobbed against his shoulder—"it's all so futile—this emotional strife! The hideous joke is that in two years we'll both think back and smile."

"Nicoll gripped her tightly with one arm, and with the free hand then tried to lift her face.

"Hush! Why is it futile? Why—"

"She lifted her head and interrupted him, speaking rapidly. "Oh, you and I both know this is beyond reason. We

understand each other pretty well—too well, so well that we really don't *want* to love each other. Don't deny it! We've both planned to better ourselves materially. And here we are—attracted beyond will, beyond judgment. Something in each of us demands *something* the other doesn't possess; we're each just barely fine enough to realize the other's not quite fine enough. And you know how a marriage on that basis would end—after the glamour's gone. We've both seen enough messes of lives. Disillusion—boredom—recrimination—contempt—deceit—oh, my God!

"Her voice, strangely dispassionate through the harsh citation, sank to a whisper. Nicoll groaned as he loosed his grip of her hands. Blindly he walked up and down the short length of the room. Then, turning to the window, he laid his arm against the casing and his face against his arm.

"I feel,' he said drearily, 'as though I'd been reading a beautiful part of a beautiful book and some one had come behind me and turned out the light. It's all dark now. I—'

"His despair was too much for Mavis, spent as she was with repressed emotion. She swiftly crossed to him, laying her cheek against his shoulder.

"We still have to-day,' she said.

"He swung about, demanding, 'Then you do love me a little?'

"Not a little,' she whispered.

"And you're not sorry you do?'

"He spoke sharply, cruelly—as lovers sometimes will.

"If I am, I'm more glad than sorry.'

"Nicoll clasped her in his arms and held her in a long silence. When he spoke his voice was barely a whisper.

"You wonderful girl! You're so much saner than I—and finer! Dear and sweet and splendid and everything that's beautiful! I adore you! How can I give you up!'

"She gently disengaged herself from his arms. Nicoll strove to hold her.

"Please,' she pleaded. 'Let's not make it any harder than it has to be.'

"Perhaps you're right,' he said, ceasing to try to hold her. 'Anyhow, I'll try, for once, to be unselfish.' Then he turned, walked across the room, and snapped on a light. And when, presently, he left her, he limited himself to the most conventional words of

farewell. He dared not trust himself to shake hands.

"So Nicoll went away.

"The story of Mavis, those following days, is a pathetic story of stubbornly swallowed memories which rebelled with painful persistence. This time, she had not the heart to console herself with other men. She was able only to obsess herself with the illusion that her grief could not obsess her. For Mavis was young enough to retain some illusions for salvation—even though she had professed to have lost them all.

"True to his promise, Nicoll did not write. And, true to her womanhood, Mavis was disappointed. He had been gone about two weeks when June turned unseasonably hot, and Mavis succumbed to a nervous headache which kept her in bed for three days. On the third morning, she was still in bed when Nicoll called her up on the long-distance. He assured her that nothing was the matter—he was only lonesome—wanted to hear her voice—was anxious to know how she had stood the heat. When he heard of her illness, he was alarmed; but he allowed her to convince him that it was not serious and that she was on the mend.

"But, that evening, the telephone-bell rang again, this time to announce him. Mavis was trembling as she crept to the door to let him in. Neither said a word. He caught her shoulders and held her away from him, gazing into her face. Then he held her close. Her head fell to his shoulder, and he rested his face against her hair.

"Now I'm happy!' he breathed.

"Mavis, too, was happy. Too happy to think of explanations or to resurrect conscience. He was there—with her. Nothing else mattered.

"That was the biggest comfort I've ever had,' he said—the sound of your voice this morning. Thank God for Bell, or whoever's responsible for the long-distance telephone!

"From pure contentment she chided: "But I told you— You shouldn't have worried."

"Not worry? Knowing you were here, ill and alone? I honestly tried to stay away, but—'

"He supported her to the big chair by the window and gently tucked cushions in about her. Then he left her, to open a long box he had brought with him and to carry it and a tall vase into the kitchenette. When he

gurdy's maudlin tune. The scent of the roses reached to their hearts.

"Mavis stirred restlessly. At the movement, he lifted his head and smiled at her.

Suddenly she bent forward, clasped her arm round his shoulder, and whispered:

"Oh, I love you! I don't want ever to be without you again!"

"Do you mean that?"

Nicoll's voice was sharp.

'Do you mean what you're saying? Look at me!'

"Holding her head back, she looked at him. Her eyes were sober behind a glint of tears.

"I mean it," she answered. 'I'm not strong enough—'

"Don't—" he began, rebelliously straightening.

"Hush, dear," she interrupted, pressing his head back to her knee. 'Listen: We must look straight at the facts.

We can, at least, do that much—not deceive ourselves. We are

the kind who—though we know better, though we can reason that it's not wise—are made to

live in the present. It's my weakness and yours. I've tried not to give in to it—tried hard. But that's how I'm made. I've always been reckless. I see something I want and I buy it, even when I owe money to my dressmaker and haven't enough to pay. And you—you can't afford the dinners you have had sent here—nor these expensive flowers. Yet here are the flowers, and I don't object. I'm going to give up. We can be happy for a while, anyway. And while we are happy, we will be happier than

"Sunshine's a magician," observed Nicoll. 'It transforms you. You're a woodland sprite. I wish you could take your hat off'"

returned, he set the vase of fragrant American Beauties close beside her chair.

"He sank to the floor at her feet and rested his head against her knee.

"Now I'm happy," he said again.

"The evening lights were appearing in the park, shining wanly through the dusk. An abnormal quiet had settled on the busy street below. The only sound was a hurdy-



most. Perhaps the sense of danger will key us up all the more; or perhaps it will weary us the more quickly. I don't know; but I'm not going to do the thing weakly. I'm not going to try to deceive myself. It's reckless—I know it. We're not the kind for each other—we're too much alike.'

"Her voice faltered, but she kept it clear. Nicoll lifted his head and gazed at her admiringly. But he himself could not quite reach her plane.

"'It's good to be alike,' he protested. 'It makes people congenial.'

"'It's not good to be alike in bad points,' she said. 'That's dangerous.'

"'We can help each other to overcome them.'

"'But we don't.'

"'Yes, we do.'

"'How?'

"'Well,' he said, with sardonic whimsicality, 'haven't we helped each other not to marry for money?'

"And then she went and laughed and gave up arguing with him.

"The next week they were married."

The novelist gave the last sentence in a lowered, almost gloomy tone. He looked in the fire for a moment, during which the others kept silent. Then he rose clumsily, stretched, and fumbled in the jar on the table for a cigar.

"End of Chapter One," he added more cheerfully.

His wife, who had dropped her work to listen, rapt, sighed.

"Poor things! They *did* struggle!" Then she went on proudly: "For a draft dictated in scarcely an hour, I think it's splendid. More especially as you've not been working for two months."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Burleson, his teeth on a cigar. "It wants a lot of

polishing. And cutting—some of that park stuff. And the end will have to be built up."

Young Arwood, who had taken his notes at a feverish pace, was very obviously trying to conceal the fact that he was deeply moved.

"It's all true, I suppose?" he said, in an uneven tone.

"Oh, mostly," answered Burleson, standing puffing out huge clouds of smoke and exercising his arms like windmills. "Of course I piled it on about his looks and all that. A magazine hero has to be handsome and conquering as the devil. As a matter of fact, this man wasn't so infernally attractive as the girl thought. He wasn't handsome—even then he had a tendency to *embonpoint*, and his hair was a bit thin at the parting."

"That isn't true," denied Mrs. Burleson, as she began to fold up her work. "He was handsome. And women were silly about him. And she wasn't such a tearing beauty, either."

"Oh, that part's all right!" said Burleson. "I won't retract one word about Mavis's looks. And in character, too, she's really a darn sight more of a girl than this first chapter indicates. You'll see that, as the story goes on."

"Nonsense!" scoffed his wife, reaching over to lay her work on the table.

Arwood, seated before his desk, looked white and tired.

Presently, in a dragging, reluctant tone, he asked:

"How's it going to end? How long does it take them to—smash?"

"You can reckon that out for yourself, son," answered Burleson cheerfully. He moved over to where his wife sat and rested his hand affectionately on her shoulder. "Here's the heroine. Maybe she can tell you."

Good News!

Penrod stories to be resumed in January *Cosmopolitan!*

The fact that Mr. Tarkington was obliged to lay aside, temporarily, the greatest stories of a "real kid" ever written was rightly regarded by all *Cosmopolitan* readers as a real literary misfortune. But he is at them again, and now we can promise a continuation of one of the finest treats ever offered by **America's Greatest Magazine.**

Remember: Next month, the first of the new **Penrod** stories.

Good News!



Egypt of the Magicians

By Rudyard Kipling

EDITOR'S NOTE—In this, the last of Mr. Kipling's brilliant and unforgettable descriptions of modern Egypt, we are brought into the confines of that "accepted miracle" wrought by quietly working but effectively applied forces of civilization—the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Sixteen years ago, when Kitchener, at Omdurman, overthrew the khalif Abdullah and crushed the power of Mahdism, this region was "one crazy hell of murder, torture, and lust." And to-day— Where has such a change ever before been seen? By means of spirited anecdotes of the "before" and "after," we are let into the secret of the Anglo-Saxon's genius for turning chaos into order and bringing light into the dark places of the earth.

Illustrated by George Gibbs

VII

AT Wady Halfa one feels the first breath of a frontier. Here the Egyptian government retires into the background, and even the Cook's steamer does not draw up in the exact center of the post-card. At the telegraph office, too, there are traces, diluted but quite recognizable, of military administration. Nor does the town, in any way or place whatever, smell—which is proof that it is not looked after on popular lines. There is nothing to see in it any more than there is in Hulk C.60, late Her Majesty's troopship Himalaya, now a coal-hulk in the Hamoaze, at Plymouth. A river front, a narrow, terraced river walk of semioriental houses, barracks, a mosque, and half a dozen streets at right angles, the Desert racing up to the end of each, make all the town. A mile or so up-stream, under palm trees, are bungalows of what must have been cantonments, some machinery repair shops,

and odds and ends of railway track. It is all as paltry a collection of whitewashed houses, pitiful gardens, dead walls, and trodden waste spaces as one would wish to find anywhere; and every bit of it quivers with the remembered life of armies and river fleets, as the finger-bowl rings when the rubbing finger is lifted. The most unlikely men have done time there; stores by the thousand ton have been rolled and pushed and hauled up the banks by tens of thousands of scattered hands; hospitals have pitched themselves there, expanded enormously, shriveled up, and drifted away with the drifting regiments; railway sidings by the mile have been laid down and ripped up again, as need changed, and utterly wiped out by the sands.

Halfa has been rail-head, army headquarters, and hub of the universe—the one spot where a man could make sure of buying tobacco and sardines, or could hope for

letters for himself and medical attendance for his friend. Now she is a little shrunken shell of a place without a proper hotel, where tourists hurry up from the river to buy complete sets of Sudan stamps at the post-office.

I went for a purposeless walk from one end of Halfa to the other, and found a crowd of native boys playing football on what might have been a parade-ground of old days.

"And what school is that?" I asked, in English, of a small, eager youth.

"*Madrissah*," said he most intelligently, which being translated means just "school."

"Yes; but *which* school?"

"Yes, *madrissah*, school, sir." And he tagged after to see what else the imbecile wanted.

A line of railway track that must have fed big workshops in its time led me between big-roomed houses and offices labeled departmentally, with here and there a clerk at work. I was directed and redirected by polite Egyptian officials (I wished to get at a white officer, if possible, but there wasn't one about); was turned out of a garden which belonged to an Authority; hung round the gate of a bungalow with an old-established compound and two white men sitting in chairs on a veranda; wandered down toward the river under the palm trees, where the last red light came through; lost myself among rusty boilers and balks of timber, and, at last, loafed back in the twilight, escorted by the small boy and an entire brigade of military ghosts, not one of whom I had ever met before but all of whom I knew most intimately. They said it was the evenings that used to depress them most, too; so they all came back after dinner and bore me company at the station, where I went to meet a friend arriving by the night train from Khartum.

She was an hour late, and we spent it, the ghosts and I, in a brick-walled, tin-roofed shed, warm with the day's heat—a crowd of natives laughing and talking somewhere behind in the darkness. We knew each other so well by that time that we had finished discussing every conceivable topic of conversation—the whereabouts of the Mahdi's head, for instance; work, reward, despair, acknowledgment, flat failure, all the real motives that had driven us to do anything, and all our other longings. Then we sat still and let the stars move, as men must do when they meet this kind of train.

Presently I asked, "What is the name of the next station out from here?"

"Station Number One," said a ghost.

"And the next?"

"Station Number Two, and so on up to Eight, I think."

"And wasn't it worth while to name even *one* of these stations for some man, living or dead, who had something to do with making the line or the country?"

"Well, they didn't, anyhow," said another ghost. "I suppose they didn't think it worth while. Why? What do *you* think?"

"I think," I replied, "it is the sort of snobbery that nations go to hades for."

Her headlight showed at last, an immense distance off; the economical electrics were turned up; the ghosts vanished; the dragomans of the various steamers flowed forward in beautiful garments to meet their passengers who had booked berths in the Cook boats, and the Khartum train decanted a joyous collection of folk, all decorated with horns, hoofs, hides, knives, and assagais which they had been buying at Omdurman. And when the porters laid hold upon their bristling bundles, it was like MacNeill's zarefa without the camels.

Two young men in tarbooshes were the only people who had no part in the riot. Said one of them to the other,

"Hullo!"

Said the other, "Hullo!"

They grunted together for a while. Then one pleasantly:

"Oh, I'm sorry for *that!* I thought I was going to have you under *me* for a bit. Then you'll use the rest-house there?"

"I suppose so," said the other. "Do you happen to know if the roof's on?"

Here a woman wailed aloud for her derwish-spear which had gone adrift, and I shall never know, except from the back pages of the "Sudan Almanack," what state that rest-house there is in.

The Sudan administration, by the little I heard, is a queer service. It extends itself in silence from the edges of Abyssinia to the swamps of the equator, at an average pressure of one white man to several thousand square miles. It legislates according to the custom of the tribe, where possible, and on the common sense of the moment, when there is no precedent. It is recruited almost wholly from the army, armed chiefly with binoculars, and enjoys a death-rate

a little lower than its own reputation. It is said to be the only service in which a man taking leave is explicitly recommended to get out of the country and rest himself, that he may return the more fit to his job. A high standard of intelligence is required, and lapses are not overlooked. For instance, one man on leave in London took the wrong train from Boulogne, and instead of going to Paris, which, of course, he had intended, found himself at a station called Kirk-Kilisseh or Adrianople West, all in the middle of a war, where he stayed for some weeks. It was a mistake that might have happened to anyone on a dark night after a stormy passage, but the authorities would not believe it, and when I left Egypt were busily engaged in boiling him in hot oil. They are grossly respectable in the Sudan now.

Long and long ago, before even the Philippines were taken, a friend of mine was reprimanded by a British member of Parliament, first for the sin of blood-guiltiness because he was by trade a soldier, next for murder because he had fought in great battles, and lastly, and most important, because he and his fellow braves had saddled the British taxpayer with the expense of the Sudan. My friend explained that all the Sudan had ever cost the British taxpayer was the price of about one dozen regulation Union Jacks—one for each province. "That," said the

M. P. triumphantly, "is all it will ever be worth!" He went on to justify himself, and the Sudan went on, also. To-day, it has taken its place as one of those accepted miracles which are worked without beat or headlines by men who do the job nearest their band and seldom fuss about their reputations.

But less than sixteen years ago, the length and breadth of it was one crazy hell of murder, torture, and lust, where every man who had a sword used it till he met a stronger and became a slave. It was—

men say who remember it—a hysteria of blood and fanaticism; and precisely as an hysterical woman is called to her senses by a dash of cold water, so at the battle of Omdurman the land was reduced to sanity by applied death on such a scale as the murderers and the torturers at their most unbridled moments could scarcely have dreamed. In a day and a night, all who had power and authority were wiped out and put under, till, as the old song says, no chief remained to ask after any follower. They had all charged into paradise. The people who were left looked for renewed massacres of the sort they had been accustomed to, and when these did not come, they said helplessly: "We have nothing. We are nothing. Will you sell us into slavery among the Egyptians?" The men

who remember the old days of the Reconstruction—which deserves an epic of its own—say that there was nothing left to build on, not even wreckage. Knowledge, decency, kinship, property, title, sense of posses-



It loafed back in the twilight, escorted by the small boy and an entire brigade of military ghosts

sion had all gone. The people were told that they were to sit still and obey orders, and they stared and fumbled like dazed crowds after an explosion. Bit by bit, however, they were fed and watered and marshaled into some sort of order, set to tasks they never dreamed to see the end of, and, almost by physical force, pushed and hauled along the ways of mere life. They came to understand, presently, that they could reap what they had sown, and that man, even a woman, might walk for a day's journey with two goats and a native bedstead and live undespoiled. But they had to be taught kindergarten fashion.

And, little by little, as they realized that the new order was sure and that their ancient oppressors were quite dead, there returned not only cultivators, craftsmen, and artisans but outlandish men of war, scarred with old wounds and the generous dimples which the Martini-Henry bullet used to deal—fighting men on the lookout for new employ. They would hang about, first on one leg, then on the other, proud or uneasily friendly, till some white officer circulated near by. And at his fourth or fifth passing, brown and white having approved each other by eye, the talk—so men say—would run something like this:

OFFICER (*with air of sudden discovery*): Oh, you by the hut there, what is your business?

WARRIOR (*at "attention," complicated by attempt to salaam*): I am So and So, son of So and So, from such and such a place.

OFFICER: I hear. And?

WARRIOR (*repeating salute*): And a fighting man, also.

OFFICER (*impersonally to horizon*): But they all say that, nowadays.

WARRIOR (*very loudly*): But there is a man in one of your battalions who can testify to it. He is the grandson of my father's uncle.

OFFICER (*confidentially to his boots*): Hell is quite full of such grandsons of just such fathers' uncles, and how do I know if Private So and So speaks the truth about his family? (*Makes to go.*)

WARRIOR (*swiftly removing necessary garments*): Perhaps. But these don't lie. Look! I got this ten, twelve years ago when I was quite a lad, close to the old border. Yes, Halfa. It was a true Snider bullet. Feel it! This little one on the leg I got at the big fight that finished us all, last year. But

I am not lame (*violent leg exercise*), not in the least lame. See! I run. I jump. I kick. Praised be Allah!

OFFICER: Praised be Allah! And then? WARRIOR (*coquettishly*): Then, I shoot. I am not a common spearman. (*Lapse into English*) Yah; dam' goo' shot! (*Pumps lever of imaginary Martini.*)

OFFICER (*unmoved*): I see. And then?

WARRIOR (*indignantly*): I am come here—after many days' marching. (*Change to childlike wheedle.*) Are all the regiments full?

At this point the relative, in uniform, generally discovered himself, and if the officer liked the cut of his jib, another "old Mahdi's man" would be added to the machine that made itself as it rolled along. They dealt with situations in those days by the unclouded light of reason and a certain high and holy audacity.

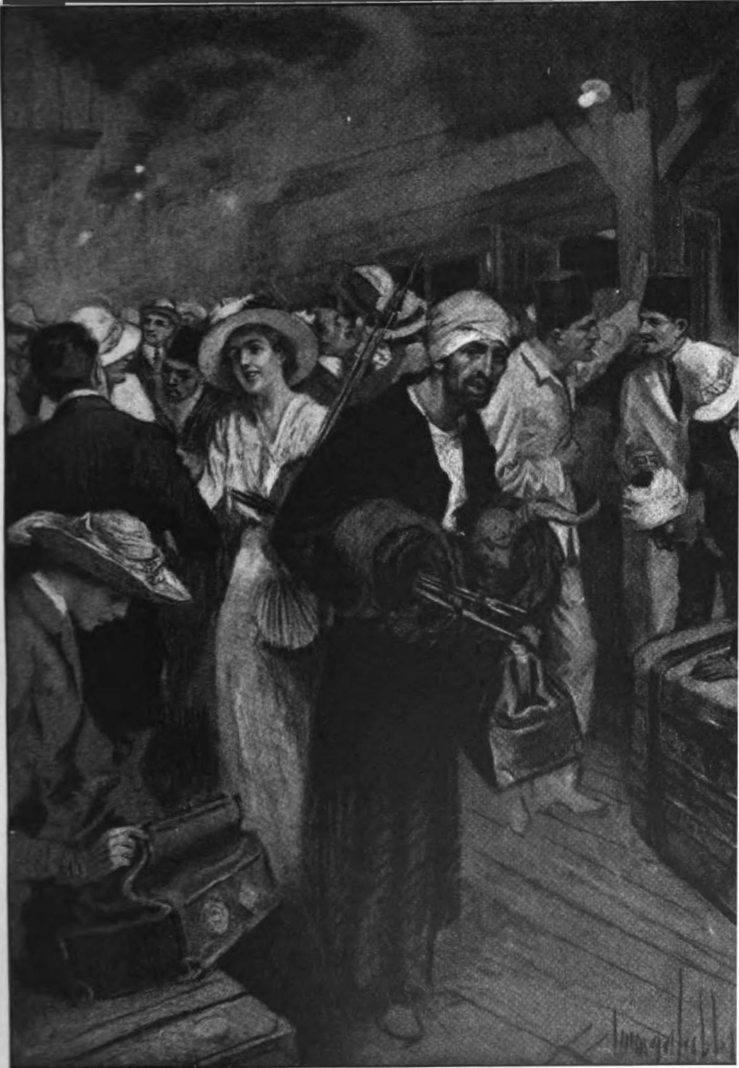
Here is a tale of two sheiks shortly after the Reconstruction began. One of them, Abdullah of the River, prudent and the son of a slave woman, professed loyalty to the English very early in the day, and used that loyalty as a cloak under which to lift camels from another sheik, Farid of the Desert, who was still at war with the English but a perfect gentleman, which Abdullah was not. Naturally, Farid raided back on Abdullah's kine; Abdullah complained to the authorities, and the Border fermented. To Farid in his desert-camp, with a clutch of Abdullah's cattle round him, entered, alone and unarmed, the officer responsible for the peace of those parts. After compliments, for they had had dealings with each other before, "You've been driving Abdullah's stock again," said the Englishman.

"I should think I had!" was Farid's hot answer. "He lifts my camels and scuttles back into your territory, where he knows I can't follow him for the life, and when I try to get a bit of my own back, he whines to you. He's a cad—an utter cad."

"At any rate, he is loyal. If you'd only come in and be loyal, too, you'd both be on the same footing, and then, if he stole from you, he'd catch it!"

"He'd never dare to steal except under your protection. Give him what he'd have got in the Mahdi's time—a first-class flogging. You know he deserves it!"

"I'm afraid that isn't allowed. You'll have to let me shift all those bullocks of his back again."



The Khartum train decanted a joyous collection of folk, all decorated with horns, hoofs, hides, knives, and assegais which they had been buying at Omdurman

"And if I don't?"

"Then, I shall have to ride back and collect all my men and begin war against you."

"But what prevents my cutting your throat where you sit?"

"For one thing you aren't Abdullah, and—"

"There! You confess he's a cad!"

"And for another, the government would only send another officer who didn't understand your ways, and there *would* be war, and no one would score except Abdullah. He'd steal your camels and get credit for it."

"So he would, the scoundrel! This is a hard world for honest men. Now, you admit Abdullah is a cad. Listen to me, and I'll tell you a few more things about him. He was, etc., etc. He is, etc., etc."

"You're perfectly right, Sheik, but don't you see I can't tell him what I think of him so long as he's loyal and you're out against us. Now, if *you* come in, I promise you that I'll give Abdullah a telling-off—yes, in your presence—that will do you good to listen to."

"No, I won't come in. But—I tell you what I will do. I'll accompany you tomorrow as your guest to your camp. Then you send for Abdullah and talk to him, and if I judge that his fat face has been sufficiently blackened in my presence, I'll think about coming in later."

So it was arranged, and they slept out

the rest of the night, side by side, and in the morning they gathered up and returned all Abdullah's cattle, and in the evening, in Farid's presence, Abdullah got the tongue-lashing of his wicked old life, and Farid of the Desert laughed and came in, and they all lived happy ever afterward.

Somewhere or other in the further provinces, the old heady game must be going on still, but the Sudan proper has settled to civilization of the brick-bungalow and bougainvillea sort, and there is a huge technical college where the young men are trained to become fitters, surveyors, draftsmen, and telegraph employees at fabulous wages. In due time they will forget how warily their fathers had to walk in the Mahdi's time to secure even half a bellyful; then, as has happened elsewhere, they will honestly believe that they themselves originally created and since then have upheld the easy life into which they were bought at so heavy a price. Then the demand will go up for "extension of local government," "Sudan for the Sudanese," and so on till the whole cycle has to be retraced. It is a hard law but an old one—Rome died learning it, as our Western civilization may die—that if you give any man anything that he has not painfully earned for himself, you infallibly make him or his descendants your devoted enemies.

THE END



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Jabez's Conquest

Mr. Rowland has succeeded in creating a new and absolutely original character in fiction—something that one does not often come across nowadays. Hence the great interest aroused in *Cosmopolitan* readers by "The Adventures of Dominica." This is the third of her exciting exploits. You will remember how, in last month's story, she set upon to get possession of a famous garment—the rajah's tunic—also how, for all her risk and trouble, she was, in the successful but humiliating end, "badly stung." It is not long, however, before the tunic is called upon to play a part in the nefarious schemes of the resourceful young woman, and this entertaining narrative tells of the use to which she put it.

By Henry C. Rowland

—author of "Braga's Double," "The Rajah's Tunic," etc.

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

HAVING learned, in a letter from Dominica, that Toni *le Rat* had been reapprehended and shipped back to Cayenne as a *récidiviste* (or criminal repeater) and that the police *agent*, Legrand, had been suspended from the corps and had opened a private-detective agency (which is to say, a private black-mailing establishment), Señor Emilio Braga decided to return to France.

Dominica despised Braga, and would not have written to him but for the fact that he was most necessary to her pecuniary profit. Besides, Braga owed her several thousand francs on outstanding accounts which involved the disposition of certain stolen jewels and his attempt upon the life of Legrand. Braga usually settled such scores when able to do so without personal inconvenience, and Dominica needed the money. So she indited him an epistle which began, "*Mon cher ami*," at which Braga was pleased though not deceived, for Dominica had never been his *chère amie* in any sense.

So he took ship from Buenos Aires to New York, where he did not linger longer than was necessary, being known to the extent of a bowing acquaintance with the pushing police of that hamlet and enjoying their interest in his affairs about as much as a burro with a broken leg might appreciate the attentions of a visit from Andean condors. Braga was very glad when the ship cast off her warps and he was able to repose himself in his deck-chair and open a copy of "Os Lusíadas, Poema Épico de Luis de Camões." Braga found more pleasure in Portuguese poetry than in Spanish.

The chair on Braga's right was occasionally occupied by a deaf old lady to whom he bowed on seating himself and then forgot. The chair on his left was tagged "Mr. Jabez Slocum," and was apparently the only part of the ship not inhabited by its ubiquitous proprietor. This young gentleman impressed the indolent but observant Braga as one who had swallowed a set of steel springs and appeared to find it impossible to land in any one place without immediately bouncing out of it again.

From a smoking-room acquaintance Braga learned that Mr. Slocum had inherited a large farm in western Pennsylvania, struck oil thereon, and sold out his property for about a million and a half dollars. Jabez, indeed, gave the impression of one who had recently acquired a large fortune and had not yet become accustomed to the responsibilities thereof. In speech, manners, and appearance, he suggested a hearty bucolic who should, by all rights, have been driving a plow across a stumpy pasture-lot and who, in moments of relaxation, might prove to be the village cut-up. He had also been heard to boast that at the age of twenty-one he could outrun, outjump, outwrestle, and outthief more than any man in his community. And yet there was something about the young man which inspired a certain respect despite his crudities, and seemed to indicate no mean amount of personality.

Braga made his acquaintance the third day out when, flushed from romping about the deck, he flung his big frame into his chair and drew from his pocket two succulent cigars.

"Smoke?" said he affably.

The Argentino took the cigar with a word of thanks, and, the chair of the deaf old lady being vacant, cut the end and lighted up, first offering the match to his companion.

"You seem to be enjoying the voyage," he observed.

"I sure am," said Jabez, heartily. "This is the first real fun I've had since I quit school, six years ago. I graduated from Crawford College, and since then I've had to stick pretty close to work. But I guess that's all done with now, and I'm off to Yurrup with no other aim or object than to have a darn good time."

"You have chosen the right place," said Braga. "That is what Europe is for."

"So they tell me," Jabez answered.

"I think," said Braga, to whom a rich and unsophisticated man had the same attraction that a fat young nestling not yet sure of its wings might have for a yellow cat, "that the reason is because Europe, that is to say, the Continent, is not so strait-laced as America. A man can enjoy himself as he pleases, without being criticized."

"I guess you're right," said Jabez. "I've read a good many books about life over there, and say—if we were to do at home one half the things they don't seem to think anything about over in the Old Country, we'd be run out of town with a coat o' tar and feathers, like as not. Folks won't stand for much carryings-on in the States. We're sort o' puritanical about a good many things."

Braga nodded. A vague, half-formed project was beginning to shape itself in his criminal mind.

"That is very true," said he. "For instance, I could tell you of an adventure that once happened to a friend of mine that would have been quite impossible in the United States."

"Let's hear it," said Jabez, settling himself back in his chair.

So Braga, who was a good *raconteur* and had never lacked for imagination, proceeded to spin a fanciful yarn of a rich young South American who had arrived in Paris an utter stranger and who had been seen and admired by a certain French lady of high title and low moral sense. It was a pretty bad story, but the adventure was painted with such a glamour of romance and luxury that, before he had finished, Jabez's gray eyes were beginning to glow.

"I guess that sort of thing don't happen very often," said he, at its conclusion.

"On the contrary," said Braga, "it is happening constantly. In fact, something of the sort is apt to happen at almost any time to—well, such a man as yourself, who is strong and vigorous and unspoiled by the contamination of European life. Women, the world over, are attracted by masculine strength and vitality, and the foreign element is apt to appeal to them. They like a change—something different. Then, if the favored individual happens to be rich and is not miserly, like most European men, he might easily find himself the object of just such fascinating adventures as we read about in the books of Balzac or Dumas or the "Mémoires" of Casanova. But if one cares for romance of that sort, he must not miss his opportunity when it arrives." And Braga glanced from beneath his long, dark eyelashes at Jabez's interested face and thought of Dominica.

Jabez never thought to doubt the truth of Braga's anecdote any more than he did to suspect an ulterior motive. He had always been an ardent reader and, like many unsophisticated people, believed the most of what he read. His experience with women had been of an exceedingly limited scope, like most of his experiences. During his course at Crawford College he had on several occasions escorted some fluttering "co-ed" to a "prom" and home again, and there may have been amorous opportunities neglected or perhaps profited by to the extent of hand-squeezings and even a fugitive caress.

But Jabez had never taken these philanthropies very seriously. He had been obliged to work too hard to get the education which he felt to be due to his intelligence, and he had preferred to extract his romance vicariously from books. Now that he was a millionaire with (as he felt) the world at his feet, he was glad that he had kept himself unencumbered for the Great Adventure.

Despite the fact that Braga's story left a slightly unpleasant savor, in the days following Jabez returned frequently for more, like a glutted wasp to the jam-pot. Braga was always ready to reel off another delicately perfumed experience. He was pursuing that most subtle policy of suggestion, and noticed with inward amusement and satisfaction that his neighbor was, like a

those of Alexander entering Tyre. He felt that the fair city with its frail inhabitants lay helpless at his feet. To some extent this was true, as there was little coveted by his imagination which his money was inadequate to buy, and Epictetus has assured us that that which a man does not want he already possesses.

Confident and elate in the pride of youth



weaned in
fant, begin-
ning to require
stronger food.
Braga was by no
means sure that his
maxims might lead to anything advantage-
ous because he had made many Atlantic cross-
ings and did not count too much on steamship
acquaintanceship. But his parables served
to pass the time, and there was always the
off-chance of a return from bread cast upon
the waters. It is doubtful if he himself,
artist that he was along certain criminal
lines, realized how well he had Jabez primed
for the part which he was intended to play
when, on their disembarkation at Cherbourg,
Braga wired to Dominica:

Meet me *chez* Fouquet at noon. Business in
sight. BRAGA.

II

MR. JABEZ SLOCUM entered Paris with
emotions which might have been likened to

Braga was always ready to
reel off another delicately
perfumed experience

and the consciousness of pecuni-
ary power, Jabez strolled down the Champs
Elysées on his way to the bank to replenish
the sinews of love and war, at present slightly
strained from an indulgence in poker on the
voyage across. He was a good-looking young
fellow, trim and upright as the result of a col-
lege athletic training on a naturally rugged
physique, and his clothes were of the best
which a leading Pittsburgh tailor could
supply.

If Jabez's conscience, as he strolled along,
had not been as cloudless as the blue French
sky above his head, it is possible that

he might have felt himself to be under espionage. Not very far behind him in the center of the broad avenue reserved for motor vehicles was a small covered car of a dark, metallic blue in color and in form resembling the usual taxi. This modest vehicle was the property of Señor Emilio Braga and had been stored at the establishment Duchesne, in Neuilly, during Braga's absence, but had been hurriedly put in commission on the receipt of an urgent telegram from Cherbourg. In the driver's seat was a smart-looking young chauffeur, who answered at various times to various names but who, for convenience, may be known as Étienne. This youth had formerly been in Braga's employ when that worthy was conducting a highly lucrative but unostentatious business in the disposing of stolen goods.

Inside the coupé was that charming but unscrupulous young person, Dominica Meduna. Braga, on his return, had found Dominica enjoying an era of temporary prosperity as the result of a little job which she had managed with the able assistance of an accomplished French thief.

Braga, who thoroughly understood that Nica's moral defect was not vice but crime, had been, on the whole, surprised to find her *chic* and expensively gowned and shedding an opulent atmosphere. He had been inclined to believe that she would find herself on rather short commons during his absence, knowing, as he did, that Nica, in adversity or prosperity, never availed herself of what might have been considered the prime asset of the adventuress—her vivid and unusual type of beauty. Nica might have had grand dukes at her feet had she so desired. Oddly enough (from Braga's point of view as well as that of others in the underworld), she employed these physical perfections only as a means for attaining ends whereof the fruits were purchased at the cost of her soul alone. Nica's ethics were peculiar but precise.

Dominica, it must be confessed, preferred burglary to less crimes. But the skillful leeching of such an individual as Braga had described Jabez to be appealed not only to her feline instincts but to her subtle sense of humor.

Wherefore, as Jabez plunged down the Champs Élysées, reflecting gladly on the fact that Paris was his, Nica glided some slight distance in his wake, reflecting gladly on the fact that Jabez was hers—if Braga

had instructed her aright—and she had as much respect for Braga's judgment of men as she had contempt for Braga as a man. The pretty little car trailed Jabez across the Place de la Concorde, hung on his heels up the Rue Royale, fiddled about in front of the Madeleine while he picked up his bearings and escorted him respectfully down the Rue Scribe and to the bank on the Boulevard Haussman. Nica mounted with him in the lift, and Jabez said to himself that if some such woman as that were to fall a victim to his manly charms, he might find it in his conscience to treat her passion with every indulgence.

Jabez drew freely on his letter of credit, for penury was not his failing and he had a perfectly sane sense of proportion. Reflecting that his income was considerably over fifty thousand dollars a year and that he was an orphan and quite alone in the world, he could see no reason for stinting himself. Neither was Jabez particularly hobbled by virtuous principles in his determination "to have a real good time." His upbringing had been by an old heathen of an uncle who lived not in the fear of God, man, or Satan. Yet he had been a kindly man enough in his bitter way, and had not ill treated his ward.

Besides, Jabez came of Yankee seafaring stock, his ancestors being for the most part hard-driving whalers and merchant-skippers, and the young man had a certain inheritance of the lawless spirit which had floated some of these into forbidden waters against the laws of Muscovite and Japanese, seal poaching, pearling, and the like, and some of whom had sewn the wind throughout the ports of the Seven Seas. What is bred in the bone will out in the blood, and it is not surprising that Jabez meant to have his fling before settling down.

He crowded his wallet with notes of large denomination and, picking up his gloves and stick, turned to the stairs, not waiting for the lift. As he did so, the pretty woman who had come up with him in the lift brushed past his shoulder toward the same door, for the banking-office was up but one flight from the street. Jabez, with his most gallant air, drew open the heavy door and stepped back, receiving for his politeness a bright look from the violet eyes, a smile, and a murmured "Thank you" in English. It was a conventional acknowledgment and yet, for some reason, Jabez was conscious of a distinct thrill. It is possible that

Dominica may have put a warm intentness into that passing glance, or that her eyes may have lingered on his the fraction of a second longer than was necessary, or that her flashing smile may have been particularly kind. At any rate, Jabez had the sensation of being examined and approved, and as he stepped out after her, his pulse was several beats quicker and he inhaled, with another thrill, the faint and delicate odor of violets.

He was watching the graceful figure ahead of him with more than casual admiration when the pretty lady made a clutch as though at some object slipping from her hand, and there fell upon the stone stairs a *rouleau* of louis, neatly wrapped in paper, after the manner of banks. The wrapping burst open, and the golden coins flew out and went jingling in all directions.

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed the girl, with a little stamp of her foot.

Jabez was at her elbow instantly. "Don't trouble yourself, ma'am," said he, "I'll pick 'em up for you." And, going down a few steps, he began to gather such of the coins as were within reach.

The girl did not offer to assist but stood still, with a little laugh of vexation.

"Thank you so much," said she, and Jabez received a fresh and stronger thrill at the tone of the softly modulated voice. "It is a bit awkward to stoop down in this tight skirt. Let me hold your cane."

Jabez handed her his new malacca and continued to gather up the coins.

"How many were there?" he asked presently.

"Twenty-five. I drew five hundred francs. But you really needn't bother. I'll call one of the attendants" (which, however, she made no motion to do). "I think there was a ten-franc piece, too, which fell out of my purse when I grabbed at the roll."

"Oh, I guess we'll find 'em all," said Jabez. "They can't be very far."

"I'm putting you to an awful lot of trouble," murmured Dominica. "I hope you're not in a hurry."

"It wouldn't make the least mite of difference if I was," Jabez assured her gallantly. "Let's take a tally and see how we stand."

He stepped to where she stood, his big palm filled with gold. Dominica cupped her little gloved hands, and Jabez slowly counted into them twenty-three louis.

"Two shy," said he, "and the ten-franc

piece. That might have slipped into a crack somewhere."

He resumed his search, finding another louis under a brass stair-rod but failing utterly to discover the ten-franc piece, for the excellent reason that she had not dropped it, as she was perfectly well aware. Two other clients of the bank came down, a Frenchman and an American, and assisted in the search. Then arrived a bank-messenger, who promptly summoned an attendant with an electric torch, when Dominica thanked the others and begged them not to delay themselves. Jabez, however, declined to be dismissed. Other busy people arrived, took a polite and perfunctory look about, and hurried on. The last missing louis was discovered under the heel of the lower door, but the ten-franc piece declined to be revealed. The *conciierge*, who had also been summoned, was turning back the strip of carpet, beginning at the bottom of the stairs, when Dominica said to Jabez:

"Do you know, I believe I feel something in my shoe! I wonder if it could have slipped in there? My foot was in front of me when I let the money fall." She seated herself on the side of the stairway, then looked at Jabez with a rippling laugh of helplessness.

"Would you mind slipping off my shoe?" she asked, and laughed again.

"Well, I guess not!" said Jabez, and knelt down to perform this office.

Breathing rather as one who cranks a cold motor than one drawing off a lady's shoe, he performed the delightful operation, and lo! there was the ten-franc piece, precisely where the artful Dominica had placed it.

"Well, I declare!" said Jabez, straightening up with a rather flushed face. "That might not happen once in a hundred times!" (Which was quite true.) "Just think of that little coin landing on anything as small!" (Jabez was inspired.)

Dominica laughed. "I'll give it to the attendants for all the trouble I've made them," said she.

"Give it to me, and I'll hand them five francs each," said Jabez. "I'd sort of like it for a lucky piece"—he laughed a little breathlessly—"sort of a souvenir of my first day in Paris—and the first time I ever took off a lady's shoe."

"Very well," said she. "You certainly deserve it."

The matter being thus arranged to the

thorough satisfaction of all concerned, Jabez escorted Dominica to her, or rather Braga's, car. About to enter, she turned.

"You've been so very kind," said she, "and I've delayed you so long, that you must really let me set you down wherever you want to go." And her violet eyes fastened upon those of Jabez in a way that made his head swim. In that brief moment there flashed through his head all that Braga had told him about the constant opportunities for romantic adventure in France. His South American shipmate was undoubtedly right.

For, callow though he was, Jabez did not believe that so beautiful and stylish a woman as this chance acquaintance would ask a stranger to ride with her in her car merely because he had helped her to gather up some small change, unless there was some quality about the said stranger which particularly appealed to her. Jabez thought of the intent way in which she had regarded him. He had never been cursed with false modesty, and he remembered what Braga had said about the preference of European women for handsome, virile, free-handed Americans. He remembered, also, what the South American had said about not letting the chance of romance slip past, should it happen to present itself.

Wherefore Jabez's decision was quickly taken, and, with the blood in his lean cheeks and a gleam in his light-gray eyes, he answered as easily as he could,

"I was just going back to the Palace Hotel, where I'm stopping, but I don't want you to put yourself out."

"On the contrary, that happens to be my own direction," said Dominica smilingly, and made room for him at her side.

Jabez got into the car with his head in a whirl. It spun a little faster still when, on revealing his identity, his beautiful companion informed him that she was the Countess della Rocca, had been a widow for two years, and was herself a native of New York, though she had made her home in Italy for a number of years. She had come on to Paris merely to replenish her wardrobe, but meant to stay no longer than was necessary, as she had no friends in that city and found it very dull and lonely. The car, she explained, was one which she had chartered for a fortnight, in which merely to do her errands and make occasional little runs to points of interest in the environs.

Jabez listened like one in a dream. It was difficult for him to realize that he, Jabez Slocum, was gliding up the Champs Elysées, in her private car, with not only what he considered to be the prettiest and most stylish woman that he had ever seen but a bona-fide countess. And yet, despite the fact of her magnificence of rank and beauty and style, before they reached the hotel Jabez was beginning to feel as though they were old friends. Dominica confided in him how nice it was to meet a fine, manly American and how tired she was of the society of jabbering Europeans.

As it was then but about eleven, Dominica suggested a little spin through the Bois, to which Jabez enthusiastically agreed. In the course of this promenade, there were further exchanges of personal information. Jabez learned that his fair companion, although American born, was of Italian extraction; that her father had been the second son of an impoverished Italian marquis who had emigrated to America to retrieve the family fortunes and had, before his death, succeeded sufficiently in an importing business to buy the heavily mortgaged ancestral palace in Venice; that she had a brother who was a stock-broker and who, she feared, was a good deal of a plunger.

"I am afraid that extravagance runs in our family," sighed Dominica, "but that is usually the case with the Italian nobility. My husband left me very well provided for, but I am always a little behind my income. The worst of it is everything that I have is in trust, and the mean old trustees will never advance me a cent a day before the time. A few days ago I did something very foolish, I'm afraid—" She pursed her pretty lips and shook her head.

"What was that?" asked Jabez, fascinated by her naive and artless prattle.

"There was a sale at the Hôtel Drouot—that is the government auction-place, you know—of the effects of a Persian prince who lived in Paris, and among the things there was a superb costume which had been his robe of ceremony when he was the satrap of Khuzistan, before his exile. There is a tunic, a sort of loose coat, which is so thickly embroidered with pearls that it will stand up on its own skirts, and the turban has a brooch which holds a ruby the size of a robin's egg and is set about with diamonds. Well, I happened to be there when it was



"You've been so very kind," said she, "and I've delayed you so long, that you must really let me set you down wherever you want to go"

put up, and, to make a long story short, I went auction-crazy and bought the costume for three hundred thousand francs."

"Gee-whilikens!" ejaculated Jabez. "Whatever possessed you to do that?"

Dominica shrugged. "I've always been mad about jewels," said she, "and those in the costume are really worth more than that. I have since had the thing appraised by an expert, who tells me that I could always get what I paid for it. I really think that I got a bargain, but the trouble is that I shall have to economize for about six months."

Jabez reflected to himself that the beautiful Countess della Rocca must be a young woman of considerable means.

"What in the nation are you going to do with a thing like that?" he asked.

"I shall have the pearls taken out and made into ropes and collars," said she. "The ruby brooch I shall wear just as it is, or have it set in my coronet, for state occasions. For the present I have got it in the safe-deposit. You see, Mr. Slocum, I go to court a good deal when in Rome, and a woman likes to have gorgeous jewels when entertained by royalty."

Jabez did not immediately answer. He was wondering what the folks at home would say if they knew that he was riding around the Bois de Boulogne with a young and beautiful Italian countess who indulged whims

for sixty thousand dollars' worth of jewels at a clip, with which to bedeck her lovely person when being entertained by kings and queens. He felt suddenly shy and commonplace. But Dominica's friendly, matter-of-fact manner and the undisguised pleasure which she seemed to take in his society soon overcame his diffidence, and when presently they parted, she had agreed to lunch with him the following day at St. Germain.

III

"*EH BIEN*," said Braga, leaning back in his chair and lighting a cigarette, "so the millionaire American sucker has swallowed the bait?"

Nica laughed and took a sip of her orangeade. The two were sitting under the trees at the Pré Catalan.

"Not yet," she answered; "but he's mouthing it and seems to like the taste. However, he's going to need some playing when he feels the hook. The boy's not entirely a fool."

"What did he say when you told him that you had to raise fifty thousand dollars in a hurry to keep your brother from going to jail as a defaulter?"

"He was very nice. He read the letter and said that I mustn't take it too much to heart, as the best men sometimes went wrong. When I told him that I had made up my mind to pawn the satrap's tunic, he asked me if I knew all about the people and felt satisfied that I'd get a square deal. Of course, he has never heard of *Mont-de-piété*. So I took him with me to see Durand, and when I explained to him that I was going to be charged seventy-five thousand francs for six months' interest on an advance of two hundred and fifty thousand francs, he nearly had a fit."

Dominica took another sip of her orangeade and looked rather pensive.

"When did he offer to advance you the fifty thousand dollars himself?" Braga asked, eyeing her keenly.

"On the way back," said Dominica, in a cool tone. "First, he tried to persuade me to sell the stuff, even at a loss, and offered to lend me what I needed if I fell short. I thanked him very sweetly and told him that I couldn't think of it and that, besides, while the jewels might not be worth fifty thousand dollars to a dealer, who usually figured on at least thirty-three-and-a-third-per-cent.

profit, they were worth what I had paid for them to me, and probably the interest into the bargain, and that I preferred to put them in hock. But he couldn't seem to bear the idea of my being gouged for sixty-per-cent. interest and finally said, 'Look a-here, Nica——'"

"H'm," grunted Braga, "so he calls you Nica, does he?"

"Yes, he calls me Nica," she answered; "I call him Jabe. I'm really getting very fond of my Jabe, and would call the whole game off if it wasn't that I thought the lesson would do him more than fifty thousand dollars' worth of good."

"I'm not afraid of his not getting his money's worth," sneered Braga.

Nica's eyes turned a dark sapphire and she stared at the South American with a look which shriveled him. This swift passion was aroused in defense of a quality which few who knew her real social position ever gave Dominica the credit to possess—namely, the sanctity of her physical being.

"Shut your mouth, you rotten South American slime!" she gurgled. "You look after your end of this job and leave mine alone! I'll see to it that he coughs up the fifty thousand dollars and takes the stuff as security. All you've got to do is to get it away from him before he finds out that the whole outfit isn't worth the five thousand francs that Dalrymple paid for it! I'll see that he takes it away at night, after the shops are closed, and you see that he loses it before the next morning—savvy?"

She dropped her rounded elbow on the small wicker table, and, resting her chin on her knuckles, glared at Braga so ferociously that the Argentino shrank back instinctively.

"You needn't get nasty about it," said he; "that part is all arranged."

"How?" asked Dominica.

"Never mind how," muttered Braga sulkily, and sipped his port. "That is my lookout."

Dominica pointed her finger in his face. The tables adjoining them were unoccupied, and, to the *garçons de café*, it appeared simply that a rich South American client was being given a bad few minutes by his pretty friend. Such occurrences were so frequent as to be uninteresting.

"I'm not going to have him hurt," warned Dominica, "and I'm not going to

have him suspect me. I've done my part, and you've got to do yours and do it artistically and without bloodshed. Who's going to get the thing?"

"Durand."

"But he's seen Durand."

"In a false beard and mustache. He will not recognize him."

"Well, then, how does Durand expect to go about it?"

"You leave that to me," snapped Braga.

Dominica pondered for a moment. "Very well," said she; "I'll leave it to you, Emilio. But I want to tell you one thing. There's not to be any funny business. If there is, just as sure as I'm sitting here, I'll land you in the *bat' d'Afrique*, if I go to St. Lazare myself. I'm not going to have the man knocked in the head or stuck between the ribs; so you'd better give Durand strict orders——"

"*Sapristi!*" snarled Braga. "Nobody is going to hurt your accursed Jabez—if it can possibly be avoided. But you must realize that everything depends on getting the stuff away from him—immediately.

If the fool found out that he had been sold, his admiration for you would never save you—or I'm no judge of human nature. Again, those pearls and stones are the best imitations I ever saw, and we need them in our business. The part which worries me is that, on being robbed, he may report immediately to the police and that would lead to an investigation and show that no such article was ever sold at the Drouot."

"He won't do that," said Nica. "He has promised me to keep the affair a secret, and he is a man of his word. He will come to me, first, and I will tell him that it is a job for the secret police. We can get Wagner to impersonate a police spy and interview him."

"Another spoon in the broth," grumbled Braga, who was an avaricious man.

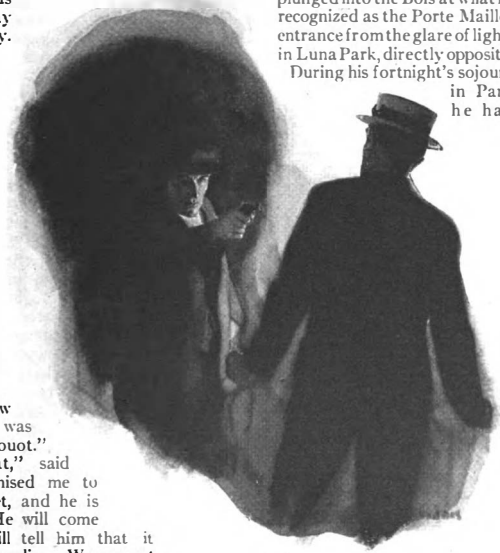
IV

WITH the sealed package containing the satrap's tunic under his arm and his balance lighter by a draft on New York for fifty thousand dollars, Jabez went out into the street and beckoned to a waiting taxi.

Jabez felt excited and elated. Dominica's warm expressions of gratitude for the service he had rendered her had quite swept away the last vestiges of the young man's shrewd sense. He told himself that he was playing the game like a prince of romance and that the Great Adventure lay within the hollow of his hand. Jabez was completely under the girl's spell, and he had almost won her consent to accompany him on a motor-tour of Great Britain. The thought of such a conquest achieved in less than a fortnight went to his head like the fumes of opium.

The night was dark, and presently, to his surprise, Jabez discovered that his taxi had plunged into the Bois at what he recognized as the Porte Maillot entrance from the glare of lights in Luna Park, directly opposite.

During his fortnight's sojourn in Paris he had



"Give me your money and your watch!"

Jabez's Conquest

grown fairly familiar with the city as the result of daily promenades with Dominica, and Jabez realized that his driver had made a considerable *détour*.

"The cuss thinks I'm a green American and figures to run up the clock on me," thought Jabez to himself. "I'll fix him when we get to the hotel where there's somebody can talk United States."

The Bois was deserted, as it always is on dark nights, and as they proceeded slowly through the misty murk, Jabez began to grow annoyed. He wanted to get back to the hotel with his precious parcel and presently, to make matters worse, the taxi began to move in an uncertain, jerky way as though the motor were not sparking properly. A few moments later, in a narrow alley as black as pitch, it came to a stop. The motor gave a spasmodic cough or two and expired.

"Gol-darn him," muttered Jabez, "this is what comes of his trying to get gay!"

Lacking the power of expressing himself, he sat still and awaited developments. The driver, cursing audibly, got down and cranked his motor. It started with a whirl. The driver climbed back to his seat and let in his clutch. Evil sounds came from the transmission-box, but the car declined to budge. The driver descended again and stood in the pale glare of his side lanterns, scratching his head. Thoroughly out of patience, Jabez laid his package on the seat, opened the door, and stepped out.

"What's the matter?" he demanded angrily.

The reply to this natural question was startling in the extreme. The chauffeur turned slowly, and Jabez found himself looking into the muzzle of a big revolver.

"Give me your money and your watch!" growled the chauffeur, in strongly accented English. "Do not move or make any sound or I will shoot."

Jabez felt his hair crisping at the back of his neck, less in fright than in anger.

"Huh!" he growled. "So this is a hold-up, hey?"

"Do not talk," said the chauffeur, "or I will blow your br'rains out. Give me your watch and pocketbook and go away."

Jabez did not long hesitate. The man apparently meant business, and there was plainly no help to be had. In such a case it seemed to Jabez that there was nothing for

it but to obey. And then, suddenly, he thought of his package.

"All right," said he, and drew out his wallet which contained a considerable sum of money—perhaps fifteen hundred francs—for Jabez had not been a millionaire long enough to overcome the temptation to display his ready cash in public places. He tugged at his fob and handed watch and wallet to the bandit, and his muscles tautened at the thought that he might manage to sidestep and get in a knockout blow as the man reached to take the articles. But the experienced Durand, a footpad of some reputation, was assuming no risks.

"T'row zem into ze car," he growled, "and chase yourself, or I will kill you."

Here, at least, were explicit directions, and something in the squinting expression of the man's pallid face, as seen in the dira glare of the lamps, inclined Jabez to believe that he was in a tight place. He reflected swiftly that even a live pauper has the odds on a murdered millionaire and that the bullet of a bandit at that particular moment promised to check most effectually the pursuit of such pleasure as was promised by the immediate future. But it hit him very hard to lose the satrap's pearls; so he made an attempt to parley.

"All right, son," said he. "You can have the wad and the watch and my shoestrings, if you like. You've got the drop, and all I need to do is to pony up. But I've got a parcel in here that I'd like to keep. Nothing but some new clothes that wouldn't fit you, anyhow. I need 'em for to-morrow. Let me take the clothes, and——"

"You can take nozzing," said the chauffeur. "Nowgo quick, or I will shoot. Izink I will shoot you, anyhow—" And the muzzle of the pistol lowered to the region of Jabez's diaphragm.

It is a curious fact that a courageous man, while able to look a weapon in the eye, is apt to shrink when it is addressed upon his abdomen. Jabez was no exception to this rule. Following the direction of the arm, he could almost feel the bullet tearing his bowels.

"Hold on!" said he hastily. "You win this round. Don't get drunk or gamble with it." And he threw his tribute to French crime into the car. "Get going, son. This joy-riding in gay Paree ain't what it's cracked up to be."

His facetiousness appeared to be quite

lost on the bandit. He waved his hand down the alley into which they had dipped.

"You must walk down zere," said he. "If you stop or turn ar'round, I will shoot you."

"All right," said Jabez. "'Good-night; sleep tight; don't let the mosquitoes bite.'" And he turned on his heel through the Stygian darkness of the narrow way.

He had gone perhaps thirty yards, wondering every moment if he might not get a bullet in the back, when he heard the crash of gears as the bandit went into his speed. And then Jabez acted quickly. His coat was off in a flash and flung into the bushes. He jerked the belt which held his light-serge trousers into the last hole and started after the humming taxi in long, clean strides. The boast which had amused his shipmates on the liner—that he could outrun any man in Crawford County—was not a vain one. Jabez could run like an Aztec courier bringing fresh fish from the distant sea to Montezuma's palace. He was after the departing taxi like a borzoi hound on the trail of a panting wolf, and at the end of the first quarter-mile he had shortened its lead by a dozen yards.

But a stiffer test was still to come. The taxi ducked out of the winding driveway and turned into the Allée de Longchamp, which is broad and straight, and where even the best of horzois would have to hump themselves to keep up with a car for any considerable distance. The taxi held straight out toward the race-course, and Jabez, running like a deer, saw the dim glare of its forward lamps (for the rear one was extinct) dwindling rapidly into the distance. He was about to give up the chase when he was suddenly hailed by one of the bicycle-policemen who patrol the Bois at night.

Jabez did not know that the man was a minion of the law, but, even had he been so aware, it is doubtful if he would have acted otherwise. For one thing, there was no time to explain the situation, and, for another, Jabez could not speak French. Before the astonished protector of the public peace had time to realize what was afoot, he found himself rolling in the gutter, and scrambled up to see a white-shirted figure upon his wheel, pedaling furiously off.

By the time that he had reached the Cascades, Jabez had shortened the taxi's lead to within a hundred yards. His breath was coming in labored gasps, and the sweat was

gushing from him in salty streams which blinded his eyes and tasted salty on his lips. And here, just as he was beginning to feel that he could not hold the pace for another quarter-mile, fortune favored him, for the taxi slowed with a complaining whine and, turning sharply to the left, ducked back into the Bois, taking the narrow winding track which leads directly across from Longchamp to Auteuil.

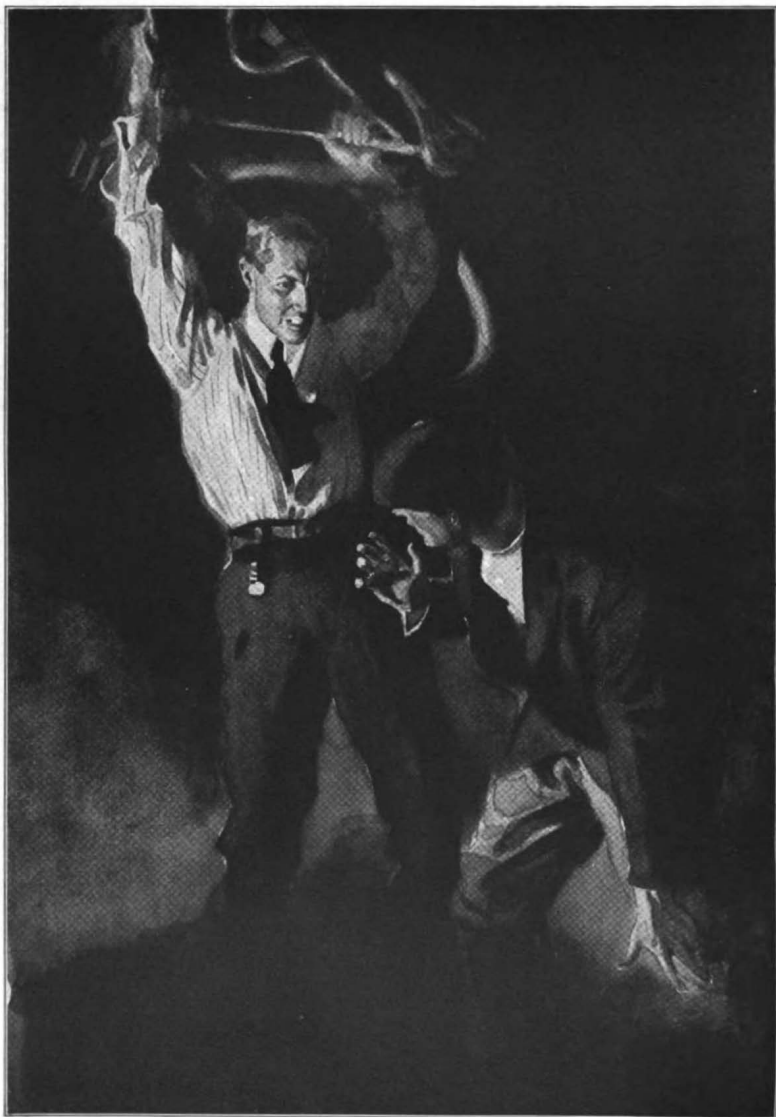
"I guess the darn skunk is my meat now," said Jabez to himself, as the taxi slowed ahead of him to round the head of the little lake which feeds the Cascades. "I'll catch the cuss on the next turn."

It was very fortunate for Jabez during the next half-mile that he could outrun, outjump, outwrestle and outthief any man in Crawford County, for the tax put upon his wind and limbs was certainly severe. The taxi slipped through the inky alley like a fox in its familiar earth, while Jabez was constantly compelled to brake, lest he distribute his body in the bushes, and to make up for the lost lead by pedaling with increased vigor on the tangents.

They were almost to Auteuil, but still in the little cross-route, when the taxi suddenly slowed, then stopped. Durand meant to reenter Paris by the Porte d'Auteuil and thought it more prudent to light his rear lantern in order to avoid the possible chance of arrest. He had descended for this purpose and was striking a match when a vague, white figure collided with him violently.

For the crafty Jabez had chosen this method of attack as the most efficient in dealing with a man whom he knew to be armed. Had he slowed and dismounted, Durand would have found time to draw his weapon and fire. Jabez realized this, and on seeing Durand get down as he approached, he threw his weight into the pedals and ran into him, full-tilt, dropping his feet to the ground at the same moment, the saddle being slightly low for his length of limb.

Anybody who has never been struck by a bicycle ridden at full speed by a heavy man might find it difficult to believe the force of the contact. Even Jabez himself, who had braced himself against the handle-bars to meet the shock, was scarcely prepared for the result. The front wheel missed the bandit, but the handle-bar caught him in the ribs and sent him spinning like a shot rabbit. The back of his head was the first thing to



DRAWN BY JOHN ALFORD WILLIAMS

Then up came the bicycle itself, waved high in a full-armed swing

strike the gravel, though not with a force sufficient to stun him, and as he scrambled to his feet, gasping from the pain of a pair of broken ribs, his humming ears were assailed by the sound of strident profanity in an accent which he was quick to recognize, and he turned to see a wild figure in a fluttering white shirt struggling up from under the bicycle. Then up came the bicycle itself, waved high in a full-armed swing.

Durand did not wait for a renewal of the attack. He dived into the dense undergrowth like a rabbit into the whins, and as he disappeared, the bicycle hurtled through the air and hung from a limb just over the fugitive's head. But while Durand had not waited for Jabez, neither did Jabez wait for Durand. Flinging open the door of the taxi, he secured his watch, wallet, and the satrap's tunic and then, fearing lest Durand might try to pot him from the bushes, he plunged into the shrubbery on the other side of the road and laid a course for a spot about a mile distant where he had flung aside his coat at the beginning of the chase. He reflected that he had borrowed a bicycle in a manner scarcely to be condoned by the French law and decided that, all things considered, the least said about the business the better.

V

DOMINICA, in Braga's car, called for Jabez at an early hour the following morning, which was a Sunday, for they had arranged to motor out to Chantilly for luncheon and the races in the afternoon. She had already learned from the infuriated Braga of the luckless Durand's fiasco and had forced her confederate to admit that this particular coup had most gloriously failed.

Talking the matter over after the first flash of disappointment, they decided that the only safe course was to get possession of the satrap's tunic and return to Jabez his draft for fifty thousand dollars. Otherwise, the day was sure to come when the Continental police would be looking for a

certain beautiful Venetian known as Dominica Meduna.

Jabez burst beamingly from the hotel, and they slipped away across Paris. Once *en route*, Dominica said,

"I have just had some splendid news!"

"That's good," said Jabez heartily. "Let's hear it, and then I'll tell you something that I reckon will make you sit up."

"Really?" murmured Dominica. "Well, then, I have had a cable from my brother saying that he had managed to meet his obligations and that he is in no need of any immediate assistance. So I have brought you back the draft which you were so dear as to give me."

"Well, that's perfectly fine," said Jabez warmly. "But say, Nica, if I hadn't been some sprinter I'd had to dig pretty deep into my jeans to square myself with you about that satrap's costume—" And he plunged into the tale of his adventure.

Before he had finished, Nica's face was in her hands, and her shoulders shaking with hysterical laughter. She was a good sport, was Nica, despite her life of crime, and although her laugh was the most expensive in which she had ever had occasion to indulge, she actually enjoyed it. The visualization of Jabez tearing along afoot down the Allée de Longchamp in pursuit of a taxi at midnight, then hurling a bicycle policeman from his wheel, overtaking Durand, and serving himself of his means of locomotion as a weapon with which to retrieve his plundered goods had for Dominica a distinctly humorous aspect despite her loss.

"That tunic is in the safe at the hotel, now," said Jabez, in conclusion, as he tore up his draft for fifty thousand dollars and scattered the fragments along the crowded thoroughfare. "I'll give it to you when we get back. Say, Nica, I'll bet that taxi cuss thinks twice before he sails in to stick up another raw simp from the States!"

"I thoroughly agree with you," said Dominica.

Business Rivals, the next *Dominica Meduna* story, will appear in the February issue.

Edna Ferber and Emma McChesney in *Cosmopolitan!*

We take much pleasure in announcing that Miss Ferber's inimitable Emma McChesney stories will henceforth appear exclusively in this magazine—the first in the next issue: *Broadway to Buenos Aires*, in which Emma, in the name of the Featherloom Petticoat, goes forth to conquer new countries and an old rival.

A Picture Heroine

THERE were twenty-three reels in the "movie" serial through which the Countess Olga, adventuress, was scheming her way; and week by week she grew more recklessly bad, until her once lovable counterpart, Marguerite Snow, was scarcely recognizable through the pantomimic mask.

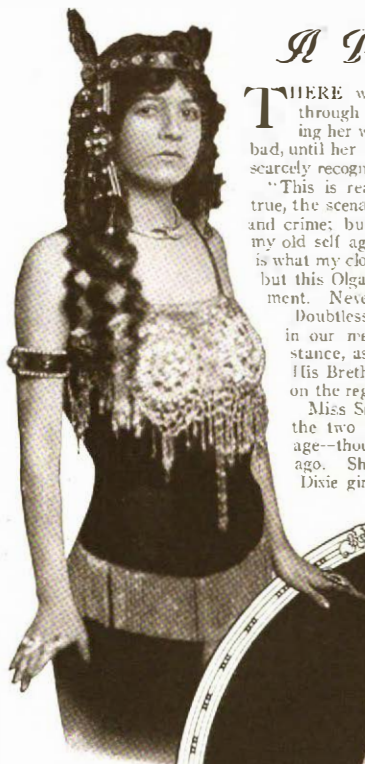
"This is really dreadful to me," Miss Snow admits. "It's true, the scenario author is the one responsible for the plotting and crime; but, all the same, I'll be glad when I get back to my old self again, playing the 'Peggy' kind of parts. 'Peggy' is what my close friends call me, and I used to have lots of them, but this Olga business must have caused a certain estrangement. Never mind! Zudora will win them back."

Doubtless the fascinating picture heroine is better fixed in our memories than she knows—in such rôles, for instance, as the beautiful wife of Potiphar, in "Joseph and His Brethren." And before that she was a rising romantic on the regular speaking stage.

Miss Snow has divided her time about equally between the two kinds of acting since she was fourteen years of age—though that couldn't have been more than a decade ago. She was born in Savannah, and is a recognizable Dixie girl of the brunette type. Her father was "Billy"

Snow, of pleasant old-time minstrel memory; so Marguerite's

PHOTOGRAPHER
BY GARDNER



Marguerite Snow,
as Potiphar's
wife

theatrical predilections are more or less inherited. She made her debut with James O'Neill in "Monte Cristo." Everything favored her rapid rise, and in a comparatively short time she was playing *ingénue* and comedy leads in a Belasco stock company.



She finds in
motion-picture
work a great scope for
new creative effort

in Washington. Then came the inevitable—first-class parts in a succession of plays that were failures.

"I didn't fall naturally into the photo-play business," she confesses; "I had to be pushed. Like many others who are living happily in the film-world to-day, I thought, five years ago, that it was the proper thing to sniff at the 'movies.' But it was a choice between that and becoming an artist's model, and I knew I'd rather be a motion-picture actress than a painter's still

She prefers to play the "Peggy" kind of parts



A recognizable Dixie girl of the brunette type



life. Never for a moment have I regretted my decision. Why, there is more doing, dramatically, in one week here than in a whole season with the average theatrical company. Making a hit means a greater variety of new creative effort, instead of becoming spiritless and mechanical through playing one part for a long time without a break."

The First American Prima Ballerina

THE ballet may have cut no special figure in last season's Metropolitan Opera — but Eva Swain did.

In several ways, this tall, slim, dark-eyed school-girl, with the pale, oval face and shy, fugitive smile, is a record-breaker, as well as a record-maker, in the realm of operatic balletdom.

In the first place, she is the youngest prima ballerina, or star solo dancer of grand opera ballet, in the world. She made her professional debut with this altitudinous title, in "Les Huguenots," at the Metropolitan Opera, New York City, December 27, 1912. At that time she was just fifteen years of age, had never been abroad—hasn't yet, for that matter—and had never studied or danced professionally outside of her native Manhattan. And she was the first Amer-

ican, of any age, to attain to primèreship in the choreographic department of the renowned artistic house of Gatti-Casazza. Notwithstanding all this precociousness and Americanism, Miss Swain is a thor-

oughbred exponent of the pure classic Italian school of ballet dancing. Before reaching her teens, she was carried away, artistically, by Adeline Genée. At the same time, and for nearly five years at a stretch, she trained with Mme. Malvina Cavalazzi, graduating with full and added honors from the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School conducted by that accomplished interpreter of the best Terpsichorean traditions of Milan, Paris, and London's Covent Garden.

Even the popular Russian pantomimic ballet has not won her from the Italian ideals. "It is for Russian tastes and Russian music," she says, "but, after all, it is founded on the Italian technique. So far as my dancing is concerned, I am as Italian as ever and shall be more so when my dreams come true and I go to Milan. "Meanwhile, I have three hours a day of hard technical exercise. It's a splendid career for a girl, and I wouldn't ask for any greater happiness."



She remains true to the Italian school of the ballet



A New York girl, last season's prima ballerina at the Metropolitan Opera House

A Sympathetic Siren

sunshine in her eyes that makes even her wickedest sirens somehow sympathetic. "It is thrilling and precarious work, too. It costs me real tears and emotion—and then I'm not always sure as to whether it is my own artistic efforts or those of those Parisian gowns

Beautiful and gracious in every way to artists and friends alike

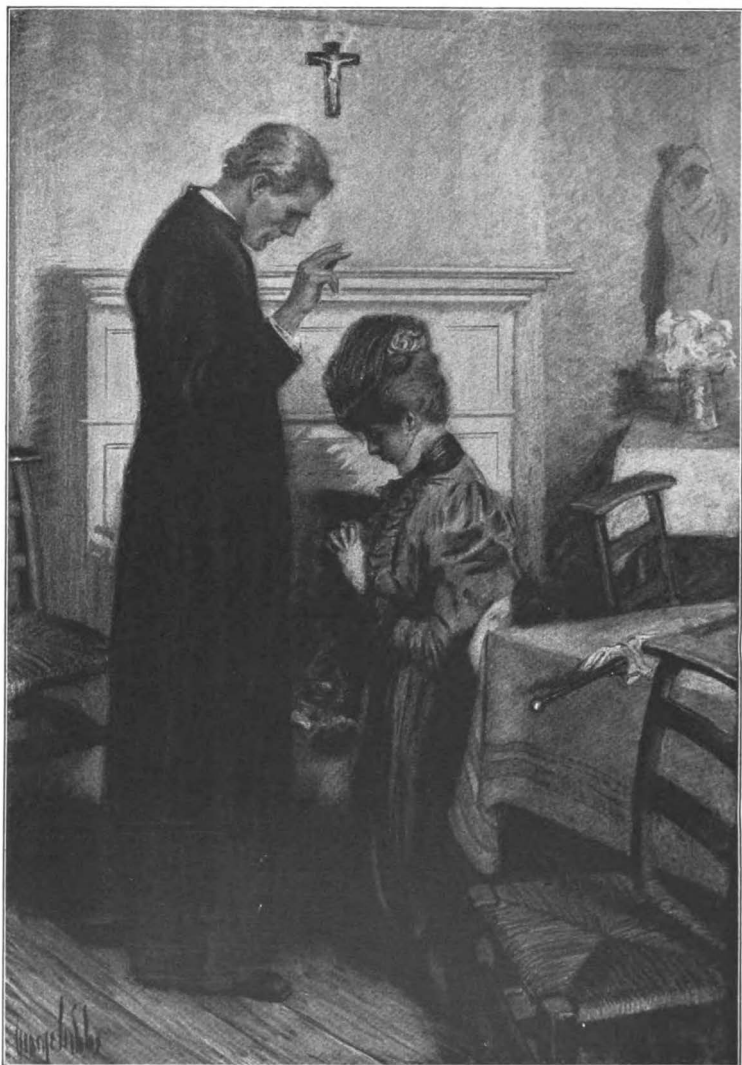
that exercise a seemingly

"MANY men have loved her, and devil has overtaken them all." In the play, of course. For Pauline Frederick, in her own personality beautiful every way to artists and friends alike, is, at the theater, customarily cast for parts which make her beauty baleful and put her, inferentially, in the vampire class. In "Innocent"—a name used sardonically for a melodrama of glittering un-morality adapted none too delicately from the Hungarian of Arpad Pasztor—she enacts to the life (and to the death) as reckless and ruthless a sorceress as has ever ensorcelled mothlike men in any modern fiction. Her primrose path is strewn all along with the ashes of burnt-out passions and the wreckage of lives and loves. Suicide is a certainty at the start, and general perdition inevitable at the finish. "It is not for me to like or sympathize with Innocent, nor yet apologize for her, but only to play her as consistently as I can," Miss Frederick explains, in an entracte aside, with that frankness of sea and



Miss Frederick, in the first act of "Innocent"

hypnotic effect on the women who predominate in our audiences. If I'm happy, it is because my artistic conscience is clear and I have health and strength for my work."



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

The grave Latin words of benediction rolled solemnly over her Her spirit felt folded in a soothing peace
(*Shadows of Flames*)

Shadows of Flames

A STUDY IN IMPERFECTION

By Amélie Rives

Author of "The Quick or the Dead," "World's End," etc.

Illustrated by George Gibbs

SYNOPSIS—Sophy Taliaferro, a girl from Virginia, has, when the story opens, in 1800, in London, been married over three years to Cecil Chesney, younger brother of Lord Wychcote. Wychcote, who is sickly and unmarried, is devoted to his American sister-in-law. The young wife, however, finds little favor with Cecil's mother, Lady Wychcote, who hates Americans and is also greatly displeased with her able and brilliant younger son because he has flouted the pronounced Toryism of the family and become a Radical; he has, moreover, spent some time in India and in African exploration against his mother's wishes. Chesney, usually an affectionate husband and father (there is one child, a boy of two years) is becoming more and more subject to ugly fits of temper, often followed by quite unaccountable illnesses. He declares that these attacks are due to the effect of jungle-fever and he will have no physician called, depending entirely upon the ministrations of his faithful valet, Gaynor. Sophy learns from her friend, Mrs. Arundel, that Lady Wychcote has been accusing her of teaching Cecil the use of drugs in order that she may get rid of him and marry Wychcote. Through Mrs. Arundel, Sophy meets an Italian nobleman, the Marchese Amaldi, a friend of Count Attilio Varese, who, rumor has it, is Mrs. Arundel's lover. Sophy makes a deep impression upon Amaldi, whose mother is an American. He also becomes the devoted slave of little Bobby, but Chesney is none too gracious toward him. The *marchese* is separated from an unfaithful wife, there being no divorce-laws in Italy.

After another severe attack of his mysterious illness, in which he is violent and unreasonable towards his wife and child, Chesney says that he feels the need of social relaxation, and Sophy accepts an invitation from the Arundels for a dinner at the House of Commons. It promises to be a brilliant affair; the guests are drawn from political, diplomatic, and artistic circles. Amaldi, also, is present. But Chesney finds himself in a group whose political opinions are opposed to his. He becomes sullen, drinks much champagne, insults the Russian ambassador, and finally, for no reason at all, calls to Sophy down the table that what she is saying is a lie. He then leaves without her. Everyone is charming to her after that, but she goes home with heavy heart. Her one consolation is that while others pitied, Amaldi understands her position only too well.

SOPHY found herself in the gray, rainy dawn still walking to and fro in her bedroom. She was so tired that she could scarcely stand. Her feet ached, and she wrung her hands as she went feverishly from wall to wall. She had always thought that it was only in books and plays that people wrung their hands, but, now, here she was wringing her fingers so hard together that the rings bit cruelly. She stripped them off—with the gesture of one stripping off loathsome insects. She gazed at her beautiful hands, bare, now, of all but her wedding-ring. With a stiff, strange little smile, she stood looking at her wedding-ring. Then she took that off, also. She continued to gaze curiously at her finger where the ring had been. She felt that there should be a little blistered band where the poisoned ring had rested. But no—that finger was as smooth and fair as the others. But how wonderful her hand felt without that badge upon it! It was her own hand once more—the hand that would help her to free herself from fetters far more real and terrible than that little strip of gold.

Again she began her weary walk to and fro. Rage drove her, and loathing and bitter pride, and the impatience of those who, having been wounded in the dark, wait for the morning as for a lover—the morning when they can go forth and find their enemy.

Yes—it was all over. There could be no compromise—no atonement, this time. It was over—over. She would take her son and go back to her own country, to her own people. Nothing, no one, could move her. And like a sword of black flame piercing her inmost spirit, she heard again in imagination, that brutal voice shouting, "You lie!"

"Oh," she cried, standing before a window staring wrathfully up at the low, streaming sky, "you—you are there—safe in your comfortable heaven! Why should you torture me?"

She came to herself. "God—please forgive me," she muttered, in a trembling voice.

Her pulse was racing abnormally. She went to a little cupboard and poured out a dose of sal volatile. This she drank, then leaned back for a few moments on the couch at the foot of her bed. The aromatic mixture calmed the beating of her heart. She

thought she would lie there a little while, then rise again. There were so many things to arrange, to think about. She could not lie there idly. But she was so utterly worn out that she delayed rising from minute to minute.

A knock at the door roused her. She sat up, gazing about her, startled, and at a loss for a few seconds. Then she realized. She must have slept. "Who is it?" she asked. Her voice was flat but quiet.

"It's me, m'm—Tilda," came the voice of her little maid.

"Wait a moment, Tilda."

She sprang to the glass, smoothed her hair, flung a dressing-gown about her shoulders. She had not yet taken off her evening gown.

Tilda gasped when she saw that white face, with the great dusky circles round the eyes, and the white-crêpe dress falling about her with the shocking inappropriateness of evening finery by daylight.

"Oh dear, ma'am, how you do look!" she faltered. "Are you ill?"

"Yes. I felt ill—"

"But, oh, w'ever didn't you send for me, m'm? Oh, m'm, I can't a-bear to see you looking like that—"

As she spoke, Tilda was hurriedly disrobing her mistress. Her fingers trembled. She really loved Sophy, and she thought that she must be going to have a dangerous illness.

"What o'clock is it, Tilda?"

"Just seven, m'm. Oh, m'm, how could I forget! Mr. Gaynor sent me to you. I was against it, knowing as how you'd been out last night—but now I'm sure I'm thankful I did come. It's about the master, m'm. He's very bad, Mr. Gaynor says. He'd like to speak with you, m'm, Mr. Gaynor would. But not before I bring you a cup of tea, m'm."

"Yes, bring me some tea. Tell Gaynor I will see him after I have had some tea."

Sophy lay back on the couch. Could it be that Cecil was going to die? She hoped so very much. She thought: "I am quite honest with myself. I don't try to deceive myself. I hope that he will die. Yes—quickly. But what is curious is that this wish doesn't shock me—that other part of me that doesn't exactly wish it I can see that it would be noble not to wish it; but I *do* wish it, and I am not shocked or frightened, because I wish it."

Tilda came back with the tea in a few moments. The strong stimulant brought some color to Sophy's lips—steadied her.

"Do I look *very* ghastly, Tilda?"

"I *ery*, m'm. Oh, it do go to my heart to see you so, which I feel worse for 'aving slept all night myself!"

"Never mind, child," said Sophy kindly. "You couldn't have helped me. Where is Gaynor? Go send him to me."

Tilda insisted on braiding her mistress's hair and throwing a light coverlet over her before she went. Sophy suffered this with only a slight twitching of her eyebrows to show her extreme nervousness under these ministrations. Somehow, Tilda's very affection got on her nerves this morning. She did not want affection; she wanted some one who would strike hard, straight blows for her. It was peculiarly distasteful to her to think of seeing Gaynor. But it must be gone through with.

"Tell him to come at once—not to delay a moment," she said to Tilda.

Gaynor was at the door within two moments. Tilda held it open for him grudgingly. She thought that her dear lady's indisposition was of far graver import than that of Gaynor's master.

"Shut the door, Tilda—and don't come back until I ring," said Sophy, with that nervous twitching of her eyebrows. "I wish to speak to Gaynor quite alone."

The man, sad-colored and quiet like the morning, stood waiting.

"Is Mr. Chesney ill again?" asked Sophy.

"Very ill indeed, madam—in my opinion."

"Dangerously?"

"I can't say, madam. I think it will be dangerous if it's allowed to go on."

"How do you mean 'allowed to go on'?"

"If a doctor isn't consulted, madam."

"But you know Mr. Chesney's dislike of doctors."

"Yes, madam, but in this instance it seemed to me that it would be better not to regard it."

"Does Mr. Chesney himself wish it?"

"Mr. Chesney is unconscious, madam."

Sophy sat up, supporting herself by one arm along the back of the couch.

"Unconscious? How? A heavy sleep?"

"No, madam, more a state of syncope, I should say."

"Since when?"

"He sank into it about six o'clock this morning. He was very bad last night, madam—delirious, I should say. I had some difficulty in quieting him."

Sophy looked at him steadily, in silence. Then she said,

"Did you give him some of that strong medicine you use—that Indian medicine?"

"Yes, madam."

"Don't you think that might have thrown him into this state?"

"I think not, madam."

Sophy was silent for another moment, looking down at her ringless hands, which she had clasped tightly. Then she looked up at Gaynor. His face was as neutral as that of a diplomatist negotiating a difficult matter. Yet she saw knowledge in that face, a possession of facts that were hidden from her.

"What sort of doctor do you think should be called in? A specialist?"

"That would seem best, madam."

"What kind of specialist?"

"A nerve specialist, I should think, madam."

Sophy continued to look at him curiously. At last she said,

"You know, Gaynor, if Mr. Chesney were to find out that you had proposed this, it would probably cost you your place?"

"That must be as it may be, madam."

"You are greatly attached to Mr. Chesney, are you not?"

"I have served Mr. Chesney for fourteen years, madam."

Gaynor's face was as impassive as ever. Sophy looked down again at her knitted fingers; then she said,

"Have you thought of any especial doctor?"

"Doctor Algernon Carfew is considered an excellent nerve specialist, madam. I believe he studied in the States with Doctor Weir Mitchell."

So Gaynor had thought very carefully and seriously on this subject, long before the present moment.

Sophy gazed at him keenly again. What important knowledge lay locked in that narrow chest, of which the key would not be given her, she felt sure. And an unwilling conviction seized her: there must be something fundamentally fine in Cecil to make a servant so loyal to him.

She leaned back wearily again on the cushions.

"I must think this over very carefully, Gaynor. It will be a very serious matter to violate Mr. Chesney's expressed wishes in this way."

"Yes, madam."

"How long do you think that we can safely wait before calling in a physician?"

She coupled herself and Gaynor together unconsciously in this "we," because there was no one else in all England that she felt she could consult with on this subject.

"There is no immediate danger, madam. I have given Mr. Chesney a hypodermic of nitroglycerin. Within the next two or three hours will be time enough, I should say."

Somehow this word "hypodermic" frightened Sophy. She started erect again, her hand grasping the back of the couch as before.

"Is that the strong medicine that you always give him? Why did you give it to him that way? Can't he swallow?"

"He is quite unconscious, madam. Nitroglycerin is a powerful heart- tonic. The heart action was very bad. But it is better now, madam."

These "madams" of the valet were beginning to vex Sophy cruelly. They were like the "toc-toc" of a sort of irregular metronome, beating out of time to the jangled clamor of her thoughts. They seemed almost like a respectful mockery of her hesitation. But she only hesitated because of the violent hatred with which Chesney always mentioned physicians of any kind. He had said not once, but on many different occasions, words of this description: "By God! The unpardonable sin against me would be the foisting on me one of those fakers when I was helpless and couldn't throttle him. The mother that bore me couldn't hand me over to a medical ghoul with impunity. So remember—no doctors! I die or I live—but no doctors!"

Then all at once her mind seemed to open like a book that has been closed and opens of itself at a certain page. On this page of her suddenly opened mind, Sophy read as in a neat, short sentence: "This man thinks it very peculiar that you do not ask to see your husband."

She got to her feet, drawing the folds of her rose-colored dressing-gown about her.

"I wish to see Mr. Chesney," she said, in measured, stilled tones.

"Very good, madam."

He held the door open for her to pass through, then closed it noiselessly and followed her with soundless footsteps along the corridor. To nurse his master he had put on felt shoes.

The shutters of Chesney's room were closed, but the curtains were not drawn. A night-light burned behind a screen. On a long, double table of plain oak, all his shoes, boots, and top-boots were displayed. This was one of his odd fads—to have his shoes and boots ranged where he could see them. And all this elaborate foot-gear struck Sophy suddenly with a sinister irony. The man in the narrow bed might never rise again, yet there were paraphernalia for the walks and rides of twenty years. She went to the foot of the bed and stood looking down on her husband. In the moderate light she saw his face, bluish and dusky against the white pillow. He was breathing harshly but regularly. His lips—those lips which she had last seen framing a deadly insult—were parted and seemed as though pasted against his teeth.

She commanded herself, and moving round to the side of the bed, leaned over and put her hand on his forehead. It was dry, like rough paper, and very hot.

She stood thus a moment, then left the room, beckoning Gaynor to follow her. When they were outside she said,

"What is this Doctor Carfew's address?"

He gave it to her. She pondered a moment.

"Very well," she then said; "I shall dress and go to see him. Would you like me to get a nurse to assist you?"

"If I might venture, madam," said the man discreetly, "it would be better perhaps to hear first what Doctor Carfew says. He may wish a nurse of his own."

"Yes; that is true. Tell Parkson to call me a cab in half an hour."

She put on a dark-blue linen frock and a little toque of black straw.

"Give me my long gray veil, Tilda," she said. As the girl was winding it about her hat, she asked, "Haven't you a friend who's a Catholic, Tilda?"

"Yes, m'm. Maria Tonks. A very good girl though a papist, m'm."

"And what did you say was the name of the priest who converted her?"

"Father Raphael of the Poor, m'm. But he didn't convert her exactly, m'm, if I may say so. She just took such a fawny to 'im,

his bein' so kind to her w'en in distress, m'm—as she went and became a Catholic."

"I see. He is very good to the poor, isn't he?"

"So 'tis said, m'm. 'E gets his name from that. A body 'as only to be unfortunate to find welcome with him—so Maria says. She calls him a saint. Not that I ever listens 'umbly to that, m'm. Never do she do it, that I don't say, 'Maria, I'll be beholden to you not to talk popery to me."

"Yes—yes—" said Sophy absently. Then she flushed slightly and added, "I mentioned him because—there is—I know a—an unfortunate woman who wants to consult him."

"'E lives in the East End, over the river, in a very low quarter, m'm." She mentioned the address. "Oh, somethink very plain in the way of a chapel, m'm. I hope the person ain't too ladylike, m'm."

"Too ladylike?"

"So that she won't get a turn seein' what a nasty part of town she'll have to go to, m'm."

A faint laugh broke from Sophy. Her husband had called her a liar in public last night, and, this morning, here was her maid considering the ladylikeness of an unknown person! "Oh, dear little snob," she murmured, "don't you remember—Christ was a carpenter?"

Tilda looked at her round-eyed, smitten between the joints of the harness of class, to which she had been born like a little crayfish to its shell.

"I—I never thought of that, m'm. It—it—do seem dreadful disrespectful, somehow."

"And he was not a Roman Catholic."

"I sh'd think *not*, m'm!" Tilda's color rose.

"But he was a Jew," ended Sophy softly. "Don't ever forget—will you?—she just touched the girl's pink cheek gently with her finger-tips—"when you are tempted to be hard on low professions and Hebrews—don't forget that your Saviour was a Jewish carpenter."

XIII

DOCTOR CARFEW lived in Hanover Square. It seemed a cruelly short way there to Sophy, for the motion of the cab, the rolling forward into the fine, calm rain soothed her.



Sophy looked at him steadily, in silence. Then she said, "Did you give him some of that strong medicine you use—that Indian medicine?"

It seemed as though her feverish pain grew less while the horse's wet hide shone before her and the steady "clack clack" of its feet bore her onward—away from that grim house that she had called home. The cabby wanted to lower the glass, but she would not have it. The rain was only a thick drizzle. She put up her veil and let the beaded moisture beat in upon her face. How lovely were the London plane trees against the varied gray; and how she hated them, and all that was England—England, from whence had come her undoing, her unspeakable humiliation and misery!

But the next moment, with the soft homeliness of the air upon her cheek, came the realization that she could not hate the land over which it breathed. It was in her blood as a Virginian to love England. It was only disfigured for her as a friend may be disfigured by a cruel accident, yet remain dear as ever. But, though she loved England, she was homesick—homesick. She yearned for the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge as Pilgrim yearned for the Delectable Mountains.

During the short drive to Hanover Square, she was conscious only of this gnawing nostalgia and the undercurrent of determination to return to her own land as soon as possible. The old place, Sweet Waters, had been left equally to her and Charlotte. Now Charlotte and her husband, Judge Macon, lived there, at her request, but the house was large and rambling—there would be room for her and Bobby—her thousand dollars a year would keep her from being an expense to them. Joe was fond of her. He would not mind having her live with them.

The cab stopped. She got out and stood face to face with the house of the great specialist. This was a forbidding house; it seemed built to hold impartial dooms and the gloomy prosperity that gains by the pain of others. She could not think of healing as going forth of that house. It seemed to say, "My master can alleviate but not save." Yet Doctor Carfew had saved many.

She went quietly up the steps, after her short pause, and rang the bell.

Doctor Carfew was out of town—would not be back until noon.

Sophy thought a moment. "I will come in and write a note," she said.

The man led her into a large, gloomy room with a huge table strewn with periodicals, and set writing-materials to her hand.

"Give this to Doctor Carfew the instant that he returns," she said to the man, handing him the sealed envelop. "It is a matter of life or death."

The sound of her own voice saying this struck her strangely. The "life or death" that she had spoken of meant the life or death of Cecil. She still hoped that he would die. She did not exactly hate him but she hoped that he would die. It was curious. She thought of how wicked people would call her; yet she did not feel as if she were wicked—only implacable. Perhaps, though, implacableness was wicked.

Sophy gave the cabman the address of Father Raphael of the Poor. He received it philosophically. This was merely one of those "queer fish" from the upper waters of life, who swim down occasionally to the lower gutters, as kelts go down-stream to the sea. "Slumming," it was called by the toffs. Well—so he got his extra fare, the lady was welcome to slum to her heart's content. Thus ran his thoughts. Sophy agreed to the extra fare without demur, and got into the cab again.

As they trotted on, she began to wonder what Father Raphael of the Poor would be like? Was he old—young? She stiffened suddenly, drawing her tall figure up, as she sat there all alone in the musty cab. No—she could not talk of such matters with a young man. But, then, she must speak out to some one—some one who did not know her—some one quite removed from such a life as hers. She had been christened in the Episcopal Church, but it had never appealed to her. Its married clergy, instead of giving her a consoling sense of beings tempted in all points as she was, only made her shrink from the idea of confiding to one of them troubles which he could regard from a participatory standpoint. It was the celibacy of the Catholic priest, viewed in abstract, that made her now wish to talk with one. The Church of Rome as a house of refuge appealed to her no more than the Church of England, but in theory its priesthood seemed to her what a priesthood should be—a body of men "made eunuchs for the sake of God"—homeless and childless ones,

dedicated to the service of heaven and their fellows. She could as soon have spoken of her troubles to the prime minister as to a clergyman of her inherited religion. Yes—now she understood the power of the confessional in the Romish church. To kneel before a little grating and, unseen, whisper out one's agonies and perplexities to another, also invisible, to speak without identity to one also without identity—that must be a marvelous solace. To believers it must be almost like having God answer them, thus to receive advice and consolation, as it were, out of the void.

They crossed the river, and after twenty minutes entered the street where was the Chapel of Mary of Compassion. On each side squatted low houses, odiously alike. A smell of hot tallow and dung and refuse was in the air, mingled with that omnipresent scent of malt that was here stronger and more sweetly acrid than ever.

The chapel itself was not very different from the other houses. It seemed like one of a large family that has been better nourished and dedicated to religion. The shape of its roof and doorway was the equivalent of a priestly habit.

Sophy's heart failed within her. Somehow this street—this chapel—seemed reality—all else illusion. A little girl with a beer-jug in one hand and a baby looped over her thin shoulder, stopped to stare at Sophy as she got out of the cab. The baby's eyes were tender, and flies had settled about them. Sophy felt as though she were going to faint. Black threads filled the air before her as though flung from an invisible reel. A woman's voice called harshly, "Liza, get on wi' your errand, or I'll give ye wot for!"

The child slunk wearily away toward the gin shop on the corner. Sophy entered Mary's of Compassion. The little chapel was empty and very still. There was a smell of stale incense in the air. She could see the high altar, very simple. A copy of the "Madonna of the Chair" and another of the mawkishly sweet Christ of Carlo Dolci hung behind it. A man was kneeling before the altar. He rose as Sophy entered and came toward her. He was a tall man, a priest, clad in a plain black soutane. He came and stood near looking at her gravely.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"I would like—" faltered Sophy, "if I might speak with Father Raphael of the Poor?" she ended, almost whispering.

"I am Father Raphael," he said. He had a beautiful, deep, tranquil voice. Sophy's mind was beginning to be confused. All sorts of fantasies whirled through it. She imagined that this voice indicated a tragedy far back in the priest's life, that he had suffered in some deeply human way. The church was dim. She could not see his face clearly, but his hair shone out almost white from the shadows. His eyebrows were thick and black.

"I am Father Raphael," he said again. "Will you come this way with me, my daughter?"

He thought her a Catholic, of course, but at the words "my daughter," spoken in that lovely voice, it seemed to Sophy that a band snapped about her heart, releasing it. It was as if some benign, paternal angel had troubled the pool of tears, far, far down among the very roots of her being.

She followed him silently, and from her eyes there welled great, slow drops—hot and heavy, like drops of blood—like drops of blood from the inmost core of her heart.

XIV

THE room into which Father Raphael led Sophy was very bare. There was a clock on the deal mantelpiece, some plain rush-seated deal chairs stained brown, a deal table covered with a cheap cloth stamped in red and black. On a little shrine in one corner stood a plaster statue of the Virgin as the Mother of Mercy, with her hand extended in compassion. A nosegay of white geraniums in a thick glass was placed before it. The priest sat down on one side of the table and motioned Sophy to a chair opposite. He waited, looking away from her out of the small window that framed a hideous back yard, until she had somewhat mastered herself. Then he said in his tranquil, tender voice:

"Do not be afraid to speak, my daughter. This place is sacred to the mother who suffered most. Where there has been most suffering, there is most understanding."

Sophy lifted her eyes to his.

"I ought to tell you, Father, that I am not a Roman Catholic," she said, under her breath.

"All who are in trouble are welcome here," he said gently. But she noticed that after that he said "my child," when speaking to her, instead of "my daughter."

Then, little by little, she told him everything. When she had ended, he sat for some moments musing. He had a plain, rugged face, but the eyes, clear and brown, held an expression of the most exquisite comprehension and love—that love which is so wholly of the spirit yet so warm toward the sorrows and needs of humanity, that, feeling its power, one can realize how, after looking into eyes like these yet far more wonderful, the great golden harlot of Magdala cast away her lovers and her jewels, and spread her beautiful hair as a serving-cloth about the sacred feet her tears had washed.

"It is true, my child," said Father Raphael, at last, and he smiled tenderly upon her, "that the human heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked—and sometimes it deceives even in regard to its own wickedness. Your heart has deceived you, my child."

"How?" asked Sophy, in a low voice.

"It has deceived you into thinking that you wish your husband's death. You do not wish that. Look deeper into this deceitful heart of yours, and you will see that you do not. Why did you go to that physician? Why have you come here to me?"

"I—I needed—help, Father."

"Just so, my child. You needed help to see the true inwardness of your spirit. You mistook natural indignation and the recoil of pain for the sin of actual desire. You wished to escape—to be free—and so you thought that you wished your husband's death. But you do not wish it."

"I—I think—I am afraid I do, Father."

Her voice was touchingly humble.

"No, my child—think! Could you now—here—by sending forth a sharp thought like a dagger—kill your husband, would you send forth that thought?"

Her brow knitted painfully. She went white as death. Then the blood surged over her face.

"No, Father," she whispered.

"You see, my child? What you craved, when you sought me, was for another voice, the voice of a human being like yourself, to echo the small, still voice down in the center of your own spirit. The voice that says we must have the courage to live life as we have made it for ourselves—honestly, righteously, unflinchingly. You must not be too severe with yourself, my child. To deny the hidden good in ourselves is the subtlest form of spiritual pride. It gives death, not life.

There was a great pagan who once uttered a profoundly Christian truth. Wolfgang von Goethe said, 'Life teaches us to be less hard with others and ourselves.' Do you see what I mean, my child?"

"Yes," said Sophy, in that smothered voice.

"Then, my child, what you must do is very simple. First, you must forgive your husband—then you must forgive yourself. After what you have told me, I can see no salvation for him from this sad vice but in your affection and your strong will to help him. Consult with this wise physician—follow his instructions as best you may. Take your life, your heart, in both hands and lift them up unto the Lord."

"You don't know, Father—you can't know—" She shuddered violently. Her gray eyes were fixed on his.

"Yes, my child—I do know," he said tenderly. "I led the life of an ordinary man before I became a priest. I know well what you are suffering—what lies before you—for you have courage—you will not—desert." He said it firmly, but his kind eyes held her, full of the comprehending compassion that does not wound.

Then Sophy gave a cry—the cry of a child who says, "I wish I were dead!" She put up her hands to her face and sobbed out,

"Oh, I wish I could be a Catholic and a nun—a nun!"

Very tenderly Father Raphael sat smiling down at her bowed head. Often had he listened to this cry—the cry of those who in a moment of extremity long for a cool refuge from the hot brawls of life. Then he said softly, "You would make a most unhappy nun, my child."

In a small, ashamed voice, Sophy asked, "Why do you say so, Father?"

"For many reasons. You have heard the expression, 'vocation,' have you not?" "Yes, Father."

"You have been given brilliant gifts, great beauty, a little child—there lies your 'vocation.' To live in the world yet not of it, that is the life to which God has called you."

"Oh, Father, you do not know me! Christ said, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' I am very proud, Father, horribly proud."

The priest did not answer her directly. He said, in a musing tone:

"I have often thought how that saying of our Lord's has been misinterpreted. By 'poor in spirit,' surely he did not mean

poverty of spirit, but to be truly poor—that is, detached from the things of this world. A man must not only give up those things themselves—but give up even the desire for them. That is how I understand the saying, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.'"

"But, Father—to go back—to be his wife—after—oh, it is not only that!—but in one of his furies he might kill me—he might kill my little son. You don't know—you can't imagine what he is like then."

"God does not ask impossibilities from his children," said Father Raphael firmly. "He is faithful, that promised. With the temptation, he will also make a way of escape." Should you fail to save your husband from this fatal habit—should your life, or your son's life, be in danger, then your duty would be to save yourself, my child. The commandment is not: Thou shalt love thy neighbor better than thyself—but 'as thyself.'"

"You feel sure that he takes opium or morphine, Father?"

"Yes, I feel sure of it, from what you have told me."

"And are people ever really saved from it?"

"Yes, my child. One of the best men that I know—a fellow worker with me here,—was a morphinomaniac."

"How was he saved, Father?"

"By God's mercy and his own desire."

"Ah, Father, that is just it! Will he—will my husband desire to be saved? Will he let me help him?"

"The effort must be yours—the result is with God. If, after you have honestly tried by every means in your power—and failed—then—I, a Roman Catholic priest, to whom marriage is a sacrament, say to you, 'Go home to your own land and your own kinsfolk.'" He spoke solemnly. His face looked stern for the first time.

Sophy rose. Her spirit was stilled, but her body felt as though it had been beaten with staves. Every bone and nerve ached dully. The priest rose, too. She looked at him timidly.

"Can you give me your blessing, Father?"

His lovely smile melted the stern look. Instinctively she knelt, and he stretched out his hands, making the sign of the cross in the air above her bent head.

The grave Latin words of benediction rolled solemnly over her. Her spirit felt

folded in a soothing peace. She rose trembling a little.

"I wish I could thank you—as I want to, Father," she whispered.

"Thank God, my child. He sent you to me."

"Yes; I believe that."

"Would it help you to come here sometimes, to this simple house dedicated to the Mother of Compassion?"

"Yes, Father; but——"

"Would your husband be displeased if he knew that you came?"

"Yes, Father; he hates the Catholic religion."

"Then do not come, my child. But remember that I am here if you need me. My prayers will follow you. I will have a novena for you. Be of good courage."

Sophy gazed at him. The tears gathered again. She could not speak. Going out silently, she got into the musty cab. She was like one wrapped in a thick dream.

Mechanically she gave the cabman her address. She remembered nothing of the drive home. Her eyes were turned inward. Father Raphael's blessing seemed to cling about her like a soft vestment.

Within its soothing folds she nestled wearily and was comforted.

XV

DOCTOR CARFEW came at one o'clock. He was a tall, sinewy man with light-blue, prominent eyes, very piercing, and thick, yellow-gray curls that stuck out below the brim of his hat as though supporting it. He put a few brief yet searching questions to Sophy, then asked to see the patient. He did not wish Sophy to be present. Gaynor remained with him at his request. After half an hour he came down-stairs. Sophy sat waiting, her hands wrung together again. She had put back her rings.

She paled when she saw him enter, and her eyes darkened. He drew up a chair without ceremony, and sat down facing her.

"This is a grave case, Mrs. Chesney," he said, in his abrupt no-nonsense-now voice. "I gathered from your husband's valet that you have not a clear idea——"

"No, I have not," she said.

"There is no doubt about it. Your husband is the victim of a most fatal habit."

She continued looking at him in silence.



It was as if it paralyzed her to hear these long-surmised horrors put into plain words

"Have you never even suspected the cause of his ailment?" he asked brusquely.

"Yes; but I did not know enough to be certain."

"It is a clear case—a very clear case, and an aggravated one," said Carfew. "Mr. Chesney is a morphinomaniac. He is so addicted to the drug that he varies the effect with cocaine—takes them alternately—both drugs hypodermically."

Sophy sat as before, gazing at him without a word. It was as if it paralyzed her to hear these long-surmised horrors put into plain words. Carfew glanced at her with some irritation.

"I hope you are not going to allow yourself to give way to an attack of nerves because I speak frankly," he said.

Sophy gave a little start, as if waking.

"I do not have attacks of nerves," she said quietly. The great man looked mollified.

"Pardon my blunt speech," he said, "but I am so used to ladies collapsing into hysterics under such circumstances. That—or not believing a word I say," he added.

"I believe all that you say. What must I do?"

"Ah—there is the difficulty. I must tell you at once that it is out of the question to think of trying to deal with such a case in the patient's own home. He should be sent at once to a sanatorium."

"He would never consent," said Sophy, in a dull voice.

"Good heavens, my dear lady! Are you dreaming of consulting the wishes of a maniac?"

"He is not always like this, Doctor Carfew. At times he is perfectly rational."

"Quite so. When he has had neither too much nor too little of either drug. To be in an apparently normal condition, now that he is saturated with the poison, his system must daily absorb a certain amount of either cocaine or morphia. Too little racks his nerves. Too much turns him into a madman."

Sophy paled even more; then she said apathetically, "I know positively that he would refuse to go to such a place as that you mentioned."

Carfew rose and took a few turns about the room. Then he came and stood near.

"Mrs. Chesney," he said, "your husband was within an ace of death last night. I will not enter into medical detail. Only the prompt intelligence of his servant saved

him. Do you purpose allowing him to destroy himself rather than face his anger?"

"It isn't the question of his anger alone, Doctor Carfew. It is the question of his family—of his mother. Lady Wychcote must be consulted."

Carfew looked at her intently.

"What is Lady Wychcote like? Is she a reasonable woman?" he asked.

Exhausted and wretched as she was, Sophy could almost have smiled.

"Not always, I fear," she said gently.

"Quite so. Just as I thought—a blind alley. Will you tell this—er—not always reasonable lady, from me—from Algernon Carfew—that her son is the same as lost to her if she cannot find sufficient reasonableness to have him committed to a sanatorium for his own good?"

"Yes; I will tell her."

"But you think it won't have much effect—ch?"

"I'm afraid she won't believe me."

Carfew glared.

"Then send her to me," he said. It was the voice of an emperor of Medicine.

"She might not be willing to see you."

"Mh! This complicates matters. For the present moment, Mr. Chesney is out of danger. I have given his man—Naylor?"

"Gaynor."

"I have given Gaynor full instructions. The attack will be over in twenty-four hours. He has taken a most amazing amount of cocaine within the last three days—winding up with a huge dose of morphia. Cocaine excites; morphia soothes—in the end. When was he last violent?"

Sophy felt as though choking. "Last evening," she managed to articulate.

"Quite so. Very violent indeed, I presume. Was he abusive?"

"Yes."

"Mh! Well, it rests with you and er—Lady Wychfield—Wychcote?—quite so. I will not undertake the case under the present conditions. By the way—make no mistake about this man Naylor. He has been very faithful. If he had not succeeded in persuading his master to moderate the drug at times—well—" he paused, then said abruptly, "Mr. Chesney would either have been dead or a hopeless lunatic."

"Yes," said Sophy.

Carfew looked at her earnestly. Then his hard, acute visage softened.

"I see you're trying hard to be brave,"

he said. "You've had a severe shock. Allow me to prescribe for you at least."

"Thank you," she said faintly.

"Then go to bed and let your maid rub you with alcohol—a soothing friction. Then darken your room and try to sleep."

"Thank you very much," said Sophy again, and this time she smiled faintly.

"Ha! I know what that smile means. That it's easy for a medical ignoramus to prescribe sleep when there's no dose of that best of physics available. But believe me, my dear lady—here his voice softened again—exhaustion is double first cousin to sleep. You are in a very exhausted condition."

"I will try," said Sophy patiently.

"Good!" he exclaimed. He went toward the door, then turned again.

"Tell Lady Wych—yes, Wychcote. Thanks! Tell her if she does not believe what I say, to ask her son to show her his bare arms. Good-afternoon." He was gone.

Before Sophy followed his advice and went to lie down, she sent a telegram to Lady Wychcote, who was on a visit to some friends in Paris. The telegram said:

Cecil seriously but not dangerously ill. Must consult you. When may I expect to see you?

SOPHY CHESNEY.

When this was done, she went to her room and let Tilda fuss over her and make her comfortable on the bed. Carfew was right; scarcely had she lain down than she dropped into a profound sleep which lasted for several hours. She was roused by the feeling of some one in the room, and waked fully to sense the smoky, aromatic odor of souchong tea, and to see Tilda's anxious face gazing at her over a tray.

"That's nice of you to think of bringing my tea here, Tilda," she said. "What o'clock is it?"

"Near five, m'm."

Sophy drank two cups of the pungent, stimulating liquid, but could not eat anything, much to the girl's distress. She then sent her for Gaynor.

She was sitting in an armchair near the window when he entered—looking still pale and ill herself. No one could have divined from the man's face that he felt deeply sorry for this tall, "foreign" lady who had always been rather haughty with him, but such was the fact. He felt as much compassion for her as though she had been one of his own class—"in service" with him.

"Gaynor—" began Sophy. Her lip trembled in spite of her. She turned her head and looked out of the window for a second; then she went on firmly: "I've sent for you to thank you—for what you've tried to do for Mr. Chesney, Gaynor. And for coming to me—about a—about Doctor Carfew this morning."

"I am grateful to you, madam. I only did my duty," said Gaynor, but the impassive expression of his face stirred slightly. "Allow me to thank you for mentioning it, madam," he added, in a low voice.

"And, Gaynor—I have been thinking deeply over this. I shall not mention either to Mr. Chesney or her ladyship that you suggested my sending for a doctor."

A look of faint surprise stole into the man's face, but he kept a respectful silence.

"The reason I do this," continued Sophy, "is because I want you to remain with Mr. Chesney—I want you to—" she paused; then she lifted her eyes to his deferentially expressionless ones and said, in that human way which she had learned in a land where faithful servants are truly "as those of the household"—"I want you to help me to help him, Gaynor."

For one instant the neutral look which was the livery of his face, as it were, fell from it, and Sophy saw a deeply moved fellow being gazing at her. Then the valet recovered himself.

"I will consider it an honor as well as a duty to be of service to you, madam."

"Very well, Gaynor. Then we must keep nothing that concerns Mr. Chesney from each other. I will be quite frank with you—you must be equally frank with me."

"It shall be as you wish, madam, in every respect."

"That is all for the moment. Later, I shall get you to give me a clear account of—of everything. So that I shall—know how to—act in emergencies."

"Very good, madam."

"Is Mr. Chesney still—asleep?"

"He will sleep probably until to-morrow afternoon, madam."

"Let me know when he recovers. I shall trust to you to tell me when it is best for me to see him."

"I will, madam."

"Then—good-night, Gaynor."

"Good-night, madam. I hope that you will rest well."

The effect of this interview was to make

the man feel for the first time a sense of harsh judgment against his master. Before then, Sophy had been to him only a beautiful figurehead on the craft of his master's destiny. Now she had become a figure in the sum of his own sad-colored existence. She had touched the chord of fellow feeling in his narrow but deep heart. He perceived before him a "divided duty." But he would not fail her, even if it lost him his post near a master to whom he was sincerely devoted in spite of his savage faults. Now, Gaynor had not only to consider the ugly fact that Chesney was "wrecking himself." He was also wrecking the life of that beautiful lady who had spoken to him just now like a friend. But Sophy had done a wise thing when she had spoken to the servant as though he were a man only. She had made him feel that she was her husband's sincere friend. She had won for herself a staunch and powerful ally in a desperate fight against great odds.

Lady Wychcote arrived next morning and drove straight from the train to the house in Regent's Park. She was still a beautiful woman, but as Cecil had told Sophy during their engagement, with that peculiar British frankness in speaking of the closest relations, she was "as hard as nails," and her beauty was also adamant. Though sixty, she did not look more than forty-five, but her make-up was judicious and wonderfully well done. There were people who said that Cecily Wychcote had gone to Paris for six months or so, and there, in a mysterious seclusion, had had the skin peeled from her face by some adept in the art of flaying, and that this explained the absence of wrinkles "at her age." True, wrinkles, in the ordinary sense of the word, she had not; her well-chiseled face was as smooth and empty of expression in repose as a Wedgewood plaque and its patina was as rare a work of art, but her icy eyes, still as blue as cobalt, could express many things very admirably, as could her delicate, thin lips and nostrils. She had worn a wig for many years, beginning thus early in anticipation of scanty locks, much as Hannibal is said to have gone about, even in time of war, with the Carthaginian equivalent of a scratch-wig secreted on his person, in case of sudden baldness. Lady Wychcote's wig was as conservative as the politics of her house. It was a fair brown, and here and there the artist had woven in gray

hairs. She dressed exquisitely. She was the modern type of young-old woman in its highest perfection. Only her language, like her mind, had a taint of early Victorianism, but of this she was totally unaware.

XVI

LADY WYCHCOTE entered the drawing-room abruptly, very smart and untravel-stained in her blue-serge gown, with little *gilet* and toque of purple velvet. She never suffered from seasickness, and, through her veil of black, dotted tulle, she certainly did not look more than five-and-forty. She barely gave herself time to brush her daughter-in-law's cheek with the chenille dots of her veil and mutter, "How d'ye do?" In the same breath, in her brittle, imperious voice, she rapped out:

"What's the matter with Cecil? What does Craig Hopkins say?"

Before she could be answered and in spite of a real anxiety, she seated herself. Though she was a tall woman, Sophy was at least two inches taller, and this always aggravated her. She liked to look down on people, literally as well as metaphorically.

"Doctor Hopkins has not seen Cecil," said Sophy.

"Eh!" cried Lady Wychcote sharply. "What's that? What d'you say?" She reared her head suddenly and looked at Sophy along her delicate nose. "D'you mean to tell me that you haven't consulted a doctor about your husband?"

"Yes; I have seen a doctor—but not Doctor Hopkins."

"*You have—seen—a—doctor—but not the family physician?* Your reasons, pray?"

The tone was scathing, even insolent. Sophy's calmness did not forsake her.

"I have some very painful things to tell you, Lady Wychcote. Please try to listen patiently."

"Patiently?" She put up her *face-à-main*. The dotted veil prevented her from seeing clearly through it, but the motion was all that she desired. This habit of sarcastic echoing was one of her most trying and effective methods. "Pray explain yourself," she added, in a tart voice.

Sophy explained very thoroughly. When she had finished, her mother-in-law drew her eyelids together, and said through narrowed lips, "How did you come to think of this Doctor Carfew?"



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBB

"No!" said Sophy, in a low voice, stepping in front of her. "What! You dare to prevent me from seeing my son!"

"I asked for a nerve specialist's address. Gaynor knew of this one."

"You sent for a physician for my son at a servant's instigation?"

Sophy frowned a little.

"I went to Doctor Carfew myself—of my own accord. Please take another tone with me, Lady Wychcote," she added dryly. "I think that you forget what Gaynor has been to your son."

"An excellent valet, I believe."

"And a sick-nurse and—a friend," said Sophy firmly.

"Pardon me," said her mother-in-law, as firmly. "In the States you may select servants for friends. In England it is not the custom."

Sophy looked at her with a pale smile.

"I really do not see where you gain anything for your son, Lady Wychcote, by insulting his wife."

They looked at each other in silence for a moment; then Lady Wychcote said, "Is Cecil awake?"

"I do not think so. Gaynor was to send me word in that case."

"You evidently rely on this man Gaynor for everything."

"I have no one else to rely on."

Lady Wychcote rose. "I must tell you," she said, "that I intend sending for Craig Hopkins at once."

"I wired for you to consult you," said Sophy evenly.

"Quite so. And I presume that you are not surprised that I refuse to take the opinion of a quack on a matter so near to me as the health of my son."

"I do not think that Doctor Carfew can be justly called a quack. He is celebrated."

"Pardon me; but that's nonsense. All so-called specialists are quacks, more or less. And I believe that Cagliostro was a very celebrated person."

Sophy shrugged her shoulders. "I only beg that whatever you decide to do will be done quickly," she said.

"You shall be gratified. Craig Hopkins shall be here within the hour. I will go for him myself—and return with him."

"Thanks," said Sophy gravely. This "thanks" seemed to irritate Lady Wychcote beyond endurance. She turned pale under her rouge, and bit the shreds of what had once been a lovely though heartless mouth.

"I don't doubt," she said, at last, "that

Hopkins' opinion will coincide with mine. I am convinced that the whole matter has been grossly exaggerated."

"Of course a physician can be the only judge of that," said Sophy still quietly.

Though her mother-in-law had adopted this outrageous manner to her, yet she felt sorry for her. She knew that Cecil was her favorite son, and that she had dreamed dreams of his future greatness. She knew, also, that half her present anger came from the dreadful doubt that she tried vainly to conceal by this show of sarcastic insolence. Lady Wychcote had reached the age when, in mothers of her type, the affections wane as the ambitions wax. She desired to have her pride satisfied rather than her heart filled. And of her two sons, one was an easy-going invalid, and the other a brilliant failure. And Lady Wychcote herself was bitterly thinking, as she bruised Sophy's spirit with her hard, implacable eyes: "This woman has been the ruin of Cecil. If he had married a clever woman of his own class and country, she could have made him. How many Englishmen have been made politically by their wives! Even Chatham—one never hears much of his wife, to be sure—but there's the fact. His first really active, successful part in politics was taken shortly after he married her."

She was so violently prejudiced against Sophy that she actually could not see her beauty. "A bean-pole like that," she thought bitterly, "with hair in streaks as though it were sunburnt—and a nigger accent. And now she rewards his infatuation by believing the first loathsome slander against him—got up by a servant and a quack!"

But when Doctor Hopkins came and had seen Cecil (he also requested to see him alone, and would have neither Sophy nor Lady Wychcote go in with him), he looked very grave and stated that in his opinion, also, Mr. Chesney was suffering from the overuse of opiates.

"Opiates? That is an elastic term," said Lady Wychcote impatiently. "Say plainly what you mean, please."

Hopkins looked pained, but answered straightforwardly that, in his opinion also, Mr. Chesney was in the habit of taking morphia hypodermically.

"Why hypodermically?" asked Lady Wychcote.

"It is self-evident, your ladyship. His

arms are in a terrible condition from the use of the syringe."

Lady Wychcote grew pale. And Sophy, looking at her, thought how strange it was that her random slander of herself, Sophy, had so come home to her. She had accused her daughter-in-law of giving her son drugs—idly, as she said such bitter, untrue things of people when displeased with them, not counting the cost to others involved. She had noticed Cecil's growing eccentricity, and in order to attribute it more directly to what she termed his "disastrous" marriage, had accused Sophy of this dark thing. And now, lo!—the dark thing was no lie but the truth—only it was her son himself, who was his own destroyer, not the woman whom she hated.

She rallied suddenly, rearing her head back with the gesture habitual to her.

"I wish to see for myself," she said haughtily, moving toward the door. "He will not know. Show me these marks on his arms."

"No!" said Sophy, in a low voice, stepping in front of her.

"What! You dare try to prevent me from seeing my son!"

"I shall prevent you from going to him while he is helpless—unconscious—for such a purpose."

She laid her hand on a bell near-by.

"Let me pass," said Lady Wychcote, in a suffocated voice. Doctor Hopkins looked the image of respectability in distress.

"No," said Sophy again; "if you insist, I shall be forced to ring and give orders that no one is to be admitted to my husband's room."

"You would dare do that?"

"I would do it. You are in my house, Lady Wychcote."

"My son's house."

"I am his wife. I must do what I know that he would wish. Don't force me to extremities."

Just here Gaynor knocked at the door.

"Mr. Chesney is asking for you, madam," he said to Sophy.

"Does he know that I am here?" put in Lady Wychcote quickly.

"No, your ladyship. He is hardly himself yet. I have told him nothing."

"Are you going to see him?" asked she, in a hard, angry voice, turning to Sophy.

"Yes."

"I suppose, at least, that you will have

the—the—" she choked on the word: she longed to say "decency," but the servant's presence forbade—"the civility to tell him that his mother is here and wishes to see him."

"Yes; I will tell him," said Sophy.

She went up to Cecil's room and approached the bed. He recognized her step instantly, and said in a weak voice,

"Sophy?"

"Yes, Cecil—it's Sophy."

"Nearer," he murmured; "come nearer."

She bent down to him. The close, stale after-smell of fever reeked up to her from his unshaven face. She felt very pitiful toward him. All the hatred had ebbed from her heart. Yet she shrank from him; he was repellent to her.

"Sophy—what—what did I do—that night?" came the dragging voice.

Her hand clenched in the folds of her gown. He had taken the other and was fumbling it in his nerveless fingers.

"You were very excited—We'll talk of that later, when you're stronger."

"No—now—now—It hurts my head—trying to work the thing out. Was I—did I—"

"You were angry. You said unkind things to me. But that's over."

He was silent. He seemed dozing. Then he roused again.

"It's a hellish—shame," he murmured, in that spent voice. The violent words contrasted painfully with the weak tones.

"What is?" she said, humoring him.

"Your having—a chap like me—for a husband."

"You're ill, Cecil. Don't worry. Try to sleep again. But wait a minute—your mother is here. Would you like to see her?"

"Damnation—no!" he said. Then he seemed to think better of it.

"Well—since the old lady's lowered her crest enough to come, send her up," he muttered. "Don't let her talk, though."

"I'll tell her that you can't bear any talking."

She moved toward the door.

"Sophy?"

"Yes?"

"Could you kiss a chap?"

She went back and kissed his forehead.

"Sophy," he said again weakly. Then he turned his face into the pillow. She heard smothered sobs. This was dreadful.

She knelt down by him and put her arm across his heaving shoulders.

"Don't—don't!" she pleaded. "Oh, Cecil—don't! It will all come right. I'm here; I'll stand by you."

His weak fingers fumbled again and found her own.

"I'm all right," he muttered. "Just a bit weak. Go send the mater up. Don't let her jaw, though."

Lady Wychcote came down from her son's room looking encouraged and triumphant.

"He seems perfectly rational," she said, speaking pointedly to Hopkins. "I really think you must have exaggerated the seriousness of the case."

"Let us hope so," he said cautiously; "but I fear not."

"Will you undertake the case?" she then asked.

Hopkins glanced uncomfortably in Sophy's direction. This high-handed procedure of the mother-in-law in the presence of Chesney's wife and in his own house, made the man of medicine acutely ill at ease. He faltered out, "I—er—have not much experience in these—er—cases."

Sophy did not interfere. As soon as Cecil was well enough, she intended to tell him everything and see if she could not engage his higher self to fight with her against his lower. She listened in calm silence, therefore, to the dialogue between Lady Wychcote and the man who had for years been the family physician.

"Nonsense!" Lady Wychcote exclaimed sharply, in reply to Hopkins' faltering objection. "It is simply a matter of nurses and *régime*. You have nurses that you can rely on, I suppose?"

"I can certainly procure suitable nurses, your ladyship. But I believe that in these—er—cases the patient's cooperation is most important. And the—er—conditions should be favorable."

"Good heavens! *You* don't mean to suggest a sanatorium, I hope?"

"No; not a sanatorium exactly—but—er—in town—in a town like London—there are—the drug is too easily obtained."

"My good man," she cried impatiently; "all this is beside the mark! What better place can you want than Dynehurst? We will take him to Dynehurst."

"Perhaps that would be a good idea, your ladyship," said Hopkins, looking greatly relieved. "I could attend him here until

his system had somewhat recovered tone, and then with—er—a proper nurse, or nurses, in attendance, he could be removed to your country seat. I believe you have an excellent physician there, have you not?"

"Yes; a very able man indeed."

Hopkins turned nervously to Sophy.

"How does the idea of such an arrangement strike you, Mrs. Chesney?"

"I think that everything will depend on what my husband himself wishes when he is stronger, Doctor Hopkins."

"Quite so; quite so."

Lady Wychcote again addressed him abruptly.

"What is your opinion of this man Gaynor—my son's valet?"

"Why—he seems a very intelligent, worthy person indeed, your ladyship!"

"You think he may be safely left in his present position?"

Sophy rose.

"There can be no question of dismissing Gaynor," she said, looking quietly at her mother-in-law. Not only her will but her mind and her soul seemed made of iron to her in that moment.

Lady Wychcote herself felt that she had gone a little too far.

"No one thought of dismissing the fellow," she said curtly.

Sophy said: "Oh—then I misunderstood. I beg your pardon."

The little doctor, whom Lady Wychcote had elected years ago to his present position as her medical adviser, chiefly because he was like wax in her firm hands, now made his delighted escape. He saw Gaynor before leaving, and left instructions and prescriptions galore in his hands. Sophy suffered this, also, with perfect tranquillity, because she knew that Gaynor had already had other instructions, and would follow only those of the physician in whose authority he believed.

When her mother-in-law also took her departure, Sophy turned to Gaynor, who had been summoned again to convey Lady Wychcote's parting messages to her son. She smiled a very weary, kind smile at the little gray servitor and said,

"I'm afraid we shall have to fight it out pretty much alone together, Gaynor."

Then Gaynor emerged from his shell of reserve for an instant, and startled himself.

"The Almighty is very powerful, madam," is what he said.

The next instalment of *Shadows of Flames* will appear in the January issue.

A War Story of American Enterprise

(“PASSED BY THE CENSOR”)

Being the Dramatic Romance of How, between the Ultimatum to Serbia, July 23d, and the Declaration of War, August 1st, the mighty Gas Industry of America was Protected, and Cheaper Light was Assured for the American People.

By Francis Bellamy

THIS is a War-Story of foresight and prompt, daring action.

The foresight of it began a year ago. The sudden, courageous action was a few weeks ago.

THE FORESIGHT

A year ago, Mr. Sidney Mason, the president of the Welsbach Company, declared: “A great War is coming, with Germany on one side and England on the other.

“It may be soon, it may be later,” he said to his directors (and also to members of a Senate Committee when the Tariff Bill was up). “But, it is inevitable; and when it comes, England’s fleet will stop our importations from Germany. We must prepare.”

Now, all the gas-mantles, which have made gas the softest and brightest light in the world, are made from Nitrate of Thorium. The Thorium ore comes chiefly from Brazil. But the chemical re-agent which reduces Thorium to a Nitrate is made in Germany and Austria. So, the Thorium ore has been sent to Europe, which, in turn, has shipped the finished Nitrate of Thorium to the American manufacturers of gas-mantles.

Thus, for all our gas-mantles we have heretofore been dependent on Germany.

THE EFFECT OF EUROPE’S WAR ON OUR GASLIGHT

“Here is what war between Germany and England would do to America,” said Mr. Mason.

“*First*, that war would ultimately stop the making of gas-mantles.

“*Second*, the whole gas-lighting industry would be at stake. For this arrest of the supply of gas-mantles would reduce the output of our American Gas Plants more than half. ‘Gaslight’ now signifies gas-mantle light, and nearly *fifty-five per cent.* of the whole gas output is burned through these mantles.

“Such a collapse in gas production, all over the country, would menace the American gas industry—involving investments of

hundreds of millions of dollars, and the savings of hundreds of thousands of small investors.

“*Third*, it would mean that every municipality, either city or village, which uses gas (in part or in whole) for public lighting, would suddenly be up against darkness in the streets, or else the costly installation of electric light systems, with higher taxes.

“*Fourth*, it would mean that every American home, in which gas-mantles now make a light as soft and brilliant as the day, would be suddenly robbed of that common necessity. Nine out of ten of all who now use gas for lighting would be driven to electricity, with its higher cost.

“Therefore,” he argued, “the Welsbach Company, at least, must be prepared for the eventuality of a European War.”

There was the proposition: Prepare.

The first step in this preparation for the effects of the inevitable War was the gradual collection of immense lots of Thorium ore. Enough of it is now piled in the space behind the factory to supply the country with mantles for years to come.

It needed but the chemical re-agent, made in Germany, to reduce it to the essential base from which the mantles are made.

That is the story of the long foresight.

THE RAPID-FIRE ACTION

Then something happened overnight.

On July 23d Austria sent its Ultimatum to Serbia.

Within twenty-four hours the Welsbach Company had ordered its purchasers to buy up every available pound of the imported re-agent, held by jobbers and importers, from coast to coast.

Enough of the chemical re-agent was secured within two or three days to make (by its application to the Thorium ore already stored-up) enough mantles to supply all America for a year.

The long foresight had gathered thousands of tons of the ore; the quick action obtained the chemical that could transform it.

A War Story of American Enterprise

(Continued from preceding page)

But with the two elements together (and in plenty), it became possible at once to avert the national disaster to gaslight which was impending. It also became possible to supply the regular gas-mantle demand until American enterprise shall be able to manufacture enough of the re-agent, here at home, to meet all future demands.

This master-stroke was all between the first little shadow of War on July 23d and the Declaration of War on August 1st. By that time the price of the precious chemical re-agent had jumped 400 per cent.

THE DAY WAS WON

But the Gas-lighting Industry had been saved.

Countless small investors in gas plants in every town had been safeguarded from loss.

Continuance of public gaslight had been insured to all cities and villages.

The innumerable homes where the soft mantle-light is an every-night comfort had been protected.

It was a daring, and a masterly stroke.

But it was the American brand of courage, which sees straight and acts quick.

It was America's first answer to Europe's merciless War: "*You shall not fetter American industry, nor cause our people loss. You shall see what Made-in-America can mean.*"

Thus, the First Act of this new Welsbach enterprise, started by the War, undertaken with American foresight and quickness, has PRESERVED a daily necessity to ALL THE PEOPLE.

WHAT THEN

But if that First Act was thrilling, the Second Act, you will admit, is amazing.

Act I. was an example that our proud old American spirit of "go ahead" has not lost its nerve. Act II. now shows the newer American spirit—that Advance brings with it an Obligation: that a big Advantage should be made Mutual.

For the Welsbach Company followed its brilliant Made-in-America stroke with a notice of a sweeping *Reduction in Prices*.

That overnight emancipation from Europe and the simultaneous reduction in prices make a story the like of which has not been seen before in American business.

Look back a minute.

The Welsbach gas-mantles have always been the standard of high quality.

Their prices, for the higher grades, have

always been higher than those of other gas-mantles: (1) because of their rare quality and higher cost of production, (2) because they gave a brighter light for every cubic-foot of gas, (3) because they lasted longer.

But long before this War broke out, the Welsbach Company had planned to reduce the prices of their finer grades. By new efficiencies the Company had been preparing for the reduction.

TO DARE AGAIN

When the War came, and the revolutionary readjustment became necessary, the company resolved *not to postpone the notice of Reduced Prices*.

The Made-in-America operation was an untried path. But there was no dilly-dally about the plan of price-reduction.

Danton, in the most perplexing hour of the French Revolution, said that France's only safety was "to dare, and dare again, and then to dare."

So, too, the Welsbach "dared again, and then dared."

It not only equipped itself, within a week, to cut loose from Europe.

It also enlarged its plant, and hired 800 new workmen, and began to work day and night to supply all America.

THE PEOPLE'S GAIN

Then the Company gave notice that it would henceforth sell its high-grade Welsbach and Reflex mantles at a reduction of from THIRTY to FORTY per cent. from its former prices. Grades formerly costing 35 cents now sell at 25 cents, and grades formerly 25 cents now sell at 15 cents.

It furthermore pledged the public that every Welsbach mantle made under the new conditions, and sold at a lower price, shall be absolutely up to the former standard, which has made the Welsbach reputation.

Why should not the People share in the advantages to come through increased efficiency and greater production?

For it is the People's long appreciation of the Welsbach quality which now enables the Welsbach Company to create its own resource instead of depending on Europe.

Thus the Second Act of this recent Welsbach enterprise—a Forty per cent. reduction in price—is a fair example of how the new adjustments in American business, forced by War, may be made to work to the advantage of ALL THE PEOPLE.

"So simple
and
So delicious!"

"Just take a canful of
Campbell's Tomato Soup

"Add the same amount of milk—according to the easy directions on the label; and you have as fine a bisque or Cream-of-tomato as you ever tasted! Try it today."

Your money back if not satisfied.

21 Kinds
10¢ a can



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

BAIRD-NORTH CO.

No. 343 Ladies Diamond Ring \$18.00
 No. 330 LaVallee 14 K Gold 2 Sapphires, 2 Diamonds \$18.00
 No. 103 14 K Gold Ring Golden Sapphire \$5.00
 No. 213 Ladies 14 K Gold Bracelet Watch 15 Jewels \$26.50

No. 327 Oriental Pearl Necklaces \$3.50
 No. 100 14 K Gold Ring Sapphire and Diamond \$15.00

No. 309 Solid Gold LaVallee Cameo and Pearls \$5.50
 No. 117 Solid Gold Ladies Ring 2 Opals, 2 Rose Diamonds \$5.50

No. 108 14 K Gold Lady's Ring Coral Cameo \$12.50
 No. 110 Solid Gold Man's Ring Cameo \$8.50

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For your convenience of selection and purchase we have arranged these four pages of beautiful gift suggestions. A selection of ultra things, both useful and ornamental, that are worthy of your best sentiments this Christmas tide. Is there not some item here that you may wish to send as a holiday gift to a friend or to keep for yourself?

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 No. 513 Sterling Picture Frame 7 in. high \$3.00

No. 208 Ladies Watch 20 yr. Gold Filled Case, Elgin or Waltham 7 Jewel movement. \$9.25

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No. 526 Vanity Case, German Silver, 3 letter Script Monogram \$1.50, without Monogram, \$1.00

No. 517 Sterling Silver Napkin Holder, any Initial \$1.25



No. 563 German Silver 3.00 3 hr. Monogram 75c. extra



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No. 426 Gold Filled Scapula Locker, \$1.75



No. 336 Solid Gold Bracelet, \$7.00



No. 335 Solid Gold Bracelet, \$5.00



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No. 310 Solid Gold Cigar Cutter \$2.50



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No. 316 Solid Gold Cuff Links pr., \$2.00



No. 808 Ster. Silver Brush, 8 1/2 in. long Delay Pattern, \$3.00



No. 412 Gold Plated Hat Pin Pearls, 25c.

No. 540 Sterling Silver Thimble, 25c.



No. 560 German Silver Mesh Bag, 6 in. Frame, \$3.00

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No. 721 Morocco Hand Bag with Watch width at top 6 3/4 in. \$7.00



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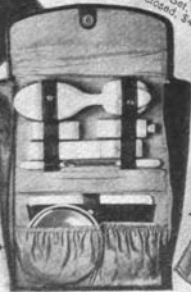
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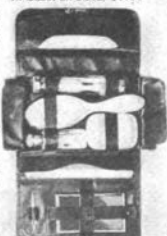
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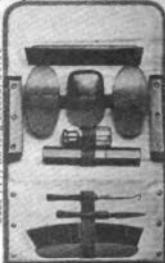


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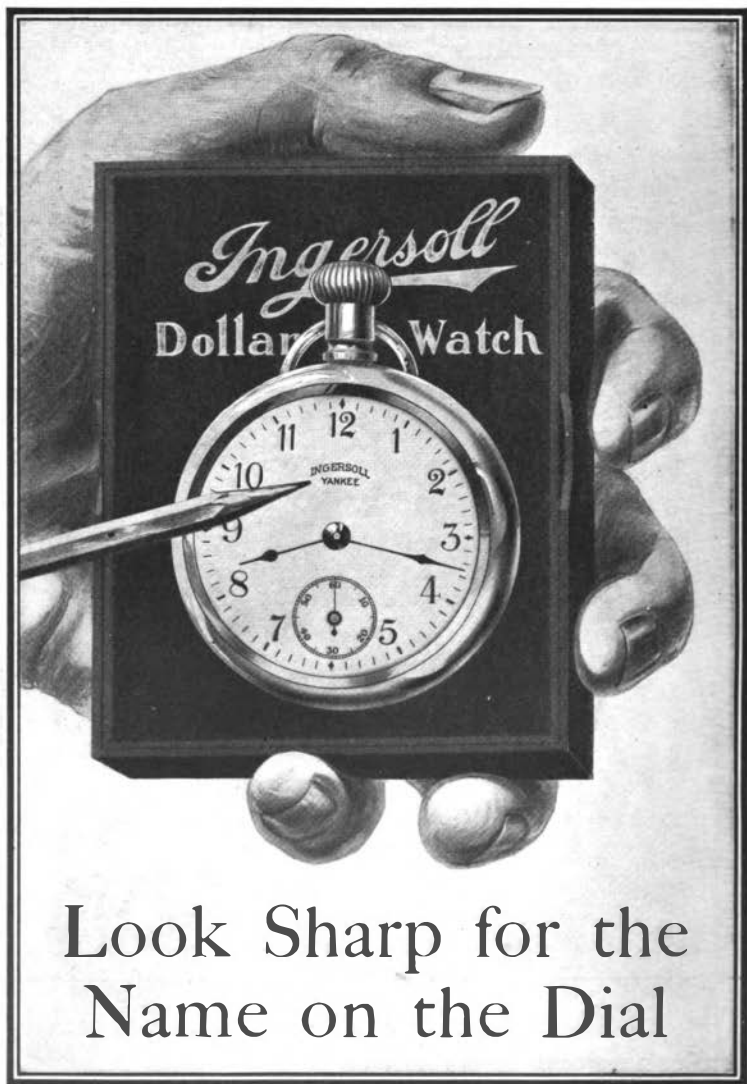
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Victrola XVI, \$200
Mahogany or oak

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Will there be a Victrola in your home this Christmas?

You can search the whole world over and not find another gift that will bring so much pleasure to every member of the family.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate the Victrola and play any music you wish to hear.

\$15 \$25 \$40 \$50 \$75 \$100 \$150 \$200

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

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Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.



Victrola IV, \$15
Oak



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New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month



Microphoto showing culture of germs such as inside the throat.



Same plate showing no germ-life after the use of Formamint.

If you could see the Germs in Your Throat

—if you might look, with microscopic vision, into the hidden chambers of the throat and see the malignant germ-life teeming there—as we see it, by proxy, in Professor Piorowski's experiments—the sight would more than convince you of the *vital* necessity of throat *protection*.

The throat is the germs' easiest route into the system. Germ destruction, therefore, becomes a duty of the first importance. And FORMAMINT, as Professor Piorowski has shown, is the most trustworthy means of achieving this throat "cleanliness."

Little tablets, handy, pleasing in taste—they free in the saliva a most effective germicide that *disinfects* the most secluded corners of the throat. And taken occasionally, they not only soothe away irritation but *forestall* more serious ailments. Endorsed by over 10,000 physicians, 50 tablets for 50c—at all druggists.

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From "The Practitioner" a leading English Medical Journal, December, 1907:

"I regard these lozenges or tablets as a good prophylactic (i. e., preventive) also against sore throat. I have never had a sore throat myself since I began to use them, although I periodically suffered before."

Jack Louder writes:

"I am tremendously pleased with the antiseptic qualities of your Formamint Tablets. Formamint is a real cleanser of mouth germs."

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THE GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLET

FREE

So that you may see how effective these pleasant Formamint Tablets are in mouth and throat troubles we will gladly mail a generous sample tube on receipt of a 2c stamp to pay postage. Write for it today.

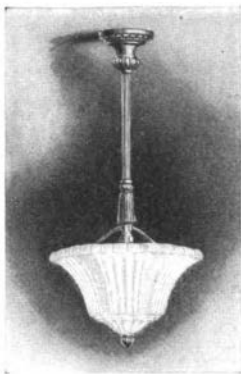


Good Light is easy to get

Good light makes seeing easy and comfortable. Everybody knows this, but not everybody knows what good light is.

Most people think good light is bright, dazzling light. That's the worst kind of poor light—worse even than dim light. It irritates the eyes and makes premature glasses necessary and is especially bad for children.

Good light is soft, luxurious radiance; is kind to the eyes, and easy to see by, read by and work by.



Alb Bowl on Macbeth-Evens fixture softens the light, makes it easy on the eyes

Macbeth-Evens Lighting Equipment

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Alba and Decora globes and shades on Macbeth-Evens fixtures soften the light, make it easy on the eyes, and direct it where it is needed.

Alba and Decora are beautiful and efficient, show the decorations and surroundings at their best, and get more and better light from the same current, or even less current—save you money.

How to get Good Light

You can usually get good light by a few simple changes when you know the facts. To get the facts, tear off and sign the coupon at the bottom, check the subject which interests you and mail to us. We will also send you a Portfolio of Individual Lighting Suggestions for your need.



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2—Department Stores 4—Stores 6—Clubs 8—Banks 10—Hospitals

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Don't Suffer With Stiff, Aching Limbs

Don't be inconvenienced and annoyed by tired, inflamed muscles. Massage the parts with Absorbine Jr., the American-made germicide-liniment, and rout out the trouble. Athletes do. They know that Absorbine Jr. penetrates quickly and reduces the soreness and inflammation—that it is powerful and efficacious in cases of serious *sprains, wrenches, torn ligaments* and painful affections.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

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It is a different kind of liniment. It is a safe ANTISEPTIC and GERMICIDE

Applied to an open sore or wound, it kills the germs, makes the part aseptic and promotes rapid and healthy healing. That is why it is so good for **cuts and bruises**.

Absorbine Jr. is non-poisonous and non-destructive of tissue—it is highly concentrated and only a few drops are required at an application. A 10% solution is sufficiently strong for most uses and is also

germicidal. This solution may be used effectively as a spray or gargle for infected sore throat.

HEALING—COOLING—SOOTHING

Absorbine Jr. is also a discutient and resolvent, effective in reducing **Bursal Enlargements, Cysts, Swollen Glands or Veins**. Use Absorbine Jr. where you want relief quickly and permanently.

Athletes and Trainers use Absorbine Jr. not only to overcome these conditions but as a preventive. After severe exercise a rub down with Absorbine Jr. diluted (one ounce to a quart of water or Witch Hazel,) limbers up the stiff joints and muscles, stops inflammation and prevents soreness. This solution is also antiseptic and germicidal.

Absorbine Jr. is sold by druggists at \$1.00 4 oz. and \$2.00 12 oz. bottle, or sent direct, charges paid. Descriptive pamphlet and detailed laboratory reports by many American and European chemists. Free to physicians and dentists on request.

12-14
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stamps for which send
me postpaid TRIAL
BOTTLE Absorbine Jr.,
pamphlet "Evidence"
and laboratory reports.

Liberal Trial Bottle

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show that a 25 per cent. Aqueous solution of Absorbine Jr. kills *Staphylococcus Pyogenes*.

A 20 per cent. solution kills *Staphylococcus Pyogenes Aureus*.

A 10 per cent. solution kills *Bacillus Diphtheria* and *Bacillus Coli Communis*.

A 6 per cent. solution kills *Bacillus Typhosus*.

A 1 per cent. solution kills skin cocci (from Eczema).

A solution: 1 part Absorbine Jr., 2 parts Mucilage of Acacia, 15 P. 7 parts distilled water, kills *Diphtheria Bacillus* in 2 minutes and should be an effective spray or gargle for infected sore throat.

Prescribe Absorbine Jr. full strength as a liniment for Painful Affections, Sprains, Varicose Veins, Bruises, Swellings; or diluted as indicated for Boils, Infected Sores, Pyorrhea, Spongy Gum.

The Man Who Gambles

with money is playing far safer than the man who gambles with health.

Money when lost can sometimes be regained, but health lost—is an other matter.

Every person gambles with health who drinks coffee; it contains caffeine, a subtle cumulative drug. It may not seriously affect one at once, because its work is slow—but sure.

The safe way is to quit coffee and use



POSTUM

It is made of wheat and a small proportion of wholesome molasses, skilfully roasted and blended to produce a delicious Java-like flavour.

You get the rich food value of the grain, in Postum, and it is absolutely free from caffeine, or any other drug.

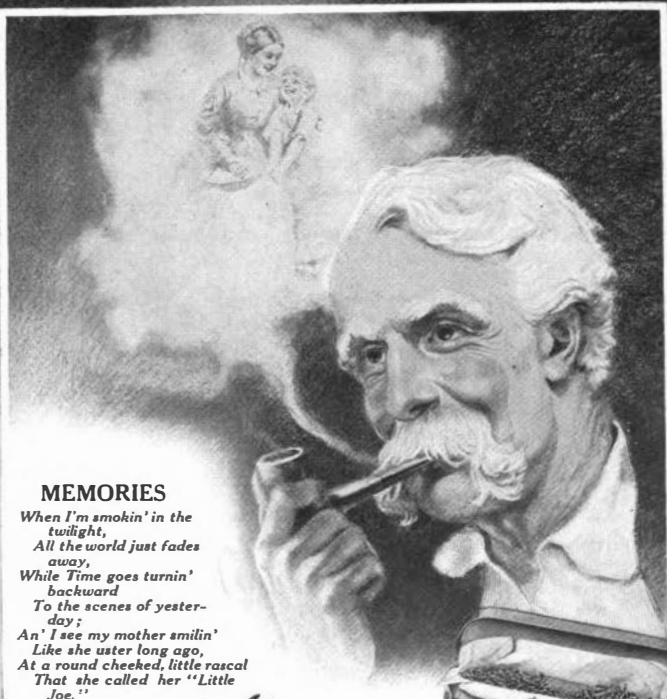
Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well-boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—soluble—no boiling—made in the cup with hot water, instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are delicious—cost per cup about the same—sold by grocers everywhere!

“There’s a Reason” for POSTUM



MEMORIES

When I'm smokin' in the twilight,
 All the world just fades away,
 While Time goes turnin' backward
 To the scenes of yesterday;
 An' I see my mother smilin'
 Like she uster long ago,
 At a round cheeked, little rascal
 That she called her "Little Joe."

Velvet Joe

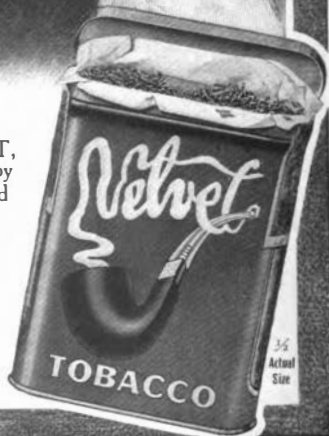
LET your pipe, filled with VELVET, waft you back to other days—happy days with all their troubles mellowed out by the gentle hand of Time.

VELVET, The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, is Kentucky's *Burley de Luxe*, to which time has added an aged-in-the-wood mellowness.

5c Metal-Lined Bags 10c Tins
 One Pound Glass Humidors

Lippatt & Myers Tobacco Co.

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BASCH CONTINUES THEIR IMPORT PRICE FOR**

Genuine Perfect Cut
DIAMONDS **\$97.50**
Per Carat

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Contracts to refund to you the full price IN CASH less 10% if for any reason you want to cash-in your diamond anytime within 1 year; allows full price in EXCHANGE, anytime! Certifies legally, carat weight, quality and value, so you know what you get for the money you invest! Stands alone as the only protecting Guarantee in the whole diamond business.

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14K Mounting... 3.75
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14D124 3/4-carat Dia. ... \$67.50
14K Mounting... 3.75
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14D125 5/8-carat Dia. ... \$31.25
14K Mounting... 5.50
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14B127 10K Solid Gold Case links 2 Dia. pr. \$1.75

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Victoria Finger Ring.

A superb Ring in the fashionable black and white effect. Eleven genuine diamonds, white and brilliant, set with Black Onyx, in all-platinum mounting. No. D8138, price \$75.00. A gift supreme. Give size when ordering.



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U400 Heavily silver plated, each \$5 cents; dozen \$10.00

H401 Sterling silver, each \$1.50; dozen \$17.50



For that man who "has everything," Very probably he hasn't such a Belt as this. Heavy sterling silver monogram buckle (any 2 or 3 initials), fine black walrus belt. Buckle fastens automatically. A Belt of which any man would be proud. Twenty dollars would scarcely buy a gift that would please him more! No. R9051, price \$6.00 postpaid. State initials and give size of belt.

The buckle is twice the length and width of the picture.



No. 1402 \$1.75 postpaid. Useful every day.

What every woman needs!

Manicure Set, walrus grain leather, 5 1/2 x 2 in., silk lined; contains corn knife, cuticle scissors, ivory finish box with nail polish, flexible file, nail stick, and polisher with leather back. Neat and compact.

The Christmas gifts you would like to receive are in the new Daniel Low catalog.

Generally speaking, isn't it true that the gifts you would be proud to receive are the ones to give? They are the things you would like to keep, but which your heart prompts you to pass along to someone who is dear to you.

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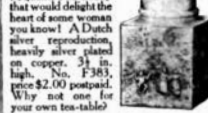
Two pieces of the striking new black and white jewelry. Bright edges contrasting with black enamel give the appearance of the fashionable platinum-Black Onyx jewelry. Illustrations are actual size.

No. R9614 Necklace, 15-inch chain, platinum-Black enamel bar and circle, 4 rhinestones, pearl cost \$2.25

No. R2803 Scarf Pin, platinum, 75 cents

No. R4614 Hat Pin, same design as Scarf Pin, sterling silver, length 6 in., \$1.00

No. R4106 Brooch (shown below), platinum, set with rhinestones, pearl in centre \$1.50



A quaint Tea Caddy that would delight the heart of some woman you know! A Dutch silver reproduction, heavily silver plated on copper. 3 1/2 in. high. No. F383, price \$2.00 postpaid. Why not one for your own tea-table?



Illustration shows three Roses (full size) from our popular Colonial Rose Bead Necklace. Delightfully fragrant. Beads alternate with small Pearls. Necklace is 26 inches long. No. P647 Pink, \$2.00; No. P648 Light blue, \$2.00

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YESSIR — that is, yessum! — you can run that man of yours — husband, brother, son or sweetheart — into everlasting debt of the deepest gratitude this Christmas by giving him one of these handsome crystal-glass humidors full to the brim with P. A.

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Not only can he build big, strong models but he can build them easily and quickly, and they will be exactly like real steel construction.

With all sets over \$3.00 I give, without extra charge, an electric motor that runs many of the models like elevators, traveling cranes, derricks, draw-bridges and machine shops.

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You can build so many models with Erector that if you worked every minute from Christmas till next summer, without stopping, you probably wouldn't get them all finished. This is because you get so much building material for your money with the Erector—more than with any other similar toy.

And they are made just like real structural steel. You can build quicker—the girders will never buckle up when you are putting them together. Only half as many bolts are needed, and the models are stiff and won't wobble.

Be sure to ask for the Mysto Erector, so you get the extra and better pieces and the motor. No other construction set gives a motor without extra cost.

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18027
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My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because they are scientific and appeal to **common sense**. Fully one-third of my pupils are sent to me by those who have worked with me.

I wish you could stand with me at my window for a few minutes and, as the women pass, realize with me how many need better figures, better health. They could have them, too, with just a little daily effort which is **easy**—not as hard as what they are enduring.

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No Drugs—No Medicines

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I have published a **free** booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement for greater culture, refinement and beauty in woman. **Sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it.** I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

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Pebecco owes its keen taste to its distinctive composition, which has the power of neutralizing "acid-mouth." "Acid-mouth," as everyone now knows, is the great destroyer of teeth. By neutralizing "acid-mouth," Pebecco does more than anything else can to save your teeth.

Use Pebecco, the really scientific dentifrice, and keep your teeth for years—perhaps a lifetime. Send for

Free Ten-day Trial Tube of Pebecco and Acid Test Papers

They will show you whether you have "acid-mouth," as nine out of ten people have, and how Pebecco counteracts it.

Pebecco originated in the hygienic laboratories of F. Beierloef & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and is sold everywhere in extra-large size tubes. As only one-third of a brushful is used at a time, Pebecco saves money as well as teeth. For trial tube and test papers address:



Manufacturing Chemists

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This Underwear Follows Every Curve

If you have been buying under-clothing that fits here and there with plenty of slack between fits, you have been denying yourself one of the greatest pleasures enjoyed by good dressers. Underwear that touches the body all over gives the greatest comfort.

This is one of the features that distinguish the

Original Spring-Needle Knit Underwear Made by Cooper-of-Bennington

You can stretch it, but it springs right back to its original shape. Cooper-of-Bennington originated and has been making this fabric for nearly forty years, and no one has ever equalled the soft, springy fabric from which Cooper-of-Bennington garments are made.

And with the added comfort of the patented closed crotch, it is the best underwear you can buy.

If your dealer does not carry them, tell him to get them from



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UNVARYING IN CHARACTER
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A Handsome Parlor Davenport By Day— A Roomy, Comfortable Bed at Night!

Whether your home is large or small, a **Kroehler Bed Davenport** will be a great convenience. It has the exact appearance of a handsome parlor davenport. At night it serves as a regular or extra bed.

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**Keeps Contents Ice Cold
72 hours or Hot 24 hours**

Bottles, Pts-Qts.

ICY-HOT Jars and Ice Cream Pails. Wide mouth. Pints and Quarts. Enables you to keep ice cream solid without ice or hot foods hot without fire, in sanitary glass container, providing a meal anywhere.

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No Limit To Their Usefulness

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The one powder that
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How to correct them

That bug bear of so many women—an oily skin and shiny nose—has various contributory causes.

Whatever the cause in your case, proper external treatment will relieve your skin of this embarrassing condition.

Begin this treatment tonight.

With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water; then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

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See special feature of adjustable drawer bands on

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If what you want is not advertised on these pages, see page 6 of this issue

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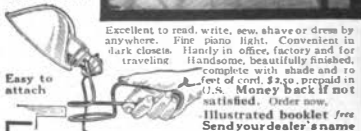
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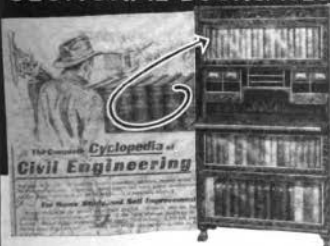
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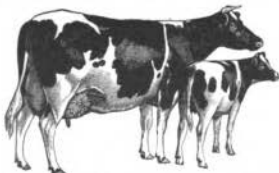
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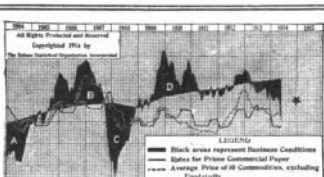
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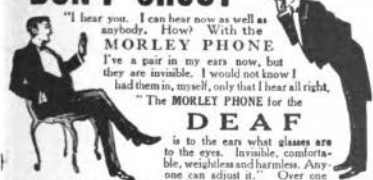


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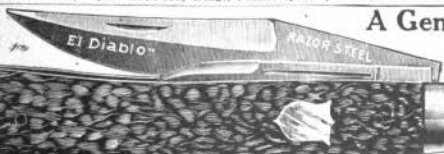
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You Are as Old as You Look

"Why is not the skin of your face as fair and firm as that of your body? If you look older than you are, it is because you are not doing what you should to help nature. My exercises in

**Physical Culture
for the Face**

do for the face what my exercises for the body have done for the health and figures of 60,000 women. Results are quick and marvellous. In six or ten minutes a day you can do more with these exercises at home than massage will accomplish in an hour a day in a beauty parlor."—Susanna Cocroft.

Miss Cocroft, after years of experience, has prepared the instructions for this course, including also the care of the Hair, Eyes, Hands and Feet.

- | | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| Wrinkles | Fabby, Thin Neck | Sallow, Freckled Skin |
| Double Chin | Crow's Foot | Dandruff |
| Tired Eyes | Pimples | Thin, Oily Hair |
| Pouches Under Eyes | Sagging Facial Muscles | |
| | Tender, Inflamed Feet | |

and many other blemishes are relieved and overcome. The expression is invigorated, the skin cleared, the hair made glossy, more abundant, the eyes stronger and brighter, the feet comfortable, hands smooth. Our pupils look 10 Years younger after our course. Write for FREE booklet today.

Grace-Mildred Culture Course
624 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 7 CHICAGO

Send for our
Photograph Album
"Snap Shots of
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containing actual
photographs of
Michaels-Stern Styles
for Fall, 1914.



The ruggedness, the heartiness, the *sturdiness* of **Michaels-Stern Clothes** appeal to all who prize these qualities in their own personalities.

Michaels, Stern & Co.

Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothing
ROCHESTER, N.Y.



Healthy, beautiful hair by using Resinol Soap

Shampoo regularly with hot water and Resinol Soap, rubbing the rich, creamy lather thoroughly into the scalp so as to soften and stimulate the scalp, to remove the dead skin and cells, and to work the healing antiseptic Resinol balsams well into the roots of the hair.

Rinse in gradually cooler water, the final water being cold. Dry the hair thoroughly without artificial heat. This simple, agreeable method almost always stops dandruff and scalp itching, and keeps the hair live, thick and lustrous. When the hair or scalp are in very bad condition, apply a little Resinol Ointment to the scalp a few hours before shampooing with Resinol Soap.

Resinol Soap leaves no stickiness or unpleasant odor in the hair and contains no harsh, drying alkali. Its rich brown is due wholly to the Resinol balsams that it contains, not to artificial coloring. For sample free, write Dept. B-c, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

The Absentee.

It is *the* day of all the year—Thanksgiving Day—when every member of the family is under the home roof-tree.

Father is skilfully disjuncting the juicy gobbler, and mother, with anxiety lest the meal shall not go well, sits opposite, serving the cranberries and supervising the whole ceremony; little Johnny is attacking a mighty drum stick, and—and, Oh! but the marmalade is good.

Thanksgiving Day, the family day, but with nearly always a regret that this one or that could not be present. Had to go to Mary's folks this year, you know.

Of course, it doesn't really take the place of the absentee, but on such occasions, along with the letter of regret—a new photograph.

There's a photographer in your town.
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Solve the Christmas Problem

Davis Quality Cards will mean more than gifts to many friends whom you must remember at Christmas. They carry just the message that appeals without any cheap sentimentality, the perfection of fitness and good taste without any embarrassing obligations to the receiver. They have an intimate personal quality and friendly enthusiasm that make them a welcome relief from the old-time highly colored Christmas booklet with its meaningless jingles.

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Containing 19 selected cards, absolutely unhandled, suitable for your various friends. Or the dollar box of

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With 10 cards and a "Busy Man's Calendar." If your dealer hasn't them, send us the coupon below with a dollar for each box ordered and we will send postpaid.

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526 Atlantic Avenue
Boston, Mass.

The A. M. Davis Company
120 Atlantic Ave.
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Enclosed find \$1.00 send me boxes "Quality Cards for Quality Folks" boxes "Quality Cards for Business Men" Also your complete catalogue.

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17 Gold Medals and 20 Diplomas

awarded in open competition with other brands prove what the pure food committees of Europe and America think of the purity and flavor of Listerated Pepsin Gum. No other gum can even approach this quality record. *Isn't this the gum you want YOUR children to chew?*

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IT COSTS THE SAME AS COMMON GUMS

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 Put savor into your supper,
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LUCKY STRIKE
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Enables You to Fire the First Shot First

Write for free booklet, “How to Shoot,” and Catalog 25. If you want a copy of the famous war picture, “Colts to the Front” (miniature shown here), size 26 x 22 ins., done in full colors, ready for framing, enclose 10c for postage, etc.

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Daily Electric Baths give your blood the Vital Impulse that re-creates.



A Well-Known Beauty Says: "I think I owe the beauty of my back and shoulders to the electric massage and bath. Remember that real beauty comes from the blood, not from cosmetics. Circulation is nature's restorer."

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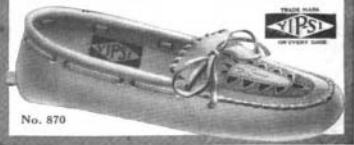
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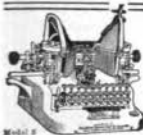
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IT WON'T ROLL OVER OR LEAK

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merry click of the balls as
mother banks the number "7"
—right into the corner pocket!
"Bully shot!" cries Master Dick.
Father groans, "That finishes me."
"And it also ends this hunger strike,"
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A good laugh all around. Then they're off to the dining room, where everybody plays the whole game over at the feast.

This is the royal sport of *Carom or Pocket Billiards* that thousands of families are playing *right at home!*

And now—*this* Christmas—give your folks a scientific Brunswick Table. Only a small investment. Yet it keeps boys home—and pays big dividends in pleasure *all your life!*

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An imposing masterpiece, built of rare San Domingo mahogany, richly inlaid. Not a toy, but a *real* Brunswick regulation table, modified only in sizes and design to harmonize in any home surroundings.

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is an entirely new sound-reproducing instrument that reproduces music just as it sounded when the music was recorded. The machine tone has been entirely eliminated.

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YES, we are now giving away Lindstrom's Patented Vibrating Chair Converter with every White Cross Electric Vibrator.

With this splendid device you can make a perfect vibrating chair from an ordinary rocker. No extra charge—converter is free. We formerly charged for this wonderful converter, but for a time now we are going to give one away with every vibrator.

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"Give Quick Relief"

from coughs, colds and throat irritation. Luden's are national "throat easers." —

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SAVE \$15. These are regular \$25 overcoats but were made up during the dull summer season when cost of production was lowest—that's why they are \$10 instead of \$25.

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 Don't try to quit the tobacco habit unaided. It's a losing fight against heavy odds and means a serious shock to the nervous system. Let the tobacco habit quit YOU! It will quit you if you will just take Tobacco Redeemer, according to directions for two or three days. It is the most marvellously quick and thoroughly reliable remedy for the tobacco habit the world has ever known.

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YOU can have exactly the degree of warmth you want during the day, indicate at bedtime the temperature for the night and secure automatically at the "getting up hour" a resumption of the daytime temperature.

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STUART'S ADHESIVE
PLAPAO-PAD

It's the Non-Slipping, Non-Rigid Pad and What is Within It That Counts

Inner surface is made adhesive to secure the PLAPAO-PAD firmly to the body, keeping the PLAPAO continually applied and the pad from slipping. No straps, buckles or springs attached. Soft as velvet—easy to apply.

PATD APRIL 6 1909

Over 250,000 Now In Use

We have proved to hundreds of thousands of sufferers from hernia (rupture) that to obtain lasting relief and develop a natural process for betterment comes by wearing a Plapao-Pad. This patented mechanic-chemico device can do the same for you. The wearing of an improper support aggravates rather than improves the condition. The Plapao-Pad can and does aid the muscles in giving proper support, thereby rendering efficient aid to Nature in restoring strength to the weakened muscles. Being self-adhesive there is no slipping and shifting of pad with resultant irritation and chafing. No discomfort whatsoever—no delay from work. Awarded Gold Medal at Rome and Grand Prix at Paris.

Send No Money. You will send you a trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. You pay nothing for this trial now or later. Write for it today, also full information.

PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 77 St. Louis, Mo.



Set Six Screws— Save Furniture Dollars!

It takes six minutes to drive these six screws, and the saving is \$13.25. Now if your time is worth more than \$2.21 a minute, don't read any further.

This advertisement is for those who want high-grade furniture at rock-bottom prices and approve a selling plan that actually saves big money.

Over 30,000 American Homes

buy Come-Pack Furniture for these substantial reasons. Here is an example of Come-Pack economy.

No. 300 Library Table
 Come-Pack Price \$11.75
 Shipping Weight 150 lbs.

This handsome table is Quarter-Sawn White Oak, with rich, deep, natural markings; honestly made; beautifully finished to top order. Height, 30 inches; top 44 x 28 inches; legs, 2 1/2 inches square. Two drawers; choice of Old Brass or Wood Knobs. It comes to you in four sections, packed in a compact crate, shipped at knock-down rates.

Our price, \$11.75. With a screw-driver and six minutes you have a table that would ordinarily sell for \$25!

Sold on a Year's Trial

Free Catalog Shows 400 Pieces
 for living, dining or bedroom. Color plates show the exquisite finish and upholstery. Factory prices. Write for it today and we will send it to you by return mail. (11)

Come-Pack Furniture Co., 1207 Dorr Street, Toledo, O.

Do you know what your handwriting means?

You put your own personality
(systematic, straightforward and sincere)
into your handwriting, but
(independent, blunt, artistic, a bit selfish)
Spencerian Steel Pens
(has large ideas, well balanced)
put an easy smoothness into
(impulsive, imaginative, man of large notions)
what writing you do
(romantic, emotional, musical)

FOR the thousands of readers of this magazine who are interested in the subject, we have just published one of the most absorbing and factful books printed about handwriting. The author is William Leslie French, the celebrated Graphologist, whose timely articles in leading magazines have aroused a nation-wide interest and discussion. In this book, entitled "What Your Handwriting Reveals," is delineated and interpreted nearly every style of handwriting. You will doubtless recognize your own style among them.

This book has been prepared by us at great expense for those who are seriously interested in the subject. The edition is limited.

If you desire a copy, it will be sent with 12 different styles of Spencerian Pens on receipt of ten cents.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, New York

SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY
 349 Broadway, New York

C-1

I enclose ten cents for 12 different kinds of Spencerian Pens and a copy of the book, "What Your Handwriting Reveals."

Name _____

Street No. _____

City _____

State _____

**PROTECT
 Yourself
 At Soda
 Fountains
 Ask for
 ORIGINAL
 GENUINE**



**THE
 Food-Drink
 for All Ages**
 Nourishing
 Delicious
 Digestible
**OTHERS ARE
 IMITATIONS**

DIAMONDS
ON CREDIT

Send for YOUR FREE COPY of OUR CHRISTMAS CATALOG
 Containing Over 3300 Suggestions for Christmas Gifts
 All the new popular styles in Jewelry—Beautiful Diamonds, artistic
 Solid Gold and Platinum Mountings. Also many other exquisite things
 suitable for Christmas presents as well as for personal wear. Select anything desired and
 let us send it to you on APPROVAL at our Expense. If satisfactory send us one-fifth of the pur-
 chase price as first payment, balance divided in eight equal amounts payable monthly.

JAMES BERGMAN HIG BARGAINS IN WATCHES. Write for Catalog, today
 Est'd 1896 Dept. C-114 27-29 BAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK CITY

I MADE \$1500⁰⁰ IN ONE MONTH IN THIS STORE WINDOW



H. W. EAKINS

How did I do it? One day while reading magazine advertisements (as you are doing) I read about LONG'S CRISPETTE MACHINE. It interested me. I sat down and wrote him. His proposition sounded good—was good—and I bought. After buying and paying rent for a window, I had just \$10 left, but I went to work—worked hard—made delicious popcorn crispettes.

The first few days I gave some away—that started crowds coming—they heard and brought more crowds. At the end of thirty days had



\$1500 CLEAR PROFIT IN BANK

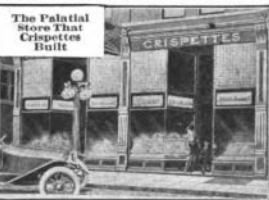
Those were great days. Later I became Mr. Long's partner—am his only partner now—am here to help beginners—to tell you and show you how to build a great big business like ours.

Wouldn't You Like to Own a Store Like This?

It began with a modest start like mine—Mr. Long was a struggling candy-maker until he conceived the big idea which has made hundreds of us independent locations—windows—small store rooms—cozy corners—that offer YOU just as good an opportunity as Mr. Long's of mine.

I have just invented an improved machine—increased its capacity one-third—decreased its size one-half—making it a strictly one man proposition and the biggest earner ever produced. With this new machine I could have cleared \$2,000 first month instead of \$1,500.

The long winter months are ahead. Don't slave them away for some one else. Start in Crispette business for yourself. Build a business like mine—get a place where the rent is low. Keep the profits. I will teach you the business—show you how to cut the corners and make



The Palatial Store That Crispettes Built

Come To See Us At Our Expense

Unannounced, just drop in any time. See our store—our Crispette business—you can trust your own eyes. You will know then. See the machines work—see the Crispettes made—make a batch yourself.

Within a radius of 300 miles, I'll pay your travelling expenses if you buy a machine. We show you everything—keep back no secrets—give you our confidential formula and every help possible.

Mr. Long will be glad to see you—I will be glad to see you and you will go home with more money-making ideas than you ever had in your life. Anyway send for our

Every Nickel Taken in Net You Almost Four Cents Profit

This is one business in a hundred. The profits are splendid and just think of the fortunes built up of 6 cent pieces where the profits were not nearly so great. Everyone likes Crispettes—children, parents, old folks. One sale always means more to follow. ANY HONEST, EAGER, ENERGETIC man can do as well as I, and that means independence.



Send For This FREE BOOK

FREE BOOKLET

"Dollars and Sense in the Crispette Business"

—an inspiration alone, if you never buy. Get it. — Read it — Don't put it off — write today — life is so short. Start YOUR business today.

W. Z. LONG CO.,
975 High St.,
Springfield, O.

Without any obligation at all, please send me free, your book, "Dollars and Sense in the Crispette Business."

Name

Address

W. Z. LONG CO., 975 High St., Springfield, O.

H. W. EAKINS, Mgr.

Price 15c



See Agents Wanted

"PHONE" WITHOUT BEING OVERHEARD

Wonderful whispering telephone invention enables you to talk freely without being overheard. Held secret conversation—Every advantage of a booth telephone—Sent postal for only 75 cents. Money back if not more than pleased.

THE COVETT LABORATORIES

362 W. Washington Street Chicago, Ill.

RATS KILLED BY SCIENCE

Use the wonderful bacteriological Preparation—not a poison, harmless to humans and animals other than rodents. Rats and mice die in the open. Easily prepared and applied.

DANYSZ VIRUS

How Much to Use: A small house, 1 tube; ordinary dwelling, 3 to 6 tubes. One to two dozen tubes for large stable with hay loft and yard. Factories and warehouses, one dozen tubes for each 5,000 sq. feet of floor space. PRICE: 5c one tube, 75 cents three tubes, \$1.75 six tubes, \$3.25 one dozen, \$6.00.

VIRUS LIMITED, INC., 72 C Front Street, NEW YORK

Don't Throw Away Your Worn Tires



For over three years European motorists have been getting from 10,000 to 15,000 miles out of their tires by "half-soling" them with Steel Studded Treads.

In eight months 20,000 American motorists have followed their example and are saving \$50. to \$200. a year in tire expense.

We ship on approval ~~Drop~~ by the express and allow you to be the judge.

Durable Treads double the life of your tires and are sold under a signed guarantee for 5000 miles without puncture. Applied in your own garage in thirty minutes.

Special Discount offered to motorists in new territory on a first shipment direct from factory. A postal will get full information and sample within a week. State size of tires.

Don't wait—write today. Address nearest factory office.
THE COLORADO TIRE & LEATHER CO.
1121 Karpen Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 1321 Acoma St., Denver, Colo.

A LIVING FROM POULTRY

**\$1,500 from Sixty Hens in 10 Months
on a City Lot 40 Feet Square.**

TO the average poultryman that would seem impossible, and when we tell you that we have actually done a \$1,500 poultry business with sixty hens on a corner in the city lot, 40 feet wide by 40 feet long, we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it is an easy matter when the new

PHILO SYSTEM is adopted.

The Philo System is Unlike All Other Ways of Keeping Poultry, and in many ways is exactly the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible, and getting unheard of results that are hard to believe without seeing.

This New System Covers All Branches of the Work Necessary for Success from selecting the breeders, to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg, and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business, and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

Two-Pound Broilers in Eight Weeks are raised in a space of less than a foot to a broiler and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing here three cents a pound above the highest market price.

Our Six-months Old Pullets are Laying at the rate of 24 Eggs each month in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green-cut bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with the food others are using.

Don't Let the Chicks Die in the Shell. One of the secrets is to save the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick and believed to be the secret of the ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at ten cents a dozen.

Chicken Feed at 15 Cents a Bushel. Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble, and have a good supply any day in the year, Winter or Summer. It is just as impossible to get a large egg yield without green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.

One New Brooder Saves Two Cents on Each Chicken. No lamp required. No danger of chilling or overheating, or of burning up the chickens as with brooders using lamps or any kind of fire. They also keep all the lice off the chickens automatically, or kill any that may be on them when placed in the brooder. Our book gives full plans and the right to make and use them. One can easily be made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 50 cents.

THE POULTRY REVIEW

Monthly. A progressive poultry magazine edited by E. W. Philo with able assistants. Devoted to the most practical and economical methods of keeping poultry for profit, especially in small flocks or units on city or town lots. The Review is printed on a poultry farm where the editors have every

OUR SPECIAL OFFER

Send \$1.00 for one year's subscription to the Poultry Review and we will include a copy of the latest edition of the Philo System Book.

E. R. PHILO, PUBLISHER, 1700 LAKE ST.,

:-:

:-:

ELMIRA, N. Y.



The five eggs shown in this Philo Adjustable Coop were all laid in one day by five hens.

Special 30-day offer for this coop, \$10.00.

Our book, The Philo System of Progressive Poultry Keeping, gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries, with simple, easy-to-understand directions that are right to the point. Instructions are given for the building of the colony coops and appliances. For some of these we have letters patent, and patents are pending on others, but purchasers of the book are given the right to make and use these appliances. This system is especially adapted to the needs of the beginner, requiring very little expense to begin, and admitting of increase as fast as the poultry keeper learns the work. It is the small unit plan that expands as readily as the "sectional brookcase".

Whether you intend to make poultry keeping a business, a recreation, or to provide an addition to the present income, this system will solve your problems.

This system will be demonstrated to anyone at the Elmira plant of the Philo National Poultry Institute, where over 5,000 chickens are raised on less than a half acre of land.

opportunity to keep in close touch with actual poultry work under all conditions. It is edited for the practical poultryman; no theoretical articles are published, but many theories are tried out in our own yards and results published in the Review.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER

Mail \$1.00 to-day and you will get the book and first issue of the Review by return mail.

The Ross Rifle

The Rifle for Self or Friend

The "Ross" .280 High Velocity Rifle is used by skilled big game hunters, all over the world, on account of its accuracy, its very low trajectory, the perfection and speed of its action and the extraordinary "anchoring" effect of the "Ross" .280 sporting cartridge with copper tube expanding bullet, patented. Whether for yourself or presentation purposes, buy a "Ross" .280. Price in New York \$55.00. Special "Ross" ammunition \$7.50 per 100. Illustrated catalogue on request.

Ross Rifle Co., Dept. M-1 Quebec, Canada

Post & Floto, 14 Reade St., New York. Agents for the United States

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

HAVONE

The Forget-Me-Not of Gifts

Send for my illustrated Autobiography.
Address Dept. A,
HAVONE CORPORATION,
21 Maiden Lane, New York.

MY MOTTO—a case for
every cigarette and every
cigarette in its case.

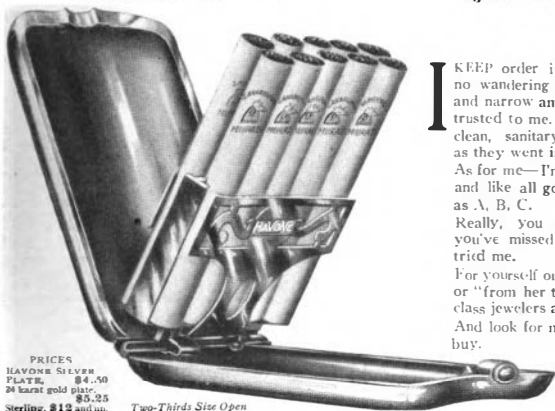
HAVONE

KEEP order in Cigarettedom—no wandering from the straight and narrow among “smokes” entrusted to me. Out they come—clean, sanitary and ship-shape as they went in.

As for me—I’m made for keeps and like all good things—simple as A, B, C.

Really, you can’t know how you’ve missed me until you’ve tried me.

For yourself or any special friend or “from her to him”—at high-class jewelers and other shops. And look for my mark when you buy.



PRICES
HAVONE SILVER
PLATE, \$4.50
24 karat gold plate,
\$5.25
Sterling, \$12 and up.

Two-Thirds Size Open

ATWOOD GRAPEFRUIT

NO OTHER GRAPEFRUIT EQUALS IT IN FLAVOR

THE superiority of Atwood Grapefruit is not an accident. From the first planting the Atwood Grapefruit Co. has sacrificed everything for QUALITY. An initial expense of hundreds of thousands of dollars was incurred, while everything that scientific culture and experience could suggest was done to produce QUALITY. Even then some trees at maturity bore simply good grapefruit, but *not good enough for the Atwood Brand*. These trees were cut down and replaced by superior varieties.

So through the various processes of selection, cultivation and elimination has evolved the ATWOOD FLAVOR, as hard to describe as it is difficult to produce.

People who have eaten Atwood Grapefruit say:

“It is absolutely the best grapefruit I ever tasted.”

“Fruit is fine and full flavored, ‘The Best Ever.’”

“They are the nicest fruit we have ever tried.”

“The best that we have been able to secure.”

“As usual, your grapefruit is way ahead.”

“Fully ripe and delicious.”

A well-known physician writes: “I prescribe grapefruit for all my patients, and tell them to be sure and get Atwood Grapefruit.”

Atwood Grapefruit is always sold in the trade-mark wrapper of the Atwood Grapefruit Co.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

ATWOOD GRAPEFRUIT CO.

80 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK





**\$1.00
DOWN
FREE TRIAL**

Play Billiards at Home

Billiards and Pool are refined, clean, interesting games—games that fascinate with their close, exciting, constantly changing situations—games that test the skill of hand, eye and brain, and arouse the keenest sort of friendly rivalry—games that the whole family will enjoy. Billiards and Pool are expensive if played in a public pool-room, but almost anyone can afford to have at home a

BURROWES

Billiard and Pool Table

You can play on it while you are paying for it. The prices are from \$15 up, on easy terms of \$1 or more down (depending on size and style selected), and a small amount each month. Sizes range up to 4½x9 feet (standard). Complete playing equipment of balls, cues, etc., free.

No special room is needed. The Burrowes Table can be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on its own legs or folding stand, and quickly set aside when not in use. Burrowes Tables are

Used by Experts

for home practice. The most delicate shots, calling for skill of the highest type, can be executed with the utmost accuracy.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This ensures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog, or mail this coupon:

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 51 Spring St., Portland, Me.
Please send Catalog of Billiard Table offers.

NAME

ADDRESS

**Any Watch
You Want
ON CREDIT**



**WALTHAM
ELGIN
HOWARD
HAMILTON
ILLINOIS**

Sent on 30 Days Free Trial

No Money Down

Express Prepaid In Advance by Me
You take no chances with me. I am "Square Deal" Miller and I trust the people. That is why I am doing the greatest Credit Watch, Diamond and Jewelry business in the country. Suppose you want any one of the country's best makes of watches? Name any one, I have it for you. No Money Down, Express Prepaid. A full month to carry it in your pocket and the easiest of Long Time Payments. That's the test that tells. All these watches **Guaranteed 25 Years**

I Smash the Terms

No References Demanded

My terms are made to suit you. You get unlimited credit, with no red tape, notes or collection. All unnecessary detail left out.

An "Open Charge" Account

the same kind of credit you get from your grocer. No matter where you live or what your income is, you can now own the finest watch, a beautiful diamond or any rare jewelry and never miss the money.

Costly Catalog FREE

Send me your name and address so I can mail you. Free and postpaid, the most beautiful catalog of its kind ever printed. I want you to have this book. It's a gem. It illustrates all makes of valuable Watches, Elegant Genuine Diamonds, and a vast assortment of beautiful Jewelry, all on the easiest and most liberal terms. Write for this book today and get a letter from me that will make you a friend of mine from the start. Take My Word For It.

Square Deal MILLER, Pres.

MILLER-HOEFFER CO., 352 Miller Bldg., Detroit, Mich.



AMAZING PROFITS

IN MUSHROOMS. Anybody can add \$5 to \$40 per week to their income, in spare time, entire year growing mushrooms in cellars, sheds, barns, basins, etc. I tell you where to sell at highest prices. Free Illustrated Instruction Booklet. **HIRSH BARTON, 328 West 45th Street, New York**

STRAIGHTEN YOUR TOES BANISH THAT BUNION



by using **ACHEFELDT'S
PERFECTION TOE SPRING**

Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use

Removes the Actual Cause of the enlarged joint and bunion. Sent on approval. Money back if not as represented. Send outline of foot. Use my Improved instant Support for weak arches.

Full particulars and advice free in plain envelope. **M. ACHEFELDT, Foot Specialist, Room 446, 168 W. 23d St., New York**



The Gift Supreme



Certainty of sincere appreciation and universal appropriateness make "Homer Laughlin" China the ideal gift, affording an easy solution of the "what-shall-I-give-her" question. You can pay more for dinnerware but the higher prices will bring you no more of real service, beauty and all-around satisfaction.

HOMER LAUGHLIN China

Made in America—in the world's largest pottery. During the 42 years it has been on the market it has gained a nation-wide popularity. The better class of dealers feature and conscientiously recommend it.

The many beautiful patterns of this exquisite dinnerware—all open stock—afford a wide range of selection. Look for the trade mark "Homer Laughlin" on the underside of each dish.

It is your guarantee of lasting satisfaction. Send for FREE copy of our "China Book." You'll enjoy reading it.

The Homer Laughlin China Company, Newell, W. Va.



Make your CANDIES at home this CHRISTMAS with KNOX GELATINE

You will find them delicious and inexpensive to make.

This recipe shows you how easily and quickly you can make these new confections.

KNOX FRENCH DAINITIES

2 envelopes Knox Acidulated Gelatine
4 cups granulated sugar
1 1/2 cups boiling water
1 cup cold water

Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Add the boiling water. When dissolved add the sugar and boil slowly for fifteen minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one-half teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavor, found in separate envelope, dissolved in one tablespoonful water and one tablespoonful lemon extract. To the other part add one tablespoonful brandy, if desired, one-half teaspoonful extract of cloves, and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize.

Vary this recipe by using different flavors and colors, and if desired, add chopped nuts, figs, dates, raisins or peanuts to the lemon mixture.

Send for this FREE Recipe Book

An illustrated book of recipes for Candies, Desserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, Salads, etc., sent FREE for your grocer's name.

Pin sample for 2c stamp and grocer's name.
CHARLES B. KNOX COMPANY
49 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

Why sigh for the freedom from sweeping and dusting that 85,000 other housewives enjoy? Get your own Frantz Premier and gain time to spend in the bracing Autumn air.

9 AM and the Day's Work done

MADE IN AMERICA

Frantz Premier

ELECTRIC CLEANER

THE efficiency and convenience of this sturdy nine pound dirt devourer are proven because 85,000 American women use and prefer it; because more than 2,500 reliable dealers sell it and vouch for it; and because the makers build every part and fully guarantee it. You can order yours over the telephone with the positive assurance that you are getting as perfect a machine as if it had been made to your order.

A nearby dealer will gladly send you one today if you will telephone. If you don't know him, write us, and we will instantly forward his name and our illustrated "9 A. M." book.

The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Cleveland, U.S.A.
Principal Canadian Headquarters: The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

NOW
\$25

Attachments for special purposes, \$7.50

West of the Rockies, \$27.50
Dominion of Canada, \$32.00

A STRIKING proof of Elgin watch-making skill is furnished through the acceptance by the United States Government of a number of Elgin Watches for use by the torpedo boat flotilla of the U. S. Navy. *These are the first and only American watches ever accepted for this strenuous service.* Only after six months' gruelling tests at the U. S. Naval Observatory was the government O. K. put upon them. This precision of

LORD ELGIN
THE Masterwatch. \$125
to \$85.

LADY ELGIN
A DAINY Timekeeper—
pendant and bracelet. A
wide range of prices.

B. W. RAYMOND
THE Railroad Man's
Watch. \$80 to \$32.50.

G. M. WHEELER
THE Foremost Medium
Priced Watch. \$50 to \$25.

ELGIN Watches

assures their worthiness as life companions. They are also beautiful—and they are strong. In fact, Elgin Watches combine the qualities which make them first choice

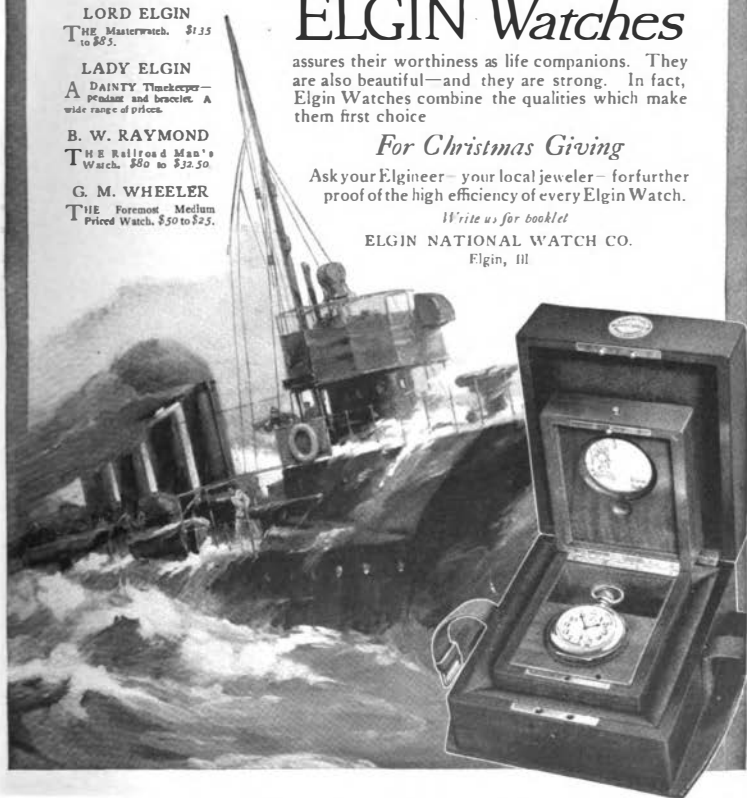
For Christmas Giving

Ask your Elgineer—your local jeweler—for further proof of the high efficiency of every Elgin Watch.

Write us for booklet

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.

Elgin, Ill



Pabst Extract Panama Girl Calendar FOR 1915

If you have seen the Pabst Extract calendars of past seasons—and admired them, as thousands do—you'll appreciate the 1915 Panama Girl Calendar tenfold.

The newest addition to the series of Pabst Extract Beauty Calendars comes from the brush of Alfred Everett Orr. It is a masterpiece of life-painting—wonderfully expressive of the typical American girl with all her charm of person and manner.

The calendar is on heavy art paper, seven inches wide and thirty-six inches high, beautifully lithographed in twelve colors. It is entirely free from advertising on the front, just as shown by the illustration herewith. The size and shape are admirably adapted to the adornment of those old places so hard to fill and the color scheme is sure to harmonize with the furnishings of any room.

Our aim in sending out these beautiful calendars free is to remind you, and others, that

Pabst Extract The Best Tonic

"Brings the Roses to Your Cheeks"

—that it is a natural tonic which enriches the blood, rebuilds the wasted tissues of the body, steadies the nerves and tones the entire system. Being a perfect blending of choicest malt and hops with iron, it is nature's own builder and reinvigorator—a splendid tonic, recommended by leading physicians for nursing mothers, convalescents, anaemics, all who are run down from any cause, and as a revitalizer for the aged.

**Order a Dozen from Your Druggist
Insist Upon It Being "Pabst"**

The U. S. Government specifically classifies Pabst Extract as an article of medicine—not an alcoholic beverage.

This Calendar is Free

All you have to do to obtain one is to send us 10 cents in coin or stamps (coin preferred) to cover the cost of packing and mailing. The demand for these beautiful calendars grows greater each year, so send for yours at once to avoid disappointment.

Pabst Extract Co., Dept. 9
Milwaukee, Wis.





*The gift for the one you wish to
please the most*

A PREMO

The gift that matches the very spirit of Christmas—that will be used to preserve all the fun and merriment of the day.

Light, compact, the simplest of all cameras to load and operate, a Premo will be welcomed alike by a boy or girl, a man or woman of any age, for anyone can make good pictures with a Premo from the start, without any previous experience.

There are forty different styles and sizes of Premos to choose from, at prices from \$1.50 to over \$100.00. Ask your dealer for the Premo catalogue, or write us and it will be gladly mailed to you free of all expense.

Rochester Optical Division

Eastman Kodak Co.

Rochester, N. Y.

Surprise Her With This Practical Gift For the Home

When you've trimmed the tree and filled the stockings, and good old St. Nick is about due by the chimney route, why not play Santa Claus yourself to your tired wife? Get this wonderful little vacuum cleaner and roll it into the room. Your wife will be delighted, for no other gift can ease her home duties like a

Western Electric Vacuum Cleaner

Be sure she gets this new No. 11 Western Electric Cleaner—the cleaner NOT built like a broom. Guaranteed by the world's largest distributors of electrical supplies. Can be attached to any electric light socket. Dust bag rests on a light, rigid frame which makes handling easy and allows cleaner to be hung away on a closet hook. Price \$32.50, including extension nozzle for cleaning under furniture.

Write for details of this machine and the name of our nearest agent. Ask for Booklet No. 13-G.



WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

New York
Buffalo
Philadelphia
Boston
New Orleans

Atlanta
Richmond
Savannah
Cincinnati
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Manufacturers of the 8,000,000 "Bell" Telephones

Chicago
Milwaukee
Pittsburgh
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St. Louis
Indianapolis
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Kansas City
Oklahoma City
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Denver
Omaha
Salt Lake City
Los Angeles

San Francisco
Oakland
Seattle
Portland

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

Beauty and Refinement

express themselves in pleasing and harmonious surroundings which reflect personal good taste. Where such refinement prevails you will find on My Lady's dressing table—in the place of honor—

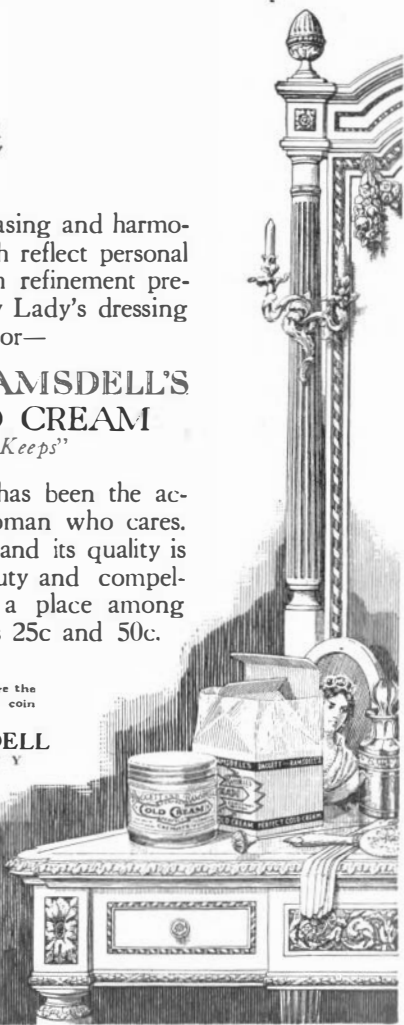
DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM

"The Kind That Keeps"

For twenty-four years it has been the accepted choice of the woman who cares. Its use is a daily delight and its quality is revealed in a natural beauty and compelling charm that assures a place among attractive women. Tubes 25c and 50c. Jars 35c to \$1.50.

Large trial tube with booklet: "Beware the Finger of Time," mailed for 10 cents coin or stamps, to Department 33

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
NEW YORK CITY



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

127

Whenever you enter a store, look for the Sunshine Biscuit Rack. Its appetizing display affords easy selection, while the biscuits are protected absolutely against dust, moisture and handling. These "Quality Biscuits of America" include Sugar Wafers, English Style Biscuits and Biscuit Bonbons. They are different, both in kind and quality—many exclusive with us, others made by no one else in this country.

Sunshine

Biscuits

Look for the rack! It is the sign of the up-to-date intelligent grocer. Its presence insures you high-quality goods, appetizing display, dependability.

The different varieties of Sunshine Biscuits shown here are but a few of the many which satisfy every taste and every occasion. Sold by the pound or in air-tight packages.

That you may know how tempting these biscuits are, we'll send you our

Sunshine Revelation Box

containing 14 kinds, if you pay the cost of postage and packing. Send 10 cents (stamps or coin) with your name and address and we'll send you this box by return mail. Give us your dealer's name too, please.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits

721 Thompson Ave., L. I. C.
NEW YORK



Look for this
Sunshine
Biscuit Rack

Do Your Xmas Shopping by Mail at **Vantine's**
The Oriental Store



No. 1543C. Jap. Girl Doll, 10 1/2 in. one high. Price postpaid, 75c.

Japanese Toy Maker, by Robert Blum, courtesy Met. Museum of Art

No. 1544B. Jap. Boy Doll, 10 1/2 inches high. Price postpaid, 75c.



No. 9174C. Japanese "God of Laughter" with waggling head and moving hand. Price postpaid, 61c.

NO matter where you reside, you may shop by mail at Vantine's as satisfactorily as though you personally purchased in our store. Our beautiful new book just published for those who cannot visit our establishment contains thousands of distinctive and unique Oriental objects of art and utility imported especially for the holiday season. With this book, which is mailed postpaid upon request, you may make your selections of Christmas gifts leisurely at home and enjoy practically the same advantages as our local patrons, as we prepay the transportation charges on all purchases (except where otherwise stated), and cheerfully accept for exchange, credit or refund any article not entirely satisfactory.



No. 1562D. Jap. Dog Toy - Lucky Dog. Toy made of cotton and hand-painted, 1 1/4 x 5 7/8 in. Price postpaid, 75c.



No. 2472C. Perpetual Calendar, tells day and date of any year, every month. Price postpaid, 50c.

Write to-day for a copy of the new Vantine Book

Illustrated, many in actual colors, and described in this deluxe edition are kimonos, Japanese evening coats, wadded robes for men and women, hand bags, fans, slippers, shawls, scarfs, Oriental jewelry, perfumes, ivory, novelties, gifts for men, bronzes, hats, toys, table covers, calen-



dars, stationery, writing desk sets, oriental delicacies, furniture, silks, lamps, rugs, tea sets, screens and hundreds of other quaint and artistic Oriental creations. Simply send your name and address on a postal and by return mail we shall forward, postpaid, the interesting Vantine book. Address



No. 15514C. Silk Screen Calendar hand-painted with valentines, mingles and fan-drawings, 6 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches. Price postpaid, 81c.



No. 2219C. Hand-Painted Silk Cushion. Price postpaid, 70c.



No. 34065C. Ash container, hand-painted by working artist, lacquer finish, 3 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches. Price postpaid, 81c.

A. A. VANTINE & CO. Inc.

Established for more than half a century

Fifth Avenue and 39th Street, New York



How Much Are Your Teeth Worth?

A WELL-KNOWN dentist fixes the money value of a set of teeth at \$1280—or \$40 for each tooth. He places this value on the teeth of an ordinary laborer. How much greater is the value of yours?

Jewels worth this sum would add much to personal attractiveness and receive utmost care and attention. Fine teeth add more to personal attractiveness than any known adornment. Then how vigilantly should you safeguard your teeth because in case of loss *they cannot be replaced.*

Don't under-estimate your teeth. Keep them at their highest value by semi-annual visits to your dentist and the night and morning use of

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream



Send 2 cents postage now for delightful 10 day trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream. Address I. W. Lyon & Sons, 530 W. 27th St., N.Y. City.

Look for the Free Tooth Brush Coupon in Each Package.

The **NEW** Dental Cream

Now you can have Dr. Lyon's in *two forms*—powder or dental cream. The *new* Dental Cream has the cleansing, preserving qualities of the famous Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder. As a tube dentifrice it is notably superior for these reasons:



Quickly soluble.
Rinses thoroughly.
Deposits no sticky masses to encourage decay.

Corrects excessive acidity.

A preventive of receding gums and loosening teeth.

THERMOS

The beautiful useful and inexpensive Christmas Gift

For Men



New model, separable type, full nickelled, heavily corrugated seamless case, permitting insertion of re-fills in less than a minute. For home, office, store, factory or out-of-door use.

No. 15. Pint, \$1.50
No. 15Q. Quart, \$2.50



Handsome triple nickelled case, adjustable base; heavy nickelled, highly polished, ornamental and useful in a hundred ways in and away from home.

No. 6. Pint, \$2.00
No. 6Q. Quart, \$3.00



Nickel finish carafe for home, club or hotel use. Most acceptable as gift or prize—ideal in library, bedroom or den. Corrugated case with metal stopper.

No. 53. Pint, \$3.50
No. 56. Quart, \$4.00



Heavy plain nickel case with ground-glass silver-lined stopper and silver chair. For dining or service table, for library or boudoir.

No. 55. Quart, \$5.00



THERMOS Carafe with carrier and tumbler holder, triple nickel plated, splendid for serving drinks on porch or in summer garden. It has a hundred uses in the home.

No. 99. \$8.00

For Children



Half-Pint THERMOS Bottle, full nickel, heavily corrugated; wonderfully convenient and durable in nursery or children's bedroom.

No. 15½. \$1.50

THERMOS Bottle, full nickel, with cup and movable handle; porcelain topped cork. Just the thing for picnics and every sort of outing.

No. 9½. Half Pint, \$3.00



Pint THERMOS Jug, for keeping leaf tea, hot or cold water or cold milk at the proper temperature until the kiddies require them.

No. 57. \$4.00

THERMOS School Kit of dark green Thermos, red plastic lined, patent clay fasteners and leather strap handle. For hot or cold class-room lunches and beverages. Complete with THERMOS Bottle and nickelled metal lunch box, hinge cover.

No. 168
Pint Size, \$3.50
No. 168½
Half Pint, \$3.50



FOR every member of the family at every time of year—at home or afield—there are a thousand uses for THERMOS. Fluids or solids are kept icy cold for 72 hours or piping hot for 24 hours by THERMOS. THERMOS is the gift that will be appreciated and used by all ages.

THERMOS knows no season for this reason It Serves You Right, Hot or Cold, Food or Drink, When, Where, and As You Like

The genuine has the name THERMOS stamped on the bottom. Accept no other. Sold by dealers everywhere. If not sold near you we will send prepaid on receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed. Write for an interesting booklet about THERMOS.

For Women

Plain nickel THERMOS Bottle, with new cup and attractive nickel handle, which may be pressed back when not in use, combining container and drinking cup in one. A porcelain-topped cork makes this article exceptional in appearance and utility.

No. 9. Pint, \$3.00
No. 9Q. Quart, \$4.00

THERMOS Food Jars are so convenient for keeping butter, ice cream, casseroles, salads, thick soups, stews and chowders at the proper temperature until served. Keeps hot 12 hours; cold 30 hours.

No. 601. Pint, \$2.50
No. 602. Quart, \$3.50

Beautiful Carafe, heavy plain nickel case with serving handle and metal stopper. An ideal gift for the aged or invalid.

No. 551
Quart, \$5.00

THERMOS Jug for tea, coffee or chocolate; nickel case, corrugated centre, with handle and metal stopper. Handy for afternoon teas; a delightful house gift.

No. 57. Pint, \$4.00
No. 58
Quart, \$5.00

Nickel Finish Tiling Carafe and holder, complete with etched crystal tumbler. The ideal ice water service for home or office. Keeps water ice cold three days.

No. 97. \$9.50

American Thermos Bottle Company
NORWICH CONNECTICUT

If you live in Canada, address Toronto



ARROW DRESS SHIRTS

The *ARROW* marks a variety of shirts for formal day and evening wear that are remarkably smart and well made. The nicety of the fit, the unusually good quality of the fabrics, the correctness of the styles, and the superior workmanship, give to these shirts an air not surpassed even by the product of the shirt-to-order shop *\$2.⁰⁰ and upwards*

DONCHESTER

Dress Shirts with plain or pique bosoms which cannot bulge. No matter what position the wearer may assume, the bosoms always remain flat, creaseless, and in their place

TANGO SHIRTS

ARROW Tango Shirts are offered with soft and semi-soft, tucked or pleated bosoms. They may be had with plain or turned back cuffs in a variety of suitable fabrics

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc., *Makers of ARROW COLLARS*, Troy, N.Y.

C.D. PEACOCK

ESTABLISHED - 1837

State & Adams Streets — CHICAGO

Christmas Gifts from Peacock's

satisfy both the giver and the recipient. The Peacock name, over three-quarters of a century old, is a guarantee of quality which every one recognizes. Our 224-page illustrated catalog is full of gift suggestions.

SEND TODAY FOR THIS BOOK AND DETAILS OF OUR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE



C5747 Stamp Box, embossed with Peacock's name, silver... \$0.60



C5932 Napkin Ring, sterling silver... \$1.50



C3834 Cross, 10k Roman gold... \$1.25



C7795 Belt Waist Ring, 10k gold, coral cameo... \$6.00

Peacock Elgin

Good Watches Insurance



ELGIN WATCHES
 C1602 12 size, 14k solid gold, open face, plain polished, extra heavy case, fitted with 75 jewel Elgin... \$27.25
 Other models, 14k cases... \$26.00 to 150.00
 Elgin Pocket Watches... \$5.00 to 100.00
 Elgin Elgin 14k gold case, open face, 15 jewel \$30.00, 17 jewel \$40.00.



C3207 Brooch, 14k rose gold, 2 turquoise pinks... \$4.00



C703 Fingertie Clasp, 10k fine silver... \$0.90



C3200 Circle Brooch, 10k gold... \$2.00



C1294 Tie Clasp, 10k Roman gold... \$1.75



C3083 La Valhere, 10k, 2 hanoque pearls... \$5.00



C6995 Cuff Buttons, Mosorn, 10k gold and rose gold... \$3.75



C5302 Bread Tray, silver plated, polished and wax finished... \$2.00



C6203 Pullman Trawling Toilet Apron, walrus leather, Parisian ivory... \$12.00



C3175 Screw Pen, 10k polished gold chased... \$4.50



C293 Ink Holder, polished sterling silver, cowhick belt, spray knit and size... \$2.50



C6455 Square Pin, 14k, 14k gold, 14k gold, 14k gold, 14k gold... \$5.00



C9945 Circle Brooch, 14k gold, 14k gold, 14k gold... \$5.50



KING

Mountains are Molehills

to the King's powerful motor. Up, up, without noise or effort, this graceful car climbs almost as if it were coasting.

The secret of King power lies, first, in an engine developed to a point where practical perfection has almost defied improvement, and second, in a fine balance of weight against horsepower, nicely adjusted for the vigorous passage of quick grades, deep sands, and heavy roads.

The King is America's original Cantilever Spring car. Other makers are now attempting to imitate the suspension which has earned for this car its enviable reputation for supreme riding comfort.

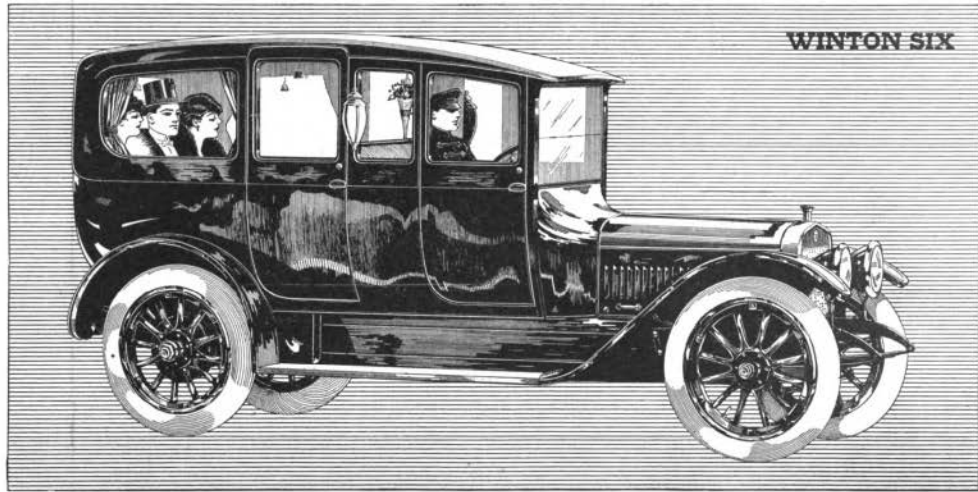
Model C—Season of 1915—30-35 H.P.—Touring Car and Roadster

\$1075 WITH EQUIPMENT. Ward Leonard starting and lighting system, \$90 net additional. Prices F.O.B. Detroit

DEALERS—We are glad to fully prove the financial stability and permanence of the King Company, and the high value of the King car, to any responsible dealer who, in turn, satisfies us of his ability to properly represent the King in his district.

KING MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 1300-1324 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

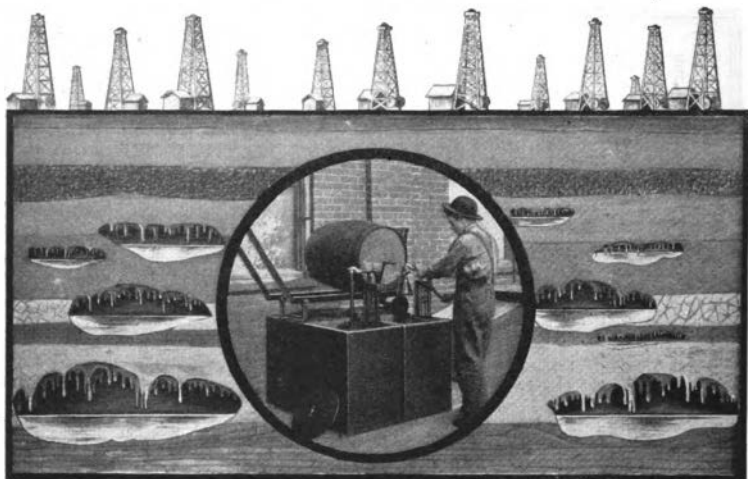
New York Agency and Showroom, Broadway at 52nd St., New York Service Dept., 250 W. 54th St.



The closed car, so necessary to a successful social season, was never more superb in character and appointments than for the approaching winter. Body types in variety and a wide range of color schemes and finishing fabrics, now ready for Winton Six buyers, assure exclusive beauty for your personal car, and lend a new charm to winter engagements. It is not too late to place your order now.

The Winton Motor Car Co., 103 Berea Road, Cleveland, O.

Branch Houses in Principal Cities



Beats Nature In Oil Storage and Economy

The Bowser way of storing and conserving oil excels Nature's way. Where Nature utilizes mile-depth rock, Bowser employs steel.

Where nature allows oil to be lost and wasted when tapped to the surface, the Bowser system automatically measures and records it—even to computing the price for odd-quantity lots.

And where Nature's oil can be exposed to the elements and fire, Bowser-kept oil is always air-tight, weather-proof, fire-proof, thief-proof—loss proof every way.

BOWSER

ESTABLISHED 1885

Oil Storage Systems For Every Purpose

Wherever oil of any kind is handled, there is use for a Bowser System. Over a million users of the three-hundred different Bowser Systems testify to the success of the Bowser idea. The saving in oil, time, money and life is simply incalculable.



STORES: Here a Bowser system keeps kerosene and other oils underground—safe and sound. Away from other merchandise. One simple stroke and exact pre-determined quantities are pumped into the store right into the container, ready for delivery. No mistakes or lost oil. No "smelly" store. No having to leave store, or to grope for oil in the dark. Soon pays for itself in oil and time.

FACTORIES: Here every man is Bowser-checked, made responsible and careful where the oil he uses is concerned. No more time-wasting "oil-line." No yarn-swapping at a leaky bung-hole. No dirty oil to impair the machinery.

GARAGES: Gasolene Bowser-stored underground. No evaporation, no lost power, no dirty oil to clog the cylinders. And best of all—a safe garage. No danger from oil vapors that invite disaster from metal-shod heels and lighted cigars.

Write today saying for what purpose. No charge or obligation of any kind.

S. F. Bowser & Co., Inc. Engineers, Manufacturers and Original Patents of Oil Handling Devices
 207 Thomas St., Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Canadian Factory, 312 Frazer Avenue, Toronto, Ontario



\$2 a DAY—or \$2 an HOUR?

Which will it be? The difference is only a matter of **training**. The man who works with his hands will always be an order-taker. He will take orders from the man who knows how to use his brains.

What's ahead of **you**? Are **you** going to be an order-giver or an order-taker? Are you going to be paid for what your brains **know** or for what your muscles can do?

The International Correspondence Schools can qualify you to be an order-giver.

They can help you to a better job by giving you the **training** that the better job requires. They can help you to earn more money. They can help you to a more congenial position and send you to work in the morning chock full of ambition and determination.

For 24 years the I. C. S. have been aiding men just like you to rise to positions where salaries are larger and opportunities greater. Every month more than 400 men of all occupations voluntarily report better jobs and more money as a result of I. C. S. training.

Mark the Coupon

Successful men in every city and every town trace their success to the day they **marked the coupon**. Start your real success to-day. Mark the coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 341 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X

Salesmanship	Civil Service
Electrical Engineer	Railway Mail Clerk
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Bookkeeping
Electric Car Running	Stenography & Typewriting
Electric Wireman	Window Trimming
Telephone Expert	Show Card Writing
Architect	Lettering & Sign Painting
Building Contractor	Advertising
Architectural Draftsman	Commercial Illustrating
Structural Engineer	Industrial Designing
Concrete Construction	Commercial Law
Mechan. Engineer	Automobile Running
Mechanical Draftsman	Teacher
Refrigeration Engineer	English Branches
Civil Engineer	Good English for Every One
Surveyor	Agriculture
Mine Superintendent	Poultry Farming
Metal Mining	Plumbing & Steam Fitting
Locomotive Fireman & Eng.	Sheet Metal Worker
Stationary Engineer	Navigation
Textile Manufacturing	Laungrages
Gas Engines	Spanish
	French
	German

Name _____

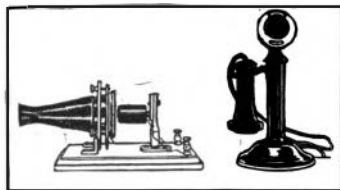
Present Occupation _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

How the Public Profits By Telephone Improvements

Here is a big fact in the telephone progress of this country :



**Original
Bell Telephone
1876**

**Standard
Bell Telephone
To-day**

Hand in hand with inventions and developments which have improved the service many fold have come operating economies that have greatly cut its cost.

To appreciate these betterments and their resulting economies, consider a few examples:

Your present telephone instrument had seventy-two ancestors; it is better and cheaper than any of them.

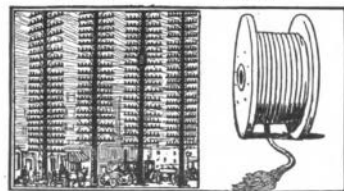
Time was when a switchboard required a room full of boys to handle the calls of a few hundred subscribers. Today, two or three girls will serve a greater number without confusion and very much more promptly.



**Early
Telephone
Exchange**

**Typical
Present-day
Exchange**

A three-inch underground cable now carries as many as eight hundred wires. If strung in the old way, these would require four sets of poles, each with twenty cross arms—a congestion utterly prohibitive in city streets.



**If City Wires
Were Carried
Overhead**

**800 Wires
in Underground
Cable**

These are some of the familiar improvements. They have saved tens of millions of dollars. But those which have had the most radical effect, resulting in the largest economies and putting the telephone within everyone's reach, are too technical to describe here. And their value can no more be estimated than can the value of the invention of the automobile.

This progress in economy, as well as in service, has given the United States the Bell System with about ten times as many telephones, proportionate to the population, as in all Europe.



**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy

One System

Universal Service



6:30 A.M.

The Untrained Man leaves his comfortable boarding house at half past six in order to be at the shop by seven. He works hard all day, stopping only long enough for his dinner pail lunch, and all he has to show for his day's labor is a dollar and a half or two dollars. All of this goes for room and board, clothes, car fare, etc.—life's bare necessities—leaving him nothing with which to provide against sickness and old age.

The difference between these two men is—training. Both have brains and good health, but one has the advantage of training that fits him to fill a responsible job at a big salary. He's no more capable or trustworthy than the other man, but he's trained himself to work with his brain instead of his hands.

8:30 A.M.

The Trained Man doesn't get down to the office until nine, so he leaves his comfortable home about half past eight. He puts in seven hours a day at congenial work, taking an hour or more for lunch, and makes more money each week than the other fellow earns in a month. After his living expenses are paid he has enough left to enjoy some of the good things of life and still lay by a little something for a "rainy day."

Become a Trained Man

Decide to fit yourself for something better in life than a laborer's job and pay. Start now—today—and in a few years hard, disagreeable work and long hours will be a thing of the past. The way is easy for any man with ambition and a willingness to learn.

For over seventeen years the American School has been training men throughout the world for better jobs and bigger pay. It has prepared thousands for entrance into the big resident colleges. It has trained even more in all branches of Engineering, Business and Law. If you want to get ahead, the American School will give you the training you need, no matter where you live or what you do. Remember, you don't have to give up your work—we train you in your spare time and in your own home. Not only this, but you can pay for your course as you progress.

Fill in and mail the coupon—it's the first step toward becoming a trained man.

American School

of Correspondence, Chicago, U.S.A.

Your Opportunity Coupon

Mark the position you want and mail the coupon now

.... Electrical Engineer Lawyer
.... Elec. Light & Power Supt. Business Law
.... Hydroelectric Engineer Business Manager
.... Telephone Engineer Auditor
.... Architect Accountant
.... Architectural Draftsman Cert'd Public Ac't
.... Building Contractor Private Secretary
.... Building Superintendent Stenographer
.... Structural Engineer Bookkeeper
.... Structural Draftsman Fire Ins. Inspector
.... Mechanical Engineer Fire Ins. Adjuster
.... Mechanical Draftsman Fire Ins. Expert
.... Civil Engineer Sanitary Engineer
.... Steam Engineer Plumber
.... Ship Foreman Reclamation Eng.
.... Ship Superintendent Traffic Boss
.... Sheet Metal Draftsman College Preparatory

We also prepare for civil service examinations in all engineering subjects

NAME

ADDRESS

Con. 12-14

This school has no connection with any other school using the name "American"



He Knows How to Put It Up

He has put the "header" (shown by the arrow) in the right place, and the panel will be firmly nailed on all four edges as well as to the upright half way between.

Thousands of owners and carpenters who read the instructions and are careful about little details have been repaid many times over.

They have walls and ceilings that were put up quickly, without muss, delay, litter or inconvenience of lath, plaster and wall-paper.

They have bright, beautiful rooms that are warm in winter, cool in summer, tasteful in design.

Their satisfaction has in eight years made BEAVER BOARD almost as staple a commodity as brick or concrete.

Making a Good Thing Better

BEAVER BOARD quality built the present great business. And through all the eight years the organization has striven to make a good thing better.

BEAVER BOARD today is even more rigid, more beautiful, more climate-proof than ever.

Learn all about its advantages and improvements, and help given by our Department of Design and Decoration, by writing for free, printed "simple and booklet, "BEAVER BOARD and its Uses."

BEAVER BOARD is sold by 8000 builders' supply, lumber and hardware dealers (added to at the rate of 400 a month) in sizes to meet your need.

The Beaver Board Companies

United States: 319 Beaver Road, Buffalo, N. Y.
Canada: 519 Wall Street, Beverdale, Ottawa.
Great Britain: 4 Southampton Row, London, W. C.

BEAVER BOARD

WALLS AND CEILINGS

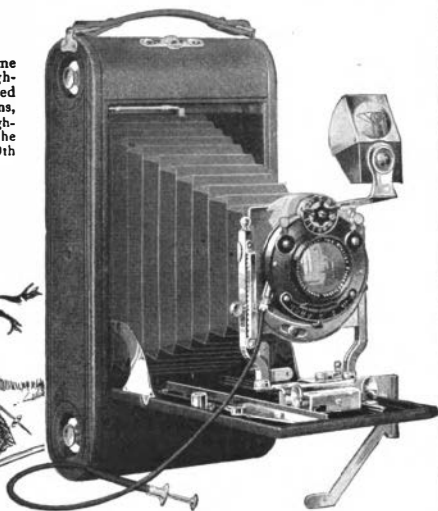


Beautiful home of Mrs. C. A. Adams at Belmont, Mass., has BEAVER BOARD Walls and Ceilings throughout.



BEAVER BOARD is used in thousands of commercial buildings. This is the office of the American Mfg. Co., Clio, Mich.

The Anso *Speedex*, as the name implies, is intended for extra high-speed work, and is therefore equipped with a fine Anso Anastigmat lens, working at F 6.3, and with a high-grade accurate Ilex shutter, the maximum speed of which is 1/300th second.



ANSCO *Speedex*

THIS is unquestionably the *camera de luxe*. As a Christmas gift, it is a tribute to intelligent selection and knowledge of camera values.

Every Anso model, from the lightning-like *Speedex* to the wonderful little folding *Vest-Pocket*, is an amateur camera of professional quality. Pictures taken by an Anso loaded with Anso film, developed with Anso chemicals and printed on prize-winning Cyko paper are sure to be successful.

There are many Anso models on display now at the Anso Dealer's in your town, priced from \$2.00 up. See them. Write to us for Holiday booklet.

ANSCO COMPANY, Binghamton, N. Y.

Some of the
57
Varieties



HEINZ Preserved Strawberries



HEINZ India Relish



HEINZ Pure Olive Oil



HEINZ Spaghetti



HEINZ MINCE MEAT

The strongest thing we can say about Heinz Mince Meat is that if you could see it made you would want it oftener. The keynote of the success of Heinz Mince Meat is that the place in which it is made is as appetizing as what is made there.

HEINZ PLUM PUDDING



as a dessert could be argued out on a basis of economy, but why argue on that basis when Heinz Plum Pudding is its own excuse—a dessert so appetizing, so appropriate, so replete

with festive suggestions which a holiday dessert should have, that it is its own justification.

More than 50,000 visitors from every state in the Union and from 26 foreign countries inspected the Heinz Pure Food Kitchens last year.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

EST. AB.

1869



Some of the
57
Varieties



HEINZ Euchred Pickle



HEINZ Currant Jelly



HEINZ Chili Sauce



HEINZ Peanut Butter



HEINZ Celery Soup



Copyright 1914 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Our label in clothes is a small thing to look for, a big thing to find

You can buy a dress suit for \$35

MANY men—young men especially—go without full dress clothes because they think they can't afford them.

We have just produced a special full dress suit made of fine dress cloth, silk linings and facings, braid on trousers; latest style in every particular; a suit to be proud of and to sell for \$35.

Ask about it of the merchant in your town who sells our clothes.
You will see the above illustration in colors in his show windows.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Chicago

New York



Bon Ami

*for polishing
metal*

I HAVE some nice brass candlesticks and a copper bowl, and Bon Ami makes them shine beautifully for me.

Some people seem to think that Bon Ami is only for windows, but it is a wonderful metal polish too. It is just as marvelous on my brass and copper and nickel as it is on my windows and plate glass mirrors.

I simply apply a coating of Bon Ami lather, let it dry and wipe it off. When it comes off, the tarnish and dust come off too. I like Bon Ami better than the oily metal polishes because they usually contain acids that eat the metal.

I suppose you know that the Bon Ami Company is now making Bon Ami in both cake and powder? Which do you like better? It's a hard question. The powder is especially handy for the bath

tub and the kitchen and the paint, and the cake is nice for mirrors and windows and for little jobs like these brasses. I use them both.

It is nice to be able to get Bon Ami in either form.

*"Hasn't
scratched
yet!"*



Made in both cake and powder form →

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Packer's Tar Soap

*(Pure as
the Pines)*



FROM youth up, shampooing systematically with Packer's Tar Soap is Nature's best aid in promoting the growth and beauty of the hair.

Manual sent free, "The Hair and Scalp—Their Modern Care and Treatment."

PACKER MFG. CO.,

Suite 87, 81 Fulton St., New York

Tiling

Linoleum
Oil Cloth

Cleaned
Easiest
With

