



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler  
Lovelace Family Papers.

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Kindness of Lois.

Flirtation & Its Uses.

It had been a sweet June day and it was just dusk. The air was fragrant with <sup>laurel</sup> the scent of roses which climbed over the porch, and in the sky a single golden star burned peacefully. Margaret sat with her clasped hands lying between her knees. Her attitude - impotent - not dejection - but watchfulness, as if she might be catching very hard for something not quite likely to come this.

~~She~~ A girl crossed the doorway saw her and called out to her. "Margaret!" "O, is it you Lois? How nice! Will you sit down on the step - I wait - I can get a chair." "Nonsense," said she, "as you think I am old and decrepit - because I have been married a month?" She spoke a <sup>low</sup> delicious little <sup>voluptuous</sup> ~~shrill~~ voice.

"I can't stay anyway. ~~Qavald has~~  
the We have the car at tonight  
and the - you might enjoy a  
spice. Qavald says he will provide  
a man for you, will you go?"

"Of course I will. It is  
perfectly lovely." Said Margaret,  
looking up at the ~~young~~ <sup>young</sup> ~~matron~~ <sup>matron</sup> with a  
very attractive ~~smile~~ <sup>smile</sup>. "Who do  
you suppose he will bring? Oh  
I hope it will <sup>be</sup> Aid."

"I knew you would say  
that," commented ~~his~~ ~~uncle~~  
his, ~~sitting~~ ~~down~~. "Well, perhaps  
it will. ~~They~~ ~~wait~~ ~~away~~  
be here for a good half hour, <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ ~~way~~,  
know, Qavald has some errands."

She seated herself beside  
her friend, ~~with~~ on the low  
step. ~~and~~ for a moment they  
sat in silence, enjoying the  
peace of the flower scented dusk.

But Lois was a talkative little person and presently observed in a very confidential tone, "Margaret, do you know, sometimes I almost think you're in love with that old Raymond. Surely you <sup>couldn't be</sup> ~~aren't~~ so foolish."

Margaret laughed and slipped her clasped hands between her knees again. It was a ~~very~~ trick she had. "No I'm not, Lois dear," she answered very gently.

"Well," announced Lois with an important air, "you have every symptom of it." "I know me too well," she <sup>said</sup> ~~made~~ ~~me~~ ~~better~~ ~~than~~ to think that," said Margaret, ~~suddenly~~ ~~grave~~. "I'm quite frank in telling

any I don't deny ~~that~~ I love him  
~~to be~~ ~~shut~~ ~~I~~ ~~love~~ but I'm  
not in love dear, - don't you  
see?

"I don't believe I do."

"It is perhaps an odd  
statement," admitted Margaret,  
"but ~~I say~~ it is quite true  
nevertheless. I think he is the  
dearest most lovable fellow  
in the world. ~~He~~ I have all  
kinds of good in him, and you  
know yourself dear, how I  
fight his battles right and left.  
I had rather be with him than  
any one I knew. I listen to his  
longest tales of war with  
appreciation and every time I ~~can~~  
see him I want to pat him  
and tell him how good looking  
and nice it is. But it's all  
quite silly, Lois. There is no  
doubt about that."



sisterly or not. But you are  
so clear, you surely right to  
know. never mind, - if you  
love him enough and long  
enough, he's bound to  
reciprocate some day "it ~~comes~~  
~~to me~~. " ~~Q~~ that's the way  
it seems to me; cried Margaret,  
swallowing her tears, and  
looking ~~down~~ eyes. " If I can  
always <sup>be</sup> good to him and  
give him <sup>sensible</sup> good advice when he  
does come, and keep ~~on~~  
working and working and  
praying - surely - some day -"  
Then she broke off, for the  
tears choked her again. And  
she rose swiftly, ~~for~~ Margaret  
Glyn was not a girl who cried  
easily nor one who was in  
the habit of ~~putting~~ <sup>pulling</sup> her thoughts  
~~into words~~ anyone -  
~~when to her best friend, and~~  
into words.

Lois realizing that ~~one~~ more  
 confidences could be expected  
 was also with the butterfly  
 movement which was so  
 characteristic of her.

"I wonder if I had  
 better change my dress. I just  
 changed but white ~~but~~ ~~but~~  
~~very~~ ~~if~~ the thing for riding  
 is it? I'll snap on the  
 porch light. So! now, tell me if  
 I am all right?"

"My dear, you are perfect.  
 What would I give for your  
 height and your <sup>nice square</sup> shoulders and  
 your slim little waist." Cried  
 Lois. "You look a little pale  
 and serious, - but - wait - put  
~~the~~ ~~the~~ in your hair. That will

give you ~~the~~ "adon".

Margaret laughed ~~fitfully~~  
as Lois caught a spray of  
crimson roses from the vine  
and arranged them with a  
skilful hand. ~~But she submitted -~~  
~~to be decisive and she was~~  
~~not to be outdone by a~~  
~~splendidly old girl, with a~~  
But she submitted, anyway, and  
the effect was pronounced  
refreshing. She was indeed an  
attractive girl. <sup>Her erect slenderness was unusual.</sup> Her face was  
not pretty but full of character.  
~~And her face and the vivid~~  
~~tint of the roses, and her~~  
and <sup>her</sup> white gown made the  
vivid tints of the <sup>roses</sup>  
particularly acceptable.

An automobile shot out of the darkness and slowed up before the door. "Are you ready?" ~~called~~ called a man's voice over the ringing of the engine. "Yes dear," ~~replied~~ ~~replied~~ "just a minute until Margaret gets a scarf." And she added in a low voice "Be sure to get a red one."

A moment later, when the two girls were getting the house, one laid a detaining hand on Margaret's arm. "I'm going to keep my eye on you and Sid tonight and see if I can't make out where the trouble lies."

"Suggestions thankfully rec'd," ~~but~~ laughed Margaret. "You are such an experienced old married

woman that - "

"O be ill", said Lois  
with a flit of her be-puffed  
little head. ~~And she~~ ~~laughed~~  
~~and~~ ~~then~~ ~~he~~ ~~laughed~~  
and a <sup>young</sup> ~~whitely~~ <sup>was</sup> almost  
a smile.

Lois's expectations ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~sure~~  
to ~~be~~ ~~met~~ ~~in~~ ~~part~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~  
said ~~by~~ ~~him~~ ~~who~~ ~~was~~ ~~sprawled~~  
but ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~lounge~~, waiting  
for ~~her~~ <sup>Margaret</sup>. He called out <sup>lozy</sup>  
greetings. "Howdy ~~to~~ ~~you~~  
He Hello there Margaret! Howdy  
dys do ~~you~~ ~~the~~ ~~low~~ ~~the~~  
Matthew I mean. <sup>say</sup> ~~you~~  
Gerald looks ~~has~~ ~~packed~~ ~~already~~?"

"You ridiculous boy,"  
replied Lois with an adorable  
~~thing~~ ~~and~~ ~~you~~  
know that you ought to be  
here helping us into this car  
instead of - "

"Will you really be so  
cruel as to make me believe

myself?" he asked pathetically,  
 throwing away his half finished  
 cigarette and unrolling his legs.

"Heartless ~~maiden~~ ~~doe~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~  
 by the glow on your stern brows  
 I perceive that you are <sup>by the great</sup>  
 righteously indignant at me, ~~and~~  
 I must make amends."

"Aw! cut it Scid!" quailed  
 Jerry, leaping out to assist  
 him himself and in a  
 moment when the car was  
 speeding down the Qui street.

Lois sat half-hurried in  
 her seat to chaff with Scid,  
 for he was ~~really~~ <sup>remarkably</sup> ~~a~~  
 learning drop half course, ~~the~~  
 picture of ~~laziness~~ good-humored,  
 the picture of indulgence, he  
~~was~~ leaned back in the

comfortable seats, and ~~she had~~

While

Margaret sat with her arm  
thrown back and her head  
on her arm, ~~and her eyes~~

~~were half-closed~~. She was

so happy to be with him that

she <sup>was fairly</sup> ~~most~~ radiated. ~~///~~

Her eyes shone and a ~~///~~

smile hovered on her lips. Lois,  
glancing at her, thought she seemed  
triumphant.

On these rare occasions  
when Lois, turned to her husband,

Lois and Margaret talked

in low tones, ~~they did not~~

~~stop as the times he did~~

not stop he as he did do.

~~They spoke in places~~

Margaret made him feel that

all he had been doing and

seeing. Lois observed slyly that

Margaret's fond attentions made

him uncomfortable and a trifle

posed she spoke to her husband  
in an under tone. "Jerry dear,  
someone has to take a hand  
with them two."

"What do you mean?"

"If you could see  
Margaret's face you would  
know. She worships Leid as a  
sister; she thinks. And he -  
doesn't like it."

"Margaret is a great  
favorite with ~~most~~ men,"  
observed Gerald Hatton after  
a pause.

"I know she is. She  
doesn't big-sister them. I wish  
she would flirt a bit with Leid.  
He would fall in love with  
her - think if she did!"

"How would that help  
matters out? You say  
Margaret's devotion is  
purely sisterly —"

"Nonsense. Here's a  
straight bit of road. Look  
around and see if it looks  
'purely sisterly' to you."

Gerald looked, and as  
the car was passing under  
an arc light, he was able  
to get a good idea of the  
~~condition of the~~ ~~condition of the~~ ~~condition of the~~  
back and framed, for he liked  
Margaret. For heaven's sake,  
Lore, does she think that  
her own oracles of wisdom,  
she is hanging on his every  
"word —"

"And he is talking  
about Dennis. You know how  
miserable Dennis is. Oh  
Lore, what can we do?"

Mrs. Stratton laughed and  
 her husband frowned. Then they  
 began to talk again, & they  
~~felt sure that their conversation~~  
~~should not be overheard by~~  
 the two behind them, trying,  
 vainly, to decide upon a remedy  
 for the <sup>situation</sup> ~~condition~~ of affairs.  
 now and they were in a country road  
 and the car rolled along ~~the~~  
~~the~~ sleeping meadows and  
 dense forests. ~~the~~ ~~day~~ A  
 yellow summer moon was  
 rising in the east. Something  
 stirred within Margaret's  
 breast, as she watched Lord  
 Seymour's handsome face and  
 listened to his careless conver-  
 sation. She was happy, - ~~is~~  
~~and~~ at least she assured

herself that she was, yet  
now and then a lump  
rose in her throat, and  
~~something~~  
~~everything~~ seemed to be  
going wrong. "How  
~~wretched this is,~~ lacking.  
He ceased to listen to him  
but looked out at the ~~open~~ <sup>flying leads.</sup> ~~ape~~  
and asked herself what was the  
matter. "He does not care for you at all!  
for you at all!" ~~He does not care~~  
~~for you at all!~~ ~~He does not care~~  
"And you - oh, you want to  
snatch his hand and kiss it!  
~~You want to put your head on~~  
~~his shoulder!~~ You want  
him to take you in his  
arms. You! Margaret Glyn!  
Ah!"

She was roused out of her fierce struggle with herself, by David's voice, inquiring from Gerald where they were going.

"Out to Olms. Lois says there is a nice little <sup>oozy</sup> garden there. The girls want something cold, of course. It isn't more than a mile, now."

Then a silence settled on the little ~~group~~ party. ~~Lois~~ ~~smiled~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~girls~~ watched the straight road head. Lois, encircled by his fore arm, smiled ~~at the~~ ~~to~~ ~~herself~~. ~~David~~, ~~very~~ much bored, rolled a cigarette, having obtained Margaret's

And  
quiet permission. Mergard,  
miserable and ~~bitterly~~  
~~heart sick,~~ clasped her  
fingers till they ached, &  
tried to think of something  
enlivening to say, ~~and~~  
~~struggled with her feelings.~~  
So, in silence, they drove  
into the little village,  
alighted at the ~~little inn~~<sup>inn</sup>  
~~where, which ~~was~~ ~~made~~ ~~inn~~~~  
~~which boarded the roof garden~~  
and made their way  
up the ~~steep~~ <sup>dark</sup> stairs, ~~into~~  
~~the ~~inn~~ ~~oriental~~~~  
~~faintly ~~adorned~~, to the~~  
roof garden.

It was a pleasant

little place, Japanese  
lanterns flooded it with  
mellow light, and ~~the~~  
~~the~~ the fragrant night  
wind swept thru the woods.  
All the tables were  
deserted, except for one in  
a corner, where a tree,  
young fellow, who looked  
city-bred, sat sipping a cold  
drink, ~~and~~ He looked up, as  
the others entered, ~~and~~ then  
and came forward  
with a pleased smile.

"Hello ~~there~~, Jerry Stratton."

Well how do ~~you~~ you people  
happen to <sup>be in</sup> ~~live~~ this borg?  
Did you ~~just~~ make out of town?  
He cried.

"~~What~~ ~~What~~, look who's

here! ~~go~~ from Gerald." If it  
isn't Pully De veau!

They chose a table and  
seated themselves, Mr. De veau  
making himself one of the  
party with the assurance which  
a popular young fellow  
grows to have. And after their  
order had been taken by a very  
~~smiling~~ country girl, ~~explaining~~  
~~was in order~~, laughing  
explanations and ~~speculations~~  
were in order. Under cover of  
the noisy banter, she whispered  
to her husband, "~~Can~~ give me  
your pencil, dear" and, ~~scribbled~~  
~~on~~ obtaining it, scribbled a  
few lines on the back of a

menu-card and handed it to  
 Margaret, she even absorbed it  
 casually, - taking it for granted  
 that ~~it~~ something or other  
 must be showing, and Lois  
 was ~~mentioning it~~ <sup>talking</sup> ~~her friend~~  
~~about it~~ - ~~a~~ ~~feminine~~ ~~habit~~ which is  
 particularly incomprehensible  
 to the average masculine  
 person. This opinion was upheld  
~~strengthened~~ by the vivid  
 blush which swept Margaret's  
 face as she read the pencilled  
 words, <sup>and the energy with which she took the</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~this~~ ~~was~~ ~~what~~  
 Lois had written, -  
 "Flirt with Billie De Vane!  
 Flirt! Do you understand?  
 You know how! I've seen you!  
 I know what I'm talking

about ~~only~~ <sup>and</sup> I can't make  
it strong enough. Flint  
will hum. Begin now!"

~~Margaret~~ the ~~the~~  
country girl, ~~has~~ brought  
an over loaded tray, and  
bumped ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> glasses down  
~~in front of each person~~  
with good-humored ~~ingored~~  
Margaret was very quiet  
for a moment, as she  
sipped her lemonade. Her  
blush ~~had~~ <sup>had not</sup> died away ~~but~~  
~~left~~ and it was most becoming.  
The ~~the~~ that were so near  
her eyes made them very  
bright. Then something spirit  
which L's admiration had  
called forth, took possession of  
her. There was something so  
new in her voice when she  
spoke ~~the~~, next, that  
every one at the table looked at

her, in surprise.

The women had been speaking of Mr. De Vane's propensity for always pulling in an appearance when attractive members of the opposite sex, & good things to eat were to be enjoyed.

"Should I tell you what it is about you, that appeals to me, most, Mr. De Vane?"

She asked, ~~flashing him a~~  
~~brilliant, smiling~~  
~~mouthful, sidelong glance.~~

"Please do."

"It is your ~~stodfast~~  
~~devotion to your~~ and your  
frank scorn of father time and his  
sickle."

"Am I so evilful in appearance —?"

"Oh no, not at all.  
But in spirit. You bring me  
back to my high school days."

"I should like to have  
known you in ~~my~~ your  
h.s. days," said De Vear looking  
at <sup>in frank</sup> ~~her~~ ~~admiration~~  
He shot him a  
sidelong glance.

"Then, I shall unfold  
a plan, which I have long  
been cherishing."

"No."

The others were listening  
with smiling faces. ~~De Vear~~  
~~at last, and with surprise, but~~  
~~not very much.~~ Aid looked  
rather surprised. ~~De Vear, however,~~  
~~when you a "well" began~~

margaret pursing her pretty  
 lips and pressing at a <sup>distressing</sup>  
 little curl on her forehead  
 as if in deep thought. "tonight,  
 when you come over to see,  
 let's ~~make~~ have a survival  
 meeting, as it were - and to  
 be young revive our youthful  
 feelings and actions, do - do  
 you understand what I mean?"

"exactly, and it's a busy  
 plan," cried Dr. Veau, <sup>expressing</sup>  
 rapturous delight.

"I was sure you would.  
 You always do understand, ever -  
 how," giving him a most tender  
 glance.

"What shall you do?"  
 "Let us about it - #," cried Lois,

wishing to put a good  
thing along.

"Well, I shall take it  
my H. J. sweater, and you  
must put your hair in a  
braid, Miss Dale," said  
Dr. Deau.

"You can call me  
<sup>Peggy</sup>  
~~Margie~~ then." ~~At least I~~  
~~expected to see you Billie"~~  
said that young lady frankly.  
"At least I expected to call  
you 'Billie'."

"We'll go walking  
to-day, and maybe seek out a  
park band. That's quite a  
slight-wind H. J. Kid."

"And we'll exchange

class pairs. Be sure to bring  
yours along," smiled Margaret.

For some time longer  
~~the~~ the H. I. revival meeting  
was the subject of much dis-  
cussion. Mr. De Veau entered  
into the plan with great  
enthusiasm, and Mr. - smilingly  
acquiesced to every suggestion  
he made. She felt her head  
on her <sup>two</sup> hands, and regarded him  
from underneath curling lashes.  
She laughed and sighed. She  
blushed, mostly at everything  
flattering he said. She when  
she talked she was entertaining  
and vivacious. Her silence  
was tense and tender sighs.  
~~When on~~ ordinary occasions

It - could not be called  
even pretty, for it - she  
was almost beautiful and  
absolutely fascinating.

Gerald watched her  
in ill-disguised astonishment.  
Lars was delighted and  
fairly braced her, she  
~~observed~~, was in the  
transition period, and did  
not know what to think of  
~~her~~ or what to say. He  
watched her closely, but did  
not attempt to interrupt or  
take part in the gay badinage  
<sup>in</sup> which Dr Veau and Margaret -  
were indulging.

"It's time we started

for town, <sup>M</sup> observed Gerald, looking  
 at his watch <sup>and they all rose, slowly</sup> "will you ride  
 in with us, Billy?"

"Of course he will," cried  
 Margaret.

"I'm sorry, Miss Dale —"  
 began Mr. De Vane. "But —"

"You are very unkind to  
 make excuses," said Margaret,  
 dropping her eyes, and pulling  
 at a rib which was so red  
 that her cheeks.

"Do you really want  
 me to come —?" asked De Vane,  
 speaking to her ~~long~~ in a  
 low tone.

"Of course I do. And so  
 does Ed —" she turned to  
 Ed's gentleman and smiled



With like said too soon to  
 was condemn him another  
 such stupid drive as that one.  
 "You must come - consequently  
 he dois?"

He did come. M - sat  
 between the two men in the  
 limousine going home. ~~his duty~~  
~~was to talk about in her seat~~  
~~in order to keep the conversation~~  
~~lively.~~ As the car rumbled  
 along, she drank in the cold  
 night air like wine, and it  
 helped her to keep up the  
 pace, said ~~was included~~ was  
 included in the conversation  
 to a certain extent of  
~~course~~ but at first; but he  
 was quiet and somewhat cross  
 every now and then;

As Dr. Van + M- ~~were~~  
was soon carrying on the ride.  
~~being that car~~ ~~day~~ ~~yet~~  
his did not half. to ed- half  
turned about- in order to keep  
the conversation lively.

"How short that ride  
seemed. We are coming into  
town, already," said D.V., as  
the lights of the city loomed  
ahead.

"It has been such a  
pleasant ride, too," ~~but M-~~  
M- sighed and lied simul-  
taneously.

"We must have others  
just as pleasant, in the  
future," responded D.V. "You  
haven't been in my new  
car, have you? That's a little

beauty."

There was ~~silence~~ ~~for~~  
 for a moment.  
~~moment of~~ ~~his~~. Then M-  
 looked at said  
~~himself~~. Her rounded shoulder  
 had been turned to him for  
 the last half hour. He was  
 surprised and some what  
 thrilled to meet her eyes. He  
~~had found her in the darkness.~~  
~~She drew it away and in the~~  
 darkness her hand touched  
 his, but she drew it away  
 with a sharp intake of breath.  
 They drew into Grand Ave.  
 and slowed up before the  
 house which M. D. called home.  
 The D. J. sprang out to  
~~open the~~ assist her, and  
 she alighted without a word.  
 "Good night," she said,

listlessly, "I have had such  
a pleasant evening." Her  
hilarity and pretty  
coquetry had deserted her  
as swiftly as they had  
come to <sup>her</sup> aid. D. J. left her  
at the porch step. A moment  
later, the car was spinning  
down the avenue.

It was midnight, and  
she never very tired, yet  
she could not bring herself  
to go inside. She sat down  
on the step ~~and put her hands~~  
~~and slipped her hands~~  
between her fingers, and  
fixed her eyes on the sky  
The hush of mid-night was on every <sup>thing</sup>  
spangled heavens. fragrance

from the sleeping roses, hanging  
about the porch. ~~At~~  
~~the~~ the ~~at~~ night wind  
stirred her hair and cooled  
her cheeks. She was very quiet.

After about half an hour, she  
gave a little sob and her head  
went down on her knees. Then  
she was more quiet still.

"Margaret - dearest - I  
knew you would be waiting  
for me!"

She raised her head. Then  
she struggled to her feet. "I did. I -  
what do you mean?"

"I mean I love you,  
I - it just came over me  
tonight. I never really knew  
you before. I - couldn't -"

until I had seen you.  
You love me - don't you  
Margaret."

"Yes oh Lord. You are  
just my little brother."

"Nonsense!" His strong  
arms went round her. And  
that one word, accompanied  
as it was, dispelled all her  
doubts.

A few minutes later  
he raised her head from his  
shoulder. "But Lord," she  
protested, "the m - you see  
in your eyes ~~is not~~ is  
not the real m - . I am  
just the simple, ordinary,  
uninteresting little girl  
who loves you so, going

out tonight."

Lord Raymond looked  
for a long moment into  
the ~~mitful~~ ~~word~~ ~~shining~~  
hazel eyes. "Yes, and it is  
you whom I love," he  
whispered sagely.

---

It may interest my  
readers to learn that Lord  
was ancestor of Donald.

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people cats in gorgeous trousers and gowns going into one house made from choice cat-tails and clay and asked one cat what it was. "It is a theatre," replied the cat. "King soft-paw will be there." "What is the price?" asked Katy looking curiously about her. "Five rats and a mouse," replied the cat with a swish of skirts as she entered. Poor Katy wandered desperately about in search of a rat, five rats. Alas! she could not find one. She belabored herself of Parry Red and ran hastily to his shop. "O Parry Red," she cried, "Please lend me five rats and a mouse." Upon his question of inquiry she informed him of the theatre and he gave her the required sum. "Oh thank's!" cried Katy and ran hastily to the theatre. She paid the guard her rats and entered but alas every pillow contained a cat and even the boxes were full. In one box sat King soft-paw in a robe of black, gold, and diamonds. With a crown of pure gold and jewels in his ears. He glanced kindly at her when he saw her distress and said, "Come here my dear child you can sit beside me." The other kittens looked at her with envy as she climbed up to his chair of pearls and watched

the curtain rise. Four kittens in blue came on and sang a song. Every one thought it very sweet but Katy. But she was a polite little girl and clapped her hands with the rest. Just as a group of royal white kittens came dancing one loud noise was heard outside. "Bow! bow! wow!" "what were that?" cried the King. "Only a dog," replied Katy reassuringly. "Only a dog indeed!" cried King soft-paw his royal tail up right his royal back like the bustles of a comp. The audience was running hither and thither. Loud news and meows mingled with bark of the dogs as they bounded on and Katy saw King soft-paw later before her eyes! In a few minutes ~~she~~ only a few wee beagons cats remained and she ran to the street. wow, what a noise the dogs were rushing thru the village and cats in gay gowns were running in all direct ions. "Oh!" cried Katy. Just then a gentle voice in her ear said, "wake up little daughter it is tea-time and there she was at home with the Pussy Gray asleep in her lap and another bundle over her.

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Katy in Cat Land.

Katy sat curled up in papa's big chair before the fire. She held her favorite Kitty in her arms. Pussies contented purring and the sighing of March winds past the windows had lulled her into a light slumber. In a few minutes she was awakened by a paw scratching her face. Katy was very much annoyed, but she never was cross to her pets so she only said sleepily, "Keep still Pussy Gray" without opening her eyes. But still that annoying little paw crept across her face and down her neck. "Pussy Gray," she cried starting up. But she said no more for a gentle voice broke in: "Welcome to Cat Land." Katy rubbed her blue eyes again at the sound. Before her was a road lined with houses of cat-tails. Along the street walked Kats. Some wore gingham dresses and bonnets and carried baskets, some wore tiny feet covers, while baby kittens in aprons of pink and white were every-where. Kitty was seated on a large stone and the speaker was a kitten in a beautiful red <sup>hose</sup> gown, but

"Where am I?" cried Katy in dis'may. "In cat-land my dear. I am Pussy Red." Katy looked again at the rows of cat-tail houses, the cat-tail stores, and the groups of well-dressed cats walking arm in arm, then she rubbed her eyes. "May I walk down it?" she inquired meekly. "Certainly! Follow me," replied Pussy Red and taking her hand led her up to a cat-tail store. "Are you hungry?" he asked. "Yes if you please," replied Katy. He led her into the store, a circle of cats were squalling on the floor and an elegant waiter in livery was taking a dish from his tray and putting one beside each cat. Katy and Pussy Red took a seat between a Tom-cat in black and a kitten in pink and after Pussy Red had given him four rats he gave them each a saucer filled with milk. The other cats all lapped it up <sup>with</sup> their red tongues and Katy tried to do like wise but she stopped it so that the Tom-cat next her buffed her cheek with his huge paw. "If you please," said Katy to the waiter. "Can I have a spoon?" Every-one present looked up in surprise and the Tom-cat buffed her harder than before so she kept quiet and was glad when the waiter removed the saucer and brought in a huge dish of fried rats. Every one smiled when the rats were brought in. The kitten in pink committed a breach of etiquette by giving a prolonged mew. But Katy did not smile. The rats turned her stomach and she sat in silence while the company ate up the rats. "I would have enjoyed these rats better," said a ~~Tom~~ cat resplendent <sup>in</sup> gold and black trousers if I had caught it myself." But the others did not agree and during the discussion the waiter removed the now empty dish and brought in a large bowl of water into which the cats gravely dipped their fingers. After this novel dinner Katy left Pussy Red to go to work. (For he was a carpenter.) and started down the cat-tail street. ~~In one large hut~~ she saw a crowd of

"Honey"

Gravestone  
Paris.

Chapter the first.

The Inscription on the Goblet.

"Is that you, Yvette?" The girl's voice came sweet, but startled, from the dimly lighted room.

"Yes, only I, Honey," was the reassuring answer, in tremulous, excited tones, "light your candle, here, and help me off with my wrappings. Mon Dieu! I am all of a quiver."

The girl laughed merrily as she fumbled for matches. "I'll warrant you are upset by something," she said mischievously.

"Did you know, you had lapsed into French?"

"Be done with your talk," retorted the old woman, with a great attempt at severity, "the candle, I say!"

There was the soft crackle of a match and a flaring light left the shadows.

"You wouldn't be cross to your Honey," said the girl pouting. She held the candle high above her head and it threw a little patch of light across her bright, young face leaving <sup>her</sup> slenderly moulded, girlish form scarcely distinguishable in the darkness about her. The pond eyes of the old nurse look in the pretty picture.

"You're ~~any~~ a princess", she muttered roughly, "you're a princess, sure as the fates".

"I am to you, Yvette", said the girl lightly, "but how oddly you look. Sit down and I will draw you a glass of water".

She put the candle on a shelf and hastened away while ~~the~~ Yvette sank into a chair and loosened her cloak mechanically.

while her small, brilliant, black eyes  
raved glancing hurriedly about the room.  
"She doesn't belong in a hole like this.  
Peste! But she shall not stay here  
either. No! she is a princess. She is—"

"Of course, I am if it pleases  
you, you old dear." Agreed the girl as  
she returned with the water. "Drink  
this and then tell me what is your  
news?"

Yvette drained off half a glass-  
ful and then flung off her wraps,  
her companion watching her amusedly.  
~~At last the old woman~~. "Hurry, I am  
eager for your tale," she cried with a  
laugh that was too good natured  
to be mocking.

"Shortly, Honey," said the old  
woman grimly, "stand in yee light  
and let me see you. Ah! you are

bee-utiful! Bee-utiful!"

Perhaps it was a fond prejudice which drew forth Yvette's eager exclamations, for Gladys Linden Oret was no more striking looking than many other healthy, well set-up, fresh faced school girls. ~~[Her eyes were large, blue-gray, delicately browsed and heavily lashed in jet, and they lit up a bright, intelligent, face. The tints of her complexion were]~~ She was tall and the slender curves of her body were emphasized by a gown of some soft clinging stuff. Her masses of soft fragrant dark hair were confined loosely at the nape of her shapely neck but tendrils of it broke out into curls around her temples and dainty ears and snowy throat. The laughing face lifted so patiently

the  
for old nurse's suspicion was formed  
in the clean, straight lines which mark a  
patrician, and the creamy tints of it  
contrasted brilliantly with her thin  
red lips. While her eyes, luminous and  
purple like dew-drenched violets  
gleamed under delicately etched  
brows and silky lashes of deepest jet.

"An American princess," cried  
Yvette clasping her work-worn hands,  
"Honey, why didn't you inherit some  
of your grandmother's looks, her black  
eyes and her -"

Honey stamped her ~~feet~~  
foot. "Yvette, I insist! What are you  
talking about? You never even saw  
my grandmother. And - O you act so  
strangely."

"quietly there! It was I who  
trundled your grandmama in her

cradle. It was my mother who held  
your great grandmama to her breast.  
It was -"

The girl broke in, wide eyed.  
"Yvette. Are you crazy? You only came  
to us when I was born, you - I."

"Lil babe ~~and~~ you think I am  
mad. But, Honey Child - I not." Then she  
broke out into French, talking and gestic-  
ulating so wildly that the girl crouched  
back, amazed. Not able, with her school  
girl knowledge of the language, to follow  
her nurse's harangue.

Suddenly she sprang forward  
and threw her arms about the old  
woman's neck. "Quit yourself, darlin'."  
She cried pleadingly, "you frighten  
me - ah so much. Talk United States,  
Yvette and tell me, what is the matter?"  
Yvette stopped her loud talking,

~~and~~ smoothed out her ruffled old gown, and became again Madame Yvette Gilbert, the New England matron, French only in her name, her gleaming eyes, and her musical accent. Giving Honey a fond kiss, she settled back in her chair and drew a paper from her bosom. Slowly she unfolded it, and scanned it column by column until she came to a brief notice, under the foreign despatches. "Read," she commanded pointing it out with her wrinkled finger, and the girl, wondering, read it slowly off.

Englone; March 2<sup>nd</sup>, 19 -

The anarchists have been subdued, and search is out for the recent King and his heir, the princess Gladys, who fled this country at the beginning of the strife.

For a full moment after the words died on her lips - there was no sound in the room. Then Honey ~~looked up~~ turned a pale, half-smiling, face to her companion, "you-are-foolish, Yvette." she said slowly, "you-it is a mere-coincidence. It doesn't mean anything. Why-what could it mean?"

"You know what it means", said Yvette quietly

Honey rose slowly and crossed the room to a little ~~oaken~~ cupboard, taking from it a cup. And this she ~~took~~ ~~it~~ examined carefully, <sup>with the dim candle light</sup> a frightened look growing, deep in her expressive eyes.

It was a rare cup. Of fine transparent crystal green, as the sea itself, and it was broidered

round its rim with emeralds and  
seed pearls; and a golden ~~sun~~ snake  
writted about its base. On the under  
side was the inscription in lettered  
fairly in a circle - It was in  
French but Honey had translated it long  
ago - she had carefully copied the letters  
and brought them to her French master.  
He had read them thus -

To the Princess Gladys of Englowe -  
From her royal sire, the Most honored prince  
of Englowe - city of Saggadeir.

"Her habits will be like those of  
the honey-bee; Her beauty will  
be like the flowers among  
which she labors. Her nature  
will hold all the sweetness  
of honey"

Standing silent in the ~~light~~ flickering light  
of the candle, her mind went back to

that day, long ago, when she joyously brought the news back to Yvette.

"Monsieur said it was quite good French," the child cried after she had translated it for the nurse. "How strange that you could not read it."

"The lettering was odd", Yvette had said, twisting her hands rapidly.

"And now what does it mean," ~~asked~~ Honey, <sup>had asked</sup> anxiously. And Yvette had hesitatingly given this lame explanation.

"Your father, Honey, had a fancy to call you a princess, ~~so he~~, he - he was odd in some ways, <sup>vain</sup> and - Engloné was the name of his home. Where you were born, you know."

"What does 'city of Sagedin' mean, Yvette?, and how could my poor papa afford to buy me

such a rare cup?"

"He had money once," said Yvette haltingly, "and the emeralds are not real."

Then Yvette had bade her put it back, and had cautioned her never to show it to any of her playmates.

Honey had never thought but to obey Yvette and had obediently put the beautiful toy away; but often she had gone to the oaken cupboard, ~~and~~ to gaze ~~at~~ it and watch the emeralds that were not real flash and glitter in the morning sun like the eyes of some angry, wild-cat.

Evidently, these same thoughts had recurred to the old French woman. "I didn't tell you before," she began in a low voice, "your father said the anarchy would never cease and

you would only chafe under  
the knowledge of your rightful  
power. But now -"

"Yes?" cried Honey in a  
low tense voice. Her sudden  
movements knocked the candle  
from its place and it clattered  
to the floor between them. Joetta  
could not read the girl's thoughts  
as she continued slowly and  
emphatically, for they were in  
utter darkness.

"Your father was Prince of  
England, Honey and you are  
the Princess Gladys."

## Chapter the Second.

### On the Way to School.

Imagine, kind readers, a typical American town of some twenty thousand inhabitants. Set your mind dwell on the social life of this little city, especially among the younger clique of students, those from fourteen to eighteen. Think of their school life; a cheerful round of duties and pleasures, with class and theatre parties occasionally, gossips and small scandals, and now and then a ball, to be talked of for weeks. Let us call our town Pleasant Valley, and our little clique "the golly Twelve", and let us drop into their midst like a bombshell the fact that a most popular member is a princess, a princess of a European Principality, a really fairy-tale Princess with a court and ladies-in-waiting, and every thing but a prince.

One Stewart White had formed a habit

of relieving Honey of her books every morning when she tripped down the street on her way to school. He had called for them every morning for some two months, yet Honey still affected a pleased surprise and blushed as prettily on the ~~the~~ sixtieth morning as she had on her sixth. And 'tho' the world had changed to Honey, when she came from her door way out into the crisp Sunshine of an Oct. morning, Stewart stood whistling the 'Jolly Twelve' bugle call off-the-key as he always did.

"Get that dimmed Geometry Honey?" he called as he doffed his cap.

"How many times have I told you that you must not call me 'Honey' on the street," she reproved laughing nervously, but trying to act just as usual.

"Havent kept count!" he replied

taking her book, "If dearest is better -"

"Keep still! Or I shall prohibit 'Honey' altogether," said the girl saucily.

They started briskly down the narrow lane, chatting pleasantly, and now and then breaking into a run, when the wind broke noisily thru the leafless trees swept their forms in its chilly journey round the world. A carpet of brown and gold crackled cheerfully underfoot, and shone in the patches of sunlight which appeared at intervals as far ahead as the eye could reach. For Honey and old Madam Gilbert lived on the outskirts of town, and she and Stewart had a long walk every morning before they joined the rest of the bunch at the post office corner.

Honey had resolved to tell Stewart the news before they met the others. But it was such a tremendous

uncomprehensible subject that she did not know how to broach it. She answered his remarks so absently that the observing youth saw that something was wrong and determined to find out - what.

"Miss Gladys Sinden Duet", he said dropping her books in front of him and stopping abruptly, "I'll not go another step until you tell me why you aren't listening to my improving conversation. What's up?"

Honey gave a little startled laugh and brushed her hands across her eyes in a bewildered manner. "I - you've a right to be mystified", she said confusedly, "but - I was just thinking - trying to realize - O Stewart it is so funny and sudden -" She stopped her incoherent outburst, trembling so

so severely that Stewart put ~~his arm about her,~~ with commendable thoughtfulness, put his arm about her.

"Don't," said Honey pushing him away, "I - will be alright, in a minute."

Stewart only held her <sup>the</sup> closer for a second and then helped her to sit down on a leafy bank, standing in silence while she struggled for composure. "It is only that something has happened," explained Honey falteringly, "I can tell you as we walk." She struggled to her feet. He did not speak as they started on again.

"What," she began again, "if I were a princess!"

"That is the first flat remark I ever heard you make," rejoined her companion teasingly.

"Never mind criticizing," said Honey with a little curl of her lip.

"What if I were?"

"I'd ask to be made Prince Consort," replied Stewart laughing but a trifle alarmed at his own daring.

Honey coloured and was silent again. She did not seem to have made any headway, in spite of her brave attempt. Finally Stewart spoke again, "Well?" he began encouragingly, "Keep on or you'll never get any where."

"I'm not," said Honey with a break in her voice, "It's too wonderful and amazing to get at by degrees. I'm going to bust it right out."

"Go ahead" he replied, a perplexed look darkening his merry blue eyes.

Honey clutched her diminutive fist, and stopped short in her

path, and cried in a strange hard, little voice. "I'm gladys, princess of Euglons, city of Saggadier, and Yvette has cabled my prime minister that we will sail next month and I will be crowned on Christmas, very likely."

Ah, if my humble pen had power to fittingly describe human sensations! But, how can I attempt to portray the emotions this astounding declaration made in Stewart White's heart? A strange choking prevented his speech for a moment and all he could do was to stare blindly at the little red coated form, and the English face gleaming under a crimson 'taw'.

"Honey! By George! You're not fooling?" he gasped after he had partially recovered his equanimity.

"No", replied Honey, smiling faintly, "I'm serious now."

"But all this time! You - why haven't you been in England - or whatever dummed country it is? Why did you ever come over to here? Have you always known? I - why it's impossible - don't you know?"

"It's a long story", said Honey positively, "But I can prove it to you when I have time, just as Yvette did to me. But now school -"

"What does school matter?" cried Stewart, so excitedly that Honey was half afraid. "I will know, and now."

"She looked at him doubtfully for a minute and then spoke haltingly, "Do you want to go back to the house and have Yvette show you the papers? She has kept

them hidden and I only saw them last night. She told me then -", wearily, "and we were awake until morning talking it all over."

"You tell me now," he said roughly, dragging her down beside him on the leaves. As they sat there silently for a long while, Stewart retained ~~both~~ her little white hand in both of his. It <sup>was</sup> struggled feebly in ~~for~~ a moment but now lay inert and passive. She was looking away from him toward the ~~hill~~ southern hills, bathed in ~~morning~~ Oct. mist, and when she spoke, her words came to him as if from a distance.

"I will tell you about it - as nearly as I can recall - like Yvette told it to me last night. I can't see why - but - I feel as if you had a right to

"know". She paused and he gripped her hand closer. "Euzoune is a little principality in Europe. One of those unnumerable little divisions of southern Europe that ~~is~~ <sup>are</sup> not honored with a dot on the map. It is scarce more than a big farm, and consists only of Saggadier - the capital, several towns and some acres of hilly land inhabited by the peasants. The people are mostly French with a strain of Spanish in them, and are noted for their courage, loyalty, and industriousness. They - I love them already."

"But Honey - think what it means, to give up your friends ~~and~~ your educated, ~~high~~ refined, life, and your Americanism for a for a little, warring, relic of ancient days, which doesn't amount

to - that!" He snapped his fingers contemptuously. And then, after a minute. "Honey, you - don't want to?"

The girl looked at him, wistfully. Her love of the truth combated fiercely with her affectionate concern for his happiness. Her eyes were pitiful, ~~and~~ almost hunted, - she hated so to hurt him. "Why - I - it is very exciting - it - it is so unusual and unexpected. I - hardly know what to think - but it will be ~~a~~ novel - and -"

"Do not distress yourself," she broke in ironically, releasing her hand and throwing it from him. Honey eyed him remorsefully as he half-turned his back on her and became absorbed in the landscape, his position bringing out the clean lines of a boyish profile.

silhouetted against the grayness of Oct. beyond.

She laid her hand gently on his arm, "you are not angry?" she asked half-timidly.

"No. It will be indeed ~~for~~ novel - and - . Go on with your story and hasten to the line of sovereigns." He said quickly. And after another frightened glance at him, Honey went on with her tale. Her words tumbling over each other in her excitement. "Yes, Stewart, to the line of sovereigns. For I am a sovereign really and truly."

"You've always been sovereign of my -" he stopped with a laugh.

"What?" asked Honey curiously, looking up at him with an irresistible smile.  
"Oh nothing," replied Stewart with his

## Chapter the third.

### The Line of Sovereigns.

"Well, my father was a Euglonion - would you say? Yvette showed me his amature, ~~he~~ and he is a dark, distinguished looking man, but with a kind expression on his face. He contracted a morganatic marriage with my mamma, who was a typical American girl - brown hair, merry blue eyes, breezy manner, and all. I was papa's only child and tho' I was not legal heir to the throne, my birth was legalized? and papers were written making me princess of Euglone. It was then that papa gave me my goblet - you know. Oh! I forget, you do not know, but I shall show it to you."

Stewart ran his fingers thru

his hair in perplexity, and sat  
staring at her

## Chapter one: Cleopatra unraveled.

The little green waves with their frothy caps rippled up onto the beach to her feet. - Anne's - as she stood gazing across the expanse of water. The lake-gulls screamed wildly as they circled about in the heavens but Anne failed to be attracted by them as usual. Now and then came <sup>the</sup> musical splash of an oar as a boat, fraught with young people pushed out into the water. But Anne felt no curiosity as to who the merry-makers were, I am sad to say Anne Marlett was feeling rather despondent.

Anne was a hard-working girl, she had worked hard to scrape up the money for this trip to the lake. Hitherto she had enjoyed <sup>it - enjoyed.</sup> watching her more fortunate sisters - delighted if she could do them some slight service - to win from them a glance, a kind word, or a smile. Overwhelmed if one of these dainty lassies, (who lived in a world quite different from hers) would invite her into their cottages or tent or room at the Hotel, (wherever they happened to be staying at the resort) for a glass of lemonade or iced tea. Being a sensible girl, Anne quite realized that they probably forgot

her the next moment - and would not recognize her if they saw her again, but she knew them and had named them, every one.

There was "lady of the lake", who with her wild-toss'd locks and sun-browned face, but gentle manners suited Scott's "Ellen" exactly. There was "Priscilla" a quiet demure little lass who was a great favorite with them all. But these were less ~~glorious~~ the queen of poor Anne's heart, the ideal ~~one~~ of imagination was a tall proud looking girl about ~~the~~ own age and <sup>for</sup> whom, <sup>she</sup> Anne had been able to think of no name or fictional character <sup>splendid</sup> good enough ~~for this~~ radiant beauty but "Cleopatra". "Cleopatra" had hair as golden-red as maple leaves in autumn and eyes black and luminous. "Cleopatra's" haughty lips were as red as holly berries and her teeth like pearls. If this description does not agree with history's "Cleopatra", the reader must remember that Anne Mallett was a poor working-girl with but scanty education.

As Anne stood unheeding and unheeded, wing across to the dim line where the blue joined blue, her thoughts were very ~~it was~~ "It is not right

she  
said Anne to herself squaring her delicate shoulders half-unconsciously, "It isn't right or fair that Cleopatra and Lady of the Lake and the rest should have every thing they want, and me - nothing - I am as good as Lady of the Lake, or Helen of Troy, - even - "growing bolder," even as good as Cleopatra, I've Marlett's blood in my veins, it is n't my fault daddy died and I have to work for my bread and butter. It isn't right or fair." Anne Marlett straightened herself as if the words had given her courage. She heard steps and turning saw Lady of the Lake and Cleopatra coming down to bath.

Cleopatra's bathing suit was of silver-gray and her red-gold hair swung behind her in a thick braid. Lady of the Lake wore a daring crimson her brown locks fell about her face. Anne caught scraps of conversation, "She's dear," said Lady of the Lake with a shake of her head, "and she is nice to us Lorance Shereen and I say let's invite her." Anne did not catch the reply and then Lady of the Lake's determined young voice, "you're a horrid old-old-pig Lorance," Anne was staggered. Scott's fair Ellen calling the noble Cleopatra a pig!

But hush! Cleopatra's musical tones! 'I'd have you to know Miss Agnes that I've blue blood in my veins, mama' won't let me associate with common, laboring folks. That girl," with a toss of her head toward Anne, "Anne you say her name is? She may be a common waitress for all you know." In an instant she was confronted by Anne, tall and angry, with all kinds of angry, little, sparkles in her blue eyes. "Not so," she cried stamping her foot upon the sand, "not so! you lie! I've marlett blood in my veins! It's all very well for you to talk! But you <sup>don't</sup> know any thing about me at all! Until the last generation the Marlett's have been rich! Now we are a refused and respected people! You don't know Cleopatra how I've idealized you. You were my ideal of all that was beautiful and good. But you shan't talk about <sup>the</sup> Marletts. No - nor Lady of the Lake shant."

"I beg your pardon," said Cleopatra rather haughtily, "my name is Erance Shereen, she is Agnes."

"I don't care," cried Anne, she could have sobbed aloud in her bitter disappointment. "Cleopa-

Gra was only a common girl, with her vices and  
vanities and virtues like the rest.

"If you are thro' waiting will you let my friend  
and I pass? we are going in to bathe," said Cleopatra in  
an icy tone and with a little toss of her head ran down  
the sunny beach. Lady of the Lake stopped a moment  
and caught Anne's hand. "Don't mind Corance," she  
whispered. "She's very impulsive and vain."

"But Lady of the Lake," pleaded Anne press-  
ing the kind little hand, "what party were you  
talking about?"

"It's a masqued Ball Corance is giving to-  
night in honor of Lady Golfie who arrives from New-  
Port about six."

"And who is Lady Golfie?"

"Oha fairy of an English girl folks say,  
Corance's never seen her, either have I, but she's  
been all the rage in New Port and every one is  
planning balls and picnics and parties to entertain  
her while she's here. I pray you excuse me  
now for I am getting chilly," and with a kind smile  
the gentle law tripped off to join her friend.

Anne walked off to a green hill which

skirted the pretty resort on the south, and her heart was filled with bitterness and envy and disappointment. When she reached a little valley or dip in the hill and paused with a quick exclamation of delight.

It was a grassy little spot, enclosed by trees which strayed so far forward that they seemed to embrace each other. The glinting sunlight touched with a tender radiance a great bush full of late wild roses which grew close to the trunk of a tree. A great bed of maidenhair ferns invited the tired, miserable girl to sink down and rest and Anne accepted with all alacrity. As she sat there in the fragrant quiet spot with the lake-breeze fanning her cheeks, she began to feel uncomfortable twinges of conscience over her hasty words. She tried to excuse herself by thinking she had had sufficient cause but in her heart the little girl knew she had done wrong and hastily rising to her knees she clasped her hands and stammered out these broken sentences while the lonesome tears dropped from her eyes.

"Oh dear God and Jesus in heaven, forgive me for all my wilful disbehaviour. I don't think I feel

sorry. But I ought to feel sorry, and please give me <sup>a</sup> humility and ble and submissive spirit that I may go and ask Cleopatra to forgive. And I called her a liar too, and that is wrong. Dear Jesus! give me the grace to feel sorry for I don't! I don't! But I want to. Amen."

Anne rose and some how felt relieved then she went over, and singing to herself a fragment of song she plucked several of the glorious blossoms.

"Oh! what a charming spot," said a sweet and musical voice behind her. Anne turned sharply. She found herself facing a slender, willowy girl of about her own age. The girl had worn an elegant traveling gown of gray silk and a large gray picture hat. Anne knew she must belong to that other world of light and laughter, and answered humbly.

"Yes ma'am," with downcast eyes as she turned to go.

"Don't go please," said the girl impulsively. "If it aint big enough for two I'll go. You found it first but theres room for both isnt there? I'm very tired."

"Of course there is," cried Anne, "and I'd

love to stay."

The girl sat down amid the ferns and gave a contented sigh. "Wouldn't it be nice," she said suddenly, "if we could live among the flowers? No parties, no balls, no any thing but nature?"

"I don't know," replied Anne, "I've never had a chance for either. Nature's mighty pretty and grand, but— but I'd like to try the social life too."

"I wish you had my place," said the girl suddenly, "I hoped to get away from it all, when I left New Port. But I hear the people here know I've come and there are to be a lot score of balls and parties every night from tonight till I go back! where can I get away from it all?" The girl's little blue-veined hands went up to her eyes.

"Would you mind telling me your name?" asked Anne sympathetically.

"Yes, no," replied the girl wearily, "I'm Lady golfie."

## Chapter Two. Anne alias Lady Goffie.

"Oh-ty," breathed Anne, then she dropped her roses and stood gazing anxiously at the girl. "Had- had I ought to drop to my knees, or kiss your hand?" she asked with perplexity, "I-I'm not used to speak with titled persons."

Lady Goffie threw back her head with a girlish laugh and then began to collect the flowers Anne had dropped.

"I'm so sorry," cont. Anne & her flush creeping into her cheeks, "I-I'd have gone if I'd known you were a ladyship. Please excuse me."

"Of course, I excuse you dear," replied Lady Goffie, "here are your roses. What is your name?"

"I'm Anne. Anne Marlett, I live in New York and work as a governess for a rich family. They went to Europe last month and I'd saved up about half enough for this trip. Dear Mrs. Ewing gave me the rest."

"Have you enjoyed your trip dear?"

"all until today."

"What about today?"

"Well you know all the fashionable girls here? There's some I liked to imagine stories about. One in particular I just kind of idealized. I called her Cleopatra,

her real name is Lorraine Shewers."

"Ah! She who gives the masked Ball tonight."

"Yes, she and Lady of the Lake laughed at me and insulted me, and talked ugly about me and I told Lorraine she was, she - she lied. Wasn't it awful?"

"Go on please."

"That's all but I feel blue about it, I wish - I wish -" Anne paused and seemed embarrassed.

"Tell me what do you wish?"

"I wish I was really a princess and had been pretending to be poor. Tonight I would go to the ball dressed as Justice. And when we were masked she'd see it was not a poor girl, but a princess she had insulted, and I would not go with her at all. And oh how she'd wish she had not done it. Of course tho - it is wrong to wish her to feel bad," added Anne sadly.

"It would only pay her back," replied Lady Golly rising, "and we'll carry it out too."

"What!" exclaimed Anne.

"Let us see. We are about your even height. You are stouter than I but our dresses would fit. Yes, Anne - Marlett? your name? - yes, Anne Marlett you will shoo out not as a princess but

as Lady Golby."

"What do you mean?" asked poor Anne, bewildered.

"Why! you want to try social life, I want to live with Nature for a week, I want to stay at a farm house and rise and go to bed with the sun. I want to get fat and healthy and regain my lost roses, I hoped to get them by coming here but notice came ahead that I was coming and they have planned parties and balls and all the things, ~~I hate~~ I'll go and stay at the farm house. You'll go and wear my things and get a taste of the social life, do you see?"

See? Anne was stunned, overwhelmed, bewildered! "B-but," she gasped, "Lorraine - would no - It was - not - you."

"How? Miss Lorraine has never seen me! Either has Miss Agnes!"

"But they have seen me!"

"All the better, all the better. Why my dear you made the plan yourself. Write her a note saying you have gone right to the hotel and will come to the ball as a guest. Wear my costume. At supper unveil, and introduce yourself, as lady golby Isa-

bel Truette, she will think you were Lady Goffy when <sup>she</sup> you insulted you, she ~~can~~ will be over whelmed with penitence - and you can take revenge as you planned. What do you say now?"

Anne did not answer at once. Her face flushed nervously and then she observed with a tremulous laugh, "you are kind Lady Goffy and it would be wonderful - but it cannot be - there are so many objections."

"Enumerate them please."

"Firstly, your maids."

"I can trust them. They are at the station now. I will go and see them. What else?"

"Lady Goffy," began Anne as if she feared to speak lest this great wonder be removed. "Lady Goffy altho Lorraine Stevens has never seen you she has often and often heard you described."

"I have tho't of that too, Anne, the same description fits us both."

"Oh Lady Goffy I am so ugly and you - and you -" began Anne sobbing.

"The very same description fits us both Anne Marlett, altho I admit we don't look alike," said Lady Goffy resolutely. "We've both got black"

hair, and blue eyes, and a fair skin. I admit we don't look alike. But the same description fits us both." "Come now dear", continued Lady Golly in her most wheedling tone, "won't you do it. You can have your fun, I can have my rest, and no one will be the wiser."

Anne stood quite still a moment, a thoughtful look in her blue eyes then she turned impulsively to Lady Golly, "I'll do it," she cried and then sinking to her knees she caught and kissed, Lady Golly's little white hands.

"Yes! I wish you would bring me a glass of water right away!"

"Ay, your beddyship."

Anne stood at a deep bay window in the third story of Hotel Rivermaire. She could see the <sup>sombre</sup> black lake just below her and the row of summer homes bordering it. She turned her eyes toward Shewee's country home now a blaze of light for it was just seven. "Hortense," she said to the french maid give me my station ary. "Ay! your madameside," replied Hortense.

Anne took the pen and dashed off a few

Miss. Then she read them aloud to the maid  
Hotel river house,  
July first, 1905.

Miss Lorraine Shavers.

"Dear friend:

As I have prepared a costume for  
myself to night, I did not go to your  
house when I arrived for but went  
directly to the hotel. I will arrive at  
your house as a guest at 8.30 o'clock.  
And no one will know me until we  
unmask. Forgive me if I have incon-  
venienced you by this whim-  
yours in haste"

Anne paused. "Should I sign as Lady Golfie or  
merely Golfy Isabel Truette, Hortense?" she asked.

"Her ladyship-pardon-it is best to sign Golfy  
Isabel Truette, mademoiselle," replied Hortense  
bowing. Anne took up the pen again and  
dashed off the name, we will know her as in  
future.

Golfy Isabel Truette.

### Chapter three: The Masqued Ball.

Anne, (alias Lady Golly,) stood before a long, full-length mirror in a dressing-room, at She-<sup>her</sup>ver home. The room was prettily furnished and the bed was hung in blue. It was covered with all kinds of evening-wraps. It was about 8.30 o'clock, Anne had come rather late. Her black hair, as dark and glossy as a raven-wing was coiled up from her face into a high twist. She wore a silver band in it. Thru the eye holes in her mask peered her large blue eyes, below the mask could be seen her firm red mouth and square chin. She wore a flowing robe of pure and spotless white in one hand she held a scales "justice," she murmured, "oh how nice I look!" She thrust one of her sandalled feet forward and after gazing at it a moment with admiration she got walked down the out of the room and down the stairs. In the hall was a group of young people, a queer group, Marthe Washington made eyes at a knight of the round table, seeming not at all discomfited because her virtuous husband ~~was~~ had his powdered head very close to Queen Elizabeth <sup>who wore a monstrous ruff.</sup> ~~in a monstrous ruff.~~ A fencing-foil and a butterfly were trying to captivate

a handsome Rizzio who lounged against the stove  
post. A collection of St. Patrick's and Santa Claus's  
were gathered about a dainty little lass dressed as  
a "jap." This "jap" rose as Anne came majesti-  
cally down the stairs. "I don't know who you  
are," she said taking the girl's left hand. "But  
you are representing Justice, aren't you?" Here  
Rizzio, "to the handsome youth leaning on the  
post, "I can't introduce you to this lady because  
I don't know who either of you are, but as  
you were defrauded of justice during your  
life take her now and be happy." The guests  
in the hall laughed merrily and Rizzio reaching  
forward took Anne's brown hand, "come," he said  
gently, "into the parlour." He led her thru the  
laughing crowd into the long open parlour. Of the  
few in the hall had baggled Anne, now she was  
bewildered. She was startled at the crush of  
guests promenading, clinging to the hand of her  
new friend, Anne allowed herself to join the throng.  
She kept her eyes on the floor and pulled and tore  
the robe of a Mary Queen of Scots in front of her.  
Then from an alcove an orchestra struck up

rollicking, military, march. Anne glanced about her, she straightened, the colour died from her face leaving only a crimson daub in each cheek, Anne felt, "I am a Marlett, I am where I ought to be, I am having what I ought to have, I will prove someone I have, this is stuff in me worth noticing." She felt like dancing along with her hand in Rizzio's. But she was prevented by the character she was assuming. Tall and majestic and happy Anne promenaded along feeling as if she was a bird, reared in a cage, and only now let loose to her correct sphere. The lad seemed to feel the change in his partner, "Come" he said to her softly, "Let us go for punch," Anne nodded eagerly, she did not know what punch was. She had a vague idea it was a booth, a show. Oh now she remembered, Dad had once taken her to see punch and Judy, that was it. How delightful. They left the crowded parlour and her conductor led her into a long dining room. She could see the shimmer of glass and silver, smell the banks of flowers, it was delightful, intoxicating, this 'going for punch'. Behind a dainty table stood two ladies in décolleté eos-

turne. One was dipping from a big bowl with a long spoon and the other was holding <sup>the</sup> cups for her to fill. Rizzio found her a chair in a corner and ran to fetch a cup for her. They sat in the corner, <sup>laughing and criticizing</sup> watching the people couples go <sup>in & out</sup> laughing and criticizing.

"Tell me," he urged, "what is your name?"

Anne laughed, from pure joy, delight, intoxication.

"Do I know you?"

"Why not?" she asked suddenly.

"There are many from other resorts invited."

"How do I know if I know you if I don't know who you are," she asked taking another sip.

"Oh to be sure, I am -"

A hand came over his lips, "I don't want to know," she cried. Then tapping the floor with her sandalled foot, "what fine music."

"Oh," he cried starting up, "I forgot, we are missing the dancing," there was another mystery. Anne found dancing glorious. The first was of course a waltz. After she had once caught the "swing of it" Anne found she was a good dancer. The lads found it out too. (Went down)

So he was given a little card and pencil and Rizzio told her it was quite an honor it hadn't filled to overflowing. After putting "Rizzio" down for every other dance, he brought up a great many youths. Anne's card was rapidly filled to overflowing.

"How soon do we unmask?" asked Anne of "Jack" the illustrious bean-stalk dancer.

"Why, just after this dance," he replied, "Has anyone asked you to go to supper?"

"No" replied Anne.

"May I?" he asked eagerly.

"Love sure," she answered, as the music started and off they went, one, two, three, one, two, three.

As the dance came to a close a pretty maid announced supper and Anne and "Jack" started off to the brilliant dining-room, where they were confronted by "Rizzio."

"Say" he demanded, "are you angry at me, justice?"

"Indeed no," Anne hastened to reassure him.

"Well then why are you gallivanting off without another ~~guy~~<sup>chap</sup> when you promised me?" he asked excitedly.

"Did I promise you?" asked Anne, plainly her astonish ment was genuine.

Rizzio took her card, "Didn't you let me put my name there?" he cried.

Anne flushed hotly, "I didn't know what it meant," she whispered hanging her head.

Rizzio and Jack laughed merrily and the latter resigned her saying, "I wonder you didn't silence your enemies with your logic and scowl Rizzio on the night you were murdered."

Anne and Rizzio entered the dining room together, and took their places. When all of the guests were seated, Cinderella rose ~~from~~<sup>at</sup> the head of the table and removing her mask disclosed the laughing face of "Lady of the Lake".  
Lorraine She veer, dressed as "Mary of Scots" was the second to unmask and with a great deal of laughing, the other guests began to unmask.

Lorraine She veer's keen black eyes

passed down the table scanning every guest. At last her gaze fell upon Anne who had removed her mask. Lorraine turned sharply. "Agnes, did you invite that spit fire after I forbade you, or did <sup>she</sup> you come uninvited." Her tones were audible and Anne felt fifty pairs of eyes turned upon her.

"No," replied Agnes slowly, "I did not invite her. She must have come - uninvited."

Lorraine turned her black eyes full upon Anne, with a curl of her ripe lips, then surveying the others she asked in her sweetest tones.

"If Lady Golfie Truett is present will she introduce herself? She must remember that I have not had the honor of her acquaintance." There was a deep silence in the room and then Anne stepped up. Tall and picturesque and scornful, yet her tones were sweet and gracious as she said courteously.

"allow me to introduce myself."

## Chapter 4.

The first to recover from the shock was Riz. He had been laughingly challenged as Jack Sheverson. He thrust out one brawny hand and drew her small, brown one to his lips. Turning to the pretty Butterfly beside him he said "Madge let me introduce you to Lady Golfie. Lady Golfie - ~~Madge~~ <sup>Miss</sup> Greeley." Anne smiled and bowed. Miss Greeley was "Helen of Troy."

"I am so pleased to meet you," said Miss Greeley.

"Thank you. So am I!"

Indeed Anne carried off her honors with a high hand. She smiled, bowed, talked, flirted. The girls whispered of her beauty that pressed forward to talk to her. Thru it all Sorance Sheverson sat and lit her lip till it bled thankful that Jack did the introducing so cleverly for she had not been able to do more than murmur a weak "thank you."

After supper Anne pressed to

Lorraine's side. "You got my note?" she asked showing her white teeth in a smile.

Lorraine flumbled for her self-possession but her glance fell beneath the blue-gray accusation in Anne's eyes.

"Course she did," replied Jack,  
"Did it you sis?"

"I am pleased to say I did your ladyship. Did you enjoy your journey?" asked Lorraine.

"My journey is a week old," she replied steadily facing the queen of the summer-resort.

## Point Pleasant

"A Place to Rest"

Madison Lake, Minn. \_\_\_\_\_ 190

Point Pleasant, Lake Madison, was a summer-resort, of that old-fashioned, homey, variety now almost extinct. The lake was beautiful, the fishing excellent, <sup>the</sup> accommodations good, <sup>the</sup> fare wholesome and bountiful, and year after year, came almost the same circle of guests for rest & quiet. It was a dear, quaint, poky old place, with one day the same as the one before it. The hotel was white, a ramshackle old affair, low and wide, and it had had so many additions put on it at different periods, that it had lost its original shape, and now could hardly claim ~~one~~ any more than another. It squatted comfortably, in the shade, like a fat white hen, and the summer cottages made a straggling circle about it.

# Point Pleasant

"A Place to Rest"

Madison Lake, Minn. \_\_\_\_\_ 190

Point Pleasant, <sup>Lake Madison,</sup> was a summer-  
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almost distinct. The hotel was <sup>white, a ramshackle old</sup> low,  
and wide, and <sup>it</sup> had had so many  
additions put on <sup>it</sup> at different periods,  
that it could ~~hardly be called one~~  
~~shape more than another.~~ It was  
~~what a dogging white~~ had lost  
its original shape, and now could  
hardly be called one any more  
than another. ~~It sat~~ ~~squatted~~  
~~comfortably in the shade.~~ The  
~~little~~ ~~summer~~ ~~cottages~~  
~~spread out about it in an~~  
~~uneven semi-circle, the~~  
~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~white~~ ~~for.~~ ~~It~~  
squatted comfortably in the  
shade like a fat white hen  
in the ~~middle~~ ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~brood~~  
and the summer cottages made



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191

The seventh Man -

"You've had hundreds of dances to marry," Alicia affirmed.

"I've not," contradicted Erid. Gravely, she deposited a handful of amber hair pins on the polished surface of the dressing table. Thoughtfully, she shook out the cloud of light hair that floated about her shoulders.

Quite deliberately and with much soft nothing of her silken negligie, she sank into the deep chair across the fire from Alicia and drew her knees into the circle of her arms. Then she laughed with a sudden

change of mood, "only seven," she amended.

"Well, seven then,"  
Alicia admitted quidquidly,  
"surely among seven -"

An impudent little  
smile manifested itself at  
one corner of Enid's impudent  
little mouth.

"I accepted the first one,"  
she <sup>obligingly</sup> explained, "and I can never forget him."  
"I don't know  
where he is now, & I might  
start a suit for breach of  
promise. He was so sweet  
and cuddly and he had  
the chair <sup>right</sup> next to mine at  
kindergarten."

"I suppose you have been  
waiting for him to come and  
claim you, all these  
wearing years," Alicia  
interposed sarcastically.

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191

"all these every years," repeated Eric, mildly injured, "that suit killed Alicia," she looked into the fire a moment, her eyes narrowed slightly with amusement, and they proceeded slowly, "the second one didn't have patience enough in dragging my little red sled. The third one wouldn't relinquish cigarettes for one and when we parted he tried to destroy himself with football, the fourth one - I didn't like his mistake - & -"

"You are being very foolish," Alicia remarked severely, "that"

fourth one was Robert Call  
and he was a very worthy  
young man."

"But I didn't like his  
mustache, dear. And when  
manage means sitting  
across the table from the  
same face three times a  
day, day after -"

"Oh go on," said Alice  
with a sigh.

Quid continued calmly,  
"And so, as I was  
saying, the fourth one had  
an objectionable mustache.  
The fifth one was an  
undertaker. Even you  
wouldn't expect me to  
marry an undertaker.  
I'm not serious minded  
enough to make him a

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suitable help meet."

"What about the sixth one?"

"~~The sixth one, I regret to state, stopped on my loss when we'd the sixth —~~ this is a tender subject — he would be pleasant to look at indefinitely and now he could dance, Alicia! But —"

"That was Howard Park," announced Alicia, "and, of course, he didn't have money enough."

"No, he ~~didn't~~ ~~was~~ is almost penniless," sighed Eriq, "and his tastes are as extravagant as mine."

wonder that he ever dared  
propose, but I suppose he  
knew I would have sense  
enough to refuse him, and  
it's a good thing he died  
propose to if he hadn't  
I would never have forgiven him.

"I don't see -" ~~Alicia~~  
put in Alicia  
suspiciously.

"So is perfectly obvious,"  
replied Eric with a  
shrug, "I would have hated  
him forever, but as it is  
we are perfectly good friends  
and have the luxury of  
exchanging such senti-  
mental glances and  
you know that it  
ought have been sensation."

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"It is really very touching."

"But the new -"

"And on the whole," Evid observed breezily, "I think my conduct has been most discreet. You don't appreciate me, Alicia, that is all. It suit every girl that has escaped marrying a poor man, an unfaithful man, a dissipated man, a homey man and an undertaker. You must grant me that."

"But there is still one unaccounted for," Alicia reminded her.

"Is there?"

"Yes, the seventh."

"He sawent what?"  
inquired Enid vaguely.  
"He sawent onen."

1901-1902  
LORD & COMPANY

Maud Palmer Hart,  
905 West 25th Street,  
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

-The Red-Headed Girl-

It was a raw November night. At intervals, a cold sulky rain descended from the leaden sky, and again a rough wind swept through the streets, scurrying the sodden fallen leaves, and almost sweeping pedestrians from their feet. Wet weather is very delightful when one is warm, dry, wellfed, and entertained by friends, a book, or agreeable reflections. However when one is under circumstances just the reverse of these, as Basil West was this evening, it is certainly very depressing.

He was slouched into the corner of a ram-shackle cab, and for the last hour he had been jolted through desolate streets. He was cold, damp, hungry, and blue, and it was his private opinion that within the last day he had endured all the discomforts known to man. So he was in a very ill temper and was mentally cursing the weather, the cab, the cab man, and his brother whose insistence had drawn him from his luxurious lodgings in New York, half across the continent to this bleak Chicago. To be sure, the cab and the cab man had come nobly to his rescue when all the taxis in the city had been appropriated by the attendants at some flourishing convention; and the brother in question was a favorite one whom he had not seen for two years or more. But Basil West was in no mood for considering the reason or justice of the thing. He roused himself to look out of the window at the dripping grayness; then sank back and chewed his wet cigar with unusual viciousness.

The cab stopped with a jerk, and in a few moments the door was flung open. West alighted with grim thankfulness that his journey's end was reached.

"This is Number 97, is it?" He inquired of the surley cab man who was shaking the rain from his rubber coat and hat much as a dog does after a plunge.

"Yessir."

West extracted his purse and selected a bill, not without difficulty for the night was dark and the street lamp made only a misty circle of light.

"There! Get something hot to drink with that, my man, before you start back. Good night."

"Good night, sir. Thank you."

The large square structure which the man had designated as Number 97, loomed up before him dark and forbidding. No lights relieved its gloom. It suddenly occurred to Basil West that his situation might be awkward if his brother were not at home. Indulging a childish desire for a surprise, he had come on an earlier day than

the one they had named, and it was quite possible that there might be no one to welcome him. Vaguely disquieted, he approached the left hand apartment, which Will had described as his, and rang the bell. It pealed noisily but brought no response. He repeated his efforts, impatiently, but in vain. He tried the doors and windows opening on the porch and shook them impatiently, only to find them securely fastened.

"The Deuce!" He ejaculated, as he paused to consider further measures.

The cab had long since rattled away. The nearest trolley was so distant that its humming could not even be heard. He was totally unfamiliar with the city. The rain was falling steadily too, and it was growing late. It was maddening to know that his brother's comfortable rooms lay just behind those windows. However, he had not by any means despaired of finding a way to admit himself. He was too ingenious to be baffled and too young to be cautious. He first tried his keys, beginning with a skeleton key which had often proved unusually adaptable, and when he had convinced himself that none of them were available, he brought out his jack knife and began tinkering with that. Before very long, the door was given up as a hopeless case, but one window responded to treatment. There was a splintering of wood, a click, and a soft whir as it shot open. A moment more and he stood in a warm dark room.

By scratching matches, he found the switch and turned on the light. The obliging window was shut with a bang and his wet wraps flung with a thud to the floor. Then he threw himself into a chair by the fireplace and looked about him with intense satisfaction. So this was Will's home!

It was a long low room with windows at one end and draperies at the other. It was furnished in some shining dark wood, and the colors most in evidence were tan and gold. A grand piano stood in a corner, open, with music scattered upon it. A number of books and a softly shaded lamp made the library table look inviting. There was a blossoming plant in a gold jardiniere, and a sleepy canary swang in a gold cage. It was a very pleasant room. West felt a trifle envious as he looked about, and he wondered how Will could keep it looking so strangely dainty. His own apartments were always dark brown affairs, with nondescript articles scattered about, battered furniture, and a decided odor of tobacco.

When the French clock on the mantel struck eleven, he started up.

"It's time that big brother of mine came in," he said aloud.

He rose, walked over and pushed aside the draperies, admitting himself to the next room. He found the switch here also without difficulty, and when the light flashed on he saw that he was in a bed room. Moreover, it came to him with an awful shock that it could

not possibly be Will's room. Anyone with a grain of common sense could see that it belonged to a girl.

Green and gold predominated here. The dressing table was fitted out with all the dainty essentials to a girl's toilet. Several sheets of notepaper with the monogram SD littered the open desk. A bit of sewing with the needle still in it and a green silk kimona sprinkled with butterflies had been left on the smooth bed. A soft fragrance clung to everything. West switched out the light hastily and stepped back, feeling strangely embarrassed and awed.

He hesitated for a moment not knowing exactly what to do. To remain in this apartment when he was practically certain it could not be his brother's was impossible. But where could he go? When could he find his brother? As the absurdity of his situation dawned on him, he laughed until the room rang.

"I'd better get out of this place," he said to himself, "or the little lady who occupies the green and gold creation yonder will be coming home and will take me for a burglar. What an idiot I was to--"

He stopped abruptly for there was a sound of voices without. He dived for his wet wraps but was only half way across the room when the door opened. It was the girl.

"I beg your pardon," began West, but got no further, for the sight of her fresh young loveliness drove every thought from his mind. He could only stand and look at her.

Now he saw why the rooms were tan and green instead of pink or blue. The girl had red hair. Yes, it was distinctly red although there was a suggestion of gold about it. It was bright, dazzling, glorious, a perfect aureole about her head. Then he met her gaze and it affected him with a very peculiar sensation. He could not tell whether it was because her eyes were so tender or so wide and wondering or so darkly blue, but as he stared into them it seemed as if he were being hopelessly entangled, tethered, and bound. Her coloring was very vivid. The wild rose tint in her cheeks deepened under his scrutiny and her red, red lips parted as if she would speak. A gray evening coat was slipping from her shoulders, showing a hint of the green gown beneath.

West did not know if they had been standing thus for seconds or ages when at last he found his senses and managed to stammer, "You must pardon this intrusion-it was a wretched mistake-I thought I was getting into my brother's apartment- But it is unpardonable, I know."

He had no idea that she would believe his story, but she seemed to for in a moment she asked, "How did you get in?"

"Through the window there. I-it was very unpleasant outside."

Her eyes were still wide with apprehension.

"Who-is your brother?"

"William West. He is a bachelor and his rooms are at Number 97 West — Street. Can you tell me how I made my mistake?"

"Why he lives just across the hall." She smiled now and seemed reassured. Then as steps were heard without she ran across the room, beckoning him to follow. "Hurry! I will let you out this way. Auntie is coming and she would think it very odd. She is more-conventional-than I am."

She started through the bedroom and down a narrow dark passage way. He picked up his coat and hat and followed her. She skimmed along so lightly that he could hardly keep up with her. At last they reached a door and she unlocked it hurriedly. He saw that it admitted him to a hall.

"That is your brother's door," she said, pointing, "And oh, you must make haste."

They were standing in almost utter darkness. He could hear her quick breathing and detect the same fragrance which had clung to the green and gold room.

"Good bye," he said, putting out his hand, "Thank you for believing in me. I know my story must have sounded ridiculous, but it was absolutely true."

She gave him her gloved fingertips for just a second, then started back.

"I will see you and thank you again," said West, detaining her.

"No. That will be impossible. Oh! You must go. Auntie will hear you."

Even in the dim light he could see her starry eyes. He looked into them for a long instant.

"I will go-at once-since you ask it. But—"

"Shiela!" came a petulant voice, "Where are you?"

"Here I am, auntie," replied the girl, then turned to West and whispered, "You must go."

"What are you doing?" came the voice again.

She put one slim hand on his arm.

"Oh excuse me, but hurry. Good night."

"Good night. I will do as I said about seeing you," he answered. But he could not be sure whether she heard him or not, for she closed the door and locked it and he could hear her light footsteps as she moved away.

He found himself in a long, narrow, dimly lighted hall. There were five doors opening into it, one at the end, evidently an outer door, two on the left, leading into his brother's apartments, two on the right, leading to the apartment which he had just quitted. It was at these doors that West looked with keenest interest.

He seemed possessed of an insane desire to see that girl again. He stood quite still, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, living over every instant of their brief acquaintance. Again he looked into her wonderful eyes. Again he saw the soft color leap into her cheeks. Again he heard her quiet voice and felt the pressure of her slim fingers.

His interest in seeing his brother seemed to have faded, for after this short pause he walked swiftly down the passage way and tried the door at the end. It opened readily and he passed out on to the porch. It had stopped raining and a few stars were shining dimly. Great pools of water glittered in street and lawn and the sidewalks were gleaming. The air was cool and damp. West stepped across the porch to the window where he had admitted himself earlier in the evening and peered in.

The only occupant of the room was a slender elderly lady whom West decided must be 'auntie.' She was walking to and fro and speaking to someone in the next room in a voice so shrill with anxiety that West could understand every word.

"You don't seem to be very worried, Shiela," she was saying pettishly, "Though it is certainly very alarming. It would have been queer enough if we had only found the light burning, but when this chair is pulled over by the fireplace and there is a wet umbrella on the floor— Shiela! Ought I to 'phone for the police?"

West could not understand the answer and was overjoyed when the draperies at the farther end of the room parted and the girl herself appeared. She had divested herself of the gray coat and was marvellous in a gown of palest green. Whatever she had been saying seemed to be reassuring for her companion nodded in a satisfied way and quitted the room. The girl then crossed to the piano and seated herself. Her hands lay on the keys but she did not begin to play immediately. Her head was thrown back and her eyes half closed as if she were in deep thought. As she sat there, quite relaxed, with no idea that no one was watching her, a wistful expression settled upon her face. Presently she began to play and sing, just snatches of songs, not finishing anything. Right in the midst of a quaint little melody, she broke off. There was a frightful discord as her bare arms struck the keys and her bright head fell upon them. Then she was quite silent.

West stood as if he were rooted to the spot. He could not seem to tear himself away. He was aware that she considered herself absolutely alone; he knew that he was taking a base advantage of her unconsciousness; he realized that it was despicable of him to watch her in her grief; but it seemed to be a judgement on him that he could not move away. He had to stand and look at her, as she sat there quite still, the picture of utter abandonment.

And as he stood and gazed a miracle was performed. A logician might explain it away by saying that the window which West had opened earlier in the evening was loosened by his weight upon it and flew up, and that West was so concerned about the girl that he scrambled into the room without knowing what he was doing. To West, however, it was nothing short of a miracle that in another moment he found

by her side.

"No," he replied briefly.

They advanced cautiously into the room, she leading, he following. He did not have to make use of the shaded light in the burglar's kit, for <sup>there</sup> ~~there~~ ~~in the fireplace~~ ~~there~~ were a few ~~logs~~ ~~left from~~ ~~in the fireplace~~ a ~~of~~ ~~wood~~ ~~fire~~, which filled the room with a soft red glow. She lead him into a long hall, and up wide, <sup>thickly</sup> carpeted stairs. West was disappointed <sup>on her account</sup> ~~that not~~ ~~frightened~~, that they were <sup>not</sup> to meet their fate, on the ground floor, where flight could be taken in place of a fight, if necessary. But he followed her <sup>silently</sup>, without comment.

Having gained the second

then clapped her soft hand over her mouth.

West seized this favorable opportunity to whisper: "By the way, what should I call you? just 'saw'?"

"No, call me Sheila," she answered readily, and he was joyous.

After a few moments whispered pleading with her to stay outside, he yielded and held out his hand to assist her. She slipped her foot into it, and he easily boosted her up to the <sup>low</sup> sill. She disappeared on the other side. He clambered swiftly after, and joined her.

"Do you want to know-<sup>up-</sup> why I am asking you to do this?" she whispered to him, as he alighted

square.  
It large and old fashioned.  
~~There were no porches or wings~~  
Blinds seemed to be closed on  
all the windows, and there was  
not a gleam of light anywhere.

~~There were no porches or wings.~~  
The girl appeared to be familiar  
with the premises, for <sup>unhesitatingly</sup> she led  
the way to a side window.

"That one <sup>will be</sup> is the simplest to  
open," she said softly, pointing.

West nodded. He was examining  
the old kit, and soon selected an  
implement to serve his purpose.

He did not have a great deal of  
difficulty ~~with the work~~ in  
making opening the window.

The blind creaked ~~badly~~ and  
<sup>evidently aroused no one and</sup>  
frightened the girl, but a bad  
lock aided him.

"Bravo!" <sup>she said</sup> ~~said the girl~~, and

the house? Do you know where  
the ring is  
~~the papers are kept?~~ How will I  
know the ~~papers~~ which one's  
~~are the ones?~~"

"I will go with you," she  
put in, quickly.

"Oh no, you -"

"Yes, I will -"

"But you said there was  
danger?"

"No more for one than -"

"But I am a man. You  
shall not go, so that is all  
there is -"

"I will. So hurry."

She broke away from  
him and ran across the wet  
lawn, ~~passing beneath~~ West  
followed her slowly, sizing  
up the house which he was  
as he  
approaching it.

and oh Mr. — West, if you —  
don't want to try, — don't.

"It's necessary for some  
one to try, is it not?" he  
answered, pausing. "Step into the  
shadow of the hedge. There's a  
'cop' on the other side of the  
street." They waited in tense  
silence, until the bulky figure  
~~had~~ was quite out of sight,  
then she answered.

"Oh yes! It's necessary. But  
there is danger, and you, — I hate  
to expose you —"

"Nonsense," he interrupted,  
he ~~glanced at his watch,~~ "It's  
<sup>at least</sup> half past two, and we must  
waste no time. Tell me, — do  
you know anything of a  
possible means of entrance into

I did get ahold of it. The house is well ~~locked~~, and occupied and well locked, at that."

She rose, and descending the steps they set off across the park. Everything was very, very still. ~~The~~ ~~the~~ branches of the trees and shrubs were glistening trees and sidewalks were glistening. ~~There were~~ Houses and grounds were shrouded in darkness. They walked briskly, but ~~the~~ girl was shivering, and in silence.

Presently, she glanced hastily around, and ~~paused~~. She laid <sup>her</sup> ~~one~~ hand on his arm and ~~with~~ ~~the~~ other pointed to ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ nodded toward the house which they were passing. "There it is," she whispered,

here and get ~~some papers~~ <sup>a ring</sup>.

She ~~spoke~~ looked at him questioningly.

West ~~spoke~~ answered promptly. "Will you lead me to it?"

Another grateful glance, then from <sup>her muff</sup> the folds of her garment, she produced a ~~small~~ square black box. She held it out to him with a faint something, that was suspiciously like a giggle. "It's a - burglar's kit -" she said, and glanced at him ~~shyly~~. West took it with a laugh.

~~She~~ "Where did you ever get hold of such of a thing?" he demanded. West, laughing, as he slung ~~it~~ on his arm. "Never mind, now. Be glad

swept away, and there remained  
a vague desire to atone for their  
by complete trust and confidence,  
~~now~~ throw out the rest of their  
intercourse.

"now, you are to tell me  
what I can do for you," he said  
briskly, "and then I will walk  
home with you, and you must  
go to bed and get some sleep."

She looked up gratefully.

"no, you cannot act alone,"  
she replied, with the shadow of a  
sigh, and <sup>enough</sup> strangely, West was  
conscious of a sudden thrill of  
gladness. He waited for her to  
continue and presently she  
did, raising her head swiftly as  
if summoning her courage.

"We must break into ~~the~~  
~~house~~ a house not far from

She <sup>as she spoke</sup> ~~light~~ laughed lightly, but West detected ~~the~~ quiver in her voice and recognized ~~the~~ in the starlight, saw her frightened face. He assisted her up the steps, ~~trying to be brisk and~~ reassuring and she seated herself.

"~~Now you are to tell me~~ what I can do for you", he said uneasily. Her head ~~was~~ drooped and her fingers were tightly interlaced. She had changed her gown, and ~~was~~ <sup>was attired in</sup> a short rough suit of dark material, ~~she wore a small cap of some~~ ~~dark fur, and her unglazed hands~~ ~~she was hatless and gloveless~~ ~~she shivered in the damp chill~~ ~~dampness~~. A great wave of sympathy and pity engulfed the man. All his former doubts were

~~in~~ <sup>the faint</sup> hope that she would not come  
and the intense desire that she would  
~~at last~~ At last he saw her  
coming. The stars were shining feebly,  
~~so he~~ and by their light he saw  
her figure emerge from the dark  
street and, crossing the road,  
strike into the narrow path which  
led to the tavern. There was  
a slight hesitation in her  
movements, and she ~~would~~ stopped  
and started with nervousness at the  
rush of the bare water soaked  
shulbery <sup>thru</sup> which she was passing  
and <sup>thru</sup> the long, melancholy  
whistle of a distant train. West  
sprang to meet her, as she reached  
the steps of the pavilion.

"You came," he said in  
a low voice.

"Did you think I would  
~~be~~ <sup>be a quitter?</sup>"  
~~be a quitter.~~ She asked with

but what he was anxious also. His mind was filled with wild imaginings and vain conjectures. He was too level-headed a man of the world not to be aware of the unconventionality of her actions in agreeing to this trust. In some moments, he was almost inclined to swerve in his opinion of her, as innocent and maidenly. Yet always, as he was about to condemn her as an adventurer, ~~as~~ he would be confronted with a vision of ~~her~~ eyes, ~~hard-filled eyes,~~ ~~the wet pansies,~~ or ~~her~~ eyes like wet <sup>violets</sup> pansies, and then he would call himself a cynical, and suspicious old bachelor. When the hour had at last whirled itself away, and he was stationed in the pavilion in the little park, he was divided between

with the city.

"Meet me in the park. You can surely find that. It is just one block up and two blocks over. There is a <sup>little</sup> pavilion there, if it should be raining, again."

"I will be there."

She rose swiftly and extended her hand. He pressed the sating fingers, then turning leaped over the window and out into the night. Behind him, he heard <sup>the</sup> window banged down, and he knew that the shades were pulled down also, for the wet patches of light on the lawn, were suddenly extinguished.

Far too restless to seek his brother, he spent the hour in pacing back and forth between the house and the little park. He was not so excited

to recover her gravity. "I've half a notion to prove my trust in you, by making use of you."

"Nothing ~~would~~ make me happier," answered West, quite earnestly.

She studied his face with <sup>suddenly grave</sup> ~~grave~~ eyes. "Are you afraid of anything?" she asked, enigmatically.

"It sounds <sup>rather</sup> ~~convicted~~ <sup>self satisfied</sup> to <sup>really</sup> say no," <sup>he</sup> replied, smiling. "But I cannot think of anything just now which would keep me from fulfilling any task you might require of me."

She pondered. ~~for a~~ "Will you meet me, somewhere, in an hour?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, "Only remember that I am unfamiliar

~~managed to gasp~~ asked, ~~and gasped~~  
dazed.

"Oh I want to help you," he answered fervently, "you are unhappy, and I want to help you. You need help do you not?"

"Yes," answered the girl simply. ~~There was a moment's~~  
~~silence.~~ "My aunt may come in any minute," ~~she~~ <sup>added</sup> <sup>after a pause,</sup> ~~continued~~, then ~~lift~~ the corners of her mouth began to dimple, ~~the tears in~~ her eyes shone thro her tears, and ~~in~~ a moment ~~they were both~~ <sup>she was</sup> laughing softly. "Oh how absurd this is," she gasped.

"There is a funny side to it," agreed West, feeling his face grow hot, "I am an all-fired ass."

"Oh I am sure you are very kind," she cried, trying

West stood <sup>stare</sup> and as if he  
were rooted to the spot, ~~and~~  
~~stared at~~ the He could not  
seem to tear himself away. He  
knew ~~not~~ until then, did  
~~it~~ ~~came~~ to West ~~with~~ and  
that it was despicable of  
him to watch her that he  
was ~~intending~~ ~~on~~ taking  
a base advantage of her  
unconsciousness. He realized  
that it was despicable of  
him, to watch her in her  
grief. He knew now aware  
that she considered herself  
absolutely alone. But it  
seemed to be a judgement  
on him for ~~ever~~ ~~dropping~~  
~~in the first~~ that he could  
not move ~~away~~ he had  
to stand and <sup>look at</sup> ~~watch~~ her.

as she sat there quite  
still, the picture  
utter abandonment.

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1/24  
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And as he stood and gazed  
a miracle was performed. A  
logician might explain it away, by  
saying that the window which  
West had opened earlier in the  
evening, was loosened by his  
weight upon it, and flew up, and  
that West was so concerned about  
the girl that he scrambled into  
the room without realizing what  
he was doing. To West, however,  
it was nothing short of a miracle  
that in another moment he  
found himself by her side and  
was gazing sympathizingly into  
which reminded him of  
eyes like wet pansies violets.

"What do you want?" she

their dangerous conversation for  
the sleeping man turned  
noisily in his bed and  
commenced to snore prodigiously.  
Taking advantage of the  
noise, they crept into the  
room and West crossed  
immediately to the desk which  
she pointed out.

"It's in there - somewhere,"  
she murmured. There were  
tears in her voice and she had  
~~put~~ a helpless little hand on  
his arm.

"I'll find it!" he murmured  
back. "I've ~~swiss~~ <sup>three times</sup> into other people's  
houses and once into another  
man's desk. That's a pretty good  
record for our evening. You ought  
to have some confidence in me."

"Oh I have!" there was  
a little break in the low  
voice. "~~How good, brave~~  
~~American!~~"

stirred, more than he  
was willing to admit,  
by this sweet little  
confession, even turned  
to his task.

It was but the work  
of a moment to open  
the desk with the aid  
of the skeleton key, then,  
as quietly as possible,  
he started rummaging  
the pigeon holes & drawers.  
The morning continued  
quite soundly out  
the noise of his movements,  
~~and at last~~ - suddenly he  
~~gave a start,~~

suddenly, ~~with~~ his ~~finger~~ ~~grip~~  
~~encountered~~ ~~finger~~ encountered  
a cord.

"Shield! Here's a ring!"

He gave a little  
cry of delight, which was  
quickly smothered in his  
muff. "Let me see it!"

He handed it to her in the  
darkness. "Yes it is the  
one. Oh thank you, thank  
you, thank you!"

Then, in a second, a  
flood of light flashed  
on. There was a creak  
as the supposed sleeper  
leaped from his bed to  
the floor, and crouched in  
the girl was blinking  
before an armed man in

"Here's a ring, Sheila!"

she gave a little cry  
of delight; quickly  
smothered in her muff.

"Let me see it! Oh  
it is the one! Oh thank  
you, thank you, thank  
you!"

Maud Palmer Hart,  
905 West 25 Street,  
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

A Visit to Grandmother's House.

We all love to visit

night clothes.

"Of it isn't my dear little Sheila!" He ~~said~~ observed with a leer.

"It isn't your dear little Sheila!" she flamed, tossing back her head. But her anger sustained her only a moment. Overcome with ~~fear and~~ ~~weird~~ and ~~fear~~ and the pent up emotion of hours, she suddenly began to weep. With a raised arm, she brushed back the auburn curls that had escaped beneath her little fur hat and hid her quivering face, ~~but~~ ~~with~~

soft little sobs broke  
from her and her form  
trembled. West made a  
movement to take her  
in his arms, but swiftly  
realizing that he must  
act, he turned to his  
captain.

The man, a heavily  
built fellow, somewhat  
over middle age, was  
evidently one of that  
despicable type which  
delights in tormenting  
a weaker person.

"Won't you introduce  
me to your friend, my  
dear?" It continued,  
unmoved by her  
pitiful grief.

pardoned", she said, smiling.  
"You would not enjoy  
meeting him, Mr. Harris. He  
is far too dear a fellow to be  
a friend of yours."

"shut up!" cried Basil  
West, his quick temper  
flaring. There was a  
muttered imprecation, a  
quick scuffle, then ~~the~~ a  
door behind him yielded,  
and before he realized what  
had befallen him, he  
found himself shut into  
an inner room.

His wrath and dismay  
cannot be comprehended.  
The room was small  
and dark. It's one  
window was too far  
from the ground to  
be used as a means  
of exit. The one door  
had been bolted behind.

Maud Palmer Hart,

905 West 25 Street,

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

A Visit at Grandmother's House.

"What an ass I have been!"  
he groaned, "why did I let her  
come inside the window? why did  
I let her come upstairs? why  
did I knock up that old  
villain's pistol?"

A buzzing sound broke in  
upon his fruitless questioning.  
West paused to locate it, then  
~~started~~ almost shouted with joy.  
A telephone! The buzzing continued  
and he felt his way across the  
room towards it. He ~~left~~ found  
the receiver, lifted it from the  
hook, and then -

"Hello?"

"Hello," it was a timid,  
trembling, querulous, feminine  
voice, "what is ~~the~~ number is this?"

("How do I know?" said  
Basil with ~~under~~ in a disgusted  
undertone, and then aloud, he demanded

"~~once~~ what number did you call?"

"Oh I know now that it is you, Rodger," put in the voice, and it sounded so deprecatory that ~~was~~ was suddenly ashamed, "this is Emma."

A great wave of light broke over West's understanding.

"Emma - Sheila's aunt."

"Of course, Sheila's aunt," even the meek voice became impatient, "and it is about Sheila I am calling. Oh Rodger - what do you think - she's gone!"

"gone?" echoed West, "the devil." He was impersonating, to the best of his ability, ~~the~~ his surly host, whom, he swiftly concluded, must be Rodger.

"I went into her room just

now," continued the voice, shaking  
and excitement, "there isn't a  
trace of her. Oh Rodger, I am so  
worried. We have been doing very  
● very wrong, I know it."

"So do I!" said West:

"Oh do you? I am so glad - I  
was afraid you would persist. We  
must give the poor child John  
Rouseley's address for what good  
will all the money do us if -"  
There was the sound of shrill  
sobbing.

"Now don't be a fool, Emma,"  
remonstrated West, "but do  
just as I say. Will you?"

"Oh yes - Rodger. What had we  
● better -"

"Go across the hall and look  
and inquire West if he has  
come in and bring him to the

telephone. I will hold the  
line."

"But -"

"As I say" His voice was  
thunderous and the good lady  
hastened to obey. There were  
some moments of anxious waiting  
during which ~~Paul~~ ~~was~~ ~~worried~~  
~~convinced~~ miserably about the  
girl and then a deep deep  
sleepy voice spoke -

"Hello."

"~~Is this you~~ Hello. Is this  
you voice?"

"This is voice west. ~~at~~  
under the sun -"

"Basil. and for heavens  
sake don't stop to ask questions.  
It's Basil, your mother. make  
that ~~as~~ lady tell you where  
Roger lives and then  
hurry there as fast as you

leaves can carry you. I'm locked  
up here in a Dickens of a  
scrape and there's a girl who  
must be rescued. Now get busy."

"Well you crazy—"

"I'm not crazy. Get a move  
on you."

"Well, I'll have to get into  
some clothes. Roger's house. Will  
they let me in."

"A side window is open.  
Hurry up."

"All right. Goodbye."

"No. Call the old lady to the  
phone again as soon as she has  
given you that information. I'm not  
there with her."

He held the line again and  
in a few moments the trembling  
voice was heard again. "Yes Roger?  
I'm all right right over. I'll be there

anything else - ?"

"Where you tell you Emma," said Basil coldly, "I am practically certain that we can find Sheila and when we do - how do you think we had better proceed? what do you think she would wish?"

"I would telegraph John Donnelly," said Aunt Emma hurriedly but not positively, "I would telegraph him that we had traces of his niece and he should come at once, give him your address. And then give Sheila the ring and other things - she ~~would~~ wait about the rest of things much longer anyway, I repeat, that is -"

"Red headed," put in Basil, understandingly, "all right Emma you go ahead and do that, tonight, right now, where you? we might as well get out of this while our skins are clear." He ventured that

somewhat tentatively, pausing in  
anxiety over its effect:

"yes; yes!" came the eager response,  
"I think so too. I will ~~please~~  
telegraph him to come at once. Is  
that all?"

Oh looky <sup>so they're violet!</sup> purple wild flower,  
Hiding in the grass,  
Or clinging to some marked oak.  
A rich and blue-red mass,  
Sweetest fragrance ever conceived  
Is breathed from thy flower-heart.  
See size and figure, <sup>and</sup> fragrance too,  
Child of Nature's art,  
Soft as velvet thy petals are,  
Rare as gold is thy crown,  
The leaves and stem that protect  
Thy glory  
are as soft as Eider-down.  
Queen of the ~~earth~~ <sup>wood</sup> and the forest,  
Princess of all thy ~~world~~ class  
I win some little violet,  
Hiding in the grass.

Maud E Hart.

Mankato, Minn.,  
Apr. 5, 1905. A.M.

Dear Jo:

I read your letter and picture postal and was very much pleased

John  
Chadbourne paused to light his cigarette and look about him, in contrast to the cool darkened house from which he had just emerged, the garden seemed a riot of sunshine, color, and noise. The boy from whom the man had grown would have tugged at his fingertips at the glory of that <sup>Californian</sup> garden. But the man was mainly pleased by it, much as he had been pleased by his tail and his fresh linen. He did not regret the boy not even remembering him, being content and wholly absorbed with himself. He made his leisurely way down one of the paths to the summer house which occupied the extreme corner of the lawn, and <sup>there</sup> seated himself for quiet consideration of the step he had taken the night before. Louise was certainly supremely satisfactory. Her femininity was of the type which had always appealed to him most, the soft, blonde type, which wears delicate, shimmering gowns. She was intelligent enough to be his

companion, competent enough to manage his household, gracious and tactful enough to preside at the head of his table. She loved children, ~~and was most devout in church,~~ He had often seen her romping sweetly with her brother's children on the lawn. And she was most prettily devout. She was all that she should be but that was no less than <sup>what</sup> one would expect from John Cladbourne's fiancée. He was relinquishing a most luxurious bachelorhood ~~to~~ for matrimony. ~~It was~~ ~~right that his home~~ He felt himself a most praiseworthy person, a valuable member of society, an example to all ~~his fellows~~ <sup>the</sup> who lived in a happy, carefree state of single blessedness.

sidewalk which ran in front of the summer house. John Chadwick glanced up and saw a girl approaching. Surprised to see another human being active so early, and vaguely attracted by the careless grace of her movements, he scrutinized her closely. A fancy moved him to contrast her with Louise. He had ample time to indulge it, for she walked very slowly past his retreat, and once or twice stopped entirely, as if in great perplexity.

She was a tall spare girl with long, sloping shoulders and hips. Louise had the neatest little figure in California. And Louise always shimmered in silk and gauzy, flower-like things, <sup>while</sup> this passerby wore a worn gray sweater and a rough, brown skirt. Her brown hair was knotted carelessly atop her well shaped head. Her skin was brown too. John Chadwick

recalled with pleasure Louise's  
pink-and-whiteness, and the  
pale shining gold of her curls.  
The passerby, indeed, had only two  
features which warranted a second  
glance, - profound, brown eyes, darkly  
lashed, and a mouth so red as  
to be positively startling.

"I - I can't; Teddy."

"Why not?" he demanded, but he waited a little while.

Daphne commenced picking up the cups, and gazed wildly for the things that Mrs. Matthews - Regis had said.

"You - you aren't the sort of man I ought to marry -" she began tremulously.

~~"I know you are not"~~ Teddy interrupted and spoke with a choke in his voice.

"I know I am not worthy of you, Daphne," he said, "nobody could be that. You are the

It was a bedtime conference, taking place in Daphne's dainty room, and Lady Clyde, the dearest friend, another vision of silk and lace and flowing hair, sat just across the fire. They had returned but a few moments previous from a theatre party. The maid, in a far corner, was still busy with the shining garments from which they had just emerged, and the girls themselves had been in early stages of the inevitable hundred strokes when Daphne had let fall his thunderbolt.

"But it would be so-unusual," protested Lady Clyde.

"I am proud to be a pioneer in a movement which will benefit the race," answered Daphne with surprising glibness.

"And-unwomanly," Lady Clyde persisted, but more

feebly.

"So evidence concerning posterity is to show the truest womanliness," Daphne replied readily.

Lady Clyde fell back on the most obvious difficulty.

"And you wouldn't dare," she added.

"Wouldn't I?" retorted Daphne, and announced firmly, "I am going to ask Professor Pelt to marry me tomorrow night."

The original revelation had been to the effect that she was going to ask someone to marry her, and this was the first intimation that Lady Clyde had had as to who the favored man was going to be.

"Heaven's Bosh!" she ejaculated weakly.

had said. ~~Georgina person would imagine~~  
~~that having just given Daddy a~~  
~~peremptory refusal~~ having given Daddy a  
 most ~~peremptory~~ peremptory refusal, one might have  
 expected her to have relinquished all her claims  
 to him. Having wounded him very grievously,  
 one might have looked for her to rejoice over signs of  
 healing ~~at any~~. But women are not so constituted  
 and before arriving at Lady Tennant's she had  
 not only condemned him as fickle, but was  
 fully convinced that he had been glad to have her  
 refuse him. ~~She turned her back on him~~  
 He had only been playing with her. She was  
 sure of it. How beautiful she should be that  
 she had rejected him what horrible humiliation  
 it would have been if she had married him  
 thinking he loved her when he only pitted  
 her after all. He might marry the little American

John Chadwick paused to light his cigarette and look about him. New and the Californian sun made the prospect a cheerful one. In contrast to the cool, darkened, sleeping house from which he had just emerged, the garden seemed a riot of sunshine, color, and noise. Flowers, flowers, flowers, of all the tints and perfumes in the world, swayed before his dazzled gaze. Bees and brightest hued butterflies dipped and darted. While on the green and leafy hedges, the birds twittered, chattered, trilled, and sang. And over all arched the radiant blue, a fitting tent for all the gorgeousness.

The glory of the morning pleased John Chadwick and added to his self content, much in the same way that his bath and his fresh linen and his cigarette had pleased him. He made his way thru the garden to the summer-house, which occupied the extreme corner of the lawn. He

was eager for any opportunity to  
give himself up to careful  
consideration of the step he had taken  
the night before. The prospect of married  
life, even in conjunction with an  
ideal woman, cannot be <sup>contemplated</sup> without  
some anxiety by one who has  
enjoyed luxurious bachelorhood for  
many years. John Chadwick desired  
to reassure himself by reflecting on  
Louise's many admirable attributes.  
How beautiful she was, how devoted,  
how domestic, how intelligent, how  
tactful! She was a woman any  
man might be proud to call wife.  
In spite of his vague omens, which  
were, perhaps, only natural, under the  
circumstances, he was conscious of  
an agreeable feeling of satisfaction,  
in Louise, for being so eminently  
suitable, in himself for having  
yielded to his cousin's persuasions  
and undertaken matrimony.

A step sounded on the

himself' wondering how a  
mount could be both wide  
and beautiful, and romantic,  
but she was poor and even  
hungry. You see Mr. J. — owned a  
controlling interest in —  
and if the gift really needed  
a deck he might instruct  
the editor to make it  
big one. But perhaps her  
story was impossible?  
Any way he was an old  
fool, — so he informed himself  
before he had finished his  
cigarette. Day after day  
passed, each one ~~day~~  
unsatisfactory enough,  
but not so unsatisfactory  
as its successor. He did not

See the girl again nor did  
he make any effort to see  
her by strolling around the  
neighborhood. He firmly  
restrained himself from  
communicating with the  
editor of ——. He ~~was~~  
not accepted as <sup>unintentionally</sup>  
<sup>seen</sup> more than he had  
had been fashionable  
functions, ~~but pursued~~  
his continued his ~~attention~~  
to Louise, and sought to  
fashion brown eyes, red-  
lipped young andresses,  
from his usually well-  
ordered mind.

One day he saw her  
again. He was dining



quite without warning the  
brown eyes she gazed pressed  
forward, with her skin,  
flexible, dark hands, clasped  
and into the strangely  
attractive eyes came ~~such~~  
a look of which I never  
or nothing had ever seen  
in many a long day.

"It is my story," she said  
in a low, tense voice, "It is  
the story of what I have been  
felt. ~~I think you would know~~  
~~it if I did not tell you~~  
~~the title if you ever read it~~  
please try to understand.  
~~It is named. I called it~~  
"The Struggle."

~~She was dancing so, smiling~~  
~~and smiling~~ She a

brown skirt, both very shabby. Louise was  
always wore shimmering, flower-like  
things, ~~and which fitted her to perfection.~~  
Her brown hair was coiled ~~around~~ loosely  
on top of her well shaped head. ~~Her eyes~~  
<sup>her complexion</sup> seemed to be brown too, and her complexion  
~~was nondescript; - brown and unbeautiful.~~

He recollected with pleasure, Louise's  
pink and roteness and the ~~also~~ pale,  
shining gold of her curls. In fact the possibility  
~~had only two~~ qualities to warrant a  
second glance at her, - great brown eyes,  
heavily lashed, and a mouth so red as  
to be positively startling, shining as it  
did, in a face so nondescript. She  
walked up to a mailbox and,  
producing a long, fat envelope from  
the depths of the gray sweater, she  
poised it over the opening, as if <sup>with a far away look in</sup> ~~if~~ <sup>her brown</sup> eyes  
braving for the courage to allow it  
to slip from her fingers. Her face was  
turned toward Mr. B - and he indeed  
was moved by the serious far away  
look in her brown eyes. He was in  
spite of his former criticisms of it.



He could see that her first impulse was one of anger, but this swiftly gave place to amusement.

"Thank you," she said smiling.

He leaned further toward her,

"Tell me," he urged, "was it a love letter?"

She shook her head. "A girl does not send her love letters in such bulky envelopes, with stamps enclosed," she answered.

"Ah! then you are a budding authoress," he pursued, with a slight inflection toward cynicism.

She nodded.

"I would like to read that <sup>said</sup> story," he observed after a moment's critical observation of her.

~~"If it is accepted," she replied~~

"You are very kind," she replied lightly, "if ~~you~~ it is accepted you may read it some day in

A queer expression flitted  
across his face. "But it may  
not be accepted," he argued,  
"and <sup>if it is,</sup> ~~if~~ I may not happen  
to see the particular number  
of — in which it appears, and  
besides I wouldn't know it was  
yours. Tell me what it is about.

The smiling red lips  
stiffened suddenly. The brown  
eyes looked like the hunted  
eyes of an animal. They shook  
I — as nothing had shaken him  
for many a day. "It is my story —"  
she told him slowly,  
"If it is accepted you may read it in  
—," she replied lightly.

"And the name? that I may  
know it," he asked, with a queer  
look on his face.

when she was quite out of sight, I - seated myself again and conjured up the vision of Louise. It did not seem quite so satisfactory as usual. He found the contemplation of her sweet conventionalism ~~unwelcome~~ ~~unpleasant~~ for it seemed to rebuke the sweet unconventionality of the stranger. ~~Her calm blue eyes and~~ and her pale gold hair and calm blue eyed fairness were blotted out by a darker, brighter, warmer, vision, the gray sweeter, was much more tangible than Louise's, richly draped. Angry at himself he strode out, and went

to breakfast and buried  
himself in the various  
things which made up his day,  
noticed. He read and  
answered his mail, dined with  
his sister-in-law in her  
rather luxurious, called on  
Louise, ~~and~~ took a dip in  
the surf, and looked  
in at the theatre where  
~~a pretty substantial~~ a  
musical conjestion was  
being commenced by half the  
house. And at midnight  
as he smoked his cigarette  
on the balcony outside his  
comfortable room, he found

"Who is that girl?" asked his  
sister-in-law.

"She is a literary person,"  
replied I - somewhat surprised.

"~~First~~ Gladys."

"Her work is delightful," he  
answered without authority.

There was a moment's  
silence then, - "How red her  
lips were," observed Mrs. F -  
"I think essentially." I wonder if she  
paints them.

"She does not," said I -  
sharply. "How did he know?"

"It is she ~~was~~ <sup>looked</sup> very  
attractive ~~looking~~," said Louise  
in a very sweet voice.

"She is," said I - turning.  
She is swiftly, thoroughly  
pleased with her for the  
first time in a week.

with Louise and his sister  
in law. ~~That~~ It was  
cross day and the  
streets were crowded  
quite close beside the  
machines which had ~~been~~  
slowed down ~~beside the road~~  
in the fair, he saw her. He  
recognized her instantly.  
The ~~hair~~ the gray sweater  
was replaced by a brown  
jacket and the loose coil of  
hair was covered by a neat  
brown turban. Her ~~face~~ was  
expression was listless  
and almost bitter, until  
glancing up, she met his  
eyes. Then she answered his  
greeting with a smile, and

"Are ~~she~~ you sure she is  
not poor?" pursued I - "She  
looked almost hungry."

I - stated. Her it was not  
his imagination. Surely he would  
be justified in restraining  
to accept "the struggle".  
He was an ass not to have  
love it before. He told Mrs I - to  
drop him at a telegraphing  
station. As they love there  
he framed the message he  
would send.

A brown  
curl to  
maude had.

Pauline Fairfax stood back of  
the old farm house. Her head was  
thrown back, her lips parted, as the  
breeze fanned her hot cheeks, and  
ruffled her smooth brown hair.

Her long, gingham apron  
was slightly soiled and the sleeves  
rolled up above the elbow, <sup>as</sup> with  
her strong white arms she rin-  
sed the clothes and hung them  
out to dry. She was singing merrily  
in her clear, rich, voice  
until she heard the back gate  
click.

Slightly startled she  
ended her song with a quick  
glance at the new-comer.

7  
A tall, elderly gentleman  
faced her. He wore a loose hunting  
jacket and cap. His hair was snow  
white, he had rather mild brown  
eyes and a very slender nose on which  
a pair of unrimmed glasses were  
rather unsteadily perched. His  
mouth was hidden by a drooping  
white moustache which he strok-  
ed as he spoke.

"I beg your pardon but  
can I hire a horse ~~and~~ here.  
I would like to drive over to Ash-  
ton."

"I think so sir" replied  
Pauline glancing at him with  
her large, brown eyes. "Miss

lation to Miss Marson's you please sir," said Pauline politely. "I am an orphan sir, I'm working my board with the Marson's sir. I've been there since I was ten. Mamma died when I was 5, and I stayed at the orphan asylum along four year. Miss Marson took a fancy to me if you please sir. She's been mighty good to me."

"This a good woman," said Mr. Piper. "Do you remember your mother?"

"Very little if you please sir. I have her picture in my locket here." She opened a tiny gold case and handed it to

v. Mr Piper. It was the picture  
of a good-looking young woman  
- not all all-beautifully but sweet  
and gentle-looking. It was timber  
and the observer, wondered at the  
beautiful auburn hair even while  
they criticized her slightly tip-  
tilted nose, and rather wide mouth,  
her bare shoulders were draped  
in blue gauze. Mr Piper gazed  
at it pensively. "And your father  
he inquired. "You do not look  
like this young lady Miss  
Pauline." "I ~~never~~ have  
no picture of papa, and I  
can't remember him," said  
Pauline, sadly closing the  
book and putting it into the

3  
I mean Mrs. Marson's horse might  
suit you." She unpeeled her apron on  
her apron, took it off and rolled  
down her sleeves. "Follow me sir."

Mrs. Marson was a  
broad looking woman with keen  
shrewd face. Pauline explained  
the object of the gentleman's visit.  
"I har haint no men folks on  
the place to drive the horses  
back," she said reflectively.  
"You might hire Jim Jonty  
to drive 'em back." But Pauline  
broke in. "Miss Marson I might  
drive 'em over an' back."

Mrs. Marson having  
been born and raised in  
the country was troubled by

4. no sense of impropriety. So Pauline, quickly put on her best brown and white "percale" and pretty sailor hat. A trip cityward was an event in her life.

She took her place on the box and he climbed into the carriage. Soon the horses were capering swiftly under her management.

Mr. Piper, for such was his name, felt disposed to talk.

"Is Mrs. Marson your aunt Miss Pauline?" he inquired.

"I'm not any re-

blouse of her gown." But I have a curl off his head. He had curly hair." She drew out a curl of soft brown hair about an inch in length and then put it again into the bosom of her dress." Papa isn't dead sir," she continued. "At least not that I know of. He and mamma separated when I was a baby. Mamma gave me this locket and curl when she died. I wouldn't part with it." She gave put her head on her arm and when she looked up Mr. Piper saw tears in her eyes.

They rode along in silence, along the country

road and Pauline began to sing. Her voice was as clear and sweet as the song of the birds pouring <sup>lightly</sup> on the swaying branches of the heavily shaded trees. Mr. Piper listened entranced by the delicious melody.

As they entered the town gate she stopped singing. Her brown eyes were full of amazement at the crowds of people, the tall buildings, and beautiful residences. Mr. Piper took the reins as she did not know her way about. They drove to a hotel where he registered and ordered dinner for two.

As they sat at a low circular table eating the meal a man entered. He sat down at the table with Mr. Piper and Pauline.

He was about forty-four or five, and wore a long black ulster. His soft felt hat, altho it was only August was pulled low on his brow and his coat collar turned high. You could see a beard shadow, ~~at~~ weak mouth, and delicate nose, and when he raised his head brown eyes. He paid all his attention to his dinner.

As our friends rose to go ~~Pauline~~ Pauline was pay

10. In the wait, \$5 rolled out of her purse. The man hastened to pick it up and give it to her.

"Thank you sir" said Pauline. Her mouth smiled and the stranger lifted a pair of luminous brown eyes to her face. "It was nothing," he replied with such a high-bred manner that Mr. Piper put in, "It was polite." The stranger smiled. "I have lived <sup>forty</sup> ~~five~~ years and but only in the last one have I learned this. Politeness always wins its way." He was about to move off but Mr. Piper placed his stately hands on the elbow sleeve of

the stranger. "Who are you?" he asked in his kindly fashion "and why do you wear a heavy coat and felt hat in August?"

The stranger gave a musical laugh. "Be assured sir I am no impostor. I am willing to ~~prove it~~ I have no wish to be unseen." He removed his hat and concluded pleasantly, "See?"

His hair was brown tinged in gray and his beard curled in silky curls about an inch long about his neck and temples. His fore head was heavily lined and his mouth drooped. "Come sir," said Mrs.

10  
Piper "I pray you come with  
us on our pleasure trip to the  
park."

The stranger accepted.  
Half an hour later, He in com-  
pany with Mr. Piper, Pauline  
and a maid the latter had hired  
for company, rolled away  
toward "Park Washington"

As Pauline stood throw-  
ing bits of bread to the ducks  
sailing placidly on the smooth  
water the stranger came and  
flung himself into a low  
wicker chair, "Be careful," he  
warned as she stepped out onto  
the pier to give a bit of cake to a

among birds that lifted its graceful head and long slender throat with a perfect poise. Pauline laughed lightly and took a step further leaning over the water.

There was a moment of terrible suspense as the rotten boards cracked and splashed and gave way leaving her hanging helpless to a post her feet tangled in wire. Thanks to the chancier she was estrangled she harmed none. She was very wet but the gold locket had fallen out.

"Oh no! Get it!" she cried  
 "my locket!" it just went down.

14. "It contains my mother's picture and my father's seal. Oh, you'll get it before the water sand quite covers it!" Mr. Piper promptly rolled up his sleeves and put on some hipboots near by but the diver had already thrown away his coat and was under water. Paul was in and his maid watching his endeavors with breathless interest. He came up. In his hand was a small gold thing the crest of pearls covered with mud. Pauline took it covering it with kisses. "Why do you value it so highly may I ask?" Paul-

She wiped her brown eyes  
and touched the spring of the  
case. The stranger joined him-  
self confronted by large blue  
eyes, a mass of auburn hair  
let and a gentle smiling  
mouth. In a minute he seem-  
ed to change to an old man.  
The lines in his brow and  
about his mouth deepened  
then he cried catching both  
Pauline's hands. "Oh my child  
is she living or dead?" But  
Pauline did not answer, her  
hand sought her bosom  
and taking out a silky curl  
of brown she laid it against  
his gray ones. "She is dead

"I'll hold you and softly  
her hand in his. 'But I am  
living.'

I had right as the brown  
mare trotted home-ward, when  
the moon is making the  
lake a silver path to heaven  
and gilding the hill-tops and  
road. Pauline's voice went  
forth in a joy-gil melody.  
On one hand she grasped  
Pearl set loose with the  
other she tenderly stroked  
the gray-brown curls of  
her newly found father.

"My month! my day! my hour!"

It is wonderful to have one's dreams come true at twilight in October, with her head thrown back and her hands gripped over her breast, Jane Brandall stood and met the wonder of it; Behind her, the ranks of, naked mantled trees swept up to the sky. Below her, they swept down to encircle the hamlets in the valley. Traces of a radiant sunset lingered on the far horizon, but the wind had the chill of autumn evenings. ~~the~~

The pungent smoke of autumn bon fires was in the air. Beneath her tense fingers, hidden in the folds of her garments, was the letter which had brought her her glad tidings.

the typewritten words were  
magic symbols to Jane  
Crandall.

"my month! my day! my hour!"  
she breathed, wistful yet  
exultant.

Relaxing and laughing, she  
shuffled thru the dry leaves  
to the heap of blackened  
~~leaf~~ stones which marked the  
camping spot, and commenced  
preparations for a fire. She  
was tall, <sup>sinewy</sup> ~~slender~~, and <sup>young</sup> ~~middle-aged~~.  
~~figure~~. She wore her gray  
sweater and dingy skirt as if  
she loved them. A heavy  
braid of dark hair swung over  
her shoulder as she stooped to  
arrange the pile of kindling.

## III.

~~James Dear~~

There was a smile in the leaves, Jane Crandall straightened, turned, and went to meet the news carrier.

"Jane, am I late?"

"Hardly a moment. I just touched a match the first, I am so glad you could get away so soon, Celia dear."

The two girls kissed each other very simply. Celia was small and rounded and her hair was piled lightly atop her erect little head. Arms entwined, they walked back to the fire.

"I was afraid for a while that I couldn't. The boys ~~had~~

were at foot ball practise, and they always come home so hungry, I couldn't bear not to have things hot."

"You are the sweetest sister," said Jane, "if I had had some one to keep things hot for — of course, there are only father and I — when he has a book, he doesn't know if things are hot or not."

The fire burst into sudden flame. The girls sat down, Jane nearest it, and watched it gather the dry wood into its blast. The sunset glow had faded. A few scattered lights twinkled up at them from the valley.

"Celia," said Jane, "How long

### III

is it that we have been coming up to Dream Hollow."

"fifteen years; ~~said~~ answered Eelia, steadily, "we were five and now we are twenty."

"How many dreams we have dreamed," said Jane, ~~drawing up her knees and~~ locking her knees in her arms.

"You dreamed them," said Eelia, "you dreamed them and told me about them - about fairyland, ~~first~~ about heaven, and about the world Dear old Jane!"

"I was glad enough to do all your dreaming," said Jane, "there was always little enough that I could do. You gave me a share of your home and your care and your - life. Oh

how I have loved Dream  
Hollow. It's just ours - just  
our own. No one ever comes here  
but us. Not one of us could  
ever come without the other. It  
has heard all of our hopes, our  
fears, our ambitions. And it is  
here their fulfillments. Elia - "

"Jamie," Elia put a  
white arm about her friend's  
neck - "tonight -"

"Yours? ~~the~~ mine too,  
dearest. Oh, isn't it strange?" -  
mine. ~~well what is yours?~~  
will keep. Yours must come  
first."

"I ran all the way  
up, I was so anxious to see  
you."

"Dear little girl, what is  
it? About you cousin?"

II.

"My - music ? Oh no, Jane,  
- you know I am fond of music,  
but it was always modestly you.  
You ~~made~~ wanted me  
ambitious, and I tried to be to  
enter into your early plans, but I  
never really was. I never could  
sing before anyone but - those I  
love even then, I can't always  
sing well. Surely, you always  
knew, those plans about  
my music were a - joke, Jane.  
They are different from those  
about your writing."

"They were pretty real - I  
was", said Jane, stiffening.

"You tried to make  
them real you have been

injuig. Oh I make myself  
clear, do I not; Jane?"

"You are very - sensible,"  
said Jane. Her voice was dry.

"This surprise is - different;  
it is about - look, Jane"

Celia held up a plump  
little hand. She first light-  
faced and gazed upon a  
cheap little ring. "Oh Celia -  
you -"

"It is John", said Celia.

"and our travels - and  
our fame and money and  
experiences - Oh Celia"

"I am going to get  
married", said Celia.

Jane reached out  
tender arms. "I - hope you  
will be happy. I - for you, I am

She sat writing at her desk, while the summer wind laden with the breath of roses, rustled the muslin curtains of the blue chamber and swept full in her face. It was a sensitive, delicate, face; keenly alive to the faint elusive odors of breeze altho wholly absorbed in the manuscript before it. She was tall, and willowy, with an abundance of wavy, pale-brown, hair quaintly arranged. Her forehead was broad and white and her slender, black, brows arched delicately over her pure, childish, eyes. A faint, regular, colour emphasized the redness of her full lips and the whiteness of her teeth. It was a face <sup>showing nature</sup> accurately and easily affected, yet not nervous or irritable. It was a calm, quiet, rather grave face, altho it showed a keen and brilliant sense of humor. She was gowned in pure and clinging white, which seemed to suit her innocent and girlish face and a white rose backed in deep green was laid across her breast. She made an interesting study as she sat there in a position of artistic and studied grace. She was suddenly and energetically interrupted.

"Oh here you are you dear old b.b.b. b.i.,  
cried the intruder, "How beautifully cool you look.  
Don't you want to come for a ride with Dolly and me?"

The grave and innocent expression of  
the young authoress changed to vivacity. "You old  
dear to come and get me like this", she exclaim-  
ed tossing her paper into her desk and closing  
it with a snap. "I'll just get my hat and perso-  
nal and be right down. You need it wait for  
me if you don't like. Run out and get in the  
buggy and I'll be out directly."

Her friend gone, she hastily shook a  
cloud of pink powder onto her cheeks  
skin and rubbed it over her face. Doused  
some perfume on her handkerchief, ran  
her back comb thru her hair and seizing  
~~up~~ a pale green sunshade she tripped out.  
She was really very proud of her personal ap-  
pearance this school girl. It goaded on her nerves  
to have her cheeks sallow or her hair tight. The  
pink powder was so easy to apply, and effected  
such a great change in her looks; and by  
her doctrine nothing was wrong in the

line of beautifiers which did not injure  
one's health. Dolly and Kate were such  
prigs in the matter of pink powder that she  
really had to use it in private. The curls on  
her temples too, were the result of curl papers,  
~~for~~ conscientiously applied at bed time. Af-  
ter changing the sun shade for a pale white  
one which she decided went better with her  
gown, she joined the girls outside.

## -A High-School Tragedy-

Caroline entered her little bedroom, shutting and bolting the door behind her. She sat down before her dressing-table, folded her arms upon it and stared at her reflection in the mirror. Her hair had been tumbled, by ruthless fingers, into little curls. Her face was flushed with suppressed excitement, and her expression betrayed mingled emotions—fearfulness, exultation, and determination. Some latent dramatic instinct made her voice the thought that was surging in her brain. "Caroline Ellen Mac Donald," she said, speaking softly but vibrantly, "your chance has come, at last!"

There was a note crushed in her eager fingers, and this she spread out before her with deliberation. "Dear Miss Caroline," it read, "May I take you to the  $\Gamma\Delta$  dance tonight? I am sorry to ask you so late but until this noon I was not certain that I could go. Sincerely, Henry Hoyt." In her mind's eye Caroline could see the answer which she had sent flying back to him. "Thank you, I will be very glad to go. You may call for me at half past eight." This exchange had occurred in the High-School assembly room an hour previous. The interval had passed like a dream.

Caroline Ellen Mac Donald was eighteen and enrolled as a Senior in the records of the Red Falls High-School. She was a good looking girl. She came from an old and highly respected family and since childhood she had been a leader in the most well known circle of girls. No one could tell why Caroline had never had a sweet-heart, but it was an undeniable and undisputed fact that she never had. She was wonderfully popular with the girls and far famed for her quick wit, tactfulness, and ready sympathy. She was popular with fathers and mothers too because of her sweet, deferential, manner. When her "crowd", upon entering the teens had first begun to mingle with the opposite sex, many and strenuous had been the efforts put forth by her friends to get her "started" socially. The girls, who liked her unconditionally and could not be jealous, had often urged superfluous admirers to take her to the little dancing parties and various affairs that made the Red Falls High-School such a gay one. The fathers and mothers also had urged their sons to ask "that nice lady-like Caroline Mac Donald." Neither, however had ever succeeded to any extent and they had often discussed their failures, among themselves, with wonder and lamentation.

That had been several years before. Of late, her impossibility had been generally accepted and had even lost its interest as a topic of conversation. The girls had continued to like her, to invite her, and to take their troubles to her. The parents had continued to approve of her. So Caroline had dropped gracefully into the niche to which she was unanimously assigned. Though her position was embarrassing, she made the best of it. She laughed about it to the girls, and ignored it with the outside world. She cajoled her fond father and mother into believing that it suited her exactly. But in her heart the bitterness had grown and waxed mighty.

The wound did not heal, because she kept probing it open with curious fingers. She was constantly pondering the great Why of it. Time and again, wistfully, yet quite fairly, she had weighed her cleverness against the shallowness of others and her quiet beauty against the mere prettiness of others. She grew to despise her stable character and to long for lightness of mind. Pride made her crush back her rebelliousness but did not hinder its growth. She was becoming cynical, hard hearted, and most bitterly unhappy, "this nice lady-like Caroline Mac Donald." And at last a chance had come, — a chance to try, to test, to prove her consciousness of power.

The fraternity dance to which Henry Hoyt had invited her had been the subject of much lively conversation among the "crowd" for a month previous. She had heard the girls discussing it. It was to be held in a fashionable hall. A full orchestra had been engaged. Everybody was tense with expectation over prospective "bids," and ultimately everybody had captured one, everybody, of course, but Caroline. She had listened to all the fascinating rumors; she had advised each particular girl what to wear; and when pretty Eva Dinsmore had been in a quandary as to which of several invitations to accept, Caroline had vouch-safed an opinion and had even dictated a clever note to the youth in whose favor she had decided. She had been so unusually sweet and interested that one girl had even resurrected the over hashed topic of "why some stupid boy didn't ask that adorable Caroline," altho' to be sure it had been relieved with

but faint enthusiasm. As the day had approached, Caroline had joined with the girls in wondering "who that good looking Henry Hoyt would take." (Henry Hoyt was a recent acquisition of the school and fraternity.) She had succeeded unusually well in mastering her envy and had held the hot tears back until late at night, when she had allowed them to drip painfully into her pillow. She had received and answered the note with forced calmness. She had not even mentioned it to Eva as they walked homeward together. And now, locked in her room, she faced her flushed reflection in the mirror, and spread the note before her still unbelieving eyes. "Oh Caroline Ellen MacDonald," she whispered brokenly, "Tonight, you are to see! You are to know! You are to feel!"

She did not know how long she had been sitting there, when she heard the tinkle of the supper bell, and starting up found that gray twilight had invaded her room. She switched on the light and hastily arranged her hair and tie. Standing quite still for a moment, she forced the excited look from her face, cooled her hot cheeks in her hands, and groped for her usual cheerful expression. Then with elaborate carelessness, she flung open her door and ran downstairs. Her father and mother were just seating themselves at the brightly lighted supper table.

"Greetings," she called gayly from the doorway.

"Why Caroline," cried her mother in surprise, "We did not know you had come in. Mary has kept supper waiting a full quarter of an hour and we just decided to sit down without you. You spoke, this noon, of going home with Eva after school." *Where have you been, my dear?*

Caroline slipped into her accustomed place and shook out her napkin with deliberation. "Just up in my room, ~~dad~~," she answered.

"There was no light—" began her mother, perplexed.

"Well you know how I am," said Caroline, "I had a good book, and the supper bell and the realization that it was too dark to read, came upon me simultaneously." The first lie she had ever told her mother was uttered thus easily. "I can't get used to these <sup>long</sup> long days anyway," she added, lightly.

Mary brought in the simple supper and it proceeded as it had a thousand times, before; Mr. MacDonald reflecting on the day, as he served, and his wife responding pleasantly as she poured the tea. Caroline was nervous. The clinking cups and plates and the familiar voices irritated her. She sat silent, and underneath the table her hands were locked. She realized that it would take all her wit to make her evening's engagement known, without betraying her agitation. Love made her mother's eyes very keen, and they were constantly searching for signs of unhappiness or discontent in her adored daughter. Caroline's pride made her instinctively repel any tender sympathy ~~er~~. The very thought of it helped her to make the announcement casually.

"And by the way," she observed, "I've almost forgotten my wonderful news."

"What is it?" asked her mother, smiling.

"Why, I'm going to make my debut this evening."

"What do you mean by that?" Inquired her father, surveying her with his face full of satisfaction.

"Oh there is to be a fraternity dance this evening, you know, and by a lucky chance I am to have an opportunity of going. It happened like this, you see," she rattled on, "That nice Henry Hoyt was undecided for some reason, as to whether or not he would be able to go, and he found out just this noon that he would. Of course, every body had been asked but he didn't want to go up alone and happened to think of me. In the dim ages I did used to go to dancing school, I believe. I think it is lovely. I was getting hungry for some fun!"

"It is nice," agreed Mrs. MacDonald placidly, to Caroline's infinite relief, "You do enjoy going out once in a while, don't you, for all you are generally so indifferent."

"I think I shall enjoy myself tonight."

"What shall you wear?" asked Mrs. MacDonald, after a pause.

Caroline welcomed this diversion. The good and bad points of her several simple party gowns were dilated upon and the trying meal was soon over. She climbed the stairs to her room alone. "Please don't come with me, mamma," she pleaded, "It will be loads more fun to dress by myself and burst in on you and dad, in my unusual radiance as a surprise. I will call Mary to hock me, if I need anyone." She looked so pleading eager that Mrs. MacDonald yielded reluctantly, and followed her husband into the library.

For the second time that day, Caroline locked herself in her room and slipped into the slim chair before the dressing table. "Oh I wonder," she breathed, tremblingly, "Will I look nice and make good and show them all?" She revolved in her mind the conditions to which she had usually attributed her lack of social success. "In the beginning, I was too self-conscious," she told herself, "I was unconventional in my attitude towards things and I could not hide it. But-oh- I can hide it now!" The tense face relaxed a little. "I shall look pretty. I shall make myself look pretty! And I shall act. Oh how I shall act! Pity if a girl as clever as I cannot act what she has seen a thousand times. I shall laugh--- and chatter--- and flirt. No one shall recognize in the giddy little fool that I shall be, Caroline Ellen MacDonald, the model, the sensible, the well-behaved." She laughed and kissed the flushed image in the glass.

In a fever of impatience, she sprang up and, stripping off her school clothes, plunged into a prolonged toilet. She released her hair from its simple braids and dressed it as she had often dressed Eva's, in a bewildering array of puffs, with a cluster of little curls escaping over one ear. She powdered her hot face and her pretty plump neck and arms. She donned her laciest hand embroidered under garments and the silk stockings that Cousin Etta had sent her for a birthday gift. Last of all she slipped into her gown, a soft, pink messaline, and fastened it with deft haste. When she had finished her toilet, even to spraying herself with a delicate perfume and tucking a lacey handkerchief into her sleeve, she ran into her mother's room to take a survey of her self in the cheval mirror. The transformation was complete! She saw a lovely, witching, creature. Emboldened to practice her new arts, she coquetted with her reflection, drooping her charming head, and displaying her dimples. She was so happy that she laughed aloud and dropped herself a graceful curtsy.

A bell pealed sharply. She drew her hands to her quickly beating heart and listened. Had he come?

"Caroline," came her mother's gentle voice, after a few, tense, moments.

She flew to the top of the stairs and stood there palpitating. "Yes?"

"I hope you won't be too disappointed, dear," began Mrs. MacDonald in a troubled way.

Dread---an horrible but positive premonition---swept over Caroline and seemed to sicken her. Something caught at her throat and refused to let her make any reply. She steadied herself by the stair rail and waited.

"That was Mrs. Hoyt at the phone," continued her mother slowly, "Henry sprained himself in some way at foot ball this afternoon. The doctor says he must not venture out tonight. He is so sorry, dear."

"Oh it is no matter, mother," Caroline heard this brought forth in her own voice. "I wasn't more than half dressed any way and I am---very---sleepy. Oh don't come up! I will---put on a kimono---and come down---in a minute."

Mrs. MacDonald went slowly back into the library. Caroline fled into her little bedroom and flung herself on the bed, regardless of the pink messaline and the little curls. She buried her head in the pillow and lay quite still.