

AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW

Dream World

INTO THE LAND OF
LOVE and ROMANCE

SEPTEMBER

25 cents



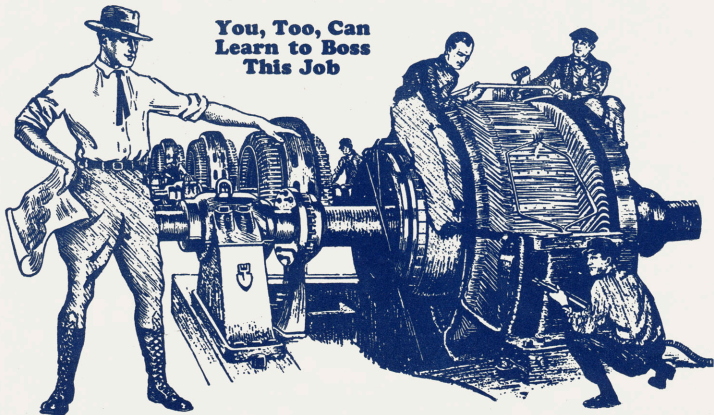
Love's Recompense

Small Town Morals

Sunshine and Darkness

Under the Eaves

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This Job**

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Trained "Electrical Experts" are in great demand at the highest salaries, and the opportunities for advancement and a big success in this line are the greatest ever known.

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Use our free employment service when you want an ambitious, trained man for an important electrical job. Send for our book "Men"—the big story of selecting and training men.

These features are all explained in my big Free Book.

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As Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works, I know exactly the kind of training a man needs to get the best positions at the highest salaries. Hundreds of my students are now earning \$3,500 to \$10,000 a year. Many are successful ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS.

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So sure am I that you can learn Electricity—so sure am I that after studying with me, you too, can get into the "big money" class in electrical work, that I will guarantee under bond to return every single penny paid me in tuition if, when you have finished my course, you are not satisfied it was the best investment you ever made.

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I give each student a Splendid Outfit of Electrical Tools,

Materials and Measuring Instruments absolutely FREE. I also furnish them with all supplies, including examination paper, and many other things that other schools don't furnish. You do PRACTICAL work—AT HOME with this Outfit. You start right in after the first few lessons to WORK AT YOUR PROFESSION in a practical way.

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I want to send you the "Vital Facts" of the Electrical Industry including my Electrical Book, Proof Lessons, and a sample of my guarantee bond all FREE. These cost you nothing and you'll enjoy them. Make the start today for a bright future in Electricity. Send in the coupon—NOW.

**L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer
Chicago Engineering Works
Dept. 906 2150 Lawrence Ave., Chicago**

Use this Free Outfit Coupon!

**L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer,
Chicago Engineering Works, Dept. 906
2150 Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

Dear Sir—Send at once the "Vital Facts" containing Sample Lessons, your Big Book and full particulars of your Free Outfit and Home Study Course—all fully prepaid, without obligation on my part.

Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....
Occupation.....Age.....

The "Cooke" Trained Man is the "Big Pay" Man

Only Elinor Glyn Would Dare to Write a Book Like This!

Elinor Glyn, author of "Three Weeks," has written a sensational novel called "The Price of Things." This book will amaze all America! Small-minded critics will claim that Elinor Glyn should not have dared touch such a breath-taking subject—that she has handled a delicate topic with too much frankness. But we want you to read the book before passing an opinion. This you can do at our risk—without advancing a penny!

"The Price of Things" is one of the most daring books ever written—!

"The Price of Things" is one of the most sensational books ever written—!

"The Price of Things" will be one of the most fiercely criticized books ever written—!

BUT—we don't ask you to take our word for all this. Simply send us your name and we'll send you the book. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—let it thrill you as you have never been thrilled before—then, if you don't say it is everything we claim—and a lot more!—simply mail it back and it won't cost you a penny. Isn't that fair?

"THE PRICE OF THINGS" is a flaming tale of love, written by the master-mind that dared to create "Three Weeks," "The Philosophy of Love," "His Hour," and "The Seventh Commandment"—great novels all. But "The Price of Things" is more thrilling, more powerfully irresistible than all these others—greater probably than all of them combined.

"The Price of Things" is a story of the love-life of a good woman and "another woman" and the fate that befell them both, in those mad, wild days when the world was a riot of war and blood and love—of passion unrestrained—when all conventions and civilized veneer were cast aside, and real human nature stalked forth naked and unchained. In no other setting would even Elinor Glyn, most daring of all writers, dare to paint such scenes. And even so, if it were not for the fact that behind it all, tucked wholly in the background, there is a powerful moral, even Elinor Glyn, with all her charm and power, would hardly have been justified in writing such a breath-taking story.

This big book with its nearly 300 pages of flaming, ardent love-making will thrill you as you have never been thrilled before—but it will open your eyes. At times you will almost be frightened at its brutal frankness, but once started you will not cease reading for the world. The detailed scenes of the acts and thoughts and passions of men and women under dreadful stress, when they do things from which at any other time they would recoil in horror, will hold you spellbound.

Warning!

The publishers positively do not care to send "The Price of Things" to anyone under eighteen years of age. So unless you are over eighteen, please do not fill out the coupon below.

While "The Price of Things" is not a book for children, it will not harm anyone. On the contrary, you will be a better man or woman for having read it. When you see the frightful price these women paid for love that was not theirs to give or take—when you see the manner in which society exacts its toll from those who break her laws, you

will agree that Elinor Glyn was amply justified in subjecting herself to the dangers of being censored in order to let the truth be known.

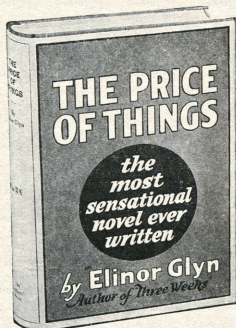
This Book May Shock Some People!

NARROW-MINDED people may be shocked at "The Price of Things!" They will say that it is not fit to be read. But this is not true. It is true that Madame Glyn handles a delicate topic with amazing frankness, and allows herself almost unlimited freedom in writing this burning story of love. Still the story is so skillfully written that it can safely be read by any grown-up man or woman. Furthermore, Madame Glyn does not care what small-minded people say. And she doesn't write to please men and women with childish ideas and prudish sentiments. She always calls things by their right names—whatever phase of life she writes of, she reveals the naked truth. And in "The Price of Things" she writes with amazing candor and frank daring of the thing she knows best—the greatest thing in life—Love!

SEND NO MONEY

YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Price of Things." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only \$1.97, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply mail the book back in good condition within five days and your \$1.97 will be refunded gladly.

Elinor Glyn's books sell like magic—by the



million! "The Price of Things," being the most sensational book she has ever written—and that's saying a lot!—will be in greater demand than all others. Everybody will talk about it—everybody will buy it. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. We know this from experience. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below **AT ONCE**. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon NOW. Mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., before it is too late. Then be prepared to read the most sensational novel ever written!

**The Authors' Press, Dept. 512
Auburn, N. Y.**

Send me on approval Elinor Glyn's sensational novel, "The Price of Things." When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him only \$1.97, plus a few pennies postage. If the book is not satisfactory, I may return it any time within five days after it is received, and you agree to refund my money.

De Luxe Leather Edition—We have prepared a Limited Edition, hand-bound in Brown Porcupine Leather and expense spared—makes a gorgeous gift. If you prefer this leather edition, please check the box below. If you prefer the regular edition, please check the box below. Place a cross in the little square at the right, and pay the postman only \$2.97 plus postage.

Name

Address

City and State

IMPORTANT!—If it is possible that you may not be at home when the postman calls, send cash in advance. Also if you reside outside the U.S.A., payment must be made in advance. Regular Edition, \$2.11. Leather Edition, \$3.11. Cash with coupon.

September

Dream World

into the
land of LOVE and ROMANCE

1924

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Cover—Dream World Art Study—Ruth St. Denis
Painted after photo by Bigelow

Here's What You've Been Waiting For

Unless something unforeseen happens the winning story in the \$1000 prize contest will be published in the October number. You will find it one of the most wonderful stories from life that has been published.



And that is not all. There is a big new serial beginning in the same number. DREAM LIGHTS—A Romance of Southern Shores—that you will write to us and say is one of the most alluring love stories you have ever read.



Now don't miss this tip and be sure and tell your friends about the October DREAM WORLD, on the stands

September 15

It will be one of the most entertaining magazines you have ever seen.

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Single copy, 25c. Yearly Subscription in the United States and Canada, \$2.50. All other foreign countries, \$3.50
All manuscripts and drawings submitted for consideration are sent at the owner's risk, although every effort will be made to return those found unavailable

APOLISH THE TRUSS FOREVER

Do Away With Steel and Rubber Bands That Chafe and Pinch

You know by your own experience the truss is a mere makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and that it is undermining your health. Why, then, continue to wear it? The binding and pressure prevent proper blood circulation, thus robbing the weakened muscles of the nourishment which they must have if you expect them to regain their normal strength and elasticity.

The Plapao - Pads Are Different

STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are entirely different from the device called the truss in the following respects:

First—The primary and most important object of the PLAPAO-PAD is to keep constantly applied to the relaxed muscles the medication called Plapao, which is contractive in nature, and taken together with the ingredients in the medicated mass, is intended to increase the circulation of the blood, thus revivifying the muscles and restoring them to their normal strength and elasticity. Then, and not until then, can you expect the rupture to disappear.

Second—Being made of self-adhesive purposely to prevent the pad from shifting, they have therefore proven to be an important adjunct in retaining rupture that cannot be held by a truss. There is no metal about the PLAPAO-PADS—no straps, buckles or springs attached. No "digging in" or grinding pressure. They are soft as velvet—Flexible—Easy to apply—Inexpensive. Continuous day and night treatment at home. No delay from work.

UPON THEIR OATH

Hundreds of people, old and young, have gone before an officer qualified to acknowledge oaths, and swore that the PLAPAO-PADS cured their rupture—some of them most aggravated cases and of long standing.

Rev. John Mitchell, Bethel, Minn., declares under oath:

"I am cured perfectly after 20 years of anxiety and suffering, and I wear no support of any kind. I tried treatment from two specialists in New York, one in Michigan, and one in London. None of the Plapao-Pads so effective that it doesn't take long to find out that you are getting better, and they are far easier to wear than any truss. The fact that I am over 74 years old surely makes this cure a marvelous one."

Mr. S. A. Fleish, 750 Foster St., North Andover, Mass., states under oath:

"I regard my cure little short of a miracle, for I am over 71 years old, and was so bad that I came pretty near assuming the role of an old man. Only the PLAPAO-PADS for 90 days to effect a complete cure."

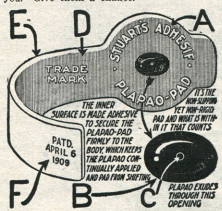
Mr. W. C. Connor, Palmyra, Ark., declared under oath:

"I am surely glad I tried your Plapao-Pads on my baby boy. I put them on him the first of last May, and he wore them 60 days and was well. We have never seen anything of the rupture or anything wrong with him since. He is now a little over two years old, and is a fine, healthy boy."

Mr. L. C. Jones, Merrill, Wis., declares under oath:

"I was cured while engaged in the hardest kind of work, and now my doctor says I am stronger than I was before. It was easy to see how your Plapao-Pads made the muscles firmer. I am now 60 years old, and you don't know how much better I feel. Your Plapao-Pads have done the work, and I am now sold and satisfied."

These are only a few of the hundreds of enthusiastic letters we have received from those cured by the PLAPAO-PADS. It is reasonable that they should do the same for you. Give them a chance.



The Plapao-Pad Explained

The principle upon which the PLAPAO-PAD works can be easily figured out by noting the illustration above, and reading the following explanation:

The PLAPAO-PAD is made of a strong, flexible material "E" which is designed to conform to the movements of the body, and is perfectly comfortable to wear. The inside surface "D" is adhesive similar to an adhesive plaster, to prevent the pad from shifting and getting out of place.

"A" is the enlarged end of the PLAPAO-PAD, which overlies the atrophied and weakened muscles to keep them from giving away further. "B" is the Pad, to be applied in such a way that it blocks up the hernial orifice, and tends to prevent the contents of the abdomen from protruding. Within the Pad is a reservoir, in which is placed a wonderful absorbent, astringent medication. When warmed by the heat of the body it becomes soluble and escapes through the small opening marked "C" and is absorbed through the pores of the skin to strengthen the weakened muscles and effect a closure of the openings. "E" is the long end of the PLAPAO-PAD, which is to be plastered over the hipbone to give solidity.

Brings About These Benefits

When the PLAPAO-PAD is successfully applied these wonderful benefits quickly follow:

- The ruptured parts are sustained and held together.
- The weak muscles recover their elasticity and strength.
- The unsightly, painful and dangerous protrusions disappear.
- That horrible "dragging down" sensation is banished, never to return.
- You recover the vigor, vitality, energy and strength you have lost.
- You look better, you feel better and you are better in every way. Every one remarks upon your improved appearance.
- And relieved from the pain and discomfort of the rupture, and your dread of the consequences, your spirits rise, your health improves, you once more are able to enjoy life without fear of trouble.

Common Sense Way

Weakened muscular tissue—that's the real cause of rupture and the logical common-sense thing to do is to restore the lost elasticity, tone and contractile strength of the weakened muscles. Close the hernia opening as nature intended so the rupture CAN'T come down.

Another striking feature of the PLAPAO-PAD treatment is the comparatively short time it takes to get the results. This is because the action is continuous—night and day, throughout the whole of the 24 hours.

MAKE THIS TEST AT OUR EXPENSE

We want you to make a personal test of this remarkable scientific treatment at our expense, and the more severe the test, the better we will like it. The test costs you nothing. We take all risk. Simply return the coupon.

To the **FREE** Ruptured **FREE**
10,000 Rupture Sufferers to get TRIAL PLAPAO and Illustrated Book on RUPTURE, Absolutely FREE

No Charge for It—Now or Ever

Send No Money—Just This Coupon



Awarded Gold Medal

This generous offer is made by the inventor of the PLAPAO-PADS to enable 10,000 more rupture sufferers to learn of the wonderful benefits to be derived from wearing the PLAPAO-PADS. We want to prove to you that you can conquer your rupture, right at home, while going about your daily duties, and at the same time rid yourself of the disagreeable, torturous truss forever. Send no money. This trial costs you nothing—now or ever. Just mail the coupon, but don't delay. "Be wise today; 'tis madness to defer."



Awarded Grand Prix

Mail the Coupon Today

Date.....

Plapao Laboratories, Inc.
Block 474 St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Without any charge for it—now or ever—please send, by return mail, trial of PLAPAO and illustrated book on rupture.

Name.....

Address.....

What New Steps This Fall?

What will be the new dances this fall? Will the now popular fox trot and tango remain in public favor? If so, what new steps will be introduced to vary these dances? Is the old-fashioned waltz coming back in style again? If it is coming back do you know how to do it correctly? Will the best orchestras play fast or slow music? Loud or soft?



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Through the Gates
Panaderos Flamenco
At the End of the Rain-bow
The Interrogation Point
The Dance Teachers Say
Dance Lovers Amateur Dancers Contest



All these questions and many others of interest to every lover of the dance are answered in the September issue of DANCE LOVERS MAGAZINE, the recognized authority on all phases of dancing. Mr. Murray, the world's foremost teacher of ballroom dancing, shows you with carefully drawn diagrams and illustrations, how to do the very latest steps and how to teach them to others.

Other well-known authorities and dancing teachers write on all phases of dancing, stage, acrobatic, eccentric, ballet, interpretive and other variations of the dance. DANCE LOVERS MAGAZINE is beautifully illustrated with many full-page photographs of famous dancers which are suitable for framing. A glance at the contents listed on this page will give you some idea of the enormous scope of this brilliant publication.



These photographs, taken from a recent issue of DANCE LOVERS MAGAZINE, are typical of the dozens of beautiful illustrations which appear in every number

SEPTEMBER ISSUE
ON SALE AUGUST 23rd 25c

Dance Lovers

MAGAZINE

1926 Broadway - New York

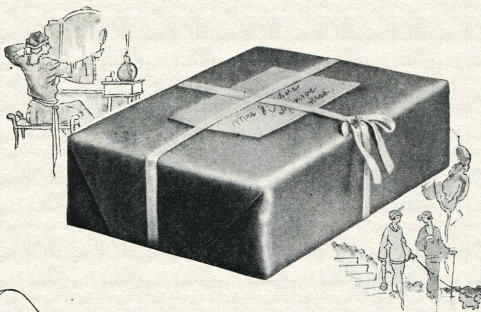
Macfadden Publications, D. W. 9,

1926 Broadway, New York City

I am enclosing \$1.00. Please enter my name for a six months' subscription to DANCE LOVERS MAGAZINE beginning with the current issue. This is in connection with your special offer.

Name.....

Address.....



My Surprise Offer to Women

A new way to advertise my Super-Quality line of beauty preparations. Every article a genuine surprise. Six preparations, each one a rare treat, now offered for advertising and introductory purposes at a price that saves you \$1.75!

You use a shampoo, a hair remover, a beauty cream, a nail gloss, a cuticle remover, and a face powder regularly. You buy certain brands because you believe they are the best. But if you find something better you change.

It is not easy, however, to induce you to change from one brand to another. That is why I am not asking you to do it. I want you just to TRY my remarkable beauty preparations—and I am making this unusual Surprise Offer so you will find it worth while to do it.

This offer includes a full-size 75c bottle of concentrated **Empress Liquid Pine Shampoo** which, while thoroughly cleansing, leaves the hair soft and fluffy, and rinses out completely; because it is concentrated use only about one-third the quantity usually required; a full-size 75c bottle of **Empress Hair Remover**, a liquid depilatory compounded of soothing oils, of non-offensive odor, sure, clean and harmless; an attractive \$1.00 jar of **Empress Lemon Cream**. Compounded from Nature's own ingredients by an eminent skin specialist; it clears, whitens and beautifies the complexion; a 50c box of **Empress Nail Gloss** and **Empress Gloss Remover**—a new preparation which gives your nails a beautiful flesh tint polish with one stroke, instantly, without buffing or polishing, and will last two weeks re-

gardless of what work you do with your hands; a 60c bottle of **Empress Manicure Oil**, a scientific cuticle remover compounded of soothing oils, no acid, no soreness, no hangnails; a full-size \$1.00 box of **Empress Face Powder**, made entirely of imported materials, under the supervision of a skin specialist. Will preserve—not destroy—even the most delicate skin. All shades. Scented with French perfume.

These Empress preparations would cost you at the regular price, \$4.60—and they are worth every penny of it. On my Surprise Introductory Offer, I will send you the entire package for only \$2.85.

SEND NO MONEY

I am willing to lose money on this offer because the advertising value of placing these preparations on your dressing table will be worth a great deal to me. For obvious reasons, however, I cannot hold this offer open indefinitely, and neither can I repeat it to you. If you are pleased with Empress preparations your dealer will then supply you.

Take advantage of this Introductory Offer now. If, after trying the preparations you are not delighted, your money will be refunded promptly. Address, Jean LeDaree, care of

THE EMPRESS CO.

(Makers of Beauty Preparations since 1899)
Dept. 29, 820 Eighth Avenue, New York

FREE!

If you act promptly I will include free with your surprise package a beautiful rouge or powder compact in a metal vanity case. Mail the coupon at once and receive this compact free.

Jean LeDaree, care of
The Empress Company, Dept. 29,
820 Eighth Avenue, New York

Please send me, by parcel post, your surprise package containing your products as advertised in "Dream World". I will pay the postman \$2.85 plus the few cents delivery charges when the package arrives. If I am not delighted you agree to refund my money upon request.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Shade of Face Powder desired.....
Rouge or Powder compact.....



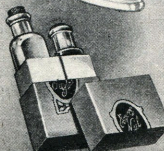
Empress
Liquid Pine
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Empress
Lemon
Cream



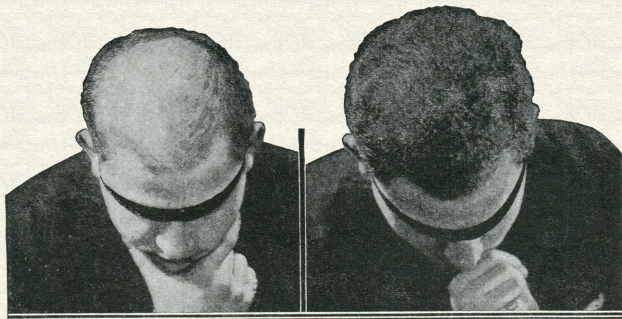
Empress
Nail Gloss



Empress
Manicure
Oil



Empress
Face
Powder



Here's Positive Proof That I Can Grow New Hair

These are true, unretouched photographs showing Mr. Murray Sandow's hair before—and 60 days after using my remarkable new treatment for baldness and falling hair. This is not a rare instance. Many others report equally astonishing results. To try my new discovery you need not risk a cent. For I positively *guarantee* results or charge you nothing. Mail coupon below for booklet describing my treatment and 30-Day Trial offer in detail.

By ALOIS MERKE

Founder of Merke Institute, Fifth Ave., N. Y.



FOR many months you have seen announcements concerning my new treatment for baldness and falling hair. If you are bald and have tried other treatments without results, then naturally you are skeptical. All right, I don't blame you.

But what better PROOF is there that I can *actually grow new hair* than these two photographs reproduced above. They illustrate a result that hundreds of others have written us they, too, have secured through use of my marvelous discovery. In this particular case, Mr. Murray Sandow, of New York City, started my treatment January 23, 1924—and sixty days later—as you can see—he had an almost entirely new growth of hair.

Entirely New Method

My invention involves the application of new principles in stimulating hair growth. It proves that in many cases of baldness—the hair roots are not *dead*—but merely *dormant*. The reason tonics and other treatments fail to grow new hair is because they do not *reach* these *dormant hair roots*, but instead simply treat the *surface* of the scalp.

To make a tree grow, you would not rub "growing fluid" on the bark. Instead you would get right to the roots. And so it is with the hair.

No Excuse for Most Baldness

At the Merke Institute on Fifth Avenue, New York, I've treated scores of prominent stage and social celebrities—some paying as high as \$500 for the results my methods produced. Yet now, by means of the Merke Thermocap Treatment, adapting the same principles to home use—thousands of

men and women everywhere are securing the desired results—right in any home where there is electricity—and for just a few cents a day!

I don't say my treatment will grow hair in every case. There are some cases that nothing in the world can help. But since so many others have regained hair this new way, isn't it worth a trial—especially since you do not risk a penny? For at the end of a month if you are not more than delighted with the growth of hair produced, you won't be out a cent. That's my absolute *Guarantee*. AND YOU ARE THE SOLE JUDGE.

Coupon Brings FREE Book

No matter how thin your hair may be—no matter how many methods you have tried without results, send at once for the 32-page book telling about this wonderful SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT. It gives scores of reports from others which indicate what this treatment will mean to you. Merely fill in and mail the coupon below and I will gladly send you the vitally interesting 32-page booklet giving full details about the famous Merke Thermocap Treatment. Clip and mail the coupon today. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 739, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,

Dept. 739, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, the free copy of the new booklet describing in detail the Merke Thermocap Treatment.

Name.....
(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

City.....State.....

\$90 Drafting Course Free

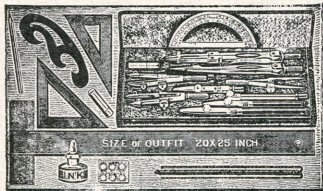
There is such an urgent demand for practical, trained Draftsmen that I am making this special offer in order to enable deserving, ambitious and bright men to get into this line of work. I will teach you to become a Draftsman and Designer, until you are drawing a salary of \$250.00 a month. You need not pay me for my personal instruction or for the complete set of instruments.

\$250 a Month

Starting salary according to my agreement and guarantee. Draftsmen's work is pleasant and profitable. Positions are open paying \$3,600.00 a year in the best surroundings. They are open everywhere. Thousands of men are needed who have just the kind of training I will give you. You can get this training during spare time in your own home.

Mail the Coupon

for my valuable book — "Successful Draftsmanship." It explains how YOU can become a Successful Draftsman in a short time. The book is free at present, so write AT ONCE.



Earn While Learning

You can be earning a handsome income while learning at home. This is a special offer I am making. Absolutely no obligations of any kind in sending coupon. But you must write at once, as I limit the number of my students.

Mail the FREE Coupon at once for my book — "Successful Draftsmanship," also list of open positions and for the free offer to be earning good money at once while learning at home. This offer is limited and in order to benefit thereby — act at once.

Chief Draftsman Dobe

1951 Lawrence Ave., Div. 12-26. Chicago, Ill.

Chief Draftsman Will Train You Personally

on practical Drafting-room work **Until** you are competent and **Until** you are in a permanent position at a salary paying at least \$250 per month. This is an exceptional opportunity for a few selected ambitious men, between the ages of 16 and 50 whom I will train personally.



Send the Coupon or a letter and let me tell you how you can become a Draftsman in your spare time and earn a good salary. Don't delay — send the coupon at once.

I Guarantee
To instruct you until competent and in a permanent paying position at a regular Draftsman's salary of at least \$250 per month and guarantee to furnish you free complete Draftsman's working outfit at once from theater.

FREE—this \$25⁰⁰ Draftsman's Working Outfit

These are regular working instruments, the kind I use myself. I give them free to you if you enroll at once. **Send the Free Coupon today.**

Free Course Offer Coupon Chief Draftsman Dobe

1951 Lawrence Ave. Div. 12-26, Chicago
Without any obligation to me please mail your book, "Successful Draftsmanship" and full particulars of your liberal "Personal Instruction" offer to a few students. It is understood I am obligated in no way whatever.



Name

Address

I Guarantee To Reduce You Quickly, Pleasantly — to Music

Try My Enjoyable Method for Five Days—
Without Any Obligation to Keep It

By "Pat" Wheelan

"The Man Who Keeps People Slender"

TWO years ago I devised a new method by which the most overweight person can quickly reduce to normal, ideal weight and figure—and enjoy doing it.

It's different—this new "musical method." No strenuous gymnastics—no dieting, drugs, baths or appliances of any kind. I merely set certain simple yet scientifically designed reducing movements to the liveliest, catchiest music I could find. And it has had marvelous results. I've seen 20, 40, 60 and even 70 pounds taken off in only a few weeks.

A New Reducing Method That's FUN

Everyone who uses it calls it FUN. They say the music makes it as keenly enjoyable as dancing. Yet it has taken off the pounds like magic. Heavy, lumbering figures have quickly become slender and graceful again. Complexions have cleared—dull eyes once more sparkle. Many seem ten and fifteen years younger after only a few short weeks.

At first I used this new method only with my personal pupils, among them some of the wealthiest and best-known people in New York. These men and women had both the time and the money to take any or all of the famous "cures" of Europe and America. Yet they came to me—and they paid me big fees—because I could show them how to obtain the same results without any disagreeable inconveniences and without any punishing self-denials.

Now Offered to One and All

After a while it occurred to me that there was no reason why my new method could not be used by *anyone* who had a phonograph. I had been using a phonograph to furnish the music for my private lessons. If, in addition to the music, I gave the directions and commands with my own voice, it would amount to exactly the same thing as my personal instruction. And thousands of people would be able to benefit, where only a few hundred could before.

So I had my entire course reproduced on five special double-disc records.

Thousands of men and women have since followed my little lessons through

How Much Overweight Are You?

Ideal Weights for Women →

Age	4'8"	4'10"	5'	5'2"	5'4"	5'6"	5'8"	5'10"
20	106	110	115	120	127	135	143	151
30	108	112	117	122	131	139	148	156
40	106	110	114	120	129	137	146	154
50	102	106	110	116	123	131	140	148
60	97	101	105	110	117	125	134	142
70	95	99	103	107	114	122	131	139

Age	5'	5'2"	5'4"	5'6"	5'8"	5'10"	6'	6'2"
20	126	131	138	147	156	163	174	186
30	130	134	140	149	157	166	177	189
40	123	127	133	140	149	159	170	181
50	118	122	128	134	143	153	163	174
60	113	117	123	129	138	148	158	168
70	112	116	122	127	136	146	156	166

Ideal Weights for Men ←

their phonographs—with the same amazing results as my personal pupils—and at but a small fraction of the cost. Grateful letters like the following pour in on me:

"I feel it but right and proper to tell you what wonderful results I have obtained in just this short time. I have lost 4½ pounds and have only had the records five days. I find them not only beneficial but extremely pleasant and fascinating. You are at perfect liberty to use my name, for I want all people to know just how good your method is."

Mrs. George Anderson,
2017 South 9th Street,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

I Guarantee Results

All you have to do is to follow the simple instructions my voice gives you—going through certain graceful, swaying movements in time to a rousing march or dreamy waltz—and you—*anyone*—can reduce in an amazingly short time to your normal, ideal weight. I've seen it happen so often, so infallibly, that I can absolutely guarantee it.

No matter what your present weight—no matter what other more strenuous and disagreeable methods you may have tried in vain—I guarantee to remove your unwelcome fat quickly and effectively. If I do not, the trial will not cost you a penny.

For every man and woman there is a definite standard of weight—the weight that produces the ideal figure—ideal for beauty and attractiveness—ideal, too, for health and vigor. These standards are shown above for every age and height. Consult the tables now. Find out how much you are over-weight. Then remember that I guarantee to take off all those excess pounds—to quickly and surely bring back your youthful, slim figure—to restore you, perhaps as never before, to abounding vitality and health. And you'll call it FUN to do it.

Try It At My Risk— Send No Money

So sure am I that you will have the same marvelous results as thousands of others—and that you will notice these results at once—that I am

willing to send you the complete course on trial. You may try it in your own home for five days, without the slightest obligation to keep it.

Simply mail the coupon—or write a letter if you prefer—and I will at once send you the entire course—the book of instructions and the 5 double-disc records—in a plain container, so that no one need know you are trying it if you do not wish them to. When it arrives, pay the postman only \$2.98, plus a few cents postage, in full payment. If you decide to keep the course after trying it for 5 days, there will be no further charges. But if for any reason at all you decide NOT to keep it, merely return it to me within 5 days and your money will be refunded instantly and without question. You are to be the sole judge.

But, in justice to yourself, *investigate*. See for yourself, without risking a penny, how your superfluous flesh can be carried away so quickly you can almost see it go. See how easy it is to lose as much as a pound a day—many others have done it. Note how much better you feel and look.

Mail the coupon today. The number of sets is limited, and this offer may have to be withdrawn. So investigate at once. Remember, I guarantee results, and my refund offer protects you from all risk. "Pat" Wheelan, 159 Cambridge Bldg., Fifth Avenue, New York.

"Pat" Wheelan
159 Cambridge Bldg., Fifth Avenue
New York City

Send at once, IN PLAIN WRAPPER, the 5 DOUBLE-DISC records, together with the necessary instructions which are designed to give me a perfect figure through the most fascinating method ever known. When the postman delivers me the package, I will deposit with him only \$2.98, plus a few cents postage, and if I keep it there are to be no further charges at any time. But if I am not satisfied, I may return the full course within 5 days, and you are then to refund my money at once. I am to be sole judge.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....



\$1.00
Down
Brings this

Beautiful Combination Writing Desk and Bookcase

Yes, only \$1 with the coupon below brings this handsome and useful piece of furniture to your home on trial. Here is something that's a real necessity in a well furnished home. Hardly a day passes but some one in the family has occasion to use a writing desk. And here is a place to keep all writing material, paper, envelopes, etc. A place, too, to put away letters and papers you want to keep. And a handsome, convenient bookcase besides. Read this wonderful offer!

30 Days Trial

Just \$1 with the coupon below brings this writing desk and bookcase to your home on 30 days' trial. Use it just as if it were your own; note the wonderful convenience; examine the sturdy construction; see what a handsome piece of furniture it is. After 30 days, if you wish, you may return it at our expense and we'll refund your \$1.00 plus all freight charges you paid. No risk to you; no cost for the trial.

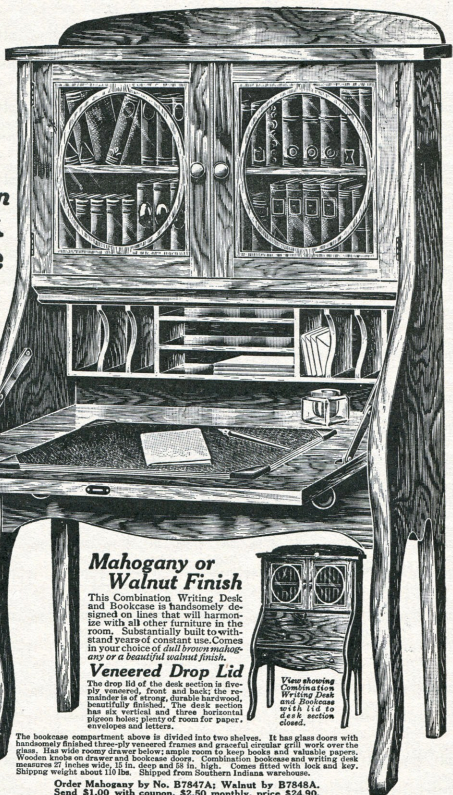
\$2.50 a Month

But if you decide to keep the Writing Desk and Bookcase pay only \$2.50 a month—you'll scarcely feel the expense—until you have paid that rock-bottom smashed price, **only \$24.90!** A real bargain—just compare the price with spot cash prices for equal value in the retail stores—yes, or anywhere else. And Straus & Schram gives almost a year to pay, besides. We trust honest people anywhere in the U. S. No discount for cash, nothing extra for credit, no C. O. D.

Bargain Price Send NOW!

Only a limited number on this special sale at the bargain price. Only \$1.00 with the coupon brings the Writing Desk and Bookcase on 30 days' trial. Satisfaction guaranteed or your \$1 plus all freight charges refunded. A real opportunity; don't miss it! Send coupon now while this offer lasts.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 1816 Chicago



Mahogany or Walnut Finish

This Combination Writing Desk and Bookcase is handsomely designed on lines that will harmonize with all other furniture in the room. Substantially built to withstand years of constant use. Comes in your choice of *dull brown mahogany* or a *beautiful walnut finish*.

Veneered Drop Lid

The drop lid of the desk section is finely veneered, front and back; the remainder is of strong, durable hardwood, beautifully finished. The desk section has six vertical and three horizontal pigeon holes; plenty of room for paper, envelopes and letters.

The bookcase compartment above is divided into two shelves. It has glass doors with handsomely finished three-ply veneered frames and graceful circular grill work over the glass. Has wide roomy drawer below; ample room to keep books and valuable papers. Wooden knobs on drawer and bookcase doors. Combination bookcase and writing desk measures 27 inches wide, 15 in. deep and 55 in. high. Comes fitted with lock and key. Shipping weight about 110 lbs. Shipped from Southern Indiana warehouse.

Order Mahogany by No. B7847A; Walnut by B7848A.

Send \$1.00 with coupon, \$2.50 monthly, price \$24.90.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 1816 Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$1.00. Ship special advertised Combination Writing Desk and Bookcase. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the Writing Desk and Bookcase, I will pay balance at \$2.50 per month. If not satisfied, I will return the Writing Desk and Bookcase within 30 days and you agree to refund my \$1.00 and any freight charges I paid.

(Check finish desired.)

☐ Mahogany Combination Writing Desk and Bookcase, B7847A, \$24.90
☐ Walnut Combination Writing Desk and Bookcase, B7848A, \$24.90

Name _____

Street, R.F.D. _____
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Post Office _____ State _____

If you want **ONLY** our free catalog of home furnishings, mark X here ☐



\$3 And it's yours

DOWN

The Greatest Typewriter Bargain Ever Offered

Right now we are making you the greatest typewriter offer you ever dreamed of—an eye opener. This wonderful standard Shipman-Ward Rebuilt Underwood only \$3.00 down. Ten days' free trial and the easiest monthly payments, shipped direct to you from our big factory.

Ten Days' Free Trial

Yes, only \$3.00 down puts this genuine late model Shipman-Ward Rebuilt Underwood in your home. You can try it, test it, and then decide. See for yourself how new it is, how it writes. You must be satisfied. Your \$3.00 unconditionally returned if at the end of ten days you are not satisfied. The entire transaction will not cost you one cent.

Easy Monthly Payments

Little more than rental. Balance of payments so small you will hardly notice them, while you enjoy the use of this wonderful machine. You don't have to scrimp and save to pay cash. All at a big saving to you.

Five Year Written Guarantee

With every typewriter we give a written guarantee. These machines are rebuilt like new by the famous SHIPMAN-WARD PROCESS. Equipped

with late improvements. You can't tell them from a new machine. The world's standard typewriter, the same models as sold by the Underwood Typewriter Company today, at a big saving to you. Act Now! Get this splendid offer and save money.

Free Book of Facts

Write for this free book of facts explaining Shipman-Ward's wonderful system of rebuilding typewriters. We show you exactly how it's done. How you are able to buy them. Complete and valuable information about the typewriter industry, both instructive and educational.

ACT NOW! Mail this coupon today.

Free with Every Typewriter

A complete course in touch typewriting. You don't have to know how to operate a typewriter. You can learn to operate this machine in one day. We also give free a waterproof cover and all tools that come with a typewriter.

From Factory to You

These machines are shipped direct from our factory—the largest typewriter rebuilding plant in the world. They are rebuilt by the famous SHIPMAN-WARD PROCESS. Developed through 30 years in the typewriter business. Through our money saving methods of rebuilding and elimination of a large expensive sales force we are able to make this wonderful money saving offer to you. **ACT TODAY**, take advantage of it and you will save money.



All Shipments made direct to you from our modern factory—the largest typewriter rebuilding plant in the world.

FREE BOOK COUPON

Shipman-Ward Mfg. Co.

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Send by return mail your wonderful offer of Shipman-Ward Standard Rebuilt Underwood, also your Free book of facts. (This is not an order and does not obligate me in any way.)

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SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. CO.

3316 Shipman Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Montrose and Ravenswood Aves.

Into the Dream World

By BERNARR MACFADDEN

THE night has fallen.

Your duties for the day are done.

It is your rest time and you sink into peaceful slumber.

And then you begin to dream. You enter the imaginary world of subconsciousness.

If you are poor, you dream that you are rich. You live in a castle and are attended by a host of servants. Everything your heart may desire is yours.

And if you are rich; if you have been encumbered with the responsibilities of wealth; if your position in life, so strictly dominated by convention, has bored and irritated you beyond recall, you dream of being poor.

And free to come and go without being hindered by the ties that wealth brings.

The poor man finds himself growing rich in the dream world.

The rich man lays aside the heavy loads that come with wealth.

And both can dream they are free from the environments and conditions which were monotonous and irritating.

In our dreams the poor vagrant can hobnob with kings. He can play with royalty and be blinded to the defects which they possess in real life.

We place a halo around the things we love, and a "smoke screen" around that which we hate.

We can see black at will in those whom we have painted black; we can see white in those whose purity we do not question.

In our dreams we try to get a reverse motion — to get away from the monotony of life as we lived it.

We are searching for freedom. We want to tear off the shackles.

To some these shackles are represented by wealth, to others they may come in the form of poverty.

But the DREAM WORLD refuses to recognize any difference.

The rich, the poor—all are treated alike within this realm.

And it beckons you, welcomes you. It maintains open house at all sleepy times.

Enter into it all you who may be weary of the monotony and sor didness of reality.

And in the DREAM WORLD you will find the radiance that will glorify your experience until—you awake to a new day.

Small Town MORALS

A YEAR ago I was one of the thousands of unregarded girls in a great rubber factory in Akron. To-day I am the happiest and most fortunate girl in the world. There's a good deal of a story in between. Perhaps other girls who get discouraged might like to read it, and see how I climbed out of the ruck.

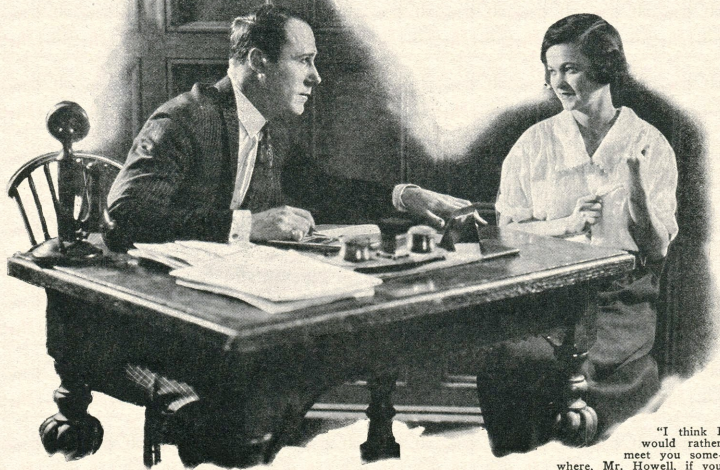
I must go back a little before my rubber factory days. I was born in West Virginia in a little settlement not far from Wheeling. My family was as poor as any family could be and hold together. But there was some spark of ambition in me in spite of the poverty and ignominy of our lives. I went to school whenever I could in spite of my bare feet, and ragged clothes. I read every scrap of printing I could get hold of. My poor mother, old before her time, used to tell me sometimes that her family claimed descent from the best blood of old

England. "Blood will tell," she would say. "You'll be like some of your fine forebears." If we had come from a best family we had come a long way, for ours was pretty close to a worst family. My father was lazy and worthless, drinking whenever he could get the price; my mother had almost lost every spark of ambition and pride. I went to Sunday-school and the kind old minister took an interest in me, and loaned me books. From them I learned of other ways of life than those of our forgotten little corner of the world and I resolved that some day I would get out and learn things too.

WHEN I was seventeen I got a job clerking in the general store, because I knew enough writing and arithmetic to keep the crude books. As soon as I drew wages I fixed my clothes a little. I could sew, and I bought stuff cheap at the store, and made myself a couple of cotton dresses. I bought myself a pair of slippers and the first hat I ever had owned in my life. I helped mother a bit with my money. I suppose city people would laugh at how puffed up I felt with my five dollars a week, but I accomplished more with it than some city women I came to know afterward, could do with ten times that.

Then just when I got to feeling that I was on the way to be somebody, I was tumbled down lower than ever.

At the time it seemed a cruel thing to happen to



"I think I would rather meet you somewhere, Mr. Howell, if you wish to talk with me," I said

You people of larger minds don't know how cruel the people of a small town can be when they are hounding some poor girl. Whether she is guilty or innocent makes no difference. I lost my job and then—

a girl who was trying with all her might to be decent. But later on I saw that it was the best thing for me. If it hadn't happened I'd have stayed in the settlement. It drove me out and made me see that I must swim or sink alone. I guess most of the hard things that happen to us are good for us, as we see when we look back on them after they're long past.

I WASN'T exactly a homely girl, and when I got my pretty new dresses the boys began to notice that I was alive. There was a picnic back in Sinclair Woods up in the hills, and Dode Fisher invited me to go with him. I didn't care much about Dode, but it was the first time I had ever been invited to go out with a boy, so I accepted.

Dode and I got separated from the crowd, and we weren't there to go home with the others when the wagons were ready to start. When we did get back to the place there was no one there. We had to walk home, and arrived at midnight. I went to bed quite calmly. Dode had tried to kiss me, but I put him in his place quickly enough and there had been no more nonsense.

I awoke in the morning to find my reputation gone. "It's just what you might have expected of one of the Carter girls," said the women of the town and persons turned away from me in the street to avoid speaking. They refused to buy from me in the store. On Sunday the girls in my Sunday-school class made it clear that if I were coming, they would not. Oh! You people of larger minds don't know how cruel the people of a small town can be when they are hounding some poor girl who has made a mistake. Whether she is guilty or innocent makes no difference. If she has got herself in a place where it looks as if she has done wrong she is doomed.

I SOON found that I would have to leave town. I lost my job in the store, and I couldn't get another.

Six months before my Uncle Pratt had gone up to Akron, and had got work in one of the big rubber

factories. He wrote back twice urging my father to come to Akron, saying he could get good work with big pay for himself and the children. My father even considered going, not that he wanted work himself, but he thought that he could send my sisters and me to the factories. He gave it up, partly because he was too lazy to make the effort, and partly because he said, "In them big cities I've heard that the young ones don't respect their parents at all. Maybe after I took all the trouble of moving up there the girls would cut away, and not give me their wages."

I resolved to go up to Akron. My last pay was just about enough for a ticket. So I got Uncle Pratt's address from mother, and left just a week after the picnic.

That was the first time I'd ever

I took refuge behind a table



been on a train, and you wouldn't believe how scared I was. And then it seemed to be carrying me so far from home. The train went on and on, past farms and towns. I knew I'd never get back, and I'd have no one to help me. I had to stiffen my backbone, and make my own way now.

When I got to Akron I don't believe I would ever have dared leave the depot, but for a kind lady who came and found out where I wanted to go. She put me on the right bus and told the man where to let me off. It was such a great big city, and so crowded and noisy and smoky. All the people went rushing about, and didn't seem to have time to stop a minute.

I found Uncle Pratt's boarding place all right. It was a great big house, but it reminded me of home because it was so crowded and untidy. The landlady was kind and gave me a little attic room. But I made up my mind I wouldn't stay there after I began to earn money. I meant to live in a nice place.

"Now, then, your name, please."

I looked up with a start. The foreman of the room had come back, and was in the chair by the desk. I was looking into the face of the man who became at the moment, and will be forever, my ideal of all that is splendid in manhood.

Lynn Howell wasn't especially good looking. You could have walked through any room in the factory and picked out a handsomer man. But there was something of the real man that shone out, and made you know he stood far above the mob. In my narrow life I had never even seen a man anything like him. You knew at once that he was honorable and clean and just. Ignorant little country girl that I was I felt that here was a man to be trusted.

I told him my name and the other particulars that were to go on the slip he was making out.

"You've had no experience, of course?"

His voice and the way he spoke were different from anything in my experience.

"No, sir."


"I'll put you over here with Miss Clay for to-day. She will teach you the work. I hope you will do well, and like it."

There was a little smile at these last words. But he didn't look at me as if I were a girl at all. If a boy

had been in my chair he would have spoken and acted just the same. I learned soon that he treated all the girls in just that impersonal way. And he called them Miss. There were no familiarities of any kind in his department.

I found that the Miss Clay who was to teach me was the brown-eyed girl who had smiled. From that moment the clouds seemed lifting a little. Laura Clay became my friend, and she helped me a lot. She patiently taught me my work, which was to paste little loops of rubber on the hot water bottles. I soon learned and was able to go on by myself. Mr. Howell saw me working alone and came over to stand beside me for a moment. Then he said, "You're doing very well, Miss Carter, and you learned quickly." How I treasured that bit of praise.

LAURA took me out with her at noon to the company cafeteria, and when she found I had no money, she loaned me enough for my lunches that week. She walked out with me at night, but we had to part at the door, for she went north, while I turned south.



Uncle Pratt seemed glad to see me when he arrived in the evening but made it plain that I must look out for myself. He would not be responsible for my board bill. I went out with him next morning and he left me in the employment office of that great sprawling factory that covered as much ground as the whole town I had left. They needed girls so I got a job. A smart looking girl took me through what seemed miles of long rooms and then left me in a chair beside a desk.

I saw him giving an order sheet to Peebles

"Mr. Howell will be back shortly," said the girl. "They telephoned him from the office about you."

I WAS left there about half an hour. After a while I got up courage to look about me. There were some girls at work at a long table over near the window. They were sizing me up, and whispering and giggling. There were some men moving about at the far end of the enormous room, but I could not tell what any of them were doing. I wondered forlornly how I should ever find my way out at quitting time, and then how I should find my way back again. I looked over the girls again, and decided that I would try to make friends with a pleasant brown-eyed girl who sat at the end of the table. She saw me looking and gave me a friendly little smile so I knew I would dare ask her to show me the way out.

"Just keep straight up Main Street," she said, "and you'll come to your street."

I looked around for Uncle Pratt. But I saw how foolish that was. There were thousands of workers pouring out, so I just drifted south with the crowd.

The next day I confided to Laura that I wanted to get a room in a nicer house.

"I live in an awfully nice place," she said, "but it's no use hoping to get you in there. You couldn't get another girl in with a shoehorn, and Mrs. Megrow has a long waiting list. But you go to the Y. W. Branch. It's just a little way from here. Miss Lyon will send you to some nice place, and she'll give you any other help you want."

I AM surely glad I took Laura's advice about going to the Branch, for I was not only directed to a nice room, but Miss Lyon, seeing that I wanted to improve myself, told me about the night classes and helped me to pick out books. From that day I left the old life behind me as entirely as if I had stepped into another world.

The girl who worked next to me was Dessie Combs. The second day I was there she turned to me and whispered just after Mr. Howell passed, "What do you think of the boss?"

"I didn't know there was anything to think of him," I answered.

"Oh," said Dessie in peppery tones, "so you're that kind of a girl, are you? One of the smart highbrows. Seems to me you're putting on quite a lot for a green girl from West Virginia."

Dessie was never really my friend after that. She was always ready to give me little sharp digs when she could. When she found I was going to night classes she made a joke of it before all the girls. The time came when she tried to do me a real injury and if I had ever been the least bit gay or silly I would have been in a bad situation.

What did I think of the boss? I thought of very little else. I tried to speak in a low voice, and to learn good English. I heard the girls say he was a college man, so I tried to learn all I could so that if he ever did

notice me he wouldn't find me ignorant. And I meant that he should notice me. I deliberately set out to get that man. I ordered my whole life to try to be the quiet refined girl I thought he would like. When I began to draw wages Laura went with me to buy clothes, and I bought the best I could afford, but I kept away

from the gay colors and extreme style favored by some of the other girls. I knew he wouldn't like glaring things. I went to night school for him. I read the books that Miss Lyon told me were read by cultured people. Perhaps you've wondered that I could express myself in fairly correct English after I told you what sort of a home I had. I accomplished that in making myself after the pattern I thought Lynn Howell would like.

I wonder how many girls set out to make themselves over for some man. Of course, there are the silly boys and girls that just sort of drift together almost like animals mating. They are the ones that find the divorce court a year later. Neither one wants to give up a single thing to the other. But when a girl really, and seriously, falls in love she is willing to do anything to make herself worthy of the man.

I never accepted invitations from the men I met around the shop. My experience at home had been enough to make me very cautious, and besides that I wasn't going to have Mr. Howell

hear that I had been running around with Tom, Dick, and Harry. I had never been in a picture show when I came to Akron. I saw my first one in Laura's company, and after that we went about once in two weeks. Laura wouldn't run around either. She was engaged to a man in Cleveland.

I HAD been in Akron about ten months. I was doing well with my work, and I felt that once more I was on my way up out of the low condition of my childhood when, one day on my way to lunch, I came face to face with Dode Fisher in a hallway.

He grinned with pleasure at the sight of me and



I shrank in closer behind the cooler

wanted to stop and talk. But I gave him a pretty cold answer. I hadn't forgotten that he did nothing to stop the gossip about me back home. He bothered me for several days asking me to go to the movies and to dances with him. At last I made it very plain that I wasn't going anywhere with him and that I didn't want to see him any more. He took mean revenge. He had got acquainted with Dessie and he told her of the gossip about me back home never mentioning that he was the boy concerned.

SOON noticed the coldness of the other girls at the table. Dessie had spread the story well. They told

Laura, but she, like a good friend, declared she didn't believe a word of it. She had gone with me for ten months and knew me pretty well. But she thought I ought to know what they were saying and told me. I felt pretty sick about it. I couldn't see why I had to be hounded like this when I had always tried to do right. But it wasn't as bad in the big city as it had been back home. There everyone was against me. Here I had many friends left, Laura and Miss Lyon, and half a dozen nice girls at the boarding house. The worst was the men. They had heard, too, and they began speaking to me familiarly and Chick Peebles, whom I particularly detested, caught me behind a stack of boxes one day and tried to kiss me. "If you ever touch me again I'll report you to Mr. Howell," I said in my anger.

"Oh, you keep all your favors for the boss, do you," said Chick Peebles with an ugly sneer.

I WAS praying that Mr. Howell wouldn't hear. But Dessie carried the story to him with the virtuous explanation that the girls didn't like to work with a girl as bad as I was. Laura was at the water cooler near the desk and overheard and told me about it afterward.

Mr. Howell answered Dessie, "I don't believe Miss Carter is the sort of girl you say. She has been here six months and she is the most ladylike girl in the room."

Then he called me for an interview to the little partitioned room in the corner that served as an office. To think that after waiting ten months to be noticed by my hero it should be on such an occasion as this. Dessie looked pretty sick when I came into the room, for he had made her stay to repeat to me what she had said.

When she had finished I took no notice of her, but spoke directly to Mr. Howell.

"It is true that I left my home because of the gossip about me in the town. But the gossip was a lie. I went to a picnic with a young man. We wandered too far from the crowd and were left behind when the wagons took them back to town. We had to walk home and arrived after midnight. There was absolutely no foundation for the things people said about me. If you know how a small town acts you know I couldn't stay there after that, even though I was innocent. And the man who has spread that story here is the one who knows it is false from beginning to end. He is the man that took me to the picnic."

"Miss Carter, I believe your story. No one could look at you and think you were other than a good girl. Miss Combs, I would advise you to be less ready to

repeat an ugly story. Remember you may not have heard the last of this. As for the man who told the story, I know who he is, and I'll settle with him."

WE went back to our places and I felt that the lie had been disposed of for good. But it hadn't run all of its ugly course yet, for Mr. Howell had made several enemies in defending me. I heard rumors that he had thrashed Dode Fisher and made him acknowledge that it was a lie before a crowd of men. He threatened Chick Peebles with a similar fate if he said any more about it. I never knew exactly what happened but I did know these two men were now ready to do Mr. Howell harm

if they could and Dessie Combs would have been glad to help them.

It was not long before little things began to go wrong in the department. A piece of machinery was damaged by carelessness, but you couldn't find out who was to blame. An order was tampered with and caused lots of confusion and bad feeling. Of course all of these things were marks against the foreman.

And I was the cause of the bad feeling and trouble. I had decided that the right thing for me to do was to quit; to look for a job in one of the other factories. I could get one easily now that I had experience. But I wanted to find some excuse to warn Mr.

Howell that he'd better discharge Chick Peebles and Dode.

The water cooler in our room was located in a good spot for anyone who wanted to spy. It was back in a sort of niche in the wall made by a partition. Laura had been standing there the time she overheard Dessie talking to Mr. Howell.

I had gone for a drink about the middle of the afternoon. I was ahead of the girls working with me so I did not need to hurry. Mr. Howell was not at his desk. I leaned back against the wall, sipping the water in a leisurely way, and looking over the room.

"This will fix him," said a voice so close to me that I started. It was Chick Peebles talking. I saw then that two men were standing just beyond the door into the next room. They were not more than six feet from me.

"It ought to," said Dode. "He isn't at his desk now, and you keep watch out here so if he comes along you can stop him and ask him some questions. I'll signal Dessie, and she'll bring it. I'll take it to the stockroom, and hide it until we get a chance to fix it up. There isn't a chance for a hitch. He don't even know the boy brought it up."

I shrank in closer behind the cooler. I didn't want anyone to see now. I hoped none of the other girls would come for a drink in the next few minutes.

I SAW Dode step to the door. Dessie must have been watching for him. He made a little motion with his hand. Dessie looked over the room to see if anyone was noticing. All of the girls were bent over their work. She started toward the door, passing very close to Mr. Howell's desk, and taking a paper that lay there. I could see that it was a folded yellow paper, and I had learned to know that the order sheets were yellow. She handed it to Dode as she went by and I saw him give the order sheet to Peebles. I didn't dare (Continued on page 81)

MY LADY FAIR

By MAGDALEN COOKE

My lady fair I'd deck your hair
With pearls, and jewels, all most rare,
I'd take a million kisses sweet,
And fashion sandals for your feet,
My lady fair.

My lady fair, if you would share
My path through life, I'd never care
If all the skies be dark and drear,
Your smile would banish every fear,
My lady fair.

Love's Recompense

"Little girl, you fill that awful, aching void in my heart and life," he said to me. "All winter I have longed for you, and yet—" he lifted my face and I could see how he suffered. "It isn't fair!" I cried. But there came a day when I knew I had been wrong—



"Beth, dear little girl," I heard him say

I WAS raised in a cultured home in Back Bay, Boston. My forbears were among the founders of our country and I have ever been proud of race and tradition—my people were Puritans, orthodox and religious, and I had every advantage.

My mother was a natural born singer and I inherited her talent. I studied with the best vocal teachers in the

East, and I traveled in Europe and Egypt after my schooling was completed.

We were not wealthy, and I took a position as art instructor in a girl's private school. When I was twenty-three I decided to spend a summer in the West. In spite of my careful training I longed for an adventure—a thrill-life had always been too conventional—and there was something in me that I knew if roused would defy the bounds that had guarded me all my life.

MY mother worried not a little about some paternal progenitor who had been a sea rover, and a man whose escapades are still debated in the coast towns. It was a family skeleton and always caused me a good deal of merriment. So when I decided to go West, mother's admonitions were many—for the West to her was sage brush, Indians, cow-boys, and poor English, such incidents as the Rockies, Yosemite Valley and Glacier Park were minor affairs.

"Do be careful Beth; you know you have a heedless streak, and I couldn't stand any shock."

So I set out in June for three months of abandon.

As I write this, twelve years after, I can still see the Rockies, still feel their glory, their bigness, their sublimity. If my life had been narrow, cramped, alien, I now felt nearer to God than I ever had before, my viewpoint of life broadened; the shackles that had bound me were loosed.

I went from one place of scenic beauty to another, going about as my fancy led. I still had Portland to visit, for a college friend of mine lived there, and then I was to go back to Boston and my school. But I didn't go, not then, and when I did—

I had only a few days to stay in Portland, for it was nearing the last of August. Daisy, my friend, was on the music committee in a large church and the

Sunday I was to be there she wanted me to sing.

I had done this many times in many churches but that Sunday morning I sang it to a man I had never seen before, Dr. Marshall, who had walked past the choir and into the pulpit.

As he passed he turned and for one moment our eyes met and held, but in that moment I felt he looked into my very soul and saw it stir—for I loved him!

NOT a passing infatuation of a school girl, but the awakening in my heart of an emotion, so strange, so powerful, so wonderful, that life never was the same again.

"Love Divine All Love Excelling"—was the hymn I sang that Sabbath evening. I knew my voice had never sounded so beautiful. I knew a harmony, a fullness, a quality was there that vocal instruction did not give.

That man, who arose in his consecrated manhood, and held his audience with his magnetism and sincerity was my mate. I knew it, but I didn't know what circumstances bound his life, what duties held him, what destiny had cast for him.

I knew something responded in his look as his eyes held mine. How futile it all was, I was to learn later.

At the close of the service Daisy took me into the study. Dr. Marshall came forward and took my hand. His grasp thrilled me. I looked up, for he was very tall, his eyes dark and magnetic, his voice as musical as the vibrations of a cello.

"You sing wonderfully well, Miss Bradford. I wish you would take our soprano's place, she's leaving." Daisy brought her pressure at that. "Yes, and she would make a wonderful secretary, Dr. Marshall. Why not spend the year in Portland?"

When we left I asked Daisy casually about Dr. Marshall. "Oh, he's grand, we just adore him, he's only back from Europe a little over a year, studied over there—"

"Is he married?" I asked, my heart not daring to hope.

"YES; his wife is away visiting." I did not ask more, yet somehow I knew his wife was not thought fine enough for him.

Of course, I wanted to stay, although I knew I should not, so I sent in my resignation to the Boston School, and accepted the position of soprano and secretary to Dr. Marshall.

My work was delightful; the old church, a beautiful stone structure, the ivy-covered study at the side. I think my hours there were the happiest in my life.

Dr. Marshall was a virile, wonderful man, just thirty-four; not a moment of his day was he idle.

We enjoyed discussion. One day I happened to mention something about social ethics. He looked at me significantly as he answered, "Beth, man-made conventions are very faulty, but we are bound by them and although they cause a good deal of unhappiness they cause less than if we broke them." I agreed with him. That evening he invited me to his home to meet his wife, who had just returned.

I showed myself a true daughter of Eve when I thrilled because she was not beautiful, not even good-looking, and I knew I was.

She was tall, angular, and ungainly, and although she was but a bride of a year, it seemed to me she was as staid and settled as a grandmother. But she was kind to me, seemed to like me from the first, and that regard she didn't change.

Time passed too quickly, my happiness held a shadow, I loved the man I was daily associated with, with a love that held a passion and longing that only my careful conventional training kept suppressed.

I LIVED in a marvelous house of dreams, of make believe, and each day was tarnished because I knew my hopes had no foundation. This glorious house must come tumbling down before long.

I prayed for strength. I felt I could not go back and leave Dr. Marshall, and yet never, by word or look, had he led me to think he cared for me.

He was kind and thoughtful, always courteous, and that comradery that must exist between those intimately associated in the same work was delightful, but that was all.

And then winter was gone. I had still kept my secret. Spring with its golden mellowness, its mating birds, its stirring life, its blossoms with their perfume and sweetness, was filling the air, and I must turn my thoughts away off to New England and to the black abyss of despair, of unrequited love.

The first of April, Dr. Marshall went to another city to attend a conference. He was to be gone a week. Down in the study I was sorting over some

papers, when I came across his graduation picture, in cap and gown.

I caught the picture to me, I rained kisses on the likeness of the man I loved, then putting my head on his desk I sobbed as though my heart were breaking.

The door opened quietly, I didn't look up. I did not dare, but I heard, "Beth, dear little girl." He didn't finish. His picture was still in my hand. He must not know. My pride asserted itself. I'd lie.

I looked up, he was so tall, so wonderful, but I didn't speak for his eyes were full of tears.

"So you care, little Beth, you care like that?" His voice was husky.

"No I hate you. I am going back to Boston, I was lonely."

He walked over to the door, and turned the key, then he came back to where I was standing, my head down.

Gently he led me to a seat, sat down and took me on his knee, as though I were a child.

Oh, if I could have stayed there nothing would have mattered. I loved him with such intensity and I had tried so hard not to. Then he said very gently, "Beth, you know I am a gentleman. God knows, I'm a Christian, but I love you, I want you more than I ever did anything in life—"

I PUT my arms around his neck and I cried great shaking sobs that left me weak and spent.

So he loved me, wanted me, but then sinister and unlovely arose in my mind that wall impenetrable.

He waited until my sobs ended, and then he told me of his own life of disappointment.

"I must tell you a little personal history"—he continued, his voice low and tired it seemed to me. "My

Ten Dollars For Your Letter

DREAM WORLD invites its readers to give their opinions on the stories in this issue.

Write a letter to the Editors, DREAM WORLD, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and tell us which is the best story and which is the least worthy story.

We will pay \$10.00 for the best letter, \$5.00 for the second best letter, and \$3.00 for the third best letter.

wife is a good woman, and she loves me, as much as her nature can. Ours was a boy and girl affair. I went away, she stayed in the home town. When I came back I knew my boyhood romance had not stood the test. I didn't even care for her. But what could I do? We were engaged, her people expected we should marry, so did mine.

"I WAS a minister, the Shepherd of sheep, surely I must do my duty. I would be called fickle, inconsistent. So I married her—she doesn't know."

"Little girl, you fill that awful, aching void in my heart and life. All winter I have longed for you, and yet——" his voice broke—"I cannot love you."

He lifted my face and I could see how he suffered, the pulse in his

temple throbbed, and the cords in his neck stood out like ropes, his great body trembled and the desire was in me to consummate the love I felt for this man.

I was clay in his hands, "But why?" I cried in agony, "Why do we love? Why did I come here? It isn't fair."

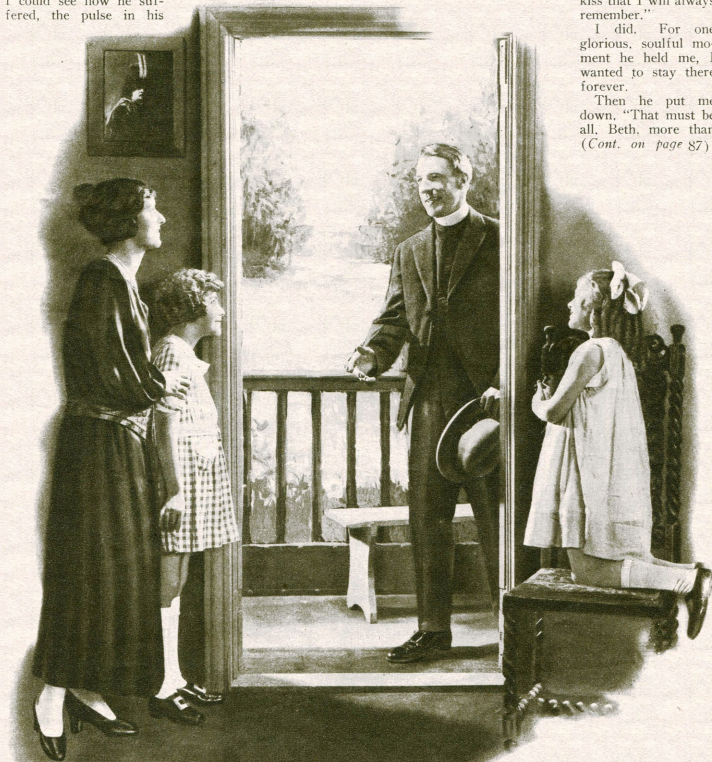
But he was the wiser, the stronger. "Much as we love, dear," he answered gently, "I cannot break up my home, shatter my ideals, ruin my usefulness. My wife is a good woman. No darling, God will chasten us by fire, but we must not falter."

Never did I doubt the power that kept that man of faith. Human endurance alone could not have stood that test.

He caught me to him in an embrace that hurt, "I want you to give me one kiss that I will always remember."

I did. For one glorious, soulful moment he held me, I wanted to stay there forever.

Then he put me down, "That must be all, Beth, more than
(Cont. on page 87)



He told me wifehood
and motherhood had
made me more beautiful

At the End of the

"To-morrow we land, Mimi," he whispered. I tried to laugh but the words left me cold. It was to be our last night together on board this great ship. And after to-morrow—still there was left to me—to-night!

FOUR husbands! And I had never even had one! Mrs. Fitz-Maurice Morgan Secures Divorce From Third Husband Wealthy Young Sportsman Reported To Be Number Four

This was the head line which I managed to read as I clung desperately to a Subway strap on my way down to work at Rebeaux's.

Mrs. Fitz-Maurice Morgan! I knew her well. "Send Nancy Flint to me," she would insist the minute she came into the shop. "She's just my

That hateful little beast had tried to kiss me

coloring and height and figure. I can always see how things will look on me when she tries them on."

A model's life in a fashionable Fifth Avenue modiste's is not all it's cracked up to be in the movies. Not by a jugful.

Mrs. Fitz-Maurice Morgan was about the most thrilling and exciting event that happened in my young life.

Just even to come remotely in contact with this dashing, naughty and fascinating divorcee from the world of fashion and society was a privilege.

Wearing lovely frocks and hats and slippers for other women to buy and own is what I call a mean, tantalizing sort of a job for a pretty girl who just longs and aches to actually possess them herself.

I WAS pretty. The girls all said I was lots prettier than Mrs. Morgan. Mrs. Morgan who had married and divorced three millionaires. And I was tragically twenty-six and single. From a distance, what with the clothes she wore and the care she took of her complexion, though she must have been at least thirty-three or thirty-four, Mrs. Morgan looked younger, if anything, than I did.

Well, I am drifting away from my story.

Can you imagine my amazement and delight when that very day after Mrs. Fitz-Maurice Morgan had just bought a half dozen evening gowns and four sport suits with hats to match, she called me to one side and said,

"Nancy Flint, would you like to go to Europe?"

I nearly fell through the floor I was so taken aback.

Mrs. Morgan laughed at my bewilderment. She had the prettiest teeth and laughed on every possible occasion in order to show them. The girls at Rebeaux's all said she was silly.

"I mean it, Nancy Flint. I have a proposal to make to you. You are such a nice girl, always so pleasant and

Rainbow

obliging, I'm sure we'd get on famously. My companion-secretary has left me and I want some one to go abroad with me. There is always so much scandal on shipboard. Reporters are the very bane of my existence. They pursue me as if I were a criminal. You would protect me from their impertinent intrusions, help me pick out clothes in Paris, take charge of the trunks. You would find the position congenial, I am sure."

I WAS so confused by her rapid talk that I had not collected my wits by the time she paused for a reply.

"Well, Nancy Flint, what do you say?"

I was dumbfounded. To go to Europe! To have a chance to break away from the dull routine of my job and home! To see the world, get a glimpse of life!

"Of course I will make it worth your while giving up your position here at Rebeaux's. I'm certain we'd be congenial. You have curious eyes."

"Curious eyes?"

"Yes. You are curious about life, interested in it. And you have never had much of a chance, have you?"

It was uncanny the way, as far as I was concerned, she had hit the nail on the head. So often it is the case that these women with reputations for being silly and frivolous are amazingly shrewd.

Needless to say I accepted Mrs. Morgan's offer.

I was so excited I could neither eat nor sleep for days.

AT home my family were infuriated. My mother wept over me. My father threatened to cast me off. Mrs. Fitz-Maurice Morgan was to them a shocking, wicked and immoral character, but neither tears, upbraidings nor denunciations could alter my decision.

"I am twenty-six years old. I know what I am doing. I'm sick to death of the humdrum rut of my existence."

Rebeaux's had let me have two or three models which were slightly worn and as I drove down in a taxi to the dock the morning we were to sail, I don't think that in all New York there could have been a happier or more excited girl.

Mrs. Morgan had given me the keys of her trunk, her passport, her traveler's check book, and as I went up the gang plank, I felt as if I were mounting straight to Heaven.

My people were so enraged at me that none of them had come down to see me off.

I had arrived at the steamer fairly early to see that the luggage was properly disposed of.



It was a radiogram addressed to me. I sat down too bewildered to think

Mrs. Morgan had told me that "a gentleman friend" was traveling on the same boat. I realized that I was to act as sort of a chaperone. Instinctively I knew that the "friend" was probably the wealthy sportsman the paper said was to be husband Number Four.

I went to Mrs. Morgan's suite on deck A and proceeded to unpack and set out the gold and tortoise toilet set, the atomizers, boudoir dolls, cushions and knick-knacks with which Mrs. Morgan embellished her cabin. Telegrams, boxes of candy, baskets of flowers and hampers of fruit began pouring in. Two reporters came to the door but I sent them off, mindful of Mrs. Morgan's wishes.

I was so busy and thrilled and excited that I paid no attention to the way the time was going.

WE were scheduled to sail at eleven. Mrs. Morgan I knew would arrive at the last minute. She had boastfully related to me her favorite method of making steamers. Once she had been hoisted aboard from a fast motor boat, which had overtaken the liner out in the Bay, another time she had dropped off from a hydroplane.

When I heard the whistles and sirens blowing, though I was a trifle nervous, I felt sure that Mrs. Morgan would arrive somehow before we actually sailed.

Among the floral offerings was a great basket of lily-of-the-valley and brown gold orchids. It must have

"To-morrow life is going to begin all over for both of us"

Suddenly I felt a spark of hope. I looked down. The Bay was full of hustling officious looking tugs and dashing motor boats. I looked up at the sky for sight of an aeroplane. Mrs. Morgan would arrive in one way or another.

I went back to the cabin to escape the curious interest of some of the other passengers. I felt awkward and self-conscious. I wished with all my heart that Mrs. Morgan would hurry and come.

But as the Statue of Liberty was left far behind us and we swung through the Narrows out into the sweep of the open sea my hope began to fail.

What had happened to Mrs. Morgan?

There was a knock at the door of the cabin.

I nearly fell over the basket of golden orchids in my eagerness to fling it open. At last she had come! But it was not Mrs. Morgan, only a white coated steward.

With a sinking feeling I took the envelope he handed to me.

It was a radiogram addressed to me. I tore the envelope open with trembling hands.

"Overslept. Actually missed the boat. Return from Cherbourg. Bon Voyage.—Morgan."

I sat down on the settee too bewildered to think.

Mrs. Morgan had missed the boat.

I was alone, all alone in this lovely flower filled suite.

Turn back at Cherbourg. Yes, but Cherbourg was a good six days off. Six days at sea! My eyes rested for a moment on a magnificent hamper filled with jellies and fruits and nuts.

I would have to eat these. They would last. Bon Voyage. She had wished me a pleasant journey.

What did it all mean?

Another knock at the door. Again the steward.

"Luncheon is served, madame."

I COULD see the man's eyes take in appreciately the wealth of flowers. His expression as he looked at me was a compliment.

As I went into the dining saloon I could feel that my entrance created nothing short of a sensation. Women nudged each other, craned their necks. The men stared. It was not until I heard one old dowager whisper to her neighbor, "That's her. That's Mrs. Morgan," that I realized what it was all about.

I sank eagerly into the seat the head waiter drew forward for me, anxious to avoid these curious glances.

So they took me for Mrs. Fitz-Maurice Morgan, the wickedly fascinating divorcee. What would they say if they knew I was only Nancy Flint, a hard working model at Rebeaux's?

A thought was born in my brain. Why need they know? Why for the six days of the trip might I not be Mrs. Morgan, have a (Continued on page 83)

cost a fortune. "Some man must be crazy about her to send her flowers like that," I thought wistfully as I set it down.

No one had sent me flowers. A box of peppermints, two pairs of silk stockings and a lace cap from the girls at Rebeaux's.

Suddenly I was aware that we were moving.

I rushed frantically to the door of the cabin right into the arms of a tall young man who seemed to be just outside.

"Oh, beg pardon, but—are we sailing already?"

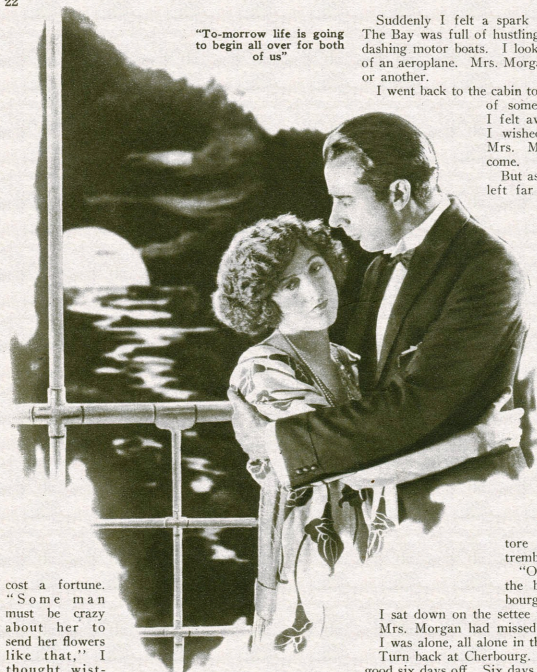
He smiled. "Why yes, we are off," and he pointed back to the wharf crowded with figures waving handkerchiefs and calling out last good wishes.

"Have we actually started? We won't stop again?" My throat felt dry and hollow.

At that he laughed outright, but I was too upset to be offended.

"No stops till Cherbourg."

NO stops till Cherbourg! The steady throb of the engines and the swirl of the water told me we were off indeed. But where was Mrs. Fitz-Maurice Morgan? A kind of terror seized me. I turned from the young man who acted amused at my distress. I rushed to the rail. Already New York seemed miles away. I felt ready to cry.



Hawaiian Moonlight

There under the glory of the tropic sky he spoke softly of his great love for me. The thought of it struck my quivering heart. I could never tell him. I could never be his. But the next morning—

WE were back home in Los Angeles for the holidays—my brother and I. I had been attending school in New York, Bobby his first year at Yale. I was eighteen, an artless, irresponsible school-girlish eighteen, entirely inexperienced in love, but athrill with the yearning for it, and deep in wondrous day-dreams.

"The Sheik" had just been published and my chum at school had procured a copy for me to read on the train.

"Bobby," I addressed my brother, as I eagerly finished

the last absorbing page and clasped the book to my breast, "Bobby, I certainly wish I could meet a man like the Sheik! It would be wonderful to be swept off one's feet like this girl was." I rocked idly back and forth in the porch hammock, my heart beating with excitement from my first sensational novel.

Bob, who was examining his golf clubs, looked suspiciously at me.

"Yes, you would—not!"

"Oh, but I would, Bob!" I opened my eyes very widely as I insisted on my statement. "I would love to be mastered, to be forced to do something I didn't want to, to meet a real caveman," I continued naively, "who would just—knock me down."

"You say that, but you'd yell your head off if a caveman came along. Forget this piffle and talk sense. Get your clubs and I'll show you how I've improved my stroke. Remember Jim Waldron, that crack golfer?" He ran on with all the ardor of the enthusiastic golfer and we spent the entire afternoon on the links.

Several weeks later we attended a dance at the Country Club. I had just finished an exhilarating one-step with Jack Lane, when someone thrust a note into my hand. I turned to look at the messenger, but he had disappeared. Excusing myself to Jack, I hastily scanned the few lines. "Meet me at once in the lilac bower. Important. Lester."

Lester? I puzzled for a moment. The only Lester I could recall was at his uncle's ranch in Montana. I decided to disregard the note, and continued dancing. About ten minutes later an attendant informed me I was wanted at the telephone.

"Hello, Miss Baxter?" the voice was deep and a trifle husky, but very pleasing in its eager tones.



"Betty you will have to go away somewhere until this blows over"

"Yes." I made brief reply.

"Please meet me at once. I must see you. The matter is extremely important."

"Who are you and what is it all about?"

"I cannot tell you over the 'phone," the man went on earnestly, "at least you can spare three minutes from the dance to listen to what I have to say."

MY curiosity was aroused. I told him I would meet him at the place he had designated.

The lilac bower was some little distance from the dance pavilion, and it was a cold evening. December in much-advertised "sunny California" is often decidedly chilly, but I flung my cape over my evening gown and covered the distance rapidly. The lilac-covered summer-house was in shadows and I was hesitating about entering it, when suddenly a hand was clapped over my mouth from behind, then a gag effectively took the place of the hand, a dark cloth was thrown over my head, and despite my frenzied struggles, I was picked up bodily and carried to a purring automobile.

Finally, after hours, it seemed to my terrorized brain, the car stopped and, struggling desperately, I was again carried a short distance. Then I was dropped rather carelessly on a couch and the gag removed from my mouth.

I gazed around me bewilderingly. I was in an apartment, obviously a man's. The room was dimly lighted. I could barely distinguish my captor but what I saw of him was enough. Straggly black hair fell over a wrinkled forehead, bushy eyebrows almost hid the gleaming eyes, the heavy growth of beard on his chin was repulsive.

"**W**HO are you?" I demanded, striving hard to retain my composure. "And how dare you—"

"My darling," he said, in a low, husky voice, "Fate has ordained our meeting. Take what the Gods offer, and waive aside all vain and idle questioning. You are mine! I saw you at the dance to-night, and immediately recognized you for my mate. I must have you."

He advanced toward me.

"You beast!" I cried out. "Let me out of here. Let me go! You are insane!" He crept closer.

I turned, rushed to the other side of the room, facing him from behind the huge

desk that stood as a bulwark for my protection. I was terrified.

"You are my mate," the man began again, shaking his hideous head. "You are mine and I shall have you and take you! You may struggle. Ah, but you love me, you feel my power, even as I feel your attraction."

He came closer to the desk behind which I trembled.

"Go away!" I shrieked. "You are mad!"

"Mad about you, yes! Why not? You are beautiful, and desirable. You shall be mine, all mine!"

SOMETHING in my brain seemed to snap. I saw red. I thrust my hand in the open drawer of the desk. My fingers encountered a revolver.

Without a moment's hesitation I raised the weapon and fired it point-blank at the man. He crumpled up and fell heavily to the floor. I didn't even look at him. I was gazing with fascinated eyes at the revolver. The next instant I was startled by hearing someone shout:

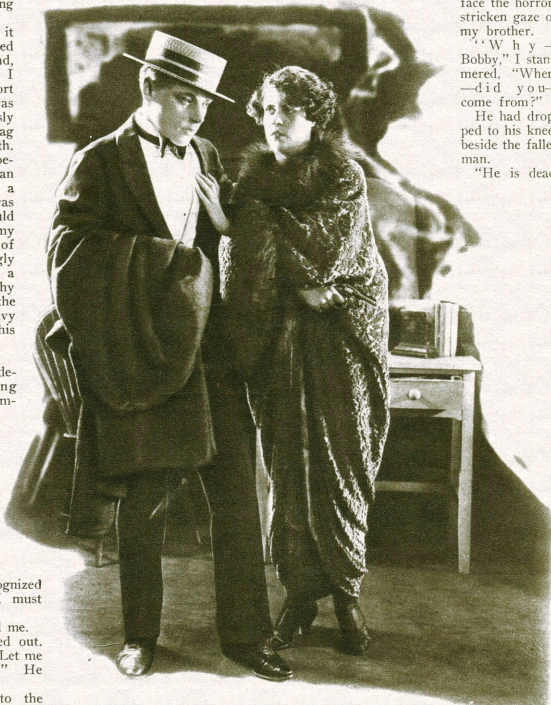
"My God, Betty—what have you done?"

I turned to face the horror-stricken gaze of my brother.

"W h y — Bobby," I stammered. "Where—did you—come from?"

He had dropped to his knees beside the fallen man.

"He is dead,



Bobby rose to his feet. "What can we do? Look—he is dead"

Betty. Betty, Betty, you have killed him."

"He—attacked me."

"Oh, Betty, he is dead—and it is my fault." Bobby rose to his feet and swayed drunkenly, "What can we do? Look—look—he is dead."

Timorously I crept from behind the desk and regarded the fallen man. His shirt front was splashed with blood.

"Why—he wore a wig!" for the matted black hair that had clung so hideously to his forehead, had fallen off, disclosing light-brown, smooth hair. I turned in surprise to Bobby.

HE came closer to me, and he was sobbing—actually sobbing.

I watched him curiously. I seemed devoid of any sentiment, and wondered why he was so agonized.

"Betty," he began again, "this was all a frame-up, a trick. You had talked to me one morning about falling for the caveman stuff, and Howard and I were discussing you to-night and I thought it a peach of a good joke to give you a snappy scare to knock the "Sheik" idea out of your head, so we framed this kidnapping stunt. And now, you shot Howard, he is dead." He buried his face in his hands.

I sat quietly, too numbed to speak. I had killed a man, a college friend of my brother's. It had all been a trick, a joke on me, and it had gone wrong. I had killed Howard.

"A joke——" I finally broke forth from parched lips.

"I know it was a bum joke, Betty, but we had been drinking, I tell you. We didn't know what we were doing, we didn't realize. Betty, you will have to go away somewhere until this blows over. You will have to go or they will hang you."

"I will not go," I answered.

"You must go," Bobby's voice shook as he spoke.

"I will not," I refused flatly.

"Betty, be rational."

We sat for some half hour talking it over. It must have been a gruesome scene. The man I had killed, who lay so still and quiet before us, Bobby, his face streaked with agonized tears, and myself, coldly calm.

"Think of mother and dad," beseeched Bobby.

My father is a retired navy captain, with pride of family and position that was overwhelming.

Bobby soon had me convinced that the only thing I could do would be to leave the city. My momentary calm had deserted me and I was fast becoming panic-stricken. I acceded readily to his plans.

We stole back to our quiet home; hastily I packed a suitcase and a bag, changed my evening gown for a tailored suit, and took the night train for San Francisco.

"Let me hear from you wherever you go," were Bobby's parting words, "and I will send you money."

From San Francisco I sailed for Yokohama. I did not mingle with the other passengers. I kept to myself. I was heartsick and horribly afraid.

When we reached Honolulu I decided to leave the ship then without saying anything to a soul. I did not take either my bag or suitcase for fear of causing comment, so, clad in a yellow silk-knit sport frock with a broad-brimmed hat, I walked down the gang-way, my heart beating fast, but happier than I had been for some hours.

I hired a taxi.

"Just drive me around," I ordered the chauffeur, for I had never been in Honolulu before, and did not know where to go for isolation and safety until the ship sailed again.

WE motored through the beautiful Moana Lua Gardens, then through the city proper, to Kapiolani Park at its other extreme, then over the world-famous Diamond-Head Road. I marveled at the loveliness of the place, yet the time dragged.

I finally dismissed the car, and ate a lingering luncheon at a small wayside inn. I breathed a deep



The man I had killed was Bobby's chum

sign of relief when twelve o'clock came and passed. The *Makura* was now blissfully steaming on its way to Yokohama.

It was a typical Hawaiian day with a sun-kissed breeze, bluest of skies, and the fragrance of tropical flowers. I wandered to Waikiki Beach. Here for the modest sum of thirty-five cents, I rented a bathing-suit and splashed the afternoon away.

DINNER then and a "movie." I was bored. Outside, in the narrow streets again, jostling and being jostled by all manner of Orientals, Japanese, Chinese, Korean, Portuguese and native Hawaiians. If only I knew someone. Yet what would companionship avail me, with the dreadful cloud of a great sin hanging over me!

In response to the little Kanaka's, "*Star-Bulletin*, Lady?" I decided to buy a paper. To my horror, I had not my purse. I rushed back to the theater and though a sympathetic usher looked carefully with her flashlight the purse was not to be found.

Bewildered I wandered up Kalakaua Avenue into the Waikiki district. It was rapidly growing dark. I was frightened. I hurried on, I knew not where, and cared not; I was weeping bitterly and wished desperately for a miracle to happen.

A miracle did happen. At least it seemed like one to the people of the sunny, peaceful Hawaiian Islands. For a tornado, a most terrific rain-and-wind storm struck the Islands. It was January a "winter" month, but this storm was amazingly unusual.

The cocoanut trees along Kalakaua Avenue swayed treacherously; then some of them crashed with sickening thuds. Cocoanuts rained down to the accompaniment of a screeching wind and the heavy onslaught of rain.

PEOPLE fled wildly to their homes from the sudden storm. I was strangely calm. Nothing mattered. I had difficulty in keeping my feet and could see nothing but blinding rain ahead of me. A tree fell, barely missing me. I staggered on, head down, and bumped into someone or something with a crash that bowled me off my feet.

I had a confused recollection of someone helping me up from the pool of water in which I had fallen.

"I beg your pardon, Miss. Do you live near here, may I help you home?" the words came dimly to me. I looked up. All I could see was the white blur of a face, but it was *white*, one of my own race! Then my overwrought nerves gave way and I clung desperately to the stranger.

"Please, oh, please help me! I am so afraid!"

"Where do you live?" I know he must have shouted to raise his voice above the wind, but his question seemed immaterial and I did not bother to answer. I must have lost consciousness then, for when I came to, heavy blankets enveloped me. Throwing them from me, I rose dazedly to my feet.

The little room was somberly lighted by two flickering candles which threw fantastic shadows on the gray walls. The wind still raged. I gasped as I surveyed myself in the dim candlelight. I was clad in an overwhelmingly large suit of pajamas.

THE door behind me opened and I turned swiftly. My startled gaze encountered the tall figure of a man. I made a flying leap for the bed, and surveyed the intruder from the security of the enveloping blankets. Besides his bigness, the candles revealed a mop of curly red-gold hair and a pair of friendly blue eyes which were now twinkling in great amusement.

"How do you feel?" he inquired.

"F-fine," I stammered.

He leaned over and patted the hand with which I clutched the covers so desperately.

"Please don't be afraid of me," his voice was amazingly gentle. "Please," he repeated.

I stared at him as if fascinated. Then, very slowly, I spoke, "I'm not," but my voice trembled.

Then he laughed, a boyish ringing laugh that caught one in the heart. I smiled, and finally, laughed with him.

"Allow me to introduce myself," he said with a twinkle in his eyes, "I am John Robert Carothers a 'Rebel' from the Sunny South, Louisiana, to be exact a lieutenant in Uncle Sam's Navy, attached to Pearl Harbor Navy Yard and occupying this cottage with three brother officers who are at present overseeing a camp of sailors on the Island of Maui."

He finished his lengthy introduction and grinned delightfully at me.

How could I possibly tell him the truth—who I was? I, the daughter of a navy captain!

"I am Betty Ward," I finally informed him. "I am stranded here in Honolulu, and, until I hear from my father in Yokohama I am quite destitute."

"Stranded?" he repeated. "And alone? A girl like you? In Honolulu of all places!"

I NODDED my head. "I wired my father days ago for money."

"What can you do? Stenographer?" he shot the question at me.

I regarded the "Rebel" very seriously.

"I can't do a single thing! I—I never touched a typewriter."

"I gladly offer you the shelter of our cottage until you hear from your father."

I sprang up, so suddenly that the Rebel jumped.

"I know," I burst out, triumphantly, "I shall be your cook and housekeeper."

"I'll fire our Chinese-apology-of-a-chef immediately," Rebel responded eagerly.

I wondered if I were awake; thought of pinching myself, then marveled over the facts again. I, Betty Baxter, daughter of Captain Frank Walton Baxter, U.S.N., retired, a millionaire, had requested the position of cook for four naval officers. It was astonishing.

"I will be terribly delighted to be your housekeeper," I smiled.

"WE are most fortunate and glad to have you," returned Rebel, enthusiastically, and we shook hands gravely.

"Now I'll run along and fix you up some kau-kau."

"What is that?" I asked suspiciously.

He laughed. "Just Chinese for 'food.' And I'm a doctor, you know."

"You are?"

"Yes, attached to the Naval Hospital at Pearl Harbor."

"It is wonderful work," I said.

"I specialize and I love it," the Rebel went on, his eyes shining. "I—but I'll tell you later. Must 'rush' the 'eats' now. You are probably starving."

I called to him as he started out. "'Rush' my clothes in first, then I can help you."

The silk-knitted frock had not suffered much from its baptism in the deluge of rain. Its gold color was softened a bit and it did not hang as evenly as before, but Rebel looked admiringly at me.

He informed me we had "no lights, no telephone, no nothing!" But, let's eat! If you are as starved as I am—

I was. And we ate.

Finally I asked, "What time is it?"

"Half-past nine."

"To-day or to-morrow?"

"My dear child, you lost an entire day by sleeping. I suppose you'll keep me up half the night talking to you just because you feel frolicsome now."

"O-H-H, I just thought—" I hesitated, "I'm here all alone with you."

"I'm not afraid of you," he returned, reassuringly.

"It's a trifle—unconventional—" I paused.

The frank blue eyes looked into mine. "Don't you think circumstances alter conventions? Do you want me to run out and call in some Kanaka I might possibly find roaming the streets, to be our chap-erone?"

"I have faith in you," I said, simply, and I meant it.

Followed a busy week. I proved an apt pupil in the art of cooking, and Rebel praised me heartily, but he did not know the many hours I struggled in the little kitchen while he was at the harbor; the many spoiled "messes" that I shamefacedly introduced to the garbage-can in the back yard, or how I toiled at the unaccustomed work around the little cottage.

Then the "boys" came back from Maui. Two jolly young men with clear eyes and likable manners, the third a man around thirty, from whose dark eyes I shrank and experienced a vague distrust and a most fervent dislike. I fought against this impression, for Harvey Blake was the Rebel's friend, and I felt I ought to like him. "Blimp" Fellows and "Larry" Oldfield, both ensigns, were charming, frank youngsters and accepted my presence in their household with undisguised delight.

I was as happy as I could be, considering my unforgettable past. So remarkably had I entered into the spirit of my new life that the boys seemed to idolize me.

But again the wheel of destiny made a swift turn.

One night I was awakened by the opening of my door, which was never locked. Into my terrified gaze came the figure of a man with his finger to his lips,

cautioning silence. It was Blake; his glances had often been full of meaning, but he had neither said nor done anything to disturb me.

I sprang from the bed, and with incredible swiftness ran to the opposite door through the bathroom into Rebel's room. I was badly frightened and without thinking, rushed to his bed and flung trembling arms around him.

He awoke with a start, amazed and surprised to find me in his arms.

"My darling—what is the matter?"

I pulled myself together; I could not tell

him the cause of my fright; it would mean upheaval and shattered trust among the men.

"I had a dreadful dream," I finally stated, "A very terrible dream. I'm mighty sorry I awakened you."

"Can you sleep now?"

I nodded my head in the affirmative, but shuddered, for I knew I could not.

"Shall we take a little walk along the beach?" proposed Rebel. "It will calm you."

I assented.

Ten minutes later, we left the cottage and were strolling the beach. It was gorgeous moonlight and when we finally seated ourselves in the sand, both of us felt the witchery of the night.

For a few minutes we watched the fishermen "torching" for fish a short distance out, their weird torches gleaming fantastically over the water.

"I love you, Betty"

I finally broke the silence. "I like you," I said.

The man took my hand and kissed it. "And I love you, Betty, love you to madness."

I WAS really surprised. "Why, you never acted like it! You always had that 'big brother' attitude towards me!"

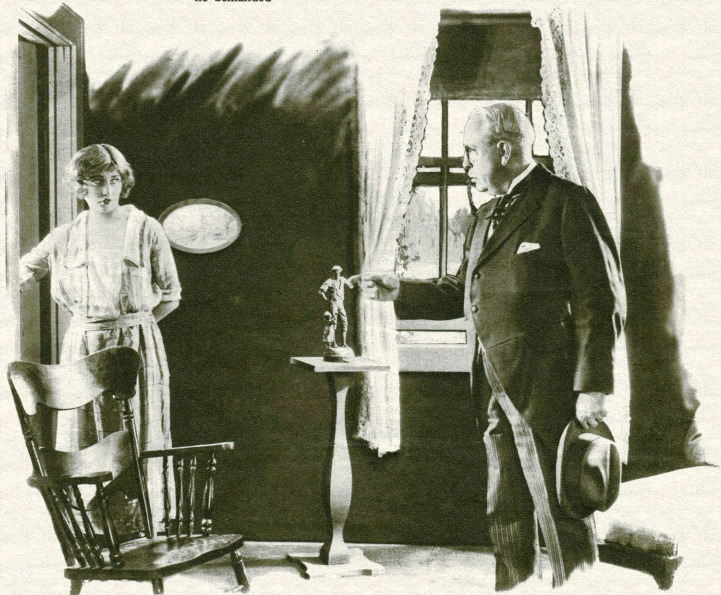
"That was what you desired, was it not?" he returned quietly. "How could I declare my love for you. I have nothing to offer you but myself and the tempestuous life of the navy."

"You have never asked me about myself," I parried.

(Continued on page 65)



"What's your mother's name,"
he demanded



A Factory Girl's Romance

By
JOHN R. CORYELL

The Story of Susie Cullen

IT was while I was delivering the clothes to the big house where the Malcolms lived that I met and fell in love with Harry Malcolm. His father owned the factory where I was employed. I soon found out that Harry loved me too, but he promised mother not to see me again until Mrs. Malcolm had visited her and arranged matters. One day the whole town had a picnic when a great calamity happened. The dam broke and the rush of the water undermined the trestle, over which the train passed. And Harry was on the train that was due. Everyone was panic-stricken. I realized that the man I loved had to be saved so I jumped on the trestle and crossed the gorge just in time to stop the train.

I was a heroine in the eyes of everyone, especially Harry. And he was very impatient for his mother to visit us. At the picnic Harry's parents had expressed their gratitude for what I had done but I was afraid they would not care for me to be a member of their family. Then Mrs. Malcolm did come. She knew that her son loved me, and was very cold and told us plainly that the marriage was impossible. It was then I became acquainted with the pride my own mother possessed. She made Mrs. Malcolm cower; she told her I was good enough for the best man alive, and then made her leave. I opened the door for Mrs. Malcolm who was in a passion of rage. Just as her limousine rolled away another one stopped at our door and a stranger stepped out.

Out of the turmoil of a busy factory town Susie Cullen finds herself whisked away into the glamour of the world outside. Half afraid she finds herself on the brink of new adventure, but she says she will never forget Harry—

Mamma looked out of the window and then with a gasp cried out, "He? What is he doing here?" and fainted.

When I saw Mamma drop back on the sofa unconscious, I was terribly frightened; but almost before I could gasp, "Mamma!" her eyes opened. She stared wildly at me for a moment, then seemed to collect her senses and turned her gaze toward the man coming up the garden path.

"Run to the door, dear," she panted. "Open it! Don't keep him waiting. Quickly!"

IT took no wit to see that she was very much disturbed by the coming of the stranger, and I wondered who he could be; but I did not hesitate to ask any questions, nor even to think about it. I sprang to my feet and ran to the front door, which I opened.

The man had reached the porch steps by that time. He was an elderly man, with grey hair and a short, bristling grey mustache. He had a grim hard expression and bore himself in the assured way of a man used to power. He was tall and well-

dressed, and was handsome in a strong, stern way.

He gave me a swift, appraising glance and asserted rather than asked, "Mrs. Cullen lives here."

"Yes sir." I answered timidly, for he frightened me. "Won't you come in?"

He didn't move for a moment but stood there looking at me. "Who are you?" he demanded suddenly.

"I'm Susie Cullen," I answered.

"Hmph!" he grunted. "The girl there's been such a fuss over."

I didn't know how to respond to that, so I said nothing, but stood there waiting for him either to speak again or to enter the house. He grunted again, looked me up and down and then walked into the cottage. He turned as he passed me and demanded, "What's your mother's name?"

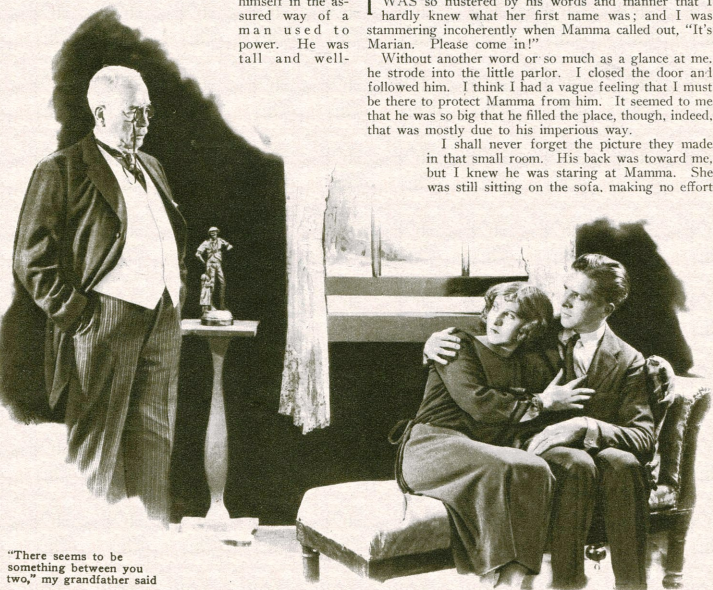
"Mrs. Cullen," I returned.

"Naturally," he snapped. "I want to know her first name. Well! What is it?"

I WAS so flustered by his words and manner that I hardly knew what her first name was; and I was stammering incoherently when Mamma called out, "It's Marian. Please come in!"

Without another word or so much as a glance at me, he strode into the little parlor. I closed the door and followed him. I think I had a vague feeling that I must be there to protect Mamma from him. It seemed to me that he was so big that he filled the place, though, indeed, that was mostly due to his imperious way.

I shall never forget the picture they made in that small room. His back was toward me, but I knew he was staring at Mamma. She was still sitting on the sofa, making no effort



"There seems to be something between you two," my grandfather said

to get up, and was staring at him with an expression compounded of concern, wonder and determination, but mostly the latter. Her face was white and set and her sweet eyes wide open and looking straight at him.

"So this is where I find you," he snapped sharply. "Why haven't you written?"

I COULD see her breast heave with emotion. She was silent for a moment before she answered slowly, "Why should I have written? The last time I saw you you told me you were done with me."

"As proud and obstinate as ever," he ejaculated.

"Why shouldn't I be?" she asked.

"There must have been times when I could help you," he said.

"If I had needed help," she retorted, "I would rather have

applied to a stranger. But I have needed no help."

I couldn't be sure, but it seemed to me that his voice was a little unsteady as he said, "The papers say that you take in washing."

Mamma smiled faintly. "Yes," she admitted, "that is true."

He flung out his hand in an angry gesture. "Have you seen the papers?" he demanded.

"Yes," she answered.

"Washerwoman's daughter risks life to save son of patron!" he snapped scornfully. He was quoting the headline of one of the papers. "Marian Meredith a washerwoman!"

"Not Marian Meredith," she returned quietly, "but Marian Cullen. I see no reason why your pride should be hurt."

"Pride! Pride!" he cried out. "Do you think that is all? Can you not understand how a father would feel?"

"I did not suppose my father would care," she answered quickly. "He turned me out of his house. Why should I suppose he would care? Besides I had nothing to do with what the papers would say."

Her father! So that was who this stern man was. And she had never spoken to me of him! I listened then with a new interest.

"If you had let me know," he cried. "But no, your wicked pride would have let you starve. Do you hate me, then?"

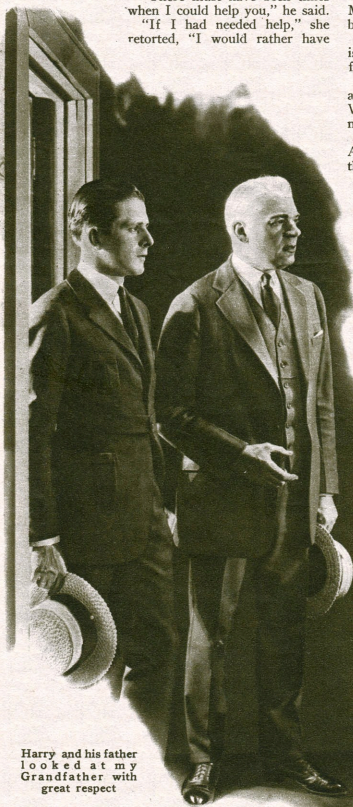
"Excuse me if I sit down; I am not well," Mamma murmured, sinking back on the sofa. "Won't you sit down?"

I RAN to her and sat beside her, putting my arm about her. She hugged me close to her and went on. "Hate you? No. But you had put me out of your life because I refused to give up the man I loved."

"He was not in your class," he cried. "And I was right. See what it has brought you to!"

"It brought me great happiness," she retorted. "I have never been sorry. But you cannot understand. To you wealth and power mean everything. To you I was never a daughter to love, but only a girl whose youth and beauty might be used to minister to your arrogant pride and help you to more power and riches. You couldn't understand that I wanted love and happiness; you couldn't see how foolish your ambition was. You think now that I should feel shame in working with my hands, forgetting or ignoring the fact that you never let me learn to do anything useful. To you, with your distorted views of life, Tom Cullen was beneath me. He was above me in every way. And don't think he left me at the mercy of the world as you were willing to do. When he died as the result of an accident, he left me this cottage and a small income. I need no one's help. If I am a washerwoman, it is because I do not wish my child to have foolish ideas of life, it is because I do not wish her to be left helpless when I leave her. If you came to help me now, fearing that in some way your name would become known, you may go understanding that your name will never be known in connection with a washerwoman's daughter."

I had listened to this bitter arraignment



Harry and his father looked at my Grandfather with great respect

ment in amazement not knowing my sweet, gentle mother in the words she had spoken. I looked at him in terror lest he should fly into a fury; but instead his stern face only softened. He shook his head slowly when she had finished.

"YOU misunderstood me as much as I did you," he said. "I was sorry after you had left me, and I did what I could to find you. You had disappeared and I could get no trace of you. You blame me for my pride, but your own is as great. You might have written to me. If you had you would have found out that there was affection in my heart as well as pride. Since it must be so I will ask you to forgive me. Will you, Marian?"

Mamma sank back her hand once more pressed against her heart, her face white. "I forgive you," she said in a low tone.

"And you will come back to me?" he asked. His tone was pleading, but his face was still stern and grim. It was as if he didn't know how to unbend.

"It is too late for that," she answered, her voice scarcely above a whisper.

"You don't forgive me," he accused her.

"Yes," she returned, "and I am glad you came. But I am very ill, and I wish the end to come here, where Tom and I were so happy, and where my little girl and I have lived."

"Mamma! Mamma!" I wailed, terrified by her words.

"Hush, Brownie!" she gasped. "Perhaps I should have prepared you, but I did not think it would come so soon. Forgive me, darling! You will be a good girl, I know. Don't marry till you are eighteen! Give me your promise!"

"I promise," I sobbed.

"Lawyer Sibley knows all about my affairs; and you can trust him," she panted.

"Follow his advice! There will be enough to keep you from want."

"MARIAN!" groaned my Grandfather, dropping on one knee by her side. "You cannot be as ill as you think. I will have the best doctors to see you; I will go at once and—"

She shook her head and smiled sadly. "It will be useless, Father. I know it. And only for my little Brownie, here, I would be glad."

"She shall be my care," he said.

"We will let her decide," she returned. "Will you go to your Grandfather, dear? I think he will be kind to you."

"I will, I will," he cried. "I promise you I will never speak a cross word to her."

A whimsical smile flitted over her pale face as she said, "I'm afraid you are promising too much, Father."

"No, No!" he pro-

tested. "I promise; and you know I keep my promises. I will be good to her. You will come to me, Susie? Please!"

"Oh, Mamma! Mamma!" I wailed, "what will anything matter if you leave me. Don't go! Please don't go!"

"I must dear," she gasped. Don't grieve too much." She panted painfully a few times and then smiled and closed her eyes. It was the end. She had gone.

IX

WHAT I suffered at that time cannot be put into words. Fortunately my Grandfather, although himself grieving greatly, was there to take upon himself all the harrowing details.



"I am not going to interfere with these young people," my Grandfather said

Harry came that evening, tired and indeed exhausted from his labors at the dam and among the homeless people, but in his dear, strong arms I felt comforted.

I hadn't thought about anything but my loss until then; I had been in a sort of daze, but after a little while of weeping in his arms, somehow we began to talk, and I told him about my Grandfather's coming, and how I was going to live with him.

"They say he is rich," he said.

"I am sure he isn't poor," I answered.

"I KNOW Mother came to see you this morning," he went on as if following out the thought suggested by something that had been said. "I am afraid she wasn't nice. Was she very unpleasant, dear?"

"She was very angry," I answered.

He sighed, "I am very sorry, dear." Then went on firmly, "But you won't let it make any difference, will you? We will be married just the same. She is very foolish about some things. She thinks nobody is good enough for me. If she only knew you she would realize that nobody is good enough for you."

I nestled closer to him and murmured, "I promised Mamma that I wouldn't marry until I was eighteen."

"Oh, nearly two years," he protested.

I was sorry, too, for it seemed to me that with Mamma gone I needed Harry more than ever. I made it clear to him, however, that I must keep my promise; though when he pointed out that if I went with my Grandfather we could see very little of each other, my heart went down, and I began to wonder if I couldn't stay there, in the little cottage.

I REMEMBERED that I hadn't promised to go with Grandfather, and I did think of refusing until I thought that it had been plain enough that Mamma had wished it. So I reconciled myself to leaving the little home where I had known so much happiness, cheering myself with the hope that Grandfather might be willing to leave me there, though I didn't really think he would.

After that Harry came to see me twice a day—when he went to work in the morning, and when he returned in the evening. I knew Grandfather saw him, but he said nothing to me about it. Indeed he

said very little to me, but busied himself about all the sad little details necessary under the circumstances.

I COULD see that he felt very sad, but he was never anything but the grim, stern man he had shown himself from the first. I was willing to show him some affection, but he gave no sign of wishing it, and I was so much in awe of him that I didn't dare make any overtures to him even if I had been impelled to.

The afternoon after the funeral—Mamma had been laid beside Papa—while Harry and I were together in the parlor, where I was sobbing out my grief in his arms, Grandfather came in and stood looking at us. I checked my sobs and Harry looked up at him expectantly.

"There is evidently something between you two," Grandfather said abruptly.

"I couldn't speak, but Harry answered, 'We love each other.'"

"Did your mother know?" Grandfather addressed me.

"Yes sir," I sobbed.

"I want to marry her," Harry said.

"She promised her mother not to marry until she was eighteen," was Grandfather's curt comment. "You know that?"

"Yes sir," Harry responded. "We are going to wait."

"I think you are," Grandfather commented brusquely. "Who are you?"

"Harrison F. Malcolm, Jr.," Harry answered. "My father owns the factory."

"Hmph!" Grandfather grunted. "What does he think of it?"

Harry was evidently nettled by Grandfather's manner, for he answered with some heat, "I don't know; I haven't talked with him about it. My Mother is opposed to it."

"Why?" demanded Grandfather.

"SUSIE'S social position, I believe. But it makes no difference to me. I love her, and I shall marry whom I please. Anyhow Susie's much too good for me or any other man."

It seemed to me that a faint sneer passed over Grandfather's lips. Anyhow he shrugged his shoulders slightly as he said, "I suppose you know who I am?"

"Yes sir; her grandfather," Harry answered.

"That's all you know?" Grandfather demanded. "I am her natural guardian. Her mother wished me to take charge of her. (Continued on page 85)



I went to the platform with Harry and said goodbye


Love Dreams of the screen



Love of Women

For once the name of the photoplay fits the picture. Lawford Davidson is smiling at Helene Chadwick, no doubt about that. But what, pray tell us, is Helene smiling at?

Selznick



The Gold Fish

Here we have Jack Mulhall and Constance Talmadge joining the mutual admiration society. Life in the movies certainly seems to be as hard any old day as editing a magazine.

First National



*The Passionate
Adventure*

Alice Joyce, who goes back to the Kalem days, is still just as fascinating as ever. The sleek looking "gent" is Clive Brook.

Selznick



*Tess of the
D'Urbervilles*

Well, well, here we are.
The merry makers are
departed. The quiet re-
treat has been found and
the bride and the groom
can adore each other over
the wedding breakfast
table. Meet Blanche
Sweet and Conrad Nagel.

Metro-Goldwyn

My Prince and I

Being the romance of Anne Herbert as told by herself to

CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN

*The door opened. I couldn't move.
I heard a sharp indrawn breath, and
the next moment——*



He took both my
hands and then
crushed me to
him

I MET the Prince of Montazuro while he was a student at Oxford. And I fell hopelessly in love with him. It was a case of love at first sight for both of us. At that time I did not know he was of royal blood.

I was governess for the Countess Mander's children and when she went to Montazuro I went with her. I was playing with fire, I know, but I continued to see the Prince even after I learned he was engaged to marry the Princess Marie Celeste, his cousin. But the sudden death of the King of Montazuro put Adrian on the throne, and I could stay in that country no longer for I knew that the man I loved would be compelled to marry the Princess shortly.

I returned to England with a broken heart. Mr. Daly, a friend of the Countess Mander, whom I had met while in Montazuro, asked me to be his wife. But how could I?

I had been in England for some months when I heard that the Princess had arrived and intended to stay in England for some time. One day while walking in the woods I saw her in the arms of a passionate lover. Then she employed me to teach her English. It was really a ruse to get me to act as a go-between and carry messages to her lover. One day she sent me a hurried call to come to her suite. When I arrived there she told me that the Marquis de Fezarius, the man in whose arms I had seen her, was dead. She implored me to help her.

I did not know what to do but then it occurred to me how much this concerned Adrian. I must take the blame, if only for his sake. I told the Princess of my decision and helped her escape from the apartment, where later the police found me. I told them that the

man had shot himself. Shortly afterwards the whole town was talking about me and how I had heartlessly caused the death of the Marquis. He had loved me and I had spurned him, was the report. When Adrian's letter came denouncing me, I could bear no more.

Mr. Daly was kind to me and tried to help me, but I was glad to get away from England. I went with Cousin Louisa to Montazuro, the place the doctor had recommended for her health. She, of course, did not know that it was the last place in the world where I wanted to go.

THERE I saw the Princess Celeste, whom Adrian had married a short time before, riding in the royal carriage. I thought she did not see me but the next day I received an invitation to have tea with her. I had been with her a short time when the door opened and Adrian came in. I left soon after that, my heart beating wildly. I had reached the bottom of the steep rocky steps when I heard footsteps behind me and someone called my name.

"Anne!"

I turned to face the King. He was breathless.

"I couldn't let you go. What on earth are you doing here?"

I swallowed a lump in my throat before I spoke.

"Her Majesty recognized me at Festomar. I am staying there with a cousin. Her Majesty kindly asked me to come to tea with her. I had the honor of going to Graymede and talking English with her Majesty, while she was staying there."

AND there you met de Fezarius, I take it? You met in the garden, where we met, perhaps, or in the country lanes, and he fell in love with you. And you played with him, and flirted with him, and he thought you were serious, and when he found out you were not he died. It makes me sick, Anne. When I think of Tramia—of La Montana—of that day on the Shepherd's Seat! When I think of our parting—in Grobbio—when I knew that your heart was mine forever—when I could have staked my life on your faith! And so soon—you were fooling de Fezarius—you were driving him to his death!"

I could find nothing to say.

"Good God!" he said, and the words seemed to be choked out of him, "I'll never believe in anyone—man or woman—in this world again!"

My eyes sought his face. They must have been wretched and forlorn enough. But evidently they conveyed no message to him.

"What a lovely view!" I said.

He laughed.

"I hope you enjoy the view!" he said, with a cruel, twisted smile. "I don't know why you have come to Montazuro, I should think you had done enough harm."

And, with a shrug of his shoulders, he turned and ran back up the rocky steps.

He hated me now. Well, the more he hated me the nearer it would bring him to his wife.

ON the evening of my return from the royal castle, I found that Mr. Daly had arrived at the hotel. He had threatened to follow me, but I had not believed he would.

I was half glad. He had brought his car. It would enable me to get away—to take long trips, to occupy myself until the royal honeymoon couple had gone.

His first words to me were not very reassuring.

"You don't look as if the change had done you much good."

"I feel all right," I said listlessly. And just at that moment a note was brought to me.

It was enclosed in a large square envelope. I feared another communication from Marie Celeste, and put it in my pocket. I thought Mr. Daly looked at me rather queerly.

I read it when I went up to my room to dress for dinner. There was another envelope inside. The note was from Adrian.

"Anne," it ran, "forgive me. I was a beast. I must see you. Come to Traveler's Cross on the mountain at six o'clock to-morrow morning. There is no other time I can get away. You must manage it. I must see you. If you don't come, I shall risk a scandal and come and call at your hotel—Adrian."

I awoke at four, dressed warmly and put on thick boots, and crept down the hotel stairs like a thief. A sleepy porter was crossing the hall.

And just as I was about to let myself out of the door, which he had just opened, Mr. Daly came down the stairs and joined me.

"Lovely morning!" he said, with his magnetic smile. "So you like early hours, too! Going for a walk? May I come along?"

I DON'T quite remember how I got away. I know I said something absolutely idiotic and dashed back through the door and ran up to my room.

Five minutes later I let myself out through the big glass doors at the back, that opened on to the mountain side.

There was no sign of Mr. Daly. The path was marked by a signpost from the back of the hotel. I nearly killed myself hurrying up the hill, and arrived more than twenty minutes late.

Adrian jumped up and ran to greet me. He took both my hands, and then crushed me to him.

"Adrian, you mustn't! Not now—it's different—it's wicked!" I gasped, as I tore myself away.

My heart was so heavy that I felt it must burst.

He spoke to me almost coldly, but his words made my heart glow.

"I'm to have nothing in my life, Anne. At least I'm entitled to know the truth. That's why I've asked you to come here. Why did you deceive me? I thought it all out after I left you yesterday. I was a fool—an imbecile. As if you could have done a thing like that! You, who love me! I reasoned it out, but my heart ought to have told me at once. Marie Celeste is—Marie Celeste. I knew it wasn't in keeping with her to have asked you to tea just because you had gone to Graymede to talk English to her. She isn't like that—not a bit. So I arrived at the truth. It was she who was carrying on with de Fezarius—poor devil!—and you took the blame to save her."

"Oh, no!" I gasped.

"Oh, yes!" he said. "Don't lie to me, Anne. At least, you owe me that—yes—owe it to those dead days when we were happy. We were happy, Anne! You can't deny it. And she—this cousin of mine—God, I can't call her my wife—she has come between us. We can never be happy again."

"You are the King," I said, gravely.

"I know. And she is the Queen. And she lured that poor fellow on to his death—she drove him mad with her beauty and her soft voice. I hate her. I wish she were dead!"

I was silent.

"You did it for my sake," he went on. "I can see that. What a fool I have been."

"Adrian," I whispered, "she must never know that you know."

"All right," he said, with a bitter laugh. "It doesn't interest me. She could have a dozen lovers for all I

should have cared. It's a shame that a good man's life should be lost—that's all."

He paced up and down, his face working with emotion.

"To think that I wrote you that hideous letter! To think that the papers have said odious things about you! To think that I believed them! I could kill myself."

"It would be better," I put in miserably, "if you believed them now."

"Of course, it would be better!" he raged. "This makes my life intolerable. To know this—to have to live beside—her—and to let her think I don't know! Oh, Anne, my blood is boiling!"

"What is the good?" I asked.

"What is the good!" he repeated violently. "That's what you've always said."

"Well, what is the good?" I asked. And I smiled at him. I'm afraid rather heart-brokenly. "Adrian, we mustn't meet any more."

"We shan't have the chance," he said gloomily. "That's why I wanted you to come this morning. We shall only be here a week longer. And then back to Grobbio and the endless routine and the daily boredom. I shan't see you again, Anne."

"I am glad," I said, tremulously, "that you know the truth. But I ought not to be. Good-bye!" I whispered.

"Good-bye, Anne—darling Anne! Oh, how can I say good-bye!"

I felt I must help
her for Adrian's
sake

He seized my hands and covered them with kisses. I was crying and couldn't see.

I only know that we parted and went down the mountain side. I went down one path and he down another.

I scrambled blindly down. My heart throbbed because he had guessed the truth, because he knew that I hadn't led the poor young Marquis on to his death. It was strange—both he and Mr. Daly had guessed. And mother knew. The only people who mattered. I could not help being glad. But my heart was heavy too. I should never see him again. For him there were all his duties, all the splendor of Court life, the cares of State, the visits of Kings and Queens. For me there would be my quiet home life—and memory.

5 p. m.

I had to leave off. Cousin Louisa sent for me about an hour ago. She is in an awful state, poor thing! Dear me, what a lot of trouble I am causing people who are only too kind to me.

THE manager of the hotel had been up to her room and requested us to leave. That was what it amounted to. And on my account. In some way or other it had got about that I was the "English girl who had lured the Marquis de Fezarius to his death." The awful part of it is that his mother is coming to stay here. The manager "regretted" very much, but, under the circumstances, he had no choice but to ask us to go.

Poor Cousin Louisa, she was so upset! Of course, she knew nothing about it. She questioned me, and I



honored, no doubt, because she was breathing the same air.

We are leaving to-morrow. Cousin Louisa is terribly cast down. She is sure that the waters of Festomar are the only ones in the whole world that would have cured her rheumatism. I am nothing but a nuisance to everybody.

Midnight.

Such a terrible thing has happened. Mr. Daly has not shown up all day. I have not seen him since I parted with him in that ridiculous way at about half-past four in the morning, after declining his company on my walk.

Cousin Louisa was anxious to see him. I think she wanted to confide her wrongs to him. She asked me several times during the course of the evening to find him. I asked various people, but no one had seen him since the evening before. I wondered whether he had gone off on a long day's excursion immediately after I parted with him. No one remembered serving his breakfast. Certainly, he had not been in to lunch.

He was not in to dinner. I began to feel very queer. I had a sort of premonition that something had happened.

And then, about eleven o'clock, the manager came to our sitting-room and told us that Mr. Daly had just been

brought in by some men who had found him at the bottom of a precipice in the mountains. He had a broken ankle and injuries to his head and he had lost a great deal of blood from a jagged wound in the shoulder.

I must say my Cousin Louisa shone. She showed herself so practical and capable. She took entire charge, while I hung about, feeling conscience-stricken and restless and frightfully anxious.

This was what came of wrong-doing. I ought not to have gone to meet Adrian. I knew perfectly well it was wrong. If I hadn't gone, Mr. Daly would never have started on this ill-fated expedition. This accident wouldn't have happened.

THE doctor took a grave view of the case. A nurse was procured. Cousin Louisa and I don't know what to do about leaving to-morrow. I have been writing on and off ever since luncheon. My hand is quite stiff.

*The village inn at Cator,
about five miles from Festomar. May 21st.
Fate has stepped in again. (Continued on page 66)*

Mr. Daly gave me
the money with-
out a word

had to admit that there was something in it.

"It was very sad, Cousin Louisa," I said.

"Mother knows all about it. Perhaps we ought to have told you. He—the Marquis—didn't know what he was doing. He shot himself at Graymede. There was an inquest. It was awfully painful."

"And your fault!" she cried. "Good heavens, Anne, how disgraceful of you and your mother not to have told me! As if I would have brought you to Montazuro! One of the highest and noblest families—so the manager said. How can we ever hold up our heads again? The manager was polite, mind you; but what I call rudely polite. Far worse than being rude!"

I COULD only tell her how sorry I was. I begged her to let me go back to England alone. I could take care of myself. But she would not hear of staying on in Festomar when she had been asked to leave it. I felt quite sick when I caught that gloating, curious look in her blue eyes. She, too, felt a kind of morbid interest in the girl for whom a man had shot himself.

My heart bled for the young Marquis' mother. She would come here. I should have gone, but Marie Celeste, the Queen of Montazuro, would be there, in her castle up the valley and the poor Marchioness would feel

LIGHT

NANCY sat in the garnered wheatfield and wept passionate tears. All day Cousin Emily had been inflicting tedious domestic penances upon her.

Nancy knew it was part of her punishment for Friday night's escapade, and submitted with smouldering rebellion. On Friday night the Folletts had given a dance, an impromptu affair to which Nancy, after going early to bed, had adjourned by way of her bedroom window with Frank Follett outside to help her. No harm in the thing at all, she thought, simply a frolic of youth to the tune of a crazy piano under the light of Japanese lanterns; and Nancy let herself go and danced.

But when she tried to get back to her room she bungled. The slight sounds she made aroused the sleeping house and brought disaster and discovery upon her.

So to-day she cried rebelliously in the wheatfield. Then hopelessly. The absolute dullness, above all the loneliness of her life was almost more than she could bear. Her youth hurt her. It hurt her in the morning when first she woke; her first instincts to bathe and sing, pick flowers and flit about, all of them to be put aside and denied as manifestations of a gay nature which must be repressed at all costs.

SINCE the affair of that stolen dance, matters had come to a head. This last escapade was an unforgivable one in the estimation of this cousin who had contributed herself Nancy's guardian. Negotiations had already been set on foot to find her a suitable post as a servant, preferably in a clergyman's family. Drudgery and supervision, in Cousin Emily's opinion, were highly necessary for Nancy. At last she washed her hands of her.

So now Nancy wept, not because she minded leaving the old lady whom she had no reason at all for loving, but because she felt so very lonely.

And here, in the cornfield, Frank Follett's terrier discovered her and doubled back to communicate the news in dog fashion to his master.

Frank was something more than a good friend. His intimacy with Nancy dated back from childhood's days.

He was a man of the world, a playwright catering to the whims of society, living alone in the dark until one day there came into his life——

"Never mind, dearest," he consoled. "If only I had the money we'd get married right away, and then I could look after you for ever and a day. As it is, because I left school to go to the war and am five years behind with my profession in consequence, I don't see how I can possibly expect to be in a position to keep a wife for another five at least——"

"Another five!" wailed Nancy. "Oh, Frank, it's a lifetime! I shall be twenty-two then. One thing is certain: I must run away somewhere before Cousin Emily sends me away to some awful spot out of reach of anybody! I can't think why she has always

of anybody! I can't think why she has always



He put his hand out to caution her

been so horribly hard on me. Anyway, she will have nothing more to do with me now. She says she is not going to see me go the way my mother did and—what did my mother do? Why am I to be punished for her? Why haven't I got a father—I've never heard he was dead—to take me away from all this unhappiness? Am I—a mystery-child, Frank?"

"NO, Nance," Frank answered. "Your mother was a sweet little sort, I expect, just like you. My mother remembers her quite well. They were great friends. She was talking about you the other night after the dance, and that's how I heard about your mother and the



Nancy fell on her knees beside him

budding Pavlowa, mother said it was just like seeing your mother again. Her spirits were like that. And she said— No, I won't tell you what she said."

"Oh, but you must," insisted Nancy.

"Well, if you will have it, she thought you could make a career for yourself on the stage any day if you liked."

The idea seemed to intrigue Nancy.

"I wonder!" she exclaimed. "Of course I've never thought of it! But it would be miles better than being a useful drudge. I wonder how I should start."

"I HOPE you won't start at all," answered the boy bluntly. "You'd get spoiled and lose all your Nancy-esque ways. Then you'd stick your dear head up in the air and forget all about poor old Frankie, who couldn't afford to feed you and jewel you like a princess. Actresses always expect that."

Nancy hugged him.

"But I don't want to go on the stage for what I can get out of it at all," she cried. "I don't want to be fed at expensive places or wear expensive clothes. I'd far

life old Cousin Emily led her, too. Her parents died when she was quite a kid and so old Cousin Emily brought her up. Not for long though, because your mother couldn't stand it and ran off to the stage. Before long your mother married some actor chap who didn't stick to her apparently. She was very proud and she never spoke of him after he left her. She wouldn't even take his name nor give it away to anyone. She told my mother she was married, but she wouldn't admit as much as that to Cousin Emily. So the breach widened. Your mother died soon after you were born. Then Cousin Emily coiled you, talked about her duty, saddled you with her own name and brought you up according to pattern. Poor little Nance! So, when you sort of went off your head on Friday night, and danced like a

rather be married and live with you. But anyhow, Frankie," she promised, "I'll wait for you, even if I did go on the stage in the meantime. I might be lucky and turn into a star."

"It sounds all right," Frank admitted. "But real life stories don't dovetail in so neatly as the written kind."

"Isn't there anybody who could help me," pondered Nancy.

"WELL, if you had nerve, you could go straight up to the Friary and ask to see Sir Gerald Fogarth. He's here for the summer, they say. He could do anything he liked to help, of course; but it's not likely he would." I saw him on Saturday, driving from the station in his car. He looked like a sick devil. He had a red-headed woman with him. That was Maxa Temple, for certain. I'd like to have some of Fogarth's money," Frank added. "But not his conscience, by a long chalk!"

"But what makes you think his conscience isn't good?" Nancy asked. "I think he's got a very sad face, that's all. I'd simply love to see his plays."

"It's a good thing you never have," replied the boy. "They're not a bit nice. Fogarth's a genius, of course. He could write grand stuff. As it is, he only makes one leave a theater thanking one's stars that one's own ideas of life are moderately healthy. Of course Maxa Temple made his name, or he made hers, in 'The Soul of Audrey Snape.' Maxa Temple is an actress-manageress now; and as for Fogarth—well, all the managers in London are supposed to sit up on their hind legs and beg when it gets about that he's writing another play."

NANCY jumped to her feet.

"I'm going to see him," she decided. "I'll go now, before I've time to feel nervous. Come along with me, Frank."

He put his hand out to caution her.

"Hold hard a bit, Nancy. Just stop and think half a second. You take a fellow's breath away! It's a crazy way to go at things. I only made a suggestion."

But there was no deterring Nancy. She broke into a run across the uneven field.

FOGARTH'S study was hung with black silk. Daylight was excluded from it entirely. The window curtains, also of black silk, were always kept drawn. In niches specially constructed for them, pieces of statuary were ranged along the sides of the walls, gallery-wise. Electric lights, rose-shaded, placed behind each one, imparted

flesh tints to the cold marble. The rest of the apartment was in darkness, with the exception of Fogarth's carved Chippendale desk, over which a suspended altar lamp burned perpetually. Two altar candles in enormous silver sconces stood on the desk itself, flanking a crystal vase containing a single arum lily.

NANCY thought the room was empty when she was first shown in, and stood where she was, looking round her, a little scared.

She was still more startled when she found herself the center of a blaze of light. Fogarth, who was in the room lying on a low couch in the gloom, within reach of the electric switchboard, had put out a hand and illumined the spot where she stood. The effect was that of limelight, and she the center of it.

A feeling such as one might experience in church came over Nancy



"It always makes me think of God," she said

me of someone I used to know—how long ago! A fragile fortune, little girl. Go home with it and look after it; water it with your tears if you will; wash it in God's dew and the rain; suffer one honey-bee only to take his delight of it; flower under a summer sky and scatter your seed when your day is done on clean earth that will reproduce you."

The kindly words had little significance for Nancy. She was pertinacious.

"I expect I should get on if I worked," she said. "I would study. Am I not pretty enough for the stage?"

"Quite pretty enough," Fogarth said. "A perfect picture postcard! There, I am only jesting, child. You are naturally beautiful—too beautiful for the slave market. Go home."

Almost, he dismissed her.

Nancy began to feel hopeless.

"Oh, do be kind!" she entreated. "If I were your own daughter you'd help me. You know you would."

FOGARTH looked at her with sad eyes.

"I haven't a daughter," he answered. "But if I had, and if I loved her, and if she wanted to become that cheapest of human commodities, an actress, I should hold her to me in a long embrace, kiss her gently on the forehead, and then put her to sleep forever, rather than let her go on the

stage. What do you think of this room?" he asked, with apparent inconsequence.

"It's very odd, I think. I'd like it better if there were more light," she answered frankly. "I think I can understand now why you write plays"—she hesitated—"that some people do not like."

Fogarth pricked up his ears. Pearls of wisdom often fall from lips of babes.

"My plays are not for children," he said. "They are for tired men and women of the world who want to be cynically amused. And this room, like my plays, is exotic. It suits my art, work, my cult. I say it is beautiful. I

begin to believe it is beautiful. I tell people so over and over again. I make them believe that lots of strange things are beautiful—my plays, for instance. I juggle with words and daze them. But I know that this room and my plays and myself are all unreal, unnatural—exotic. Well, stage life is exactly like this room and my plays. It is false, unreal, exotic. It's the atmosphere. When you've breathed it for some time and it's permeated your system, the effect of it is like a drug. You find you can't do without it, any more than I can do work of the kind that is expected of me except in an artificially darkened room. I haven't the faintest idea why I am talking to you like this. It would be less trouble for me to find you work on the stage than to try to dissuade you from it. I think I'm telling you for the sake of someone I was very fond of long ago. Someone I lost.

(Continued on page 72)

"Oh, who's there?" she called apprehensively.

Fogarth switched off the light again, crossed the room and sat on the throne-like chair before his desk.

"Well?" he asked. "What do you want of me, pretty rose-white child?"

"I want to go on the stage," Nancy answered shyly. "I was dancing the other night and some of the people who saw me said I might make a name on the stage."

Fogarth put up his hand and tilted her face. How very often he had heard that before! How many amateurs essaying professionalism have their hearts broken by the honeyed flattery of foolish friends!

"Poor little garden of a face!" he said. "It reminds



Not the Kind That Forgets

He wasn't worthy of any woman's love. To him Allie Johnson was an ignorant little mountain girl. He didn't love her. And then in the middle of the night he awoke to face four armed men—

I WAS a young fellow of twenty-five when, after the usual struggles of one without any particular influence or family, I secured a position as secretary to a lumber company in the mountains of Tennessee. The salary was a large one for pre-war days—fifty dollars a week. It was more than I had dreamed of making for years. There had been nearly a hundred applicants, and the president told me afterward, he had selected me because I looked the type of clean-cut young fellow he wanted.

I don't suppose I differed much from the majority of young fellows of my age.

The lumber camp was in the hills, five miles from a mountain town which had lately become a fashionable summer resort. A large hotel had been built there, and people used to go there from the big cities. I had plenty of leisure and I used to ride over to the hotel Saturday nights and dance. I became intimate with a number of men and girls from the city and was surprised to find myself to some extent in demand.

I had come from decent folks, had had a good education, and was a good mixer.

Mary Prince and I soon struck up a warm friendship. We used to ride together on Sunday afternoons. She was a wealthy girl, one of those blondes who seem so frail and yet are brimful of energy and life and ardor. I had jested with her and made love to her partly in pretense.

One Sunday afternoon, when we had dismounted at the top of the hill to rest our horses, Mary suddenly came to me and put her arms round my neck. Then she put

her head down on my shoulder and began sobbing—softly.

I had never thought of marrying for many years to come. But when I held Mary in my arms I felt sure that she was the one girl in the world for me. And, though I did not think of it at the time, her father was

"George, are you
sure you want
me?"



a prominent banker in Knoxville.

Before we started back to the hotel it was understood that we were to keep our engagement a secret and would wait until I was in a position to get married.

She was going home next day. We parted with many kisses and

I went to my cabin and dreamed of her all night. I thought myself the luckiest fellow in the world.

Three weeks later she wrote me that she was leaving with her father and mother for Europe and would be gone all the winter. Between the lines I fancied I read that they had learned of the engagement and were taking her away. But she wrote that she would always be true to me, and that I should wait.

I wrote back that I would. I meant it, too. But that was before I met Allie.

ALLIE JOHNSON was the daughter of a mountain farmer in the neighborhood, and his only child. Old Johnson was something less than a farmer and more of a squatter. He farmed some thirty acres, raising principally corn, and he had a team which was sometimes used in the company's service. That was how I came to know Allie.

I remember so clearly that first morning I saw her,

standing in the doorway of the Johnson cabin, a little thing, hardly eighteen, the sunshine playing about her hair and turning it to gold. And the timid look in her blue eyes, and her blushes as she answered my inquiries about her father, completely conquered me.

I made a point of going there whenever possible, and always I talked to Allie. She told me of her dreams, of her longing to go to a good school. Simple and innocent her mind was! But I have learned it is those simple minds that sometimes turn to gall and bitterness.

Because I was desperate with longing for Mary, I couldn't leave Allie alone. The first time I kissed her I had no other thought than that one has when one kisses a child. I was astounded at the ardor of her response; and more so at the sudden outburst of stormy sobbing that followed.

THEN as I was clumsily trying to comfort her, suddenly she came to me and put her arms around my neck, and gave me such a deep, questioning look, one of those looks that penetrate to a man's soul, because they have the strength of innocence behind them.

Not another word was said. I mounted my horse and rode away, determined not to go back to the Johnson cabin. But soon I was going there again.

Old Johnson had not the least suspicion of the affair that was developing between his daughter and myself. Simple-minded like all the mountaineers, he saw in me only a man who was not above meeting him on terms of equality. But there was a fellow I met there once or twice whom I didn't like. A regular hill-billy, with a scrubby fair beard and glaring blue eyes.

AT first his hostility amused me. I could see he was in love with Allie.

"Poor Allie!" I said to myself a dozen times. "I'll have to leave her alone."

But one afternoon, after I had received my first letter from Mary in Europe, in which she wrote gaily about the good time she was having in London, and very little about our engagement, I rode over in quite a different frame of mind. Ostensibly it was to arrange for the hire of Johnson's team.

"Perhaps she's been summing me up as a fool all the time," I told myself, although I didn't believe it.

Her father had driven into the town and would not be back till after dark, Allie told me. She made me a cup of coffee and we sipped out of the same cup together. She raised her lips to mine as innocently as a child.

When I rode away, an hour later, I knew that I had been thinking all the time of Mary. My feeling of tenderness toward Allie had disappeared. I hated the thought of her.

I determined never to see the girl again, and this time I meant it. I stayed away two weeks.



"Go in thar!" he commanded

Then on a night of drenching rain Allie came to my cabin. She seemed like a wild thing with the wind and rain in her hair.

"George, why haven't you been to see me? I've been afraid you were ill. George, tell me, you haven't stopped caring for me."

"No, of course, I haven't," I lied, "but I thought it best for us not to meet for a while."

"But George, darling, what do you mean?"

I knew that I must break the facts to her then.

"Allie, you're talking nonsense. How can I marry you? Don't you see what such a marriage would mean?"

SHE was desperate then. "George, I—I know I'm beneath you, but I love you. I've had some schooling, and I can make myself what you'd wish me to be. George, for God's sake, don't cast me off now, after—after what we've been to each other!"

"But Allie, I—I don't love you!" I blunted.

She seemed as if struck by a bullet. She stared at me and then suddenly turned and ran wildly out into the night.

My cabin stood quite a little distance from the camp. It was an annex of the office, and the place was deserted at night. The officials' houses and the men's quarters were some distance further down the hill. Five or six nights later, I was awakened abruptly by a voice in my ear, and opened my eyes to see a revolver covering my head.

"Keep quiet!" growled the man beside my bed. "Fust yelp you let out it's crape and a wooden box!"

Three other men were in the room. They lit my lamp, and I recognized my captor as Bill Thomas.

"What does this mean?" I stammered, although I knew quite well.

"Git yore clothes on!"

Under the threat of the revolver I dressed. My questions were received in stony silence. When I was dressed the four men conducted me some little distance from the cabin. Five horses were tethered there. They indicated to me to mount.

Shrugging my shoulders, I complied. We rode down into the valley. Bill Thomas kept close at my side, the revolver in his hand.

I KNEW where they were taking me, but I was sure Allie would stand by me.

To my surprise, instead of proceeding toward the Johnson farm they turned off in the direction of the town and drew rein outside a cottage on the outskirts. A lamp was burning in one of the rooms.

"Git down! Go in thar!"

A tall old man with a white beard was sitting at a table. The open book before him was a Bible. Back of him stood Allie, deathly white and shaking. And then I knew!

One of the men took Allie by the hand and led her toward me. I saw her blue eyes fixed on mine in mute, helpless appeal.

"Git on with the job, Mr. McCracken," said Bill Thomas.

"See here, you can't marry me by force!" I cried. "It's a trick! I won't marry this girl. I swear there's never been anything wrong between us!"

"We ain't marryin' yuh by force, Mister," answered Thomas, with an ugly flourish of his revolver. "We're marryin' yuh with your consent. Git that point firm. And thar ain't nothin' to be gained by lyin' neither. We're waitin' fer yuh, Mr. McCracken."

In another moment the old man had begun reading the marriage service. Bill Thomas took Allie's little hand and put it in mine. A ring was handed to me, and under threat of the revolver, I put it on Allie's finger.

It was all over. Thomas turned on me with a dramatic gesture. "You'll treat her white, Mister," he said hoarsely, "or you'll hear more from us!"

Of course a marriage such as that was no marriage at all. The old minister took a step or two toward us, but at the sight of my face he turned away helplessly. The four men were already mounting their horses. I swung out of the house and watched them ride away. Everything had been frankly brutal and business-like.

Then Allie was at my side, calling me her "husband."

SHE clung to my arm, a little, pathetic thing who might have moved a stone. "George just listen to me," she pleaded. "I didn't tell no one about what happened. I swear I didn't. Somehow they guessed it, and began askin' questions till they'd wormed it out of me. I couldn't tell a lie, could I?"

I pushed her from me and strode down the valley. I heard Allie crying through (Continued on page 79)



Allie stood back of an old man with a white beard

"PEG"

By GRACE MILLER WHITE

Author of

"Tess of the Storm Country"

PEGGY PRY was beloved by the people of the Silent City, as the squatter village on the shore of Lake Cayuga in the Storm Country is called. She lived with her grandmother, Lib Doolihunt, the mayor of the clan. The squatters had many enemies and chief among them was Philander Johnson, who was trying to oust them from their homes. All he needed was a certain paper now in the possession of Lucina Wiley, a friend of the Silent City, and his plan would be complete. Lizzie Smith, who was in love with Philander's son, Peter, was doing his underhand work and helping him establish his claim.

But Peter Johnson was in love with Peg. Peter did everything he could to help the squatters and consoled Peg when her dog, Rush, bit Senator Pennypacker, gaining for the Silent City another enemy.

The ghost of Glen Gorge appeared several times in Ithaca. Butterfish Bishop, a squatter, who wanted Peg to marry him, had been warned one night by the apparition not to molest her again or else something terrible would happen to him.

It was to save her people that Peggy tried to take most of their burdens on her own shoulders. A warrant

was issued for the arrest of Lib Doolihunt, and when the sheriff arrived at the hut, Peggy forced him to leave at the point of a gun. She knew he would be back, however, so she helped her grandmother get away to a place of safety. The sheriff came back and arrested Peg for resisting the law. She was taken to jail. Then in the night she received a note from Wolf Betts saying her grandmother and her dog, Rush, were safe.

"SLEEP well?" asked Mrs. Turner, the sheriff's wife, as she placed a tray on the table.

"Middlin'," answered Peg.

"Why don't you tell the sheriff where your grandmother is. It's wicked for a nice little girl like you to worry my husband so."

"I air a hellish brat most times," Peg asserted, "an' the sheriff can't expect nothin' from me!"

Mrs. Turner had promised her irate husband to wheedle Lib Doolihunt's hiding place out of the squatter girl if it took all day.

"You see it's like this, Peggy," she began. "The Sheriff says—"

"NOW, I don't give a damn what the sheriff says," interrupted Peg. "He's got me in jail, ain't he?"

"But he doesn't want you here," explained Mrs. Turner, very red in the face.

"Who do he want, then?" queried the squatter girl blandly.

"Your grandmother!"

"Oh, granny? Well, then, why don't he go git 'er?"

"You know well enough why!" Mrs. Turner exclaimed bitterly.

"Hain't ye got any work to do, ma'am?" Peg questioned abruptly.

"I have that! Lots of it!"

"Then why don't ye

go do it?" Peg rose to her feet. "This air my cell, not your'n."

THE sound of a horse galloping on Mill Street reached Peg's ears as she was finishing her dinner. Then the horse stopped in front of the jail, and immediately the squatter girl choked on her food. Perhaps they'd caught granny! Shaking in every limb, she went to the bars and stared out into the corridor. Then a key turned in the lock and the door opened. Through the gap made by the swinging door a man's voice penetrated.

"She says she doesn't know, sir," she heard the sheriff say. "And my men have scoured the entire Silent City. But she knows all right, and she's the only hope I have of discovering her grandmother's whereabouts."

She was locked in the hut with a madman



The storm cloud which had been threatening the Silent City finally broke. Peg was taken to jail and Lib Doolihunt had to seek cover. And then in the darkness of the night there was a weird meeting at the Hoghole into which came the spirits of the dead—

Peg gave a relieved sob. The sheriff didn't know where Granny Doolihunt was and couldn't find out!

After using another key, Mr. Turner ushered into Peg's presence Benjamin Burr.

Peg raised to him eyes suffused with tears.

"How do you do, Peggy?" was his greeting, and she gulped and curtsied.

"Pretty well, I thank ye, sir," she mumbled.

"We heard last night from one of your squatter friends, Mr. Betts, I believe his name is, that you were in trouble," said Mr. Burr. "Miss Wiley was worried about you. And as she wasn't able to come herself, I thought I'd run over and we'd have a little talk."

Miss Wiley! Mr. Burr! Peg hadn't expected that any of Ithaca's high-toned folks would care whether she was in jail or not. She laid her cold, shaking hand in Ben Burr's broad palm.

"It were good of ye to come," she faltered.

"The sheriff tells me the charge against you is a serious one."

"OH, yep, I air in awful trouble, all right," she replied with a side-long glance at Turner. "The sheriff air mad at me, he air. He says as how I know where granny's gone to an' won't tell 'im."

She spoke so honestly and looked so truthful that the sheriff became embarrassed. She might just as well have accused him of bullying her. To hide his confusion, he reached for a chair.

"Sit down, Ben," he invited, and Mr. Burr sat down. Peggy perched her small self gingerly on the edge of the cot.

"MISS WILEY wanted me to say," Mr. Burr continued, "that she intends to help you. Would you like to go home again?"

Home again! Back to the hut in the Silent City! To be with Wolf Betts once more. Peg imagined that even if Sophy frowned at her, she would fly at the woman and cover her face with kisses.

"Would you?" urged Burr gently.

"Aye!" sobbed Peggy quite overcome at such an unexpected possibility.

"Then I'll see the judge as soon as possible and fix it up," he promised, rising.

The sheriff drew Mr. Burr aside.

"Ben, get her to tell you where her grandmother is," he pleaded. "My wife and I haven't any influence with her at all."

Mr. Burr looked at the squatter girl. "If you've failed, sheriff," he returned coldly, "then why do you suppose I'd be more successful? Good-bye, Peggy!" and smilingly he grasped the hand Peg thrust out to him.



"Set down, Butter," Peg begged, her teeth chattering

of the bolt had sent a premonitory shiver over her.

"He'll come back for ye, Lizzie," Peg soothed.

"Mr. Johnson says he'll help you out of jail if you'll tell where your grandmother is," Lizzie blurted out.

The expression on Peggy's face changed from expectancy to one of frowning alertness. "So!" she meditated. "Lizzie air tryin' a new trick fer Philander." Truly Lizzie would bear watching!

"Oh, Lordy, I ain't had a minute's peace since I been here with everybody botherin' me 'bout where Granny Doolihunt air," she exclaimed impatiently. "If Philander wants 'er, why don't he go git 'er?"

"LISTEN to me, Peggy! Honest, everybody says you'll get ten years for assaulting the sheriff with a gun!"

"I don't care," muttered the squatter.

She did care though. Ten years! Why, they might as well send her up for life. To be shut up—never to see the trees and birds and animals of the Storm Country!

Lizzie, watching Peggy's face, pursued her advantage.

"Ten years is a long, long time. Honest it is!" she continued, "and anyway your grandmother won't be hurt. Mr. Johnson says so.

He wants her to stop her fortune telling, that's all. She'll probably be free even before they take her to jail."

Peggy was too wise to be taken in by such talk. On the contrary she drew encouraging deduction from Lizzie's efforts. Evidently not the slightest clue to her grandmother's hiding place had been discovered, or Lizzie wouldn't be coming to her with a mouthful of lies.

"If they send me up fer ever," she protested, "I couldn't help 'em any, an' there ain't no harm in tellin' the future to folks. You like yer fortune out of the lye pot, don't ye, Lizzie? If I had the kittle here an' the lye, I could tell you somethin' that'd take hold of yer hair, an' up it'd go, hairpins an' all."

"Is it good?" begged Lizzie, instantly impressed.

"AYE, good, some of it!" Peg looked mysterious. "But I can't tell ye nothin' without the lye pot, so there ain't no use talkin' about it."

"Oh, I wish I knew!" and Lizzie sighed.

"Well, when I git back to the shanty, I'll jerk out the pot an' tell ye," offered Peg. "I don't need granny to help me."

Lizzie threw up her hands.

"But you're never going back to the house unless you do what Mr. Johnson wants you to," she ejaculated.



"Mr. Johnson'll give you five thousand dollars," Lizzie said

CHAPTER XXIV

SHORTLY after one o'clock Lizzie Smith came to the county jail to see Peggy Pry.

Lizzie had brought a note to the sheriff from Philander Johnson with the request that his servant be permitted to talk with Miss Pry alone. Johnson's note had continued:

"I particularly desire to see Mrs. Doolihunt apprehended. Withdraw your charge against the girl. She knows where her grandmother is. Free her and watch her."

The sheriff had come to the same conclusion himself. He had been thankful when Benjamin Burr had declared bail would be provided for the young squatter.

Leaving the two girls together, he backed out of the iron door which shut with a bang. The tumbler in the lock fell over. Peg's visitor was startled. She hadn't known the sheriff was going to lock her in. The grating

"Never, Peggy, never! Honest to God, you won't! Mr. Johnson sent me because he knew I—I liked you so much."

Now that she'd pulled herself out of the dumps, Peg's spirits swung, pendulum-wise, to the opposite extremity of the arc. She didn't need to worry. Hadn't Mr. Burr said he'd bail her out?

"OH, Philander ain't such a much," she said airily. "I guess I can see the future far's he can. Anyway I ain't carin' a lot if I don't git out. I like it here. I air jest lovin' it in jail. Tell Philander so, will ye, Lizzie? It ain't half-bad. I git lots to eat, an' that air more'n I ever did in the Silent City." She saw Lizzie shiver. Where once Lizzie had had the advantage, now Peg held it. "I air happy as a honeybee in Miss Wiley's garden," she gurgled. "Tell ole Philander to give me fifty years, right here 'er in Auburn. It don't make no difference to me, by golly. Tell 'im the next time he sees his woman's ghost to tip 'er a wicked wink an' git her to help hunt out granny. If Amanda knows so pretty damn much——"

"Oh, Peggy, don't," cried Lizzie, clasping her hands. "You're awful! You're wicked! Wait! I haven't told you all Mr. Johnson said." She bent forward. "If you'll give up your grandmother, Peggy, Mr. Johnson'll give you five thousand dollars. It's an awful big sum for a girl like you to have. Honest to God, it is, Peggy!"

Slowly Peg rose to her feet. Fury seemed to wrench her heart strings asunder.

"FIVE thousand dollars! Five thousand dollars!" she repeated. "Five thousand dollars fer the cutest, sweetest, beautifullest leetle granny in all this here world! Why, ye mean, dirty, nasty, skinny angleworm! I ought to jump on ye an' stamp ye into the jail floor."

At that moment Sheriff Turner appeared at the door. "Time's up, Miss Smith," he said, watch in hand.

Peg immediately sat down. She felt faint, sick, crushed. She watched Lizzie leave the room in haste. Doors clanged, locks grated and then silence.

Disappointed, Lizzie left the county jail. She had borrowed Miss Wiley's pony cart to drive into Ithaca, and when she gathered up the reins, her hands shook.

Angrily she flicked the pony with the whip, although he was trotting as fast as ever his short legs could. They passed Hayt's church and the white school house. At that point she heard a horse gallop-

ing behind her. She turned her head as Peter Johnson, on horseback, slowed up beside the pony cart.

Doffing his cap gallantly, Peter smiled. Unlike his father, a servant was a human being to him, a woman was a woman, no matter what her position in life. So he greeted her accordingly.

"How do you do, Lizzie?" he asked. "Enjoying your vacation?"

STARING up at him, Lizzie nodded. How splendid he was on the great black horse. She thrilled, gave the pony his head with slack reins, and continued to stare.

"When I first caught sight of you, I thought you were Miss Wiley," said Peter. "How is she?"

"Feeling a little better," Lizzie answered, disappointed.

She had a right to feel that chill disappointment. Naturally she'd hoped that he'd recognized her as Lizzie Smith and had purposely rushed his horse to be in her company. But her common sense soon came to her rescue. Peter didn't as yet know the joy that was in store for him. She couldn't expect him to realize how much she loved him when he'd never been told. He was a darling, her darling! More than ever did she resolve to find that quitclaim. After that Mr. Johnson would approach his son. Then Peter would be hers!

"You've been in town, I suppose," Peter broke in upon her thoughts.

"Yes," she returned. "I went to the county jail."

"County jail!" echoed Peter. "Oh, I suppose Miss Wiley's been sending doughnuts to the prisoners."

"No, she hasn't," Lizzie told him. "I went to see Peggy Pry. She's in jail and liable to stay there. . . . Now, honest, didn't you know it?"

She wondered why that peculiar expression flashed into his eyes and why the blood slowly faded away



Butter was killing Peter Johnson

"Gimme the shield of
yer skirt, Peg, while
I git this lantern
goin'"

at the deliberate lie and wishing she dared to tell him that her errand to his house was to converse with his father.

"Would you give my father a message for me?" queried Peter.

"Of course, I will! Gladly!"

"Thanks! Please tell him I'll not be in to dinner. Good-bye, Lizzie!"

CHAPTER XXV

PEGGY Pry was as free as the air she breathed.

A few minutes after four o'clock on

Wednesday afternoon Sheriff Turner had come to her cell and with ostentatious ceremony unlocked the door. He had told her gruffly that Mr. Burr had put up her bail.

When the door slammed behind her Peg took one backward glance and scurried away.

It seemed to her when the willow tree that guarded her home came into view as if she'd been gone a thousand years. Granny had been away as many. What mattered it that she herself was no longer in jail? Granny was gone and never would come back! The thought of living alone in the hut without even Rush brought her to a full stop near the mud cellar.

But being at heart a true squatter, Peg knew that the little shanty had to be safe from being burned. If she left it, to stay with Mame Mumps or to live with Wolf and Sophy, some morning she would get up and granny's shack would be but a heap of embers.

Fully realizing this, Peg pushed open the shanty door and slipped into the kitchen. The room seemed in the half-dark exactly as she had left it. Her grandmother's cot was still unmade. Her own straw tick lay on the floor beside it.

Then suddenly before her eyes Butterfish Bishop rose up out of the corner back of her grandmother's rocking chair as softly and as silently as a ghost. He looked strangely white and haggard. His fierce eyes, centered upon her, glittered like fire. His lids were red and swollen, and he looked scarcely human.

She was locked in the hut with a mad man! Butterfish had gone crazy! In his crouching attitude he looked like Rush when the dog was making ready to spring.

"By God, I've got ye by yerself fer once!"

"Set down, Butter." Peg begged, her teeth chattering, "an' I'll fix ye some supper." (Continued on page 91)

from his tanned cheeks. Oh, yes, he sympathized with the squatters. Silly fellow! But she would change that. She began to try to change it then. She rattled on about the fishermen, berating the people in the Silent City as scum, repeating his father's phrases as her own. She spoke of Peggy Pry as an evil girl, better in jail than out, of Mrs. Doolihunt, exaggerating the old woman's fortune telling into witchcraft.

"**W**HY, Lib Doolihunt's so wicked," she insisted, "she lays spells on babies, and they shrivel up to nothing right before their mother's eyes. Honest to God, she does, Mr. Peter!"

On the moment Peter switched the subject.

"Lizzie, by any chance are you going to our house?" he inquired.

"Yes, to get a change of clothes," she said, blushing



WOMAN'S LOVE

*My mind is forever going back to that night on the bay.
Some day I suppose that I will marry too and that may
make it easier to forget. But the love of woman! Is it
not a wonderful thing?*

ONE summer I spent my vacation cruising about Jamaica Bay in a little raised deck motor boat that I owned. I was having a very nice time of it, dropping in here and there to see old friends of mine who went down to the bay each week-end to fish and occasionally going over to the Yacht Club of a Saturday night to dance.

In spite of the fact that I am thirty-four years old, I have never married and I must confess, that after a few weeks of knocking around in this way all alone, I began to get rather tired of the solitude and was just about making up my mind to write to a chum of mine at the office, to take his vacation now and join me, when I ran into the most amazing adventure.

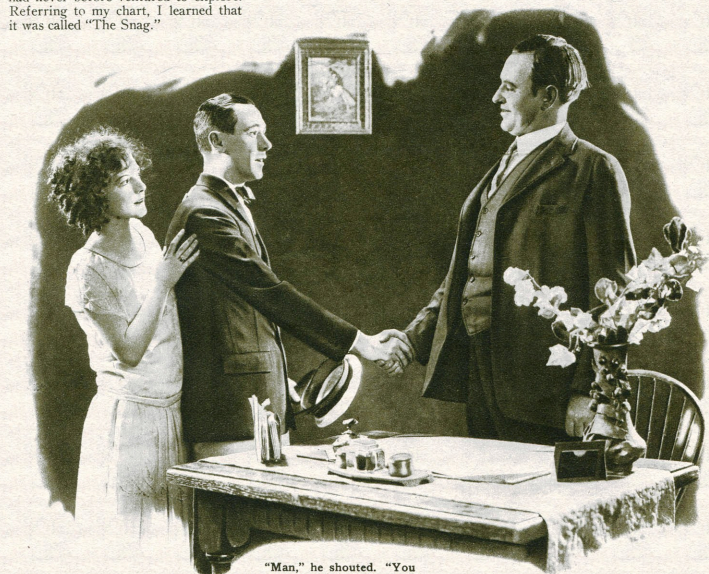
One evening, just after sun-down, I was chugging along at a good speed, smoking my pipe and watching the new moon, slender and silver as it rose in the sky, when I realized that I was in a part of the bay that I had never before ventured to explore.

Referring to my chart, I learned that it was called "The Snag."

It was a little settlement of fishermen's houses, most of them built up on stilts, as the land here was very marshy. There were little winding canals with small narrow bridges over them and the whole place would have delighted the soul of an artist. Everything about the place was in a state of dilapidation and a woe-begone air pervaded the quaint scene.

AT one end of a small pier which ran out some feet from the shore there was a tumbledown shanty which had a sign hanging from an old post. Running in towards this pier, I read the sign. It informed the passer-by that this was Teddy's Tavern. There were lights in the windows and the sound of music and occasionally a girl's laugh. "Here's fun," I thought to myself and making my boat fast to the pier I strolled into the tavern.

I entered a long, low-ceilinged room, half-filled with



"Man," he shouted. "You
are the best friend I
ever had"

tobacco smoke and reeking of stale beer and the fumes of cheap whiskey. There was an odd assemblage of rather tough looking people in the place, some of them seated at small tables drinking and playing cards and a few young men and girls dancing in the middle of the floor to the music of a rickety old phonograph which stood in a corner.

I SAT down at a table and a greasy looking youth in his shirt-sleeves with a dirty towel over one arm slouched over to me and asked me what I would have. I did not seem to be so very welcome in Teddy's Tavern. Possibly they thought that I was a revenue man. However, I



I stopped short at what I saw

paid no attention to the covert looks which were directed at me and casually mentioning the name of an old man from whom my fishermen friends bought their bait, and who I thought might be known here, I gave my order, refilled my pipe and sat in my corner enjoying the scene.

JUST then a man and a girl entered the place and my heart almost stood still. In all my life I have never seen such a beautiful girl. Not very tall, but with a superb figure, lithe and supple like a young lioness and with a crown of the most wonderful dark red hair that you can imagine. She was attired in a dark skirt of some soft material and a sweater the color of burnt-orange. Her escort was a giant of a man fully six feet three inches tall and huge in every way. He seemed to be partly drunk and wore an old tattered cap pulled down over his eyes.

They came over to my side of the room and sat down at the table next to mine. After they had ordered one of the young men came over and asked her to dance with him and she rose and glided off in his arms. I had never seen such dancing before! She was grace itself and moved without the slightest effort of any kind. It was as though she floated through the atmosphere of the room on fairy wings. I sat enthralled and could do nothing but watch her as she drifted through the waltz in the arms of the nondescript youth who was her partner.

I must have sat there this way for four or five hours, watching this girl dance. She danced every dance, most always with a different partner, while her companion sat at their table with his cap over his eyes and drank whiskey. Several times I was on the point of asking her to dance with me, but something held me back. And yet I never in all my life wanted to do anything more ardently than I wanted to feel her swaying in my arms.

AT last I called for my bill, paid the waiter and started out of the shanty. 'At the same moment the huge fellow at the next table rose unsteadily to his feet and said:

"Come on, Mary, let's beat it!"

The girl left the boy with whom she was dancing at the time and joined him. And I noticed that she had to half support him as he made for the door. We left the tavern together and they went aboard a ramshackle old tub of a motor boat which lay moored next to mine at the pierhead.

THAT night I could not sleep, but sat up in the bows of my boat and smoked pipe after pipe, while before me, dancing in the moonbeams was the figure of "Mary," the girl with the gorgeous hair. Who and what was she? It was obvious that she did not belong in the place or with the people where I had found her. What then? I gave it up and merely contented myself with enjoying the memory of her as she had flitted around that old smoke enshrouded room to the tunes of the decrepit phonograph.

The next night and the next, I went back to Teddy's Tavern in the hope of seeing her again, but was doomed to disappointment and I could not get up courage enough to ask about her from any of the people in the place. So I made up my mind that the best thing to do was to forget her and leave the neighborhood of "The Snag" and continue my cruise in other parts of the bay.

But the lure of this girl proved too strong for my will to overcome and on the third night I was back at my table in a corner of Teddy's Tavern, smoking my pipe.

This time my patience was rewarded for I had not been there very long when the young giant and the girl entered and again

sat down at the table next to me. Soon he was drinking himself into a stupor and she was dancing with the gang of loafers.

I made up my mind that this time I was going to dance with her, so as she sat down at her table after a dance was over I glanced at her and caught her eye. Up to this she had not paid the slightest attention to me, and yet I am sure that she must have noticed me, if only for the reason that I was a newcomer in the place. She blushed in a most charming manner and I asked her if I might have the honor of the next dance.

SHE smiled in the most adorable way and nodded. So soon I found myself in the very seventh heaven of delight with this wonderful girl held tight in my arms while we floated in a dream of fantasy. The sordid surroundings were completely forgotten and there was nobody in the whole world but we two.

"What are you doing in this place and with this man?" I whispered.

"I also might ask you what you are doing here," she smiled back.

"I came here to find you," I said. She blushed and lowered her long lashes over her dark liquid eyes.

"Let's not talk about ourselves," she murmured, "but just enjoy the fact that we are dancing."

"With each other," I added and said nothing more.

We danced and danced and the big fellow who was with her got drunker and drunker. Here was this perfectly exquisite girl, patrician to her little finger tips in the company of a drunken boor in what at best was a waterfront dive! What did it mean?

TRY as I would, she refused to let me ask her questions and insisted upon an air of aloofness. Yet she must have sensed something of what was passing through my mind then, because when that dance was over, she woke her companion up from his drunken doze and helped him stagger across the floor and out into the night. The sight fairly sickened me and I, too, went out and saw them embark. Where did they go? The thought of her with that drunken sot made my blood run cold.

Night after night the thing continued. The man just sitting there drinking himself to death and not seeming to see me at all and the girl and I dancing and dancing and hardly ever saying a word to each other. It was utterly preposterous and yet for the life of me I could not get away.

Finally one night I spoke softly into her little ear as we

were dancing and said: "Is he your husband? The big one?"

"No."

"Your brother?"

"No."

"Who is he then?"

"Please, oh, please!" she said, in such a pitiful little choking voice that I mentally cursed myself for a brute and said nothing more on the subject that evening.

Well, this went on for some time. I was getting more and more in love with Mary and planning all sorts of desperate things which I never carried out and the big man who came to Teddy's with her every night getting worse and worse till it seemed a marvel that he could keep alive. I began to notice a drawn look in Mary's face and in my conceit thought that possibly I had something to do with it. So I asked her if she would not cut a dance with me and go out and sit out on the pier and talk to me. But she only gave me a scared sort of look and said that we had better not.

THEN for several nights in succession the strange pair did not show up at the Tavern and I was hoping against hope that I would see her again, when, as I passed a particularly tumbledown shack, which was perched in a crazy way on the top of some high piles at the edge of the swamp, I heard a blood-curdling scream. I realized that it (Continued

on page 78)



Mary was prone on the floor with that big giant of a thug beating her

SUNSHINE and

SUSIE KANE was a wildflower—a wild rose John Gale had said the year he went into the country to paint and had first seen her. All the delicate coloring, the faint perfume of that exquisitely fragile thing was hers, and too, a cup of life fairly brimming over with love and laughter.

Susie was sixteen when John Gale came, sweetly innocent sixteen. John was twenty-one, such a quiet, sad twenty-one Susie's mother thought. Life in the trenches had done that.

In less than a week in John Gale's sad eyes, there gleamed a ray of light—lovelight, observing old Uncle Jerry, town prophet, said. Uncle Jerry was usually right.

Long, sunshiny days in the green fields and woods under the magic loveliness of apple-blossoms and the intoxicating fragrance of wood violets and lilies-of-the-valley—what more could an artist desire? Just one note to make the setting complete, and John Gale had that note in Susie Kane, a ravishingly beautiful and healthy child, whose every glance, every movement so perfectly blended with Nature about her, that John Gale, trying to fathom it all, was lost in a labyrinth of thought.

DAYS grew into weeks, and yet John Gale lingered. Summer was on the wane. Happily, Susie sat for him every day, never seeming to tire at all. John Gale knew that oft times he was selfish. He scarcely painted at all, just let his soul drink in through his wide, wondering sad eyes, the superb loveliness of the girl. And with each passing hour, John Gale's love for the child increased until he felt that he could stifle it no longer. Dear God, how he loved her—his art was as nothing compared to his love.

Susie, with apple-blossoms in her golden brown hair, little sprites of mischief in her violet eyes, and lips and cheeks like roses blooming in the snow, frolicking and dancing to the music of the rippling water as it trickled over the stones in the brook. To John Gale she was a revelation. His artist's soul devoured her. Sometimes he ached to catch her in his arms as she whirled about, crush her warm supple body to him and feel the delicate caress

Breathlessly she told her mother what had happened and just a little later they came and took her home, a different Susie, a woman who understood. And then into John Gale's life there came——

He scarcely painted at all, just let his soul drink in the superb loveliness of the girl



of her bewitching lips. But it was not right, he knew, and he did none of it. Susie was still a child, too. Time and again, able only to control his voice, he gazed into the blue depths of her eyes, his own ablaze with

DARKNESS

love, 'hungering for some sign of her awakening, but he found no answering light—not even a tiny flicker.

THE days grew steadily shorter. Still, John Gale remained. All unconsciously, Susie had carved herself a place in the artist's heart, which would be hers forever. John Gale could not tear himself away. He was enchanted. The light flamed higher and brighter in his sad eyes, until it was impossible for him to conceal from other eyes what Susie could not see, two little dabs of red that appeared on his cheeks. The palette trembled in his usually steady, deft fingers. To a slow death, his silence was torturing him. Still, he could not speak—dared not. He could not bear to have her not understand.

More weary days. He could stand it no longer. He must try his luck. Only a coward would behave as he.

Might he ask Susie to be his wife?

Her parents hesitated with a reply, wavered at his boyish pleading, finally, loving the youth, gave their consent.

BUT the desired opportunity to speak did not come. John Gale realized with a pang that Susie was avoiding him.

It was autumn, the leaves all red and gold, clear blue skies and silver water gleamed in the sun. What a picture! But John Gale could not paint, all the beauty of nature was lost to him. Soon, he would have to return to the city. He could not go until he knew if Susie understood.

Rambling dejectedly through the pasture, he came suddenly upon her, huddled in a heap under their favorite tree by the brook, and crying as if her heart

would break. The sight sent a stab of despair through John Gale.

Suddenly everything went velvet black. It had happened just as they had said it might when he was discharged from the base hospital. He was blind.

GENTLY, John Gale lifted the pathetic little girl into his arms, which had so long ached for this moment. In his utter despair and abandon, he crushed her to him, all the suppressed love of months surging through him. Surely, it was no sin, just this once to feel the soft warmth of her lips against his yearning ones. John Gale bent his head and kissed her. A little gasp of pain escaped her, she drew away frightened, trembling. John Gale caught his breath as though stabbed. Her cry had brought him to his senses. He had been a cad. Susie nestled in his arms. If it could only be forever. What a life Fate had mapped out for him, blindness, then this.

Blindness! But was he blind! Instantly, John Gale realized the haze was lifting. Faintly, and oh, so far away, it seemed, the moon was rising. Scarcely daring to breathe, John Gale passed his hand over his eyes, and looked down. Yes, there was Susie. Blessed light! He could see. How many hours had passed, he did not know. Perhaps, it was only minutes. Susie was still sobbing.

"Susie, little girl, what makes you cry so? Please tell me, let me help you. Dearest, you're—breaking my heart. I love you." The words were wrung from him in agony. He had not meant to tell her.

AND then Susie let fall a torrent of words, each one of which cut like a sword.

Love her? Yes. That was what mother had said, and something, too, about marriage. What did it all mean? Why couldn't they go on loving each other like they had all summer? Surely, she

had been happy that way. Now, she was afraid. She didn't want to be married. Why did people talk of such things? Susie shud-

dered and snuggled closer to the man who loved her, sought the protection of him who had aroused her girlish fears.

And silently, though with a quiver of anguish,



John Gale accepted his fate. God had given back to him, as quickly as He had taken it away, his sight. For that, he was thankful. One could not have everything.

Then, sensing that Susie was waiting for an answer to all her questions, he dropped his eyes, and smiled down at her reassuringly.

"Susie dear, I did want you for my wife. I still do. But don't you worry any more, sweetheart. Just forget all about it. Some day, God willing, you may understand."

WITHOUT another word, he carried her to the brook which must have wondered why she was so still, why she did not dance light-heartedly to its babbling music as in days gone by. There, with the exquisite silk handkerchief she had given him for his birthday, and upon which she had with her own dainty little hands, embroidered his initials, John Gale bathed her tear-stained cheeks and soothed her burning eyes, and later they wandered home in the moonlight hand in hand, great peace in the soul of the child, utter despair in the heart of the man.

The next day, John Gale returned to the city. And then came the long winter nights.

Susie was seventeen now, restless, wondering seventeen. Never had she been so hungry for companionship. Not in years had New England had a more unpleasant winter. Snow piled so high one could not visit one's next door neighbor, sickness came and death.

Old Uncle

Jerry, town prophet, had been ill for days in his secluded little home before they found him, babbling incoherently of the "lovelight in John Gale's eyes" and "will that blind little angel never see?"

SUSIE, as she helped nurse Uncle Jerry, listened in awe to his raving. The words he muttered in delirium struck deep into her heart. She pondered over that cry of John Gale—"Some day, God willing, you may understand." But not until the old man wildly accused her of sending "the artist chap" away to die, did Susie begin to realize the import of it all.

Had she sent John Gale away to die? A chill, as of guilt, seized her, killed the warm glow in her heart, clutched at it and tore it with love, doubt and fear.

She couldn't stand being here with Uncle Jerry any longer. She darted for the telephone in the hall. As she reached the door, it rang, loud, long and clear. She stopped, startled at the very silence out of which the sound had come—stopped and glanced back, then went over to the bed where Uncle Jerry lay. Tremblingly, she laid a hand on his brow. It was ice cold. Fear gripped her. Quickly she put her ear to his heart and listened. It did not beat.

THE 'phone in the hall was still ringing when Susie reached it. Breathlessly, she told her mother what had happened, and just a little later they came and took her home, a different Susie, a woman who understood. Uncle Jerry had not lived in vain.

At home, Susie went to her room, donned a street dress, packed her week-end bag and at supper, announced calmly to the family that she was taking the next train to New York. Both dad and mother understood. They made no effort (Continued on page 90)



With a smothered sob, Susie threw herself on her knees beside John Gale's inert figure

UNDER *the* EAVES

"There are things that are worse than death, Molly girl," my mother said. "Some day you will know. In the meantime forget that you have had a big sister." And for eight years I had tried to obey—

I WAS fifteen years old before I learned what had become of Eleanor. Then I discovered my mother in the attic one stormy afternoon, crying over the faded snap-shot of a pretty, laughing, daring-eyed girl, posed audaciously between two boys, an arm around the neck of each.

"Mother," I whispered timidly, "did she—die?"

The last time I had asked that question my mother had taken my hands in hers and said very gravely. "There are things that are worse than death, Molly girl. Some day you'll know. In the meantime, forget that you ever had a big sister." And for eight years I had tried to obey.

My mother wiped her eyes. "It's time I told you, Molly Etta," she said slowly, "time you knew the heritage you've got to fight. . . ."

And while the rain drummed sleepily on the roof and a big spider came out from the dusty shadows and spun his patient web across the little round window in the gable, I listened, shrinking, fascinated, secretly thrilled, to a pitiful tale, a part of which I understood, a part guessed at; and some of which passed mercifully over my innocent head.

There was one phase on which my mother laid such passionate stress it never quite lost its hold on me.

"THERE'S a drop of bad blood in us somewhere, Molly Etta," she finished bitterly, twisting her hands together as if in pain. "I had a sister who went the same way. I don't know whether she's living or dead . . . and I . . . God knows what might have happened to me if I hadn't met and married your father, all in a whirlwind of love, before I was seventeen, and worshipped the ground he walks on ever since. . . . Oh, my darling, guard your lips, your acts, your very thoughts. . . . I want you to break the evil spell that's been laid on the women of our family."

The autumn I was nineteen I went away to Boston

to be an artist! Yes, I thought Art was as simple as that! My mother tried desperately to keep me. But my father said, serenely, "Let her go. I know my Molly girl. She's a staunch little craft. Let her make her voyage. She'll come back to us, Mother, all the stronger for her battle with the waves."



And then around the corner of the station walked Bob

Bob wanted us to be engaged, but I refused, "I don't know whether I love you or not, Bob," I told him. "We've been friends, chums, all our lives; but I don't think there's been much Romance to it, do you, dear?" Romance, to me, in those days, was always spelled with a capital "R."

ON my last afternoon at home we walked the length of Main Street and up Bear Hill Road to the little yellow bungalow that Bob always called "ours." It was for sale, and untenanted. We sat down on the steps and watched the red and yellow leaves drifting through the hazy air.

Bob picked up my hand and braided my fingers absently through his own. "I wish you'd let me give you a ring, Molly Etta," he pleaded wistfully. He didn't often beg for things, either. He was so big and handsome and good-natured they usually just came his way.

I shook my head and pulled away my hand. "I've got to try my wings first," I said, "and I can't do it bound! Besides turn your head away, Bob, it's pretty hard, what I've got to say." I leaned my elbows on my knees and pressed my pulse against my eyes while I talked. I didn't want to see the bewilderment and distaste I knew his honest face would show. "My mother says" I barely whispered, "that somehow or other, we, the girls of our family, aren't as strong to resist temptation, you know what I mean, Bob, as other women are. And I, I want to test myself, dear, away from home influences, with nobody to rely on, to prove that I'm not weak like that, before I marry you or anyone else. Perhaps I'm foolish, going away alone, running into danger, but, oh, Bob, how can I ask any man to trust me when I'm not sure that I can trust myself?"

Mary O'Connor, the wrinkled little Irish woman who came in twice a week to clean for us, had a sister-in-law who ran a lodging-house in Roxbury, and Mary sent me to her.

"Norah Maginnis is her name; and it's the salt of the earth she is," said Mary. And she was right. All winter I occupied her "second floor back," a shabby, poorly

lighted, not over-heated room that had, however, the blessings of a comfortable bed and clean sheets; while the stout and friendly Mrs. Maginnis became a second mother to me and watched over me so devotedly that my goal of freedom was all but lost beneath the soft bulk of her kindness.

Quite in keeping with my lofty purpose I had refused to accept financial aid from Father. I had a few hundred dollars in the bank, the accumulation of birthday checks from a dear old great-aunt, and this I drew out and took with me. I attended Normal Art School in the daytime, and to eke out my dwindling principal, obtained an evening position in the Public Library.

EVEN so, however, I couldn't quite make both ends meet. I had counted on earning a little money with my illustrations, but it didn't take long to establish the fact that I was a raw amateur, and that my wares weren't marketable. And on a drab, sodden, lowly March day I sat on the edge of my bed, glared gloomily out at some dingy wet clothes flapping from the fire-escape across the area-way, and jingled my few remaining coins absently from hand to hand. I had changed my last two-dollar bill at the drug store the previous evening. Two-dollar bills were unlucky, they said.

Well, it meant going home licked! It meant I couldn't earn my own living. So far as resisting temptation was concerned, no fascinating serpent had so much as reared a jewelled head within range of my vision. I sighed, not very despairingly. "Well, I'm beaten, of course," I remarked to myself, "but it might be worse." Home wasn't the least attractive place in the world. Only—what should I do about Bob?

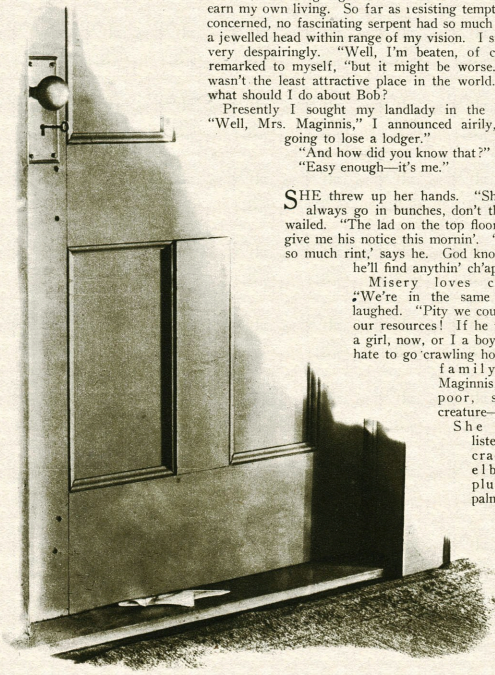
Presently I sought my landlady in the basement. "Well, Mrs. Maginnis," I announced airily, "You're going to lose a lodger."

"And how did you know that?" she asked. "Easy enough—it's me."

SHE threw up her hands. "Shure, they always go in bunches, don't they?" she wailed. "The lad on the top floor back, he give me his notice this mornin'. 'Can't pay so much rint,' says he. God knows where he'll find anythin' ch'aper!"

Misery loves company. "We're in the same boat," I laughed. "Pity we couldn't pool our resources! If he were only a girl, now, or I a boy. How I hate to go crawling home to the family, Mrs. Maginnis, like any poor, spineless creature—"

She wasn't listening. She cradled her elbows in plump pink palms, rocked



her portly body back and forth reflectively. . . . "I wonder, now," she mused, "ye've niver seen the feller up stairs, h'm . . . ?"

I shook my head.

"I'd not think of it if ye knew each other, nor if I couldn't kape an eye on the pair of ye mysilf . . . oh, it wouldn't do, of course . . . still . . . it's a pity . . . a fine young chap he is. Works all night on some newspaper. You're away, betwane yer art school and the liberry, all the time he'd be there. . . ."

Something gay and interesting seemed to be dawning on my horizon. "Yes! Yes! Go on!" I urged eagerly.

"I've a great big room up under the eaves! I'd put in a couple of bed couches and two bureaux . . . and it'd be *your* room all night . . . and *his* all day. . . . And he goes home for the wake-end any way, somewhere in the country. I'd charge ye a dollar extra for the two sets of bed linen. That'd make three-fifty apiece. What do ye say, now, dearie?"

I flew to Mrs. Maginnis and hugged her. "You're an angel from Heaven," I cried. "It's the cleverest thing I ever heard of! Oh, Mrs. Maginnis, darling, you see your nice young man to-night and tell me what he says!"

There were three long flights to climb, but the room was worth it; a big, cozy place of sloping ceilings and gabled windows, irregular in outline, with queer corners and unexpected angles. Odds and ends of discarded furniture had found a resting place here: dingy, friendly, inviting. I fell asleep smiling (and wondering what my mother would say) and woke next morning to the consciousness that something pleasant had happened.

MRS. MAGINNIS had arranged the room in two distinct halves, so that my strange roommate and myself need not encroach at all upon each other's domain. On Sunday I brought forth my personal treasures and transformed my share of the eyrie; my toilet ivory with its garlands of pink and blue; photographs of the girls and boys back home in silver frames; a bright silk scarf across the couch; the paraphernalia of my art under the north window.

The other part of the room worried me a little. It was as bare as a monk's cell. But for the black comb on the dresser and the battered typewriter on its wooden stand there was no evidence whatever of an occupant. I wondered if he was lonesome, away from home. It was a dog's life. Sleeping all day and working all night!

That evening I wrote to Bob. "You very nearly got me, Bob, dear," I said. "I was broke and I was just on the point of coming home and marrying you and settling down in the little yellow house behind the horse chestnut trees. But I've had my room rent reduced, so I'm going to try it out a few weeks longer.

Then I'll tell you Yes or No, dear, for sure. Something funny has happened, too, Bob. I'm not going to write you what it is. But some time I'll tell you all about it and we'll laugh it over together."

WHEN I had finished writing I sat for a long time, lost in dreams, which were not, I must admit, of Bob; until my sealed letter slid from my lap to the floor with a reproachful plop, and brought me back to myself with a prickling conscience.

"It certainly is funny as the Dickens," I chuckled to myself as I brushed my hair before the mirror. Suddenly I became shamefully conscious of my own reflection in the glass, my bare arms and shoulders and my thin cambric gown. I felt as though I were no longer alone in the room, that other eyes were upon me! A



I turned to see a letter being slipped beneath the door

hot blush ran over my whole body. I reached up hastily and turned off the light. In bed a delicious sense of warmth and adventure pervaded me. The beating of my heart quickened. I felt oddly stirred and excited. I layed softly into the darkness. "Good-night . . . Peter . . ." I whispered and pulled the covers up to my ears.

Dating from that night some queer psychological reaction took place within me. This stranger whom I had never seen began to mean more to me than any of the men and women with whom I walked and talked each day. He absorbed my imagination. I visualized him pounding away at his typewriter. I gave him thick, mahogany colored hair and saw him running his fingers through it till it stood on end. One day I noticed a green eye-shade lying beside the typewriter, and after that I pictured him with pleasant reddish-brown eyes that were inclined to squint without this artificial protection.

I ASKED Mrs. Maginnis what he looked like, but she only laughed. "Shure, he's homely as a hedge-fence, dearie," she said, twinkling-eyed. "He's got a broken nose and a prizefighter's ears and his front teeth are missin'." Neither would she divulge his name, so I continued to think of him as "Peter."

So seldom were any of Peter's belongings in sight that when I came in one evening and found a coat of his lying on his couch, it became instantly the most conspicuous object in the room. I hung up my hat and cape and put away my gloves, and still I couldn't forget the coat. It had a very human appearance, one sleeve trailing on the floor. I wanted to straighten it out, to make the poor thing comfortable.

I tip-toed across the floor, feeling that I was invading someone's privacy and picked up the garment. It was a gray Norfolk jacket and it smelled healthily of tobacco. Again I felt myself blushing. It was as though I had laid my hand on Peter's shoulders.

ONE button hung loose and there was a rip in the seam. After a moment's hesitation I took it to my table, rummaged my work basket, and put the coat in order. It was back again on the couch before I remembered, guiltily, that an unopened letter from Bob was lying forgotten on my bureau.

"I don't care a hoot about the queer thing that's happened," Bob wrote, "unless it keeps you away from me. Don't let it, dear. I passed the little yellow house the other day. It looks kind of lonesome, waiting. The horse chestnuts are in bloom. They're like Christmas trees with candles lighted. Dick Powers has a thoroughbred Airdale pup he'd sell me cheap if I could take care of it. And Uncle Win has promised to put me in a corking radio set when I have a place of my own. How about it, Molly Etta, dear?"

For a long time I sat motionless struggling with my problem. I would have to mend Bob's coats as I had the gray Norfolk. I had loved doing it for Peter. Why, there was positive Romance in the humble task! Would it be the same? But Peter was a poor boy, away from home. Bob's mother took care of his clothes. Peter hadn't anyone. Bob wanted me. But Peter needed me, and it is sweet to be needed by anybody.

I wondered if he would credit the mending to Mrs. Maginnis, but a couple of nights afterward I found a pot of yellow primroses on my window-sill, with a card on which was typed, "For the good Samaritan, with my gratitude." I bent my face to the blossoms, and the scent of damp earth sent a wave of homesickness through me. Yellow primroses in the windows of a yellow house. But something in the rambling room under the eaves tugged at my heartstrings and the other vision faded into the night.

I HAD to thank Peter, common courtesy demanded that. "If you have any other little mending I'd be glad to do it," I wrote, and tucked the note among the typewriter keys. And once I found a ripped glove lying suppliantly on my table, and once a pair of gay socks, neatly laundered but with a big hole in each heel, side by side in the middle of the floor.

One rainy evening when the Library was nearly deserted I covered a scratch-pad with thumb-nail sketches of Peter as I saw him in my mind, and on Sunday worked them up into a drawing of a shockheaded

young man with a shade over his eyes and a pipe between his teeth, pecking away at a typewriter. It turned out quite successfully, and when the following week a tobacco firm offered the students a prize of one hundred dollars for the best piece

of advertising copy, I touched it up a bit, gave it a title—"IT HELPS HIM WORK"—and sent it in.

We often left notes for each other now. His were typed, with ludicrously misplaced letters. I addressed him as "Peter" and he called me "Sammy," because he always thought of me as the (Continued on page 88)



And daily these letters grew dearer, more desirable

The American Spirit

In the July issue of DREAM WORLD we published a short practical meditation by the Reverend Henry C. Offerman, pastor of St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Brooklyn, New York, in which he stated "We're none of us perfect, and we're none of us ideal, and we're none of us angels." That short paragraph hits the nail on the head in giving the background of DREAM WORLD and its sister publications, TRUE STORY and TRUE ROMANCES. The purpose of these three magazines is to acknowledge the God of Things as They Are.

Dr. Offerman has written a statement covering his opinion of DREAM WORLD and its affiliated publications in the Macfadden group. He states:

"As an American and a Christian I recommend any magazines that stand for:

"*Truth*—There is nothing more firm than truth.

"*Strength*—What are ideals without the power and strength to enforce them?

"*Hope*—The essence of the future lies in the hope of the present.

"*Love*—Wholesome love will make a whole world wholesome.

"*THE AMERICAN SPIRIT*—Is a spirit of frankness, freedom, and joy.

"To my mind the Macfadden publications stand for these principles, and in-so-far as they can foster these ideals, are of benefit and service to mankind."

In the June issue of DREAM WORLD we published a statement from the New York City Association of Teachers of English in which the average magazine story was pointed out as detrimental in the education of the youth of to-day. Now here is a letter from the Reverend H. O. Rohdy of Cedar creek, Nebraska, which, from his own experience, bears out that statement. He writes:

"The memory of the shattering of the faith, as to the veracity of the stories that I had read in my juvenile days still persists to cling to my mind. It made for me an exchange of the real for the unreal, and I desired to live a real life in a real world. Idealism has its beauties, but alas, the ability to attain unto it has its delusions.

"We need firm ground under our feet, to see things as they are, and for that reason the best stories for me are true stories. They give us a true horizon and put iron into our life and ideals."

"Truth is not only stranger than fiction," writes the Reverend D. S. Alexander, of Davenport, Iowa, "but it also is more powerful as well as more interesting. You have in your hands a tremendous force for saving our young people from the pitfalls which are before them. Ignorance is not bliss, nor is it purity, nor is prudery virtue. Again, the world needs more charity and such a magazine ought to create a bond of charity and sympathy for those who slip in an unguarded moment,"

From Bandon, Oregon, William E. Baskerville writes:

"I think the plan of publishing true experiences of those who have been the victims of untoward circumstances and have won out, in spite of handicap, may be an inspiration to others not to give up hope and to try again and again, if need be, and so win out for right and truth and purity in life, where alone lies true happiness. I think Mr. Macfadden is doing a great work through all his publications in promoting strength of body and the beauty and sacredness of the physical as the foundation of clean, wholesome life and living. False modesty and prudery must be replaced by a frank, open-minded presentation of great truths and facts of life."

In all the letters here quoted, and we have many others which we might quote, the point stressed is the one which we have used as the heading for this page—THE AMERICAN SPIRIT—which as Dr. Offerman says, is the spirit of frankness, freedom and joy. The world we live in is the world we make and it is only by looking at things as they are that we can make our daily lives measure up to the world of our dreams.

Remember

By HUBERT V. CORYELL

GIRL, do you hunger for love's adventure?

Do you quest shyly but eagerly for the lover that is to be?

Remember:

Many can thrill with their wooing
And sweep your soul into an eternity with their passion;
Many can enfold you with conquering arms
And turn their lips into dizzying masters of your being;
But few are easy to live with,
To cook for and scrub for
To mend for and slave for
To sit with or wait for;
Few are good at forgiving
Or at asking forgiveness;
And few know how to be good fathers.

Girl, do you think joyfully of marriage?

Are you planning the wedding beautiful?

Remember:

It is easy to enthrall a lover
Whose blood leaps before your young beauty;
It is easy to bring the eager lover to your feet,
To make him plead for the gift of your love;
But it is not so easy to hold him
After the wedding
And the honey-moon,
When his blood is no longer turbulent,
And he must stay at home and pay his bills,
Instead of going courting
And to the moving pictures.

Girl, do you long for a home of your own making?

Have you planned it all out?

Remember:

Anybody can dust a piano
And polish solid silver;
Anybody can wash cut glass goblets
And serve dainty luncheons;
But it takes a real woman
To stitch the lining of a bassinet
With joy and love in every movement of the needle,
With a throb of happiness at the tying of each ribbon;
Only a real woman can rejoice
Even during the weeks of discomfort
And the hours of pain.

Girl, do you dream of little children?

Do you ache for their arms about your neck?

Remember:

Almost any woman can bear children;
Almost any woman can love them;
Almost any can bring them up—after a fashion—
Hit or miss, bungling, the easiest way at each moment;
But only a real mother
Can love without spoiling,
Can serve without creating tyrants and dependents,
Can receive confidences without betraying them;
Only a real mother can so live
That her children, copying her, will be
Square and true, brave but kind, cheery and ever-loving.
Remember!

Hawaiian Moonlight

(Continued from page 27)

"I do not desire to know anything you do not wish to tell me. I love you, and that is sufficient."

"Supposing," I whispered. "I had committed a—crime—"

Rebel laughed lightly.

"You, Betty, you dishonorable? With those eyes?"

I leaned toward him. The next moment I was crushed in his arms, and he kissed me fervently, passionately, many, many times.

I LAY passive in his arms. He spoke softly of his great love for me—there under the glory of the tropic sky, where a silvery moon, softly glimmering stars and the great, restless, beautiful ocean—seemed all attuned to passion and love.

I had met the man I loved. But there was a deep, unfathomable gulf between us. I was a murderer! The thought of it struck my quivering heart. I could never tell him. I could never be his.

I thrust his arms from me.

"Oh, please go away," I struggled to keep my voice calm. "Our love—can never be."

"Why not?" his hot lips brought forth impatiently.

I shook my head.

"Betty, I love you. My darling, I want you for my wife. Will you marry me?" I saw again, in all its startling vividness, the figure of the fair-haired boy before me, in the awful stillness of death.

"No—no," I burst forth, "there has been something in my life," the words came painfully, "that I can never tell you."

"Betty, I cannot conceive of your ever doing anything bitterly regrettable; but, we will forget it. I love you for yourself and for what I will always believe you, darling."

"No—no."

Rebel took both of my hands.

"Let us go back to the cottage," I said, quietly.

THE next morning, after the boys had gone to the harbor, I skimmed through the Honolulu *Advertiser*, the morning paper. I was preoccupied and scarcely noted what I was listlessly reading, when a paragraph caught my eye and held it: I read it with varied emotions. A short item, merely mentioning that Captain Frank Walton Baxter, U.S.N., retired and Mrs. Baxter, with their son, Robert, had arrived in Honolulu yesterday from Los Angeles on their yacht, the *Nimrod*, and were staying at the Moana Hotel.

My people, my own people, my famished heart cried out for them. I had never written Bobbie.

Half an hour later, I eagerly inquired at the Moana Hotel desk for the Baxter's suite. Another minute and I was facing my father. An embrace and kisses. Then mother, and her tears and mine mingled.

"Betty—how we have worried about you!"

"My darling little daughter!"

"Holy cats! Why in the name of com-

Annette Reducing Garments

Positively Reduce—You look thinner the moment you put them on, and this appearance soon becomes a reality

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On the left I picture my 12-inch *Rubberic* Hip Reducer, laced either in front or back. Made of Rubber-Fabric, woven especially for Annette. Bear in mind that in Annette Garments NO RUBBER TOUCHES YOU. This is an important feature, and its value cannot be over-estimated by women.

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mon sense didn't you write to me?" broke in Bobby, "Ye Gods! I thought you had committed—"

"Hush!" mother reproved him.

"I was afraid—" I told them. "I was a coward, running away instead of facing my guilt. I am bitterly ashamed. I shall go back with you and give myself up."

"Don't you know?" boomed out Bobby, incredulously, "didn't you read the papers?"

My lips refused to open, but my eyes prayed him to continue.

"Howard didn't die, Betty. He's up and around, was playing golf when we left, and I explained long ago that it was I who induced you to leave—"

My Prince and I

(Continued from page 40)

We were apparently not to leave this beautiful valley just yet.

Cousin Louisa and I started out from the hotel at Festomar early on the morning after Mr. Daly's accident.

He had had a fairly good night. The doctor was pleased with him. Nothing would induce Cousin Louisa to stay in the hotel she had been asked to leave; but she determined to go somewhere else in the neighborhood and wait there until Mr. Daly could move.

"We can't desert the poor man, Anne," she said. "It would be un-Christian. I could never say my prayers again with a clear conscience. If it gets about who you are, my child, and the people seem hostile, you must simply stay indoors."

I wanted badly to go home, but she didn't want to be left alone, and I couldn't very well desert her.

MR. DALY loaned us his car, and Cousin Louisa asked the young American chauffeur to drive very slowly and keep his eyes out for any likely looking place to stay.

This is a straggling village in the midst of meadows and vineyards. The Inn is very comfortable. The rooms are large and clean, and the food is quite good. The chief recommendation in Cousin Louisa's eyes is that it is entirely hidden from Festomar, and that very few people are likely to come to this village, because the valley ends in a *cul-de-sac*. The mountains go sheer up behind the village.

The car went back to Festomar after we were settled, and, to our intense astonishment, it returned the following day, converted into an ambulance, with Martin Daly and the nurse inside.

The doctor had very grudgingly given his permission. The patient was doing surprisingly well.

"I absolutely refused to stay up there all alone," Mr. Daly said. His voice was weak, one leg useless, his head and shoulder bandaged. But otherwise he really seemed remarkably well, considering the hours he had lain in excruciating pain on the mountain side.

May 22nd.

What will be the next thing to happen? Cousin Louisa has caught a chill and is suffering tortures with her rheumatism. She is crippled and a prisoner in her room.

HIS voice went on, but the words were meaningless to me. I had grasped only the one wonderful fact that Howard was alive. I was not guilty. The dreadful specter that had haunted me all these weeks was gone. Oh, the blessed relief that swept over me.

I was wildly, deliciously happy. I dropped to my knees and buried my face in a chair. I tried to pray.

It was all very wonderful. Mother and Dad went on to Australia, Bobby sailed back to the States to resume college, and Rebel and I borrowed the *Nimrod* for a perfect honeymoon cruising the South Seas.

We may be here some time. Mr. Daly finds his chauffeur invaluable.

"HES as good as any valet," he says.

He wants me to use the car to explore the beauties of the neighborhood.

I did go for a beautiful drive this afternoon. On the way back we met two royal carriages—Adrian and an old gentleman in one, Marie Celeste and a white-haired lady in the second, and members of their suite sitting opposite. They were in fine state, with postilions in scarlet and purple, and outriders, too. I supposed their guests were the King and Queen of Valtoria. My glimpse of Adrian's face showed him with his stern and wooden expression, sitting bolt upright, every inch a king, but no longer a man. It's impossible to believe that he was a happy boy among happy boys only such a short time ago.

The chauffeur, whose name is Harry Dean, pulled up the car and stopped at the side of the road.

"I take it that's the King and Queen, miss," he said.

"Yes," I answered. And I told him who their guests were.

"This is a fine country," he went on. He has such a very nice manner, not a bit servile, and yet most respectful. One could not help feeling friendly towards him.

"Yes, it's beautiful," I said. "A bit of luck for you, Dean, to see the King and Queen so close, wasn't it? Isn't she beautiful?"

"She's a peach," he remarked. But his dark brows were knitted, and his voice sounded absent. "D'you know, miss—I hope you don't mind me telling you," he said in a faltering voice, "but I have the queerest feelings about this country. Can't account for them at all. Sometimes I could swear I'd been here before. But I know I haven't. And I shut my eyes and I can see other places that I believe must be in Montazuro. It's all so dim and funny—just as if I'd been here in dreams."

"Perhaps you have, Dean!" I laughed. "I've seen places in dreams that I'm sure exist somewhere in the world."

He evidently has a dreamy and imaginative nature.

May 25th.

I WENT for a walk to-day, and had an extraordinary experience. Coming out of a thick pine wood at the back of the village, and rounding a corner, I found

myself gazing on a most entrancing view. In a hollow lay a little lake—hardly more than a very large pond, and not blue like the lake of Festomar, but the most exquisite, limpid green. Sheer rocks went down to it, with here and there tufts of baby pine trees and clumps of dwarf rhododendron and some kind of plant on which were bright clusters of pale blue flowers.

A man and a woman were just coming up the steep zigzag path. I heard their voices before I saw them. Then, to my amazement, I saw that the woman was Marie Celeste.

I quickly stepped back into the forest and hid behind one of the huge pine trunks. The man who accompanied her I could not place at all, and yet it seemed to me that I had seen him before. He was small and dark.

They came quickly towards me. I was terrified lest they should catch sight of me.

I could not make it out. Surely the Queen could not be so mad or so bad as to have involved herself in another intrigue.

They stood still, not far from me. I can't describe my sensations. I knew that I was drifting again into some horrid complication, perhaps into another tragedy. I wished with all my soul that I was not there. I hated Marie Celeste.

SHE was very white. The little man with her was gesticulating fiercely. Suddenly it struck me who he was—the majordomo of the household of Graymede. It was he who had rushed into the room and bent over the stiff body of the young Marquis on that morning that seemed so far away.

A servant! A menial! And she, the Queen of Montazuro, alone with him here by this lonely lake. What could it mean? He was paying her no deference. He looked as if he were dictating to her.

Their voices buzzed. Her face was deathly white under her close-fitting hat. She listened to him with a kind of furious scorn. Then she put her hand in her coat pocket and took out a gold mesh bag. She opened it and put a bundle of something into his hands. I supposed it was money.

They passed on, up the path. She stopped and made a gesture of dismissal. He bowed very low—ironically, mockingly low, I thought. An then he disappeared into the wood, like a dark eel, so quickly and noiselessly.

Marie Celeste turned to the left and went up another path.

May 29th.

I was interrupted and have not written anything for four days. But to-day another incredible thing has happened, and I am sitting in my dressing-gown, hot-water bottles round my feet, a shawl over my head, Mr. Daly's nurse coming in every now and then with some warm milk, soup, or chicken jelly.

My head had been full of Marie Celeste since I saw her.

THIS little dark man—there was only one explanation—she shared some secret with him. Graymede! Was it possible that he had found out the truth about the Marquis and was blackmailing her.



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My footsteps were irresistibly urged towards the little lake.

I went there on the two following afternoons. There was nobody there. I laughed at myself for a morbid creature.

This morning I found the little dark-faced, bright-eyed majordomo there. He was lolling against a rock, smoking.

I hid myself again, and after about ten minutes Marie Celeste appeared, clambering rather gingerly down the steep mountain side.

I felt sure the man's manner had gained in insolence. He evidently had some power over her. He was talking volubly, making great use of his eyes and hands.

Suddenly Marie Celeste raised her stick, as if she would lay it about his shoulders.

He started back, and then lifted his arm. I stood spell-bound, thinking he was going to strike her.

Then I don't know what happened.

A wild shriek rang through the air. I closed my eyes for a second, feeling sick and faint.

When I opened them the Queen was not there, and the majordomo was running up the hill-side, clambering like a monkey.

I rushed down the rocky path blindly, my heart hammering, a frightful noise in my ears.

Marie Celeste had fallen into the lake.

I remember thanking God I was a strong swimmer. She was not far from the shore.

I NEVER wrote in my day book again. Time has passed. All is different now.

If I take up my pen again, it is because I have been persuaded, somewhat against my will, to write the end of that part of my story. Someone thinks it might interest the world. It is a good friend of mine, tried and trusted and found true.

I must go back to where I left off—to that tragic moment when Marie Celeste was struggling in the green water of the little lake in the mountains near Festomar, and I was swimming towards her.

Fortunately for me, she fainted when I reached her and I managed to pull her ashore somehow.

It was quite a quarter of an hour before she could speak coherently. At first she only moaned.

I got out of her with great difficulty that she had fallen into the water by accident. I also got out of her that she had come all the way from the castle on foot. Again she informed me that the King was away for a couple of days hunting chamois up in the Alps.

She seemed to be able to take nothing in but that I was there. It amazed her; it seemed to her like an omen. The wonder of it broke down her reserve, and she told me the truth. It was as I thought. The little majordomo knew that she had been meeting de Fezarius in secret long before she came to England. He had a whole mass of proofs, including the dates of the meetings, and actually some snapshots that he had managed to take of the young Marquis and herself.

LIKE the clever, unscrupulous person he was, he had waited until she became Queen of Montazuro to declare his knowledge. And now he threatened exposure unless she acceded to his exorbitant demands. That morning he had threatened

to send one of the snapshots to the newspapers. She had told him that she could not procure the money he asked for, and he had given her a week in which to find it.

"He dared to threaten me," she kept repeating, as if she could hardly believe it. Her face was convulsed. She looked dreadful.

I tried to quiet her, fearing she would collapse. I asked her if she could move. She said she did not think so.

In the end I managed to half drag, half carry her through the wood. It was an awful experience. When we finally reached the road, everything went black before my eyes.

I heard Marie Celeste shriek. It brought me to my senses. It was a car traveling at a great speed.

To my intense relief, it proved to be Dean, driving Mr. Daly's car. He stopped at once at the sight of me. I explained to him that the lady with me had had an accident, and asked him to drive her to the royal castle at once. I gave him the impression that she was a member of the household. I hoped fervently that he would not recognize in the corpse-like disheveled creature the exquisite and haughty Queen of Montazuro, whom he had seen driving in her state carriage a few days before.

DEAN helped me to lift her into the car. I thought his manner most discreet.

Before he started I managed to have a word with him.

"When you come back, don't say anything about this, please. It would only alarm Mrs. Warren and Mr. Daly, too. I shall be all right. I shall just say that I got wet. When you get to the castle, the lady will give you directions as to which door you are to drive up to."

He saluted me respectfully, and then said, with his alert look, so very attractive in its perfect candor:

"I guess, miss, this lady owes her life to you. She's in a pretty bad way, and I must get a hustle on me. I won't say anything to anybody. You can rely on me, miss."

I remember it so vividly. I was sitting in my room at the inn, writing an account of the beginning of this trying experience in my diary. It was evening. An exquisite soft rosy light lay over the mountains, like a chiffon veil.

I had just got to my plunge into the lake when the landlady's daughter came in with a note for me.

It was from one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting at the castle. It implored me to come at once. Her Majesty was very ill. They feared she would die. His Majesty was away. They had sent for him, but it might take many hours to find him in the mountain heights. The Queen asked for me incessantly.

Of course, I had to go.

I ASKED Cousin Louisa to tell Mr. Daly that I had borrowed his car again, and, in about half an hour, was being driven to the castle. I felt none the worse for my own immersion in the lake. But I was excited to the pitch of fever. And in the bottom of my heart was a wild joy, because I knew it was possible that I should see Adrian again.

It is no good dwelling on what happened for the next forty-eight hours. Marie Celeste was not ill at all. She was as well as I was. But for some unaccountable reason she wanted me there at the castle.

The doctor and I had a talk. He spoke French. He admitted that the Queen was not ill and that he had no clue to her mood. The only thing he could say was that her Majesty's nerves were very unstrung and that my presence in the castle comforted her. He understood that the Queen had become attached to me in England.

I was rather indignant and taxed the doctor with the urgent letter that had been written to me. He admitted it, with a deprecatory shrug of his shoulders.

"Her Majesty's mind was so fixed on your coming, mademoiselle."

Marie Celeste herself was feverishly friendly.

"You must stay," she said to me. "That wretched man has disappeared. I have heard nothing more of him. Soon it will be a week and I haven't got the money for him."

"Why does not your Majesty hand him over to the police to deal with?" I asked her.

"HOW can you!" she retorted, and she was the old, arrogant Marie Celeste. "What are you thinking about? Do you expect me to let the police know? You seem to forget that I am the Queen of Montazuro."

I said I must go on the day Adrian came back. I had not seen him. I longed to and dreaded to. She had sent for me in the morning, and she worked herself into a terrible state of nerves.

"You must not go! What should I do? I am relying on you, Miss Herbert. You are my only friend. Have you not proved it?" She spoke with sublime arrogance. I really believe she imagined I had borne the blame of the young Marquis's death simply because I was Anne Herbert and she was the Princess Marie Celeste of Montazuro.

"But what can I do, your Majesty?" I asked helplessly.

"I thought you might be able to find the money for me. I am practically penniless. The Queen's income is absurdly small and I have a million expenses. I have nowhere to get this money from at once. Could you not borrow it for me? I would trust you absolutely. You can take what interest you like. I can repay it in a year, or perhaps six months."

She looked at me eagerly, her eyes like burning coals in her white face. I crimsoned with rage at her suggestion that I should take a commission for getting money for her. At the same time I felt I must help her—for Adrian's sake. How awful if there were to be any publicity!

I WAS thinking of Mr. Daly. I knew he would let me have the money. I asked her how much it was. Her answer staggered me. It was thirty-thousand pounds in English money.

I knew Mr. Daly would let me have this money, all the same. That was if he had it. I had heard him called enormously rich, but, of course, I did not know what that meant. He might not be able to dis-

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pose of such a huge sum all in a moment. I told her I thought I might get the money. She must trust me absolutely. She said she did. She objected strongly to my going away from the castle for a few hours.

"I don't know what it is but I can't do without you," she said. "You make me feel safe. If you get this money, I will never forget it. The little brute has promised to go out of the country and never to worry me again. He will hand over the photographs. Those are the only things that matter."

I went in the afternoon. Adrian was returning in the evening.

The doctor saw me before I went. He was anxious lest I was not coming back. He told me that he had made a disquieting discovery. Her Majesty's heart was very seriously affected. As a young girl it had been slightly weak, but he had thought she had grown out of it. His last examination revealed serious trouble. Perhaps the accident of falling into the water had aggravated the mischief. Her Majesty's mind must be kept perfectly at peace. She must not be crossed in any way. She appeared to lean on me to a very large extent.

At the Castle

MARTIN DALY was an angel. He gave me the money without a word. What was more he produced it in cash within three days. He would not even allow me to tell him what it was for. I believe he guessed.

I saw Adrian that evening when I went back to the castle. The Queen was in her own rooms. I sent the money to her immediately I arrived. There came back no answer from her in writing, but a message to request me to dine privately with their Majesties that night.

To this day I have never really understood why Marie Celeste insisted so on my presence at the castle. It could not have been that she liked me. I don't think she understood the meaning of the word gratitude. She accepted all services, all sacrifices as her due. I can only think that all the excitement of the preceding days, and the shock of her immersion in the water, had had the effect of fixing the idea in her mind that she could not do without me.

When I was ready I left my room and was wandering about uncertain where to go, when the house chamberlain appeared, and led me to a room adjoining the private dining-room.

It was empty. I went over to the fire, which was welcome, for in those heights even a June evening could be very cold.

The door opened. I had my back to it. I couldn't move. I heard a sharp indrawn breath. And then that thrilling voice that made me feel since the first time I heard it that I was nothing but one lump of emotions for the owner of that voice to play on.

"Anne! My Anne!"

ADRIAN was beside me, holding my hands, looking into my eyes, his own dark, ardent and luminous.

"Anne, what does this mean? This glimpse of heaven? What did I hear when I came back—that Miss Herbert is staying in the castle, that the Queen desires her

presence? I never believed in miracles before."

I could not help smiling back at him. The clasp of his hand, the sound of his voice, the nearness of him intoxicated me. But the next moment I knew that this was only an added danger. My joy was too acute. It was hardly to be borne.

"Her Majesty had an accident," I stammered. "I was able to help her. She wished to see me. I did not know how to refuse."

"Yes, I've heard about the accident," he said. "The castle is full of that accident. It was fate that you were on the spot. But what does it matter? It has brought you here."

"I cannot stay," I put in quickly. "You must see that."

"I can't see anything but you, Anne, in that nice stiff, old-fashioned, white dress, with your little milky arms and your lovely baby face, just like one of those white and gold flowers that one stoops to pick up in a meadow. And I shall die if I can't kiss you."

"You mustn't talk like that," I pleaded. "I can't stand it. I shall have to go."

"My Anne, I love you more than ever. I love you to madness and despair, and my life is worth nothing to me!"

And all I could find to say in my miserable heart was what I had said so many times:

"What's the good?"

ADRIAN'S face turned from a happy boy's into a morose man's in the twinkling of an eye and he repeated beneath his breath:

"What's the good?"

The doors opened and the Queen came in. She was condescendingly gracious to me as I curtseyed.

"I hope you have thanked Miss Herbert for her services," she said to her husband.

"I have tried to," Adrian answered ambiguously.

"You have to thank her that I am alive," Marie Celeste went on.

"I have," he said, "and that she herself is alive, too."

I was terrified, as I caught his eyes. It was so dangerous to talk like that.

But it went on all through dinner. We were quite alone, with an army of servants. I don't know what we ate. I only remember that there were white roses on the table and that Adrian picked out an exquisite bud and laid it beside my plate, and, that his fingers touched mine as he did so. And all the time I was thrilling and quivering with the reckless danger of it. He was merry, mischievous. He paid me outrageous compliments. What he said was all addressed to me. Every word had a meaning that Marie Celeste could not understand. Sometimes I held my breath at his recklessness.

Three days later I left the castle. I did not see Adrian again until I was on the point of leaving.

MARIE CELESTE and he were returning to Grobbio on the following day. She had asked me to come and stay at the palace before I went back to England. I had hesitated. And yet, of course, I did want to.

No! I must keep myself out of temptation. I must not give way to that mad

longing deep down in my heart to stay near Adrian, to know for certain that I must catch a glimpse of him now and then.

I made excuses. They were very good ones. I must accompany my cousin back to England. I must consult my mother, who was all alone. Marie Celeste brushed all that aside, I could return to England, certainly. I could spend a week or two with my mother. But I must come back to Grobbio. Why not bring my mother, too?

Adrian came to the car with me to see me off.

"I must see you alone before I go," he whispered.

"You can't," I answered in alarm. "You are going to-morrow."

"This evening, Anne, I will be walking down your way. Be out after dinner. Don't ask questions, I will arrange it. Be there."

Mr. Daly was progressing rapidly. Cousin Louisa was also much better. My connection with the royal house had acted on her like a tonic. She was planning to move on the following week. She had had enough of the country and thought of spending the month of June in Venice. She invited me warmly to accompany her. Mr. Daly was going to join the Manders at La Montana. The Countess had also sent me an invitation. She had written most charmingly, ignoring the scandal about my name. I knew that Mr. Daly had told her the truth.

THAT night after dinner I said I was going out for a walk. I could not resist seeing Adrian. It was a gorgeous evening.

I walked up the road, believing Adrian would come that way, if he came at all. I had not gone very far when I saw him standing by Mr. Daly's car, deep in conversation with Dean, the chauffeur.

I don't know why it gave me such a shock. Adrian talked to everybody. He had charming ways with servants. Even if Dean recognized him it was not such a terrible matter. He knew I had been staying at the castle, and had rendered the Queen a service.

Adrian had a light coat over his evening dress. By his side was a great Montazurian wolfhound. He looked up as I approached, and came towards me, with outstretched hand.

"What a lovely evening!" he exclaimed. "I have found out that this car belongs to your friend, Mr. Daly. I remember him at La Montana, don't I?" And he gave me a quick, questioning look. "I'm sorry to hear he has had an accident."

Almost unconsciously I moved beside him.

"And this young man has been telling me some funny things," he went on. "He's never been in Montazuro before, but the country seems familiar to him. Just now he gave me quite a good description of the palace at Grobbio. Isn't that queer?"

I LOOKED from one to the other, feeling an unaccountable perturbation. Dean was evidently so taken up with those peculiar visions of his that he had to tell them to everybody he came across. And there was something else that I could not explain. It was in the atmosphere. It

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was like a voice speaking to me that I knew and yet couldn't recognize.

"Are you walking a little way?" Adrian asked me. "May I come with you?"

He put his hand in his pocket and gave Dean some money with a few more cheery words. The chauffeur touched his cap. We moved off.

IN the end I spent the autumn and winter at Grobbio. Marie Celeste was so insistent.

I brought mother to Grobbio. We had a small apartment near the palace. I went to the palace every day to talk English with the Queen. Her manner to me was always the same. She seemed to lean on me. I could not understand it.

Then one afternoon, when the promise of spring had come again, Adrian found me alone in the Queen's boudoir. I was waiting for her. She had gone out to some charity function.

It was hardly ever that he came to her rooms like this. The shock unnerved us both.

The next thing I knew I was in his

arms, listening to a flood of passionate words.

"Anne, my Anne! I want you! I can't live without you. This long cold winter has nearly killed me. Knowing you were near me all the time has been torture! I can steal away without anyone knowing. Anne, you must come, too! You must come somewhere with me. I must have a few days of your sweet company, otherwise I can't live!"

HIS voice died away. Our lips met. He crushed me to him with a desperate force.

"Anne," he whispered, "say that you will come! I will find some place where no one will know you or me. We can meet every day. I shall have you to myself. It will be like Tramia again."

"No, no," I faltered. "It's impossible!"

"Anne," he went on, "say yes. Listen, I hear someone coming! It's only a few days of life I ask. Say yes, Anne!"

"Yes," I faltered faintly, and a moment later the door opened and Marie Celeste came in, attended by her ladies.

You who have followed this story of Anne and her Prince will find in the next issue a thrilling culmination of this tale. The biggest surprise of all is saved for the end. You will love the October number of DREAM WORLD on the stands

September 15

Light

(Continued from page 44)

NANCY sighed.

"I'd be grateful to you for ever and ever," she pleaded, "if you'd just give me a tiny chance. I've got to earn a living, you see. I live with a cousin, an old lady, who has never really wanted me ever since she adopted me years ago. I wanted to do something for myself so badly, as my mother was on the stage, I thought, I hoped—"

Fogarth regarded her more intently. Something in her personality appealed to him, touching his wayward heart. She was so very young, such an unspoiled child.

"Put it out of your mind," he said again. "Believe me, the stage is not for babes like yourself. I cannot picture you a light o' love, but rather the light of someone's eyes. . . . If I had a daughter of my own, as you suggested just now, that is what most surely you would be. But my life is behind me, brilliantly successful, entirely unhappy. . . . Why?

Because stage life and stage associations made me what I am, because I put place and ambition before love and honor, because I am haunted by the thought of a little girl—fresh, trusting and unspoiled as yourself—whose life I rode over in my Juggernaut car of triumph. . . . I should not like to think of you suffering as she must have suffered; and that is why I am going to send you on your way."

FOGARTH sat down in the carved throne-like chair and picked up the pen of ebony and gold with which it was his fancy to write. That action was Nancy's dismissal. But when the door closed behind her,

her face came before him on the paper in place of the words he meant to write. He was half in the mind to call her back.

He went to the curtained window and drew aside the funeral drapings.

Light—more light, she had said!

The blaze of sunlight that streamed in nearly blinded him. By and by, as his eyes became accustomed to it, the cool green of the parklands rested and soothed him. He opened the window as well. There were butterflies dancing in the sun. . . .

And then he made out his late visitor walking slowly down the drive. She was disappointed, the child! Well, he had meant to be kind. He had saved her possibly from a fate similar to that of the girl whose memory would never let him rest.

Just then a woman came into sight. Even from that distance her flaming hair marked her, and the cruel scarlet of her lips.

The little visitor would have to pass her.

Fogarth's bored expression became suddenly alert.

The red-haired woman stood still, looking after the girl. She called. Nancy turned round and came swiftly back. . . .

III

"A ROSE-WHITE child," said Fogarth wearily. "I sent her away. I wish you would go away, too, Maxa. You are discordant to-day. Aren't you appearing in town to-night?"

Maxa laughed. The very notes of her amusement were languidly malicious.

"Oh, rather. I've ordered your car to take me to the station in half an hour. Did you ever know an actress-manageress or even an actress who would give her understudy a chance? But I'm coming down again because I've made an appointment to-morrow to see that kid I met just now."

"Where?"

"Here," she answered coolly. "And I think you might have kept her till I came in. You know I'm always on the lookout for talent."

Fogarth turned in his throne-like chair and surveyed her with as near to curiosity as he could approach.

"I don't fathom you," he said deliberately. "Most women would not engage young and pretty girls to save their lives or their box-office receipts. There must be a reason for your—originality. What do you get out of it? A sensation? Or money?"

Maxa stared back at him, her slanting eyes glinting wickedly.

"Then you don't believe in my impeachment as an impresario?" she queried.

"I don't query your gift: as an actress or a critic," responded Fogarth. "But your particular bevy of beauties are as devoid of talent as canaries, and I think you know it."

Maxa sat up.

"FUNNY you never tumbled to my game. It's pretty patent," she remarked, "though I believe I'm the first woman-manager to specialize in it."

"In what?" he frowned.

"Human delicatessen; purveying rare sweetmeats of quality for jaded palates. I don't deal in quantity, like Green of the West Theatre, or G. B. Harvey and Langton Smith. None of the goods I sell harm from Peckham or its purlieus. You can rely on it when you come to my theater for an amusing little friend, shall I say, that she's decently born and didn't first learn to eat peas with a fork at the Savoy."

"Oh, you needn't look at me with your eyes tumbling about like that, Gerald. I do extraordinarily well for my girls. And, you mark it, I'm only doing what every manager whose shows are a money success is up to. Why don't Miriam Green and Clara Williams make their fortunes? I'll tell you. They're exploiting their one talent which will never set the Thames on fire, and it's the only article they happen to stock. I tried that game first and saw how idiotic it was. Pretty girls without prejudices are the draw all the time, theatrically speaking, and they want to be served up in an artistic way, with plenty of *sauce piquante*. I'm the only woman-dealer at present, and I've got the pick of the market. Harvey, Smith and his tribe only deal in any sort of goods. They're not much more than marine store dealers really, but I'm the Duveen of my trade. D'you get me? As for that kid you turned down this afternoon, she's most promising material from my point of view. Fruit with the bloom on. If I don't gather her for my shop window she'd only be devalued by some turnip-headed clod. For goodness' sake, don't pretend to be squeamish, Gerald! I thought you had got over that long ago."



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FOGARTH got up. He moved up and down the room restlessly.

"You, like myself, were tainted from the first by personal ambition of the wrong sort," he said. "Our own souls, or mine at least, is probably beyond redemption; but the child we're talking about is at the beginning of her life. She's a butterfly, and you would bludgeon her. Why couldn't you leave her alone—let her pass—as I did?"

Maxa's finely cut lips curled contemptuously.

"Think of me as a benefactor, and don't be sloppily sentimental, Gerald," she said. "It doesn't suit your present environment—or myself. There's no reason why that kid should regret running up against me. With my help she'll meet rich and moneyed men. How she plays them up is her own affair. Naturally, I shouldn't concern myself about her at all if she were not so lovely. She's a perfect flower to look at, and the honey-sweet of blossoms was not intended for one busy bee alone. Besides, although we've too many women as against men, the beautiful ones are scarce. There aren't enough to go round. A beautiful woman should be handled like a loving-cup, and passed along. . . ."

She spoke her mind. She had not the slightest intention of shocking Fogarth. But for once she revolted him.

"I think you are quite the most immoral woman I have ever met—or written about," he observed.

"I'm probably the most candid," she answered. "I haven't an illusion in the world, and I'm of the opinion that the sooner a girl can be shown life as it really is, without trimmings, the better for her. The ones whom I have to deal with learn right from the jump that they are not characters in fiction, and that romance doesn't spell matrimony."

FOGARTH stopped in his restless pacing.

"Heaven help the girls who fall into your hands," he said with deadly earnestness.

"It doesn't," Maxa assured him indifferently. "I teach them to help themselves. What in the name of wonder are you concerning yourself for on a mere question of ethics?"

"It's more than that," replied Fogarth. "I can't explain my motives to you or myself, but I definitely desire that that child shall not learn of life from you. Don't come down here again to-morrow. Don't see her. Would you push a baby over a precipice?"

"Why not—if it landed on a bed of roses?" Maxa shrugged. "That girl is worth money to me . . . But I don't want to talk about her all night. How's the play getting on?"

"Not at all," answered Fogarth. "I've a feeling I'd like to break my pen in two and start again from the beginning, and expiate my sins . . . only it's too late."

A servant announced that the car was in readiness.

"Why not start a crèche for chorus girls?" Maxa suggested. "You remind me of nothing so much as a conscientious nursemaid this afternoon."

She waved an airy farewell from the door.

IV

NANCY did not possess a trunk, for the simple reason that she had never been out of Butley village since she had arrived there as a baby in arms. Upstairs in a lumber-room she knew there was a certain quantity of old boxes and trunks, and a large old-fashioned dressing-case that had belonged to her mother. Some sort of luggage she must have in readiness for her impending departure.

When the household had retired for the night she tiptoed upstairs. She dared not carry a candle, but she had a box of matches in her hand. Shutting herself into the musty darkness, she found the dressing-case by matchlight and carried it downstairs to her bedroom.

As a little girl Nancy had often tried to open it before. No doubt the key had been lost long ago. At any rate, it was locked. Now she needed it for her own property, so she got busy at the hasp with a pair of scissors, finally succeeding in forcing the lock.

The case was fairly full. It was packed with the old treasure that had once been significant to the dead woman, and now spoke their message to the child she had left. A reverent feeling, an awe such as one might feel in church, came over Nancy. These were her mother's possessions and therefore sacred.

She stood for a moment before she touched them.

"Mother darling," she whispered, "I don't mean to pry. I hope there's nothing you'd rather I shouldn't see."

It seemed to her in her mood of nervous excitement that her mother was very near to her, and that she was glad her little girl should handle these long laid-by treasures.

A baby's bib, unfinished, with the needle and thread stuck in it, had been put away one night and forever, theater programs of plays long since forgotten, names of unknown players who had dropped out, died, or achieved fame; all of them were meaningless to Nancy.

There were several photographs of one girl, obviously taken for stage purposes. Nancy could see by the likeness in them to herself that they were of her mother. She felt like crying then—to look at that face on cardboard and to realize that she had never seen and could never know the reality. The awesomeness of death, the inevitable fact of it, encompassed her, chilling her. What a little thread life was! One day, she herself would be nothing—gone!—only a bit of pasteboard left, photograph of Nancy who had ceased to exist. . . .

She shook off morbidity. Creepy thoughts came by candlelight.

A faded plush-covered jewel case.

Nancy lifted the lid. There were no jewels in it, but there was quite a quantity of little tickets. . . . And a shabby purse containing two pounds and some silver. . . .

A tin make-up box with *P. Dean* painted on it in white letters, a few sticks of grease-paint in it, eyebrow pencils, a pot of cold cream. . . .

LAST of all, a letter half burnt, rescued from the flames as though on second thought.

Nancy read it. It told her nothing, yet it seemed to possess a significance that she might one day understand.

"this marriage a mistake if only for the reason of
"going to ask you if you will promise not to divulge
"my way to make. The fetters of a home would completely
"and the deathblow to my ambition. I see the folly
"not to think I do not care for you. I realize my unwor
"simply I have to concentrate all my thoughts on att
"Later on when I call myself successful you know
"meanwhile I depend on you to keep it a secret.

"On treasury night I will"

The rest was burnt.

Thrust deep down into a torn side-pocket of the dressing-case, Nancy found another envelope inscribed:

"To my son—or my daughter."

She had no hesitation in opening this. Within were three papers. One was a marriage certificate between Phyllis Dean, 20, spinster, and Gerald Gwynn, bachelor, actor, age 26. The other document was the record of Nancy's birth, and the last was a letter written in pencil and dated eighteen years back:

"I am writing this to you, my baby, before you are born, in case I may never see you.

"If you are a boy, dear, when you grow up, be staunch to women, because one man was not staunch to me . . . And should a girl in the fling of her youth and her love make you a gift without counting the cost, do not make the mistake of thinking it was not costly.

"But if you are a girl, darling, I pray that you will guard yourself. Remember this: that no man understands the quality of a woman's soul, the make-up of her heart.

"He thinks far more of a trivial gift with the price marked on it in plain figures than a whole world laid at his feet for love.

"Lastly, if you ever contemplate going on the stage, I entreat you to put the thought from you. Most girls have foot-light leanings; but, darling, I think it would break my heart if you followed in my career. There is no happiness, only a great unrest . . . often, heart-break.

"When you are older I would like you to find your father. I surely think he will love you, and one day I think he will be lonely . . . Then, if I am not able to come to him—if I am dead—you might try to take my place.

"If the day comes, if you meet him, give him my heart's dearest love, and tell him that I kept our secret, as he wished, right to the end.

"Your loving mother,
"PHYLLIS GWYNN."

All misty-eyed, Nancy held the letter to her lips, and lay with it under her heart.

For a reason he could not at all explain, Fogarth had continued to think of Nancy in a troubled way long after Maxa

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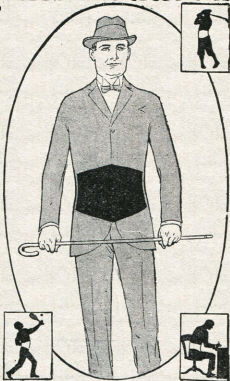
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Now he understood the nameless tenderness he had felt for her. She was the child of the dear woman he had deserted. She was—his daughter!

"Did your mother die—long ago?" he asked at last.

"When I was born."

"Ah!"

She heard the intake of breath, the sharp note of pain in his voice.

"Then you knew my mother, too!" she cried. "Did you care for her then?"

"Yes, I cared for her," he answered. "Listen. I will tell you something about your father, and when you have heard all, if you wish to go to him I will even tell you where he is to be found. He was an actor, as you say. He was also young and inordinately ambitious. He was eaten up with ambition and conceit. Even as a young man the canker of the stage was devouring him. He met your mother and he loved her as much as a man of his calibre can love. His selfishness was predominant. He saw that this early marriage was a mistake. He thought it would prove a stumbling-block to his own progress. You see, he lived for himself. So he prevailed upon your mother to keep their marriage a secret and he left her. He meant to return in his own good time—when he had made good. She was crowded out of his life. He never knew that she had borne him a child or that she died. Years afterwards, when his life was empty, he would have given his soul to find her. He left the stage. He took to writing plays instead."

"To writing plays instead!" she echoed.

"Like you . . ."

"Just like myself."

"Where is he now?" She caught at his hand. "Oh, tell me! I want to go to him. You don't know how I long to see him!"

Fogarth took his hand away from his eyes.

"Then you have not far to go," he said. "For he is here—in this room."

And then he bowed his head on the table before him, while shame, contrition, passionate regret for the years and the woman that could never return, engulfed him. He dared not hope for forgiveness from the dead or from the living.

Nancy fell on her knees beside him. He heard a stream of tender words, soft endearments. Healing! Heart's ease! She was crying a little, but happily. She was urging him to read a letter. She took out a letter warm from beneath her heart and urged him to read it.

The faint lines blurred and danced before Fogarth's eyes.

"If you are a boy, be staunch to women because one man was not staunch to me . . ."

"If you are a girl . . . I would like you to find your father . . . one day I think he will be lonely . . . Then if I am not able to come to him—if I am dead—you might try to take my place . . . Give him my heart's dearest love . . ."

Her heart's dearest love!

Fogarth would have given his soul to kneel at her feet. All that was left for him to do was to find and kneel at her grave. He turned to Nancy.

"My dear little girl," he faltered, "can you forgive?"

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SHE wound her arms round him.

"Forgive you?" she cried. "Why, mother loved you to the end. She said so in her letter. And the love she gave you has never died! She left it in my heart to go on and on—and don't you think she knows?"

Nancy pulled the curtains aside with a glad, flinging gesture, a wide sweep.

And light streamed into the room. . . .

Outside in the drive, a boy walked up and down. Frank had come with her, and until now she had forgotten that she had asked him to wait.

Fogarth, looking over her shoulder, saw him—a youth with a clean soul, on the threshold of life, the lover who would one day take her from him.

Nancy turned to him. "Sunlight!" she said. "Don't you love it? It always makes me think of God . . . and the song of birds . . . Isn't life good? And that's Frankie, outside . . . I'm going to marry him one day. May I bring him in here—now?"

Fogarth's face was illumined. Sunlight was flooding his soul. He nodded assent.

"Nancy," he entreated humbly, "stay with me for a little while, dear. . . . Choose your curtains with roses sprawling over them, pick flowers and sing—"

Then he sent her from him, and watched at the window till he saw her run out and join the boy waiting in the sunlight. . . .

Then, together, hand in hand, they walked back towards the house. . . .

Woman's Love

(Continued from page 55)

was Mary's voice! I put on full speed and raced for the spot. Scrambling ashore I rushed into the wretched shack.

I stopped cold as I saw that Mary was prone on the floor with that big giant of a tug beating her. I am a small man myself and I was unarmed. Doubting myself up I rushed at him and caught him right in the pit of his stomach. He crumpled and fell like a log on the kitchen floor and I picked Mary up in my arms and staggered out of the shack.

Once in my boat I shoved off and when we were a safe distance from the shore I gave her a drink from my flask which brought her out of her fainting spell.

"What is it? Where am I? Oh, dont hit me again, Dave!" she wailed.

I TRIED to soothe and comfort her as best I could, but it was a long time before she was herself again and could talk to me in a rational manner. At last she told me her story while I sat there with her dear little hand in mine and listened while my heart fairly bled for her.

"My father is a wealthy man," she said, "and the owner of a fleet of sailing vessels. Dave was the skipper of the largest and best in the line. A four-masted schooner. Last summer my father and I made a trip in the *Sally Ann* and Dave and I fell in love with each other. But when we told father that we wanted to get married he flew into a fit of temper and said that it was not to be thought of.

"Well, at the end of the trip, back in New York, I met Dave one day and we went away together and were married. My father was furious and as he is a powerful man in the shipping trade, he made it almost impossible for Dave to get a berth.

"Dave took to drink and brought me down here to this hidden wilderness in Jamaica Bay. We have lived here ever since, Dave drinking and beating me when he is very drunk and I dancing just to try and forget. It has been horrible!"

"But why go on with it?" I said. "Because I love him," she said, simply. "Not you! let me take you away from all this sordidness now, Mary? I love you, dear, more than I thought it was possible for a man to love a woman. Forget the past and let us begin life afresh together," I said.

"Why, I do not even know your name, you silly boy," she laughed.

"WHAT matter is a name?" I asked, "but let me introduce myself. I am Andrew Tompkins, at your service, Mary—why! I don't know your name either!" "Williams," she said, and we shook hands.

"Mary, please let me take you away with me, won't you dear?"

She did not say anything but she allowed me to hold her close and so we drifted out into the night in the path of the full moon. She fell asleep in my arms and I gently carried her up into the little cabin and tucked her up snugly in a berth and then stood lonely watch and dreamed of a future with Mary always at my side and Teddy's Tavern and Dave left behind as things from some nightmare long forgotten.

I must have fallen asleep there just before sun-rise, for the last thing I remember is watching some fishermen putting out towards the open waters of the bay in their dory, just as the nose of my boat brushed through some tall grasses on the point of a sandy spit. I awoke, very stiff and uncomfortable and for a moment did not recall the events of the past night nor realize that I had such a lovely passenger in my boat.

Suddenly it all came back to me and I opened the hatch and went down the companion into the cabin. It was empty. I rubbed my eyes and thought that possibly the whole thing had been a dream, but just then I caught sight of an all too familiar burnt-orange sweater and dark skirt.

Mary must have jumped overboard while I slept and drowned herself, I thought. I turned the engine over and all that day explored the creeks and canals which form a maze in that part of the bay, but with no results. At last when I was ready to give up I happened to notice the hook where I hung my bathing suit. The suit was gone.

I HEADED in the direction of the "The Snag" once more and arrived off the pier where the lights of Teddy's place were just beginning to pierce the gathering gloom of evening, in time to see Dave's battered old tug pull in there.

He stepped ashore and sure enough, there was Mary with him! I could not go to that awful place that night. I just wanted to get as far away from there as I possibly could. It was like a wild thing. I saw red. But what was there for me to do?

The next day I was back at my work at the office and for a year I did my best to forget Mary. At last she was but a faint wistful memory in my heart and I tried not to think of her life with that brute Dave.

The following summer, against all my better thoughts to the contrary, I went down to Jamaica Bay again in my cruiser and sought out "The Snag" and Teddy's Tavern. As far as I could see the same old gang was there, in just the same state of intoxication, but no signs of either Mary or the giant Dave.

Some of the loafers remembered me and grinned when I asked them about Dave. They laughed and pointed over toward the Yacht Club across the bay.

"He lives over in the big house next to the Club there," said one of them, as he spat on the deck of a barge through the window, "him and the skirt."

"Sure," said another. "They've got a kid."

I WAS so stunned to thank them and literally fell into my boat and raced across the bay. I anchored near the Club House and went ashore. After awhile I summoned up enough courage to go over to the truly imposing mansion which had been pointed out to me and rang the bell at its door.

A maid answered my ring and I asked her if her mistress was in. She showed me into a charming living-room and a few moments later Mary came in. When she saw me, she stood still for just a

second and then recovering herself she said: "You!"

"Yes," I said, "I heard the news at 'The Snag' and could not resist the temptation of coming over here to see you—both."

She understood me and calling "Dave! Dave dear," she took me into another room. I was quite startled at the change in him. He sat at a big desk which was littered with papers and books. He rose as we entered and when he saw who was with her came forward and shook hands with me in the most hearty manner.

"Man," he shouted. "You are the best friend I ever had! If it had not been for you I would either have killed Mary or lost her. You don't appreciate things, including the love of a woman, till you lose them. And when I thought that she had run away with you I nearly went mad. I was just thinking of making away with myself that night in the shack over there, when she crept into my arms, all dripping wet in a man's bathing suit and said:

"DAVE, dear, I love you!"

"What could I do then? I decided to make good and I did. I got a berth in a coast-wise lumber schooner. Her father heard about it and forgave us. He died some months ago and I am now the head of his shipping line."

A nurse came into the room then with the cutest youngster I ever saw.

"This is little Mary," Mary said.

I could not speak! Finally I said, "I've got some female attire on board my boat that I will trade for one bathing suit."

We all laughed and luncheon was announced.

I have never seen them again. I could not bear to. Some day I suppose that I will marry too and that may make it easier to forget. The love of woman! Is it not a wonderful thing?

Not the Kind That Forgets

(Continued from page 47)

the darkness after me. I walked for hours, losing my way among the hills, until I struck my cabin at dawn and flung myself down on the bed.

Heavens, what a penalty to pay! And Mary!

But, of course, the marriage could be annulled.

It wouldn't stand in law for a moment. With that consolation I fell asleep.

THE incident meant the end of my employment by the lumber company. About noon next day, as I judged from the expressions of the men, the story was all over the camp. I pretended to notice nothing. I resolved to deny everything that would be alleged against me, and to say that I had been forced to marry Allie Johnson under threat of death. Surely an unassailable attitude! I had only to deny everything, and make myself out a victim of jealousy, and perhaps suggest a baser conspiracy, the desire to get money out of me.

As the day went on I breathed freely again. Mary no longer seemed so far away from me.

But lies won't stand against truth! That evening when I was sent for by the

manager, I went confident that I could win his sympathy and help. But as soon as I saw Allie sitting beside him I knew that the flimsy structure of my lies had fallen.

She was sitting there, white-faced, with dark circles round her eyes, and at my entrance she sprang to her feet with a little cry, and looked at me with dumb eagerness.

Prescott swung round in his chair. "I guess you know why I've sent for you," he began.

"I guess so," I answered, "and I just want to say that the whole thing's a frame-up."

"Yes I know," he retorted, "and let me tell you you haven't improved your standing here by coming in in that state of mind. I'd believe this little woman's single statement in preference to your oath a thousand times repeated."

"If that's the way you feel, you can look for another man to fill my job," I sneered.

"I CAN, and I've been thinking of that."

But there's your wife to consider, and for her sake I'm willing to keep you on, on condition that you provide a home for her and live with her."



Don't tell me you never had a chance!

"Four years ago you and I worked at the same bench. I realized that to get ahead I needed special training, and decided to let the International Correspondence Schools help me. I wanted you to do the same, but you said, 'Aw, forget it!'. You had the same chance I had, but you turned it down. No, Jim, you can't expect more money until you've trained yourself to handle bigger work."

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And suddenly, while both watched me, that gall and bitterness of which I have spoken entered little Allie's soul.

"Oh, he won't, he won't!" she cried. "He doesn't think I'm good enough for him, because I haven't book-learning. I wouldn't live with a man like that not for a thousand dollars a day, Mr. Prescott. He isn't a man, he's just an imitation!"

"That seems to settle the question," I said to Prescott, writhing inwardly under Allie's words. It was a strange thing, but with that utterance of hers the hate that I felt for her died, and a new respect was born.

"That doesn't settle it at all," retorted Prescott. "You're going to make provision for your wife, and I'm going to see to it. Furthermore, you won't leave this camp, except under arrest, until you've done so."

"That doesn't worry me," I retorted. "I'm ready to pay the whole blackmailing tribe. I guess they've got me down. How much will she take to leave me and make no further claims on me?"

"God, Rayfield, what sort of man are you?" cried Mr. Prescott.

LITTLE Allie was wiping her eyes bravely. "I wouldn't take nothing from him, Mr. Prescott," she said. "You know I didn't come here for that. Only to ask your advice about what I ought to do. You've always been a friend of father's. If he wasn't sick I guess he'd never have let him marry me. He'd have shot him first. And nobody's dared tell him."

"Let's cut this short," I said. "I've got between nine hundred and a thousand dollars saved. I'll pay this woman nine hundred to leave me alone."

Allie burst out, but Prescott checked her. "You go back home, my dear, and leave me to deal with him," he said.

She went out of the office with her eyes turned away from me. Evidently Prescott decided that the best thing was to hold me to my word. His demeanor was simple and business-like. I drew a check to his order for nine hundred dollars, received my pay and wrote my resignation.

"I guess that's all the girl's likely to get out of you," said Prescott. "So take my advice, if you're intending to desert her, and get before her father comes gunning for you."

I walked out of his office without answering him. I drew a deep breath of relief. I had paid the price, and I was free in all but the formal bond. That, doubtless, would soon be annulled. Then—Mary!

Stopping at the post-office I found a letter from Mary waiting for me. She had returned to Knoxville.

I LEFT on the night train. I reached Knoxville at dawn, cleaned up at a hotel, and went to see her. I was shown into a magnificently furnished room in a splendid house. Presently Mary came in. I rushed to take her in my arms.

She drew back gently. "George, I—I must tell you something," she began.

But I couldn't see. "Mary, I've got something to tell you," I blurted out.

She glanced at my face and led me to a lounge, and there I told her the whole story.

At first her face began to harden, but then I saw a look of sympathy come on it. At the end she laid her hand tenderly on mine.

"I've never cared for any one but you," I cried. "I'm going to get this wretched marriage annulled, and then I'm going to marry you."

"George, dear," she said, "I'll have to tell you. When I got home I discovered that the summer flirtation of ours was a mistake. I—I'm engaged to another man."

I pleaded with her and all the while I pleaded I realized that it was useless.

"George," she said, "I—I never knew you really cared so much for me. If I had known—I'd have been franker with you. I thought you would forget. Don't judge me too harshly. Won't you let me be your friend instead?"

"What?" I cried.

"I know Allie Johnson very well. She's the finest character I've ever known in women. George, I think you're very fortunate."

GEORGE, she went on, "we've both played unfairly with each other. I want us to be friends because of it. I do care for you, very deeply. I want to help you—both of you."

"Mary," I cried, "can't you care—as you used to? Won't you marry me when I've got this affair annulled, and—?"

She shook her head. "Even if I could care for you in that way again," she said, "I wouldn't. You and Allie belong to each other now. Remember, you've done that girl a wrong that will ruin her whole life unless you go back to her. You may succeed, but you'll never know what happiness means. You'll always feel remorse to the end of your days. She's your wife, George," she pleaded, rising, "if ever the day comes when you realize the truth of what I've told you, go back to her. She isn't the kind that forgets."

I went away from Mary with murder in my heart. Every man was my enemy. I was an Ishmael in the world. I no longer wanted to annul the marriage. I didn't care now.

I went North, and during the next three years moved restlessly from town to town. I obtained positions, grew tired of them and threw them up. It was as Mary had said, I was never to know what happiness meant.

Gradually I began to sink. I became drunken and dissolute. I was thrown out of a position at a time when employment was almost impossible to obtain. I became a hanger-on in cheap saloons. I learned to know what it meant to stand in the bread line.

ONE morning I awoke with a racking headache, to find myself lying on a bed in a fifteen cent lodging house in the Bowery. Gradually my memory of the day before came back to me. I had got blind drunk, and must have gone there instinctively.

I looked at the filthy place, I looked at my rags, at my splotted face in the cracked mirror on the wall, and then and there the resolution came to me to make good.

"Hey, bo, out of here!" yelled the proprietor, coming up the stairs. "What d'you think this joint is, the Waldorf?"

I staggered down the stairs and out into the Bowery—but into the sunshine of the Bowery. The world had suddenly taken on a new aspect for me. For the first time in years I felt like a real man.

I went to an old friend of my father's who had often helped me before. I told him the whole story, which he hadn't known. I bared my soul to him and asked for another chance.

Skeptically he gave it to me.

In six months' time I was drawing a decent salary again. I was not the same man I had been three years before. I now had a bigger, deeper insight into life.

One morning Mr. Franklin sent for me. He shook hands with me warmly.

"Rayfield, you've made good with me," he said, "and I'm going to promote you to be assistant manager of the export department. And now, Rayfield"—he looked at me earnestly, "when are you going down South to get that wife of yours?"

"As soon as you'll give me leave of absence," I answered.

"You can start to-morrow. And no need to hurry back," he told me.

AND with that the remnants of the load that I had been carrying slipped from me. I had gone out of the Bowery lodging-house a happy man, but now I was a free man, too. Free, because I had accepted the burden of the Law.

I couldn't face the people of the town. I got out at the station before my destination and walked toward Allie's cabin.

My heart was beating as I rounded the bend of the mountain road. I felt something of the old thrill that she had inspired in me when first I saw her in the doorway, with the sunlight playing in her hair. Hitherto I had looked forward to the probability of her having secured a divorce from me, and of being married to Thomas or some one of the neighboring "hill-billies." Now, for the first time, there was born in me the desire to take her away, enfold her and protect her—this child whom I had wronged.

And with that a crushing sense of my dishonor and wickedness came over me.

Turning the bend of the road I stood still and stared in astonishment at what I

saw. Where had been the ramshackle cabin and the weedy cornpatch was now a substantial, trim little cottage of clapboards and shingles, and in front of it a neat flower garden.

My heart began to sink as the interpretation of this change came over me. Allie and her father had, of course, gone away, and the place had been sold to strangers.

Dreading to be informed that this was the case, I went up the garden path and knocked at the door. A pretty, dainty girl with sunny hair opened it to me.

"Can you tell me where I can find—?" I began, and then I recognized her!

SHE stood looking at me speechlessly for a moment, scanning my face; and then I seized her in my arms. And timidly her arms went round my neck in the old way that I so well remembered.

"Allie," I said, "I've come back to beg you to forgive me. I want to take you North with me."

"George, are you sure you want me?" There was a trace of the old childish wistfulness in her face.

"I've always wanted you and needed you, Allie," I answered, "and never knew it."

She told me that it was really to Mary that she owed everything. Mary had never ceased to interest herself in her, and had always insisted that some day I would return.

With my nine hundred dollars Allie had gone to the big mountain school twenty miles away, with the single-minded resolve of making herself worthy of me. She had spent two years there. She had a good position in town, and was only home for a vacation. She had been enabled to transform the place with money she received after her father's sudden death, six months before.

Always working with the single purpose of becoming worthy of me, the dissolute drunkard, ignorant of the love that was awaiting him.

"You see, George," said Allie to me, "we were both inexperienced in a way, both like children. Life took us and taught us."

Small Town Morals

(Continued from page 16)

follow him. I went quietly back to my seat. I carefully refrained from glancing up. Half an hour later I left and went in the direction of the girl's rest room. Once outside the door I hurried in the direction of the stock room: My heart was beating hard with excitement. I had no business in the stock room. Suppose someone should find me there. And I had no idea where I should find the paper. The stock room on this floor was not large. It merely held temporary supplies brought from the large stock department downstairs. As soon as I stepped in and closed the door my eye was caught by some large shallow drawers. I pulled the top one open, and there under a pile of miscellaneous papers I found the yellow folded sheet that looked like the one I had seen Peebles get from Dode. I glanced over it, for I certainly didn't want to take the

wrong thing. It was an order addressed to Mr. Howell. Picking up a pencil that lay there I wrote on the margin, "Be sure to verify this order. A friend." I wasn't going to take any chances. They might have had time to alter it.

I THRUST it in my blouse, and turned to go. There in the doorway stood Chick Peebles. He was a big man, and there was a look on his face that struck terror to my soul. He locked the door deliberately, and then came toward me.

"What are you doing in here?" he said, with an evil grin.

I took refuge behind a table, the only thing in the room besides the rows of shelves, and drawers. Locked in and with the noises of the factory drowning my outcry I was as much dependent on my own wits to extricate me as if I had been

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in a desert. A girl with her back to the wall usually finds some weapon if she is really looking for it. I had never been afraid of a man before, but I knew I had reason to be afraid of this one. And I didn't know yet whether he had seen me put the paper in my blouse.

My eye searching wildly for help fell upon a large heavy ink bottle on the table. I snatched it up balancing it in my hand.

"If you come a step nearer," I said, "I'll throw this through the glass and some of the men will look in to see what's the matter."

The upper half of the door was of ground glass to admit the light, and I was not a dozen feet from it. If I had thrown the heavy bottle I couldn't have missed breaking the glass, and that would certainly have attracted someone's attention. He knew I had the upper hand. With a contemptuous laugh he turned, opened the door, and went out.

I WAITED a moment before following him, for I was trembling so I could hardly walk. After a few minutes I regained control of myself, and went back to the workroom. Dessie was watching when I went in, so I went straight to my place. I said aloud to Laura, "I feel sick, I think I'll have to go down and see the nurse."

I did feel sick indeed. I was afraid to go out at quitting time. Of course, before this they had discovered that the paper was gone, and Chick would know I had taken it. I didn't know what they could do. I had hoped to return the paper without anyone knowing anything about it. But that was impossible now.

When the whistle blew Dessie was off like a shot. I lingered behind the other girls on the pretense of clearing my table. Mr. Howell had not returned to his desk, and I thought I could put his paper back without his seeing me. So I walked along after the other girls had disappeared into the rest room, and laid the paper on the desk as I passed.

"Just a moment, please, Miss Carter, what is this?"

Mr. Howell had come in from the other direction, and had seen what I did. There was nothing for it but an explanation.

"Someone, whom I thought had no right to do it took this paper from your desk. I brought it back. I thought if I did it without anyone seeing me it didn't need to cause any trouble."

"Sit down, and wait a minute. I must see what this is about."

He looked over the paper.

"So this is the silly little scheme," he said. "They would change my order sheets to make me trouble. It was silly, because after what happened last week they might know I would verify my orders before I send anything out."

"I'm sorry, sir," I said. "I wouldn't have needed to bother."

"No, you wouldn't have needed to bother, and I wonder just why you did. I know you must have gone to a bit of trouble to get this back, possibly it was even a dangerous thing to do. Of course I know who is concerned in this scheme to annoy me. They may make it very unpleasant for you. I've been wondering about you quite a lot lately. I've wondered how it

happens that a girl of your intelligence and refinement is working at unskilled labor."

I could have wept for joy. He had noticed me. He had thought me refined. But he had never even yet guessed at the depth from which I had climbed so that I might be on a level where I could look in his face.

"And I wonder very much why you should care enough about a gruff old boss that you would risk unpleasantness for yourself to do him a favor. I have so many questions to ask you that I'm coming to see you to-night if you will let me."

I could hardly control my voice to answer. In spite of the bold attempt that I had resolved upon when I first came I don't think I had really expected him to care about me. But now there was something in his voice. Oh, a girl knows, even if she has had no experience with men.

"I THINK I'd rather meet you somewhere, Mr. Howell, if you wish to talk with me," I said evenly. "It's not what I'd like to do but you see I do not live in my own home. I'm in a crowded boarding house and some of the other girls work here. If you should come to call upon a shop girl a dozen tongues would be wagging about it to-morrow morning."

He looked at me smiling. "Very well," he said, "until after this first visit we'll keep our friendship secret."

I walked out toward the residential district after supper and met him. Our shop acquaintances would be in the downtown streets where the movie theaters were. We walked along that evening. And the things he said to me I shall never forget if I live a thousand years. They were the first words of love I had ever heard. No one had ever even called me dear and his whispered "Dearest Alice," thrilled my soul. No matter what terrible things happened to me in the future, life could never be all dark to me again.

He didn't want to keep our engagement secret and I showed him where it would be best for both of us. He said he was proud of me and there wasn't any lady in Akron who could hold a candle to me. But quiet studious shop girl though I was I had learned a few things.

Lynn was taking a new job in an Eastern city in a month. He had been preparing for it by his foreman's position. After much reasoning on my part we agreed that he should go on to his new post, and I would join him a month later, and we could be quietly married. And I told him everything about my poor and ignorant family.

It made no difference. It was I he wanted. And then he kissed me there in the dark, lonely street.

Sometimes during the next month it was hard to go on working there and give no sign. But we managed it. I think no one suspected. If they had suspected they would have talked.

Only one day I caught Laura looking at me in a puzzled way.

"Alice," she said, "when you first came I didn't think you were a bit good looking, but I declare you're pretty as a picture."

The month passed, and my lover was gone. But now his letters came every day. He had bought a house, and a little car for me. We'd get the furniture as soon as we came back from the wedding trip, and then we'd be happy forever. After another six weeks I gave up my job, and went up to Cleveland to a quiet boarding house that Miss Lynn told me of. I had saved enough money to get my modest

trousseau. A month later we were married.

Many experienced women all say there are disillusionments, sorrows, and disappointments in every marriage. Perhaps they are right. Sorrow and disappointment come in every life.

But when two people love as Lynn and I do I think life will come as near to perfect happiness as is possible on earth.

At the End of the Rainbow

(Continued from page 22)

glimpse of all these gay and pleasant things in life which I had been denied? Joy, love, adventure, romance!

I looked up.

The tall young man I had bumped into outside my cabin door had taken the seat beside me.

The murmur seemed to swell again with further eager craning of necks.

"That's him," I heard the dowager whisper.

The young man began to speak without preliminaries.

"WHAT luck to find myself at your table. My name is Russell Stratton. My friends call me Petey."

The name had a vaguely familiar sound. I looked at him, but I was sure I had never met him before.

He passed me the celery.

"No thank you, Mr. Stratton." It was not that I resented his air of cheery familiarity, but I suddenly remembered that out on deck he had laughed at me.

He took the rebuff and remained silent.

I scolded myself. "You're a stupid prude. Mrs. Morgan would never act like that." If I took Mrs. Morgan's name I would have to live up to her reputation for vivacity and charm. The way I had snapped off this really attractive young man beside me, it was no wonder that I never had one husband, much less four.

I resolved on the instant to alter my manner. I flashed Mr. Stratton a most ravishing look. I could see and feel every eye in the saloon on me. The look was not lost either on my neighbor or on the three men, who hurriedly changed their table to sit at mine.

"I will have some celery after all, Petey."

He rather jumped at that. I could see that I had taken him by surprise.

"I did not quite get your name," he said in a low voice.

"I'm Mrs. Fitz-Maurice Morgan."

"Mrs. Morgan." He bowed.

"Yes," I was determined to be real sparkling and devilish. "My friends, though call me—Mimi."

"Mimi."

"Yes," I retorted rather feebly. Mimi was the naughtiest name I could think of off hand.

"Then it's Petey and Mimi. Is that a go?"

Again I threw him a vampish look.

WHAT need to go into the details of that wonderful, glorious trip? Every moment seemed to hold crowded into it more joy than had all the placid years of my life before.

The men simply besieged me, such is the power of good clothes, money and a reputation for being a charmer. From the captain down to an objectionable little underwear buyer from St. Paul, I had them all coming and going.

I was piquant. I cast naughty glances. I sipped champagne. I tasted the liqueurs; but I never was so foolish or unwise as really to drink. I had to keep my wits constantly. I avoided all tête-à-têtes, preferring the safety of a half dozen courtiers to the danger of but one.

I had a wonderful time. What woman does not respond to the intoxication of realizing that she is charming, desirable. I received more compliments that week than I had ever had in all my life before, and yet I was the same Nancy Flint. Wherein lay the difference? In the magic of Mrs. Morgan's name. And I resolved to use that power to the uttermost.

I laughed, I flirted, I danced. I treated poor Petey, who was most devoted in a wretchedly mean manner.

My eyes sparkled and my cheeks bloomed. Looking at myself in Mrs. Morgan's gold and tortoise hand mirror I could scarcely believe I was the same girl who had come aboard four days ago. I looked scarcely twenty. That is what pleasure and fresh air and freedom from work and worry had done for me.

BUT as the next to the last day of the trip slipped by, all too fast, a sharp realization of what lay ahead came over me.

"Turn back at Cherbourg."

Then it would all be over, my brief little hour. I would revert then from Mrs. Fitz-Maurice Morgan back to drab Nancy Flint.

I was thinking of all this and feeling very sad as I came up on deck and sought my steamer chair. A red ball of fire hung in the west just ready to dip into the sea. Like the sun I was going down. My day was ended.

Petey, who was pacing the deck, came over to me and sat down in the chair next to mine.

His face, I thought, looked grave.

"To-morrow we land, Mimi."

I tried to laugh. "Yes," was all I could manage.

"That's the damnable part of ship's acquaintances. You make friends, only to lose them."

I thought then with a pang of regret that I had not done much to develop my friendship with Petey—who was easily the nicest man on the ship. I had avoided him, as a matter of fact, always preferring a crowd to the insecurity of a conversa-

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The train was already moving. I went to the platform with Harry and he kissed me passionately as we said good-bye. Then I went back and sat down by the window and watched him receding from me as well as I could for the tears that streamed down my face. I felt then that I was the loneliest girl in the world, and that there was nothing left in life for me.

In a few minutes the maid came in and helped me off with my hat and coat and asked if there was anything she could do for me. I just shook my head and sat there, looking out, but seeing nothing but Harry's face, while my thoughts were on the strange change that had come into my life.

From the moment of entering the car I had not seen or heard Grandfather. I guessed he had shut himself in the library and was busy with work. I had never seen him when he wasn't immersed in thought, or engaged with some papers.

During the days we had been together in the cottage he had seldom spoken to me. I sometimes wondered if that was his way of keeping his promise to Mamma not to speak a cross word to me. Everybody else I ever heard him talk to was treated to a curt command. That seemed his natural way. I wondered if I could

ever love him. I doubted if he would let me.

I CRIED more bitterly than ever, but I presently began to consider what my new life would be. I wondered where my new home would be, and what life would be like there. And how I longed for the love of my Mother and for the happy, peaceful life we had lived. I could see no happiness ahead with this grim, forbidding old man, of whom everybody was afraid, and who never spoke but to issue an order.

I had agreed to live with him because I had believed that that was what Mamma had wished me to do, but when I looked forward to the bleak prospect of that life, I felt the first stirrings of revolt within me. I had always been an obedient child, but I wasn't a weak one, and I knew I would not endure too much.

I was in this rebellious frame of mind when the maid came in and said in her subdued, deferential tone, "Mr. Meredith asks, Miss, if you will come to him, or shall he come here."

Somehow I couldn't imagine that stern man coming to me. "I'll go to him," I said; and started up, my heart in my throat and a sense of foreboding heavy on me.

It is said we never know what is going to happen to-morrow. Just imagine the sudden change that has come into Susie Cullen's life. What would you do if you were in her place? You will find that she is her mother's own daughter and has a will of her own when you read the October instalment on the stands

September 15

Love's Recompense

(Continued from page 19)

we had ought to, but God will not hold that against us, just one moment of eternity."

I LOVED him for his strength, for I was very weak. I knew I must go back, back to convention, to tradition, to heartache.

June found me home again. A year passed, and time is a penance. I knew my heart was Dr. Marshall's, but I realized my life would be warped and unlovely if life gave me but a memory.

So I married a fine young man, a professor from an Eastern college. I did not love him as I loved Dr. Marshall, but I admired and respected him, and liked him very much.

Two little girls came to gladden our lives, and the wonderful experience of motherhood did much to help fill my life. When we had been married seven years my husband's health began to fail. He was never very strong, and his sedentary life did not help. His lungs were bad. The doctor advised us to go to Colorado and we did. To a little mountain town, where the canvas houses shelter many heartaches.

I devoted all my time to the good man whose name I bore. We walked along the paths, bordered by columbine and daisy, but his step grew weary, his eyes seemed to see beyond, to pierce the veil that shuts

from mortal eye the other world. And one quiet evening, after he had told me how he loved me, how much I had meant to him, he went to face the waters of his dusk, and I indeed felt helpless, for he had been very dear to me.

We buried him there, as he had requested, and I stayed on. My oldest daughter had inherited her father's frail constitution. And the mountains held me; they gave me strength, peace.

AT the end of the second year I moved to Denver and took an apartment.

The first Sunday I went to a large and well known church of my own denomination. I slipped into a pew near the back. The organ rolled forth its music, and my soul felt exalted, purged. I heard someone whisper behind me, "Dr. . . . is going to preach to-day for a call."

I didn't get the name, but I seemed to feel a presence. I raised my eyes as Dr. Marshall took his place in the pulpit.

I wept all through the sermon. Was I now, in my loneliness, to be tempted again? Was fate trying to make a travesty out of my life?

Closing came. I knew he had won. It seemed as though the entire congregation rushed to shake his hand. I waited. Then with my little girls I went up to him. Not since I left Portland ten years before had

Earle E. Liederman
The Muscle Builder

If You Were Dying To-Night

I offered you something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, just don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. To-morrow or any day, some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

A Re-built Man

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

All I Ask Is Ninety Days

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real work. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours who think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

A Real Man

When I'm through with you, you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things that you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich pure air, stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge, square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he-man. You have the flank to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

This is no idle chatter, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead. I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

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between my shaking hands. "Let me in, dearest," it entreated. "No one will know—no one is coming to this floor to-night. You know I love you. I know, if you gave yourself a chance, you could love me. . . . And what more fitting than that we should confess our love to each other in this dear room under the eaves, where first we learned of each other's existence?" In the corner was a hasty postscript. "I will wait for an hour at the head of the stairs."

I had supposed that when my day of temptation had arrived it would bring with it a tumult that would be spectacular, dramatic, soul-wrenching. Instead I hardly recognized it for temptation at all. I crumpled the note into a tight little ball and threw it into the waste basket; glanced at my clock and saw it was eleven; and went back again to my window.

I DIDN'T pray; I didn't fight or struggle or writh. I didn't consciously even think. I knew quite clearly that every drop of blood in my body cried out to me to turn the key and open the door; that I wanted to see Peter, to look into his eyes, feel the touch of his hands, more than I had ever wanted anything in my whole life. But I also knew, just as clearly, that right was right and wrong was wrong, and that because I was myself, and because of something unnameable deep within me, I must cling desperately, with all my strength, to that which was good.

And so I continued to kneel by the window, watching the play of lightning in the southern sky, until the church clock at the top of the hill struck twelve, and stealthy footsteps went creaking down the stairs.

A cool breath fanned my brow. The wind had changed into the east, and a healing breeze was coming up from the sea. Hugging to my breast my new-found faith in myself, like a precious treasure, I lay down upon my bed and went peacefully to sleep.

Next morning the heat had broken, and I had a pleasant journey home. Bob met me at the station. He was bare-headed, his hair like ripe wheat in the sun. He caught me by the elbow and swung me from the top step of the car to the ground. "Hello, Molly Etta!" he cried. "Look what Santa Claus has brought us!"

He had a brand new flivver, a shining little coupé, "just big enough," he announced meaningly, "for two." I had forgotten how dear and blond and protecting he was, how radiant his smile! But when I fell asleep that night, in my airy white room, my last conscious thought was, "God bless Peter wherever he may be."

I HAD a long talk with Mother next morning in our big, fragrant kitchen. She went quietly about her work while I told my story, allowed me to finish without interruption.

"And so you see, Mother," I concluded, "I've proved my own strength of will and I've made a start, any way, toward earning my own living. And now, I want to go back. My experience the other night—I think it woke me up. It hasn't lessened my feeling for Peter. I don't judge him for that wild note of his. I was just as mad myself! But I want to meet him now in some sane, normal, natural way and see if the charm still holds!"

My mother dipped a silver knife in a bowl of water and smoothed thick chocolate icing with a steady hand.

"I think you're right, dear," she replied tranquilly, "but why not meet him here? It's the place, in your own home. You can send a letter to Mrs. Maginnis, enclosing one to him, and inviting him to Ardmore for Sunday. Dad and I—we want to see him too."

With my heart pounding a little I wrote my invitation, and running to the post-office to mail it I met Bob, parking his car at the curb. "Jump in, Molly," he commanded cheerfully. "I've got an errand in the Bank, then we'll take a ride out to see the little yellow house." And I knew my hour had come.

The sun poured down on the dandelions that starred the lawn. The leaves of the horse chestnuts hung motionless. A distant mowing machine droned drowsily. Through half-closed lids I pictured myself in a bungalow apron, making johnny-cake, broiling steak, mashing potatoes—and running every now and then to the screen door to see if the flivver coupé was coming up the road.

Bob laid his hand over mine, gathered them both and held them closely.

"Well, sweetheart," he questioned gravely. "What have you got to say to me?"

IT wasn't easy, but I told him all about Peter. "It—it's very queer, Bob," I faltered. "I couldn't love a man I've never seen, could I? But we like the same things, he says things I've always felt but couldn't express, he writes, you know. And he's so dear. A pigeon fell off the roof one day, from one of the Tremont Street stores, right at his feet. He picked it up and carried it to the Frog Pond in the Common and gave it water in his hand. But it died. And he hid the little body somewhere. 'I didn't want the kids or the dogs to get it,' he wrote me, 'it was so soft and warm.' You know, a lot of men wouldn't care about a dead pigeon!"

He was staring down the road. "And so you're letting a dream come between us—Molly?"

"He's not a dream. He is a reality, Bob, real flesh and blood!"

"But flesh and blood in the form you yourself have given it. You have no reason to believe he conforms in any way to your idea of him. All you have is what you've read into his written words. You say he is a professional writer. That's his job, then, his trade. He knows how to twist words, Molly, to make black, if he wants to, seem white. His letters may be pure fiction for all you know. He may have a girl in his home town, he may be engaged—why, Molly Etta, he may even be married! Oh, my dear, come back to everyday life, come back to the little yellow house, and the flivver and me!"

I wanted to cry. My mind felt confused. I realized then how tired I was. "I can't promise anything, Bob," I answered wearily, "not till I see Peter. He's coming Sunday. It may break the dream. And if it does, I'll marry you, Bob, whenever you say."

I COULD almost see the leap of his heart in the flood of color that swept up to the line of his hair. His lips opened, closed again sharply, and without a word he

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bent and kissed the hollow of my elbow. Under the mingled warmth and reverence of that caress something new and breath-taking and incomprehensible stirred far down in the secret depths of my being.

I had been tortured by the fear that Peter might not come, till I got his note, a little strained, with trickles of doubt sweeping through its eagerness. "You don't know how I'm looking forward to it, Sammy," he wrote. "I only hope, and pray, that you won't be disappointed in me."

I went alone to the station to meet him on Sunday morning. I stood on the platform as the engine thundered in, and I had to press my hand against my breast to steady the fluttering of my heart. The train stopped; a dozen people got off—an old man in Grand Army uniform; a family of Hungarians bound for Mill Village at Lower Ardmore; two nuns in voluminous black with snowy coifs. But no one who could possibly be Peter! My heart slowed of its own accord. There was no other train. What could it mean?

And then around the corner of the station walked Bob. He was pale. I had never seen his face so serious. He came straight up to me and slipped his hand beneath my arm.

"Sammy," he said, very, very softly. "Sammy, dear . . ."

The earth rocked beneath my feet. I swayed, stumbled, caught at Bob's wrist for support. I tried to speak but no sound came from my lips.

"Come, dear," Bob went on quietly. "The little car is here. I'm going to take you—home."

I CLUNG to him frightened, bewildered, stunned. My mouth felt dry as dust; my tongue was stiff and unmanageable. "Bob—Bob!" I stammered. "Where is—Peter?"

Through the stillness the engine whistled for Lower Ardmore crossing. A church bell called melodiously for morning prayer. Then, gently, "Peter's here—right here, sweetheart. . . . Molly Etta, did you never guess?"

I shrank back in my corner of the flivver and cried. But they were not bitter tears, they were cleansing, healing;

and they washed away the fever and insanity that had possessed me like an evil spirit all the spring. When Bob lifted me from the car and carried me bodily up the walk to the little yellow house, I rested against his heart in sweet content.

"We couldn't have you alone in the city, Molly, darling," he murmured tenderly when we sat together once more on the porch steps. "We worked it out together, your Mother and I, and Mrs. Maginnis knew all about it, too. It was the only way I knew of appealing to your imagination, dear, to make you see me as something beside the old playmate you'd always known. . . . I never slept in that room, honey, I couldn't have done it. I had a room down stairs and I used to see you go by, your eyes full of dreams—of Peter!"

I felt his lips against my hair, drew a long sigh and nestled close.

"And your writing, Bob?" I asked tremulously.

"That was really true. I've been keeping it a secret for you. I've had a book published. That's where the flivver came from and I can buy you the little yellow house if you'll have it, Molly Etta. Dearest, will you come?"

THROUGH my mind they went, a glorious procession. Primroses and the smell of earth that brought a homesick longing; a Norfolk coat, limp and human and appealing; a handful of soft gray feathers that had soared once in the high blue air. My breath quickened for the very wonder of it all. I lifted my arms, timidly at first, then with a swift eager rush. My hands clasped around his neck, drew his blond head down, till his lips were just above my own.

"Oh, Bob," I murmured chokingly, "it was my Romance, my beautiful Romance that I've always wanted so! And you made it—all—for me!"

I sometimes think, shudderingly—suppose I had opened my door that night! And when my little blue-eyed daughter asks me, soberly, "Mother, does it pay to be good?" I answer fervently, from the bottom of my heart, "Oh, yes, my dear, it pays a thousand-fold; in the coin of earth as well as in the coin of Heaven."

Sunshine and Darkness

(Continued from page 58)

to deter her. They had watched her through the long winter silently, unaided, fighting out her battle, and both had felt that she would come out all right. From a child, she had stood alone, fought alone, different from the rest of their children, Susie, the youngest, the dearest.

IT was five hours after her decision that Susie wandered cold, but determined, along the grey pavements of the great city, until at last, near exhaustion, she saw before her tired eyes the number of John Gale's house.

Unflatteringly, she climbed the broad steps to the massive brownstone mansion, so far removed in history, in quaint outline, from the towering skyscrapers about it. So this was John Gale's house.

Then, in answer to her quick ring, the grim-visaged valet opened the door. At mention of her name, his eyes lighted up in a strangely human way. Courteously, though eagerly, he ushered her into the fine drawing-room. Making her comfortable there, he left promising to return with old Aunt Sadie, who had been in the service of the Gale family as long as John Gale or his man, Jencks, could remember.

But Aunt Sadie was asleep at that untimely hour and very hard to arouse. Thus it was that Susie found herself fairly flying up the broad staircase in answer to the call of a familiar voice from above. Following the direction from which the sound came, Susie Kane walked straight into John Gale's den.

And then she saw him, a great fear

clutching again at her heart. He lay on the davenport before the fireplace. The glossy raven hair that everyone so admired only accentuated the pallor of John Gale's wan face. His lips, warm and full, were now compressed and white even in sleep. The pain at her heart nearly suffocated Susie. Uncle Jerry in death had looked like that.

WITH a smothered sob, Susie threw herself on her knees beside John Gale's inert figure. The flutter of her tremblingly cool hand on his hot forehead awoke John Gale. The light in his sad eyes smoldered, flickered and sputtered into a gorgeous flame, but as quickly went out. Darkness again! He groaned. Then, gratefully, he sent a prayer of thanks-giving to God. Feebly, he raised himself, and with an inarticulate cry reached out and drew Susie to him, clinging to her as though he feared she might be snatched away.

"Peg"

(Continued from page 52)

At the sound of her voice Bishop straightened. He clenched his fingers. One great fist struck out, and Peg crashed to the floor without a sound. She didn't move, and dully the squatter wondered if he'd killed her.

Then Peggy groaned and drew a long breath.

A WEEK ago Butterfish would have surrendered her life for her. Now his thick lips puckered, and he worked them nervously. Then it seemed to him that a huge, white bat's wing slipped over Peg, veiling her face and her red curls. He grunted hoarsely and balanced himself on his knees and the tips of his toes. Again he'd forgotten his father's command.

"Ye remember as how I said I were goin' to take ye to the Mission, Peg?" he whimpered brokenly.

"Aye, yep, Butter! I couldn't never forget it!"

"Well, my mind air changed," he cried, swaying, "changed entire, clear through. I wouldn't have ye now fer my woman if ye was auctioned off fer a nickel."

"Oh!" breathed Peg. The pain in her head, the spot where Butter's fist had struck, burned like a hot coal. Her whole body ached. Yet it was real relief at the squatter's statement that released a burst of tears, and then, crushing her emotion, she smiled.

"I see ye grinnin' at me, brat," he wailed. "Ye be temptin' me to override my pappy's warnin'. God knows I'd fight it if I could, but I can't. Every inch of ye air wicked, kid, every damned inch, an'—an' I air goin' to kill ye!"

A hissing breath scorched Peg's face. Burning hands touched her chin as Wolf's name leapt to her lips.

Then Bishop's crawling fingers reached her neck. Desperation gave her strength to utter one, long cry before he gripped her throat. Her head whirled, her ears sang. Then came darkness, oblivion and silence.

With tears streaming, Susie gazed into John Gale's unseeing eyes and cried out in anguish, "Oh, John Gale, I love you—I understand now. But what have I done to you—what have I done?"

Tenderly, John Gale caressed the golden brown ringlets, unable to answer. With a thrill of joy, he felt her warm, soft arms about his neck. He bent his head and felt the tenderness of understanding only the lips of lovers can know.

"Long winter nights of torture, pain, love unanswered. Blind—unable to find solace even at my work. God alone knows how I suffered here in the dark, no one to turn to, Susie, not even you."

He shuddered and buried his head in his hands, but at the touch of her lips on his brow, quickly threw it high, as if in defiance of all the ruling powers, and exclaimed triumphantly as he drew her head on to his shoulder:

"But now, thank God, I have you, my Sunshine. The darkness is gone forever."

WITHOUT the slightest memory of what had happened, Peggy opened her eyes. The room was pitch-dark, and gusts of wind were rattling a paper near her head. Where was she? Painfully she raised herself up. Where was Butterfish, and what were the noises off there in the dark?

She clambered to her feet and searched dizzily for the matches. Dreadful were the sounds over there near the window. Somebody was being done for. The match scratched into flame. She held it up and looked. The door, broken from its hinges, lay on the floor. Two men in a death grip were almost under Lib Doolhult's cot. The match dropped from her fingers and went out. Then Peg struck another. Never more swiftly had she lighted a candle.

Then she tottered forward, sick, nauseated. The two fighting figures rolled from the cot across the straw tick and up to the wall. She caught sight of Butterfish Bishop's face covered with blood. Then another head, darkened in spots with dripping crimson, drew from her a loud scream. Peter Johnson and Butterfish Bishop were killing each other! At that moment Peter climbed on top of the squatter and pounded him with clenched fists.

"Peter!" she shrieked, and again, "Peter!"

THROUGH the din roaring in his head, Butterfish heard her voice, the voice of the girl he adored. She had called encouragement to a strange man, an enemy of the squatters. He snorted, growled, lifted his great body, threw Peter Johnson to the floor and with the snarl of an enraged animal sprang upon him. Thump after thump from Bishop's great fists broke open wounds in Peter's flesh. Rooted to the floor, Peggy screamed again. Butter was killing Peter Johnson!

That awful conclusion left her strength. Action came back to her legs and arms. She flew to the door. She called loudly



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for Wolf Betts, and as she fled back toward the place where the fighting was going on, her foot struck one of the broken bars which, when burst asunder, had fallen far from the door. She snatched it up and lifting it, brought it down upon Bishop's head. The squatter's great elbows widened, and in spite of the thudding under his skull, his grip tightened on Peter's throat. With a madman's strength he dragged the boy up by his head until he, Bishop, was screened by his body. Then the bar fell from Peg's fingers. To strike Butterfish again meant to strike Peter also.

She was absolutely helpless. Was there nothing she could do to save the lad she loved? He had taught her so many beautiful things!

Her eyes roved over the hut, and curiously conspicuous in her view of her need, she saw hanging on a nail near the stove a piece of rope. She jumped for it and noosed it, squatterwise, as she leapt to the prostrate man. Stooping, she slipped the loop over Bishop's head and jerked it tight around his neck, then pulled with all her might.

Bishop's grip on Peter loosened. The squatter's tongue protruded and his eyes glazed over as Peg yanked him off the boy.

"Now git up an' hop on 'im, Peter," she screamed.

Dizzy, nearly blinded with blood, Peter rolled over. At that moment Wolf Betts ran into the shanty.

CHAPTER XXVI

AN hour or so after Wolf Betts and Flint Huttman had carried Butterfish Bishop, unconscious, out of the Doolihunt hut, Betts was patching up the door Peter Johnson had broken from its hinges. He took three nails from between his teeth to greet Peggy Pry with a "Hello, brat!" as she entered the shanty.

Wearily she sat down and in silence watched Wolf pound in the final nail.

"It'll be as good as new, now, Wolf, dear," she remarked, "an' I thank ye fer fixin' it. An' it were right nice of Sophy to wash up Philander's son when he were so bloody an' hurt. Look how she patched up my bump."

"Sophy's fingers be velvet soft," returned the squatter examining Peg's forehead. "Ye got off easy, honey." Then, his dark face grave and haggard, he seated himself on a stool. All his love for the lonely young girl, for his settlement people, smoldered in his solemn gaze. He blew his nose gustily after which he coughed to clear his throat.

"Butter were 'most gone, Peg, when we got 'im in his bed," he said, "his Mammy raised hell-let-loose, an' Mamie Mumps took 'er over to her shack. Then me an' Bill fixed Butter up the best we could. We didn't dast send fer the horse doctor, fearin' he'd have ye arrested." His arms were shaking as he held them out, and he groaned. "Come on, brat, to the only pappy pa ye got, poor little bird. It were a awful mess ye made of Butter, but nuther me ner Flint could stand seein' ye took off to jail ag'in. So nothin' ain't to be said about the fracas, lessen Butter dies."

Literally Peg fell into the squatter's arms.

"BUT he air so big an' strong, Wolf," she cried, half-crazed. "He'll git well. Oh, ye think he won't die, don't ye, Wolf?"

Wolf's arm tightened around her. "I ain't much of a doctor, so I can't tell," he stated regretfully. "But yer rope 'most saved the head off his neck. An' he air gone crazy, Bill do say." He hesitated, his pale lips twitching. "Bill an' Wallie Rope be holdin' him in bed, now, poor soul, an' Butterfish be screamin' out that you be a devil, child. What, in God's name, did ye do to 'im, brat?"

"Oh, nothin' nothin' hardly much," sobbed Peg. "First I hit 'im over the head with the door-bar. Then I seen the rope—"

"Butter says as how his pappy appeared to 'im in spirit with bad tales about ye, Peggy," interrupted Wolf. "It air awful, listenin' to his repeatin' over an' over ag'in what his pa said must be done with ye. Ole man Bishop ordered Butter to kill ye, brat."

"Granny says as how a soul from heaven don't order no murder," shuddered the girl. "An' didn't Pappy Bishop go to heaven when he died?"

"Aye! He did!" asserted Wolf, smoothing her curls. "Squatters git in heaven afore Ithaca folks."

"Were he—I mean, were Butter's pa a bad man when he were on the earth?" she questioned.

"NOPE! He weren't!" announced Wolf after consideration. "He were good as far as I ever seen. Of course, he used to lick Satie near every day woeful hard, an' three times he slung a rock at Butterfish an' knocked him witless. Besides that he were locked up in Auburn two years fer half-killin' Wallie Rope's stepbrother. An' I guess mebbe ole Bishop didn't draw a sober breath fer years, only that time he were in jail." Wolf paused and gazed at the ceiling as though he were trying to recall something to his memory. Then he went on, "Once I saw him swat his Ma in the jaw an' break it. But takin' him all 'round, he weren't a bad man."

"Then, seein' as how he were a good squatter when he lived in the Silent City, he ain't no worse now," argued Peggy with breathless insistence. "So, Wolf?"

"Aye!" agreed the squatter. "An' he wouldn't lie about a Silent City girl, would he?" she demanded.

"Nope!"

"Then it air because Butterfish air batty that he said what he did 'bout killin' me," she concluded tremulously. "He ain't balanced, dear, that air the trouble."

"Most likely," sighed Wolf. "Flint took Philander's boy home, an' the kid told Philander to tell you that he wasn't goin' to let no one know how he got bashed up. He'll tell his daddy he slipped down the gorge. He went to the jail and found ye gone home. That air how he happened to come to this shack when Butter were beatin' ye up. It air hard to believe Philander sired that lad."

"BUT what about granny, Wolf?" queried Peg all of a sudden. "Did ye git 'er to Rant Strong's without no trouble?"

"Yep!" nodded Betts. "Jest as I writ

on that paper to ye. She air safe hid away from the law hounds."

Peggy put both of her arms around his neck, and she laid her cheek against his cheek.

"I ain't got nobody to lean on now but you and Ma Betts," she murmured sadly. "But you love me, don't ye, Wolf, in spite of my badness?"

"Aye! I do that!" ejaculated Wolf. "But, Peg, ye can't say ye have no friends fer after to-night the hull settlement'll be lookin' up to ye. Rant Strong rowed in from Ludlowville at four o'clock this mornin' with a message from yer granny."

"Oh, she ain't comin' home!" exclaimed Peg in a fright. "She can't, Wolf! She mustn't! The sheriff wants 'er too howlin' bad fer that!"

Wolf pressed the anguished girl against him.

"Nay, sweetie, she won't leave Ludlowville till all danger of her gettin' cooped air over," he replied. "Wonder things has happened to her, Peg, since she left this hut. Rant Strong says he jest had to make her the Silent City to keep her from goin' into trances. She was in four in less'n a hour! The Strong shanty was so full of spirits Rant couldn't walk around without bumpin' into one."

IN horrified amazement Peggy's eyes widened, and she uttered a shocked exclamation.

"First off Rant told granny he jest wouldn't come near Ithaca," continued Wolf. "He swore the Silent City could go hang fer all of him. He were one of the fellers who got his nose pointed north by the sheriff an' were ordered not to sneak near this here place ag'in. But Libby wouldn't give 'im no peace. The last straw what broke Rant's back were when my grandpaw's spirit spoke through Lib an' said—"

"Fer Goddy's sake, what?" interrupted Peg, gasping.

"My grandpappy said as how if Rant wouldn't row over to this here settlement with word fer me an' a letter for you, the an' the squaw, Wa-wa, would take him out, trounce his pants good fer 'im, and then chuck 'im in his grave alive. Here air yer letter from granny. I were a goin' to bring it down to the jail to-night."

Peggy took the soiled envelope that Wolf had fished from his pocket. She left his encircling arm and crossed to the shelf where the candle flickered. Her first letter and from granny, too! It was amazing to the watching squatter how proudly erect became her red head, and Wolf marveled at the glister in her brown eyes.

"Wea tude," she read, "yoo bee mayer of the Cylent siti. You no i wonte lett murders bee did by my squatters. Remember as how i sede louvin folks iss bettern hatein eny dae. Bee a gude brat end wulf will help you rool our siti by becin kind end not havin filander jingsen wollupped. Look fer noos in the lie pot."

"LIB DOOLIHUNT."

HAVING finished reading the letter, Peg handed it in silence to the squatter. He, too, was compelled to stand near the candle to peruse it.

"Mebbe my sight air bad, Peg," he said

presently, looking down at the girl, "but I can't make out that word."

Peg gazed at the word to which he pointed.

"It air 'wollupped,'" she told him. "Granny air ag'in us doin' up Philander." At that moment Sophy Betts opened the door and walked into the kitchen.

"Fetch the brat over to supper, Wolf," she said to her husband. Then she looked at Peg. "Golly, but ye both look teary-eyed, don't ye?"

Teary-eyed, indeed, was the smile Wolf gave his wife.

"Now I'll tell ye what Rant Strong come over fer so early this mornin', honey-pot," he said. "Peg here air to be made Mayor of the Silent City. Poor, leetle rat, she ain't much more'n a wilted rosebud, woman heart, but me an' you'll stand by 'er till hell freezes over."

CHAPTER XXVII

A FITTING night this to choose a mayor to rule over a people whose gloomy and superstitious minds accepted as gospel fantastic tales of ghosts and supernatural communications. The pitch darkness that enveloped the Storm Country and the Silent City stirred a sympathetic shudder in their credulous souls. The wind that threshed the water into foam poured into their ears the shrieks and moans of their buried dead. White caps raced the lake toward the Hoghole and reminded them of the giant on the lake bottom.

Their legend ran thus:

Fettered to the bottom of Lake Cayuga by chains, devil-wrought, lay a huge and wicked giant with a stature of many miles. When the sun shone and the wind betook itself to rest snugly in the gorges and forests, the giant slept in his watery bed. But when the wind flung itself in fury upon Cayuga, then the giant strained at his bonds and lifted the waves mountain high to meet the clouds that hung between the lake and Heaven.

At nine o'clock Wolf Betts pushed his boat into the boiling seething turmoil and climbed into it over the bow.

"Kind a cold, brat," he roared into the elemental tumult to Peggy Pry who sat, huddled up, on the stern seat.

"Aye!" concurred the squatter girl in a high, shrill voice, "an' it'll rain like mad afore mornin'."

ALTHOUGH Wolf managed his oars like a true seaman, until they passed Flint Huttman's shanty which bordered the southern end of the settlement, they were exposed to the full violence of the wind and waves. From that point to the Hoghole ragged rocks overhanging with pine and hemlock trees, partially sheltered the lakeside, and Wolf kept as close to the shore as he dared.

"Bill Mumps acted uglier to-night, Peg, than I ever seen 'im," he said, his huge voice strained to make itself heard. "An' he's got most of the squatters over to his side. I guess they sniggered at their coats-tails, thinkin' as how I'd back down an' wouldn't fetch ye. . . . God's heart, if we land safe in that there Hoghole, we can thank our lucky stars, my brat!"

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He had spoken rapidly, passionately, and as rapidly and as passionately he continued: "If it hadn't been fer that girl brat settin' there, Butter'd been with us to-night. Look at her, crawlin' almost up yer sleeve, as scared as a rabbit when a dog snatches at his tail! Do she look like a mayor? Do she give ye faith that Johnson won't come along an' burn us out of house an' home? No, she don't, an' I'll leave it to the other fellers if she do."

WOLF gave Peggy's arm a slight pinch. It was true she was leaning against the side of his knee, her head bowed, her curls nearly covering her face. When she felt the pressure of Wolf's fingers, she raised her head and looked straight at Bill Mumps.

Then he spoke directly to her.

"By to-morrow night there won't be no Philander walkin' Scalp Eagle Hill," he husked, his lips writhing. "An' that air a word straight from this shoulder an' along this arm." He thrust out his great doubled fist and shook it furiously. "Talk about you bein' mayor! Ain't you brung trouble enough on the city as 'tis? Casper Brown told me as how Rush 'most et up Pennypacker. Afore that, Pennypacker weren't an active enemy to the settlement, not like Philander. Now he air! An' Casper says ye'll go to a reform school yer racin' the sheriff up the squatter lane by the nose of yer gun. Thunderin' Moses! Who'll be mayor when ye be tried an' sent up, us fellers'd like to know. Yer granny can't come back, never! An' if she do, she air apt to step off any minute. Git up on yer legs, Flint Huttman, an' say yer say to Wolf Betts. Say it to Peg Pry, too. She air the girl what even Butter's dead pappy said were clean through bad."

Then he sat down, and slowly Flint Huttman arose to his feet. He was wax-white in the uncanny glimmer of the lanterns and candles. Wolf stared at his squatter friend, his whole soul in his eyes. He saw Flint's fingers clutching at the edge of his coat-tail and breathed a little more freely. Flint wasn't quite so sure of himself as was Bill Mumps.

"YE believe in a grandpap's love for his grandkid, don't ye, Wolf?" queried Huttman, his eyes roving furtively toward the dark corners of the cave.

"I do that!" exclaimed Wolf.

"Then listen to what I told Bill an' the rest of the boys," Flint waved on. "There ain't no doubt but what yer grandpap's been helpin' Lib Doolihunt all these years. All of us know that!"

"The squaw, Wa-Wa's, done her share too," added Wolf.

Instantly Bill Mumps was up.

"The squaw air a woman, an' she can't have no say," he shouted. "Talk up, Flint, ye dam, scudderin' coward! Be ye afraid of a dead squaw an' a curly-headed trollop what mingles with a Johnson, the scum of the earth? An' then to cover her dirty, low-down tricks, she talks about altars an' churches an' things!" He gritted out between his teeth the last accusation against Peg.

Wolf staggered, then straightened. Peggy's head fell forward, and she uttered a cry.

Thus far Bill Mumps had been master of ceremonies. He realized it without being told.

"Flint here ain't got the guts to tell the truth about Peg Pry," he raged on, "an' ye can bet yer grovelling heart's blood, Wolf, the Silent City ain't goin' to be ruled by a-b-y-a—"

Mumps checked his speech as Wolf walked forward, his eyes glittering.

"YED best not say another word like that, Bill," he grated, and his jaws snapped. "Flint there knows why young Johnson come to the shack to-day. The youngster told Flint, an' Flint told me. Philander's son would like to help us folks."

"The spawn of Philander air a liar," broke in Mumps stubbornly. "Ye can't git perch eggs out of a rattlesnake's insides, ner can ye find the truth on the tip of a Johnson's tongue. Butter said as how Peg air allers grinnin' at Peter Johnson."

"That air a lie," snarled Wolf, showing his teeth, "an' I'll smash ye in yer jaw if ye repeat what ye jest said, Bill Mumps. Ye talk a heap about a man's grit. Weren't it grit when Peg raced Sheriff Turner away an' saved our ole mayor? Weren't it pluck when with her own two leetle hands she jerked a gapin', bloody-mouthed bulldog offenn Pennypacker's fat carcass? Talk about guts! What one of us fellers would tackle Butterfish Bishop when he were crazy, fightin' mad? Peg Pry done it an' stopped him from committin' a murder what would've give Philander a chance to dangle us all by our necks."

A feeble cheer arose and reverberated against the rock walls. Bill Mumps threw a frowning, blazing glance around, and again silence reigned. Then the two squatters, Mumps still in his twenties and Wolf Betts who was nearing the meridian of life, faced each other. Their fists were ready to do deadly work.

Then Flint Huttman moved and coughed.

"SET down, Bill," he ordered sternly. "A fight among ourselves allers makes things worse. An' don't let loose nothin' else vile ag'inst Peg Pry! None of us air believin' it, an' that I told ye in my hut."

Bill Mumps fell down on the rock seat. Wolf backed slowly to Peg's side where she sat, crouched over, unable to speak a word in her own defense.

"Now I'll give you our idee of you bein' mayor, Wolf," Flint continued, a rasp in his voice. "Bill says as how I ain't got no grit, but his talkin' out open about Peg, like she was a bad girl, stuck me right here." He dug his fist into the pit of his stomach. "Myself—well, I don't want Peg fer mayor. I told ye that mo're'n once. Now what about yer askin' yer own granddaddy's ghost if ye can't take hold of the city an' let the women out of it? Tell 'im we need ye. Tell 'im we've got to have ye. Tell 'im any ole damn thing that'll keep him from eggin' on Peg fer mayor. We want you, Wolf. Sure yer grandpap loves ye well enough to give his 'Aye!' to a leetle thing like that."

Wolf blinked and blinked, and his underjaw parted from its mate.

"I ain't never seen my grandpappy's ghost," he muttered, trembling. "The Ghost of the Silent City, aye, him I've saw, an' the mermaid, too. But I'd be lyin' if I

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told ye I ever confabbed with my dad's dead pa. I wouldn't mind a-workin' my fingers to the bone fer ye, fellers, if I was mayor, if ye'll gimme back my oath that Philander's got to be done up."

BILL MUMPS laughed an ugly laugh. "Ye can't have yer oath back, weak belly," he exulted with a grim upflinging of his head.

"Yer grandpappy air here, Wolf," burst in a girl's voice, and Peggy Pry struggled to her feet.

Wolf looked down into her widened eyes.

"Air he, brat?" he stammered. "Where?" and he shuddered.

"I feel him standing over near Bill Mumps," quivered Peg, looking intently at Mumps.

Wolf gazed into the distance in which Bill Mumps' face was but a patch of gray. His grandfather Betts had died before Wolf had been born, so he had no memory to help him.

Then Mumps, blue-lipped, got up from his seat and walked over and stood near Flint Huttman. And still Wolf and Peggy stared. Perhaps for the first time in his life the squatter desired to talk with a departed soul, but he saw nothing save the drab, wet rock wall. He recalled Lib Doolihunt's shining, imploring eyes when she'd talked to him of the danger of murder, and he remembered his oath to Sophy when she lay, sobbing on his breast. Yet despite these recollections his very soul bled for that row of tortured, silent fishermen. What power lay in his hand to help them? Where was the disembodied spirit of his grandfather? The whole future of the settlement rested on the word of a dead man whose ghostly hand had guided Lib Doolihunt through fifty turbulent years. He rocked back and forth on the toes and heels of his thick leather boots. His jaws opened and shut, and he mouthed and stuttered. But only he himself knew that his unintelligible words were a prayer for his people.

EVERY morose and somber eye was upon him. Peg's unblinking stare was still unchanged. Wolf's gaze held much the same expression that all of the squatters had often seen in Lib Doolihunt's eyes when the old woman was drifting into a trance.

Then Wolf sighed a long, troubled sigh. "Hullo, grandpappy," he gasped, "how be ye to-night?"

Slowly and noiselessly that row of silent men rose to their feet. They were a-tingle with the supernatural that cramped their bodies and iced the blood in their veins. "Ah, Wa-Wa," fell from Wolf's lips, "ye've come to the Silent City to help us."

"Ask 'em if ye can be mayor," hissed Flint Huttman.

Wolf's lips moved, and then bending far over, he listened, a grim figure of a man. "Ye do say, 'nope,' granddaddy?" he

moaned presently. "Ye air sure as how—" The low question remained unheeded, and Wolf said with insistence, "He do say 'No,' fellers!"

Peg, realizing how strength-sapping and heart-racking it was to stay in a trance long, sprang to Wolf's side and put her arm around him.

"His grandpappy do say 'No,' fellers!" she cried sharply.

"Let Wolf speak, huzzay!" shouted Bill Mumps.

"Ask him if Bill can be mayor," a husky voice called from a dark corner.

PEG heard the hissing whispers that fell from Wolf's lips. She heard him repeat, "Nay, nay," and then a sharp "Nope!" Then:

"Don't touch me, Wa-Wa," he yelled. "I'll tell 'em what ye said. I'll tell 'em that Peg Pry air a good girl, an' that she's got to be mayor. God, git back, both of ye. Take yer dead hands offen my face. Sure, grandpappy, I'll tell 'em that, too. Philander—ain't-to—go—dead—by—the—hand—of—no—squatter!"

The glare died in Wolf's eyes. He covered his face with his hands and burst into sobs so deep, so bitter, that most of the men present crept around him and the redheaded girl in loyal, loving, sympathetic group.

Midnight found Wolf and Peg in front of the Doolihunt hut.

"Now that ye be ruler of the Silent City, Peg, ye'd best watch yer step," said Wolf. "While ye made a walkaway with the election to-night, ye won't be hooftin' it over no rosebud. I were sorry to see Bill Mumps bolt out of the cave as mad as a bull because the rest of us stood by Lib's letter. He'll be hectorin' ye about Philander, but don't stamp no plan of his with yer 'Aye' without first seein' me."

"I won't," promised Peggy, yawning widely.

"I air leavin' at six in the mornin' fer Ludlowville to see yer granny," Wolf went on. "She'll tell me to know—"

Peg's fatigue fell from her like a discarded garment.

"Can't I go, too?" she begged. "Please lemme, Wolf."

Betts shook his head.

"As mayor ye could go, if ye say the word, Peg," he told her, "but I fear someone might follow us there. Then they'd get Libby sure."

THAT settled it for Peg. Granny's hiding-place must not be disclosed to the law-hands. She flung her arms around Wolf's neck. "There air a kiss fer you, dear Wolf," she murmured, and she pressed her lips against his cheek, "an' take this un to granny," and she kissed him again.

For a moment the squatter held her to his heart. Then releasing her, he mumbled: "Farewell to ye, mayor, an' God bless ye!"

By trickery Wolf Betts had made Peg mayor, thus carrying out Lib Doolihunt's order. She was a mere slip of a girl to be over that body of rough men. How she managed will be told in the October number of DREAM WORLD on the stands

September 15

DHASSI will tell you FREE



DHASSI—Author, lecturer and student of Astrology is only twenty-nine years old. His life has been so crammed with adventure and travel that he has material for many books without stirring out of his studio again. As a Lieutenant in the army for the cause of the Allies he was wounded twice. Since his return from abroad he is devoting all his time in this country to the study of Astrology. He brings a message of good cheer to his many friends far and near

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NEW YORK

After twelve years of experimenting Now comes the NEW way to remove wrinkles!

Now for the first time a famous New York scientist gives the world his long-sought secret of restoring sagging, wrinkled skin to the smooth, firm contour of youth. This new discovery is of such vital importance to every woman that it is described here for the benefit of readers of this magazine. How to use the wonderful principle of "tissue underlay" and how it lifts out the lines.

BEAUTY'S greatest enemy banished at last!" This is the startling announcement of a New York scientist. Every woman knows that nothing so spoils a pretty face or advertises one's age so obviously to all the world as those tell-tale lines. And heretofore wrinkles have always baffled the efforts of even the most expert beauty specialists. Countless methods have been tried and found wanting.

But now an entirely new and different method has been perfected as the result of twelve years' work by the New York scientist. Already famous as an expert in beauty preparations and the consulting chemist of leading makers of cosmetics, he brought all his skill and knowledge to bear on this, the most difficult problem of all. And after years of research, *success!* He had found the wonderful new principle of "tissue underlay."

The new principle, "Tissue Underlay"

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And now for the first time, this extraordinary new preparation is made available to the public. Now all may benefit by the wonderful principle of "tissue underlay." For introductory purposes only, a special trial offer is made to the readers of this magazine. You are invited to receive a jar of the preparation direct from the laboratories. Try it in the privacy of your home and see the results for yourself. Watch the wrinkles and sagging skin fill out on face and neck, even on the hands! Let your mirror show you a complexion as fresh and charming as a girl's.

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