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Oreckid

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ashtoreth Ashe, fair stenogra-

pher, is convalescing from a serious

illness. Just before she was

taken ill she had been taken into

the confidence of her employer—

the millionaire Hollis Hart, old

enough to be her father, but hand-

some still.

Mr. Hart reveals the surprising

details of a little episode with one

"Mae De Mear," to whom he had

given, gratis, the sum of \$10,000.

After recounting the story he

discovers, to his amazement, that

"Mae's" real name is Sadie Morton

and that she and Ashtoreth are old

friends. Sadie descends upon the

office and makes a little scene.

Then Mr. Hart goes suddenly

away. At the same time Monty

English, who loves Ashtoreth, is

transferred from Boston to New

York.

Ashtoreth's adoring mother, Ma-

ize, and Sadie (who insists upon

being friendly) try to persuade

Ashtoreth to go away for a rest.

She is lonely and unhappy. Dis-

ressed, though she does not admit

it, by Monty's absence. And piqued

by the indifference of Mr. Hart.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XI

A few days later Maizie went

down town for a brief hour. Her

arms, when she returned, were full

of envelopes that bulged with a

hundred booklets. She shook their

contents on Ashtoreth's bed,

smothering the soft pink blankets

in a drift of gay colored pamph-

lets.

Little books with green covers

and red covers. And covers of sky

blue and flaming orange.

"Cruise it-rachuri!" said Maizie.

"My dear, it's more thrilling than

Edgar Wallace!"

Ashtoreth considered her moth-

er sternly.

"Cruise literature! Mother-Ma-

ize, are you crazy?"

Maizie settled herself comfort-

ably and began to sort her treas-

ures.

"You can go to Bermuda," she

announced triumphantly, "round

trip for \$65!"

"Not really!"

Ashtoreth's eyes sparkled.

"Of course that doesn't include

hotels," admitted her mother. "But

only \$45—just think, dear! Four

days on the ocean—that's how

much is it a day, honey?"

"Sixteen dollars and a quarter

But that's only the beginning,

Mother," protested Ashtoreth.

"And I'm not going to spend all

that money, so you can just gather

up all your pretty little books,

define, and stop your blessed

schemes!"

But Maizie was not so easily dis-

heartened.

"Well, here's a trip to Havana

and Panama," she offered. "Or

perhaps you'd like to go just to

Havana, dear. Maybe that wouldn't

cost so much."

"Havana's fearfully expensive,"

instructed Ashtoreth. "That's

where all the rich Americans go to

get drunk."

"Havana's out, then," she agreed

amiably. "Oh, here's a lovely one,

though! Listen—it's a brand-new

cruise. Never made before. Haiti,

Jamaica and Cuba. Twelve days—

\$120! That's only \$10 a day, Ash-

to-reth! My, that's cheap. It says

the boat is your hotel all the time.

You go to four ports, and you

never have a hotel bill. That

sounds grand!"

"Haiti's a Black Republic," said

Ashtoreth. "The people were all

slaves once, but they rose up and

killed their white masters. And

made a kingdom of their own."

Maizie looked at her admiringly.

"It's certainly wonderful," she

declared, "the things you know,

Ashtoreth! Well, we won't send

you off to any black island, to get

eaten alive by cannibals, honey!"

Ashtoreth laughed.

"Oh, they're not cannibals," she

explained. "They're perfectly re-

spectable black people, and their

new president is a mulatto. It was

ages ago they killed the whites.

And you couldn't really blame

them, either."

Maizie looked skeptical.

"Well, Haiti sounds sort of dan-

gerous to me," she declared. "We'll

find some white folks' places."

Big rain drops flew against the

window pane, and a shrill little

wind whistled mournfully around

the corner. It was turning cold.

Maizie had turned on the gas oven

for a little extra heat. And made

some tea to warm them. Now she

threw a little bed jacket over Ash-

to-reth's shoulders, and a scarf

about her own.

"It's a good day for it, Mother,"

admitted Ashtoreth, picking up a

booklet. "This is great weather for

the tourist agencies. But you're ab-

solutely crazy, dear, to think that

we can afford a trip. You know

perfectly well it's absolutely im-

possible."

Maizie dropped three lumps of

sugar in her tea and stirred it

mildly.

"Well," she said, "Who said

anything about 'we,' I'd like to

know?"

"Mother! You don't think I'd go

without you? In addition to being

the most selfish thing in the world

it would be dreadfully poor form.

Nice girls don't take trips alone.

And anyhow, dear, I wouldn't leave

you to shiver in Boston while I

went off hunting warmth and sun-

shine—not for the world! Besides,

we simply haven't the money."

Ashtoreth was very serious.

"Let's not talk about it," she im-

posed. "What's the sense of cry-

ing for the moon?"

Maizie smiled mysteriously.

"I've a surprise for you," she an-

nounced. "Doctor Henderson wants

me to take a case for him! A nice

old lady, Ashtoreth. She don't need

a trained nurse, he says. And I

suspect she don't want to pay for

one anyhow. A good capable wom-

an! the doctor said. Someone

who'd fix her nice and comfortable

and fix up tasty little things to

tempt her appetite. He's anxious I

should take the position. Thirty

dollars a week, Ashtoreth! And

board and laundry, besides."

Ashtoreth's face clouded.

"But, Mother, you know I don't

want you to work!"

Maizie reassured her hastily.

"It isn't recommending, Lamb.

It's nursing. And sort of house-

keeping, too, I suppose. The old

lady has help besides. And Doctor

Henderson says I wouldn't be ex-

pected to do a thing but just wait

on her. And a little cooking, be-

sides. You know how I love to

cook, Ashtoreth! Why, I'd love it,