

TEN REASONS WHY You Should Be a Reader of The Pacific Monthly

1st. It is the leading magazine of Western America, published on the Pacific coast, edited by western men and its entire contents are Western. With pen, brush and camera, it tells the story of the wonderful progress of the West.

2nd. No other section of the entire world is experiencing such a rapid industrial and commercial growth as that section of the United States west of the Rockies. It is a duty you owe to yourself to keep informed. The Pacific Monthly completely covers the field.

3rd. There are opportunities for the extension of practically every line of business in this territory, and The Pacific Monthly tells of these opportunities.

4th. If you are looking for a chance to invest or locate—commerce, farming, orcharding or professional work, if you are worn, tired or in ill health, seeking rest or reasonable, The Pacific Monthly will give you a thousand valuable hints.

5th. Here also you can get close to nature. The great snow-capped mountains, in all their rugged grandeur, the boundless plains and the virgin forests, "God's Country," untarnished by the hand of man. Do you not wish to spend a few hours each month with us?

6th. The best of western literature to be found in the Pacific Monthly. Live topics of THE DAY, stories of progress and of opportunities, the Romance of the mountains and the plains, always intensely human.

7th. One never tires of beautiful pictures and the Pacific Monthly is famous for its illustrations, always a veritable picture book of Western scenery, from Mexico to Alaska and from Denver to the coast. No expense is spared in securing the most striking photos for reproduction in colors and halftones.

8th. The Pacific Monthly should be in every home. From cover to cover it is clear wholesome reading of an educational nature. It is particularly interesting and valuable both to teacher and students.

9th. Look upon your maps, note the great area west of the Rockies, think of the wonderful resources of this section of the country—thousands of acres of agriculture land, billions of feet of standing timber, mineral riches beyond comprehension, extending to the shores of the mighty Pacific, the highway to the Orient—Do you not want to know more about this marvelous country?

10th. A spirit of optimism prevails throughout the west that lends life and vigor to all. That is why the Pacific Monthly is different. It comes to you each month breathing this spirit of the west. It will put the red blood into your veins—try it.

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Fiction

After Five Years.

By FRANCES WILSON.

"We'll have tea, I think," she said in a meditative manner, leaving her cheek against two fingers of her left hand, "and perhaps some of those little cakes, the ones that are so tempting on the outside and all emptiness on the inside."

From her tone Lorrimer understood that she meant to intimate that the artistic unities demanded cakes of this description. He translated the order into man talk for the benefit of the obsequious waiter and then asked with the air of one who was used to being made a confidant of:

"What's the trouble? Because I've noticed that when you order tea it is an infallible sign of a disturbed conscience."

There was a flash of light in her eyes as they met his, and she clasped her hands on the edge of the table and leaned toward him, saying in a wheedling way:

"You're the greatest comfort to me. You're the only man I know, ever have known, save one, who always understands! With you it isn't necessary to dot one's P's and cross one's T's."

Having paid him this handsome compliment, she beamed at him across the narrow table and expectantly awaited the question which she knew was sure to follow.

"And the other fellow," he laughed, "the one who shares with me the proud distinction?"

"He's the trouble," came the answer in a pathetic voice. Then, with sudden vivacity: "Did you ever notice that there's something about the movements of the average waiter that reminds one of Spenserian writing? There's a flowing grace in the way that he removes a dish cover, a flourish in the way that he sets down a plate, which marks him as a human exponent of the Spenserian theory."

Their order had arrived, and it was not until she had poured the tea that she spoke again. Then she burst out indignantly:

"Nobody but a dreamer would think of such a thing as continuing a romance from the point where he left it five years before. It's absurd, you know," she continued caudally. "A person's feelings change from year to year."

"From season to season would seem to me a more accurate statement," put in her companion, with a suave smile, "unless indeed my experience has been unusual."

"You do understand," she smiled. "You certainly do! Now you would know, wouldn't you, that if a woman were fond of you, say when tea of mutton shovels were in fashion, she would, probably, feel very different by the time that the next steaks were de saison?"

Her face wore the hopeful expression of a person who has at last found a perfectly rational human being who will see things as they are. Lorrimer drained his cup and set it down deliberately before he replied. Then he said:

"Don't you think you would better begin at the beginning? You're a rife boresome, you know?"

"That's just it! There wasn't any beginning! And evidently he thinks that there hasn't been any end. It was all so elusive and intangible and so sad! He left so much to the imagination. I think that was a part of his fascination for me. There was a look in his eyes at times that wrong my heart, and from pity I drifted by degrees into something more."

"When we parted I knew that we were sworn to an eternal friendship—sort of ashes of roses affair, you know—and in my own heart I was fully determined never to marry. I was going to be one of those sweet, and strong women that you read about."

She screwed her forehead into a knot and looked at him deprecatingly.

"What happened?" he inquired in a sympathetic tone. "You haven't married, is it true, but I have never connected you in my thoughts with a hidden sorrow."

"The occupants of an adjoining table rose to go, and his attention was engaged for a moment by a boy of a gown. Then she came back to Lorrimer and her story.

"I suppose that what happened was just a boy name," she said ruefully. "The night was willing, but the flesh was weak."

"What in the name of goodness is troubling you then?" asked Lorrimer, thoughtfully.

"Why, I had a note from him this morning! He will be in town next Wednesday. His wife is dead."

She compressed her face to an expression of perfect composure before making this announcement, though there was a faint twinkle of her lips.

"What! I see. You fear that he is coming to claim his pound of flesh, and you're not of the same mind that you were when it was promised."

She nodded.

ally troubled. He's such a nice fellow—just a thoroughgoing idealist—and I know he thinks of me as cherishing his memory, and of course I do," she added quickly, "only not in just the way he thinks. He's had so much sadness in his life that I cannot bear to give him pain. I want him to see for himself that I am different now. I thought of fixing myself up like a perfect frump," she said anxiously, "to receive him and asking you to drop in at ten minutes past 5, not a minute later, so that there won't be any time for—"

"Reminiscences?" prompted Lorrimer, and she assented.

The teapot was empty, and the illusory cakes had vanished. There was a flutter of departing guests all about them, and they rose and made their way homeward.

At precisely 5 o'clock the next day Miss Barry was greeting Mr. Grantham with an expression in her dark eyes which was not well planned, if indeed it was calculated to reconcile him to his fate.

"You've grown, actually grown, since we last met," he said, his handsome, serious face lighting up with pleasure and with a ring of boyish pleasure in his voice which suddenly made her feel very world worn, very callous and very unworthy. "Tell me about yourself—all that you've been doing and thinking," he went on cordially, but with no trace of embarrassment, "and then I'll retaliate in kind."

"I've simply been growing worldly and horrid, and I'm not at all the sort of person that I was five years ago. I've given up my ideals, those exquisite chimeras which seemed so near to us that summer. You see, New York isn't the proper habitat for the soul."

Grantham's deep eyes were bent upon her half in doubt.

"I don't think you are quite fair to yourself," he began gently, and the look in his eyes made her wonder nervously how much longer it would be before Lorrimer appeared.

As if in response to her thought, he was announced at that moment, and the three were soon chattering pleasantly. If Mr. Grantham felt any annoyance at the presence of a third party there was no trace of it in his manner. His eyes rested upon Miss Barry with a look which struck Lorrimer as being of the sort that one gives to an admired but utterly unattainable object. He looked at her as one might look at some beautiful ideal to which he had ceased to aspire.

He also noticed that Miss Barry, with feigned unconsciousness, had evidently recalled of her delinquencies in "look like a frump." There was something extremely up to date in the way that the dust which he delicately brushed from her shoulder and the slight but certain inhibition and self-possession which she assumed. Lorrimer decided to make the first overture that night.

And she, Lorrimer, who had remained so long in the habit of being a frump, was to be the first to make an overture.

It was a small Mr. Grantham, a very good looking man.

"The last evening of the day of my life," she said, "I was sitting at my desk, and I was thinking of you, and I was thinking of the day when you were so kind to write me."

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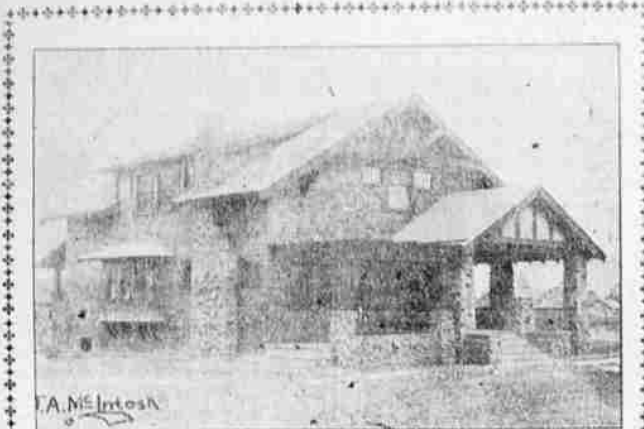
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