Stories of Adventures In Love

By The Clock

By Annette Angert



the superintendent was the night watchman, who, with pasty face and irembling limbs. through tottered the office door and sank limply into the nearest chair, dropping his keys

on the floor. The superintendent, turning at the noise of his entrance. glanced keenly up, but did not evince any surprise. Instead, he waited for the man to recover his breath and then said, "So you've seen it again, Rog-

The watchman nodded. "I see it every night now, every blessed night; I tell you I can't stand it any longer. I'm willing to act as night watchman, but I'm through playing bide and seek all night long with a ghost and every night in the week, too. Just give me what's coming to me. I'm going."

No words of the superintendent could change the watchman's decision. An offer of increased pay was turned down almost in terror. In the end the balance of the man's wages was handed over and he lost no time in departing. The superintendent leaned gloomfly back in his chair. For some time it had been hard work keeping watchmen in the factory, owing to an apparition said to be seen during the night hours. Rogers was the sixth who had recently quit for that reason, and Mason sighed in perplexity, for he thought it probable that he would not be the last. The keeping of a watchman was getting to be a serious proposition and Mason had not the slightest idea as to where he could find one for the coming night.

In the end he called up an employment agency, with the manager of which he was well acquainted, stating the facts and asking for a watchman who was sober, reliable and ghostproof. Soon the word came back that plenty of men could be furnished who would fill the bill so far as sobriety and honesty were concerned, but they all manifested a decided disike to encounter the supernatural. If he found any one he would report. It was get-

ting well toward closing time and no applicant for the position had yet ap- bert gave a hard puff to send the on." plied when the telephone bell jingled smoke more out of his line of vision noisily and the superintendent an- and get a better view of the intruder, Gilbert pointing out all the stations agency

"Say," inquired his friend, "do you remember Gilbert, Johnny Gilbert, who used to go to sixty-two school with us-Tired Gilbert, we used to call him?"

"Sure, I remember Johnny." "You remember he never did a

of it, which was mostly all the time?" "I remember." "Well, he just dropped in here,

stroke of work when he could get out

husky as ever and just as fond of but he's honest, and I mentioned your proposition to him. The ghost part didn't seem to worry him any, but he was afraid there might be some work about it. I assured him that he needn't worry about that. Shall I send him up?"

"Sure, hurry him along! it's most night and I haven't any one yet."

ered leisurely into the office, big, after a long pause. bronzed, self-confident, with a large pipe between his teeth. Mason greeted him cordially and began by saying that the ghost part had been greatly overdrawn, but changed his talk when he found that the only thing Gilbert feared was a superabundance of work, and that he was not seriously considering the other part of the proposition. Being reasonably satisfied as to the work, which consisted of making the rounds every thirty minutes from seven until six, pressing electric buttons, a long time, connected with the recording clock as When he he went, he agreed to try it, and had barely time to make preparations for that night's work.

He had made the first round of the factory and was comfortably reclining rubbed them as he glanced toward the door, but, after rubbing, the mist, or appearance, or thing, or whatever it was, was even more plain than before. Gilbert, suiting the action to the word; and soon the shape of a man, evident-

It was the employment and for a minute or so they looked at each other.

"So you're the phant?" inquired the watchman at length. The other mclined his head gravely, and there was a long silence.

"You needn't be at all afraid of me." observed Gilbert, finally: "I'm much more liberal in my views than some people. Sit down. Don't stand there. You here every night?"

Another inclination was the reply. "I get two dollars a night," re-marked the watchman. "How much

do you get?" The figure shook its head despond-

"Not a solitary red," translated GIIbert; "of course, I might have known.
What are your hours?"

There was no reply. puffed thoughtfully. "Say, don't you have any other way

Thirty minutes later Gilbert saunt- of expressing yourself?" he inquired There was a sharp rap

"That's better," said Gilbert, approvingly. "We'll get real chummy after a bit; you can rap once for 'no' and three times for 'yes;' I believe that is the correct procedure. Now, the question is, how long are you on the job here?" By dint of repeated questioning Gilbert finally found out it was from dusk until dawn. "Good," he exclaimed, enthusiastically, and then he remained in deep thought for

When he finally glanced up the ghost was still sitting there watching life, or whatever corresponds to it, him, and the clock told him it was time to make the rounds. He rose to his feet, and the ghost did the same.

"Say," he said. "I don't know your in an office chair, emitting buge name, but I'll call you Sam for short." clouds of smoke in great satisfaction. I'm going to make the rounds, and as when his eyes seemed to blur; he you've nothing better to do you might as well come with me.

The two proceeded. "This is the first button I have to push," remarked "not real hard work, but it necessily in deep dejection, stood inside the tates getting up out of the chair and

Together they made the rounds, and chatting cheerfully until they re- fortably back into a chair. turned to the office. This procedure was kept up all night, the apparition disappearing with the dawn. The next night and the next it was repeated, but Gilbert was not so talkative; for long really needed a little snooze, but periods at a time he seemed to be thinking over something.

Late one night, in looking out through a window, Gilbert thought he saw a man lurking in the darkness near some piles of lumber. A fine rain was drizzling and he disliked to go out into it and investigate. Personal fear had no place in his makeup, but personal comfort was a large consideration. "Now, you see just how it is, Sam," he said; "I think there is a fellow sheaking around the lumber piles. It's mighty muddy and disagreeable for me to go out there and investigate, but it won't bother you at all. You won't get muddy and the rain will just sift through you without doing any special damage. You're a good fellow, Sam, just slide out, and if any one is there stand beside him a minute and I reckon that'll be all."

The ghost made no move. "I'm asking this as a little personal favor, Sam," he appealed, puffing out a cloud of smoke. The ghost dodged the smoke in evident dislike, but made no other move.

Gilbert watched him and puffed another cloud straight in his misty face. The ghost retreated and Gilbert followed him up, puffing lustily. "You'll get out there and do as I say," he announced, decisively, "or I'll make your

After some side-stepping the phantom, with an expression of resignation, passed out to the lumber pile. Two minutes later Gilbert heard a bloodcurdling scream and, with his eyes struck. glued to a window-pane, saw a dark figure making wildly from the place. He was laughing boisterously when his gloomy companion returned, and

thought. Reaching it, he sank com-

"Sam," said he, pointing to the clock, "You see that clock? It's just 3:10 now and I don't have to make the rounds again until 3:30. I feel as though don't want to oversleep. When it gets to 3:30 you rap good and loud wake me up, and we'll go and tend to our job." A somewhat defiant look came in the face of the specter, so he added the caution. "Remember, I've got the old pipe and plenty of tobacco; as long as we are going to be together you might as well be accommodat-

Promptly at 3:30 came waking raps and Gilbert got up and stretched. "That's pretty fair," he said, in hild commendation, "but you should rap a little louder. This is awful confining work for us here and I need all the rest we can get."

With more opportunity for rest Mr. Gilbert's brain became more active and when they started on the round the next night there was a certain anxiety in his manner which was explained when they approached the first station and he made no move to press the button. He stopped and turned "You come here, to the phantom. Sam," he remarked, anxiously, "and knock good and hard on this button; don't be afraid, slam right at it." raised the big pipe meaningly as the specter hesitated, and finally a sharp rap was given on the button, which pushed it in and registered at the electrie clock

rounds, but insisted on the phantom ments were far from being as confi- handed-well, not for lots turning in all signals, approving or dent as they once were, and there was disapproving his efforts according to a worn look about him. the force with which the buttons were abode in the two most comfortable one hand first over his chest and then chairs in the office, remaining there across his brow with a weary gesture. all night and delegating to the ghost the prosaic duty of turning in the sighe tried to slap the phantom on the nals and of watching, with rigid inback, but only succeeded in passing structions that he was not to be dis- ghost only looked more languid than his hand through him, without in any turbed except in case of dire necessity, ever

door. It gazed earnestly at him. Gil- walking around every half hour. Come way lightening the lugubriousness of The specter was also charged with the way lightening the lagubriousness of the specter war look and the specter war look to the office Gilbert was wrapped in yard behind, but after one or two exceeds not sleep. He may be supported to the office Gilbert was wrapped in this direction they were no the rounds turnless to the rounds turnless to the rounds turnless the same comploits in this direction they were no the rounds, turning in the longer troubled in this way.

Thus for a long time matters ran smoothly, comfortably and profitably Gilbert allowed himself for Gilbert, and satisfactorily to the a nap, but it was only company. From time to time the su- and he soon awakene perintendent would ask how he likee "Fine," he would reply, the work. "just about work enough in it for me. Which was strictly true. The question, "Seen anything more of the ghost?" would bring the answer, "Say, ghosts don't bother me a little bit! which was also strictly true, and much more than the ghost could say in regard to Mr. Gilbert.

But there came a morning when Gilbert was called to the office.

"What's the matter with your watching. Gilbert?" demanded the superintendent.

"I don't know of anything the matter with it."

Mason pulled out several record sheets and spread them on the table. "Look here, and here, and here," he said, pointing to various places where different stations had at some hour been omitted.

Gilbert knitted his brows. "That clock must be out ofsuperintendent interrupted meaningly. "Don't let it con be." And Gilbert understood. "Don't let it continue to

That night he was impatient for For these last three men Sam's appearance, which was unrea- had to stay up all side a sonably delayed; and when he finally every blooming simal did appear it was to slouch in slowly can't stand it. It's to me and shiftlessly. Gilbert looked at him injuring my health. If my narrowly. Was he mistaken, or was the ghost thinner and more transpar-For two nights Gilbert made the ent than of old? Certainly his move-

"Sam you're not looking well," he notice," said Mason. After this he took up his remarked finally. The specter passed "you must need some kind of a tonic, though I'm blessed if I know what it is." said Gilbert, anxiously. But the

self, the ghost following It was ten minutes an sense of uneasiness. He gi ly round. The groat's char He looked at the clock one twenty-five. It was for the round, so Same away on that errand his feet, straining his through the air for some the ghost's presence by none. And at one thirty rounds alone. On the to after this, Gilbert, with and heavy eyes, shuffed in

The superintendent loan may as he sank bearly by Had this man of Iron sens on out under the order where could he ever hope a other watchman?"

"It's the ghost?" he aim "Yes," replied Gilbert, ear-

"He's finally were you ar Worn-me-out! elle worn-me-out? Mat quit! Cleared out! Am ed! Or dissolved-1 des in with another ghest-say, sizes larger and more chi I'll tackle that Job again ? "I really don't know sh

made ghost can be prosent "Neither do I." retoriet @ I'd have had him before the you can't get another the another watchman; that

And Mason found it must get another watchman for has not been seen siees.

word.



The Little Mother

By Elsie Endicott



ing on the veranda Winters farmhouse, looking after a young couple, sighed. "John right in one thing," she thought, "Elizabeth Seamen pretty. But when it comes to

making a good farmer's wife, well-" She sighed again.

Mrs. Winters had spent considerable time of late sighing. Her happy blue eyes had held a world of worry since ing!" John's return from the city with the startling information that he was in love, was loved in return, and expected to marry in the springtime. Mrs. Winters had contemplated mar-

riage for John, and she had told him so many a time. However, she had calculated that he would find a mate among the farmer's daughters round about, the same as his father before him. She had thought of many reasons for his prolonged visit to the cty, but the real cause had never entered her

It did not case matters when she learned Elizabeth's people knew the Browns, the Winters' nearest neigh-

plate as possible," and was, first and

must bide her time, praying meanwhile that disenchantment would come. But evidently her prayer remained

came in with eyes gleaming. er!" he exclaimed, "Elizabeth's com-

Mrs. Winters dropped weakly into the nearest chair. "Not-here?" she breathed faintly.

"Oh, no," laughed John, "to Browns'. We didn't tell you until we knew for sure. Mrs. Brown thought it would be nice for you to meet Elizabeth, so she invited her. She's coming tomorrow. Mother, she's the prettiest, dearest, best little girl-" John's voice caught in a rapturous sigh. In a moment he added, "You two will be crazy about each other the moment you meet.

If they were, they concealed the feeling admirably. Mrs. Winters thought, after a sweeping glance over the stylish young figure, "Gracious, she's bors. The fact remained, Elizabeth worse than any figure in the fall style had been born and raised in the city, book Mrs. Brown got at Slater's in a home, but it so happened she tried found a very miserable Mrs. Winters

RS. WINTERS, stand- was "one of those typewriter girls town." Her smile became tepid. Eliz- at the wrong time whose principal aim is to turn herself abeth, painfully conscious that her out as much like an outlandish fashion value was being taken, appeared uncomfortable, stiff not at all herself. last, impossible as a farmer's wife. She reflected, "John's mother is not a Mrs. Winters did not voice this opinbit like John. And I know another ion to John. She knew opposition thing. She's like all mothers with an would make him more determined. She only son; she wants to keep him." Both women were thankful when the

meeting was over. Elizabeth was very quiet as John unanswered, for one morning, after and she went down the path. At the the hour of the rural delivery, John came in with eyes gleaming. "Mothgate he wheeled her about and, after silently surveying the picturesque farmhouse, asked: "What do you think of your future home, Elizabeth?" Elizabeth's eyes glowed. "Oh, it's

> beautiful!" she answered. "And isn't mother fine? You'll be great pals, won't you?"

Elizabeth's eyes saddened. "I-I hope so," she whispered. In her heart she added, "John's mother doesn't want that kind of a pal! she wants-

The passing days seeming only to strengthen first impressions, they played continually at cross purposes. Elizabeth's variety of dresses stunned Mrs. Winters. "How in the land sakes will John's purse stand such extravagant ideas?" was her constant inward thought. She tried once to get the girl's opinion on the subject of making

They were in the farm house parlor alone. Of course they were ill at case at their very worst. Suddenly John's goodness, what's the matter?" mother asked: "Are you fond of your

present work, Elizabeth?" "My work? Oh, you mean my office work! Yes, indeed, I am." Then, under Mrs. Winters' analytic eyes, homesick for the first time since she had come to John's country, Elizabeth voiced a sudden yearning in an enthudescription of her office life. Mrs. Winters listened without smiling. At last she broke in: "And at homethe housework-don't you ever-

"Oh." interrupted Elizabeth indifferently, "mother attends to all that." In the last week of her visit John found it necessary to spend several days in an adjoining county watching scientific farming experiments. "While I'm away," he whispered, as he bade Elizabeth good-bye, "let mother see

what a darling you are, won't you? Try and get close to her. Elizabeth smiled wistfully. only way to do that, she felt, was to

make this good-by a final one. She did not visit Mrs. Winters that day. She was lonely, disheartened, and she dreaded the customary searching glance. Early the next morning, for John's sake, she went to her. She

huddled on a sofa. Constraint flew to the four winds, and she went hastily toward the woebegone figure.

"Lumbago," mouned Mrs. Winters. "I got up with it this morning, and I've been helpless as a log ever since. The men went over to Slade's last night for the threshing, and I haven a

had a soul to send to Brown's."
"Poor thing!" Elizabeth's soft fingers gently smoothed the pain-wrinkled forehead. "And haven't you had any

"Bless you! Yes, I managed that." Awkwardly Mrs. Winters' hand patied Elizabeth's stylish sleeve. "I've got worse since; and, dear me, the chilli sauce is worrying the life out of me. I reckoned on making it today. The tomatoes are overripe, and they'll spoil "No, they won't" remarked Eliza-

beth. "Now, see here, I'm going to get you into bed, with a hot stove plate at your back. You're to forget all about chilli sauce. Pain and worry have given you a fever." She hesitated a moment. "You'll let me help you, won't you?" she asked softly. Suddenly she bent down, and her fresh young lips rested a moment on others that were quivering. The rest of the day was one lon-

she had never seen fingers so deft as those which saw to her every comfori. She knew she had never tasted more delicious chicken broth than that brought to her bedside at noontime. And when there came drifting into the door the appetizing, spicy odor of chili sauce cooking she lay dumbly wondering. She looked at Elizabeth speech-

> you do such things? Why-it's une! It's as goed as mine. Folks say my recipe is grand." "Mother thinks I can beat her mak ing chili sauce," said Elizabeth proud-"I always make it at home. I love

lessly when she brought her a sample

on a saucer. At last she gasped, "Can

"My land! I thought," fumbled John's mother, "that you only knew the typewriter, and just loved clothes and the like."

"And a few people," laugued Elizabeth. Suddenly she put the saucer oa chair and sat down on the bed, hands clasping her knee. Her glance was clear, "Is that why you direct. haven't liked me, because you thought I'd make John a poor wife?"

"Yes," faintly. "You don't want him for yourselfalways?

"I've wanted a daughter a:wa; -.

wonder to Mrs. Winters. She thought I've hoped to have one in his "I didn't know that," greek you try and love me. Mrs. "I won't have to try sheet the real you.' Elizabeth bent down and Then she asked quinterly love me even with my

taste in dress?" Mrs. Winters winced ple nowadays," she evide ferent. When John's his started out I did all my see atong, and-"What if John's fel

done all her sewing ever old enough to sev. to Now, this dress I have a you like it? It cost it.it. "My soul!" gasped Mrs. Three days later, vis.

turned he found Elimber him in his own dorway.
one of his mother's hubs
looked at her in amage. you going to say how de) laughed. "What in the worlds

about?" he finally artical "Lumbago and chill sant ed Elizabeth promptly. there wondering, John see the little mother, and all about it.



Dr. Brent's Discovery By Walt Gregg



swered, hopelessly.

jammed the on brakes of his road-The headlights brought into clear relief the figure of a girl plodding along in the ruts. Since she

showed no intention of leaving the roadway, he went forward slowly, turning out into the grass. "Say," he called out, "don't you know

you'll be run over if you're not more "I don't know that I mind," she an-

"You don't mind," repeated Brent, his surprised eyes regarding the girl's trim, well-cared-for appearance. "No," she replied moodily. "If I were to die now I'd escape a whole lot

o: unhappiness." "By Jove, that's a mouruful philosophy of life. Might I ask what you are doing on this lonely road at 11 o'clock

his ejaculation of surprise, "I know it sounds crazy. I have a perfectly comfortable home with two aunts who are excrusiatingly good and who love me very much. But I'm tired of the same old thing every day. I'm tired of cream of tartar biscuits every night. Oh, dear! I guess I'm pretty wicked."

With that she began to cry. "Here! That won't do," said Brent. "I'm going to give you a ride." Then he picked up the sobbing girl, deposited her on the seat, and sent the machine through the cool air, fresh with

the fragrance of apple blossoms.

Soon the girl became quiet and
Brent asked where she lived. In a low voice she replied. "I'd be ashamed to tell you. Besides we should never find it from here at night. I've ridden or walked all day and I did not pay much attention to where I was going. "The dickens you didn't," Brent muttered to himself. Aloud he said, "I

shall take you to my sister's then." Before long he drew up at a white farmhouse where he asked her to get out. "I-I'm afraid I can't," she murpicked her up the second time and carried her to the piazza, where, after a whispered explanation, she was welcomed by his sister. In the morning a subdued young

lady appeared at the breakfast table. She still refused to give her name or tell where she lived. "I'd died of shame if you knew who I am," she said. "If you'll take me to the station, I'll go home.

of advice. "If I were you I wouldn't be such a quitter. It's a pity that in this big world you can't find something to thinking of someone besides your own summer an epidemic kept him busy precious self?" Then he stalked off be- even into the night. The climax came fore she bought her ticket, chuckling on one unusually oppressive day when at the startled look in her wide open blue eyes.

Seven years later, in the slums of a great city. Brent found a burly patient suffering so intensely that an immediate operation was necessary. When he spoke of a nurse, a red-headed young- his head. Soon he could stay in his ofster darted from the room. In a few fice no longer. He went into the minutes a young woman in regulation streets and stumbled along over the

Never had the doctor been assisted was full of women, sitting in groups felt pleasantly comfortable from the that she had slipped away. Who is she?" he asked the boy.

"Oh! She's Nurse Ellen, the lady hat owns the Runaway House," was come in?"

Again and again Dr. Brent heard of

the Runaway House, and found evidences of the nurse's work among the Later on Brent gave this parting bit poor. Many times he determined to seek the woman and ask about her home, which the people of the neighborhood regarded as a place of restful Did it ever occur to you to try retreat. But during the hot days of he awoke with a strained feeling petween his eyes. This developed into a throbbing headache which by afternoon made him long for comfort like a child. The Runaway House began to beat in a monotonous refrain through

efficiently, but when he was around little tables shaded by huge soft to congratulate the nurse he umbrellas. Brent went to the panelled white curtains. In a short time he door and knocked. The nurse came heard the city clock. At the last "It's my head," said Brent stup-"This infernal heat. May I

For a second the woman hesitated. "It is so hot that the rooms are all Stay!" she cried as he occupied. started to turn away. "There is my room. Come!" She took his hand and led him to a room on the second floor. where the four windows were shaded by awnings. It was dark and seemed "You'd better lie down," she said, "and take off your collar. I'll be back soon.

Brent took off his coat and stretched himself on the bed, sinking into a space where there was only an external hammering on his head. fore long his hostess returned. Holding him skilfully, she gave him something cooling to drink. Then he could feel her loosen his collar and shirt. on her fingers dipped in fragrant

breeze which was stirring the stroke he ejaculated "Eleven," and began to grope for his shoes."

Immediately the nurse came in with a tray. "I hope you are hungry," she said in a matter-of-fact tone. haven't had any supper myself." She lighted a shaded candle which she placed on a table beside the bed. Then she drew up an easy chair. "My! but it's good to sit still," she said. you like cold milk?" she asked, with a

hand on a damp pitcher. "There's nothing I like better," affirmed Brent, gazing eagerly at the

sandwiches and yellow sponge cake. Not until the plates were empty did he again drop back on the pillow. With hands clasped behind his head he thoughfully regarded the uniforn:ed woman. "So this is what the Runaway House means," he mused. wonder the people here consider Nurse Ellen the mother of all goodness.

people who want to home for a while. If a to sleep for a day. s room here. broken up by the drifted into this though I have con each day. "It took more

this plan through name"-To his surpres barrassment. ashamed to tell you.

The light of memor