

Thrilling Tales of Love and Adventure

By Enos Emory

HE girl was as fair as he was dark, and they were equally handsome, equally young, equally well dressed, equally reckless as to what the future might have in store for them. His was the courage of despair, hers that of careless indifference.

Any one gazing around the little flat, with its costly yet tasteful furniture, its harmonious hangings, its exquisite pictures, would have thought it impossible that its occupants could have a single care in the world.

But, at the moment, she was full of care. There was a frown on her pretty face, her delightful lips were puckered up, and her soulful blue eyes gazed questioningly at the elaborately dressed young man who sat opposite her.

She decided that if he were a little less tolly composed, a little less reserved, he might be very delightful. The girl held a letter in her hand, and she had the grace to blush as she read it once more.

The young man noticed her blush and a slight smile played about his well-cut lips. Then he gazed at his immaculate new boots with a certain scorn of himself which he was pleased to see reflected in their polished surfaces.

As he glanced again, he caught the girl's eyes looking at him with a certain curiosity. He bowed interrogatively.

"It is a little awkward," the girl confessed.

"Most things are," said the young man easily. "When Rackstons wrote to me a few weeks ago and asked me to call on them, they explained that they wanted to hire me as a professional diner out."

"A professional diner out?"

"Yes," he said indifferently, his glance once more straying to his

boots. "My father came a cropper. Left me nothing. I'd been brought up to do nothing. Brains aren't my strong point."

"I'd heard of this dining out scheme (£2 a week and your clothes found), and so they put me on their list. I'm supposed to dine out and amuse people. Only the host and hostess know I'm not a guest. I've exhausted all my anecdotes already," he said, a little wearily. "Heaven alone knows where I'm to get any more."

"I don't think that heaven has much to do with anecdotes," the girl said with equal weariness. "Not if it's as sick of them as I am."

"I'm going to give it another month," the young man explained. "I'd emigrate if I'd enough capital; but I haven't. I should do some good in Canada or California. Here I'm only so many wasted possibilities."

"Don't call yourself such an awful name as that," the girl said a little more sympathetically.

She went to the table, laid out 10 portraits in a row and selected his. "I picked you out because you look like a gentleman." She held up his photo.

"When that was taken I was one," he answered indifferently. "Now, I'm only a cut above the waiters. You don't know how all these beastly diners disagree with me. At the Reform Club you can always get a good chop."

He stopped suddenly. "But that's putting on side."

"No," said the girl with a smile, which revealed her exquisite teeth. "I sympathize with you."

"All these French dishes are the very devil," he murmured sorrowfully. "They are; but one must eat to live."

"The places at which I dine they live to eat. I beg your pardon. May I make a note of it for my next dinner?"

"Certainly, if you think it worth while."

"You stimulate one's brain power," he said, admiringly. "I should never have been able to think of that at a dinner." Then he became reserved

again.

"If you will kindly tell me what you want me to do at the dinner I'll try to—sparkle, I've just been reading Greville's Memoirs, and I think I could cabbage three or four stories out of them."

She stamped her little foot impatiently. "I don't want you for a diner; I don't want any anecdotes."

"Just my luck," he said, resignedly, as he got up. "Forgive me for saying so, but you're so different from the fat suburban hostesses who call me 'young man' that I should have enjoyed coming to you. Of course, I ought to have known that you can get any number of fellows to fetch and carry for you. Good morning."

"But, Mr.—"

"Heriot. Arthur Heriot's my real name. When I'm hired out to dine I'm De Lancy Jones."

The girl's lips again curved in one of her rare smiles. "It's a beautiful name."

"It is. Rackstons seem to think that I ought to pay them £2 a week for using it."

Her face suddenly became serious. "Sit down again, please."

"Oh, very well. They don't usually expect me to sit when I take my orders," he said, with a little catch in his breath.

"Of course, that's rubbish. We're both unfortunate."

"We are. In other circumstances I should have said exactly the reverse. When we meet at the dinner you'll get awfully sick of me."

"There you go again," she said petulantly. "I don't want you to dine with me."

"Then," he got up in astonishment, his handsome face a little flushed, "I shall have Rackstons bullying me for not bringing it off. Well, it's worth it," he added, almost inaudibly.

"You don't understand," said the girl, her color coming and going deliciously. "I don't want you to dine with me."

"You said that just now, although it would be heavenly to dine with you," murmured the young man. "Perhaps you'll have the kindness to remember that I'm only a myrmidon of Rackstons and give your orders. What do you want with me, Miss Leclair?"

"I want you to marry me," said that incomprehensible young lady, with a vivid blush.

"You're quite well?" he asked, anxiously. "My driver hasn't been too much for you?"

"Not at all. My poor, dear father bullied me because I didn't marry the man he selected for me. Unless I marry some one by the first day of May the £8,000 will go to a hospital, and I shall go to—"

"The workhouse?"

She nodded desperately.

"Very well. You'd better pay Rackstons the dining out fee and keep this quiet, or they'll want 10 per cent on the eighty thousand."

She thanked him for thinking of it. "I will." Her blushes deepened. "Of course, we part at the registrar's and never meet again."

"I thought there was a catch in it somewhere."

"And I will give you £500, so that you can emigrate and free yourself from this degrading bondage," she added sympathetically.

Heriot looked at her curiously, drew a deep breath. "Very well," he said curtly. "Send me the details and I'll do what you want."

He came a little nearer to her. "You're very, very beautiful. God ought to have given you a soul above money," and he sorrowfully went away.

Elsie Leclair hesitated as she drew near the registrar's office a month later. She was beginning to feel a little annoyed with this young man who was prepared to assume his matrimonial responsibilities in so matter-of-fact a way.

Once or twice, however, when he thought she was not looking at him,

although, as a matter of course, she was, she had seen an expression of yearning wishfulness in his fine eyes.

He despised her as much as she did him; they had an equal right to despise each other. She knew him in spite of his misfortunes to be the very soul of honor.

Somehow, it had been necessary for him to come to her nearly every day for a month. She had invented anecdotes for Heriot, taught him the point of each, and was much gratified to hear of his social success as a suburban raconteur. When her stock of anecdotes ran short she racked her brains for fresh ones—mostly about Dukes; and when the anecdotes would not come she invented them.

On the strength of the ducal anecdotes, Rackstons raised his salary 10 shillings per week.

But the shameful deed was nearly done. Even the gutter sparrows chirruped cheerfully at Elsie Leclair as they went about with straws in their chubby little bills—straws a good deal longer than themselves.

They were busy building nests, making homes for the draggie-tailed-feathered ladies who sat on the edges of the gutters and noisily encouraged them.

The girl gave a little shiver. "After today I shan't have any one to invent anecdotes for," she said mournfully, and she thought of a beauty for him—about a Prince—this morning."

Heriot, dressed in black, awaited her coming, with a nondescript sort of a witness, who might have been anything from a jockey to a valet, as a matter of fact, he had been Heriot's father's trainer, and was under the impression that Heriot was the happiest man in the world.

He stood respectfully at the table with a grimy female in a bonnet which had once been black, who was the other witness, and after the gray-haired registrar had complied with the usual formalities and scrutinized their certificates of having resided for three weeks

in the parish, he set to work in earnest and pronounced them man and wife, gazing at them the while with a certain satisfaction in their youth and beauty.

They took it very seriously, too, as was glad to notice. And he sighed the sigh of a man who has once been young and handsome himself.

When Heriot's witnesses had departed, and the bonneted female more than adequately remunerated for her services, there was a slight pause. Mr. and Mrs. Heriot stood on the steps looking different ways.

He raised his hat and was about to move off, after handing her the marriage certificate, when she touched him somewhat timidly on the arm. "You will see me back to my flat? Miss Jones" (Miss Jones was her chaperone) "expects us."

"I'd rather not, if you don't mind."

"But, of course, I mind," she said cheerfully. "We've one or two little matters to settle up before we—separate."

"Yes, of course," he said absently; and led her to the hired brougham.

When they reached the flat, Miss Jones was out and Heriot followed his wife dearly into the room. Curiously enough the late breakfast—their wedding breakfast—was laid for two.

"We'll have some breakfast," she said, "and then we can talk. I've another beautiful story for you."

"I've lived in one for the last month," he answered her even more dearly than before, and with a thrill of pity, she noticed the blue shadows under his eyes.

Then, with an effort, he roused himself and tried to discover the point of her story about the Prince.

But she had to give it up. Although he had called himself stupid, she knew very well that he was not really so. When he was not paid for telling stories he could tell very good ones. Now, however, after the servants had left the room and he rose to go she experienced a curious thrill.

She had saved her fortune and her self-respect. Would he save hers?

He did nothing of the sort. He was the same old, melancholy, old, fine eyes, put out his hand and good luck," he said with cheerfulness. "I shall often see you—and your stories."

She handed him an envelope. "What's this?"

"The—five hundred. You you might prefer an open check. I'm glad there's an open check, with sudden heat, walked to the fireplace, threw the check into it and came back to her. "It's been—very happy, but the end of a facer."

"Why won't you take the money why is it goodby?" Her own was a little unsteady.

"I've saved enough to pay the steerage fare to Canada, have of Rackstons and start tomorrow. How, at first, I thought you were earnest. Then I saw you were I've gone through with it. I know why?"

"N—no," she faltered.

"To save you from some one who would not have kept his word. Some day, when I've gone under may meet a man whom you can love as I—"

"As you?"

"As you deserve to be loved," he heroically endeavored to leave the room.

"Don't go. I've another story for you," she said almost faintly.

He looked at his watch. "Take long, this other story."

Miss Jones put her head in a door, then discreetly withdrew. It would end that way. She told me what she was going to do she said happily. "Even a thing like myself could see that were made in love with each other from the very first."

Neighbors On Paper

By Annette Angert

THE curtained doorway, between the hall and the living room, Mrs. Hoagly lingered a moment. She was a large woman, rather querulous but well-gowned and fairly good looking in a massive style. Just now her expression was more than querulous. It held distaste, as she stood there looking at her husband, who was dozing in a rocker. He, too, was large of build, fat chinned, and his wide, comfortable face just then was distorted by an incipient snore.

It came a second later—a loud, raucous burring snore.

Mrs. Hoagly stamped her foot. Then she crossed the room and shook him none too gently. "Wake up, Nat! Dinner is ready!"

With a jump he awoke. He stretched himself lazily. "Dash dog it," good-naturedly. "I guess the ride with Burton made me sleepy."

"Please, please, don't use such expressions," begged his wife in a tone of long-suffering endurance. But at the table she curiously asked: "Where were you riding with Burton?"

"Out to look at a new suburb," he told her and chuckled. "It ain't all

suburb yet. It's part prairie and the rest is neatly printed on Burton's prospectus. He thinks he is going to sell me a slice; and I'll build a house, big and well, and so coax others out to buy more lots of Mr. Burton. But I ain't the kind to fall just for smoothness."

Mrs. Hoagly frowned. And her husband, placidly cutting the steak, had no means of knowing that she was comparing him, to his great disadvantage, with the urbane, well-tailored Mr. Burton of polished voice and courtly manner. Nor had he the slightest inkling that for many months past now his wife had nursed a growing inclination to find great cause for criticism in his nature, disposition, manners and appearance. Now she said scornfully: "As usual, Nat, you're preposterous. It is going to be a very exclusive suburb! And we are very fortunate to have a chance to get a building site there. And it was very kind of Mr. Burton to offer it to you. Mrs. Burton was telling me all about the beautiful home that they are going to build there."

Her husband looked surprised. "Do you know, Nelly," he remarked, "you've been sort of cranky lately. I'd get some sassafras tea if I was you. This warm spring weather certainly does make a person feel out of sorts."

Burton are stringing you."

Nelly shrugged her broad but still comely shoulders at the advice and looked scornfully skeptical at his last sentence. "We are asked to take dinner with them tomorrow evening," she informed him.

He grimaced. "Darn it! Let's not go. I don't care for 'em."

"I do," sharply. "And certainly we'll go. Why, I was delighted to get the invitation."

"I suppose," aggrievedly, "I'll have to climb into my evening clothes. Nelly, you don't know how I hate those togs. They're blamed uncomfortable."

"Because you've got too fat for them," crushingly. "You ought to buy new."

"When I squander good time buying new!" he said. "I suppose we have to go?"

She merely looked her indignation. He suddenly chuckled. "All right," resignedly. "And maybe I'll have a little fun at that. Watch me with Burton."

The next morning she found it hard to keep even tempered. There was a series of annoyances. To begin with, just as she followed Nat out to the runabout to the top hook of her black velvet blouse snapped off. She had to go back, and since there was no time to sew on another, she had to manage

with a pin, trusting to luck to keep it in. Nat chuckled. "You're acquiring some avoirdupois yourself, old girl," he remarked. "Guess I'm not the only one that has too tight wardrobe."

A little pecker of annoyance appeared between her eyes. She tried heroically to keep down that avoirdupois.

"But don't you worry, old girl," he assured her. "I'd love you the same if you got fat enough for Barnum to hire." He was the only one to laugh at the joke. Nelly got stiffly out of the car as it rolled up in front of the apartment building where the Burtons lived and walked laughingly inside before her husband could follow her.

Mr. Burton himself opened the door. He was surely delighted to see them. Mrs. Hoagly flushed with pleasure, and her flush deepened at Mrs. Burton's cordial courtesy. All her life Nelly Hoagly had wanted to know people of the Burton kind. Nat's increasing prosperity had brought small pleasure to her as long as they still moved in the set that they had been acquainted with when they were poor.

But as the evening passed her flush changed from one of pleasure to one of bitter annoyance and shame. There were many other guests at the table—all more of the Burton clique than of hers. And never in all their married

life had she seen Nat act so stupidly. He had nothing to say but inanities. And such inanities! She saw Mr. and Mrs. Burton exchange annoyed glances. Then Burton mentioned the new suburb. She joined enthusiastically in their discussion.

"But Mr. Hoagly prefers the dust of the city," laughed Burton good-naturedly. "He doesn't hear the call of nature, even though it is accompanied by paved streets, electric lights, and a garage."

Hoagly yawned—a wide, rude, dull yawn. "Oh, I ain't particular where we live," he said vacuously. "Nelly here picks out locations."

With a beaming smile Mr. Burton turned to Mrs. Hoagly. "Then I may count on the pleasure of having you as our future neighbors?" he said hopefully.

"Oh, we might," said Mr. Hoagly, in an obvious effort to be polite. But his wide, good natured face was so very wide and so very stupid and tiresome that Mrs. Hoagly bit her handsome lip in vexation. And under the lace cloth of the table she clutched her handsome hand. Why couldn't Nat talk? He wasn't stupid altogether, because a great many men seemed to have a respect for his judgment. She was bitterly ashamed of him.

They left the table presently and went into the big living-room. There one of the guests, a little, expensively dressed woman, with immense pearl earrings, sang several songs. Mrs. Hoagly admired the pearls more than the singing, which was of a nasal quality, but all the while she was annoyed at her husband's attitude of stupid attention. Why, oh, why, did he look so stupid? And then she was horrified to feel that the pin that had replaced the hook was slipping. And she knew that her blouse had opened and displayed more shoulder than was permissible. She rose and quietly left the room to find a maid to attend to it. But the maid was busy, so she went into the room where her wraps had been left and found another pin. The song had ended as she went back and the singer came after her wraps, as she had another engagement. She was a very intimate friend of the hostess, and it happened that Mrs. Hoagly stepped through a curtained archway just as Mrs. Burton accompanied the singer through the room on the other side. And it was not in human nature not to listen when one's name came so clearly.

"Who are those Hoaglys?" queried the singer.

"Isn't she fat?" said Mrs. Burton. "They're not much socially, but my

dear he has a lot of money. He's a genius at making it."

"That stupid man?" she asked.

"He isn't stupid," irritably. "Terribly worried because he is on that stupid air tonight. He that is one of his clever tricks he doesn't want to talk business. He's trying to sell him that last dropped her voice—"out with you, know. A terrible way out. He stuck with an option on it, and doesn't unload pretty soon—"

"But you surely won't go out to place and live!"

"I guess not," said Mrs. Burton. "But they will, if we can talk her out. She is so stupid, I am sure."

Mrs. Hoagly set her handsome firmly together. Then she sought the living-room. Her husband it seemed, had not been noticed by Mr. Burton, who came to say, with apparent unconcern, member, I will be awfully disappointed if you don't be our neighbor!"

Mrs. Hoagly saw that Nat was lagging at her and listening. "Really, Burton," she said sweetly, "I'm so since I've thought it over, that it doesn't appeal to me, either, under garage and pavement and electric are already there and not just a

It Was All Over

By Will Seaton

HEN Mrs. Edward Endicott announced the engagement of Constance Marie to Mr. John Sydney Page everybody in the little village gasped with astonishment. Surely there must be some mistake. Why everyone knew John Page had been Elizabeth's "young man" and to hear of this sudden engagement to her younger sister caused a great deal of comment. It proved to be true, however, and in answer to the curious inquiries of her many friends, Mrs. Endicott made but the one answer to the effect that John on seeing Constance just home from a select young ladies' school, had decided that after all she was more to his taste than Betty.

Betty well remembered the first evening Constance was at home. John, in coming in, stopped suddenly and gazed spellbound at the young girl, who was standing in front of the tall pier mirror in the hall trying a huge pink bow on her golden curls. "Just like a picture," he whispered eagerly, forgetting to greet Betty with his usual smile. "Constance, you little beauty, have you forgotten your old friend, John?" No, she had not forgotten, she assured him, and all that evening, as well as the others that followed, Betty had been obliged to watch them walk leisurely down the walk or see John help her into his large car and see them quickly spin out of sight. There was plenty of room, but they never asked her to go and the old grandfather's clock in the hall, if allowed the privilege of speaking, might have told a story of many tears that fell as Betty

leaned her head against his side. She should not have been surprised, yet she was, when Mrs. Endicott proudly whispered the news to her one morning and a little later Constance blushing rosy, field out her left hand where the large solitaire glistened like a large drop of the purest water in the clear morning sunshine. Betty murmured something, she never remembered what, but Constance was too happy to notice any omission.

In the days that followed, Betty thought sadly of her changed plans. All her life John Page had been Betty's constant comrade and staunchest defender. Every minute he could spare from business had been devoted to her and everyone expected that some day Betty and John Page would live in the house now occupied by him alone since the death of his mother. The brown eyes were heavy with unshed tears and the daily tasks were accomplished by sheer determination. Constance fluttered around like a pretty butterfly never serious about anything, she now talked and laughed all day, answering the phone and door with a charming manner. John spent every minute he could with her and their merry laughter floated up to Betty's room where she spent all her time now. She could not bear to see their happiness.

Things sped along smoothly. Constance insisted that John exchange his large car for a roadster, but of a very expensive make. John Page, although possessed of some means, was by no means wealthy. He was a trusted employer in a large bonding company and being of a thrifty nature had managed to save quite a little money. Constance had only to express a wish to have it fulfilled, so within a short time the new machine arrived, and in a be-

witching bonnet and coat Constance dimpled with pleasure as she had her first ride.

With sunshine, we must always expect there will be a little cloud and this happened when John, arriving at the office one morning, was met with the news that the company was to be merged with a larger one, and that for this reason his services would no longer be required. When the news was told to Constance by her mother, she grew white. "You don't mean, mother,

that John has no position?" she wailed, dimly. Mrs. Endicott nodded her head. "Of course, darling, he will find another, surely this does not make any difference to you?" The curly head bobbed emphatically. "I shall never marry John, unless he had a well-assured future, no poor man for me; no, I don't want to see him." Betty in the hall heard the remark and went to express her sympathy. "I'm so sorry, John; it is too bad, but then, something is sure to turn up, and please,

EAR HARRY—I still begin with 'Dear Harry,' though you certainly seem anything but 'Dear' to me tonight. Haven't you a calendar, or what in the world is the matter with you, that you forget me entirely like this on my birthday? And only three days ago you were telling me how you loved me more than life, and all that, and said we would have a special celebration when my birthday came. And after my telling mama and papa that things were settled and so on.

"What do you suppose they will think of you, not sending me as much as a postcard, and not calling and—there, that big blot is a tear.

"I am deeply hurt as well as angry, but I can't quite believe that you have ceased to love me so soon. Have you really? If you have, I had better know it now than later, so don't hesitate to

tell me, for I must know. It does look like it, but I keep remembering the nice things you said the other night, and so I don't know what to think, you see.

"Or has something terrible happened to you, even as you were on the way here? You see I keep thinking of some possibility of excusing you. Oh, dear, what if, while I am writing now, you might be one of those aphasia victims and been taken to a hospital somewhere, and maybe would never know me nor even who you, yourself, are!

"Oh, what shall I do?"

"I shall look in every paper for accidents. Maybe you've been run over. But no, I know better! You are just careless, plain careless, and you've forgotten all about it being your own little girl's special day, although you did say the other night that we would have a special celebration.

"Special, indeed!"

"All the special I've had, is to nearly cry my eyes out, thinking up possible reasons for this inexcusable

neglect.

"Yes, 'inexcusable,' that is just the word!"

"I shall never, never forgive you, and if you are going to be as forgetful as this, about important things, why I think we may as well call it off, for I could never be happy with you, so—"

"P.S.—Darling, darling!! I take it all back, every word. Oh, forgive me for doubting you. You angel! never, never, saw such a perfectly beautiful diamond, and I can never wait till tomorrow evening to thank you; but I suppose I've got to, as your firm was so inconsiderate as to send you 'way off there on my birthday. How good of you to plan, so that I would get it today, in spite of your being so busy! Oh, you blessed boy!"

"With all the love in the world."

"ELEANOR."

"P.S. Ed—I suppose I'm foolish to send the first part of this at all; but I thought I'd show you how bad I did feel. Well, it's all over now. E."

able with a poor man, forgive me, but it is better for you to know this." In a daze he felt the ring in his hand and Betty watched him walk, head bent low, down the street.

In the weeks that followed, John busied himself in a business venture of his own, and struggled to make it a success. It was through Betty's uncle that she heard of the scheme. "It's a fine idea," Uncle Harry remarked: "All the young rascal needs is a little capital and he is too proud to accept a penny."

Betty thought it over many times, and finally sought her uncle's office to confide her plan. She had some shares of stock left by her father; would Uncle Harry please dispose of them and with the money derived therefrom, send it anonymously to John? Uncle was hard to convince, but Betty was determined, so a few days later John was bewildered to find a large envelope in his mail, containing a check made payable to the bearer for a fairly large amount. A little indignant, he later used it, and coming at the crisis of the business deal, it aided him over the tight place and helped to place the whole thing on a rock-bottom foundation. Uncle Harry, however, was not as trustworthy in affairs of the heart, as in those of law, so indiscreetly the matter one day, he whispered in John's ear who might be thanked for the gift.

John lost no time, and hastened to the little cottage where he had not visited since that fateful night. Betty sat sewing and did not hear him until he bent over her. "Little sweetheart, to give up all your precious money to help me, Betty; how can you ever forgive me," he whispered, taking her into his arms. "And to think I nearly made

such a grave mistake. After all, girl, it was you whom I really loved and the charms I saw in Constance were only reflections of your charms. The dimple in her cheek is only sister to the one in yours, left, and oh, Betty, if you can forgive me—the sentence was never meant for Betty's hand stopped his moving. Two months later as Betty and John walked down the aisle of the church as man and wife, with the overhead pealing their wedding chimes, Betty thought she heard the echo of their deep tones, this time. "And the last shall be first," and was content.

Face Massage, Too.

Barber—Poor Jim has been sent to a lunatic asylum.

Victim (in chair)—Who's Jim?

"Jim is my brother, sir. Jim's long been broodin' over the times, and I suppose he finally cracked."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, he and me has worked by side for years, and we were alike we couldn't tell each other apart. We both brooded a great deal. No money in this business."

"What's the reason?"

"Price too low. Unless a customer takes a shampoo it doesn't pay to shave or haircut. Poor Jim caught him trying to cut a customer's hair because he refused a shampoo, so I had to have the fellow locked up. Makes me sometimes I feel sorry I didn't him slash all he wanted to. I might have saved his reason."

Yes!