Thrilling Tales of Love and Adventure

The Great Blunder

grimly. immediately."

At the thought of her adored and that her face grew softer. At that ly tiring, moment Miss Van Lennan felt a hand "You're astonished her. Her acquaintances found Miss Van Lennan intimidating. The owner of the hand, however, was of herself. not an acquaintance.

heat and fatigue and sunburn had combined to make the color of ivory. Rings of damp hair clung to a smooth forehead and blue eyes looked anxiously into Miss Van Lennan's gray ones.

"Oh, do you mind? May I hold onto you friends there?" she asked. you?" the girl asked. "I lose my bal-"We all come from Portlan

said

"No," retorted Betty miserably, "we

make overtures toward a reconcilia-

tion if I could, and, secondly, Bruce

very that and crowd- and I haven't the curves memorized went to Litchfield when she married." Straps were at yet," she ended with a real smile. a premium, but although Miss Van rings of hair and the smile finished the ily unbent for several years prove, after Lennan had a strap conquest of Miss Van Lennan. "No. all, not quite a stranger. she was feeling far indeed!" she said. "Hold on with both

from affable. When hands if it's any easier." When a very large gentleman re- cock the train stopped the passengers fell luctantly forsook a seat directly in

Van Lennan, and when it started up the girl beside her gently. "Sit down ingly. they fell bock on her as one man, here," she said. "There's plenty of my dear, and her little boy came to "That settles it!" she said to herself, room. You look worn out, too," she live with me. Tait her name was. "Fred must get me an electric added, with unusual friendliness.

The girl smiled at her again. "Just being in the city makes me tired. I'm memor, generous nephew Miss Van Lennan's afraid." she said, in her pretty, low grimness relaxed to such an extent voice. "I haven't done anything real-

alipped under her arm. It rather Lennan asked, forgetting well bred reserve in real surprise. The girl was so far from awkward, so quietly sure

She shook her head. Then, surmis-Miss Van Lennan found herself ing the cause of her neighbor's sur- ity. looking into an upturned face which prise, she said: "School rubbed the "I sharp corners off a little, but I'm from the country-Litchfield, Me."

"No!" said Miss Van Lennan, sitting bolt upright in surprise. The girl nodded confirmation. "Have

'We all come from Portland.'

HE elevated train was ance so when I have nothing to touch Van Lennan said, "but my only sister I want to make sure of you." It struck with singular force to have The weariness, the endearing damp the only person to whom she had read-

"Would I know her?" the girl went on gently. "I am called Alice Bab-

"Babcock is a good New England forward on Miss front of her, Miss Van Lennan touched name," said Miss Van Lennan approv-"No, she died before your time,

The girl shook her head reluctantly, busily following the name through her

"Miss Van Lennan is my name," that lady went on, "and you must--" She hesitated for the fraction of a second. "You're not a city girl?" Miss Van It was long since she had invited any girl to dine with her. Fred was not susceptible, but it was as well to run no risks, but the bond of New England was too strong-"dine with me some

day, if you can overlook the informal-Are you in Chicago for long?" "Permanently, probably," Alice Babcock answered. Miss Van Lennan fished for a card and fountain pen and wrote busily

"Will Wednesday be convenient?" she asked. She put a gloved hand over sight, to dine with one and one's only the girl's hands and said: "It's so and unattached nephew. seldom I meet any one from Maine that

good it is to meet any one in Chicago who acts neighborly."

Miss Van Lennan, conscious that her reputation was not that of a woman who was neighborly, flushed a bit. get off at Fifty-eighth," she said, and stood up, smiling.

As she walked home she felt the strange little girl from Maine promlsed to be an interesting friend. Nevertheless, after dinner that night she thought it was well to warn Fred.

"I'm going to have a girl here to dinner Wednesday night," she said. "No one you know, Fred. Wouldn't you like to eat at the club that night?" Fred smiled behind his newspaper. 'Why, not particularly, dear," he said,

disinterestedly. "I'll help entertain, if you like." His aunt looked at him suspiciously.

Well, don't stay on my account," she said with some asperity. 'I'll bet she's pretty," wagered Fred

Miss Van Lennan worried now and then before Wednesday night. It had been such an impulsive thing to ask a strange girl, no matter how pretty and well bred she might appear on first

On her part Alice Babcock looked

forward to Wednesday night eagerly, put there to show a little boy, grew "Yes, Wednesday," replied Alice It was a week until the kindergarten rosy to the roots of her hair. Miss gratefully. "And you don't know how college was to open, and she had felt. Van Lennan saw the blush and sighed

thawing of the austere looking wo- cordiality. man; finding that she was an easternquickly. She had been in Chicago only

a week, but she had had time to be thoroughly homesick and lonely. The whole conversation was a blur to her. Only Miss Van Lennan's card remained to make it seem anything but a dream.

"I wonder if the little nephew will be there, too," she thought to herself, as she finished dressing, quite forgetting that if the sister had 'died before her time' her small son must have grown in the meanwhile. "I wonder if

he'd like to see a seashell from his home town?" She swept the pretty pink and white shell into her bag impulsively.

Miss Van Lennan, cool and hospitable, was waiting for her on the porch. Beside her was some one, reading. As Alice came up the steps the some one dropped the paper and shot up to an unbelievable height.

"And this is my nephew. Mr. Tait," Miss Van Lennau was saying. Alice, the shell from her hand, glad to have remembering the shell in her handbag, the blush explained so naturally.

"It was very sweet of your it, nevertheless," she said per that time hung heavily on ner nancs a bit to herself, but, thoroughbred that way." in this strange city. She had been so she was, she let her consternation over hasn't adopted it already." excited at the whole occurrence-the the blush make no difference in her don't know how long it's I've seen a shell like this"

More than once during dinner Miss er, too; being invited to dinner so Van Lennan wondered whether her impulse had been a wise one. Fred, the unsusceptible, had capitulated to the slip of a girl from his town. Miss Van Lennan, as charmed as he by her sweet manner, was a stickler for family, and she wondered more than once whether storm, twenty years before the pretty simplicity of the girl came from good family or from good training at school. She led her off into

genealogical detail of all her townspeople, but of her own family Alice said nothing without direct questioning "I like that, on the whole," Miss Van

Lennan thought. "It isn't as if she had to force them on one."

After dinner, on the quiet, cool porch, Alice told of her blunder. She told it charmingly, going into her bag for the little shell and holding it in a white hand while she told the story. "I got quite red when I saw to whom

I had intended giving it," she concluded, laughing. Miss Van Lennan took

with a number of emotions his aunt was sitting on the seashell in her hand. "Bless her sweet heart" a fervently. "I'll wager she he the Alden Babcocks. She's h ly. "I wouldn't care if her t

"I rather think I'll ch

"I have," said his aunt p

Alice put her hand on he

wish it were something be

said, as earnestly as a litt

was so homesick before I ar

time since Fred had take

ed wholly. That night, when Fred on

from taking little Miss

her boarding house, rather

And Miss Van Lennan, for

Fred said. "That

progenitor had been named heimer," said Fred heatedly think that's my shell, auntie" His aunt looked at him and knowingly. "I think I'll m write her a note asking her us another, and to come tot day afternoon." she said

By Annette Angeri

TELL you this is you take marriage on yourself. Why perfectly awful," not?" wailed Mrs. Jones. "Tr

"I'm too old or I would act on your "It certainly is," suggestion," returned Mrs. Jones, wip-Betty, with ing her eyes. conviction.

"Of course I'll find something to do. "It is bad enough Only I don't know any sort of work to lose all our mon- well enough to do it. I can sing a litcy, but you make tie, play a little, dance a whole lot, things worse by but not well enough to teach any of it. and the address was a remote spot breaking your en- I loathe sewing. The only thing that I gagement," atormed Betty's mother. like to do is to cook-"

'Can't you get together somehow and Mrs. Jones fairly screeched: "Good patch up your quarrel? I tell you, heavens, Betty, you don't mean you would be a servant, do you?"

"I don't know what I mean," flared Betty, "but you can see for yourself that I've got to do something. There's can't. In the first place, I wouldn't no time for me to learn new things. I've got to do what I can at once."

has left the city and I don't know Betty Smith took up the evening pawhere he went. I don't know what per and left the room. Her mother we'll do. But surely there's a little opened the writing desk and proceeded to spread her troubles over three or "Nothing. I'll have to write to your four sheets of letter paper, which she uncle and see if he will take us for awhile. Really. Betty that marriage on a farm somewhere in the country. The upshot of it all was that Mrs. Smith eventually closed her home, go-"Yes, and if all the bank cashiers ing on a long visit to her relatives. would stay in their banks and not while Betty, with mischievous eyes. skip away with other people's money went in an opposite direction. "to stay a gingham frock. "What's supposed to we would get along without having to a few weeks with a school friend," she commit matrimony. Mama, suppose informed her mother casually.

Now Betty had found an advertisement in the late edition of the evening ner is supposed to be anywhere from paper which stated that a "respectable family, consisting of two people., wanted a cook. The salary would be \$10 per week, providing the cook's coffee

and corn pancakes and fried chicken conformed to the tastes of the advertiser." An early reply was requested somewhere in Michigan.

"I'm glad I know how to cook those remarked Betty with her messes. finger on the ad. so as not to lose the place. "and I'm needing those weekly ten spots. It's me for Michigan, where I'll learn what I ought to, and grow up with the country." She packed her plainest clothes, said

arrived at her destination without delay. She found a neat six-room bungalow, and companion worker in the

"Supper at 6. Breakfast at 8. Din- and deserve the worst." 12 to 2 o'clock, unless there are orders housekeeper. "They belong to the church --rich and highly respectable "Who washes dishes?"

"Both of us" was the quick reply. "But the son of the house occasionally tries his hand at it. He messes around in the kitchen frequently. He likes to cook, he says,

"I'll 'mess' him." remarked Betty. "The idea of any man coming in to muss up my clean dishes!"

Now in her mother's kitchen. Betty and Bruce in the golden days of their engagement had gayly concocted many an impromptu meal. But that was different.

"But where are the people?" defarewell to her parent and was off. She manded Betty on the second day after "I haven't seen a soul her arrival. since I came here but you. What's the matter with our family? Has it died

her coming. Behind his mother and "Not heathen at all," objected the -but eccentric. The family consists

of a mother and son. The mother has a high nose and a firm belief that what she doesn't know cannot be found in books. The son is a good sort. Better white as death. put your bonnet on straight and take this youth in out of the cold. His name is Ted. They drink coffee three times toward her. every day. I'll wait on the table."

"Thank you." said Betty, sweetly, It was dark when the family got

home. Betty had not the slightest eyes!" he cried. glimpse of either the mother or the on. But both sent out word of the

highest praise by the housekeeper. They were delighted with the supper. If this grade and quality of cookery was a specimen of what the new cook

looming above her a little walked the Gillion. My mother always son. Yes, he, too, must see what the Ted. My mother is Mrs. M new cook looked like. Was she fat having married again after my and fair and forty-older than that, death." probably-to be so fine a cook? Any-"How does it happen." a way he would stand in with this neces-

McKenzy freezingly. "that m sary person. He glanced about, his flancee is here in the chang eye fell upon Betty, who by now was hired cook?" "Why. Betty!" he exclaimed, going out Betty. "I did not know coming to your home, or to his

"Easy enough. I am Theois

when I came here. I answer advertisement for a cook by on person, but you were not at her muttered. trembling "You here? I can't believe my I staved on until your arrival ed the situation."

"Do you know this person?" asked madam haughtily. "Explain yourself." "Know her!" ejaculated the son, putting his arm around Betty. "I certain- with all our money, and ly do. She is Betty Smith, the girl that thing I know how to do is to a threw me over and broke my heart and

"For why, Betty ?" asked But "Because the bank cashir! mother thinks I am visiting

money left, isn't there?"

Betty, we're financially rufned."

"Nothing. I'll have to write to your would have been most opportune in a crisis of this sort.'

form of a middle-aged woman she discovered to be the housekeeper. "I'm mighty glad to see you, Miss."

said this person. "I've tried my best will be on hand for a hot supper toto cook for this family but it's a hard night. matter to please them."

"I'll please them or wring their necks," remarked Betty, getting into be the hour when they dine, or sup, or have whatever meal you call it?"

or goue fox trotting? "Don't you worry-our family will

make you step high once it appears. It Betty looked very thoughtful.

shall have smothered chicken, riced potatoes hot biscuits, and there'll be India relish, besides pound cake and creamed peaches. If they can withstand these they are a heathen family

der a life-long engagement. Yes, indeed.

> what a jewel they had secured, crice stranger, yet knowing the family well." the mother as she rose from the table. "I'll just go see what she's like," she remarked, descending the steps that led to the kitchen.

Betty rose rather pale as she saw are Ted. too?"

could do she must consider herself un- trampled on it. Yes, I know her, to somewhere. my cost. I told you about Betty." Mme. McKenzy smothered a

"Bruce," she

like a leaf.

"Why, you little villain," said the "You're a brave young lady. Her corncakes and crisp bacon were housekeeper to Betty, "pretending to your courage and certainly is exactly right in the morning. Really, me all this while that you were a cooking. Ted," turning to b "see if you can persuade Miss "I am a stranger," wept Betty. "I forgive your faults and take never saw this lady before. Take trial again."

"Will you, Betty?" asked Tel your arm away from my waist, Bruce. It you are Bruce, how is it that you "Yes," replied Betty dem will.

At Least A Thousand



18

24-

HE colonel of Forty-second Irishman who

junior to him, of course, had decided never to contradict him, but always to at the headquarters of the Forty-secallow him to exhaust himself with his ond, Captain Farquarson said to his own efforts. When he launched out on new superior, "Major, what course do his favorite topic, therefore, he was you intend to adopt when Old Pat tells listened to in silence by all his subordinates, but in revenge it was the greatest delight of the boys in the regiment, in his absence, to mimic his voice and manner and to represent him as uttering the most astounding Hibernian falsehoods. His full name and title were Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick Michael Hoolihan. He was invariably known, however, as "Old Pat."

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fantry

When the officers of the Forty-second learned that a major from the Sixty-fifth had been assigned to their regiment, which had been ordered to move from Detroit to Seattle, they naturally John Angus Macleod, would get along chartrain Hotel, Major Macleod re- with anger and his face was nearly

the with the colonel, and the latter wrote marked: "I've ordered two dozen of In- to the colonel of the Sixty-fourth, who Scotch whisky from New York, I don't was an was an old friend, to know what sort like our domestic whisky and I postwas of a fellow the latest addition to his tively loathe Irish. It makes me sick. very proud of his staff was. A prompt reply read: "Mac- After all, the Irish are all degenerates, nationality and who leed is a fine gentleman, honorable, as is proved by the fact that every always insisted that and a first-class soldier. But there's Irishman of anything like ancient every great Amer- one point on which I particularly wish descent has a black roof to his mouth. ican was in reality to caution you, he's always anxious to Irishman. As bet-wants to bet on anything and his temper was de- everything-and he invariably wins. cidedly flery, his brother officers, all Pat, be sure you never bet with him."

Soon after Major Macleod's arrival head. you, as he certainly will, that the Irishman's the only true man on carth? He's furious if any one contradicts him on that subject."

"Indeed," was the quiet reply, "I'd like to bet you \$200 to \$25 that if you'll draw him out on his favorite topic I'll contradict him on every point, that we'll have an angry discussion, but that in the end the colonel will be both good humored and pleased."

"I'll take the bet. You don't know Old Pat," was the answer.

Two weeks later, when all the offibegan to wonder how this Scotchman, cers were having a dinner at the Pont-

Scotch whisky from New York, I don't dred." he sputtered. "Here's my fifty. Give it with your hundred to Captain Davis. My mouth black, indeed!" the proper way of deciding the bct, but to this procedure the colonel at first Isn't that true, Colonel Hoolihan?" objected. It seemed to him subversive Old Pat was almost incoherent with of discipline for the commanding offi-

rage. "It's an infernal lie," he roared. cer to have his mouth inspected after his eyes almost starting out of his

"What, have you never heard, colonel, that the bogwater of Ireland causes the roofs of the people's mouths to become black, and that this characteristic has been passed on so that all Irishmen are of ancient lineage'

"The Hoolihans are among the very oldest of Irish families and none of us CVCT had a black roofed mouth!" shouted the colonel, as he struck the ta. curious laugh; "not a trace of black." ble with his fist, causing all the glasses to shake.

"But have you ever examined your own mouth?" asked Major Macleod, in a low, calm tone. "Fil bet two to one that the roof of your mouth is black, colonel," he continued. Old Pat was now almost speechless

vince my eyes. "Go ahead. You'll have to pay for

purple. "I'll bet fifty dollars to a hun- your peep and your insult to the Irish. good. But I never imagined that a roof of my mouth was red." No Irishman ever yet had a black roof Scotchman and his money were so own. Your fellows must be a to his mouth. soon parted.

"Open your mouth wide, colonel. You Amid sympathetic laughter from the won whenever he bet with then must open it wider, please, or I can't entire room the colonel's indignation ever, it's quite evident that Press The major now suggested that ocular With these words, the sacri- melted into intense enjoyment of his inspection by the stakeholder would be 566. legious Macleod actually took hold of own success. Captain Farquarson his commanding officer's nose with the had, of course, lost his \$25, but he finger and thumb of one hand, and of his chin with the other hand, and pressed them gently in opposite directions. There was not a man in the reprimand from the commanding offidinner before all his subordinates. No room who did not hold his breath for a cer-if nothing worse. other way of deciding the bet, however, moment in anticipation of a violent exoccurred to him, and now that he had plosion on the part of old Pat. But the wrote to his friend, the commander of gone so far he was determined to win latter bore this insult from the auda- the Sixty-fourth Infantry: "I'm not the hundred dollars and to teach this cious Scotchman like a lamb. The in-American-born Scotchman, who was dignity, it is true, was of very short as pigheaded as if he'd been born in duration, for Macleod was satisfied

with a glance for a second when the Having lighted a match, Captain Dacolonel's mouth was wide open. "I bave lost," he said, cheerfully. "Cap-tain Davis, please give Colonel Hoolivis carefully inspected the roof of Colonel Hoolihan's mouth. "Decidedly red," said the senior captain with a han the money."

The latter took the bills with the Old Pat breathed beavily and he most portentious gravity. He seemed glared at his adversary, who, still reto be puzzled and uncertain as to the taining his usual composure, remarkright course of action. He screwed up about Irishmen, and to give him a ed. "I'm enormously surprised. Of course I believe you, Captain Davis, his face into curious wrinkles. Then much needed lesson I made the bet. I loudly. "You've lots of nerve, Machow thoroughly humiliated he was least a thousand dollars." he rubbed his nose. The comic side wish you could have seen his face but if you would allow me, colonel. I should like to look myself, just to con-

dolts if he, as you write me,

the record. By return mail Colonel Hoolin ceived the following from ha could not understand why the major friend: should risk his money in this foolish

Couldn't you? I cautioned you pointedly not to bet with ya Couldn't you see that some triat be involved when he was not throw away his money on such diculous subject as your mouth black? All the boys in my not know you and your old hot temp manner, and also risk a very serious Two days later" Colonel Hoolihan at all impressed with that Scotchman you sent us. Major Macleod. He's too know you and your old hot tem reputation, and before Marleol a dead sure of everything he says. He'll never get above his present rank. Only he made bets at two to one with tically every officer we have that a few evenings ago he actually bet \$100 to my \$50 that the roof of my in a month of joining the Ford mouth was black! According to him all

he would pull your nose in thoroughbred Irishmen have black roofs to their mouths, but there isn't ence of at least a dozen of your a word of truth in his tale. However, and that he would neither be just to show him how little he knows martialed nor even arrested for it. And there's no doubt that a It, as I've seen a letter signed dozen of your fellows certify

By Elsie Endicott.

ARGARET interest a discus-Girl Problem. notice in the paper:

which was carried

devoted to the subject the proverbial ly Problem."" "little mouse in the corner" heard her With flushe exclaim:

exactly. No, that wouldn't solve the street, the screaming of children at

had wild a fox trot as her two-by-four might possibly find there. For, of Margaret, and glanced cautiously watched with much room would permit. If he had also course, she would go and she would be across the narrow street at a window been a learned mouse, he could also sion of what was have discovered the cause of her hi-called "The Lonely larity, which was merely the following

on in one of the lo- at the Red Rocks on Saturday afternewspapers. noon. September the eleventh. all Each evening as 'Lonely Girls or Young Men.' and any ly: ahe read the column interested in the solution of the Lone-

With flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes Margaret sank into an armchair "That's just it! That fits my case by the window. The noises of the

introduced to him. Introduced?

"Mrs. Bourdon invites to her home could carry it through properly.

Springing to her feet she shook hands with an imaginary person, saying gay-"I shall be glad to know you."

Indeed she would be glad to know absolutely necessary. She liked to them, for did they not share her lone- look into that room occasionally, it liness in the big city? There was one seemed in some way to decrease her

"You," however, with a capital letter own loneliness. Often she speculated whom she unconsciously sought in ev- about his character, but could only arquestion at all," or some similar re-mark. Tonight he gave a great start the rattling of heavy trucks did not ly what he would be like and almost of books and of staying quietly at and daried quickly to his hole in the disturb her tonight. She was thinking immediately thought of the "young home to read them. She was speculat-

directly opposite her own.

Glasgow, a much needed lesson.

By the dim light of a half-worn She hadn't had a real introduction Welsbach burner, a young man sat in so long she didn't feel sure she reading, half reclining in a Morris chair with an air of comfort that was very restful. Many a night Margaret's eyes had encountered this same scene. for, like herself, he seemed to have an aversion to drawing curtains unless

"Could he see her?" She hadn thought of that before, and yet it was very natural. She drew back from the window, still covertly watching. Suddenly the young man rose and, dancing around the room, ended with a mimic introduction to an imaginary

person "What did it mean?" Margaret smiled in spite of herself, but quickly drew the curtains for the night and when she finally fell asleep she was still wondering.

The party was a great success. The weather man and Mrs. Bourdon had

disconcerting big blue eyes gazing in house stretched out to meet the red-person, publicly well known or a ber direction over the edges of the brown rocks which nature had thrown wise, a prize to be given for the in great piles along the shore; beyond clever "hit." Much ingrestation that was the ocean and the blue, blue sky and far out a little white sail. Margaret was very happy, enjoying the scenery, the amusements, the gay company

Best of all, the prince was therethe young man across the way!

Separate introductions had been dispensed with and each one wearing his or her name on a paper pinned to the sleeve, was considered introduced 20 everyone else. In this way, Margaret had not had any direct conversation with the object of her curiosity.

The afternoon was passing quickly. Soon the last feature of the entertainintroduction."

ALC LAND

caused by the various contestant Margaret was watching eageth i arose and, announcing his intering impersonating a "lonely sirl of ing Mrs. Bourdon's invitation." sin quickly, at Monda's invitation." sin

uig Mrs. Bourdon's invitation. quickly at Margaret, and then out in every detail the scene which had ppeviously enacted in her room. He was greeted with most plause, and was greeted with most Plause and was greeted presented the prize, a huge box of canfor-came directly to Margaret and so "This prize really belongs to will need to the source of will you accept it? All I