Thrilling Tales of Love and Adventure

The One Great Inspiration

HE sick man lossed wearily to and fro. Would sleep never come? One, two, had struck, and still with hot eyes and feverishly active brain he lay staring into the dark. He would end this

wearisome vigil. Cautiously he raised himself on one elbow and listened. The doing?" centle, regular breathing at the foot of the bed told him that Elise was in the deep sleep which comes from many broken nights.

Slowly and painfully he dragged himself from his hed to the easel, which stood in a corner of the room. and with the cunning born of a distrought mind turned up the gas by degrees.

The weak fingers iremulously grasped the well-known brush, and with a sigh of satisfaction he started feverishly to work. A new-born force seemed to thrill his being, and his hand responded in obedience to its influence.

The hours of darkness passed until the gray dawn filtering through the faded blinds found the artist still painting and the sleeper still sleeping.

The tired brain was beginning to play queer tricks. The colors danced before the aching eyes; the figures on the painted canves assumed grotesque and fantastic proportions, and at times a wave of blood-red hue awept over the picture, obliterating all else.

His temples throbbed with the noise of some giant engine, and an unknown force compelled him to paint to the time of the quick throb-throb.

Fresh figures-creatures of delirium the indulgent Mother Gueria. -leaped to the canvas, laughing and mocking at him with hideous and derisive faces.

"Curse you! curse you!" he muttered savagely, and a big splodge of bis claim. The interest which his pacolor marred the left-hand corner. The tlent's case aroused within him somestrength of the thrust overbalanced the easel, which fell to the ground with a crash, carrying the picture with it.

Elise was on her feet in an instant. 'Maurice! Maurice! What are you

In the garish mixture of gaslight and dawn she saw the overturned picture and easel, and her husband sitting the poor artist's lungs. with uplifted brush and eyes strangely glittering.

"They did it-they did it," he kept on muttering, incoherently.

In soft, persuasive tones she prevailed upon him to get back to bed. He was still babbling, childlike.

when the doctor arrived. "Anxiety, weakness and want of sleep are responsible for this. I will send around a draft for him, and on

no account must he be disturbed. And no more of that picture," he added with emphasis. "His reason and life are worth more than all the pictures in the world. Tomorrow may find him normal again.

In the afternoon Elise left the sickshe walked along, her mind, naturally buoyant and optimistic, descended into the lowest depths of despair.

The pocture-the candidate for the clamorer for her best favors. Grand Prix of 25,000 francs at the Inwhat a great deal depended on its final gains. success. There were full two months

An Idea and a Dress

In addition there was the doctor, M. Vidal, who had been in almost daily attendance for the last three months. He was kind, too, and forbore pressing what qualified the absence of mone-

tary receipts. He watched the slow growth of the in his medical mind wondered which on to the time-worn dress. would finish the race first-the brush or those microscopical organisms which were attacking so voraciously

Sitting down on a seat nearby, Elise ments. allowed her thoughts to run on dc- "Madam is in trouble?" he ren spondently. Where were the things gently, sitting down beside her. she so fondly hoped to realize when she married Maurice?

To her youthful imagination he had painted life in the rosiest of colors. He would do this, he would do that; his pictures would take the world by ences, storm; he would enroll his name on "An should be theirs, and so glorious had been the vista of possibilities which he had opened out to her that her ingenious mind had been dazzled and hypnotized by it.

They had settled down and Maurice lish his fame as an artist. But in the her worst cards to this ambitious had taken effect.

True, he had sold some of his picternational Art Exhibition-had to be tures; but very few, and for a poor the painting. Silently he tool: up a finished and sent off the next day. And price; necessity must strike hard bar-

every line; but they lacked that inde- power of his hand. fineable something which captivates men's minds.

Never before had the future loomed so dark and hopeless. Her child, a put down the brush. gay little fellows of five, had been sent away to friends; even one mouth less more. is something-what was to become of

him? Two bright tears slowly rolled down picture with the keenest attention, and the pale, pluched cheeks and splashed

She was too upset to notice the approach of a quietly dressed stranger who, seeing her distress, stopped and looked at her in pity for some mo-

"Madam is in trouble?" he remarked Elise started and looked up. The

kind, fatherly gaze, the symathetic voice, invited confidence, and before she had quite realized the situation her tale was told in a few broken sont-

"And this picture must be finished that immortal list of great masters; a and sent off by tomorrow," he repeat-beautiful house, wealth, success-all ed. "Take me to it, my child, and we will see what can be done.

Elise felt too weak and miserable to raise any objection, and a few minutes' walk brought them to the humble lodg-

From behind the screen, which shut room and went out for fresh air. As had started in grim carnest to estab- off the bed from the rest of the room. quiet breathing of the invalid reality fortune seemed to have dealt showed that the doctor's prescription

The stranger approached the window and gazed long and earnestly at brush and painted swiftly.

Awestruck and wondering. Elise The pictures were very good, origin- watched the growth and transformaarrears for board and lodging due to al and elever, portraying the artist in tion of the picture under the magic

The hours crept on and still the un-

known one painted. At last just before midnight he beaved a deep sigh and "I can do no

"My child," said he. "O, monsieur!" exclaimed Elise,

clasping his hand impuisively, "how can I ever repay you for what you have done? Let me know your name pray for you.

"My little one," he replied with teaderness. "It is quite impossible for me to give you my name. Your thanks and prayers will be reward enough to one who has been only too pleased to benefit those in distress with the gift kind heaven has bestowed on him. I leave the fown

early tomorrow, so farewell, as I doubt we shall ever meet again." Stooping, he kissed her lightly on the forehead and was gone. With tears prize,

in her eyes Elise remained in front of the easel.

What man was this who in hours could so transform a picture? With wonder-nay, almost fear-she stared fixedly at the canvas.

In truth the picture was the same, yet different. A vague something had crept into it-a something which defied analysis and yet proved its presence; the picture seemed to breathe forth the influence of a mighty soul.

The next day Elise packed and sent off the picture. Maurice's attack of delirium would afford him little chance of recollecting the state of his picture when he last worked at it, and felt confident that if success Elise

tion, never suspecting the true state awe and feeling "Good heavenal Elise," he of affairs.

By Elsie Endicott

strange weight whether a

vast throng there was one looking on with mingled for

Many years afterward g

casually glancing through a

portraits when her attention

familiar to her.

ested by a face which arene

Where had she seen that ar

, fatherly gaze? Sudden!

that of the unknown painter,

saved them in their hour of

friend who was a frequent

iim back health and strength

"Monsieur, do you know

What! don't you know?"

the beautiful art studio

At that moment there enter

pride and pity.

hoarse whisper, "what an "I don't remember finishing it." remarked a few days later, on hearing 1 had when I painted that that his work had been sent off. only hope its all right."

At the public presents Grand Prix Maurice recei Three weeks passed-three weeks of mendous ovation, and and a nerve-torturing suspense and uncer- ing he stepped forward to r tainty, and still no news came from much contested check. All the dark past with its the committee.

Then early one morning the doctor despair had given way to a h have done? Let me know your money of the second of the second second and bright with new-found that I may live to always thank and rushed in. excitedly waving a newspa- and bright with new-found the second hope. Elline alone felt per.

"There! Your picture!" he shout-"Didn't I always say so? Listen. .ed. "Some time back the committee of the International Art Exhibition offered the munificent sum of 25,000 francs for what was considered the best original painting. A very large number of entries was received, and finally, after much consideration from the best critics, Mr. Maurice Natier's 'pleture, 'Vale,' has been awarded dhe

memories of bygone days que life, and she recognized the "This work of a hitherto unknown artist is undoubtedly a chef d'ocucre. and the whole world of art will unite in congratulating and thanking Mr. Natier for having produced such a highly qualified work of genius. The picture is one which will mark an era in the age of art, and we predict a brilliant

which Maurice had opened pupils; better living and re future for the artist. The greatest interest had been terest in his life and work much to conquer his malady aroused in the competition, and the massive hall in which the exhibits were shown was througed with people all anxious to see the picture which is?" asked Elise, showing the had carried off the coveted prize.

Malheau, the greatest paint As Maurice gazed on his work, placed ao conspicuously and to the full age, Surely you saw the ohit advantage of the light bearing down tice and account of his life abe were gained he would in his innocence from the glass donic overhead, his months ago. Good old Ma accept the work as of his entire crea- heart was filled with a sudden rush of kinder, better heart never ber

By Enos Emory

her teaching that late afternoon. had sprung suddensplendence from a dull sky and a sod-

to get them?

NE FRENCH felt. to lose. But I'd like awfully well to at all. If the hobbles were just com- get rheumatic twenty years from now, about buying the house." breathed, saw, and go with you, Alice," she said. heard spring as she As she approached the house she hurried home from heard the rattle of coal and saw a one.

It

chute sticking out of the cellar window. The sight gave her a pang, but she was used to pangs of this sort. style. It is so cruel and arbitrary."

in warm re-With a sigh she entered the house. "Anne," a voice sounded from above. 'come on up and see what I'm doing.' den carth. But Anne "Yes, mother. In a minute."

had no joy in her heart. for spring Anne got rid of her coat, hat and meant new clothes, and where was she coal and now wished to present his papers, glanced at the newly arrived bill.

on the sitting room table and

ing in we could manage. But you can't should I be alive and still teaching. make a full skirt out of a narrow which I suppose I shall be. I know mother clings to this house, but, oh, I

"I sometimes think." Anne said slowly. "that the devil made that word She walked over to the window and stood looking out drearily, vaguely conscious of a sudden lack of noise. The tinkling of the doorbell warned

and dress. She turned to the bed, lifted a gar ment, flung it down, and, leaning over her that the man had delivered his the high footboard, covered her face with her hands. Anne. Anne. dear!"

Anne smiled brightly. "I don't see how he got the idea that it was for sale," she said. get so sick of fighting a mortgage that "I saw it advertised in the evening

is too big for me and going without paper," Mr. McLeod replied. everything! It seems to me I couldn't "Mother"-Anne swung around. The live this spring without a new hat instant she saw her mother's face she "You advertised," she de-

manded.

"Yes," answered Mrs. French, Her chin quivered. "I thought it was the Mrs. French moaned when they were only thing to do. But, oh, Anne, I wish I'm sure I can never bring

time and now we have returned to set. An hour later as she sat of the here permanently. We have been test papers, while Mrs. Free looking about for a suitable property. pared supper, Alice Chapis ma This seemed to be a desirable locality and when we saw the advertise-

ment-" He took up his hat, but was not so cager to go as Anne wished. "I don't blame you, Mrs. French. This house is full of precious associations which mean more to you than all the money in the world."

"Anne, I have acted like a tool," again alone. "But he was so nice and you were told him that sympathetic that it wasn't as bad as i girl, and I knew he'd like you might have been. Before you came said that was a foregone con he did already. So you see-chattered on until Anne inter in he told me that he was a civil engiever since he left school. He said he "Oh, Alice, I've nothing her came back East on his mother's achobble, and I can't-She is some relation of Mrs. counf. "Yes, you can," Alice "Who'll notice your skirt when der the table? Besides, Will "Probably," agreed Anne. Secretly any more idea of a woman's dr she wished never to hear his name my Angora has. So wear you "We can mentioned again. The chance to sell and be happy, dear." Anne did wear the hobble, a really looked 'as if she must go on exceedingly happy. And, best hobbling while everybody else stepped kept on being happy. Fo But that is another story, she

By Annette Angert

her new hat on her head.

"Just look, Anne!" she crie this beauty for \$7. Oh, by th Anne, I met Will McLeod-bel tant cousin, but nice enoug wished nearer-and he said he here to see you. I'm so glad yo him, for he and his mother are to dinner tomorrow night, and you and Mrs., French to come,

On the corner she met Alice Chapin. who lived across the street. "Aren't you wild over this spring weather?" Alice cried. "I'm going to celebrate by buying me a new hat this very afternoon. They have some beauties at glanced at Anne's shabby black velvet, wearily sat down.

Anne flushed, but she was firm. It makes a great difference whether you have a father with a salary or have no father at all and earn what you can in a hard way. She shook the great bunch of examination papers which she was carrying. "You see, I must comfortably. "There's no way?" get busy with these and have no time

went upstairs. Her mother was in the front bedroom rather helpleasly inspecting the remains of their last sum- her purse into her mother's waiting mer wardrobes.

"I've been making a sort of inven-Hulseman's. Better come with me, tory," she said, as she pushed a heap thought. Anne, and get one yourself." She of clothing back upon the bed and warm. I know mother economizes all "I don't know, We used everything up pretty Anne. close last year, and what was left over looks altogether hopeless." She held up a dress for Anne to look at. "You see, it's the skirts," she sighed "Yes. I see," Anne meditated un-

Mrs. French shook her head. "None

Anne, dear, can you let me have-"Certainly, mother." Anne interrupted obediently. "Catch!" She tossed hands and turned back to the window. "There goes my spring hat," she "However, we must be she can. But the upkeep of this house costs so much. I wish we could sell Let me see." She began to figure mentally. "It ought to bring \$4,000, After the mortgage was paid off that

would leave us a nest egg of about \$1,500. We could rent rooms near the clothes. school and I wouldn't have so far to

mother calling from the stairs. She wiper her face and went down. 'Why, mother, I thought there was

money enough in the purse to pay him," she began.

"Oh, my dear, it isn't that. The coal man never came to the door at all. It was somebody else-a man wants to buy the house.

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed Anne. She followed her mother into the parlor, where stood a pleasant looking dark young man in irreproachable

"Anne," began Mrs. French, "this is

myself to part with my home." A tear rolled down her check.

Anne stood looking at her in won- neer and that he had been out West derment. Then she turned and saw that she herself was being studied. She flushed under McLeod's dark eyes. Somehow she felt that he understood Chapin, I think he said. Probably so much more than she would have Alice could tell you all about them." had him. She laid her hand on her

mother's shoulder. "Never mind. dear." she said, gently. withdraw the advertisement. And I'm was gone, and with it other chances. It sure Mr. McLeod will excuse us." "Certainly," he replied, readily, "You

see, it's like this. Mother and I have high, wide, and handsome in skirts of walk in stormy weather. I'm likely to Mr. McLcod, and he has come to see us been away from this place a long the latest mode.

The Jewels That Were Not



but, always plodding along, maintain than those in the stores, she saw lying the same ever way of life. He always on the pavement before her something had been able to keep Louise and the that glittered. Bent on her errand, children in comparative comfort. Mar- she almost passed it, but she turned tin and the children had seemed con- and picked it up. It was a brooch-a tent, and

As a matter of fact, Louise had not not been brought up with more than inside her shabby coat and went to the she had had with Martin. Her father market.

was a cobbler, and their home had been very plain. Her friends had be- hardly wait until she had scauned the longed to the same station in life as advertisements; and there was a lurkshe herself, and her education had ing joy in her heart when she found

OUISE was the wife been no more extensive than Martin's. no one had advertised for the brooch. the bed room. of Martin, a clerk Louise, however, was one of those per in a small furnishsons who, though belonging to the low ing house in a large ly in life, had the tastes, the instincts. city, an honest fel- and the aspirations of those more falow, kind and easy vored. She loved beautiful things, and going, one of those always had longed for them. complacent chaps One day, when Louise was nearly who, not being very

forty, as she went to the carly market. where she had learned to buy her seem to get ahead, vegetables because they were cheaper if Louise had not always sunburst-of diamonds, large and rabeen satiafied Martin had not known it. diant. Louise had no conception of its

value, but she knew that it was beau-

The next morning Louise could Louise

The next day, too, the expected adver- was lacking. A hat. And she went to tisement failed to appear, and the next the closet and brought out her well day, and the next. A week passed. No one claimed the pin, and Louise began to look upon it as her own.. Two weeks passed, then three, and she stopped looking in the "lost" column. One night when Martin came home "No one is going to Louise said: claim the pin, Martin. Why may I not wear it ?" And, when Martin acquiezed. she added: "But it would not look stylish one-one that goes." well on my old dress. I have nothing that suits it. My old dress is too shab-Could I not afford a new one, a silk one, Martin? Plain and simple,

but silk And Martin, wanting to please her, always been content, although she had tiful and splendid, and she pinned it consented, and began to think how he could save the cost of the dress. Louise did need a new dress.

When the new frock was made match the brooch either. Louise bestried the pin on it and was flated to mention the subject to Marmore than pleased at the result, as tin, for she was afraid that he would she stood before the mirror in her lit-

subject. worn bonnet. No, it did not look well, Martin answered that he could not

She must have a new one. It spoiled afford another large expenditure just the effect of the whole. And she threw then, but Louise insisted. "Surely it on the bed in disgust. there is a way." she said, and Martin. That night she said to Martin: "I must have a hat, Martin. My old one dull and anxious to please, but not understanding the change in Louise, nor spoils my dress, and even the brouch why the new things were so necessary. doesn't look well with ii. Could , not

told her he woud get a suit before the afford a new one-just a simple, but a next Sunday, and that she might charge the children's clothes at a little And Martin duly consented. Jewish store near by. Days passed. Louise wore the gown

and the hat and the radiant brooch to the park on Sunday afternoon, but she was not happy. Martin and the chilbalance. The balance was on the dren were with her, and they made her wrong side, and finally, in despair. uncomfortable because they did not Martin decided to pawn his watch, unknown to Louise. It was only a sillook as well as she. Martin needed a new suit, and the children did pot ver watch, but it would help.

The next day in making change for some neckties that he had sold he took the first ten dollars from the drawer. not understand, but the sight of his At the end of the mouth he took more,

Something, however, and the children's shabbiness so pain- for the furniture bills must be met, grace, the disgrace! Why had hat. And she went to ed her that at last she becauted at for the furniture bills must be met. ed her that at last she broached the But he meant to pay it back as soon as he could. When, after some weeks. he found that he could not, that each week brought its stack of hills, he be-

Still Louise was not satisfied. The at least \$600, more perhaps gan to take more and more. house in which they were living was can pay our debis-all we one too small, and they moved to a more aristocratic nelyhborhood. Later they and be happy again. must have a plano for the children. and Martin could not resist her. She must have some furs, and so on

One day Martin's employer called At the end of the month, when the him to him, and accused him of taking bills came in. Martin sat up very late the money. In all it amounted to nearone night, trying to make his accounts by \$600-some stolen, some forged and Martin, poor, dull Martin, was his own accuser. He confessed. Then a brilliant thought came to

"I can pay it all back tomorrow. him. Only give me until tomorrow," he tin. begged. And his employer consented. That night he told Louise all about it about the money stolen, the checks forged. Louise was wild. The dis-

told her that he couldn't pay h things? She could never ab face again! It was awful-awfu But Martin comforted her. sell the brunch," he said. "It is master-go back to the

Louise was partially comfere was willing to part with the jews it was hard to be poor again, a

hated poverty. The next morning early Martin the brooch, carefully wrapped t per, to the jewelry store at the 8 We was almost happy as he has across the counter. The jewelle amined it, took it back to his desi amined it again and returned is in

'How much?" asked Martin to How much for it?"

"Two dollars," replied the je "The diamonds are maste"

When the Understanding Came



if ready to put forth necessary on the subject.

quietly said: 'As the master of this house I have

a right to ask here anyone that I a loving and dutiful son."

his. "Now, Fred, I do wish you'd conhome elsewhere.

Fred. I've made up aider this before you ask your mother my mind. It is im- here. First, we have absolutely no strangers? Never?" Mr. Ross pushed possible to have room in which an elderly woman mother come YOUT and live with us." thing, I don't care to have someone al-Mrs. Ross uttered ways telling me how to do this or that. these words, glanchow to bring my children up, and a ag up at her nus- thousand other little things. Beband defiantly, as sides "My mother isn't that kind of wo-

any arguments man." interrupted the man.

the gentlesi and dearest old lady, She's Mr. Ross caimly lit a cigar, then all alone since father died, and as I have the means to support her, why with me. shouldn't I do it?"

"But we haven't room enough here, choose. Furthermore, as this happens his wife argued. "The children need to be my mother I must behave like all the room they can possibly have, I

back his chair violently and paced up could be comfortable. Then, another and down the room with rapid strides. A week went by and everything went on as usual in the Ross household. One evening Mr. Ross telephoned to his wife from his office.

"She is pointed to go down to the slums to get an idea of the general condition of things there and I want you to come

'All right." his wife answered. "1'll start out immediately.

It was a warm, sultry night in early be my mother I must behave like all the room they can possibly have. I spring. Mr. Ross and his wife rode loving and dutiful son." don't see why you're so determined to down and soon came to that densely His wife moved her chair nearer to have your mother here. Get her a populated, poverty-stricken place comonly known as the slums.

"Have my mother room out among youngsters played in the gutters, lights limpingly walked over to them. The tort. "You ought to be ashamed of angers? Never!" Mr. Ross pushed from the different wretched little shops man watched this with a scowl on his striking someone weaker than yourflared out on the sidewalks, and hurrying men and women jostled each The air was hot, stiffing, and other Mrs. Ross felt in a daze as her husband quickly and deftly made a way

for them to pass through the crowd. "Hello, dear, can you come down At last they plunged into a dark side and meet me here? I have been ap- street. This was a little quieter compared to the other streets they had passed through, although every stoop face. was crowded with each house's inmates.

At one door step a man and an old woman were seated. As they passed the old woman put out her hand to Mrs. Ross and began uttering unintelligible words. Then, seeing that both the gentleman and lady had stopped.

face, and immediately getting up, he self. clutched hold of the old woman's arm. shook her roughly, and said in a sav-

age tone: "Get into the house.

The old woman stood still.

"Get into the house, I tell you," repeated the man, accompanying his with a alap on the woman's words

At this she began whimpering plicously.

Mr. Ross now thought it time to act. Going up to the two, he said: "What's the meaning of this,

man? "Any of your business?" asked the other, glaring at Mr. Ros

man watched this with a scowl on his striking someone weaker than your dark," answered Mr. Ross. "Well, I tell you again, it's none of

your business." then meeting Mr. Ross' cold glance, he said sullenly :

"A year ago, this old woman was left at my house. Some party paid by: board for three months, and that was the last I heard of them. The old weman is 'daffy,' clean gone out of her

head. I've got to strike her some-times to make her mind." "Oh, how horrible! The poor thing.

murmured Mrs. Ross softly to hergelf. Going home on the car Mrs. Ross softly touched her husband's arm.

And to think that she has been de- Mr. Ross noticed how red seried and left with that brutal man."

"A pour lonely soul strugging Silence, while the car

By Will Seaton

the crowded city Presentity Mrs. Ross asked timits through "Have you written to your

vel, dear?"

"I'm sorry that I was so unre-able last week. But I've learned son tonight, dear, and if you'l write to your mother that well a to have her come, I shall be P

happy. about room?" asked her husband teas

She can have my roors.