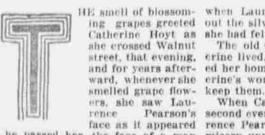
The Right To Love Her

By Elsie Endicott



as he passed her, the face of a man with a knife in his heart. Young Pearson's marriage to Theo Kearney, the prettiest girl in Kearneyville, was set for the 10th of June. Why was he not wearing a joyous

On the first day that Laurence began work in the First bank of Kear- gone. neyville. Theo and Catherine had both happened in the building, the one a silent, overworked girl, the other a spirited, care-free, joyous thing-and Laurence had promptly fallen in love with Theo, while Catherine had as promptly lost her heart to him.

Then, in six months, despite the opposition of her parents, who desired a rich match for their girl. Theo was first discussed the affair in wonder and engaged to the handsome young clerk, privacy, then had reluctantly agreed to and Catherine, with a heart ceaselessly aching, was just where she was ploy

HE smell of biossom- when Laurence had first handed her ing grapes greeted out the silver for her small check, and Catherine Hoyt as she had felt love's awakening.

The old cousin with whom Cathstreet, that evening, crine lived, a hopeless paralytic, ownand for years after- ed her home, but there was only Cathward, whenever she erine's work as postoffice clerk to

When Catherine came home on the second evening after she had met Lauface as it appeared rence Pearson with the blank look of misery upon him, she found a garruevenings before, she narrated, Lau-First Bank with 100 \$20 gold pieces in his coat pocket, to deliver the money to the other bank in the town. When he reached the bank the money was

> "He says he's goin' to work here in money," went on the visitor. "He's this, workin' in Judson Day's grocery, No- on. knows the truth as to whether they turned him off or not, but, anyway, he's under a cloud from now on."

The truth was, the bank officials had can't go away, dear." let the young man go from their em-

shortly to be married to a young weman used to the good things of life. "What more natural," surmised Cushman, somewhat to the indignation of Catherine Hoyt at her cousin's gate, her father's house a widow. Before the other men, "than that he should wish money to make some display for Azalia wishes to speak to you." his bride?"

formed him of their decision, his voice being brave enough to stay here a

That same evening he had gone to Theo Kearney, "I've nothing to offer you now but poverty," he said to her. "I must give you up, of course."
"No," she cried. "Father will re-

place the money, then we can go away

"I must stay here. Theo," he au-swered her, "I have given my word. I must stay to prove my innocence. I

"Not even to please me?" Theodora's ly you never expected me to stay here with you disgraced! I'd rather die!

"Then it's good-by, Theo!"
"Good-by," she muttered as she swept angrily out of the room.

few evenings later Pearson nick "Please come in," she faltered. "Cousin

Presently Laurence was alone with Catherine's heart, died. "Give me time, and I'll replace the the old invalid. "I'm proud of you." money!" Pearson cried when they in- the old lady told him. "I love you for the old invalid. "I'm proud of you." shaking with hurt feeling. "Don't think face things. I see you haven't been cating," she went on, her keen eyes on evenings before, she narrated, Lau- here in this town and stay here until his white face. "You're going to take golden-haired widow was at the wheel rence Pearson had started from the the \$2,000 is paid."

Supper with me. Catherine will wait and Laurence Pearson sat beside here. on us presently."

The meal set out was decidedly tempting, and under the old lady's gentle urging Pearson ate the first food he had relished since he had lost the gold pieces.

when he called on Mrs. Crosby he sel- at the foot of the boulder. dom saw Catherine. Her cousin exevening for the groceries.

In the early autumn Theo Kearney black eyes kindled ominously. "Sure- married Ralph Loring, a wealthy young man from another state.

For three years Catherine denied

herself every pleasure that cost mon- son had lost four years before: ey, saving, saving every penny, after her cousin's comforts were supplied. Then Theodora Loring came back to

One morning, on her way to work, she paused by the railing of the bridge that spanned the little river that intersected the town. Mrs. Lor-As the sound of the car died away

Catherine shook away some tear drops. Foolish woman," she said to herself. 'Be glad she's come to appreciate him, that he can be happy at last!" There had been weeks of drouth, the

money," went on the visitor. "He's this, We'll not wait, Laurie," she went why he had not before been told of the white and dry. Catherine's wet eyes at her a little ruefully when she consoner the truth as to whather the truth as to what a thread. A rock

Pearson flushed with picasure when when the truth as to whather the truth as to what a thread. A rock

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Cautiously she climbed down the

With shaking fingers Catherine tied the coins in her handkerchief and thrust them in her handbag. She had scarcely reached the postoffice before spring the filly of happiness that had the news came that there had been an growing in a bed of hope in accident on the road. Mrs. Loring's automobile had crashed over an embankment. She was unhurt, but the man with her was injured, fatally it was thought.

Later, while Catherine worked with ing's car crossed the bridge. The fingers like ice and a numb heart, the news came that Pearson was not injured to death, but suffering from a broken leg.

Late in the afternoon of the next day Catherine took the gold pieces and went to the hospital. Could she see Mr. Pearson? It was a matter of supreme importance.

Pearson flushed with pleasure when

"I'm an ungrateful dog not to be plained she was baking things every bank and poked at the shining thing. A thankful my neck was spared," he said number of coins rolled from a rotted whimsically; "but all I seem to be able leather bag. On a silver nameplate to think of at the present moment is, on the side of the coin holder she made it just puts off another six months askout the words, "First Bank of Kear- ing my girl to marry me. It'll take wes earth's best and have the neyville." The \$2,000 Laurence Pear- that much longer to earn enough to to love her.

pay the bank, after I set the

paid for patching me up Catherine was very who don't have to work another a before you can be happy; "I have found the lost," She poured the estable beside him and told "That clears you," she com strange voice. "Theo is for

"Theo! It's not Theo my keep aching for all this time. It w Cathy, I wanted to sak w Cathy," he whispered. "I have you so long."

Six weeks later they stood by bridge together. There had heavy rains and the little for full to its banks.

"And all this time I was my money to help you pay that he thousand," she whispered, "the were flowing over it? There was no one in sight

rence slipped his arm about br impulsively threw the handful he carried on the muddy water gracious river!" he cried softly

Worth Of The Money

half forgotten cousdied and left her a hundred dollars all her neighbors who heard the glad news came to tell Sally how glad they were, and also offer her life long." advice upon how to

"that, hundred dollars's going to help you out wonderful. I tell you a hundred dollars is a nice, large sum. There's almost no end to the things it will get. I know, Mis' Mee, that you have to live awful careful; I know you go without a good many times. But now you can even cat beefsteak and chicken if you want it. There's noth- me. ing heartens one like good victuals, to my way of thinking."

Sally Mee said nothing. It was pershe had no intention of spending her ible, anyway.

HEN some far off precious fortune in that way. Miss Cole had another scheme.

> have something laid by. There's al- between the two smiles they seemed to was a big eater. ways a rainy day coming, you know," "I guess I've had most of my rainy rained oftener than it's shone all my

"I know this little north facing room and then she felt rich. can't be comfortable either winter or you want. And I'll charge you reasonably."

"Thank you," replied Sally, "but I've home. And it's plenty good enough for

sleak and chicken had been little more ish talk, Mrs. Mee. And maybe you buy something good for her dinner and another parcel she took out a great it- going to be happier than I ever expectthan names to her for a long time. But don't feel like I do. I'm not very sens- ask Vira to share it with her. Then lustrated volume of the

come very close together.

days," Sally answered, gently. "It's and cooked her own meals over a tiny things she had dreamed about having. kerosene stove. She worked in the had even planned to have in her youth, Mrs. Jenks said that Sally ought to much as \$5 a week. Occasionally she had never been a penny to spare and, look out for a better place to live in. had \$6 or \$8 ahead of her actual needs, anyway, Asher did not believe in such

summer. You can have my south having the hundred-dollar check in her ways wanted and never had. chamber, electric lighted and heated, if possession and dreaming over its possibilities. Then one morning she I'm foolish, but—I will.' went to the bank and cashed it. The It was on a rainy after paying teller passed out to her twenty lived here so long that it seems like \$5 bills. She had asked to have it that way. She went home and hid the heart was pounding and her arms were they're just as beautiful as I thought money under the thin mattress of her full. She locked the door of her room they'd be. I don't care if folks do and counted it all over again. Twenty hat. Then she opened the first bundle.

she put the temptation aside.

No you're not," said Solly. But she need food," she thought, "I have all box of chocolates. From another still smiled into Vira's little white, wist- I need-bread and butter and tea and a nice nest egg. I'm a great hand to Sally's sallow, middle-aged one. And sometimes a small soup bone. I never

> No, she did not hunger for food, but Vira had a room in the corner house there were things she did hunger forknitting mill and sometimes carned as But when she lived with Asher there foolishness. She thought of what Vira For a week she was happy just in had said. "I'd get something I've al-

> > "I will," resolved Sally. "I suppose

It was on a rainy afternoon-a dull, chill, horrid afternoon-that she went shopping. When she came back her terribly. And now I've got 'em, and Her fingers trembled as she shook out "I don't Nights." From another a five-pound up to me for a lot."

a pair of white kid slippers, with tinselled scarf. She tumbled all these treasures on the bed and stood looking down at them with fond, tearful eyes.

"There's one thing more," she said "and that's the chair. Mr. Jones said he'd send it right up. It was the only red silk and gilt one he had." She clasped her hands against her happy "There's all the things I've heart. ever wanted. I wanted the 'Nights' when I was a little girl, and I wanted the slippers when I married Asher, and I wanted the scarf to wear to the only party I ever went to, and I wanted the kimono and gilt chair and chocolates in between times-wanted 'em my gilt chair cating from my box of

Vira Wilson entered. She carried the in of Sally Mee's "That hundred dollars will make you ful face. And Vira smiled back into an egg or vegetable occasionally, and bright buckles. And from the last a gilt chair, "Mr. Jones was just teaving it, so I brought it up," she panted. "Oh, Mrs. Mee, what you been getting?"

Sally showed her and told her. "Do you think I'm a fool to spend my money that way?" she asked wistfully.

Vira put both arms about her, "No, I don't," she said understandingly. You've done just what I'd do. I guess I told you that before. "Tisn't food we starve for most. It's foolish, needless things like this." She bent and touch-

ed the shining scarf lovingly. And because she had realized some of her own foolish young dreams, Sally now also realized some of Vira's.

She had \$50 left, and next morning she again went shopping. She bought a wonderful blue satin dress with silk single bed. Occasionally she got it out behind her and took off her coat and think I'm crazy to spend half my mon- stockings and slippers and gloves and ey that way. When I put on them a fan and an exquisite pettleoat. She slippers and that kimono and sit on even bought a bandeau of thay pink rosebuds for the hair. And last of all gretted Vira Beef- had," she said. "I guess that's fool- market or grocery she was tempted to with golden birds all over it. From chocolates with my book in my lap I'm she bought a cunning little lace handkerchief and another dazzling scarf, ized all my dreams. And if the "Arabian ed to be in this world. They'll make Then she had them all put into a box half realizes yours I guest wi and sent to Vira's corner house.

Her money was all spent me, she was happy. She went hope put on the kimono and sat down gilt chair. She took the "At Nights" on her lap, but her wove prettier fairy tales. She thinking not of herself, but of Vin

By Enos Emory

Presently Vira came flying is. radiance of great surprise and is upon her. She looked a loud young thing.

"I found them all. And | know did it," she cried. She fell a knees beside the gilt chair, "08 ly, he wanted me to go to the and I couldn't-but now I cas Sally, you've made me so happy! Sally patted the head buried

kimono. A look of propher ther eyes. "You're going to be h yet." she said, "for when he sa in that rig he'll ask you to marry I thought of that."

"But it took half your money-

To Cheer In Old Age



matter with you? Never knew you to be so skittish be-

seized with a firmer grip. as a loud crash of thunder, followed by a flash of lightning gleamed through

the air. For the last half hour, the storm had been threatening. The sky grew darker and heavier. The wind mouned ominously through the trees. After one or two preparatory drops, the rain

came down in heavy slanting lines. that promised no cessation for hours. A sudden turn in the road, disclosed a little cottage almost hidden in its wealth of clinging vines, surrounded by flowering shrubs and shaded by

lowering trees, centuries old. Another flash of lightning revealed small, rather frightened face framed by the parted draperies of a front win-

Hesitating but a second, he aprang

foned knocker, the door was opened warm and dry. I will show you to name once. and a sweet-faced old lady looked tim- your room."

the reins of the young stranger instantly reas- tiny pools of water upon the steps. In and what, please, shall I call you?"

"Many thanks, madam. I will be heartily glad for a shelter from this accommodation for her?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. There is a stable at the rear. You will find some feed for her, too. Make her comfortable how I was afraid until you came. Now and then come right in. You must be

With his winning smile, that few people could resist. Benjamin Driscoli thanked the old lady, and in a few ingly replied. "You remind me of my moments had brought the borse and wagon into the stable.

As he emerged from the barn, the to the sharp eyes of the young man, a little old lady appeared at the kitchen fore. door bidding him a smiling welcome. A common home spun suit was apread

upon a settle before the wood fire. "You must change right into these

from the buggy and ran swiftly up thedry clothes, my boy. They are not as the kind old eyes as she gazed over the path that led to the front door. As he good as those you are wearing," she head of her visitor. Then the soft raised his hand toward the old-fash- added apologetically, "but they are voice murmured, "I had a baby of that

As his hostess preceded him up the The pleasant face and genial voice narrow front stairs, Driscoll noticed for her. "Go ahead. I wish you would sured the old lady and she bade him the upper hall, they had to run to

through the leaky roof. The young man was shown into a storm. But my horse-have you any plain little room. In a few minutes he joined his hostess in the living-room. "I am so glad you are here," she

said, in her soft little voice. "Some-I do not mind the storm. "Do you always trust strangers."

Driscoll found himself askins. "Anyone could trust you," she smilbrother when he was a young man.

Will you tell me your name?" 'Pardon me for not telling you behe replied. "I am Beujamin

"Benjamin." she repeated. "Benja-She seemed to like the sound of it. A sweet, far-away look came into him.

We called him Bennie.

May I-would you mind if-I-"If you call me Bennie?" he finished

"Call me Aunt Nancy. My name is the downpour that came Nancy Lancaster. My husband is a sea captain. He has been a very long time on this voyage, but I know he will come back. The neighbors say he was drowned," the thin lips trembled pite-"But I know he lives. I place the light in the window every night as I have always done."

While they had been conversing, the darkness had deepened considerably. The storm came down in all its fury. A second peal of thunder rolled away over the neighboring mountain peaks like the roar of distant artillery. wind shook the house to its foundation. The rain came down in great dashes against the windows.

Benjamin Driscoll had been standing near a window watching the storm. which somehow, seemed to fascinate

turned as a little hand was droll stories. placed lightly upon his arm, and the gentle voice of his hostess murmured. am so glad you are here, Bennie." he last word was spoken tremulous-You will stay here tonight, won't you, please? The storm frightens me

when I am alone." Benjamin slipped a strong arm around the slightly stooping shoulders. and as he tenderly smoothed the hair from the dear old face, he answered. Stay with you, Aunt Nancy, Gladly, Gladly. But tell me," he added, "do

you live all alone here?" 'Yes, I am all alone." A sad, lonely little note stole into her voice. "I often wish my sister and her son lived with me. But, you see, they are as poor as I, and the car fare is consid-

erable and so-She stopped in confusion and Driscoll added sympathetically, "Yes, yes, understand.

Half an hour later, seated opposite his hostess at a tiny table, he thuroughly enjoyed the griddle cakes and tea. The repast over, despite her feedishes and later had the satisfaction

Benjamin Driscoil retired to rest as he communed with himself. but not to sleep. Although the thunder and lightning had subsided, the about this smuggling she will rain still fell in torrents. It stood in to use the money and then this pools upon the floor.

stream commenced to trickle down

Benjamin's nose, it was too much for ously. his peace of mind. With an impatient extamation, he science is all right, but don't can sprang from the bed. Dressing hasti- too far. Will you destroy as 6 ly be seized a lamp and by the aid of man's faith in her husband and a ladder he had seen in the closet, her in this abject poverty of climbed through a hole into the garret. As he was looking around for some- her 'legacy,' thereby enabling thing to put over the holes in the floor, bring her sister and nephew h he saw some old sea-chests. Catching her old age with money to keep one by the handle, he gave it a vigor-

priceless old laces and linens. the other chests, five in number, were smile upon his lips. His decision equally as precious.

"Smuggled, sure as you are born! I'll fortable. Her love and faith it mused Benjamin take these things to the city tomorrow ble protests, he helped her with the and sell them for a fancy price and"-The young man scated himself upon of hearing her laugh heartily at his one of the chests. A troubled expres- she would never hear again-

sion stole into the hence graf-When a tiny roof will still remain and"-

By Annette Angert

By Will Seaton

He arose and shook himself t "Come, come, Bennie. A cital consider what you have disco all comfortable for life;"

Slowly, the young man ret fell out of the chest, disclosing to his his room, the roof unfixed. He dozed in a chair, and, as not dawned, and a faint ray of surexperienced eyes, an array of almost entered his room, he awoke been reached.

Aunt Nancy was to be dear one would still continue placed her lamp in the window t night and waited for the belove

Mrs. Ledyard's Change Of Heart

cept Mrs. Ludyard knew the careful

planning that had secured that invitation, the pleasant tea, the matinec party, the judicious cultivation of Mrs. Kale's most intimate friend. It was through Mrs. Halladay that the invitation finally had come, as well as one many times." for Harold Cartwright, a second or third cousin of Helen's, who not infrequently ran down to New York to do duty as escort when the two women were otherwise unprovided. Mrs. Halladay further graciously offered to act as Helen's chaperon at the dance and see that she was well looked after. So everything promised well. Helen was surprised enough when that he confessed that the urgent busi-

she opened the envelope and read the ness that had kept him away from the

HE coveted invitation engraved card, but the importance of flat most of those four days was the did not finish the sentence. Yet somearrived, requesting the occasion did not impress itself getting up in the latest steps of the how after she had gone to bed she pleasure of upon her until her mother began to fox trot and the Lulu Fada under the Miss Helen Led- talk of the necessity of a new gown. yard's presence at and after that had been planned she a formal dance to elaborately went over with her all the given by Mrs. little accessories. Ordinarily they had Martin Kales in to plan a long time before they dared to be extravagant, for the income left dence on Riverside them when Mr. Ledyard died was just Drive. Nobody ex- large enough for them to get along on, but on this occasion Mrs.. Ledyard did not seem to think of expenses at all. As a finishing touch she added: "And you must have some silver brocade slippers to go with the dress, dear. Your white ones have been cleaned too

The intervening days before the dance passed with increible swiftness. Harold enticed a vacation out of his firm on the strength of the fact that but he didn't have any definite proshe had given up part of his Christmas vacation when things were rushed and in that way at all. Yes, it was certainhis assistance was needed and he arly high time that she got Helen inrived only four days early. It was not troduced into the right kind of society until the night of the dance, however,

supervision of a dancing teacher! After dinner Mrs. Ledyard helped Heien Harold sent in an S O S call for immediate assistance over the transom. when he couldn't find his shirt studs or fasten his collar or get his tie tied straight. But at last they were ready and when the taxi arrived Harold turned to Mrs. Ledyard just as he was piloting Helen to the curb and said half banteringly, half curiously: we didn't know she was beautiful before, we know it tonight, all right, don't we. Aunt Elizabeth? Something in the tone troubled Mrs. Ledyard as she went into the house. Harold was a fine boy, she reflected,

could not sleep, but lay there vividly imagining all the brilliant possibilities for herself and Helen that seemed to dress, with several breaks when to hang in the balance. It all depended on whether Helen made the most of her great opportunity!

It was almost a week since the dance had become a matter of past history. Harold had returned to the beaten paths of carning his daily bread; life had settled down to its wonted routine again. Mrs. Ledyard had heard the story of the evening's experiences countless times. know every small detail. Helen had described with graphic powers the elegance and the mansion, the two blocks of automobiles outside the door. the footman, the beautiful gowns and pects. She never had thought of him all the rest. She had not seen her mother's friend. Mrs. Halladay, who had promised to look out for her and see that she was properly introduced, but she had introduced herself to her where she might have more chance to but she had introduced herself to her but she involuntarily shrank from hostess and had had a very pleasant facing her own social calculations and time in spite of the fact that she did

not know any one present. When she have happened?" she asked in bewil- laughed heartily at the hand Harold hid good wight. and Harold bid good-night to Mrs. derment. "You certainly were not of the abourd mistake, as Mrs. Kales, Mrs. Kales had said that the whole were not of the abourd mistake as Mrs. I want a triffed Kales, Mrs. Kales had said that she hoped she might have the pleasure of seeing them again at her house some evening. This, Mrs. Ledyard thought to herself, held out the assurance of She and Helen were just returning

from a shopping expedition a few afternoons later when they ran into Mrs. Halladay on the corner of 5th avenue and Forty-second street. After the usual greetings Mrs. Halladay asked: "By the way, what happened the other night that Helen din't

come to Mrs. Kale's dance? "Didn't come!" Mrs. Ledyard ex-aimed. "Why, of course, she came. claimed. She and Harold were there! "I scarcely see how I missed seeing

them." Mrs. Halladay answered. was on the lookout for her all the evening. Both women turned for an explana-tion to Helen, who had been standing rather blankly staring at Mrs. Halla-

day. "Why, what do you suppose could

where I was. We told the driver the day said good-by just a trifle right number on Riverside Drive, I'm and walked away down the street positive, and there were lots of automobiles and carriages. Hasn't Mrs. Kales great piles of beautiful blonde

Her hair is quite dark," repiled Mrs. Halladay a little dryly. Then, with an amused gleam in her eyes, she said to Mrs. Ledyard, "Do you know where Helen must have gone? Miss Stickney, the fashionable dancing teacher, lives next door to the Kales, and holds some of her private classes in her own home. Helen and Mr. Cartwright evidently attended one of those classes. It's a wonder that they were not asked to pay for their lesson, although they did pay for it in another way. What a pity that Helen missed that opportunity! I'm afraid she won't receive another invi-

tation from Mrs. Kales. blood had rushed into Mrs. Ledyard's face and she could scarcely keep the tears back in her sense of bitter disappointment, but Helen

suddenly she stopped laughing seemed to divine something d mother's sacrifices and hopes that been bound up in the possible

that dance. "Mother, dear," she said sently ing her mother's hand and sign through her arms, "it was just he missed if those people all are at percillious as Mrs. Halladay. you mind. Besides, I haven't tolk quite everything that happened night. I've loved Harold a loss and well, Harold loves me. a That happened, too, at the dans

As Mrs. Ledyard turned toward As Mrs. Ledward turned daughter ail the bitterness said died out of her heart. Helea looking out with her clear gray looking out the smoky singer at the looking out the smoky singer at the looking out the l far away tuto the smoky sun end of the average, a query had the smile hovering around the ca