

THE CHIEF MAKER

BY E. PHILIPS COPPEL
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RECAPITULATION OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

THEY were in a hospital on the outskirts of Paris where a girl, Lucie Renault, is dying from tuberculosis. A friend, Madame Christopher, is visiting with her about Eugene Kater, a Frenchman of Lucie's who has deserted her. Madame Christopher, in spite of Lucie's protest that she would rather die than be unwell, leaves the hospital determined to find Eugene. Madame Christopher goes to his apartment in Paris and finds him there. He admits that the girl was his "little friend" and that she became ill as a result of leaving her simple life for him.

The man brings her anything to do with the dying Lucie. He likes to be with her about such things, he says, and attempts to flirt with Madame Christopher. With an expression of great contempt Madame Christopher leaves him and directs her chauffeur to drive her back to the hospital. The second chapter introduces Eugene Kater, M. P., and his wife in their home in Grosvenor Square. Carraby is ambitious to become a cabinet minister, and the only man who stands between him and success is Julien Portal, who, as assistant secretary of state for foreign affairs, holds the place in the cabinet that Carraby covets. Mabel Carraby is ambitious, too, and would like to be the wife of a minister.

At her husband's suggestion she flirts with Portal, and when the chapter opens she has just received a most important letter, containing a state secret and expressions of love from him. She gives it to her husband, who is delighted. The publication of that letter will force Portal's resignation, Carraby says. Carraby, M. P., and his wife, sitting, Mrs. Carraby feels a pang of regret for her trick.

Sir Julien Portal, disgraced and forced to resign because of the publication of the letter, is in his bachelor apartment getting ready to fly to Paris when he is visited by David Kendrick, a journalist friend. Sir Julien admits he wrote the letter which ruined his career, and has, of course, resulted in the breaking of his engagement to wed a society girl. Sir Julien becomes enraged as he thinks of the injustice of it all—how he has detected the trick played by the Carrabys—and declares with a curse that he is done with all women.

Just then there is a knock on the door.

CHAPTER IV. A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

Kendricks rose slowly to his feet, Julien was looking toward the door with a frown upon his face. While they stood there the knocking was repeated, still soft but a little more insistent. Julien hesitated a moment, then he opened the door. "I think," Kendrick said dryly, "that you had better see who is there."

The door was already opened. Julien seemed suddenly transformed into a graven image. He said nothing, merely gazing at the woman who walked calmly past him into the room. Kendrick, who also recognized her, withdrew his pipe from his mouth. This was a situation indeed! The woman, with her hands inside her muff, looked from one to the other of the two men. "Mrs. Carraby," she said, "I am sorry to interrupt your very important interview," she asked, calmly. "If not, perhaps you could spare me five minutes of your time, Sir Julien?"

Kendricks recovered himself at once. "I'll wait for you down stairs, Julien," he declared.

He caught up his hat and departed, closing the door after him. Julien was still motionless. "Well," she began. "He drew a little breath. He was beginning to regain his self-possession. "My dear Mrs. Carraby," he said, "with your wonderful knowledge of the world and its ways, will you permit me to point out that your presence here is a little embarrassing to me and might, under certain circumstances, be a good deal more embarrassing to you."

Mrs. Carraby smiled. She stood where the sunlight touched her brown hair and her quiet, pale face. She was one of those women who are never afraid of the light. Her face was of that strange, self-contained nature, colorless, apparently, yet capable of strange and rapid changes. Just now the last glow of sunlight seemed to have found a skein of gold in her hair, a queer gleam of light in her eyes. She stood there looking at the man whom she had come to visit.

"Julien," she said, "I wanted a few words with you." It was impossible for him to remain altogether unmoved. However, she might be the truth, she had risked most of the things that were dear to her in life by this visit. "Mrs. Carraby," he declared, "I am entirely at your service. If you think that any useful service can be served by words between you and me, would you only point out, for your own sake, that your visit is, to say the least of it, unwise. These are bachelor chambers."

"You know very well," she replied calmly, "it was my only chance of speaking with you. If I had seen you you would not have come. If I had spoken to you in the street, you would have passed me by—quite rightly. This was my only chance. That is why I have come to you."

"If you think it worth the risk," he remarked gravely, "pray continue." She shrugged her shoulders very slightly. "Who can tell what is worth the risk?"

"You have at least excited my curiosity," he admitted, leaning a little toward her. "I cannot conceive what it is that you want to say to me." She lifted her eyes a min, and though there was nothing unusual about them, there were few people, indeed, who could tell you what color they were—men seldom forgot it when Mrs. Carraby looked at them steadily. "I do not know," she said. "I do not know why I have come."

is there anything else? Can you tell me how and where to find it?"

"Mabel," he said, "you and I do not need to mine words. Tonight I am celebrating the ruin of my career. I am leaving England within a few hours. I am sorry to think for what has happened. I am sorry to think for what has happened. I am sorry to think for what has happened."

"For you, my dear Mabel," he decided, "I should say that there was nothing better. A leopard cannot change its spots. The life into which you have been brought and for which you have qualified so admirably, is the only life which would suit you. If you fancy sometimes in your dreams, or in your waking hours, that you hear cries and calls from another country, don't listen to them. You would never be happy outside the world you know of. You see, one who has made such a failure of life himself is yet well able to advise. Forgive me."

The telephone on his writing table was ringing. He turned aside to answer it. It was a question regarding the whereabouts of some papers at the office and it took him a few minutes to explain. When he set the receiver back and turned around, he was alone. There was nothing to remind him of her visit but a bunch of violets which seemed to have fallen from her muff, and the faint perfume from them. He took them up, smelt them for a moment, and flung them lightly into the hearth. Then he touched his bell.

"My hat, stick and gloves, Richards," he ordered. "Bring my things to Charles Cross at half past eight. Have them registered only to Mologna. You understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," the man replied. "Julien glanced once more around his sitting room. The little bunch of violets was smouldering upon the hearth. In a sense they seemed to him symbolic."

"Kendricks is right," he muttered. "It is the woman who plays the devil with our lives!"

CHAPTER V. A SENTIMENTAL EPISODE.

Kendricks was waiting below in the taxi-cab, leaning back in the corner with his feet upon the opposite seat, and smoking his very disreputable pipe with an air of serene content. "Merry to have turned you out into the street like this," Julien remarked.

"Thank you," Kendrick replied, "under the circumstances I preferred the street."

Julien hesitated for a moment and glanced at his watch. "There is one more call that I must pay, David," he said. "You won't mind, will you? We've plenty of time."

"Mind? Of course not," Kendrick answered, stretching himself out in the cab. "Do what you please with me, only leave an hour or an hour and a half for dinner. I am the best tempered person in the world so long as no one interferes with my regular meal hours."

"It's just a farewell call," Julien explained, "that I want to pay. I've told the man where to go."

Kendricks nodded silently. He knew all about that little call, but if he felt any sympathy he was careful not to show it. They drew up in a few minutes before a large and solemn looking house at the corner of Hamilton place.

"Don't hurry," Kendrick advised, stretching himself out once more in the cab. "I'll smoke another pipe and thank heaven we are not in New York! You wait an hour there and take your choice of paying the fare or buying the taxi-cab."

Julien ascended the steps and rang the bell at the door of the house. It was immediately opened by a manservant, who recognized him with a bow and a smile, for which, somehow or other, he felt thankful.

"To Lady Anne in, Robert?" he inquired. "The man stood on one side. "Please to walk in, Sir Julien," he lay upon "Lady Anne is with some young people in the drawing room. Will you go in there to them, or would you prefer that I announce you?"

"Is there any one in the waiting room?" Julien asked. "No one at present, sir."

"Let us go in there, then. I want to speak to Lady Anne alone for a moment. You might let her know that I am certainly, sir."

Julien walked restlessly up and down the small, uncomfortable apartment, the room which he had always hated. There were illustrated papers arranged in a row upon a leather topped table, two stiff horsehair easy chairs, and various views of Cleonarty, the country seat of the Duke of Cleonarty, around the walls. Presently he heard the laughter in the drawing room cease. There was a short silence, then the sound of footsteps across the hall and the abrupt opening of the door of the room in which he was waiting. Julien looked up quickly. It was, after all, what he had expected: A somewhat vivacious looking little lady, in a muslin gown and elaborately hat, held out both hands to him. In the darkened light of the room she might very well have passed for a young and a very serious edition of her own daughter.

"My dear Julien!" she exclaimed, in a tone which was manifestly sympathetic. "This is terrible news we are hearing about you. But what an odd time you have chosen to come and tell us all about it!"

"I have not come to tell you about it, duchess," Julien assured her. "The newspapers will tell you everything that is worth knowing. They are so much better informed than I am."

"The newspapers sometimes exaggerate," she objected.

"In my case," he replied, "I do not think that exaggeration is possible. Everything that has happened to me that could possibly happen to any one in my unfortunate position."

"You mean that these stories are all true, then?"

"Every one of them. I really don't suppose that I ought to show my face here at all. I have simply come to say good-bye. There is just a single word I want to say to Anne."

grain of sympathy. All the same, a woman who can do a thing like that should not be tolerated."

Julien smiled grimly. He was perfectly well aware that at that moment Mrs. Carraby was passing from the list of the duchess's acquaintances. It was all so inconsequential.

"Can I have that one word with Anne?" he begged.

"I am going ahead tonight. I should like to say good-bye to her."

"Isn't it a little foolish?" she asked. "I don't mean your going ahead—that, I suppose, is, almost, and so far as why do you want to see Anne? I can give her all the proper messages."

Julien laughed bitterly. "There are some things," he said, "which can scarcely be altogether ignored. I may have occupied your memory that Anne was to have been my wife."

"Not at all," the duchess replied. "The only thing I do not understand is why, as any such arrangement as, I suppose, you are talking of, should want to see her again. What can you possibly have to say to her?"

"An affair of sentiment," he explained. "I have a fancy to say good-bye."

The duchess shook her head. "These sort of things don't belong to me," she declared. "You ought to know better, my dear Julien. I can see no possible object in it. I will give her my message, you know, and so far as she is concerned, you can assure you that she has not the slightest ill feeling. She is really quite amiable about it."

"Duchess," Julien said, steadily, "I came here expecting that these would be your views. You are Anne's mother and, of course, you are in authority, but when two people of our age are engaged to marry one another, they pass just a little beyond the sphere of their parents' influence. Anne and I have been in that position. Don't you think for a moment that I wish to dispute your authority when I say that I intend to see her before I leave?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Ah! My dear Julien," she murmured, "if you had only been as firm with that foolish woman. Still, if you have really made up your mind, I am sure I don't want to be disagreeable. Perhaps it would be just as well to get the thing over."

She touched the bell. "Ask Lady Anne to stop this way," she told the servant.

The man withdrew and the door was closed again. The duchess showed signs of being about to take her leave. "This matter has already, I presume, been fully discussed between you and Anne," Julien remarked. "It will not be necessary for you to give her a parting word of advice."

"You amusing person!" she laughed. "There are no words of advice of mine needed in a case like this. To tell you the truth, Julien, although I always liked you as you know, I hated your engagement to Anne. You were a very charming young man to have about the house and I was always pleased to see my girls flirt with you, but as a son-in-law I ranked you from the first among the undesirable. Your income, so far as I know, is a little less than nothing at all, and politics, as you are discovering today, is a precarious form

of livelihood. Anne hasn't a copper and never will have. She ought to marry a rich man, and I intend now that she shall. Here she is. Now do get this stupid affair over quickly."

The door was opened and Lady Anne came in. She was taller than her mother, of more serious aspect, and her hair was dark. "There was some thing of the same expression on her face. She came straight over to Julien and gave him both her hands."

"My dear Julien," she exclaimed, "this is absolutely fresh away, if you please, my dear Julien. I must see you for a moment alone."

The duchess left the room. They both waited until the door was closed. Then she turned and faced him.

"I suppose it's all true," she asked. "Please don't misunderstand the reason of my coming. I am absolutely a ruined man and I absolutely deserve everything that has come to me."

"There is also one thing," she remarked, "which I intended to ask you, provided you gave me the opportunity. I am about Mrs. Carraby," he said, firmly.

"So was my question," she murmured. "The friendship between Mrs. Carraby and myself," Julien continued, "has been patient to everyone for a long time now. I know her long before I did you. It began, in fact, when we were little more than children. It finished—today. There is only one thing I want to say to you about it, and that is this: My friendship was of that sort which is fairly well recognized and even approved of by the world in which we live. It contained, of course, certain elements of flirtation, but I am not denying that. There was never at any time, however, anything in that friendship which made it an error even of taste on my part to ask you to become my wife."

She took her face between her hands and deliberated a moment. "That's just what I wanted to know, Julien," she declared. "Now shake hands and be off, and do the best you can for yourself. I wish you the best of luck, the very best. That's all we can say. I am not in the least bit sorry."

"Quite all," she admitted. "You are a dear, good fellow," she went on, "and I have been quite fond of you, although I think that I bored you now and then. I should have made you a splendid wife, however, because one that I shall the next man who comes along. Don't stay any longer, there's a dear, because although I never pretended to have much heart, this sort of thing is apt to me, you know, and I want to look up the showery company sometimes, if you will. I'll love to hear that you've found some interest in life to help you gather up the threads. And here—this is for you."

She handed him a pocket pin from her waistband and stuck it in his black tie. Then, before he could stop her, she touched the bell with one hand and gave him the other.

"I'll be with you in a minute," she said. He looked steadily into her eyes and then away out of the window, across the square. It was such a natural ending. It was foolish that his heart should shake, even for a second. He had never been one of those who get there—when she had lain very close to him in his arms, and the moonlight had been falling through the pine trees in little dappled places around them, and the wind had been making faint music among the swaying boughs—for these few moments, at any rate, the other things had shone in her face. Were they illusions, really, those moments of agitation, he wondered—simply one long, sensuous period passing like breath from a looking glass and leaving nothing behind? He looked into her face. There was no sign there. Then he dropped the fingers which he had been holding. Women were wonderful.

"Do write," she begged, as she walked into the hall with him. "Dear me, what a strange looking person you have with you in the taxi-cab!"

"He is a friend," Julien said quietly, "a journalist. I might say the same of the young man who is watching us from the drawing room, Anne. Who is he?"

She made a little face at him and whispered in his ear.

"Semetic, as you see, and positively appalling. He is entirely mother's choice. He arrived 10 minutes after the evening papers were out, but somehow or other I don't fancy that we shall make anything of him. It's young Harbord, you know."

Julien made his effort. He touched her fingers once more in conventional fashion. He leaned towards her earnestly.

"My dear Anne," he said, "that young man has an income of at least a hundred thousand a year. Have you ever considered that wonderful thing? It is possible, isn't it, to have more than you could surround yourself with like a hair? You could sit in it, wear it, and breathe it every second of your life. You could even use it as a means of securing a degree upon yourself, or in discretion, besides, as a matter of fact, I really do not think that that young man knows what it is to be discontented. Remember, I am quite serious. I am sure that a year should lift any man beyond the pale of criticism."

"Yes!" she replied, looking at him as he walked down the steps. "I shall remember. Good-bye!"

"Well," Julien declared, "Julien declared lightly, as he took his place in the taxi-cab. "Really, it is astonishing how much a man can get through in a day if he sets his mind to it. Is there any chance here that I could get a drink, do you think?" Kendrick asked. "I have passed through a trying and affecting interview. I have said farewell to the lady who was to have been my wife. The sort of thing upsets me."

"You are a bit of a fellow," Julien said. Kendrick admitted, "like Sir Julien. In a moment or two we shall pass Verre, on our way to a restaurant where I am going to entertain you at dinner. I will probably be such a dinner as you have had before. You will not need an appetizer. I am not sure, indeed, that it is not tempting providence and inviting indignation to offer you a mixed vermouth hereafter. Some time ago. One experience more, less in such a day will not disturb you."

They entered the cafe and sat down at a small, marble topped table. Julien lit a cigarette and Kendrick affected to be interested in the show which the match was making. A crowd of people, mostly foreigners, were sitting about the place. Julien, as he stepped his vermouth, noticed a familiar face nearby, opposite him—a young, somewhat handsome man, quietly dressed, insignificant, and yet with some sort of personality.

"I wonder who that fellow is?" he remarked. "I seem to know his face."

"I think," Kendrick suggested, "we shall get a table at all at the place where we are going to dine, unless we are punctual."

They finished their vermouth and left the cafe. Kendrick knocked out the ashes from his pipe and leaned a little forward in the taxi-cab. "We are nearly continued," into a foreign land—foreign, at least to you, my young exquisite—the land of journalists, of foreigners, of hairdressers and snareheads and outthroats of every nationality. Nevertheless, you shall dine well and if you will only drink enough of the chianti which I shall order, I can promise you a nap on your way to Dover. You look as though you could do with it."

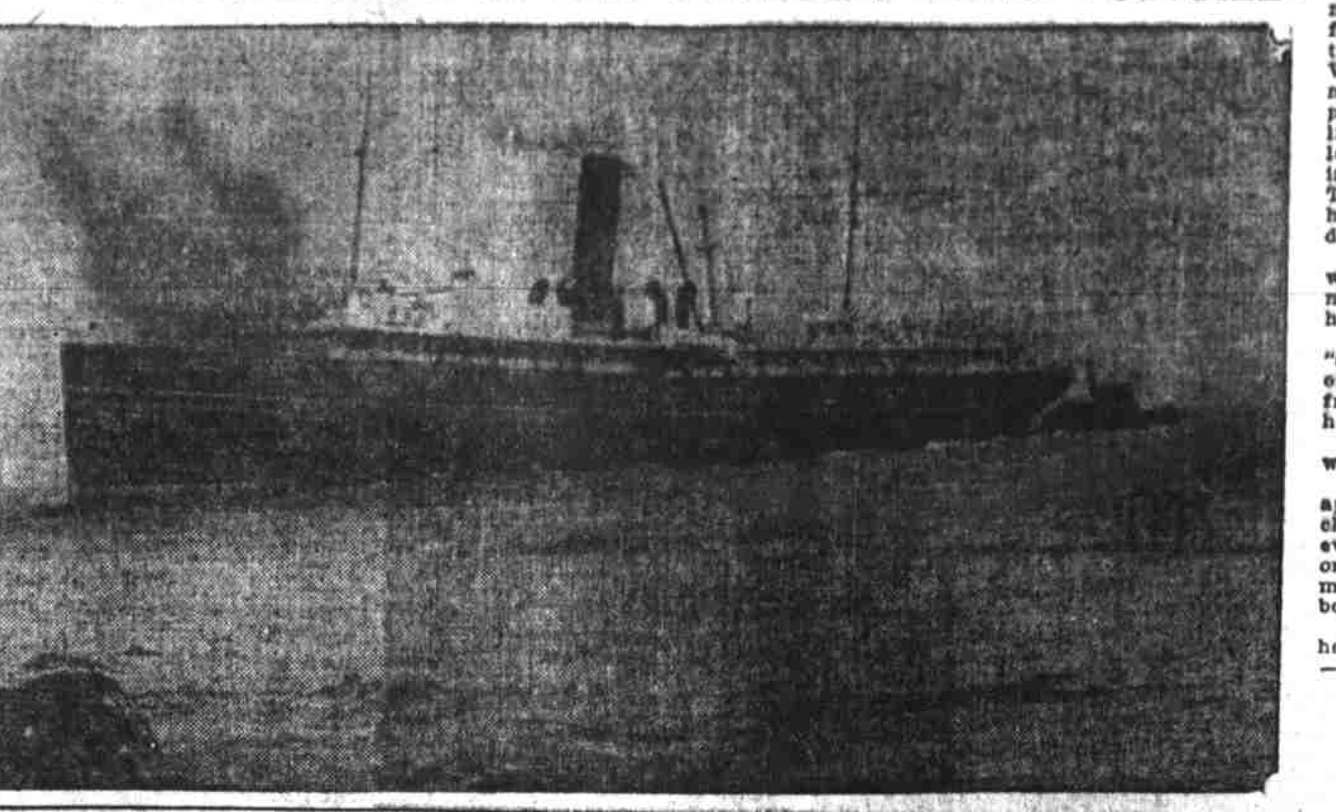
Julien suddenly remembered that his eyes were hot and almost simultaneously he felt the weight that was dragging down his heart. He laughed desperately.

"I'll eat your dinner, David," he promised. "And I'll do justice to your patriotism. From what you tell me about our expedition I should imagine that we are going into the land to which I shall soon belong."

"It's a wonderful country," Kendrick muttered, looking out of the window. "It may not be flowing exactly with milk and honey, but its sinews are supple and its blood is red. For absolute vitality, I'd back the Cafe l'Hernee against the Carlton any day. Here we are."

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

STEAMSHIP ONTARIO FROM WHICH 35 PASSENGERS WERE RESCUED AFTER WIRELESS CALLS FOR HELP



Photographs of ill-fated Ontario, taken after she had been beached near Montauk Point on the Long Island coast. Hubert Ingalla, 19 years old wireless operator, proved himself a hero when, in spite of the flames, he stuck to his post and continued sending distress signals until aid came. The Ontario belonged to the Merchants and Miners Line. Thirty-one passengers were rescued from the burning boat. For more than 24 hours the crew and others battled with the flames before they were under control. The top picture shows the steamer where it was beached only after two members of the crew had lashed themselves to the wheel in order to steer the big ship in the heavy seas that were pounding against her sides. The lower picture is a scene aboard the ill-fated vessel.

NEW AND UNUSUAL IN SCIENCE

Marble From Ashes.
From Harper's Weekly.
ALL the world knows that ashes are the last solid residue of combustion and compose the essence of earthly materials, mineral salts, potash, soda, phosphates, etc. The use to which ashes may be put has not been supposed various; they serve in the preparation of the soil, under certain conditions in the manufacture of brick, always with a view to furnishing some desired chemical property; but these applications of ashes are, always secondary.

Recently a German engineer has invented a way to transform ashes into marble of exceptional beauty which is susceptible to the highest polish. He refuses to divulge his secret, though large inducements have been made to him by owners of marble quarries. It is a matter of chemical synthesis, of course, but it is said that his only visible apparatus is a small gas stove, together with a kettle and what resembles a copying press. With these implements, plus the secret he holds, he has manufactured a medium sized slab of marble in half an hour.

Iron in Canada.
From Engineering and Mining Journal.
Canadian iron production in 1911 was the largest ever reported, approaching nearly 850,000 tons, a quantity nearly ten times that reported 12 years ago. Nova Scotia and Ontario both contributed to the increase. The production is largely of basic iron, and the open hearth furnace is the chief steel producer in the Dominion.

Why Cats Fall on Their Feet.
From Harper's Weekly.
The ingenuity of a scientist has resulted in the construction of an apparatus to show why a cat in falling invariably alights on its feet. This apparatus consists of a cardboard cylinder wherein are stuck four rods to serve for legs, together with a tail devised on similar principles. The object of the experiment is to show that a cat's peculiar faculty depends on the rotation of its tail with sufficient vigor. It appears that this faculty is especially developed by climbing and leaping animals, such as members of the feline tribe, monkeys, squirrels, rats and most igmura. The tail plays a most important role in the turning process. According to the inventor of this apparatus, all tree-inhabiting monkeys have long tails, and the longer the tail the more certain that these tails are of great aid to all climbers in enabling them to turn in the air. The tail also acts as a balancer, as evidenced in the case of a squirrel, which may be seen walking along a tightly stretched wire or string, swinging its tail from side to side very much after the manner of the professional wire-walker balancing himself with a pole.

The Indian Languages.
From Popular Science Monthly.
Probably the most important and most surprising fact about American Indian languages is their enormous number. On the North American continent there were spoken probably 1000, and possibly even more different languages and dialects. Of South America we know less, but everything points to an equal linguistic variety on that continent. The tremendous total of languages ascribed to the aboriginal population in both continents certainly numbered fewer millions than are today found in many single European countries in which only one language prevails. The 25 or 60 millions of American Indians possessed as many different languages as the billion or more inhabitants of the east world.

The Points of Our Stars.
From Harper's Weekly.
The stars on our flag and those on the Great Seal of the United States, as well as those on the seal of the president, are five-pointed. The seal of the house of representatives, however, shows six-pointed stars, and there are the half and quarter-dollar coins, with five-pointed stars on the reverse. The reverse of these coins is a copy of the Great Seal, with the clouds and the stars omitted. So far, it can be ascertained, the six-pointed star is derived from the colonial coins, which were designed in the manner of English heraldry, which sanctions that star. The stars on the flag are copied from the Washington coat of arms.