

ucation and manner, refinement and name.

She wept on his shoulder. And they were married.

Meantime John had not been idle. His romance was not to be consummated so quickly, for he had a career to make. And he was making it with seven-league boots. He had gone into politics.

While Annabelle was completing her ultimate high lights of perfection abroad, John Smith was running for Congress—and he was elected. When Annabelle returned and reigned for several social seasons and sniffed at many eligibles and turned up her nose at them all and their offers, John was a candidate for the Senate—and he was elected.

very unhappy. Besides, she had a temper. Gilman recalled that Mabel's mother had been red-headed; he pointed that out and sighed that ancestry was ancestry, and, forgetting or ignoring the fact that Secretary Smith was fattened in the next door sty, said

to whimper to one whom she could trust, made known that Gilman was a clubhound; that he preferred the association of men in his born element, but rudely kept her—his own legal wife—out of the circles to which her name and her married position plainly entitled her; that he seemed ashamed of her for no reason at all, and, when he did entertain her, he always sought to haul her to some obscure resort instead of to the tippy spas where his mother went and to the family opera box. Oh, dear her—she was afraid Gilman's unreasoning infatuation had led him to consequences which he had regretted as soon as the bloom of the honeymoon had blown; in fact, he had told her so one night, when she had coldly charged him with it, and he had hotly confessed it.

All the four had gotten just



DOROTHY DULIN

And Mabel, welcoming the opportunity to whimper to one whom she could trust, made known that Gilman was a clubhound.

He was now Senator Smith and he was invited about. He met Annabelle, from whom he had never quite alienated himself, and they found each other refreshing. And Senator Smith proposed marriage to Annabelle.

To Annabelle he now typified not only all the strength and charm that he had meant in childhood, but an aristocracy even beyond her own—power, a title, preferment, distinction. To him she meant a social alliance that would bring him to the highest and the best—culture, breeding and an inheritance that would place him beyond the command of money necessity and leave him free to work for fame and immortality. So they married.

It was some years later when they all chanced to meet in Washington, at a formal reception to the British ambassador or a Hindu prince.

Gilman, now a man of international banking power and close relations with heads of governments, greeted Secretary Smith, who was now a cabinet head and an authority on commerce and labor. They strolled into an alcove to discuss a cigar. And, at the same time, their wives were on a very proper settee, neglecting a couple of dainty ices.

Gilman and John spoke nothing of the past. In real life old friends seldom do—that is known to them both and granted. They talked of the present. But, being lifelong friends and understanding each other, they spoke frankly.

And John learned that Gilman and his wife were not harmonious. Society had never entirely welcomed her and she was

something about silk purses and sow's ears.

John, seeing that his old friend was so confiding, laid his folded hands on his now portly front and said that his life had not been as thoroughly mellifluous as some he had read about. Annabelle kept dragging him to functions when he wanted to address conventions; she wanted to spend seasons abroad when Congress was in session; she had no sympathy and little understanding of public affairs, and she had a hard disregard for the people, in whose service and causes he, John, toiled, and to whom he

looked for ultimate elevation to even higher office.

Annabelle, about that time, was complaining to Mabel about John. She moaned that he was preoccupied, uninteresting and abominably busy, wrapped up in smelly politics and a boor at home and in company. She wagged her hundred dollar fan oh, so lightly, and observed that a son of the soil could never be a gentleman, and that republican titles and association with tobacco-chewing legislators helped little.

And Mabel, welcoming the opportunity

what they had wanted; and none of the four wanted it.

In America there is a sacred institution called divorce.

So, not very long after the reception, the newspapers fell hip and thigh upon two "big" stories—the divorces of Multimillionaire Stanton and former Secretary Smith. And, within the year, there was more national copy. For Multimillionaire Stanton married the grass widow of former Secretary Smith, nee Hoover, and former Secretary Smith married the grass widow of Multimillionaire Stanton, nee Jones.

All four had gotten just what they hadn't wanted; and they lived happily ever after.

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Hottest Spot in America

DEATH VALLEY is the hottest place in the United States. It lies in the desert of southern California not far from the Nevada line. A weather bureau thermometer was installed there some years ago at Furnace Creek, the only inhabited spot in the valley, writes Ellsworth Huntington in Harper's magazine. There one or two white men and two or three Indians maintain a little ranch, raising alfalfa and selling it at exorbitant prices to the few prospectors and the rare scientists who wander that way. One of the white men keeps the weather record. The thermometer is properly exposed above a gently sloping plain of gravel in a regulation shelter such as is used all over the country. No other out-of-door thermom-

eter in the United States, or perhaps in the world, is so familiar with temperatures of 100 degrees or more. During the period of not quite fifteen hundred days from the spring of 1911 to May, 1915, a maximum temperature of 100 degrees or more was reached on 548 days, or more than one-third of the time. One day in July, 1913—the 10th of the month, to be exact—the mercury rose to 134 degrees and hit the top of the tube. How much higher it would have gone no one can tell. That day marks the limit of temperature yet reached, according to official records in this country. A new thermometer with a greater range has been installed, and perhaps this summer we may hear of a temperature of 140 degrees.

And Ma's Mother

Evelyn is very cowardly and her father decided to have a serious talk with his little daughter.

"Father," she said at the close of his lecture, "when you see a cow, ain't you 'fraid?'"

"No!" with scorn.

"Ain't you 'fraid when it thunders?'"

"No," with laughter. "Oh, you silly, silly child."

"Papa," said Evelyn solemnly, "ain't you 'fraid of nothing in the world but mamma?'"