

## WORLD NO LONGER THRILLS AT TALES

### Latvia Not Sole Gateway Any More to Investi- gators of Russia

RIGA, Aug. 4.—Latvia has ceased to be the sole gateway to Russia for investigators from all over the world. Berlin is now the chief diving board for politicians, educators, concession chasers and relief workers who are about to plunge into red Russia. Many of them go by aeroplane. Some travel from Berlin to Moscow by way of Warsaw, and others enter through Finland and Esthonia. But most of the foreign visitors emerge from Russia through Riga. They are British, American and German, with a sprinkling of Italians, Czechs and Scandinavians.

Visitors coming out of Moscow in breathless haste to tell the world "the real truth" about Russia are much surprised, frequently, to find that their hurried observations do not attract much attention. Since the beginning of international relief work in famine-stricken Russia there has been such a large number of visitors that it is no novelty for Riga to have scores of passengers out of Russia in a single day, and diplomats and journalists are well-satisfied with the narratives of enthusiasts who expect the world to be surprised that they were not killed.

It is no longer novel to hear that the opera in Moscow is the most "wonderful in the world"; that the soviet government is "more securely established than any in Europe"; that Moscow "is a safer place to be than New York City"; and that "literary has been stamped out in the red army." The statement that "perfectly clean sleeping cars are operated between Moscow and Petrograd and between Moscow and Riga," also has lost its novelty.

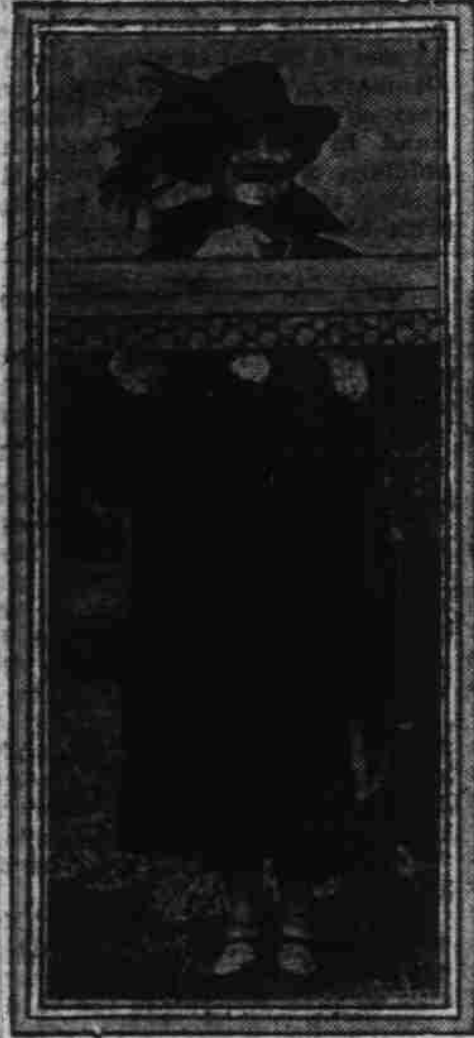
Correspondents who have been listening for two years to the tales of visitors to Russia, who have spent a few days in the great cities, know exactly what most of them will say. If they disclosed their sympathy with Bolshevism before they entered, they generally come out with words of high praise. If they were critical before they went in, they are generally more critical when they come out. In other words, the week-enders in Russia generally have their minds made up before they go in, and their statements on emerging are about as monotonous as off-repeated phonograph rolls.

Of course, there are many visitors to Russia who remain there for a considerable time and give thought and study to the situation. These usually have little to say when they go in and less when they come out. They generally are not in politics; they are not about to take the stump on the Russian question, and they are not rushing into print with their views on every phase of the Russian situation.

### FAMOUS STALLION SOLD

BUENOS AIRES, Aug. 4.—The English race horse, Tracey, sire of Papyrus, winner of this year's Derby, has been sold back to England. He came out two years ago for breeding purposes at a purchase price of \$265,000. His resale price, however, was slightly under this sum.

### TO KEEP "FONIES"



MRS. WILLIAM E. VANDERBILT II. Beginning with the announced purchase of several yearlings at the Saratoga, N. Y., sales next month, Mrs. Vanderbilt is going to assemble a stable and have the Vanderbilt silks again seen in steeple chase and flat racing events. Mrs. Vanderbilt's father, Senator "Jim" Fair of California, raced a string of thoroughbreds on the coast a generation ago.

## IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE, HARVEY SAYS.



Our Ambassador to Great Britain, now sojourning in this country, avers that he was incorrectly reported when he was quoted as saying Senator Hiram Johnson said that he (Senator Johnson) would win the Presidency easily if nominated. It is evidently a closed incident, for here is Mr. Harvey, with Mrs. Harvey and Dorothy Thompson, his granddaughter, in a box at the Long Beach, New York, horse show.

## HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adèle Garrison's New Phase of  
REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

### CHAPTER NO. 372

THE REASON MADGE REBELLED AT DR. PETTIT'S SUGGESTION

Under Dr. Pettit's escort I went downstairs to the hospital office and listened with a little feeling of amusement to the colloquy between him and the hospital matron as to my proposed long distance telephone call to Robert Savarin.

"Of course, doctor, if you wish it, I shall be delighted to have her use the office telephone," she cooed. "Where did you say the place was?" She turned to me. "Cold-Spring, N. Y., in the Catskill mountains."  
"Oh!" she said, a little blankly, then turned back to the physician, a doubtful look on her face.  
"You know what the service is here, doctor," she said, "and how many calls we have. I am afraid there will be interruptions. The operators have a most annoying habit of disconnecting our conversations and pushing through emergency calls." Her tone said that this proceeding was the unpardonable thing, and I guessed that her own private conversations had been thus summarily interrupted.

"Very reprehensible of them, I am sure," said Dr. Pettit, but the woman appeared absolutely uncomprehending of the irony in his voice.  
"Yes, isn't it?" she asked naively. "I've thought often of reporting them. But in this place you're so dependent upon the goodwill of the telephone operators I would rather put up with anything than annoy them."  
"I think, on the whole then, it will be better for Mrs. Graham to come on down to my office," the physician replied. "I have two telephones," he turned to me. One is listed for the public. The other, unlisted, which I use when I wish a comparatively uninterrupted conversation. I imagine you will save time by coming with me to that telephone."  
"Doctor," the matron protested flutteringly, "you don't imagine that I object at all to the lady's telephoning?"

### A Peculiar Motion.

"I never imagine things," he replied a little frigidly. "I simply think Mrs. Graham will accomplish her purpose more quickly if she uses my telephone."  
I turned to the matron with my very best smile.  
"Thank you," I followed Dr. Pettit out of the building with an odd, and as far as I knew unjustifiable little feeling, that if it were a possible thing for the woman to get the message twisted or forget it altogether she would do so.

"I shall be extremely thankful when Mrs. Harped returns," Dr. Pettit said in low emphatic tones as we went down the steps. This woman will drive me to some desperate action if she remains on duty much longer.

"She is not the regular superintendent, then," I said, idly. "I was in no mood for conversation, but determined to feign an interest in what he was saying."

### A Taciturn Remark.

"That woman?" The physician's tone expressed the power of contempt. "Indeed, No! Mrs. Harped is a most capable person, but she is on her vacation, and this was the only relief available."

I was glad of the information, for I detested inefficiency, and I had marvelled at this one weak spot in an institution which appeared to be so up-to-date and well regulated as the hospital. I

had wondered how so inefficient a person could have built up so capable a service. But evidently the absent superintendent had constructed so smoothly running a machine that it was functioning almost perfectly without her for a few weeks.

Dr. Pettit helped me into the car, but when we had traversed the hospital block and the main boulevard until we had reached the crossroads, one of which led to the Ticer farm, I was surprised to see him turn the car in the opposite direction—that leading to Bridgehampton.

"We will drive through Bridgehampton, then down the Sag road to Sag Harbor," he said, with a touch of compositeness which always both annoys and amuses me. "You will save time that way, and so will I. There is no need of my stopping at the farm, and if we should pass that way without stopping I am afraid your husband might be annoyed."

That he spoke only the truth, I knew, yet I found myself furious at his pompous tactlessness. I felt the need of hotly defending Dicky from the insinuation which I knew in my heart was only too true.

"We shall save time, no doubt," I said frigidly, but you are mistaken in thinking my husband would be annoyed. He would know, of course, that there must be some very good reason for not

stopping, with Junior in the house."

"You are privileged, of course, to have your own opinion in that matter," the physician retorted stiffly, "and—so am I," he added obstinately, while I bit my lips to keep from answering, wondering anew how so skillful and kindly a physician could be so absolutely tactless and disagreeable in his dealing with social questions.

### CHAPTER 373

THE QUESTION ROBERT SAVARIN ASKED MADGE

"Mrs. Graham? Why—why—what is the matter? Has anything happened to—Mrs. Underwood?"

Robert Savarin's voice, deep, undeniably agitated, came over the long-distance telephone to me after a half-hour of interminable delay and vexation to both Dr. Pettit and myself. We had taken turns in trying to get the connection, and the physician had been the first to hear the voice of the artist. He had said: "This is Dr. Pettit. Mrs. Graham wishes to speak to you," and Robert Savarin's mind evidently had conjured all sorts of dire possibilities.

I explained, as quickly and succinctly as I could, and then repeated Marion's message. There was no delay, no calculation in his answer. He evidently held

nothing in the world above his desire to gratify the child's wish at the earliest possible minute.

"I can get the night train to New York in half an hour," he said. "I will reach there by eleven-fifteen. What do you know about the connections from there?"

Fortunately I had studied a time-table on my way from the hospital.

"The first train from there leaves at 4:30 o'clock in the morning, getting to Southampton about 9 o'clock," I said. "It is a newspaper train, and very slow, but the next one does not get here until 1 o'clock."

"If she needs me tonight I will get a car in New York and drive straight through," he returned.

"That would be absurd"—I caught the word before it sounded, charged it to the more innocuous "needless." "The physician wishes her to sleep tonight, and you will be just in time tomorrow to see her after her night's sleep. I will meet you at Southampton with the car and take you over to the hospital. And do come prepared to stay awhile with us. We have just bought an old farm which I am anxious to show you."

"I shall stay, of course, as long as Marion wants me," he said

with his grave courtesy.

"I SHALL COUNT ON YOU"

"Then you will never go back," I retorted quickly, willing to have him attach any significance he chose to the remark. I heard him catch his breath, and felt like an old-time matchmaker.

"Tell me," his voice was husky, "how is Marion's mother standing the strain?"

All the adoration and anxiety he felt for Lillian was betrayed in his voice. If I had never known he loved her before I would have discovered it in this moment.

"Wonderfully," I returned reassuringly, "but, Robert, I used his given name purposely, for I felt that he was a little ill at ease with me, I must tell you that Lillian has not her usual strength this spring. She needs some one to take care of her more than any one I know."

"Can I count on your aid?" he asked abruptly, and I felt a little thrill of satisfaction at the thought that he had not thought it necessary to explain his meaning to me.

"You know that," I returned heartily.

"Thank you, I shall count on you," he said, gravely, "South-

ampton at nine, you say. I will be there. Good-by."

MADGE IS WORRIED

I turned from the telephone to find Dr. Pettit watching me curiously, interestedly. That he knew or guessed Lillian's story I had surmised, and that he understood the telephone conversation from hearing my side of it I was also certain. But as his eyes met mine he changed instantly to his usually impersonal and professional look, and I, of course, vouchsafed no explanation.

On one thing I had resolved, however, piqued by his reference to Dicky, and I broached it at once.

"There is not the slightest need of your going back with me to the farm, doctor," I said. "If you will permit me I will summon a taxi." I took down the local telephone book as I spoke.

"But I will not permit you," his voice was cold, inflexible but still impersonal, and I could not help contrasting it with the inflection which I had been used to hearing in his voice—infections which had annoyed me, it is true, but which, with feminine persiveness, I was piqued at not hearing.

"I shall have to ask you to wait

on the way out while I make one very brief call," he went on. "But it will only delay us two or three minutes. And you taking a taxi would be the height of absurdity for I want to have a look at Junior, anyway."

"What do you mean?" I asked, startled. "I thought you said that—"

"I did say he was in no danger," he interrupted hastily. "But I want to be sure he is not feverish, or that his arm has not begun to pain him."

And for my journey home, all ridiculous, unworthy thought of pique as to Dr. Pettit's changed feelings were banished by that most gripping of all emotions, worry over the welfare of a beloved child.

(To be continued)

## SWISS FARMERS EMIGRATE

BERNE, Aug. 4.—Six hundred Swiss citizens, mostly young farmers, have emigrated to Canada this year, and 700 more are expected to leave for the same country in the next few months, according to official statements.

It has been figured out that the average size of a family in Russia is 4.18. The 18 no doubt represents the old man.

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