

Stories of Adventure and Love

What the War Orphan Found

By Elsie Endicott

PLEASE do not mix up those files while I'm away," said Margaret Bailey as she closed up the desk for her annual vacation.

"I'll leave the check for the Fatherless Children of France Society with you, Miss Marshall. Just mail it in as usual. I'm not going to leave my address because I do not know just where I'm going to stay. However, if any matter of great importance comes in and you must get in touch with me, a note to Quebec will probably reach me."

Margaret Bailey held a very exacting position in a broker's office. Since her father's death eight years before, she had practically supported her mother and little sister and brother.

Some of the younger ones were now able to work and for the first time in her life Margaret Bailey felt she could afford to take her vacation far away from home. She had decided on Canada.

A week or so before she stepped into a tourist agency to ask about a trip, large placards about the office ad-

vised the tourist to "Summer in Canada, nearest of our allies."

And so Miss Margaret decided to spend her vacation in Quebec. The train was pulling into Montreal before Margaret realized that for the first time in her life she, Margaret Bailey, had set foot upon foreign soil. She was on the boat bound for Quebec before she began to notice a decided change in manners and customs.

A dear old lady, a passenger on the boat stood near Margaret looking silently into the water. Suddenly she exclaimed, "O mon dieu, mon dieu—how dreadful it must be to be attacked by a submarine!"

Miss Margaret looked at her and said very sweetly, "Don't worry. No submarines can get into the St. Lawrence."

"I can scarcely wait to get home," said the old lady, "you, too, are going to Quebec?"

"You live in Quebec, I presume," said Margaret, a quizzical expression on her pleasant face.

"I call it home. I've been down in

the States since the war broke out. I am going to visit my sister on the outskirts of Quebec. And how happy I shall be when I get there. Jacques, Jacques he is there. Just back from France! And we thought him dead! We mourned him! But he lives, mon dieu, he lives!"

Margaret led the old lady, now shaking with emotion, to a steamer chair and tried to soothe her.

The deck steward was serving afternoon tea before the old lady offered any further comment.

"We lived in France. My son, my Jacques, was so happy. He lived for his little child. She never knew a mother's care, but her father lavished enough affection on her for both. Then the cruel war came. Jacques joined the colors. He placed the child with neighbors. We have never heard of the old lady. I pray for her always that she may be safe from the Hun!"

Margaret was listening intently. "But how did your son get to Canada?" she asked eagerly.

"He was reported dead, but later he was found in one of the hospitals. He has been discharged. He is with my sister near Quebec."

"Perhaps you could tell me of some quiet place where I could get board at a reasonable rate," Margaret found herself saying.

"You might try at my sister's. Come with me. I shall try to arrange it."

A summer day was nearing its end when a carriage bearing Margaret and the old lady drove up to the portico door of a quaint little white farmhouse. Honeysuckle scented the air. Ripe apples dangled from heavy laden boughs of the trees. Flaming firecracker flowers nestled at the base of the tiny white cottage.

Presently the old lady's sister, wearing the queer bonnet of the Normandy peasant, appeared in the doorway. She clutched her sister ravenously. They kissed each other again and again.

"Jacques, Jacques, come quick!" she called. "She is here! She is here!" The old lady was introducing Mar-

garet to her sister, Mme. Mariand, when a handsome soldier, wearing the uniform of his beloved France, stepped out on the veranda. His bronzed skin attested trench life. His ink-black hair seemed ever blacker against the white background afforded by the cottage. In another moment he had gathered his frail little mother in his powerful arms, and as tears of joy ran down his cheeks he smothered her with kisses.

The old lady turned to Margaret and said, "This is my dear son, Jacques Cordet. And this," turning to Jacques, "is Miss Margaret Bailey, from the States."

As Margaret extended her hand to the soldier of France a flush she was unable to conceal crept into her otherwise pale face. Neither spoke, but each looked deep into the other's eyes for more than a moment.

Then followed a wonderful week. Long walks into the country, trips on the river, moonlight bay rides—all these found Jacques and Margaret close companions. Already health and

energy were coming to the girl. Slowly but surely Jacques' war-shattered nerves were mending.

They were seated on the river bank one night. Jacques took Margaret's hand in his. Both were silent for a few moments.

Margaret broke the silence by asking, "Is yours a common name in France?"

Jacques, like a startled dreamer, exclaimed, "Why, no; why do you ask me?"

"I belong to an American society that takes care of the fatherless children of France. My charge is a little girl of the same name as yours—Cordet."

"What is her first name?" the soldier asked eagerly.

"Marie—Marie Cordet. I have her picture," Margaret added, as she drew the picture from her handbag.

Jacques struck a match. He gave one glance at the picture, then seized Margaret in his arms. He crushed her to him.

"Mon dieu, mon dieu," he cried out.

"Mon dieu, you have heard my prayers! A miracle has been done. The woman I love has found and nourished my own dear baby!"

Margaret was crossing the international border line back into the States. The customs officer asked drolly, "Citizen of what country?"

Margaret looked at the man beside her and with beaming countenance, replied, "I am the wife of a citizen of France."

In due time arrangements to bring Marie to America were completed.

And when a certain old lady came down the river to visit in the States again she repeated again and again the romantic story of Jacques Cordet and Margaret Bailey. "And she always concluded by saying, 'And little Marie who thought herself a fatherless orphan of France, found not only her father, but a very lovable mother.'"

Useful Though Unwed.
The modern view is that a woman is not necessary a failure because her life has been Miss-spent.

Why Reuben Came

By Abner Anthony

FOUR of Henry Sampson's daughters were married. Lella, next to the youngest, was 26 and still on hand.

"Daughter," said Mr. Sampson, clearing his throat, as was his habit when about to make an important announcement: "I've just had a letter from Josiah Lane. His son is coming to Portland to visit relatives, and we must do something to entertain him."

"Well," retorted Lella, her face suddenly burning with angry surmises. "I'd like to know what we can do?"

"We can have a dance and dinner party afterward," said her mother, who always before had loathed entertaining.

"Of course we can," agreed her father. "He's a smart lad. Josiah tells me he's doing well at law. He's the only child and Josiah is pretty well fixed."

Now Lella's surmises became rooted

suspicious.

"What's his name?" she inquired abstractedly.

"Reuben," answered her father in a defiant tone.

Lella frowned. "His name sounds about as country as his father looked when he visited us 10 years ago," she said scornfully.

That night, in her room, she chuckled to herself as she visioned Reuben Lane from Sandy Creek leading her to the altar.

She looked at herself critically in the glass. "How do I know that he will ask me to marry him, even if it is his father's and my father's wish?"

"Lella," said her mother next morning, "your hair is very becoming in that French twist. It shows the contour of your head, which is lovely."

Even her father looked over his paper and grunted approvingly.

"Did you see the pink charmeuse in the window of Smith & Easton's,"

went on her mother; "the one with the tunic of gold-beaded net, and narrow underskirt. I wonder if that wouldn't be nice for you?"

"I don't need it," objected Lella. "Yes you do, dear; pink is your color and you haven't anything pink now except your little cotton dresses."

Lella felt the net tightening about her. But, like a lamb to slaughter, she followed along to Smith & Easton's and came home dutifully with the pink gown under one arm and desperation in her heart.

At 8 o'clock the following night the doorbell rang and Lella heard her father's hearty voice: "Well, well, my boy! So this is my old friend Josiah's son."

Lella hurried to her room as an idea popped into her head.

Her mother was away, so she need not fear her comment. She hastily dug out one of her sister's old dresses, about four sizes too small for her, and

put it on, together with a pair of Dutch shoes about three sizes too large. Her hair was combed out straight and the lovely contour of her head was well hidden under the immense pompadour roll which reached all the way round.

She switched off the light, ran down the stairs and, trembling, stood in the parlor door. Her father and Reuben rose. Then for a few seconds Lella forgot everything. The piano and chairs whirled, the walls and pictures whirled and out of the general whirl her father's voice reached her with the words of introduction and she found herself looking at the handsomest man she had ever seen.

He was in full evening dress and everything up to date.

In a flash she adored Reuben Lane. In another she hated him for being an onlooker at her hideousness.

Lella lived through the evening, which was more than she at first

thought she could do. Once more back in her room she jerked off the old dress, tore it in two pieces and threw it in the closet.

She dropped into a chair with her face in her hands. "I must see Reuben Lane clothed in my right senses and my best dress, but how is it going to be accomplished?"

Just after breakfast the next morning the telephone rang.

It was Ella Loring, where Reuben was visiting. "I am inviting about 30 young people for an informal dance this evening to meet Cousin Reuben. Will you come?"

Would she? She flew up two stairs at a time. The displaced pink charmeuse was slipped joyfully from its case and the satin slippers to match. Her hair was dressed in the becoming French twist and little curls fell carelessly about her face.

"Why, Lella Sampson, you're a perfect picture," said Ella that evening

as she removed her wraps.

"Sh! Don't call me Sampson. I want you to introduce me to your cousin as Miss Curtis."

"Come along, then. There goes the bell."

Reuben Lane bowed low. "Miss Curtis," he repeated after Ella and showed not a trace of recognition. After a most enjoyable evening Lella was waiting for a taxi to take her home.

"Must you go?" asked Reuben Lane. "I'm afraid I must. I wish the time wouldn't fly so quickly," answered Lella. Reuben's face brightened. "May I see you home?" he asked. "Y-e-s," she stammered, too happy to think how it might complicate matters to have Miss Curtis left at the Sampson gate.

He closed the door and sat down beside her. "Lella, why did you do it?" he asked.

"How did you know?" she asked in a wavering voice.

"How did I know? Because I'd been worshipping your picture for three months before I started out here."

"My picture? Where did you get it?" "Your father sent it to my dad."

"And—and—it wasn't a scheme? You didn't come to please your father?" she gasped.

"Why, no. I came because I wanted to come. Where did you get that idea? You haven't told me yet," he continued, "why you—"

"I—I can't," she interrupted.

"Never mind," said Reuben gently. "Tell me something else. I came 2,000 miles to ask it. Will you marry me?" "By your own free will?" she asked eagerly.

"By my own free will," he answered, his hand tightening over hers.

Lella was too overcome with ecstasy to say more than "Yes, Reuben," and to her it was the sweetest name in the world.

One Never Can Tell

By Joella Johnson

"I'M tired, and I guess I need a vacation!" exclaimed Marion Rowland to her girl companion in the office. "I'd like to go out into the country somewhere for a couple of weeks and just roam around at will, with nothing to do but enjoy it."

"I don't blame you," returned her friend. "Why not look through the paper? We might find just what you want." But they didn't.

They were beginning to despair when a friend from across the corridor, to whom they appealed, recommended a place at which he had stopped one fall on a hunting trip. Their names were Dufton.

"Of course," he added, "I don't know the people very well, having met them only that once; but they appeared like nice people to me."

"It sounds good!" enthused Marion as the young man described the place. "and I am going to try it."

Two weeks later found her comfortably settled in a big rambling room, with the smell of apple blossoms and the songs of the birds coming through the great open window.

The people of the house—father, mother and son—were ever solicitous as to her comfort. The father always seemed to be exceptionally quiet; yet when he did speak you knew at once it was his nature to be so, and your liking for the man was bound to increase.

The boy was the image of his father in all his characteristics; but his conversation and manner easily betrayed the fact he had not always lived in the country. And mother gently but firmly ruled her household with an air that endeared her to you instantly.

All the anticipation of the outing Marion had enjoyed in reality. Sometimes it was a long afternoon of idleness under a leafy maple with a good

book. Again it would be an early morning in some little glen where she could watch nature at its best. And perhaps it was a long afternoon walk over an old road. Twice John Dufton had accompanied her, and it had been a pleasant walk, indeed.

Marion's vacation was drawing to a close, and it must be admitted it was with disappointment she saw the end approaching. She discovered that she was beginning to admire John Dufton very much. His quiet, unassuming yet confident way in which he carried himself appealed to her. She had never experienced the company of a young man who was ever looking to her pleasure without overdoing the situation by senseless flattery. His talk may have been brief at times but it always possessed a tone of sincerity. For that alone Marion found what at first was interest now becoming admiration, and from there to the next is but a

step.

As she was sitting in the shade on the wide vine-covered porch she saw the two Duftons coming toward the house, and instantly sensed a display of anger in their gestures. When they came within hearing Marion was convinced.

Plainly she heard the younger Dufton exclaim, "We've got to kill him, that's all!" Nothing more was said at the dinner table which would give Marion any clue of enlightenment. The rest of the day went by in a fog of conjectures and wonderings on the part of the Duftons' boarder.

Even when she retired that night her mind was still at sea. Just when she was ready to drop off asleep, the sound of a distant shot was borne on the breath of the night stillness.

Instantly Marion was wide awake listening intently, wild thoughts assailing her. Finally she heard steps

approaching across the grass to the house. Just as she stole to the window to peer out the two Duftons loomed up in the gloom. She easily recognized them. Although he spoke quietly Marion distinctly heard John Dufton say:

"Lucky I shot him just as he came at me or I wouldn't have been here. He'd have beaten me off that cliff!"

The elder Dufton made some reply but Marion couldn't catch it as they were then moving out of earshot.

There was no more sleep for Marion and a terrible suspicion began to form in her head. Her imagination began to run riot. It was in this torture of mind that she discovered the undeniable truth—she loved John Dufton.

Next morning John was absent from breakfast, and Marion, with new misgiving assailing her, was tempted to inquire but thought better of it and remained silent.

Surely there was nothing to do now

but to leave and that must be at the earliest moment. She would give some excuse to cover the situation and depart. She had about completed the packing of her bag when she heard Mrs. Dufton's voice.

"Well, John Dufton! Where did you get that?"

"Oh, dad and I finished him last night," returned John with a laugh. "Isn't he a big one?"

Marion, somehow feeling things were not as bad as she thought, stole down stairs and appeared on the scene just as John arose from measuring the spread of wings on a monster eagle which lay on the porch.

Mrs. Dufton, in answer to Marion's look of amazement, explained that John and his father with a flashlight and a revolver had climbed up a rocky ledge where the eagle's nest was and killed it. The flashlight had blinded it for a moment, but it soon gathered

for the attack, and when it rushed, John shot it.

"It has been attacking our sheep and I am glad they got it. Our mate they couldn't find."

As Marion, her face suffused with a pretty flush, raised her eyes to John's he discovered in them a light which she was unable to hide and was meant for no one but him.

What Marion and John said to each other when they stole off by themselves, only the birds can tell, and they have never been known to give those secrets away.

"Hum!" remarked Marion's boss, as he read a telegram which said "Can I have another week?" "Must be enjoying herself."

Miss Movie Fan (at her first ball game)—Oh, I like this—let's stay and see that part over again where he makes the home run.

Was She a Coquette?

By Phil Moore

"I CERTAINLY wish to emphasize the fact that the title of coquette properly belongs to you, Muriel."

The words were spoken angrily and the speaker seemed to burl them with a vicious enjoyment at the girl beside him.

Muriel Wheeler winced a little and a hurt look came into the bright eyes as she remarked:

"May I ask your reasons for ascribing that title to me?"

For an instant there was silence, then proudly drawing herself up, she added bitterly:

"No, don't answer. I don't care what your reasons are. You have spoken unjustly tonight. Kenneth Wright, and I shall remember your words as being symbolic of you. True, I have danced with you, called with

you, motored with you and had a pleasant time generally, but all on the grounds of friendship, and in no way have I earned the title which you have just given me. If I were what you have termed me, I would have let you go on and make declarations for which you might be sorry after this glorious summer was gone, but because I wished you to have no such regrets on my account, I asked you not to talk in that manner. Of course, if I cared for you, I might grieve deeply over the injustice you have done me, but as it is I shall forget it by morning. Good night, Kenneth."

Without waiting for an answer, she walked quickly into the hotel, leaving him alone in the secluded corner of the veranda where they had been sitting.

When he realized she had gone, the

man walked over to the railing and looked out into the night. His face was pale and remorse plainly written on it. "What a cad I am!" he muttered to himself. "I have done her an unpardonable wrong merely because my pride was injured. Jove how I admired her as she stood there, with flashing eyes, defending herself and my unjust accusation. Muriel, little girl, although you said you did not care, perhaps if I had proven worthy of your love, it might have been different."

He stood there alone in the summer night—inside were strains of music—around him gay laughing people—now and then from the water came the sound of splashing oars and snatches of songs. It all tended to increase his remorse and it was far into the morning when restless and unhappy he

sought his room.

Muriel Wheeler closed her book and wearily looked out of the car window, wishing her journey were at an end. As was the usual case now, her thoughts were of Kenneth Wright, and although it was early spring, memories of the previous summer were still fresh in her mind. For three days following that eventful night she had kept to her room and refused to see him—sent back unopened the notes he sent craving forgiveness. Then he had gone, and since that time she had neither seen or heard from him. A tear trickled down her cheek now and she wished, as she had many times since, that she had not been quite so obstinate.

Crash! Shrieks of horror filled the air and Muriel was thrown violently

from her seat amidst sounds of smashing glass and splintering wood—then something fell upon her and her senses failed. When consciousness returned, what a sight greeted her! The wrecked train—people moaning and dying around her—confusion and suffering everywhere. With some effort she pushed off the timbers which held her down and crawled to her feet, realising with joy that she was unhurt save for a few scratches and bruises.

Her first thought was to help the suffering ones around her, and, noticing a doctor hurrying around among them, she quickly offered him her services. Glad of her help, the doctor accepted, and together they bound up wounds and extricated bodies from the wreckage. At times she felt she could stand no more, so great was the strain she had undergone. At length she was

on the verge of fainting from sheer exhaustion when they came upon a man unconscious, lying on his face. They started to work on him, and when they turned him over Muriel's eyes fell on his face, and she cried out:

"Kenneth! O doctor, save him!"

With some little work they restored his senses and, with his head pillowed on her breast, he opened his eyes and murmured "Muriel."

The doctor, whose home was near by, insisted on having Kenneth taken there, and with Muriel's careful nursing in a few days they were ready to start homeward. The evening before they left, as they sat talking with the doctor, Kenneth said:

"I once very unjustly called her a coquette, doctor, but now, contrary to my expectations, she has forgiven me."

The doctor smiled and replied, "In my mind the title of heroine should be applied to her."

"I quite agree with you, doctor," Kenneth replied, "but she is soon to have a title which will bring me unlimited happiness."

The rosy color which suffused Muriel's face at this remark, and the happy light which shone in the eyes she raised to Kenneth, told plainly that it would also bring to her an equal amount of happiness.

Know Women.

"Now, to conclude—"
"Hold on. I thought you said you are reading from a woman writer."
"And so I am."
"Oh, no; you are not."
"What makes you say that?"
"A woman never concludes."