

SERIAL STORY

An Heir to Millions

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"The Other Man"
etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Andy Meelen, aged and eccentric millionaire, is dying, and orders his attorney to draw up a will leaving all his property to the son of a sister from whom he was separated years before and of whose name even he is ignorant. Andy tells the attorney that he was married in his youth, but left his wife alone in a quarrel in which he struck her. He learned afterward that she and his daughter were dead. The scene shifts to New York, introducing Wilfrid Stennis, who is telling his fiance, Eunice Trevesca, what he would do if he were the possessor of twenty or fifty millions.

CHAPTER III.

The exigencies of the story carry us westward once more. The scene is the San Francisco office of Messrs. Carboy, Passavant & Cozine. The time, six weeks subsequent to the funeral of Andrew Meelen. There enters to the private room of our old friend, Phineas Carboy, a certain Roger Hews, who at sundry and divers times acted in the capacity of confidential agent for the firm; even a little detective work came occasionally in his line; a quiet, sleek, unobtrusive sort of fellow outwardly, straw-colored as to hair and closely trimmed whiskers, soberly dressed, aged about thirty-five, agile as a mountain cat, shifty as a red fox, and a walking advertisement of the truth of that old adage about still waters running deeply.

"When did you get back?" quoth Mr. Carboy, with a nod.

"Last night, sir."

"Hanged did I know those matters in Pennsylvania?"

"Quite satisfactory, I should say. Everything seems to be about as you expected."

"Concerning Mrs. Meelen, now: Were you able to confirm her marriage and subsequent decease?"

"The woman died on the 10th of October, '85, and was buried in Nanticoke township. I could find no record of her marriage to Mr. Meelen."

"These statements were perfectly true—on their face."

"And the child—what of the child?"

"There was no record of either its birth or death."

"This was a deliberate lie!"

"That's awkward," exclaimed Mr. Carboy. "Meelen distinctly stated that there was a child. How do you account for the discrepancy?"

"Very simply. If the mother died in travail and the child with her, as I inferred from your instructions, there might naturally have been no record of the infant's entrance into or departure from the world. In all likelihood the baby would not even be named."

"That's not altogether improbable," assented the lawyer, scratching his nose. "But the point is a vital one. It is hardly likely that Meelen could have been mistaken in his belief, and yet—Are you altogether sure of your facts?"

"Perfectly," was the unflinching reply.

"Which was lie number two."

"Any collateral evidence on the matter, such as neighborhood gossip or the recollections of the oldest inhabitant?"

"Nothing of the sort that I could discover," said the unblinking Hews.

"This was lie number three!"

"No one seemed to remember Andrew Meelen or his wife," he went on, lying glibly, "which is not surprising if, as you led me to infer, he was then only a common mineworker, and if, as seems to be undisputed, he never revisited the place."

"True enough," Carboy admitted. He had perfect confidence in Roger Hews, who on more than one occasion had served the firm faithfully.

"Well, the way seems to be clear for us to advertise for the missing nephew or other next of kin. Martha Meelen, in all human probability, has preceded her brother across the Great Divide."

"I should say that was the next step, sir," rejoined Roger Hews in level tones, as though the fact that twenty or thirty million dollars were at stake possessed for him no interest at all.

But that sleek exterior covered a seething volcano of a plot which had for its backbone and its goal the personal and private aggrandizement of Mr. Roger Hews. In his report to Mr. Carboy he had deliberately suppressed some facts and had cheerfully lied about others. That he had thus proved false to the trust reposed in him troubled his exceedingly rubber-like conscience not a whit. He was about to play the game of his life. It was a daring scheme, and might not "pan out with a cost," as he admitted to himself, but it was worth trying.

Somewhat to the surprise of Mr.

Carboy, when he next desired the services of Roger Hews he was informed that the gentleman had gone east, leaving no address.

CHAPTER IV.

A rainy November day in New York, the trees of the parks and squares shrouded in mist and dripping with moisture, the pavements shining with wet and the gutters running full.

Altogether a thoroughly wretched day, and a very proper morning for lying late abed with one's pipe and the Sunday paper. So thought Wilfrid Stennis, thanking the gods for the one blessed day in seven made for tired men, when it was not necessary to turn out and hurry downtown.

It was characteristic of the desultory and fragmentary reading habits of the young man that he regularly consumed—assimilated would be too strong a word—the hybrid contents of the average Sunday sheet; News, scandals, fashionable and sporting intelligence, foreign affairs, and editorials. Religiously would he wade through every numbered section, from the "Lost-and-Found" column to the "Shipping Items."

On this particular Sunday he had pursued the usual routine, saving the "Personals" to the last, chuckling over their various gaudy baits for the unwary, and wondering if the affectionate blonde young lady with a good disposition and a ditto figure ever succeeded in meeting or catching her elusive affinity.

He had lazily made his way about half-way down the first column when he came to the following:

INFORMATION WANTED.—CONCERNING the whereabouts, if living, of Martha Meelen, formerly of Cardiff, Wales, who emigrated to the United States about 1880; or, should she have married and is now deceased, of her descendants, if any. A liberal reward will be paid on application to Carboy, Passavant & Cozine, Temple Court, New York city. Welsh papers please copy.

Wilfrid Stennis read it idly at first and with unseeing mind. Then the name "Martha Meelen" caught his truant attention, and with bated breath, pipe suspended in air, he read the thing through again, taking in every detail.

"Martha Meelen!" he ejaculated half aloud, letting the paper fall; "mother's maiden name, by all that's holy! I wonder what's up?"

He jumped out of bed, walked to the window, and took a survey of the dreary vista of Washington square and its arch, all ghostly in the fog, in order to clear his mental vision and confirm the impression that he was really wide awake. Then he picked up the paper and again read the notice all through.

"Hanged if I know what to make of it!" he exclaimed, hurrying into some clothes.

Taking the paper, and carefully creasing it at the proper place, he



Chuckling Over Their Various Gaudy Baits for the Unwary.

went across the hall, and after knocking at a certain door, unceremoniously entered without being bidden. A young fellow of about his own age was occupied precisely as Stennis had been a quarter of an hour before—their ideas of comfort on a wet Sunday evidently coinciding to a hair.

"Here, Matt, old man, read this, and tell us what you think of it," said Wilfrid.

"The 'old man,' who happened to be Stennis' junior by three or four years, took the paper handed to him and read the momentous advertisement through twice. Then, handing back the sheet:

"Well, what about it?" he said.

"The name—my mother, you know!" exclaimed Stennis; "her name was Meelen before she was married. She was from Cardiff, too, now I come to think of it!"

"The devil you say!" ejaculated Stanley Matthews, dropping a pair of pajama-clad extremities over the edge of the bed. "Read it out loud, will you?"

Wilfrid complied.

"Seems as if you were the 'descendants' right enough; guess you're the fellow they're after, Wilfrid. When are you going to surrender yourself?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Stennis testily. "What does it mean, anyhow?"

"Doesn't say anything about 'return and all will be forgiven, does it?' inquired the incorrigible Matthews.

"You go to the devil!" said the badgered Wilfrid as he flung out of the room, banging the door.

"I'll take it around and show it to Eunice," he said to himself; "it's just about time to catch her coming home from church; she'll be able to guess what it means." Which was a very sanguine estimate of the girl's powers at divining the hidden significance in a purposely blind advertisement such as that which Messrs. Carboy, Passavant & Cozine had cautiously inserted.

Naturally, Eunice was no wiser

than Wilfrid at solving the temporary mystery, but his excitement proved contagious, and with an unwonted flush in her pretty cheeks she scanned the lines over and over again.

"Oh, we can't tell what it signifies!" she at length exclaimed. "You will see these people in the morning, Wilfrid. It's of no use worrying or exciting ourselves in the meantime."

This was such an eminently sensible view of the matter that Wilfrid was fain to acquiesce. Yet this temporary shelving of the difficulty did not prevent them from recurring again and again to the fascinating topic all through the remaining hours of that momentous Sabbath.

Under the rather skillful questioning of Eunice Wilfrid recalled many half-forgotten fragments of his mother's history, but nothing that seemed to shed any light on the possible or probable motive behind the newspaper notice.

Bright and early on the ensuing Monday morning, on his way to the store, Wilfrid called at Temple Court. Of course, he was hours too early; a sulky and stupid boy was the sole representative of the majesty of the law in the quarters occupied by that eminent trio, Carboy, Passavant & Cozine of New York, Chicago and San Francisco.

So there was nothing for it but to curb his impatience and wait for the noon hour, when he would be at liberty for a brief spell.

At the second attempt he was more fortunate, and had the satisfaction of sending in his name on a slip of paper to the resident member of the firm, Mr. Horatio Passavant, with the statement that he had called in answer to the advertisement in the paper of the day before. He was immediately ushered into an inner office.

"This is a quicker nibble than we dared expect, Mr.—ah—Stennis," quoth the great man, puffing ponderously, and waving him to a seat. "May I inquire in what way you are interested?"

"I am the son of the late Martha Meelen," said Wilfrid simply.

"Ah, yes, very pertinent, of course. Glad to know you, Mr.—Stennis. But the proofs, now. In such a case as this, you see, with colossal interests at stake, we have to proceed with the utmost circumspection. You follow me, do you?"

"If by 'proofs' you mean to question that I am what I say," began Wilfrid, getting hot under the collar, "why—"

Mr. Horatio Passavant deprecatingly waved a fat hand liberally studded with rings. "In the law, young sir, every statement must be substantiated by proofs—unless it be axiomatic. You assert that you are the son of Martha—er—Stennis, born Meelen. I ask you for proofs—such as the certificate of your mother's marriage, the register of your own birth and parentage, the official evidence of your mother's death—all very simple matters in these days of carefully kept statistics, but vital, my dear sir, essentially vital."

"This old fellow likes to hear himself talk," was Wilfrid's irreverent inward comment as he listened to the deliberately well-measured periods, delivered with due oratorical effect, as though the speaker were addressing a jury. But aloud he said, with a smile:

"I haven't brought them with me, not knowing what might be required, or, indeed, what was the object of your advertisement; but all the things you speak of ought to be easily obtained. My mother was married in this city. I was born here, and here she and my father died."

"Very sensibly put—could not have presented it better myself," said Mr. Passavant soothingly, nodding his bald head like a mandarin image, thereby bringing into prominence no less than three separate and distinct double chins.

"Now, as to your mother's place of nativity: You say she was born in New York?"

"I didn't say so," Wilfrid impulsively blurted out; "she was a native of Cardiff, in Wales."

"Yes, yes, to be sure. And your father, now? Was he a Welshman?"

"My father was a New Yorker; he died when I was very young, and I can hardly remember him. Mother was a widow for over 20 years. I was her sole support nearly all that time."

"Exactly; kind and dutiful son, and all that sort of thing," commented Mr. Passavant, beaming benignly. "But had your mother no relatives to whom she could appeal for assistance?" The question was asked in the dry legal tone, as one of no special moment, the questioner absently fingering some paper on the desk before him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What is Education?

"Education," says Prof. Huxley, "is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more or less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard; and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority, or of numbers, upon the other side."

Lessons of Experience.

About all experience seems to teach some people is the fool notion that they can do it again without getting hurt.—Aitchison Globe.

No Use Putting It Off.

It is always easier to do an unpleasant thing to-day than to-morrow.

Many Countries Speak Spanish.

Spanish is the official language of 22 nations or states.

CAP and BELLS



STILL HE MISSED SOMETHING

Suburban Amateur Gardener Who Had Improved Small Estate Is Given Severe Jolt.

He was a suburban amateur gardener, whose mission in life was to bore all his friends by asking them down for week-ends, and showing them round his three-foot-by-two estate. Just now he was boring Jackson, from the office. He showed him his four rose trees; he showed him his pocket shrubbery; he showed him his half-inch fountain jet, with its little basin and pair of goldfish; he showed him his summer house, which would almost admit two persons at one and the same time.

"Never know what you can do with a bit of ground till you try!" cackled the host, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"Quite so—quite so!" returned Jackson, absently. "But I think you might improve it."

"How?" questioned the owner, between gratification and wounded pride.

"Well," replied Jackson, "why don't you take a strip off the flower bed—say, four inches wide—turf it over, and convert it into golf links?"

Giving Away a Trade Secret.

"I want you to notice that man over there."

"What's peculiar about him?"

"He's well off and he got his start as a window dresser."

"A what?"

"Don't you understand? He fixed up displays in the front windows of stores so as to attract a crowd. I've seen people almost fighting for a chance to look at them."

"That takes skill."

"Skill nothing! All he did was to put pictures of prize fighters in ring costume here and there among the exhibits."

Minus the Price.

"Do you think there is any chance of my poem appearing in your magazine?" asked the bard. "I'm without so much as a quarter in money."

"Before you told me your financial situation I thought there might be some chance of your poem appearing in our magazine," answered the hard-hearted editor, "but now I see no hope. Our advertising rates are \$5 an inch."

LOCK 'EM OUT.



Hiram Hayrick (at the country store)—I see that this here Panama canal is goin' to be a lock canal.

Jonas Meadows—That's good. Then they kin lock these darned furninners out.

Just Make.

Prospective Customer—What fish is that?"

Illiterate Fishmonger—That's 'ake, sir.

Prospective Customer—Oh, indeed. Toothache or headache?"

Illiterate Fishmonger—Neither, sir. It's 'ake all over, sir.—TIT-BITS.

Fanciest Ever.

New Boarder—Haven't you got any fancy dishes here?

Rural Landlord—Sure thing! Mame, bring the gentleman that mustache cup your grandfather used to use.—Puck.

His Whim.

English Walter—Which side of the table do you wish to sit on, sir?

American Guest—I prefer to sit on a chair.—TIT-BITS.

Physically Impossible.

"I am told that Miss Prettyface paints."

"There is no color for the charge."

A Worse Flight.

"Did your servant leave you without warning?"

"Yes; likewise without spoons."

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS THAT WILL HELP THE HOSTESS

Greetings for the New Year.
Child of eternity, child of the silence,
Fair New Year,
Wise with the wisdom ages have left thee,
Send thine ear:
Lift up the veil that covers thy features,
Strange New Year,
Rainbow a promise over the darkness,
Lest we fear,
Bury our yesterdays, foolish and empty,
Fathom a deep;
Leaving the mound unmarked, untended,
Where they sleep,
Then shall the morrows find us valiant,
Scorning fear,
Meeting thy glance with glance undaunted,
Glad New Year!

This charming welcome to the New Year was written some time ago by Ellen Burns Sherman. May we all meet this first day of 1911 with courage and confidence, forgetting all the sadness and sorrow, remembering only the joy and gladness in the days that are past.

We all need to forget, it is an art much in need of cultivation, especially in our social life. To be a gracious hostess, to keep our entertainment simple, to extend true hospitality is an end and aim worthy of all. Madame Merril's great wish is to come closer to every reader of the department, to be a real friend and a real helper in every problem that comes to puzzle either old or young, rich or poor. If cases need immediate attention, please send a self-addressed stamped envelope, otherwise questions and answers will appear in the department as soon as possible after being received; space being limited, it is often several weeks before they appear. May this New Year bring health, happiness, joy and peace to all. "God bless us, every one."

A New Year's Toast.
Here's to the old year, drink boys, drink,
Here's to the days that have fled,
Old friends, old wine, old memories;
Drink to the joys that are done.

Here's to the New Year stretching ahead,
To the days that are blithesome and gay,
May the joys of the old be the joys of the new,
Its sorrows fade gently away.

A New Year's Party.
All over the world New Year's day is a joyous season and the custom of giving presents is a most ancient one. In olden days the Romans carried gifts of dates and figs wrapped in gold leaf to their senators with small bits of money. In the time of Shakespeare there were some very odd gifts associated with New Year's day, among them, an orange stuffed with cloves, or a gilt nutmeg. Perhaps with this in mind a clever young hostess has devised this party to be given during the week. The Christmas greens will be left up as it will be before the 6th when, according to tradition, they must all be burned as will be seen in the description of the "Twelfth Night" party.

In the dining room the table is to be in yellow, with a small tree for a centerpiece trimmed with gilt tinsel and small crepe paper oranges, each one containing a small gift; in gilded walnut shells on the tree, there will be a "wish" for each guest. In fact the hostess calls it a "wish tree." The favors are to be dainty calendars, with the ice cream a "Prophecy" cake is to appear, containing a number of

small articles, like a ring, heart, wish-bone, thimble, button, coin, etc., are concealed.

Twelfth Night Party.
The 6th of January is "Twelfth Night," or "old Christmas," and offers opportunities for a party out of the usual order. In England and many places on the continent Twelfth Night was the time to hold the most elaborate masque balls.

An immense cake was always served containing a ring, and the "king" or "queen" for the evening was the guest fortunate enough to obtain it. In history we read how Mary, Queen of Scots, honored her maid, Mary Seaton, by robing her in her own royal apparel to be the "Queen of Twelfth Night."

Tradition says that on this night every vestige of Christmas green must be taken down and burned. This peace offering to witches and evil spirits assures "good luck" to the household throughout the year.

Invitations for a 6th of January party afford a chance for the pen and ink artist to show her skill; witches, bonfires with holly wreaths and Christmas trees for fuel are appropriate subjects for the cards. If there is no open fireplace for the burning of the greens, there may be a back yard even to the city apartment, where they may be burned with due ceremony.

A chafing dish supper or oyster roast, with coffee and cider, not forgetting the cake, are most suitable for Twelfth Night parties. Half the fun is to permit the guests to take down the greens from pictures and windows, even to stripping the Christmas tree of its branches. The cracking of frosted by the pine tree boughs gives a fine blaze for roasting marshmallows. Request each guest to tell a story or give a toast while his or her special armful is burning.

MADAME MERRIL

IN VOGUE

For dancing frocks for young girls the bordered chiffons or plain or flowered nets made over china silk offer splendid possibilities at a low cost.

With street suits there are invariably carried muffs. These can be of fur, of combinations of cloth and fur, entirely of cloth or velvet and of satin and lace.

Among the newest hatpins are those mounted with birds' heads, small tufts of fancy feathers, a pair of tiny outspread wings and a hundred and one other varieties.

Black velvet holds first place; then comes myrtle green; "paton," named from the grayish tan of the dog in "Chanticleer," and a soft golden brown are the favorite colors.

Frocks of velvet have been so much worn that little costumes of tweed, serge or other woollens are a trifle more novel. The divided skirt worn in Paris is certainly practical and might well be adopted for hard wear.

Striking Design



Large Black Velvet Hat, Crown of Opossum, Cluster of Dull Silver Chrysanthemums in F