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**HIS ALARMING PART.**

After It Was Explained He Assumed a New Role.

By M. M. SMITH.  
[Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

"Listen, Alice! He is at it again!" cried Tillie.  
"Well, it's no concern of ours," replied her sister, idly fingering the piano keys.  
"Oh, Alice, as if any woman deserved such treatment! We ought to inform the landlady!"  
"And have her tell us to mind our business or move," urged the wiser elder sister.  
"Just hear him browbeat her—the brute!" exclaimed Tillie, making a vehement exit.  
Rushing downstairs two steps at a time, she bolted into the apartment directly underneath the one occupied by herself and sister. At the farther end of the room stood a tall, finely formed man, coatless and with hair awry. He looked up, dazed and astonished at the unexpected entrance.  
"Pardon, one moment," he said, hastily donning his coat and smoothing his hair with his hands.  
"Where is she?" gasped Tillie, visibly embarrassed.  
"Who is it you wish to see?" he asked.  
"Your wife," was the faint reply.  
"My wife? Alas, I am not the fortunate possessor! But you are perhaps in trouble and need the counsel of a woman. Wait a moment."  
Tillie stood aghast as he left the room in haste. She heard him talking in the hall below to one of the gossip-fed women. Their voices drew nearer. Evidently he was bringing assistance. Desperately she flew to the room opposite and opened the door, which she bolted after her entrance.  
It proved to be another case of the frying pan and the fire. Comfortably ensconced in an armchair sat an old



"I PROMISE," WAS THE EARNEST RESPONSE of a man, who looked up in astonishment from his paper.  
"Where—where is Miss Rush?" asked Tillie, breathing hard.  
"Oh, the former occupant? The young lady—I presume the lady was young, judging from the hat she forgot to take with her—who gave up the rooms yesterday?"  
A knock at the door prevented further explanations. The man went to open the door, and Tillie retreated behind the screen. To her delight, she heard Miss Rush's voice.  
"Oh, Eleanor," she exclaimed, emerging from retirement, "how did you come to move yesterday? I thought tomorrow was your day to move, and I bolted right in here to this stranger's apartment."  
"Poor Tillie!" laughed her friend.  
"Please—turning to the astonished man—"I forgot my hat—one of my hats."

While he was getting the hat from the next room Tillie whispered her troubles to Miss Rush. She promptly removed her veil and long coat and gave them to Tillie, who donned them for disguise in case of an encounter with the man who had gone to summon "assistance" for her.  
The girl reached Tillie's apartments without any mishaps.  
"Well," asked Alice, looking up in amusement, "did you rescue the abused wife, or were you ordered out?"  
"Oh, Alice," was the hysterical laugh, "he hasn't any wife!"  
"Whose wife was he beating?" demanded the indignant sister.  
"He must have killed her or hidden her. I could see no one, and he thought I was in trouble and went to summon aid. He was bringing that glib-tongued Mrs. Hunt as first aid to the injured when I ducked and ran into Eleanor's room, or the room she vacated yesterday and which is now occupied by an elderly man who evidently thinks I have escaped from an asylum."

"The plot thickens! Maybe you will learn to have no ears after you have lived in apartments awhile longer."  
"I must go," said Eleanor, "and I would thank you for my coat, Tillie. I really think you should keep the veil. You will need it in your detective work."  
"I am afraid one of those men or that awful Mrs. Hunt will find you," sighed Alice.  
"Move! Tomorrow," urged Eleanor.  
"The flat next to mine is empty, and it

is a much more desirable place than this—better location, and the rent is cheaper too."

Early the next morning a moving van carried away their effects to another part of the city, and Tillie breathed more freely.

One morning a few weeks later she was invited to join a box party at one of the theaters. When the party entered the play had begun. A continued applause caused Tillie to direct her attention to the stage before taking her seat.

There was the man whose apartment she had entered in defense of his wife! For a full minute she stood gazing into his eyes. The audience noticed his attention to the party, but construed it a rebuke for their late entrance.

At the end of the act a note was handed to one of the men in the party, who immediately withdrew for a moment. When he returned he invited everybody to join him at a supper after the play. His casual remark that he had invited the young actor Reginald Montague to join them gave a thrill of mixed delight and apprehension to Tillie.

"I shall have to explain, and what can I say?" she thought.

She was the last to meet the popular young actor, who said, with a whimsical look: "Miss Monroe and I don't need an introduction. We have met before."

So it naturally happened that Tillie was left to his charge en route to the supper.

"Miss Monroe," he began the dreaded interview, "will you not tell me why you appealed to me for aid and then vanished in so mysterious a manner? I have haunted the halls of the apartment since that night for one more glimpse of you, and I have looked my audiences over every night, hoping to see you. I brought one of the lodgers up to my room, but you were gone. We looked everywhere, and I believe she thinks the incident a delusion of my senses."

"I—well, you see, I lived there then. I had the apartment over yours."

"And you have been so near all these weeks?"

"Oh, no! We moved the next day. Alice was so ashamed of my actions!"

"But where did you vanish that time, and why?"

"I—went into another room—without knocking, as I did at your room—only I thought it was a friend's room—or had been, and there was another strange man!"

He looked bewildered.  
"Oh," he said, after a moment, "you mistook my room for some one else's? I remember you asked for my wife."

"Oh," groaned Tillie, "I might as well make a clean breast of it. For two nights I had heard you talking so loud and in such an angry voice, and then I heard sounds—well, to be honest, Sister Alice and I thought you were abusing your wife, and I couldn't stand it. I flew to her aid—and, well—I will never do it again!"

His mirth was unrestrained.  
"I was rehearsing my part. I must have made more of a bit than I intended. But I think it was sweet of you to dare a rescue. But why didn't you explain?"

"You went for that awful woman, and so we moved early the next morning. Oh, if I had only known who you were I should have so enjoyed listening to the rehearsals!"

"I have a new play," he said, "not a tragic part like that one, but the part of a lover. May I come and rehearse to you?"

"Our walls are very thin," said Tillie ruefully.

"But my part calls for a low, soft tone. May I?"

"If you will never tell of my mistake."

"I promise," was the earnest response.

**Not a Success.**

The experiment was not a success. Frequently she had complained that he was not as he used to be, that his love seemed to have grown cold and that he was too prosaic and matter of fact. So when he found one of his old love letters to her he took it with him the next time he was called away from the city, made a copy of it and mailed it to her.

"John Henry," she exclaimed when he returned, "you're the biggest fool that ever lived. I believe you have softening of the brain. What did you mean by sending me that trash?"

"Trash, my dear!" he expostulated.

"Yes, trash—just sickly, sentimental nonsense."

"That isn't how you described it when I first wrote it and sent it to you," he protested. "You said then it was the dearest, sweetest letter ever written, and you insist now that I have changed and you haven't. I thought I would try to—"

"Well, you didn't succeed," she interrupted, and she was mad for two days.

Sometimes it is mighty difficult to please a woman.—Chicago Post.

**The Penalty of Folly.**

Methuselah, Jarah, Lamech and the others had gone to the old settlers' reunion near Ararat. It was Methuselah's nine hundredth birthday, and he capered around like a kitten, throwing balls of ephir wood at the rag dolls, taking chances in the grab bag conducted by the Canaan church and acting a perfect hog about the pink lemonade barrel and the candied popcorn stand.

"Better be careful, Meth," Lamech warned him. "You'll overdo yourself, old man."

But the ancient cutup paid no heed and proceeded to ride on the merry-go-round with a woman of the Tubalites.

Alas, how fondly foolish is age! In sixty-nine fleeting years the old man was dead.—Puck.

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