When Love Grows Cold

By H. M. EGBERT

"O dear, I wish I had a home!" sighed pretty little Mrs. Garrett, standing disconsolately in the center of her little room in the Grand National hotel at Louisport.

There were four trunks in the little room, and Doris, the little girl, was seated forlornly upon the top of the pile, staring as disconsolately as her mother at the crowded cubic feet which were to be their home for the next few days.

A knock at the door; an elderly lady and a younger one, verging upon middle age, entered.

"Well, Molly, home again!" remarked the young one with unpleasant emphasis in her tones.

"Yes," sighed Molly Garrett.

"And John off again, as usual, I suppose?"

"Kansas City!" said Molly, almost weeping.

"Well, you'd better come to us until he returns," said the elder woman, who was her stepmother. "I don't know why my house should be upset in this way with your comings and goings, but since you would marry a traveling man I'll have to bear with it."

Little Mrs. Carrett began to cry. She was completely under the thumb of her stepmother and stepsister, Amelia. She had never had much independence of will; perhaps that was why she had married a drummer during her stepmother's absence. She knew that her family did not look with favor upon John Garrett.

For the past seven years they had lived mainly in hotels. John, who was fond of his wife, had taken her everywhere with him. The little girl was born in a hotel in Missouri. She had been baptized in Omaha, and her education, which had been begun in Milwaukee, was to be continued in Louisport, Mrs. Garrett's home city. That was why John had brought his wife and daughter there three hours before, bidden them a hasty farewell, and started for Kansas City with a heavy heart. He was so inconsequential; he thought that so long as he paid the bills it didn't matter where his wife lived.

Established in her stepmother's home as a paying guest, little Mrs.

"My What?" Cried Molly.

Garrett listened to a daily tirade against her husband.

"It isn't any life to ask a woman to share," declared her stepmother. "Molly, I warned you not to marry that man. Who knows what he's doing when he's away from you? Those salesmen are a bad lot."

Little Molly Garrett began to cry again. She loved John dearly, but she was easily upset and rendered miserable, and the suggestion worked upon her mind.

Two weeks later John Garrett popped into his stepmother's house, breezy, jolly, stout, rubicund and middle aged. The women received him coldly. They did not like that type of man. They moved in the best circles of the limited society of Louisport and looked down on John.

Molly, back for the first time in two or three years, began to renew acquaintance with the fashionable folks of her home town. After John's departure she felt an unaccustomed sense of relief. She perceived what the years of travel had made her forget. John was not exactly a gentleman. His boisterous, good-natured manners, his effuse friendliness were singularly at variance with the calm repose of Louisport's four hundred. All her old friends had married and were doing well. She looked at their comfortable little homes, and a sense of bitterness began to stir in her heart.

And Sayles, her old sweetheart, was still unmarried. He was manager of the local bank now, and was reputed to have been slated for the command of the metropolitan head office. He had an automobile and often took Molly out driving. Her stepmother, who hated John with a cold, implacable hatred, seemed to approve of this friendly interest on Sayles' part, as did her stepsister.

"Mamma," said the little girl one afternoon, "is Mr. Sayles going to be my new papa?"

Molly, startled at the childish query, turned upon the little girl sharply.

"What nonsense!" she exclaimed. "Why do you ask me such a thing?"

"Because," answered the child, "I heard stepmother talking with the ladies at the tea yesterday about your divorce."

"My what?" cried Molly.

"Isn't that the right word, mamma? They said you were going to get a divorce and that Mr. Sayles was going to be my new papa. And I won't have him," she continued, stamping her little foot. "I want my old papa."

Molly looked at her aghast. But before she had time to collect her wits Mr. Sayles drove up in his automobile and the two went out along the streets and into the country.

Sayles turned and saw that Molly was crying into her handkerchief.

"Why, Mrs. Garrett!" he exclaimed. "What is the matter?"

That was too much for Molly. She felt that she had always been neglected and misunderstood. She told him the child's remarks. Sayles listened, and, when she had ended, he put his arm about her and drew her head down upon his shoulder.

"I guess the child had about the hang of it, didn't she, Molly?" he asked.

"You mean—"

"Why, dear, everybody knows that John Garrett isn't worthy to blacken your shoes. You've had a miserable life since you married him, and—and I've always loved you, Molly. Now let me tell you something. I have a chance to open a branch of the firm out West. It isn't as good as something else I have my eye on, but I can wait six months while you're getting the legal preliminaries settled. Come out with me, and you can get the divorce afterward."

He took her in his arms, and Molly frankly abandoned herself to this new love that had come into her heart.

She was to tell her family that John had sent for her to Kansas City. They would never know. Then she was to slip off to New York and meet Sayles there. There was only a week of waiting before he could wind up his affairs. But on the fifth day Doris developed a feverish cold, on the sixth she was down with pneumonia, and on the seventh she was apparently dying.

"I want my papa!" moaned the little girl as she fought for breath.

Molly telegraphed for John. Sayles was a constant visitor at the house. When Doris' illness developed into pneumonia he seemed like a man distracted. He could not bear the thought of postponement. He came into the sickroom and stood looking at Doris, who was delirious.

"Molly, is this—going to keep us apart?" he asked.

"Oh, I can't leave her now," Molly answered.

"But why not?" the man persisted. "You can do no good and you are only wearing yourself out. Your stepmother will take care of the child, and after she is well she can come on to us."

Molly looked dully at him. Her heart was torn between love of the child, newly awakened in her, and Sayles. She did not think at all of the man who just then came into the sickroom—John.

He sat down at the bedside and took Doris' hand in his. The child knew him, she smiled at him. Presently she was fast asleep. For hours John Garrett sat at her side, holding the hot little hand in his, and never stirred. His presence seemed to infuse a new atmosphere into the room.

Sayles had gone long ago. Molly sat upon the other side of the bed. The presence of John always awakened in her heart sentiments that she was incapable of analyzing. Dimly she felt that John was a good man, in spite of his vulgarity, in spite of his noisiness. She was thinking now as she had never thought before.

She saw herself again, with the tyrannous stepmother who had taken the place of her own mother, now only a dim figure in the mists of her childhood. She saw how the two women had always tyrannized over her, how she had been a pliant tool in their supple hands. She remembered her courtship, how John had taken her away, their honeymoon together, the long years before her stepmother had forgiven her. Would John have acted as Sayles had done? Molly felt instinctively that she could not picture John in such a role, and her heart went out to him in a sudden outpouring of love.

Presently John looked up.

"Molly," he said.

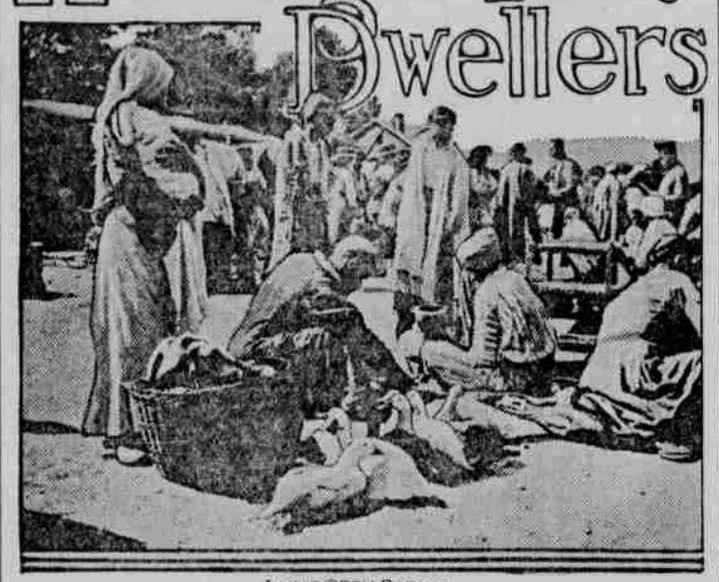
"John?"

"Pretty tired of this sort of life, aren't you? Say, I wanted to tell you some time ago, but I was waiting until things seemed more sure. Do you remember that little place down by Easton you always wished you could live in? Well, I've bought it. I'm off the road for good now—got a position in Easton at seventy-five that looks like a sticker. We'll have a home together after all, and it's all ready and furnished with that style of furniture you liked, as soon as Doris gets well."

"John!" cried his wife. "But—but—the doctor said she—"

"She wasn't going to get well? Why, of course she'll get well. She's better already. Say, do you suppose I came all the way from Kansas City to let her die?"

Among the Tent Dwellers



IN THE OPEN BAZAAR.

IN HIS travels through Asiatic Russia, the land of Cossack and Kirghiz, Stephen Graham found much of interest, and in Country Life he thus tells some of his experiences:

I issued forth from Kopal on a broad moorland road, and after several hours' upland tramping came to the Cossack village of Arazan—a typical willow-shaded settlement with irrigation streamlets rushing along the channels between the roadway and the cottages. In the pleasant coolness of five o'clock sunshine I passed out at the other end of the only street of the village and climbed up into the hills beyond. I turned a neck in the mountains, descended by little green gorges into strange valleys and climbed out of them to high ridges and cold, windswept heights. All about me grew desolate and rugged. It was touching to look back at the little collection of homes I had left—the compact little island of trees in the ocean of moorland below me and behind me—and to look forward to the pass where all seemed dreadful and forbidding in front of me. In such a view I spread my bed and slept.

Next morning, with great difficulty I collected roots and withered grass enough to boil a pot and make my morning tea. While sitting there, the large raindrops came, and they made deep black spots in the dust of the road, the lightning flashed across my knife, the thunder rolled bowlders about the mountains and I sped to a cave to avoid a drenching shower.

In a Celebrated District.

I was in a somewhat celebrated district. The Pass and Gorge of Abakum are among the sights of Seven Rivers land and are visited by Russian holiday-makers and picnickers. All the rocks are scrawled with the names of bygone visitors, and by that fact alone you know the place has a name and is accounted beautiful. When the rain ceased and I ventured out of the cave again I saw a Russian at work writing his name. He had a stick dipped in the pitch with which the axles of his cart were oiled, and the wheels of the cart were nearly off for him to get it. For the first time I saw how these intensely black scrawls were written on the rocks.

It was a pleasant noontide along the narrow road between crumbling indigo rocks and heaped debris. The stony slopes were rain-washed, the air fresh, and all along the way were dwarf rose bushes, very thorny but covered with scores of bright yellow blossoms on little red stems. The jagged highway climbed again high up—to the sky, and gave me a vision of a new land, the vast dead plain of Northern Semiretchie and of Southern Siberia. Northward to the horizon lay deserts, salt marshes and vast lakes with uninhabited shores, withered moors and wilted lowlands.

From that height, which was evidently the famous pass, I descended into the pretty gorge of Abakum. The road was steep and narrow, the cliffs on each side sheer. A little foaming stream runs down from the cliffs, over rubbish heaps of rocks, and accompanies the highways in an artificially devised channel. A strange gateway has been formed in a thin partition of rock, and through this runs the stream below and the telegraph wire overhead—there is a footway, but carts are obliged to make a detour. At this gateway I saw the first intimation of Siberia and a reflection of the American spirit. Commercial travelers had scrawled: BUY PROVODNIK GALOSHES AT OMSK and BUY INDIAN TEA AND GET RICH.

On the Road to Sarkand.

It is a green and joyous road from Abakum eastward to Sarkand, keeping to the mountain slopes and not faring forth upon the scorched plain that lies away northward. I did not repent that the cross-roads tempted me to go eastward, hugging the mountains. Long green grass waved on each side of the road, and in the grass blue larkspur and immense yellow hollyhocks. I was in the land where the Kirghiz has his summer pasture, and often I came upon whole clans that had just pitched their tents. It was a many-colored picture of camels, bulls and horses, of sheep swarming among children, of kittens playing with one another's tails, of tents whose frame-work only was as yet put up, of heaps of felt carpet on the grass, of old wooden chests and antediluvian pots and jugs of sagging leather lying promiscuously together while the new home was not made. On this road the Chinese jugglers overtook me and camped very near where I slept one night. I was amused to see the old conjurer who had juggled the steaming samovar out of thin air hunting mournfully for bits of wood and roots to make that same samovar boil in real earnest.

Next day I came to the village of Jaiman Terekti and its remarkable scenery. The River Baskau flows between extraordinary banks, great bare rocks all squared and architectural in appearance giving the impression of immense ancient fortresses over the stream. These squared and shelved rocks are characteristic of the countryside and the geological formations, and they give much grandeur to what otherwise are quiet corners.

Among the Cossacks.

Lepsinsk is what the Russians call a medvezhy ugolok, a bear's corner, a place where in winter the wolves

KIRGHIZ GRANDMOTHER

roam the main streets as if they did not distinguish it from their peculiar haunts. It is by post road 945 miles from Tashkent on the one hand and 1,040 miles from Omsk on the other—roughly, 1,000 miles from a railway station. It is high up on the mountains on the Mongolian frontier, and lives a life of its own—almost completely unaware of what is happening in Russia and in Europe—a window on to Mongolia, a local wit has called it—a ground-glass window.

Lepsinsk is a Cossack settlement. All the young men are horsemen, have to serve their term in war and are liable to military service without any exemption or exception. All Cossack families and Cossack villages are brought up on these terms. The children ride bareback as soon as they can walk and jump. The little boys get their elder brothers' uniforms cut down to wear.

I spent many hours with the Cossacks in the Lepsa valley, calling at cottages for food. A feckless folk you would call them, by the sight of their homes. The women are very lazy and go to sleep after dinner, leaving all the dirty dishes on the table for 50,000 flies to fluster around.

Next day I went deep into the desert, into a land of snakes, eagles snipe and lizards. I got my noonday meal of koumiss in a Kirghiz yurt, borrowed a horse with which to get across the difficult fords, one of black reed-grown mud, the other of swift-flowing water. All day I plowed through ankle-deep sand, and but for the fact that the sun was obscured by clouds I should have suffered much from heat. As it was, the dust and sand-laden wind was very trying. Early in the evening I resolved to stop for the day, and found shelter in one of twenty tents all pitched beside one another in a pleasant green pasture land which lay between two bends of the river—a veritable oasis.

It was a good resting place. An old man spread for me carpets and rugs and bade me sleep, and I lay down for an hour. In the meantime tea was made for me from some chips of Mongolian brick tea. The old Kirghiz took a black block of this solidified tea dust and cut it with an old razor.

After tea I went out and sat on a mound among the cattle, and watched the children drive in sheep and goats and cows, and the wives milk them all. It was a scene of gayety and beauty.

FIND HIDDEN FLAWS IN STEEL

X-Rays, It Has Been Ascertained, Have a Commercial Importance Not Hitherto Recognized.

X-rays promise to have busy use in shops in the near future, for it has lately been discovered that they will, under some conditions, detect hidden flaws in steel and other metals, says the Saturday Evening Post. An American research laboratory has already successfully applied them to this task, and the investigators are confident that, with a little more study, practical methods for daily service can be worked out.

In these times, when steel enters so much into ordinary living and a flaw in a piece of steel may cost many lives and great damage, a flaw detector is a great need. For instance, two years ago a large number of railroad wrecks were blamed on faulty rails, which had been made from steel ingots that had flaws. Steel ingots always have a flaw at the top end; so the end piece is discarded for this reason.

The question always is as to the length of the piece off the end which should be discarded in order to make sure that no flaws have been left in the block of steel to be used. The researchers are confident that the X-rays will be able to answer this question.

In the experimental case a sheet of steel half an inch thick was photographed by X-rays. The rays come in different kinds—hard and soft—and each kind has its own preference as to what material it will go through. Accordingly rays were used that would nearly go through half an inch of steel—but not quite.

The photographs of the steel sheet showed that the X-rays did go through at some spots, which indicated that there were flaws at those places. When the steel was cut through at those parts holes were found near the center—just as the X-rays had indicated.

Spring on the Farm.

Here are some marvels we saw the other day. Early in the morning myriads of stars shone in the heavens, well worth seeing once in a while. Then the stars paled, the dawn came rosy in the east, the birds awoke and began to sing. There was the robin, the dove, the song sparrow and others—truly a heavenly choir.

Before the sun had quite peered above the horizon fields the farmer and his sons were astir. Spring is here and there is much to do. With whistling and good cheer they donned their clothes—and were off to the stables to care for the horses. Smoke curled up from the kitchen chimney meanwhile, and a goodly smell of ham and eggs. Breakfast was a cheery meal, the happy housewife relating how many new chicks she had found, and sonny tells how many pails of milk he got. Corn cakes, ham, eggs, milk, coffee—surely that breakfast ought to stay a man until noon.

Then it was to the fields with teams to work. The glory of the sunlight, the feel of the soft, rich earth under one as he plows or fits the land! Meanwhile miracles are happening all around. Buds swell on trees and shrubs, and flowers burst into bloom. Truly the farm is a wonderland these days, and fortunate is he who can live and work thereon and find that happiness so often denied the town folk.—Breeder's Gazette.

According to Hoyle.

The first author of books dealing with card games was Edmund Hoyle, who died in London, aged ninety-seven, in 1770. His treatise on whist, piquet and other games of chance are still authorities, and "According to Hoyle" has become a proverb. Hoyle has been called the inventor of whist, which is an error, although he was the first to popularize the game and place it on a scientific and exact footing. Hoyle was a lawyer by profession, but he derived a good income from his books. For his treatise on whist he received $5,000, and the work was so popular that it ran through five pirated editions. Hoyle gave instructions in whist to parties of ladies and gentlemen, charging each five dollars per lesson. For some years he held an official court position in Ireland which paid him $3,000 per year. Hoyle's book on whist was first published in 1743, and its circulation since then has probably run into the millions of copies.

Belligerent Grocers.

Lord Kitchener's message, proclaimed by the secretary of the British Grocers' federation, that "the government wants more men, and among other places wants them out of grocers' shops," recalls the fact that in olden times this trade played a useful part in national defense. The Grocers' company was commanded in 1557 to furnish 60 men for "the resistance of such iniquitous attempts as may be made by foreign enemies." Further demands of the same kind were satisfied in successive years, and in 1588 the company supplied 500 men to resist the Spanish armada. Authority was granted to press men into the service, and apprentices and journeymen were called upon to leave the counter for the battlefield. Sir John Philpot, an early master of the Grocers' company, cleared the North sea of a horde of Scottish pirates by means of a fleet equipped entirely at his own cost.

Endless Demonstrations.

"Then you are not going to buy a car?"

"Why should I buy a car? Enough salesmen are after me to keep me supplied with rides all the coming summer."

GREATEST OF SPORTS

GOOD REASONS FOR THE POPULARITY OF BASEBALL.

Men Love It for the Opportunities It Gives Them to Disport in the Limelight, and Young Women Just Dote on It.

Baseball is the most dangerous game known to history. When it comes to mortality lists, baseball leaves football a lap behind in a six-furlong race on a mile track. Statisticians have figured it out that it is 430 times as destructive to human life as a Mexican revolution, and almost as deadly as Mexican chili. Annually it kills off so many aunts, uncles and grandparents that thinking people wonder how the undertakers can stand the steady work. For example, in the course of one thrilling pennant race, our office boy lost seven grandmothers.

For all that, we love baseball. Even in spite of the grand-stand humorist, we love it. It is our national game. We feel that, since this country was to give us baseball, our Revolutionary sires did not bleed and die in vain.

Men have much reason to love baseball. It gives them the chance to admire skill, speed, strength, nerve, courage and determination, and to learn the latest slang and most peppful repartee. It gives them the chance to boldly abuse and insult other men without fear of consequences and to exhibit their wit before large crowds. It gives them the chance to set up real heroes and bow down to them. Statesmen are corrupt, generals fight from their tents, literary lions are pale, weak bodies. But baseball heroes are real heroes. And it—baseball—also gives men the opportunity to be as loud and silly and joyously unrepressed as they want to be, without being laughed at.

Young women like baseball, too, and some of them understand it remarkably well. Some of them are said to know the difference between the pitcher and the umpire. There is a legend that once there was a young woman who could watch a whole game without asking: "What are they doing now?" and tell which side won at the end. But that is believed to have been written by Grimm. Young women do not care so much for baseball if they have to buy their own tickets. But if you suggest taking one, she just dotes on the game. A woman always gets some enjoyment out of seeing her escort spend money for her, no matter what it is for.

It is not always wise to take a young woman to the ball game, no matter how she dotes on it. She may not notice the difference when they stop batting up flies and begin the game. She may think the pitcher and catcher are playing against each other, and complain because one of them does not quit and give that cute fellow with such a jaunty air a turn. She may mistake the catcher's breast protector for a porous plaster. But she will notice, with an ever-growing admiration, the grace, sureness and swiftness of the well-conditioned men on the field. After which she is likely to size you up and decide you won't do.

A lot of fine points about health, happiness and success might be gained from baseball—if most of us weren't so good at muffing them.—Judge.

A Queen's Sympathy.

A kindly little act that shows something of the quick wit and ready sympathy of Queen Helena of Italy is recorded by Touche a Tout. Some years ago the coral fishers of Torre del Greco, near Naples, were in hard straits. The value of coral had fallen so low that they were no longer able to find purchasers for their harvest. At last in their despair they besought the queen to come to their aid.

At the first great court ball that was held that year at the Quirinal, the queen, to the surprise of all beholders, wore about her neck a collar composed of six rows of coral instead of her superb collar of pearls, and her black hair was crowned with a diadem of coral and brilliants. From that evening the mode changed. Old coral ornaments that had been hidden away for years and years were again displayed at the jewelers', and were snapped up by eager purchasers. Queen Helena's object was attained, and that court ball marked the beginning of more prosperous days for the coral fishers of Torre del Greco.

Boudoir Scenes.

Had I a young daughter, and did I wish to pick out those pieces which I deemed eminently safe, proper and fitting for her to see, I should make it a regular practice to recommend to her only such plays as had at least one of their acts laid in a bedroom. When the curtain goes up on an American play or on a foreign play adapted for the American stage, and reveals a lady's boudoir, one may be quite certain that nothing will happen that a very young girl should not see—particularly if the time of the action is night. On the American stage a lady's bedroom may be described as a room in which the audience sleeps.—George Jean Nathan, in Smart Set.

Confident Prediction.

"So you honestly think you have the smartest boy on earth."

"Maybe he isn't yet; but he will be if he keeps on making me answer all the questions he can think up."