

Night and Dawning

By H. M. EGBERT

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"I don't know what to do with myself," sighed Ronald Cray, leaning out of the back window of his bachelor apartment and surveying the gloomy flats around him. Two months before he had been summoned home from New Mexico, where his power dam had made him famous, to take charge of the engineering department of his company at headquarters. His salary was ample, he had wealth, he was only twenty-five; yet he had managed to make no acquaintances in the big city.

A free life in the West had made him different from the average city-bred young man; he thought the metropolis stiff and its people devoid of interest.

Suddenly, as he leaned out, surveying the huge buildings and speculating how many thousand lives ran on in them, a light sprang into being in the building opposite, on the fifth floor, on a level with his. Behind a drawn shade he saw the silhouette of a man.

He was stooping over a table and, as Cray watched, he saw the shadow of a woman behind him. Suddenly her hand plunged downward. The elongated object in it looked like a poniard. It struck the man in the side of the neck and he rolled over.

The woman stood looking at him for a moment; then, with a gesture of triumph, she flung the poniard out of the window, raising the shade a little. Cray heard a metallic tinkle in the court below. Then followed darkness.

He leaned out, ascended at what he had seen and hardly believing it real. How long he waited he did not know. Suddenly his bell rang.

He went out into the passage and saw, standing outside the door, one of the most beautiful women whom he had ever met. She was twenty-three or four. Her eyes gleamed with feverish intensity, her hair was disheveled and her hands were red.

"Save me! Hide me! Help me!" she pleaded.

Cray did not hesitate an instant. He pulled her through the doorway and led her to the bathroom. He filled the



Saw the Shadow of a Woman Behind Him.

basin and washed her hands, drying them on a towel afterward. Then he took her into his spare room.

"You're quite safe here," he said in a low voice. "Nobody saw you come in. You can stay as long as you want to."

She crouched in a corner, glaring at him like a hunted beast. He hesitated, then he closed and bolted the window and withdrew, leaving the door open.

For half an hour he waited, fearing that he would hear the bolt snap, that she would try to plunge down into the court below. But hardly a sound came from the room. When at last he returned she was lying on the floor asleep.

He placed her on the couch and she did not awaken. Her sleep was of profound exhaustion. All night Cray sat up, waiting. Sometimes he stole in to look at her, but she never stirred. It was not till the sun was well up that he heard her moving.

She came forward unsteadily and looked in at him as he sat by the window.

"Where am I?" she cried. "Who are you?"

Cray rose and took her by the hands. "I am a friend," he answered. "You are safe here—safe to come or to go."

She burst into hysterical sobbing. When at last he had quieted her the girl told Cray her story.

She had met a man in her home in Virginia, three months before. He had asked her to be his wife. Her parents mistrusted him; she followed him stealthily, to learn too late that all that had been said about him was true. He was a gambler, a swindler. She remembered those three months with loathing. Her horror of him had grown. He had deceived her with a mock ceremony led to her—at last she had learned that he had a wife already.

She had written home, but her letters were returned unanswered. She had nowhere to turn, she was ignorant of any trade, and the man held her by his lying promises. He had almost got her divorce, he said; he loved her; for her sake he would reform, if only she would trust him.

She had waited for him the evening before; then there was a dreadful blank in her mind, and she had recovered to find herself standing over the body. And she had fled wildly for shelter.

Cray parted her hands. "You stay with me until the trouble blows over,"

he said. "I want a housekeeper. You will be quite safe here. I shall let it be known that you answered an advertisement. When all is ready I will help you to a new life. You trust me?"

She looked at him helplessly. "I am so ignorant," she wept. "I must trust you. I have nobody else."

"You will not regret it," said Cray. And he knew the girl was safe there. Nobody came to call at his little apartment.

The murder occupied two columns of his morning paper, but the only clue was that afforded by a negro janitor, who had seen a woman ascending the steps a few minutes before the tragedy. And he stated that her hair was fair. The unknown woman's was ebony dark. Cray felt safe.

The poniard was found, but gave no clue. And gradually the interest waned. Nobody knew the murdered man, who had very good reasons for disguising his identity.

As the days passed Helen Ware came to trust Cray absolutely. She cooked for him, mended his clothes, resolutely refused to take the money that he pressed upon her. "I can never forget what I owe you," she would say. But sometimes there would be spells of weeping. "I did not mean to kill him," the girl would moan. "I do not remember anything, except sitting at home waiting for him with bitterness of heart; then I heard him come in and went to him—and I was standing over him with the dagger in my hands."

"You don't recall the dagger?"

"Yes. It was a curio of his; some friend from a savage country had given it to him. I must have snatched it from the wall and stabbed him."

As the weeks turned into months, Cray found himself torn between two impulses. He wanted to let the girl go to some scene where she would be able to take up her life anew. And yet—he knew that he loved her. Her helplessness, her charm, the bond between them had created an intimacy that was infinitely sweet. He had been offered a new position in the West. One night he took his courage in his hands and asked her to be his wife and go with him where all memory of the past could be forgotten.

He knew by her looks that she loved him. But she would not.

"It is your pity for me, Ronald, not love," she said, sighing. "I love you, but I can never be your wife so long as this curse of blood lies on me."

"You acted rightly," he cried hotly. "No jury would have convicted you. Helen, dearest, forget it and come with me."

"I cannot," she answered sadly. "I must leave you, and you must forget."

But on the next day something happened which drove all thoughts of parting from her head. The wife of the murdered man was arrested charged with the crime.

It was known that she had been in the city that day. She had threatened him, the negro janitor identified her as the woman he had seen near the apartment house. And Ronald and Helen watched the unfolding of the grim trial with dismay.

On the evening before the last day Helen spoke to Ronald about what lay uppermost in her mind.

"I cannot let that woman be convicted," she said. "I must go down to the court and offer my confession."

Ronald could not dissuade her. He knew that it was the only possible thing.

And all day they sat in the dreary courtroom listening to the intolerably long summing up. The jury had at last retired. Ronald had persuaded Helen not to speak unless the verdict was "guilty."

It was hours before the jury returned. A murmur spread through the courtroom. The face of the foreman was deadly white. He trembled and looked away from the prisoner's straining eyes. There could be no doubt what the verdict was.

Suddenly Helen sprang to her feet. Ronald rose and kept his arm about her. She faced the prisoner and stretched out her hand.

But before a word could leave her lips the woman in the dock uttered a shriek and recoiled, clutching at the air.

"Yes, I am guilty," she cried. "He lied to me, deceived me. I learned that he was supporting another woman, who was passing as his wife. I dogged him to his home. I entered after him. I saw him in the hallway, and over his head a dagger hung. It seemed placed there for me. I struck him—and then the other woman came out—and she stands there!"

And she collapsed unconscious upon the floor.

Helen fell into Ronald's arms.

"It is true! It is true!" she cried. "I remember everything!"

The verdict of "manslaughter" was further eased by a mercifully light sentence, and, with the obstacle to their marriage removed, Ronald and Helen went West, where they started upon their new life together.

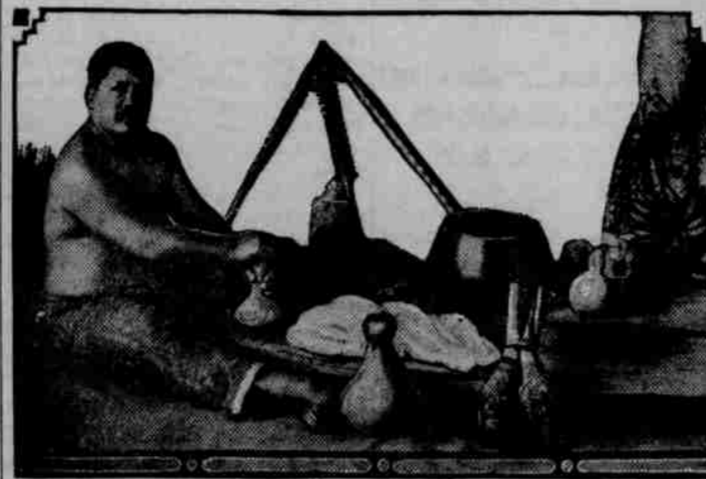
Plants Must Have Light.

The blossoms of many plants open or close with the coming or the departure of daylight, and all vegetable growths quickly lose their color, if not their lives, if deprived of light. The sensitive plant is a popular example of "nerves." A tap on its stem is sufficient to cause it instantly to wilt, the leaves falling limp as if withered. Concerning the remarkable sensitiveness of plants to light Professor Ganong says: "Evidently some such structures advance pretty far in the direction of the special sense organs of animals, such as eyes."

Statistics as to Twins.

Take 900 average babies. There will be ten pairs of twins among them. This proportion holds true in the United States and England. In Italy or Brazil the proportion would be much less. For some reason that nobody knows, infants in duplicate are not nearly so common in warm latitudes as in cold countries. Relatively to population, twins come into the world in Russia three times as often as in Spain.

Dying Hawaiian Race



MAKIU POI

IT IS announced that the territorial government of Hawaii will restore to their former grandeur the ancient temples upon the islands.

Several impressive examples of these twelfth century edifices are said to be in such a state of preservation that work upon them may be undertaken with certainty as to the correctness of the restoration. The Mookiul temple, one of the most striking, is described as having walls aggregating over 800 feet, with a breadth of eight feet and a height of 20 feet.

The Hawaiians are an interesting people doomed, seemingly, to early extinction as a result of their contact with the invading and appropriating white man who brought them, along with the consolations of his religion, decimating disease, devastating vices—to which the Kanakas took like ducks to water—and advice upon the importance of abstinence and six days work a week which has been neglected by the natives, as it is usually in balmy climes.

Primitive Conditions Changed. The Hawaiians, when their Eden was discovered, were as a race wholly unconventional, in the sense in which the term is used against what agitators of a sort term the narrow-mindedness of the conventions

of the feathery tropical birds of resplendent plumage, somewhat outdoing in effulgence the rajahs and sultans of "Ormus and of Ind;" a people who bulled majestic temples to obscure insular gods; a people whose sons were warriors and whose daughters were the mothers of many warriors' sons until white men came to tell them that their way of life was wholly wrong, that their moral character was atrocious, and taught them a better way of life which proved to be racial death, make an interesting study. It is interesting at least to persons who are not of "missionary families" resident in Hawaii and under an everlasting moral obligation to vindicate the white man's occupancy of the sugar lands.

The restoration of their ancient temples would be commendable. It would give Hawaii an added attraction for tourists. That is a matter in which the Honolulu promotion committee cannot fail to be interested.

Not Neutral. Patriotic Belligerent—How are you going to describe and comment on this affair?

Press Writer—I am going to tell all important facts and put the blame where it belongs.

Patriotic Belligerent—There; I knew all the time that you were bitterly prejudiced against us!—Longville Leader.

his imagination; it was his kind of picturesqueness.

Through the Solid Rock.

Ogden canyon, a deep cleft through the towering Wasatch mountains, overlooking the Great Salt Lake, is one of nature's show places, cut in the solid rock by the rushing water, from prehistoric times, carrying quantities of sand and gravel which simply filled out the present wonderful canyon. Ogden river was flowing west along its present course before the lofty Wasatch mountains came into existence. The raising of the mountains went on slowly for ages, so slowly that the river kept its place by cutting down its ever-rising bed. In no other way can scientists rationally account for a river rising on one side of the range and flowing directly across it.

What Bothered Jay. Abner—Well, Jay, how d'ye like it up 't the city? Jay—Aw, it was all right enough most ways, but what bothered me most was tryin' to look at everybody I met on the street."

FAVORITE WORK OF AUTHOR

"Treasure Island," Stevenson Himself Said, "Seemed to Me Like My Right Eye."

Stevenson's "Treasure Island" has been chosen by Louis Brand for this year's contribution to his illustrated edition of children's classics. It has been dramatized for the Broadway stage, relates the New York Telegram.

All this recalls what Stevenson himself thought of his famous story. "It seemed to me," he said, "as original as sin; it seemed to me like my right eye."

He relates how he read it aloud to his own father, who "caught fire at once with all the romance and childishness of his original nature."

"His stories, that every night of his life he put himself to sleep with, dealt perpetually with ships, roadside tuns, robbers, old sailors and commercial travelers before the era of steam."

"He never finished one of these romances; the lucky man did not require to! But in "Treasure Island" he recognized something kindred to

NELLIE MANAGES

By JANE OSBORN.

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It was closing time at Henri's hair-dressing establishment and Blanche and Sadie, the youngest and most pliant of those who wielded curling irons and hairbrushes for Monsieur Henri, were getting ready to leave for the day. Blanche was pulling on her gloves, while Sadie was putting the last dab of powder on her small nose.

"Henri would be furious if he saw how we are leaving things," Blanche laughed, looking around at the blue and gray interior of the hairdressing booth. "Maybe we ought to stop to straighten things up. Only I did want to get home by half-past six. I'm going out tonight."

"So'm I," confided Sadie, turning her back on the irons and combs left out of place and following Blanche out of the booth to the hall. "Never mind, Miss Nellie will fix up for us."

"She doesn't care when she gets home," Sadie consoled herself and her companion. "If she were young it would be different. When a girl's got a fellow it's different. Then she has to quit on time."

Miss Nellie—whose matronly build at thirty made her seem to Blanche and Sadie somewhere in the middle-aged class, and, of course, much too old for beaux—too old, in fact, to object to staying in the shop to clear up after they had gone home—happened to overhear this last remark.

Miss Nellie was a blonde, and extremely capable. She had been in Henri's employ for over ten years, ever since she had come to him, timid, inexperienced and slender, as an underpaid apprentice, to learn the trade.

Exacting customers never forgot her. To the fastidious among Henri's clientele she was famed for "the best wave in town." If you were dressing for an informal dinner at home or a reception where you would not remove your hat, you were content to have Blanche or Sadie or one of the others attend you. If you were going to be married, about to make your debut, were dressing for the ambassador's ball, or expected to make a conquest, you insisted on having Miss Nellie. And usually you all had to telephone ahead of time to get her, so full was her date book.

In return for her superior service Miss Nellie received a few more dollars a week than Sadie or Blanche and—what counted to Miss Nellie for considerably more—she was known by Monsieur Henri not as simple Nellie, but as Miss Nellie, and customers, realizing her importance, never left out the respectful prefix.

"When a girl's got a fellow it's different," she repeated rather regretfully, as she went into the booth to restore order out of chaos, to replace irons and brushes and pomades and tonics.

About that time Monsieur Henri was balancing his books in the front office. He was a Van Dyke-bearded, slender Frenchman of about thirty-five, with a dignity and grave consciousness in his manner which customers also remembered. Except for the cloying odor of pomades and restorers, he might have passed as a secretary at the French embassy.

The telephone rang and monsieur dropped his pen, with a weary sigh of the shoulder.

"Good evening, madame." In spite of a dozen years in America he had never lost the crispness of his original accent. "Yes, madame. He listened for a few moments. "Will no one do but Miss Nellie? . . . Yes, madame . . . She is promised for half-past six in your hotel, madame . . . Yes, madame, I will see that she comes to you at a little after seven. Thank you, madame."

It was always that way. Customers would have Miss Nellie or no one, Henri would have gone himself in order to spare her. He knew that in spite of her cheerful smile and, in spite of the goodly proportion of the arms and hands that wielded the irons she must sometimes be very tired.

"She is wonderful," Henri murmured to himself, and went back to his ledger.

In a few minutes Miss Nellie came into the office, the setting to rights in the booth having been accomplished.

Henri began with an apologetic smile. "There is yet another date for tonight. Mrs. Vandervere's apartment in the same hotel as soon as you can finish with the first customer. I am sorry that it should always be you, Miss Nellie. But customers will have no one else."

Usually Miss Nellie would have replied with a smile. She would have told Henri that she was glad to go, that customers always tipped better after lights were on and that it was better to work than to get home to bed. But this night she merely passed Henri with a weary smile.

Henri had come to regard Miss Nellie's smile as a fixture. It was like the church bells that rang at six o'clock or the weekly receipt of the French paper from home—something pleasant that he took for granted. And he didn't realize till it was withdrawn how much it meant to him. Henri did not sleep at all well that night, and started to work the next day weary from the start. He watched Miss Nellie pass through the outer office to the booths beyond.

"She is wonderful, that woman. Such a wave!" And as he watched her retreating figure he realized better than he had ever realized before that there was something comely in Miss Nellie's thirty-year-old plumpness. I had thought some time, he mused to himself. "But a man has no time for such things nowadays. It is work, work, work."

That night when Miss Nellie passed through the office she paused briefly at Henri's desk and in the most matter-of-fact way imaginable told Henri that she had had a chance to go to the hairdressing establishment of Monsieur Alfonso across the way at an advance of a few dollars a week to salary. She intended to accept the

offer. Henri was staggered. He merely asked her to return in the morning to see what he could do. That night he made a careful study of the books, and in the morning when Nellie came he told her that he would equal his rival's offer in order to keep her in his employ. But the next evening at closing time Miss Nellie again came to him and told him that the rival had added a dollar to his offer. It was purely a business consideration, of course. She would go wherever she could make the most money. Henri spent another evening studying his books, and the next morning he matched his rival.

Then Miss Nellie came again to Henri. "He has done better still," she said. "He has offered me commissions for all the trade I bring."

Henri was pale. "But do you not see, Miss Nellie," he said, "that all you have I have given you? The customers—have you not got them in my employ? That wave of yours—did I not teach it to you?"

"Yes," Nellie admitted. "But they are my customers. They come because I am here. They will follow me if I go to Alfonso. I have given you much in return. Well, monsieur, I have given you all my life since I was twenty. I have given up having a good time like other girls. I never had young men like Blanche and Sadie. I could have had them if I had wanted to . . . But somehow I just put all these in me into the business. And it is all business. Now I shall do as well for myself as I can." Miss Nellie did not look at Henri as she spoke. He was speechless.

As she passed out of the office that night the little Frenchman's eyes followed her with an entreating, helpless look.

"She is very wonderful," he said to himself. "I do not blame her. Still—I must have her back. Without her I cannot carry on the business—I cannot be happy." Then Henri spent another night over his books—planning, meditating, pondering.

The next morning Henri arrived at Miss Nellie's small apartment before she was out for the day. She was pulling on her gloves in the front hall and he asked her permission to start out with her. They sat on a park bench near Henri's shop and talked so low that no one passing would have heard them.

"Miss Nellie, I have but one way of hoping," he began. "I thought it all out last night. What is my business without you? Nothing. I know now—this with a shrug of the shoulder—that life is nothing without your smile, too. But we will talk business first. For those first years that you were with me I perhaps had plans that I did not tell you. But then it was all business. We worked hard, and little by little there were profits. You know my ambition, to go back to that beautiful south of France where I was born, where one lives among the grapevines and the blue skies. That is why I saved no."

"But I must keep you. I need you, Miss Nellie. Even if I did not have you in my shop, I shall not let Alfonso have you. I shall second and closed his eyes for a second. "That would be impossible. So I shall ask what my rival did not ask you. I will ask you to marry me, to be Madame Henri. That is the business part of it. After that I will tell you, Miss Nellie, how much trouble I have been feeling that you no longer cared for me."

Nellie had interspersed Henri's speech with the little remarks and gestures that made him know that she accepted his proposition, and they both sat silently, happily, looking down at the gravel path in front of the park bench.

"Henri, I didn't want to leave you," Nellie explained, "but I heard two of the girls saying one night that I didn't have anything to do but work it sort of hurt my feelings, Henri. I'd always thought too much of you to want to go around with anyone else. So I got to thinking whether it was fair for them to talk the way they did. I wanted them to know I wasn't such a fool. I had to show them. So—well, maybe I hoped you'd ask me to marry you, Henri. Maybe that is why I went over to Alfonso and got him to make me an offer. A man needs a jolt sometimes, you know."

Domestic Strategy. "Although a small woman, Mrs. Twobble finds no difficulty in making Mr. Twobble toe the mark."

"That's because she's clever."

"How so?"

"She keeps Twobble guessing as to the exact location of the mark, and half the time he toes it unconsciously."

Light Charge. "Yes, mum," said the ragged visitor. "I'm travelin' fur me heat."

"You don't look sickly," replied the housewife.

"I'm just a shell, mum. Just a shell."

"Ahem! Well, I'm afraid I can't load you this morning. Here's a biscuit."

Real Art. "Miss Sereleaf wore a rapt expression all through the play."

"I don't see why she was so interested."

"My friend, any woman who is getting on in years is naturally fascinated by the sight of an actress of fifty-seven summers successfully portraying a girl of nineteen."

One Man's Wisdom. Singleton—Did you ever get stuck on a counterfeiter bill?

Wederly—No. When I get hold of one I leave it in my pocket and my wife appropriates it.

Something in That. "Why do you not enter your baby in the better babies contest?"

"We prefer to keep him out and to always believe that he would have taken first prize."

Higher Taste. "My husband is so literary!" exclaimed Mrs. Nurich.

"Really?"

"Yes. He always calling up his quotations."

CAP and BELLS



EVEN THE GRAY WAS TOUGH

Man Who Bought Piece of Steak Is Shown by Butcher Where He Has Nothing to Kick About.

William Alden Smith of Michigan, replied in the course of a dispute: "Everything goes by comparison. The man, for instance, who thinks his own condition almost unendurable has only to look about him to find some other man who is far worse. Take the case of one customer and his butcher."

"Say," said the customer, "that last piece of steak I bought of you must have come from a steer old enough to vote."

"Was it tough?" the man reiterated. "Well, I should say it was. I could scarcely cut it."

"Oh, is that all? Well, you should have heard Riley kicking a day or two ago. He bought a piece over to the new market, and he said it was so tough he couldn't get his fork into the gravy."

A Friendly Tip. "You will be rich and famous some day," said the fortune teller.

"That's queer," replied the client. "I'm only a shopgirl. How can I ever become rich and famous?"

"The future is not clear on that point," answered the seeress, "but—hum—the movies offer great opportunities nowadays to young women who have nothing to recommend them but good looks."

By Contrast. "It's a good idea to read a little poetry every day to offset the hard realities of life."

"No doubt. What are you reading now?"

"Dante's 'Inferno.'"

"Hum! I shouldn't call that a cheerful work."

"Maybe not, but life looks pretty good to me after reading Dante's description of a possible hereafter."

Modest Disclaimer. "The minute I walked in here I knew you were a man of culture," said the visitor.

"Why so?" asked the pleased millionaire.

"Look at all the books about you!"

"Yes. They are pretty, but you mustn't give me too much credit."

"No!"

"The color scheme is my wife's."

Distributing the Cake. "The bride couldn't cut the wedding cake with her husband's saber, as is customary in army circles. Cake was too hard."

"What did they do?"

"They managed to carry out the military idea. Blew it up with a shell."

IT STILL HAPPENS.

"Not so very many years ago it was a common thing for men to be arrested for debt."

"Even now they're often pinched for money."

Gastronomic Genius. Grinne—He is the most eccentric genius I ever met.

Barret—Artist?

Grinne—No; he writes cooking recipes for the woman's page.—Youngstown Telegram.

Cause and Effect. Heiny—Do you think a person's diet has anything to do with his feelings?

Parker—Sometimes. I ate deviled crabs last night and today I feel like a resident of Hades.

He Was All In. Gayboy—Why didn't you make a speech at the club dinner last night when they called on you?

Highball—I couldn't, old man. I was full for utterance!

For Rough Weather. "I think I've got a winner in ladies' football."

"What is it?"

"I'm working on a scheme to put chiffon around the tops of overboots."

A Friend in Need. "Yes," growled the mail carrier, "I am a man of letters."

"Just the chap I'm looking for," said the stamp clerk. "Lend me a 'V' till next week, will you?"