

# The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion  
in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

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## SYNOPSIS.

Sylvia Omney, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds, has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. In Captain Sower's room Farquhar forces Sower to have Preston's I. O. U's returned to him. Farquhar is helped to his rooms by Gabrielle Smith, Sower demands an apology. Refused, he forces Farquhar to resign his commission in return for possession of Farquhar's father's written confession that he had murdered Sower's father. Gabrielle saves Farquhar from suicide. To shield Arnaud Sylvia's fiancé, Farquhar professes to have stolen war plans and tells the real culprit why he did so. As Richard Nameless joins the Foreign Legion and sees Sylvia, now Mme. Arnaud, meet Colonel Destin, Farquhar meets Sylvia and Gabrielle, and learns from Corporal Goetz of the colonel's cruelty. Arnaud becomes a drunkard and opium smoker. Sylvia becomes friendly with Colonel Destin. Arnaud becomes jealous of Farquhar.

A beautiful woman, tired of her husband, flirts dangerously with his superior and with his inferior in rank. With the inferior she is somewhat in love, yet she sees her husband go to shoot the lover without giving any sort of warning. Is she cruelly indifferent, or does she look upon this as a good way to get rid of temptation?

## CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Sylvia Arnaud came out into the clearing. She was still singing—a little louder than before, as if in defiance of a reawakening dread—and in the sudden hush her voice sounded luridly sweet.

"Viens pres de moi, viens plus pres encore,

Mon amour t'appelle!"

The passing shadow stopped midway between darkness and darkness. The light was on them both. There was a smothered exclamation. A revolver-shot rang out and all was quiet again. The last echo of song hung in the vibrating air. Then slowly, the man standing against the light, sank together into a limp piteous heap. Colonel Destin raced across the intervening space. His indifference was gone. He cursed somberly.

"The insolent devil!—One of my ruffians—one of my ruffians—name of God!"

He lifted the unconscious head against his shoulder, his experienced hands wrenching open the breast of the heavy military coat. Sylvia Arnaud crept up to him. Her face was ashy and expressionless, like that of a sleep-walker. He waved her impatiently aside.

"Don't stay here. There may be some more of them. As you value your life, run back to the villa and give the alarm. Ah!" He sprang to his feet instinctively, placing his body between her and the three men who had started out of the darkness. His hand had flown to his pocket. "Who goes there?"

"The patrol, my colonel."

"Goetz—you?" A sharp sigh of relief broke from between his set teeth. Then he drew himself up. The red-hot rage froze to a deadly precision. "How did you come here?"

"We were warned by a lady, my colonel."

"You heard that shot. Did you see no one?"

"Yes, my colonel."

"And did you not lay hands on him?"

"My colonel, it was beyond my duty. It was Captain Arnaud."

## CHAPTER IX.

### Justification.

Colonel Destin bent over the map spread out before him in an attitude of concentrated attention. It was an unusual-looking map, roughly outlined and almost destitute of the ordinary network of mountains and rivers. At the top a single town had been marked, and from thence downward there ran a dark red line, almost undeviating, which cut the upper part of the white linen in two distinct halves. On either side of this line there were towns marked and the beginnings of waterways, but in no instance did these extend beyond an inch on either hand. It was as though the red line had absorbed everything, and that what lay beyond its immediate radius was of no account, a blank white waste of depopulated country. The lower part of the map had been painted yellow, and there the red line faltered and broke off. Colonel Destin's pencil hovered over the jagged end, and his brows were knitted into an expression of thwarted impatience. On the other side of the table an elderly man wearing the uniform of a French army doctor sat and stroked his neatly-trimmed beard with a reflective hand. From time to time he glanced doubtfully at his companion, and at last, receiving no attention, gave vent to an apologetic cough.

"I am afraid I have come at an inopportune moment," he said. "You are busy. The matter is of really no importance."

Destin started and looked up.

"Pardon me. I was absorbed in a difficult calculation. You are mistaken. The matter is of importance. Life is no doubt cheap out here, but economy

has to be practiced even in cheap things. Besides, order has been established in Sidl-bel-Abbes, and any act of wanton aggression must be punished with a hard hand. You say the bullet has been extracted?"

"Yes."

"Did it suggest anything to you?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. His small brown eyes had shifted from the colonel's face to the floor.

"It forced me to the conclusion that the assailant was in possession of an army revolver—stolen, without doubt."

"Without doubt," Colonel Destin agreed. "The man is doing well?"

"As well as can be expected. There was considerable loss of blood following on the extraction. Also fever."

"Next week I am taking a fresh batch with me down south to the present terminus. Will our English friend be in a fit state to bear us company?"

"Undoubtedly—if he is not sent back to his regiment for the present. Otherwise—" His expression was significant.

At that moment Captain Arnaud entered and he got up stiffly. Destin glanced over his shoulder.

"Ah, good morning! Well, I shall not detain you any longer, doctor. In the course of the day I may have a look at the sufferer, and I shall then give further orders. The culprit you can leave to me. Sit down, won't you, Arnaud?"

The young officer remained standing. He returned the doctor's greeting mechanically and his features were blank. As the door closed Colonel Destin threw down his pencil and their eyes met.

"Sit down."

This time Arnaud obeyed. The elder man bent forward with his chin resting on his hand.

"In the ordinary course of events I should have had you arrested last night," he said. "If I did not do so it was because there was something unusual in the case that interested me. Even in the Legion madness has its method. A man in your position does not go out of his way to shoot down a poor harmless devil without reason. You had a reason and I wish to know it."

"For God's sake, don't jest with me! Do what you mean to do and have

mercy enough not to turn this business into a burlesque. If it is a confession you want—"

Destin rose, and his heavy fist rested clenched on the table.

"I have asked for your justification," he said. "For ten minutes I am prepared to judge you by my own laws. It is an offer worth accepting, Arnaud."

"He is my enemy."

"For what reason?"

"There are only two reasons possible. When we hate, it is either because the object has injured or benefited us unbearably. I have both these reasons to justify me."

"You have still five minutes to explain, Captain Arnaud."

"Explain!" He laughed, and in his laughter there already sounded a note of suffering becoming intolerable. "Explain in five minutes what it has taken months for me to realize—my God—and yet it is simple enough. A woman—the eternal cause, the eternal explanation!"

"Your wife?"

"Who else?"

"I have heard rumors, Arnaud."

"I have lost my wife; I lost her months ago—I never possessed her. It was a dream. She fell in love with me on a moonlight night when the regimental band played in the Cercle and there was glamour and color everywhere—over Sidl-bel-Abbes, over me, over my life, over my love for her. We know that glamour, my colonel. It makes madmen out of us. It blinded

her. I followed her to England while the glory of it all was still strong in her imagination. I made her throw over the man to whom she was virtually bound—"

"The man whom you tried to murder last night?"

"You're right—you guessed right. That was the man. I made her break with him. It would have been a damnable thing to have done if I had known—but I never knew for certain. I refused to see for myself, and she never told me. Perhaps, anyhow, it wouldn't have mattered. All's fair in love, and I didn't care who suffered. But that wasn't all. I was in debt. An international spy had got hold of and bribed and threatened me alternately. To get out of his clutches, I gambled like a fool and lost—lost all the time. At last I yielded. I made use of my friendship with an English officer to get hold of what I believed to be valuable information. Oh, I did it badly enough. They found me out and there wasn't an inch between me and ruin. God knows what would have been the end. I just sat there and waited for them to make up their minds. The man I had ousted was opposite me, and I waited for him to laugh. He came forward and accepted the responsibility. You understand—he was one of them, and he tied their hands. His friend held the door open for him and he went out. It was all done in a minute. I was saved."

"I paid. It was true—my wife's ideal had been saved—but only for the time. Little by little she got to know me—and to compare. Oh, she said nothing; but I saw it, heard it, felt it in every movement, every look, every tone. The man she had cast off became the hero, the realization of her dreams, and I was what I had been from the beginning—a neurotic weakling in a uniform, a rouse who had kept clean for her sake. She shrank from me and I knew she hated me. And he was in my power. I don't know whether I meant to kill him or not. I had ceased to think. Last night chance had the reins. Perhaps at the last moment I might have held back, for the thing sickened me—but I saw her. She stood opposite him in the moonlight—and she was smiling. I heard him call her name—and then—it was all done in a flash—I shot him down."

The dry cracked voice broke off. Arnaud staggered to his feet, his hands outstretched in a movement of tragic resignation. "That is my explanation. Make an end," he said.

Colonel Destin did not move. In the yellow sun-scorched atmosphere his own face looked livid, and there were fresh lines about the mouth which gave it a deeper, more ruthless power and concentration. The pencil with which he had been playing lay snapped in half in the middle of the table.

"Your ten minutes are over, and you have justified yourself," he said. "You are free."

"You are liberating a madman. What I have done I shall do again—"

"What is that to me?" said Colonel Destin, smiling.

They watched each other in silence. In Arnaud's eyes there were fear and incredulous question. He made a vague uncertain movement as though groping through darkness. Then came the sudden inevitable collapse of an exhausted personality and the man was once more the automaton, the instrument of a predominant will. Without a word he saluted and turned and staggered from the room.

## CHAPTER X.

### A Grave is Opened.

It was midday. All Sidl-bel-Abbes seemed to be asleep. The streets were almost empty, and a lazy hush hung over the deserted cafes where a few indefatigable tourists dozed beneath the gayly striped awnings, watched over by waiters themselves half comatose with sleep and indifference.

In the Cafe du Tonkin the repose was absolute and unshaken. There was only one watcher. Presently footsteps sounded on the stone flags outside. She got up and crossed the uneven floor to the door. Her movements were lithe and noiseless like an animal's, and not one of the heavy sleepers stirred. In the narrow passage which led from the street to the entrance of the cafe a man in European dress waited for her. There was something furtive and restless in his movements that suggested a fear more subtle than that of danger. The girl touched him on his arm, and without a word he followed her across the room of sleepers through a curtained doorway into a second apartment. Here there was no door or window. A charcoal brazier burned in the center, and its dull sullen glow lighted up the shadows and revealed phantom outlines of low divans and oriental tables, and hid their dirt and disorder in soft mysterious twilight.

The girl put her hands upon her companion's shoulders and looked up at him. He had removed his hat, and the somber light spread a pale repellent reflection over his white features. It was as though an artificial life had been conjured into the face of a dead man.

"You are changed, Desire. What has happened in these days? Has there been no comfort for you?"

His eyes opened. He threw back his head so that they looked each other in the face.

"Can a bad woman have an honest love? Can she be truer in her affection for a man than that man's wife? Is Arnaud, played with by his doll wife Sylvia, at all excusable in going to the Jewess?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Boys Often Spend Too Much Money on Girls

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

(Copyright, 1918.)

Pleasures are like poppies spread—  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snowflake in the river—  
A moment white, then melts forever.

The most foolish course a young man who works hard to earn his money can pursue is to lavish his earnings on girls, with the hope of making himself popular with them.

He could make no greater mistake, for the very girls who accept his ice cream and bonbons, theater tickets, etc., are the ones who give him the name of spendthrift. They infer that he cannot keep what he earns, and they have the benefit of it as anyone. If by springtime he has not been able to save enough to buy a new suit of clothes—even inexpensive ones—the girls on whom he lavished his money will be the first to comment on his shabbiness, and decline to be seen in his company.

Popularity—that is, the honest kind—cannot be bought. It is given spontaneously and for sterling worth. A sensible young man measures his garment according to his cloth, as the old saying goes. That is, he lets a crowd of jolly girls who expect to be "treated" every time they happen to meet a man, severely alone. That is a sufficient and dignified rebuke to girls who suggest they'd like a soda, etc.

The majority of men are too sensible to buy popularity. They would rather just one nice girl would admire them, one who would have her dinner before they started out for a stroll of an evening or to the theater, and would refuse to gorge herself after the show at his expense.

The greatest fear many a mother feels is that her boy is spending too

much money on girls. It sets the pace for reckless living and has brought many a well-meaning youth to ruin. A girl who accepts the attentions of a young man who she knows earns his money by toil should study the situation before she accepts an invitation from him that calls for a carriage if she wears her pretty, filmy party dress. She should know that he could afford such extravagance only now and then. If she really has his interest at heart she will wear a dress that cannot spoil or that laundering will make as good as new, and either take a car to their destination or walk if the distance is not too great and the weather is fine.

A man can well understand such a girl will make a good, prudent wife. His earnings would be safe in her keeping. If an employer finds that a young man has not been able to lay by a dollar of his earnings for a twelvemonth, his declaration that he had spent it all on girls would bring him sharp criticism, and the statement would sound almost unbelievable.

In looking backward, reckoning all the money spent uselessly on girls, no wonder the squanderer grows bitterly angry with himself. It has been a case of a fool and his money. It does not take some men very long to learn their little lesson. Others are years in finding out that the saving, industrious man, who knows how to take care of his bank roll has far out-distanced him even in the opinion of the frivolous girls. Money is hard to earn. It should not be allowed to sit through a man's pocket like sands in the hourglass.

It is a man's reputation for prudent saving which brings him respect, admiration and popularity in a community.

## The Sport Hat

Despite the fact that pockets are very generally in evidence in dressy suits, as well as on sport garb, the designers of accessories have advanced little bags made to match hats, and usually evolved in colors that offer decorative contrast with the costume.

One of the latest ideas is shown in a Paris hat, which is of maroon-colored suede in sailor shape and which has a crown of white kid. This hat is accompanied by a bag of the suede, which has a cut-out design in brown and white matching the band on the hat.

Another expression of the same idea is a hat of taffeta with a very high crown, made of plaited taffeta and caught through the center with a colored velvet ribbon.

## SAY WORKER MISSES MUCH

Many College Presidents Averse to Students Being Employed While Obtaining an Education.

Becky Sharp was the first society woman on nothing a year. She made the phrase famous and the fact infamous. But there are circumstances under which nothing a year can be a blessing.

The secretary of the Christian association at the University of Pennsylvania announces that over 300 Pennsylvania men are already supplied with work to help them through their college year. In other colleges, perhaps in every college, men are being so aided to get their education. And a surprising number of these men have literally nothing a year besides the income from their work.

There will always be a serious doubt in the mind of college men whether working one's way through college really pays in the end, the Philadelphia Evening Ledger says. College presidents have frequently been quoted as advising students to borrow while they are at college so that their minds and their time may be free for their college work and pleasures. The two together make up a college life. A book education without a social education is hardly worth having.

The college man who works his way through misses much, to be sure, in social contact, in the graces of intercourse with other men. His college is chiefly a place for lectures and "exams." The larger education he gets, in pursuit of his tuition fees and room rent, is hardly of the polished and suave kind which college should bring. It differs not at all from what he will meet later on.

College as a preparation for living ought to be broader than any one life. As a foundation for character it ought to be broader than any career. That is why the man who works his way through really loses—because he identifies college with life too soon.

## WRONG IDEA ABOUT WORDS

Writer Claims Old Impression That They Express Thought is Simply a Delusion.

Our molders of opinion—our preachers and politicians and editors and publishers—are not speaking in order so much to convince us as to make us act or vote or feel with them. Their words are chains of phrases, strung together almost undesignedly, with a view of pulling us to the cause or party or idea they are supporting.

It is a curious delusion that words express thought, the New Republic remarks. The object of most words is to short-circuit thought. Phrases like democracy, liberty, militarism, the principles of justice and humanity, are not primary meanings at all. They are epithets hurled at us to arouse some desired resentment, or they are spotlights guaranteed to create certain warm emotional glows of assent in the mind which receives them. It is the reaction they touch off that makes them significant, not their meaning. Words are such deadly things not because they mean something, but because they get wrapped up with our emotion and pull it up with them when they are seized. In support of the articulate emotion there may be any number of highly rational arguments which have come first. It is the antagonism or the glow of approval, while the evidence has grown almost vegetatively around the emotion.

## He Knew Their Weakness.

During the reign of Louis XV of France the light chaise came into fashion, and great ladies of Paris were accustomed to drive in them about the city. But beautiful hands are not always strong ones; accidents began to occur more and more frequently in the streets. Consequently, says Das Buch fuer Alle, the king besought the minister of police to do something, since the lives of pedestrians were constantly in danger.

"I will do whatever is in my power," replied the police minister. "Your majesty desires that these accidents cease entirely?"

The king replied, "Certainly."

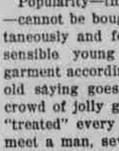
The next day there appeared a royal ordinance that ordered that, in the future, ladies under thirty years of age should not drive chaises through the streets of Paris. That seems a mild restriction; but it is said that scarcely a woman from that time on drove her own chaise. The police minister knew that few women would care to advertise the fact that they were over thirty and that the rest would probably be too old to drive, anyway.

## Gilbert Stuart.

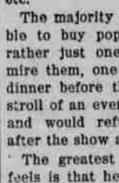
Gilbert Stuart (1755-1828) was born in Narragansett, R. I., the son of a snuff-grinder. At the age of fifteen, without any instruction whatever, he began to paint portraits that attracted the attention of a young Scotch artist named Alexander, who took him to Scotland in 1772. In 1774 he returned to America, where he remained for a year. He went back to London in 1775, and for a short time he played the organ in a small church in that city. In 1778 he entered the studio of Benjamin West as a pupil, but later set up a studio of his own, and remained working there for some years. He came back to this country once more in 1792, and painted many portraits in New York and Philadelphia, among them the famous "1796 Washington." In the year 1806 he settled in Boston. His fame rests largely upon his many portraits of Washington.



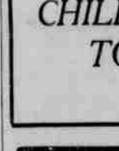
Portrait of a young woman, likely Sylvia Arnaud.



Portrait of a young man, likely Richard Farquhar.



Portrait of a young man, likely Captain Arnaud.



Portrait of a young man, likely Colonel Destin.



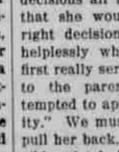
Portrait of a young man, likely Gabrielle Smith.



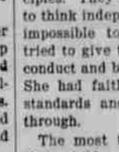
Portrait of a young man, likely Richard Nameless.



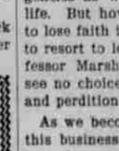
Portrait of a young man, likely Corporal Goetz.



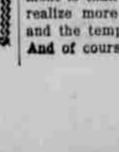
Portrait of a young man, likely the doctor.



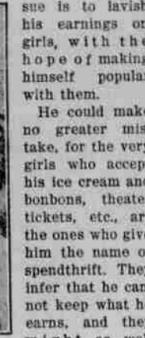
Portrait of a young man, likely the waiter.



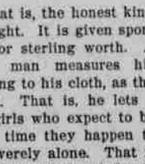
Portrait of a young man, likely the man in the cafe.



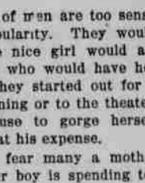
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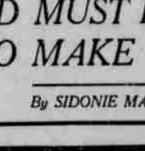
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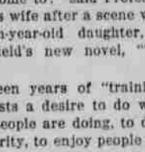
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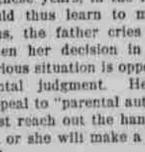
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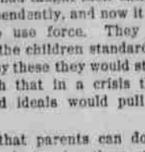
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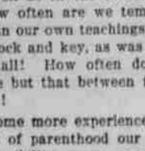
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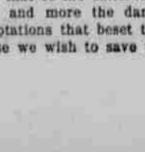
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