

THE CONQUEST OF MRS. VIVIAN.

By CHARLES KENNETH BURROW.

THE BRISTLE garden party was a deadly affair. I tried to convince myself that I went from a sense of duty when a rapid survey failed to reveal the slight figure and delicious irresponsibility of Jack Vivian, the sense of duty theory collapsed. Mrs. Vivian, I thought, had been inclined to treat me somewhat coldly, and I wondered, rather angrily, how she came to have such a daughter as Jack. There was a certain vague sympathy between them, certainly, but nothing could convince me that Mrs. Vivian had ever been slighted, and my imagination was not strong enough even to suggest that she had ever been irresponsible.

There were not more than half a dozen people whom I knew, and of them not more than two whom I cared to talk to. Most of the men seemed to have got together in the middle of the tennis lawn, the ladies were languishing in the shade of the beeches; only one or two seemed to be engaged in conversation for which, garden parties alone were invented. Mrs. Bristowe, my hostess, seemed very much depressed.

"Why don't things move faster, Mr. Midway?" she asked, plaintively. "Why don't those wretched men do something?"

"My dear lady, I said, "they never do at these affairs. I don't know why it is; perhaps there's too much daylight for them."

"But one must give garden parties," she said. "I'll do anything you like for you if you'll only manage this," I said. As I turned he caught me by the arm.

"Look here," he said, "what am I to talk about—rising artist, increasing popularity and all that kind of thing?"

"I leave it to you. But for heaven's sake don't give me away," he smiled tenderly. "I want to talk to Mrs. Vivian, so I went. The fact is, I know that Jack had a great talent for drawing and wanted to cultivate it, and I had a vague idea that I might induce Mrs. Vivian to allow me to give her daughter lessons, particularly as it would cost her nothing. It was a wild notion, but worth trying, and Jack agreed with me. I therefore strolled up to Mrs. Vivian and sat down by her in a casual way.

"The parties here are always so slow, aren't they?" she asked. "Are they slower here than anywhere else?"

"I trust ours are not so dull," she snapped. "Ah, but you have a genius for social organization," I said, unhesitatingly; "and so few people have talent. I do not wish to depreciate Mrs. Vivian, but her love of flattery was as great as her capacity for small and totally unnecessary lying. She condescended to smile upon me. 'People are so different,' she said.

"You would notice that all the more after you stay in the country," I said. "How charming the coast is at Penquite, and what glorious sketching ground? I suppose Miss Vivian did some work there?"

"She ignored the last part of my question," she said. "Do you know that part of the world?" she asked. "Oh, yes," I said, "perfectly. 'That reminds me,' she said, smiling again, 'that I met a Col. Midway at my cousin's house. It did not occur to me that he might be a relative of yours. Is he?'"

"He's my uncle, and a dear old boy, too; but I don't see much of him now. Her manner instantly thawed; I believe she had an idea that an artist must necessarily be the son of a friend, bankrupt or a fourth-rate actor, or something of that sort. Then she condescended to answer my previous question.

"Indeed, how strange that I should meet in that way! Phoebe painted a good deal while she was there. I wondered, for a moment, who Phoebe was—I had called her Jack for quite three months.

"I felt that I was getting on famously, and was just arranging in my mind how to make the next step when Mrs. Vivian spoke again. 'What a charming place Lord St. Allyn has at Polgarth,' she said. 'Very,' I answered, eying her furtively.

"And what a delightful man he is," she said; "we've dined twice." "He's an old chum of mine," I said; "we were up at Oxford together." I saw her wince, and her manner relaxed even further. I felt profoundly sorry for Jack.

"How interesting," she said. "I've almost met him here in the way of the old set," I said. "We used to get into glorious scraps together. He never did any work." "And I suppose you did?" she suggested.

"A little," I admitted. "Oh, you young men," she laughed, and wagged her false old head. "I have not, as a rule, been a particularly lucky man, but certainly that afternoon the fate was on my side. As I turned to see what had become of Mrs. Bristowe I beheld the familiar figure of my old friend St. Allyn come round from the west side of the house. He was strolling along in his usual dreamy, casual way, very well dressed, perfectly at ease, apparently thinking of nothing. I knew the attitude well; it meant that he was in tune for any kind of fun.

"Happily he turned into the 'athway which ran before the seat on which Mrs. Vivian and I were sitting. He paused for five minutes to talk with Mrs. Bristowe, and then, sighting me, he bore slowly down upon us. I made a sudden move in his direction, which caused my companion's eyes to follow me.

"Who is that very distinguished-looking man?" she asked. "Providence had indeed delivered Mrs. Vivian into my hands! I engaged her eye as I replied, without any show of surprise at the question: 'That is Lord St. Allyn, the terror of all palpably upon a face; then, without a word said, the terror changed to beseeching. I really felt sorry for Mrs. Vivian at that moment, but I thought of Jack and hardened my heart.

"Allow me to present you to him," I said. Before she had time to reply I had advanced half a dozen steps to meet him. "I want to introduce you to Mrs. Vivian," I said. "You know all about my love affair."

"Which one?" he asked. "The one," I said. He thought carefully for a minute. "Do you mean Jack?" he asked. "Of course I do."

"Well?" "Mrs. Vivian is Jack's mother." "I glanced across the lawn and saw Jack himself, alone, shining white against the dark laurels. My mind was instantly made up. 'Well?' he said, again. 'I want you to talk to her for ten minutes. And, like a dear old chap, say all the nice things you can about me, will you?'"

"I'll do anything you like for you if you'll only manage this," I said. As I turned he caught me by the arm. "Look here," he said, "what am I to talk about—rising artist, increasing popularity and all that kind of thing?"

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FORCED INTO FLATS. People of Moderate Means Must Live in Small Space or Move to the Suburbs. Rich and poor alike abide in flats in New York City. Rather than move to the suburbs the people turn to hotel and apartment life. The only citizens able to build a house for themselves are the millionaires. The decline in the value of individual dwellings has been startling. This is due to the constantly increasing value of real estate. The investor must go up in the air to get his money back. It is estimated that there are at present 1,000,000 flat dwellers in Manhattan. Thirty skyscrapers added to New York's richest borough in one year presents a new illustration of the manner in which the residential population of New York is being driven from private roofs to semi-private flats. Not only giving up its home for sites for new hotels, but by finding shelter in them afterward.

Italian Emigrants. Italian statistics show that the emigration to America has reached the figure of 160,000 annually. About half of these return eventually to Italy, the rest remaining in the United States.

Women's Trade Unions. One of the strongest centers of trade unionism among women is in Denmark. The number of women organized in trade unions in that country is 7,243, of whom 4,244 live in Copenhagen. Their organizations embrace 14 trades, and include about a quarter of the women wage earners of the country. They are best organized in the bookbinding, textile and tobacco trades.

World's Fair Excursion. The Denver & Rio Grande, in connection with the Missouri Pacific, will run a series of Personally Conducted Excursions to the World's Fair during June. These excursions will run through to St. Louis without change of cars, making short stops at principal points en route. The first of these excursions will leave Portland June 7th, and the second June 17th. The rate from Grants Pass will be \$7.50 to St. Louis and return. Excursionists going via the Denver & Rio Grande have the privilege of returning via a different route. This is the most pleasant way, as well as the most delightful route, to cross the continent. The stops arranged give an opportunity of visiting the various points of interest in and about Salt Lake City, Denver and Kansas City. If you wish to accompany one of these excursions write at once to W. C. McBride, 124 Third Street, Portland, for sleeping car reservations.

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NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT. Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an order of the county court of the State of Oregon for Josephine county, made, rendered and entered of record in the matter of the Estate of Nathan P. Dodge, deceased, Saturday, the 17th day of August, 1904, at 10 a. m. of said day, the Court House in Grants Pass, Oregon, was fixed by the Court as the time and place for hearing objections to and settling the final account of Mary E. Dodge, executrix of said estate. All persons interested in said estate, are hereby notified to appear and file their objections to said final account on or before said day.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. Estate of Sarah Max - Will Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the executrix of the Estate of Sarah Max, well deceased, to the creditors and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with necessary vouchers, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, to the executrix at her home at Wilderville, in Josephine County, Oregon.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878. United States Land Office. Roseburg, Ore., July 2, 1904. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled 'An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory,' as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892.

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