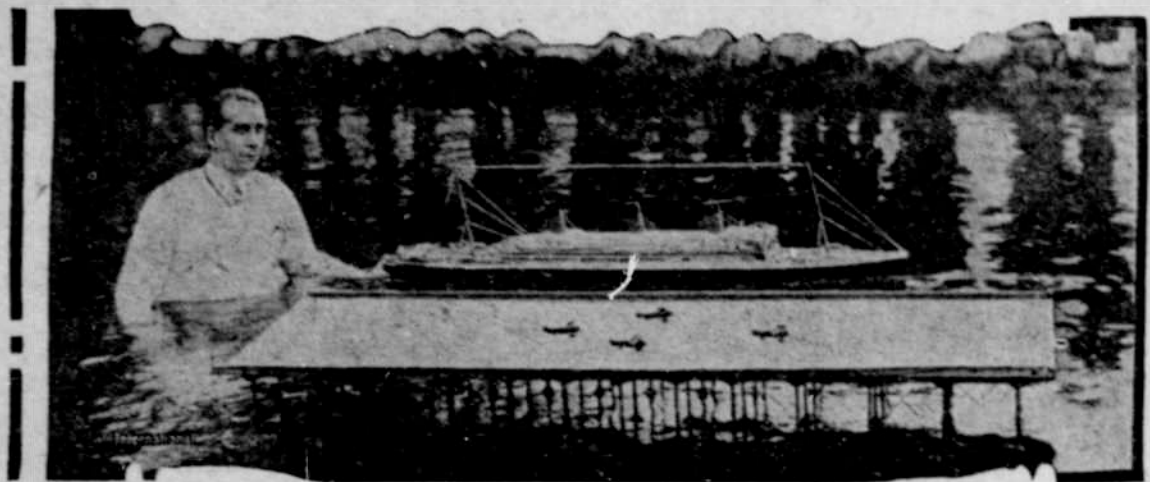


Elsinore, Hamlet's Town, Is 500 Years Old



Elsinore, the Danish city of Hamlet, recently held an elaborate festival to celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of the granting of the charter. Pageants recalling the history of the town were acted in the courtyard of Kronborg castle, where the "Taming of the Shrew" was also presented. This picture shows nuns following the effigy of a saint which is being carried by mail-clad knights.

Model of Seadrome That May Be Built in Atlantic



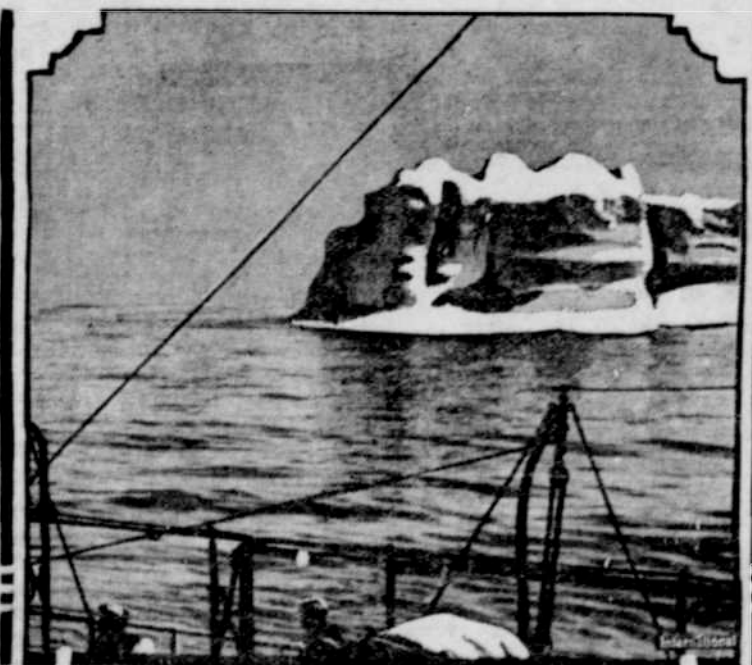
Above is pictured E. R. Armstrong, chief engineer of the Dupont company, with the elaborate model of his proposed seadrome, which he believes would solve the problem of transatlantic aerial travel. The drydock would serve as a midocean harbor for ships and dirigibles which could land on the dock. In the model he uses a replica of the S. S. Majestic, showing the relative sizes of the dock and the ship.

Coolidges in the Adirondacks



President and Mrs. Coolidge with their dogs, Rob Roy and Prudence Prim, going for a walk at White Pine camp on Osgood lake, shortly after their arrival at the elaborate Adirondacks camp.

Season's Last Iceberg Sighted



The last iceberg of the season being sighted from the deck of the United States coast guard cutter Modoc, on duty in the ice lanes of the Atlantic. In order to relieve the possibility of further marine disasters such as the Titanic tragedy, the ice patrol blows up many of these icebergs.

THINGS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

Hawks in flight steer with their tails.
An inventor has inserted a clothes wringer in the top of a new washboard.
A skid-proof automobile invented in England can be run sideways and made to climb curbs.
For handling meat while it is being cooked tongs that terminate in forks have been invented.

Cape Cod produces about 90,000 barrels of cranberries a year.
Vineyards in southern Germany used over 550,000 pounds of arsenical insecticides last year.
Cotton is now being turned into "ivory" or "amber" for the manufacture of pyralis toilet articles.
The dean of Westminster has the sole right to determine who shall be buried in Westminster abbey.

JOHN DREW RETIRES



John Drew, veteran American actor, here seen at his home in East Hampton, L. I., has retired to private life. Celebrating his seventy-third birthday, he attended the annual dinner of the local volunteer fire department and mentioned the fact that it would be his last public appearance.

MISS LENA PHILLIPS



Miss Lena Madsen Phillips of New York who was elected president of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs at the convention in Des Moines, Iowa. She is a lawyer, was one of the founders of the federation and has been serving as its executive secretary.

Helium Found in Sun

Hellum, the nonflammable gas now used in lighter-than-air dirigibles, was first discovered in the sun by the spectroscopist in 1908. It was not found anywhere on the earth until 37 years later.

No Doubt

A Frenchman is suing a municipal crematorium for having lost the ashes of his mother-in-law. Presumably he wanted to keep an eye on them, to make sure.—London Opinion.

Youth Rides West by Will Irwin

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XIII—Continued

"Then I came seventeen, and was going to finish next year—music and needlework and Latin and French and riding and dancing and deportment, and nothing whatever about life. I hadn't even read a novel, except surreptitiously. I wasn't a little girl any longer, of course. I had become a woman. That's the period, I suppose, when every girl ought to be locked up for a while. Probably the French are right. And of course with me—the one thing I never had was love.

"He was the first—Martin. He came to the seminary about a piece of land they were buying for a new building. You have seen him. He is bonny yet. But that was five years ago. I never thought of my ideal lover of nights after that—only him. Miss Gorham had to go to look for some papers. I was left alone with him for half an hour. Before she came back I had gone pretty far. I had promised to write to him. He had arranged to put letters to me under a boundary stone on the new property. I wrote to him every night. And I saw him three times. A girl in love can manage that, you know. No one ever suspected me. I always seemed, I suppose, like an obedient little thing. His letters were wonderful. That isn't just glamour. I read them over again just before I came West. He truly loved me. There were other considerations. I'll tell about them later. But he loved me.

"And we eloped. I proposed it. I just walked away from the school one night after supper and met him. We took the train to Newport together and were married. He had arranged everything. It had to be arranged. I lied, of course, about my age.

"It all got into the papers. Probably the marriage could have been annulled. But father did nothing about that. I suppose my stepmother was only too glad to get rid of me for good. I wrote to father. He answered with a dreadful letter. Martin Deane tried to see him, and couldn't. Martin was plucked. You see, father was rich. And—well, I have said that Martin's motives were all mixed up. But he loved me. He truly did. You see, if he hadn't loved me, he wouldn't have married me. I was so young and inexperienced he could have fooled me, easily enough.

"And I loved him, but only in one way. I didn't know that then. I do remember watching him one day from the front window as he walked down the street, and feeling that there was something lacking—but just for a minute. I didn't know for a long time—I was so young and inexperienced—about the condition of his business. He was in real estate, as I've told you. We lived very prettily. I wasn't much taken with the business friends he brought home to supper; as I look back now, I think of them all as a little unclean spiritually. Nor their wives. I was hungry for my own kind of women.

"He used to talk to me, of course, about his business. But I was like a nun, for all of the world. A more experienced woman would have understood much sooner—that it was all wrong—every bit of it wrong. Then he was arrested. It was all a very bad piece of business. The papers were full of it. We gave up our house. We moved into a furnished room. He was tried finally—and acquitted. Mostly, he'd been just within the law. But he hadn't done right, nevertheless, and everyone knew it. He took it hard, of course. He was rebellious. We quarreled, too. But I made him understand that it was wrong.

"Troubles came all together. My father died. I went to him at the last—my stepmother could not prevent. I won't—I can't now—tell you all about that. But I knew that he loved me; and that if I hadn't made a wrong-headed little fool of myself by eloping with Martin Deane—we'd have found a way in spite of my stepmother. Then I was very ill—typhoid fever. I nearly died. Martin stayed by my father's side until he was dead. He left me ten thousand dollars. Some of that was needed to pay our debts.

"When I was better Martin and I talked it all over. There was no use of staying in Providence. He wanted to go West and start again—honestly. I gave him half of my money. He was to get settled and send for me. I wasn't in condition to travel. I got my strength back very slowly. I had much time to myself—I was very, very lonely. And I suppose you're in such a state as I was then, and have been so near death—you see things more clearly. I had been greatly to blame. I ran away with him in the beginning as much to spite my stepmother as for any other reason. I didn't really love him as I might have loved—a good man. But I loved him enough. He'd never once been harsh or cruel to me. That's a great deal, isn't it? And I could show him the right way. I'd prove that. He had never grown up, on one side of him, and never would. He didn't see right and wrong clearly—just as a little boy doesn't. I won't pretend to you, Robert, that I didn't have moments when I was tempted to leave him. But I knew that if I did I could never be happy. I should always be thinking of him out in the world, with no one to take care of—of his soul. That's what it comes down to, Robert. Saving his soul. At bottom, you know, I'm religious.

She paused; her eyes, great and tender with shadow of old suffering, clutched mine and seemed to plead for approval. I could not withhold it. "I see you believe all this, Constance," I said.

"It was my job. My job for life. He went to Wyoming—last summer. He wrote now and then. I wrote constantly. He was doing well, he said. Business. He wasn't very definite about the business. In the winter he moved to Denver. I addressed him through the general delivery. I wrote that I was coming to him in the spring. He advised me to wait awhile. Said he wasn't quite settled. But I knew the longer I waited the harder it would be. In the spring I started. He wasn't waiting at the station. . . .

"One of Martin's notes to me was on the letterhead of the Canyon house in Denver. It's a hotel down by the railroad station. Not a very pleasant place. He had gone to Cottonwood a month before. I asked the clerk what Maxwell had done for a living in Denver. He wanted that.

"So I started for Cottonwood. You know the rest—"

Constance dropped her eyes to her clasped hands.

"I couldn't have said all this to you if I hadn't been through—what happened today. Even if things had gone—happily—if that had been possible—I would have been a long time bringing myself—to say this. But when I looked at you first—I knew. I knew you were everything I had ever loved in Martin Deane and, oh, all I was hungry for! To see you every day—and know you loved me—and to go to bed early—to think of you. But it was wrong. It was where I very nearly failed—"

I burst out here:

"You mustn't say that! I went out to capture your husband last night because I was jealous—"

"Poor Robert! I had given you much provocation!" was all she said to that. "And then—I found him. I was riding up the trail to Forty-Rod. He came out of the pines. He was riding a black horse. Of course he was astonished. And yet he was glad. He—I felt he still loved me, in spite of the way he'd kept me in the East. That was the main thing, Robert. Not that I wanted him to love me—with you in the world. But so long as he loved me—there was a chance. He was mining above Forty-Rod. They expected to strike it soon, he said. Three weeks would tell the story. Then he'd come down to me. And we'd go away together. If I wanted to go away. And I did. It hurt, but I did. I was afraid—with you in Cottonwood, Robert. I asked to go up and stay with him at Forty-Rod. But he wouldn't have that. He said the place was too rough. He asked me not to tell anyone, for the present, that I had a husband here. Just let things stand as they were—for three weeks. I said: 'Martin, you've gone wrong again!' He laughed and said: 'Not very.'

"And I came home, and did let things stand as they were. It was only three weeks, after all. And I would see you—and then no more.

"Last night he came to the tent. Came, he said, just because he wanted to see me. He had been drinking. That isn't one of his vices, usually. He said that things were going wonderfully. He'd be ready in two or three days to take me away. I made him promise to go straight back to the claim. I wanted to go with him to his horse. He objected to that. But he promised—"

"And broke his promise!" I interpolated hotly.

"I think he intended to, nevertheless. Mrs. Barnaby told me this morning—about the robbery and the vigilance committee. She's the only person I've ever taken into my confidence, and she isn't very far. Probably she's guessed some of the rest. I found they'd killed three men at Forty-Rod, and had two in jail—to hang. I went to the jail. Through the side window I saw Martin. I appealed to you. And you saved me. That's all, I think."

Her shoulders, held so proudly erect, drooped now.

"No, it wasn't all," I said. "Haven't you had enough, Constance? You surely don't hope—"

Her eyes lifted somberly to mine as she interrupted:

"I'm not thinking of hope. There is very little hope perhaps—now. All I know is that I am still the one chance he has. And that I still have a hold. I must follow him—try to find him. And when I find him—of course that isn't pleasant to contemplate. My money is nearly gone. I shall be poor. Perhaps—he will go to jail. And I shall be a convict's wife. But, Robert, what would you think of a woman who abandoned her child just because it was idiotic or crippled or vicious? I'd be doing the same thing. More. If I should get a common divorce and marry you, it would be to me as though we had conspired to kill him to get him out of the way."

Her eyes, until now so dry and solemnly thoughtful, welled for an instant with tears. But she checked them as by effort of the will.

"It is your soul I have been loving all this time, Constance," I said, "and I cannot deny your soul. I think you will fall, because I think you are trying something which cannot succeed. And then I will come to you again. For I shall never love anyone else. I may have you, but you are always mine."

"Sleep!" I said. "When I have a few hours with you and may not see you for years!" But even as I spoke a rush of inner driveness made insincere my words.

Constance looked outside. The tent flaps gaped wide, making visible this rude apartment to all the world.

"This camp doubtless thinks about as scandalously of you and me as it can," she said. "Look, Robert—I'm going to make you lie down on my bed."

Had I been myself, I should have protested. As it was, I yielded like a sleepy child. She wet a towel, washed my face. She loosened my collar. Her touch, which normally roused every fiber in me, was now heavenly soothing. She held my shoulders as I stretched out my aching muscles on the white sheet-counterpane; she knelt beside me, holding and patting my hand. Once she looked swiftly out of doors, then bent and kissed my forehead. I raised my other hand to embrace her, but she put it gently back. . . . I was gone. . . .

A light shone in my face. I sprang up sitting. Twilight without. Mrs. Barnaby shading an oil lamp with her hand.

"Seven o'clock!" said Mrs. Barnaby. "Your boss has been lookin' over the hull camp for you. Says he's wanted at town meetin' and you've got to get out the paper, though why it should get out—"

"Where's Constance—Mrs. Deane?" I asked.

"Her? Oh, she took the two o'clock stage to Denver. Didn't she tell she was goin' to?"

CHAPTER XIV

My decision to stay at Cottonwood and face it all down proved ridiculously more easy than I thought when I matched nobilities with Constance. Disgrace is a coward; it retreats before a bold front. The indifferent world in the end always takes toward it the attitude that you take yourself. Nor, indeed, did Cottonwood probably think me disgraced. They gossiped, of course; I had for a long time an uncomfortable sense that groups had pointed me out when I passed. But to my face men showed only cordiality—sometimes a trifle overdone, and more galling than public reproach.

Even that had passed. A mining camp runs with bewildering speed its course from birth to senile decay. Twenty years of Europe! In a month Cottonwood lived a cycle of Cathay. Before August blew the petals from



Constance Dropped Her Eyes to Her Clasped Hands.

the white columbine, decked the forests with their flaunting sisters in red and yellow, we had become a new entity. Events a few weeks before were as ancient history as though they had happened to my grandfather.

Constance wrote from Denver. On the surface this was merely a friendly letter such as any married woman might address to a young man who had rendered her service. Yet the intention shines through the written expression; and as by an arrangement of words too subtle for analysis I knew that Constance Deane had not changed toward me, never would change. She had found Martin Deane; had seen him once. "But he thinks it better, considering his position, that we should not be together for the present—either here or traveling," she wrote.

In all I had six letters from her that autumn—I have them yet. After that she did not refer again even to Martin Deane; only the fourth said:

"If there is any change in my situation I shall let you know at once."

Meantime I had resumed my regular correspondence with mother, much neglected of late. Into it I poured something of the soul and fervor with which I would have liked to infuse my letters to Constance. The shrewd eye of motherhood seemed dimly and unceasingly to perceive the meaning behind this change; her commentaries about Cohasset were sprinkled with hints that I must have had enough of the West. By November, indeed, she advised me openly to come home, at least for the winter. "I want to look you over, Robert," she wrote. Poor mother—I thought—if she only knew!

And I speculated on happiness, as one will in the depths of misery, imagining her in the capacity of mother-in-law.

If I had met Constance in ordinary happy circumstances, wooed her serenely and according to the normal pattern of courting in mother's time and place, I had no doubt but they would have got on wonderfully. They were just like enough, just different enough. The souls of both were built on a solid structure of honor. Both—to use a word much degenerated in meaning since the days of my youth—were indies. Both had enormous capacities for friendship with women. And the good-humored candor of Constance would be a foil for mother's peppery wit. As it was—well, mother boasted that her set in Cohasset had never known divorce or scandal. If ever life opened again for me I must come to Constance across events beyond comprehension of mother's circle. And still I had faith that Constance

would overcome all this—because the West was Constance. At the end of these meditations I would pull myself up and realize that I had been dreaming, as a prisoner for life dreams of mountains and seas and green fields.

As the camp boomed, so did the Courier. We were publishing six pages on Wednesdays and Sundays now; and our job-printing department, in spite of the increase in power, ran two weeks behind its orders. Just before the big snow Marcus wrote a week's editorials in advance, packed his carpet bag, and took the stage to Denver, leaving me coked up on the dizzy eminence of the editorial chair.

There followed a period of hard work and trying but interesting responsibility. Marcus intended to be gone only a week; but the big snow came, blocking the passes. It was ten days, in fact, before he appeared at the office without the grace of warning by telegraph, walked in upon me, the icicles hanging from his mustache. With scarcely a word of greeting or of news, he plunged into the business of supervising the night's work. When the printers had an hour's copy ahead he said:

"Get on your coat and come over to Huffaker's—the private room. I've got a heap of things to spill about that Denver business; and I don't want to tell 'em here." We plodded over to Huffaker's, silent perforce in the face of an arctic wind. He took off his buffalo coat, warmed his hands at the red-hot stove, before he began abruptly:

"What I want to talk to you about isn't business. It's your girl."

"Is she—is she well?" I asked.

"Well, and reasonably happy, I guess," replied Marcus. "Now you sit down and keep your shirt on. I've got a lot to tell you." He came over from the stove, sat down at the table opposite me, turned on me a look more nearly tender than ever I had seen in his face. But his first words seemed remote from the subject.

"You remember Mike the detective?"

"Yes."

Marcus nodded.

"Well, he's no common detective. Fancy operative, and all that. When Mr. Taylor hired him, he had to sign a year's contract. Everything was rounded up long before anybody expected. And there was Mike, eating his head off. So Mr. Taylor lent me Mike. Little testimonial of esteem for my work in stabilizing finance in this camp.

"I set him to looking up this Martin Deane. For satisfaction of my own curiosity. And your peace of mind, boy."

"How Mike went at it, I haven't asked. But he has a special wire running down to every circle of crooks in the West. Since Deane, alias Maxwell, left here, he's been hanging round various camps in range of Denver. He's been telling Mrs. Deane, just as I told you, that he shouldn't go East with her for the present, because it isn't safe for them to be seen together. Hasn't occurred to you, has it, that they might travel separately and just meet somewhere? It has occurred to Mrs. Deane—I guess—but I suspect she's been fooling herself. Anyhow, I was stringing you because I wanted him right here in the West. And he was stringing her because he wasn't alone in his wanderings. He had company. This man's West makes the good better and the bad worse, in my opinion. And does it sudden. Crooks always have queer spots of virtue in them, too. The marrying crook's common. Like any other specimen of that species, he wants what he wants so hard that he doesn't care how he gets it. But he has a whim for sanctifying his intentions on women-folks with holy matrimony. And, like most men, he's capable of fancying two women at one and the same time. This Martin Deane, for example, Mike found 'em last month. He's been working since to identify the signatures. And they're authentic." He spread out two documents on the table.

An order of divorce. Martin Deane of Wyoming from Constance Deane of Rhode Island. Cause, desertion. Dated last February. A marriage certificate. Martin Deane of Wyoming to Lucy Baldwin of Wyoming. Dated two days later—

"Don't let your emotions get away with you until I have told you the rest," said Marcus. I gripped myself, and listened.

"The divorce is right and it isn't right. There's other camps in this West that need a clean-up. That— he pointed at the date line on the papers—"is one of them. No lawyer is needed to see that this divorce won't hold water if the other party wants to fight. He hadn't lived long enough in Wyoming to establish a legal residence. The court—on the Judge Cowan pattern, only worse, I guess—has delicately refrained from inquiring into that. Other party wasn't notified either. If I was a young man with any intention of marrying a lady in that fix, I'd wait until she got divorced proper and legal on her own account. Mrs. Deane says—"

"You've seen her?"

"Yes. Found an afternoon off to call. Me and Mike, and afterward me alone. She's plumb sick and tired of this Martin Deane at last. Wouldn't have the spirit of a squashed tar baby if she wasn't."

"I'm going to Denver!" I said.

"All right, give you a vacation if you want it," responded Marcus with a beaming smile. "Only if I were you, on the way to Denver I'd glance for a moment into the ladies' parlor of this hotel. It's fixed with Jim Huffaker that you aren't to be disturbed if you want to loaf and linger there a little while."

I flew down the corridor. Constance rose from the sofa; faced me. But as I sprang toward her, my arms outstretched, she stopped me with an up-lifted hand.

"Robert," she said—and her syllables dropped like honey—"I haven't waited for you. I wanted to come to you—because you've been brave and because it happened here—and because you've suffered so much for me—and because I couldn't wait—and now, Robert, my lover—if you want me—come the rest of the way—"

[THE END.]