

years gone by

hear away no moral wreckage.

his life apart from Virginia's.

"Are you worth her love?"

CHAPTER VIII.

but to half shut his eyes, and looking

"There's not a hole or corner where I

can borrow a third of it," he exclaimed

One plan after another was dismissed as

"Only half an bour late!" he said air-

at back to think.

CHAPTER VII.

Dawn, a monotone in level gray, hung sorry I called you. I'll leave lunch ready

over the town ere Tom with the last of for you." And she added with determithe revelers left Glendenning's.

"Ugh! how cold it is. My blood is thin at this unearthly hour," said DelaShe gave a short sign as she turned. tole, lighting a cigarette as they pushed away, and Tom felt himself a measter of to separate at Madison square. "Tre decett. He remained quite still, with often thought if I ever do swist my own closed eyes, and something very like self

departure from this perpetual dressing contempt flowered in his heart. In one and undressing it will be in this gray wildnight he had become better acquaint-stillness, when one seems to feel the pulse. of the world. Will you be on the stage ties of his nature than in all the peaceful Yes, but suppo

recollection of the manager's advice.

His speech was thick and wavering. Delatole's head seemed spinning round | water dimpling in new circles with evlike a top. The trees in the square were ery pebble thrown.

certainly denoting a minute. ray, and go to bed. Not need to wine, and lent his voice and ear to words that face, and said musinglyare you? You might forget my address, so I'll put my card in your pocket-there. Come down at 4 and have a smoke in my den. Not such a fine place as Glenden- grown misty.

Their shrill clamor and his own unsteady footfalls made the surrounding silence like great gray watchers, frowned upon him from behind a blue haze, trembling

fashion he felt that between that hour and this there had come a rent in his moral fiber like a narrow cleft in a riven gloomy, tormenting fear. No, he dare "But, I say, are you going in for re-

A blinding pain stung his tired eyes. There was a burning in his chest. The thought of reaching his room unseen and letting slumber blot out the medler of

tive he quickened his steps. How the sparrows kept chattering among the denoded boughs! "Here he comes," they seemed to chirp "Look! look! Here he comes.

the comes." Was there an accusing note in their picked out a cluster and pinned it in his an ill defined repulsion.

shrill chorus? Or did he from an unexplained sense of guilt only fancy it? He stole like a thief through the dedoor of his room, he threw himself half feverish, broken sleep. It was a sleep of peating the question dreams. He was again in Glendenning's house, filling his senses with a suffeit of the delicions coloring, the evasive fraarmor looming with fendal significance gloomy halls and the high, dusty win-

His memory floated back to a blur of discord in the extreme blended into a have any? delicate fire mounting to his brain and even paid flying visits to ship chandlers' shedding over it a confusion soft and shops upon the wharves in the desire to as sacred, nor the laughter that turned fibers took the place of more conven-virtue to ridicule. They were recalled thousal hangings. Mugs of every size and them, you see. with the same genial palliation that had the most funciful shapes, some of there

marked his acceptance of them.

The rosy light, the crowd where wotel, each a mirror for the crackling fire marked his acceptance of them. men fluttered like bright hued butter- below. Divans swathed in Turkish stuffs flies, the evidences of reckless wealth on jutted from shadowy angles and held every hand, the complete absence of all palpitating gleams from hanging lamps restraint, had captured him, and in a in their oriental, bespangled folds. His and saw the money changing hands at cards, the refrains of songs that shook it was screened by a leathery Indian mat the windows and the dances that called resembling the back of a huge turtle and forth screaming cheers. As half wake- suspended by hooks from the ceiling. ful he tossed upon his bed his memory reveled in every detail of this new phase | ter. He was a rake, a parasite, but he of dife-a wildly joyous thing, holding | was also a genuine artist and loved his no thought of the morrow, only the de- work. He loved the somber dreams which stole in upon his solitude in this

light of the dear, the living moment.

A faint tapping sounded through the old house, in this old street. They tipped nebulse. At first it seemed that Gien-denning was knocking on the table for the wind howled and the snow fell, the silence. No, it was rain beating on the drafty passages seemed trodden by window. But as it sounded still clearer ghostly feet, and fancy often crossed his and woke him to full consciousness he threshold, garbed in some fluttering rag opened his heavy eyes and listened. Some of the dead years. Sometimes he had was gently knocking at his door. "Tom," came softly to him, "here are across his untidy desk to the limits of

Virginia's voice! Hestarted up, leaned | tops stretch away into a sun kissed deshis head on his hands, but kept silence, ert, and the hanging smoke become the The gay delirium of his dream departed, white tents of a waiting army.

The gay delirium of his dream departed, white tents of a waiting army.

Yes, he loved the place, but it must wistfully around the odd, artistic place.

"Charming," he said at length and calling to him was fearfully real.



If she should see him, she would know she might even guess from his voice-

He could not finish the thought, Don't you hear me?" And now the voice | Was there nothing he could do? Nothing?

had an accent of fear. IIP Yes, that would be his excus-And surely it was true. A dreadful Tom coming across the park, the orange nauseasurged through him; redhot pinch- light streaming from the west behind ers seemed holding his head. Feigning him, making a moving silhonette of his

a vawn, he coughed and said: "Oh, you are awake at last. Sir Lazybones, do you know it is well on in the his head, and he caressed his lip with the

He made no answer. Virginia must not see him; she must not know. That the edge of the bed, his hands clasped langhing.

When the sedate English valet, who

'I'm not well, Virginia. I couldn't eat | hands outstretched. a thing. Let the letters wait."

mpt you to eat? I must go out, but I'd | pages covered with his delicate, cramped "Nothing, thank you. My head is aching, that's all. A little quiet, and I'll be "This will be in on Thursday morn-

intense. And how true!—how marvel—a good income, he able to mix with the easily true! His own intimate struggles world, travel a little and feed your brain in writing the play had been divined by until it teemed with digested impressions the keen critical understanding of the gathered from bondoir and barroom.



"I had not hoped for this," he said, with a grateful glance as he came back to the table while slowly drawing off his Weak! That was the word an elfin dine with me," said Tom, with a hazy roice seemed whispering in his ear. Brilgiores. "How awfully kind of you! My recollection of the manager's advice. East, impetnous, tender hearted, with as piring motives, but weak, vaciliating as dearer than that New York will read

"Yes, I mean it all." If he were not weak, he could not so Delatole handed him a cigarette, gave "Charmed. And now go bome, Mnr- easily have thrown away his shy reserve an abrupt glance at his harassed, weary "You don't look like yourself today. stood forth now stripped of all captivating glamour, coarse, cynical, shameful. Aren't you well?

"I'm quite well." Distinctions would not so soon have "But you seem depressed." He had loved Virginia as dearly as it Tom smoked for a moment in silence When Tom reached Chelsen square, the spurrows were chattering as if mad. was possible for him to love. Yet for a might be had forgotten her. Her resist gusted," he said fiercely. "Did you less eyes and guiding hand had not staid know that I was-drunk last night? with him to lead him away from the Delatole opened his eyes very wide flattery and easy comradeship of women and softly langhed as if infinitely

unfit to breathe her name. He loved amused. Thrown amid varied temptations as he said, a little sollenly, a streak of color Virginia. But was he worth her love? He had walked down the street only saw now he must be in a crowded, world- crossing his cheek. "It was the first the preceding evening on his way to the life, would his heart remain unsoiled: time and is not pleasant to remember."

The nan walker own the street only the pleasant to remember."

The nan walker own the street only in th day, without one wavering doubt, he ered his eyes and thoughtfully moved

> not say that the bright wave of success spectability-for that cumbersome rewould touch him and its backward surge spectability that 'strains at a gnat?' Are

The languid curi ity of his tone was He sprang up determined that a first failure should not rob him of courage. more contemptnous than his laugh. He would not think. He could not fancy When he entered the sunny front room, in his usual genial, unreserved way. he found the round table drawn close to Just to watch the slow movements of the window. The sun struck scintilla- his listless hands held an enigmatical tions from the glass and eddied in swim- fascination. He felt a strong desire to , see! oh, see! Here he comes. Here ming beauty around a bowl of fresh hy- emulate his ease and sagacity, but unplaced beside his plate. He derneath and through it all there floated

coat, careasing for a moment the updift-ed, perfumy bells.

The man seemed the product of a forced, perverted life. Something about "They are like herself-fair and sweet his dark pallor and sneering lips dimly serted halls. When he had locked the | and pure. I wish she was here now." | reminded Tom of a flower forced into a Just before him his bloodshot eyes semblance of bloom by the aid of a nondisrobed upon the bed and sank into a diamed from a mirror. They seemed re- ions gas, but with life and color and

strength missing. "You see, my dear fellow," Delatole ontinued. "I know that you are fresh from a religious environment-that you Delatole's apartments were in the Uni. are young: therefore I don't accept your gathered from mosques and throne-rooms, the rugs everywhere changefully glowing like huge chameleon skins, the armor looming with feedal sizelf-success. The loved th dows. His rooms were a medley where and sods. Perhaps your saintship won't

"Of course I will. You don't suppose wine and smoke; the soft bite of the champagne was again in his throat, its been ransacked for treasures, and he had I meant to draw such fine distinctions. Surely you understand," said Tom earnextly, and he looked away into the leapwitchlike. Nor did he forget the jesting collect antagonistic bits. Fish nets that ing golden heart of the fire. "Last night's events gave a blow to my precon-

a man's nature wholesomely expand. Now, look here, Murray," and Delatole spoke impressively as he stroked his pointed beard, "I'm going to transplant you, and to a soil where you'll grow mentally. If you don't astound us with restraint, had captured him, and in a in their oriental, bespangled folds. His bed had curtains of pale tapestry franches and saw the money changing hands at grant as spice and looped up by spears.

The World's Way, because more mature, it won't be my fault."

A question darkened Tom's eyes, and he leaned eagerly forward.

"You made a wonderfully good guess Delatole had many sides to his characat life's flavor in 'The World's Way. But I'm going to make you taste it in group around himself, there was not a truth, the brackish and the sweet. In short, I'm going to ask you to pitch in your fortunes with mine and share these rooms with me. Since Glendenning disappointed me I have preferred to live and dream alone. But—frankly—I like you. The suite is large. We 'trould not clash. Besides, just across the hall is an atelier left vacant since De Courcey ran away only recently to escape his debts. You'll probably find the drapery of a departed model still upon the platthe spacious square beyond see the roof form. You could furnish it as you sight into a happy, modern paganism tons stretch away into a sun kissed despited model and have it as your own particuplease and have it as your own particular den."

He watched Tom's eves travel half ing. strange to himself. The room was go and his life there he remembered as strange. Only Virginia outside the door a dream. On this November afternoon calling to him was fearfully real.

"Charming," he said at length and Delatole parted with him to keep an apadded slowly, "but impossible. You pointment at his club. No word had while he waited for Tota he held in his see, I'm going to marry very soon," hand, which was trembling with rage, a Delatole stared at him as if incapable

notice to leave these self same apart-ments or pay a very large sum in a very "Yes," said Tom, and now a blunt short time. Curious that a man should tenderness rang in his voice, "I am goorefer as a tenant some commonplace ing to marry Virginia Kent." ellow with money instead of a brilliant "Are you mad?" and the words were a critic who made cigarette lighters of slow exclamation.

his dunning letters! A few oaths that Delatole rose as he spoke, lifted one of reduced creation to chaos, and a few, the fragile glasses on the table and conpuffs of a cigarette cleared his brain. He temptuously flung it from him. It lay upon the hearth, a mass of opaline splin-So much money had gone at the gamoling table; so much on the races; so

"In another year you will be as artismuch in speculation. And the result? tically ruined as that glass." Enormous bills flowing in from every Enormous bills flowing in from every Not dreaming of the selfish motive of the night before. Only last night! quarter, chief zmong them an appalling prompting this violent objection and Ab he had learned much since then array of figures for more than a year's listening to words that were a passion-

less prophecy, Tom could not resist the shudder that ominously passed over him. "One would think I talked of commitimpatiently, and tightening the girdle of ting a crime." And the words were the eastern robe infolding his slight figure he strolled to the window, and through "And so you are. Isn't it a crime to

the tangle of bure branches looked across throw away your chance? Life doesn't at the snowy grass plots of Washington offer too many of them. Let me tell square. not strike me as one who would cultivate the virtnes of patience and humility under the stress of failure and poverty. impracticable until his eyes fell upon Marry now, when you have just cross the line, before your strength has had a fair test, and you'll not only fail, but probably break your wife's heart in a vigorous figure.

Delatole's eyes became inscrutable, the smoke wreaths carled furiously around you last night. I did not dream then that you were thinking of the madness point of his tongue, as if he had literally of an early marriage; that you stood on tasted a palatable thought.

"You fool! Why didn't you think of ruins of good beginnings."

As Tom listened his face grew stern.

his eyes searching.
"Why should I fail because I keep my "Your lunch is ready now. Will you had almost forgotten the look of Ameribe out soon? Mr. Plunket has sent over can money, opened the door for Tom, dred times, than I am—not a woman to his host strolled from the window with retard any man's progress? She has retard any man's progress? She has been my inspiration. You don't know Virginia. She is more to me than any-Silence followed for a moment, and he fly in his drawling voice. "Not bad for thing in the world. I need not fail. I

weet eyes.

"Isn't there something I can do to help you? Isn't there something that would Here, read this."

"Isn't there something that would Here, read this."

He picked up some loosely scattered the eyes flashing in his intense face. "What interest can I have but for writing and pushed them into Tom's your good?" asked his new friend, and the silken voice held a soothing gentle-"Nothing, thank you. My head is aching, that's ail. A little quiet, and I'll be all right. You mustn't wait in on my account."

"You've worked too hard, Tom," came the delicious voice with tender severity.

"A little quiet, and I'll be in on Thursday moonness after Tom's hot, strained tones. "Let us look at this matter dispassionable the play. You certainly can't complain."

Tom carried them to the window and turned one rustling page after another. It will bring you so much mon-

The same money will not support a tly, and were sweet as incense. They home and a wife except in a cramped. obscure way. Your love for her will be another drawback to earnest work. The treadmill of your dulk loving, respectable existence day in and day out in some little flat will afford no feverish impetus write a play worth having typewritten on the inspiration offered by a haby's fists. Ah, have I not watched the mental presyris set in before? Love is but nough, but love and poverty"

Tom turned away and faced the win-dow. He did not seek the park. For just one moment the gray parture Delatole stretched rose before him, and an acute. nameasured despair took hold of him. He beat it back fiercely. He would not believe. But the resistance was no longer buoyant; it was forced.

Then there is the other side-freedom

knowing no limit," continued Delatole

in a soliloquizing tone as he walked up and down smoking, never once glancing at the silent, erect figure in the window rendered it know the full sweetness of that word. Every door would be open to you. You need not only be a Bobe-mian. A fellow like you, of undoubted talent, well looking, clever, independent and with some money would not have to knock at society's golden door for admission. It would fly open to you. For myself I hate the stiff set, but it is always well for an artist to become acquainted with every sort of human. Under conditions of this sort your artistic

When I have said this, I have said all." There; was silence after these words and then the rustling of paper. Tom hastily turned and saw Delatole leaning against the table, looking scornfully over each of the pages whereon the criticism was written that had so delighted him. A painful premonition made him cold, but he said nothing.

vein would warm and ernand, your na-

ture vibrate to change after change. The

man wito enters a race fettered is a fool.

"Ah, well, I wish I had known that you contemplated this idiocy before I wasted time and ink on you, Murray. You didn't tell me, of course. No resson why you should. But I assure you, had I guessed what manner of man you were I wouldn't have plunged into such a bewildering prophecy about your future greatness. I'm not usually so im-Tom was troubled by a strange feeling pulsive," and he rent the sheets half as he lisuened. He did not like Delatole acress before Tom's voice made him

"Is this fair? If you really liked 'The World's Way,' why wou't you say so?' The mysterious violet gray of twilight stealing through the high windows be-hind him touched his young face with shadows. It was pinched, eager, watch-

Oh, I'll do that, of course. A few lines, a paragraph, will suffice, but not this pealm of victory, this heralding of a new voice that is not to be stilled, but will rise again and again-not that. You'll have to prove all I've said false before I write of you in that strain. And he was the incurnation of bland impersonal regret as the papers once futtered in his hands.

He looked them over half regretfully "It's one of the best things I've ever written, but in submission to my hones opinion I must destroy it." In a few strides Tom was beside him. They looked intently at each other.

"Don't-don't," he said, and his voice was half choked. "Give me time. Let me think. Half an hour later they were walking up University place. They dined at a chophouse frequented by Bohemia, where tables were bure and beer was

Tom's eyes wavered and fell.

moods," said Delatole as they crossed the sanded floor; "the food is excellent paniments you have art, devil-may-careism, smoke and even socialism.

His friends were scattered through the long room, and merry greetings were called out to him, which he repaid in kind. The hours passed in sparkling reminiscences, jests and laughter. Delatole's levity became astonisl . g, and in this impudent wag, who soon formed a trace of the cypic, the philosopher, the serious man of letters. Much that he said was course, but so andactously humorous it was impossible not to respond.

Tom found himself moved to enthusi-

asm and laughter. His pulses were alive; his eyes glistened. Yes, let him reason as he would, he was attuned to this reckless brilliancy, this mingling of wits, this clatter of defiant freedom and spontaneity. Delatole was right. Chance words here and there gave him a new inwitchery, the sweep of it were intoxicat-

He regretted when 9 o'clock came and been exchanged between the two men upon the subject that so nearly con cerned them both. Now, as Tom hur ried up town the undecided question danced before his eyes, his heart became suddenly weighted.

Should be east the old life behind him utterly and enter upon a new one-fre He reached Union square. It sparkled in crystal whiteness. The branches patterned on the pavements waved fantastically about his feet as he strode on, his head down. Passionate indecision went with him like a wraith in the white rays. He thought of his enchanted dreaming Had be ever really reasoned or understood before?

"Keep yourself unshackled. The man who enters a race fettered is a fool." The frosty breeze that whistled past his ears seemed whispering these words

His memory flew back to a miserable childhood spent among the rigors of a poor western farm, and he shuddered. Only by a hard fight and incredible sacrifice had his father saved the money necessary for his support and education.

Poverty! How he loathed and feared it! How he had always loathed it! Ingrained in his nature was a love for the poetry of life, a hatred of the commonplace, and now-let him be careful, lest by one ill advised step he taste all the old bitterness again. TO BE CONTINUED.

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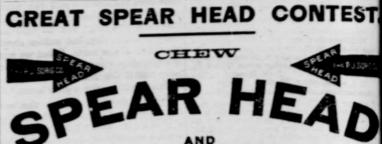
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