

Democratic Whipman

Belleville, Pa., May 24, 1929.

THINGS WORK OUT.

Because it rains when we wish it wouldn't.
Because men do what they often shouldn't.
Because crops fail, and plans go wrong.
And some of us grumble all day long.
But somehow in spite of the care and doubt,
It seems at last that things will work out.
Because we lose where we hope to gain,
Because we suffer a little pain,
Because we must work when we'd like to play—
Some of us whimper along life's way.
But somehow, as day always follows night,
Most of our troubles work out all right.
Because we cannot forever smile
Because we must trudge in the dust for a while
Because we think that the way is long—
Some of us whimper that life's all wrong.
But somehow we live and our sky grows bright,
And everything seems to work out all right.
So bend to your trouble and meet your care,
For the clouds must break, and the sky grow fair,
Let the rain come down, as it must and will,
But keep on working and hoping still.
For in spite of the grumblers who stand about,
Somehow, it seems, all things work out.

—EDGAR A. GUEST.

MEN ARE DANGEROUS.

Ludwig Kranwartz—and there is a name for you that is not like every other name—felt that he required a change! Yes, a complete change. He always had been a man of mystery; there were innumerable stories about his origin and speculations as to how he had amassed his vast fortune, but no one really knew.

Even his wife, Emma Ford, had no definite knowledge. She had met him in a hotel at Saratoga Beach where she had gone with her mother for recuperation and rest after her brother's death. She had intended to be a school teacher when she graduated—but that did not mean that she knew anything which would interest Ludwig Kranwartz, who possessed the cultivation of the ages at his finger-tips—and if her youthful form had not been so pleasant to look upon, it is doubtful if the wedding ever would have taken place! However, the financier settled a million upon her widowed mother, the marriage took place in the office of a justice of the peace—and the couple went to Europe.

That was five years ago—and Emma with pearls as big as gooseberries, yards of them—and a dethroned queen's sapphire, besides everything else it was possible to shower upon her—was still half asleep. She still said, "Thank you, Ludwig—it's the sweetest of you"—and this got on Mr. Kranwartz's nerves. He had been too busy doubling and trebling his millions to seek the cause of Emma's dumbness. She never resented his caresses, or returned them.

"As well love an india-rubber doll!" he often felt. But that was that! And there seemed no help for it.

The world had given up its gold to Ludwig Kranwartz—and though gold means power his spirit was not free. Of what good to possess millions if he had to live like every other civilized creature? He had dreamed so often of finding a woman with mind and body and soul who might understand him and help him to spend his fortune in some fine way. A woman who would read books with him and think thoughts with him, stimulate him, and differ with him—and love him!

He had waited until he was thirty-nine—in vain—and then, in desperation, he had taken Emma! So there it was—and now he felt he required change—complete change.

That magnetic will of his which had drawn colossal wealth to him seemed to draw the means to pursue whatever he desired. And it sent him to his office in London one day, one poor half-crazed engineer who had invented a remarkable parachute. It was so small that it could be concealed in a tiny bundle not much bigger than ten or twelve business letters.

Ludwig Kranwartz bought it.

"I'll give you a million dollars for this—if you never make another—and forget that you made this one or sold it. If you remember, by chance, and talk of the fact, you'll only have a few hours to do it in. Is it a bargain?"

The engineer, a sardonic person, found the deal to his taste, and in a few minutes it was a fact. The bundle, in a big envelope, lay in Ludwig Kranwartz's pocket, and the engineer was leaving the room when Mr. Kranwartz said:

"You seem a pretty clever fellow. I'll give you another million if within a year you invent an improved submarine—so small that it can hide on the deck of a little cargo boat. It must be safe—and hold two men—and go at forty knots. Can you do it?"

The engineer said he thought he could if the important parts were made of platinum. No one had yet seen fit to provide for the experiment in this expensive material.

"Go ahead!"

"I will, sir," and the engineer left, smiling.

During the year that followed, Ludwig Kranwartz transferred countless millions into various regions of the earth where he wished them to be. He no longer tried to educate Emma. When he made up his mind, he never wavered. That had been the secret of his success from the days when he had been a bank clerk in Vienna.

When the engineer, Jim Pennington, came into his office again, exactly a year from the time when he had

emerged from it, smiling, everything was ready for a great adventure!

The two men looked at each other. "Hello, Jim Bludso!"

The engineer smiled. "You did right, boss, to put your trust in my cussedness. The boat is ready—up a cove near Southampton."

"We will go to see it today."

They went—and as they traveled in the millionaire's motor-car, they grew to like each other. Neither was loquacious, each seemed to understand a number of points without words.

"Should you care to start life over again?" the Croesus asked.

"No, I'd like to get on with this one. I'm learning on your million—about nice things to eat and drink, and what silk feels like, and now I want to know women—ladies. I dreamed of them in college."

"So did I."

"I guess you're about forty, boss."

"Just forty-five."

"You've met some, then?"

"I thought I had, but I always found I had not. They seemed everything by day—but were too generous about the nights when they heard of my millions."

"Couldn't you keep that dark—with all your resources?"

"Not for long."

The engineer became reflective. "I begin to see light."

Ludwig Kranwartz glanced at this man sharply. Light was all very well, but as yet it did not suit him for anyone in his employ to see too much of it. The engineer perceived the glance and understood.

"If you should want someone to operate the sub—I can do that too."

"As mothers can dress children?"

"Precisely."

By the time they had inspected the queer-looking craft, Mr. Kranwartz had decided to let Jim Pennington far enough into his secret to be of use to him. There was one other person whom he trusted—his valet, Johnson.

The household in the estate he had taken this summer thought Johnson was away on his annual holiday.

Emma, pleased with a new pink pearl bracelet which had arrived for her twenty-fifth birthday, never worried about anything concerning her husband's movements. She knew vaguely that he was going to try out a marvelous airplane he had just bought, which would hold ten passengers—and that a party of men were going with him across to Havre and then on to Deauville. Emma hated flying, although she never had complained about this, their constant mode of transport.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the perfect English servants had brought the tea to their mistress on the perfect English lawn of Skipbrook Castle—the financier always insisted upon following the customs of the country he happened to be sojourning in—the butler handed her a telegram.

Emma read it languidly and then she gave one scream and fainted! The Mystery Car of finance had disappeared from the eyes of man in mid-channel—walked into the back compartment of the airplane and apparently vanished into space.

The whole thing was more than extraordinary. No one had observed a body falling—and the telescope revealed that no ship was within eight miles of their whereabouts to save him. Was it an accident?

The pity was that Johnson should have been on his holiday, and a second man who was not so well acquainted with his master's ways should have been in his place. The millionaire had not seemed depressed, but he had written a number of letters just after they started, it was remembered. These lay upon the table to be posted when the plane landed.

When they were opened by the police later, they were found to be instructions to the lawyers about various stocks and also about a large sum which had been settled upon Mrs. Kranwartz—and there was a letter to Emma herself. It did not actually announce suicide—but it could be taken that way.

Dear Emma (it ran): My journey may go much farther than Deauville; enjoy the few dollars I have settled upon you. Return to America and be happy with the pleasures of your age and class. That is a European word of which you do not understand the various meanings as yet—and accept my grateful thanks for five years of perfect acquiescence. Sincerely yours,

Ludwig Kranwartz

Emma was never quite sure what made her faint. She was usually a phlegmatic creature. She never had speculated about anything—and certainly not as to whether she had or had not loved her husband. She was married to him, so of course she loved him. This had been her creed.

Ludwig's "few dollars" proved to be eight millions—free of encumbrances. He left her his yacht and the palatial Spanish villa he had just bought in Santa Barbara, and all his motor-cars—but not the airplanes! He had always been so considerate of her personal tastes!

Of course it was suicide from depression—because his colossal fortune was found to have diminished to a mere ordinary fifty millions! And this pittance was to accumulate for the benefit of scientific discoveries in Austria, England and America.

Such ample bequests to employees and servants, too! No one seemed to be forgotten—Johnson being made comparatively rich for life, which enabled him to retire like a gentleman and travel abroad on his own.

So, by the winter of 1928, the nine-day wonder at the disappearance from Life's stage of one of the most spectacular gamblers of the century had ceased to be news. Ludwig Kranwartz was almost forgotten. But not quite—at least by Emma. In fact, she seemed to be under an obsession of his memory.

In a comfortable room in a gloomy old palace in poor, changed Vienna, a man sat in a velvet dressing-gown. His head was tied round with a silk handkerchief. He held two photographs in his hands—which were encased in gloves—and he looked first at one and then at the other with intense interest. They were of the famous financier Ludwig Kranwartz.

In one photograph he saw a man of just above medium height and rather heavy build—with short, thick slightly retreating nose and penetrating, beetle-browed eyes which had a Mongolian ring at the corners; a large, determined mouth. It was a full-length photograph and showed that the shoulders were particularly square and the neck short.

The other was a half-length, profile, and in it the strangely wrinkled, powerful hands could be seen clearly. The man looked every bit his age—forty-five. The hair was dark and thick, but growing far back from the temples and exposing a high, broad forehead. It was cut extremely short, accentuating ears which stuck out unbecomingly.

The man in the chair got up and looked at himself in a pier-glass set between the great windows in the best light. Then he laughed. "Come now!" he called—and an elderly English valet appeared from the next room.

"These wizards of Austrian doctors have done marvels, haven't they, Johnson?" he said, after he had greeted the servant warmly. "It is said you can always recognize people by their eyes—but I affirm—not always!"

"You're right, sir," the valet agreed. Both men examined the reflection in the mirror. They saw a trim, athletic-looking figure with a neck certainly an inch longer than the one in the photograph and set on not aggressively square shoulders. They saw a finely oval face, clean-shaven—with a finely cut, hawklike nose. The eyes were dark and they slanted downwards at the corners and this, with the straight brows well raised above them, gave them a slightly wistful expression. The pure olive complexion was smooth and unwrinkled. The mouth was medium-sized, stern-looking, with young, unwrinkled lips.

Johnson coughed. He could hardly speak. "I can't believe my eyes, sir. If it was not for some tones I know in your voice speaking to me, I'd swear you were deceiving me."

The man looked delighted. "And even those tones will be lower and different in another month, and then the last trace will have disappeared."

"If I may make so bold, sir—how was it done?"

"Sit down, Johnson, and I'll tell you all about it. I would not let you join me before because I wanted your impression when the job should be almost complete."

The valet sat gingerly at the edge of a chair, but his mask-like face expressed intense interest.

"You've heard from me, of course, how Pennington and I got away; the chute and the sub both were knock-outs. We finally landed in Spain—and there I said goodbye to him and came on here to Herr Rosenberg who was a college mate of my father's. I put myself into his hands unreservedly. He might try any of his experiments on me that he pleased, so long as he promised that I should emerge a new man. He is a great surgeon. He had a colleague or two, specialists in their different branches, but he did not let any of them see me until he had so disfigured me that they could not recognize me."

Johnson's eyes grew wide. "But your height, sir; your build!"

"Rosenberg always has had a theory that the rack wasn't such a bad instrument, after all, and he has perfected one which stretches the spine and the neck—I was on it daily for three months. Then he performed a slight operation on the shoulders in that part, which my shoulders drop."

Diet and exercise did the rest of the fining process. Then he made the greatest change: he cut the skin of my eyelids and drew it down instead of up; he cut and sewed up my mouth, changing the entire expression, and then he remade my nose—which was broken at college. And last and best—look!"

With this the man pushed up the loose handkerchief on his forehead and disclosed thick, dark hair growing in a point on a Greek brow.

"In a month even that fine reddish line at the edge of the growth will be faded, and if it looks too white we shall have it tattooed the color of the rest of the skin. I've had that done to the line on the nose."

"It's a miracle, sir—a miracle."

"You can always recognize a man by his gait, Johnson, that is why I determined on the shoulder alteration, but it was a near thing."

"I don't see how the hair was managed, sir."

"That was quite simple; my scalp was very loose and my forehead wrinkled into a scowl. He raised the skin and drew the hair down in a different outline."

"Then your complexion, sir—like a girl's."

"I had the beauty treatment when the cuts were healed, had the whole top layers burnt off with acid."

"And yet you can see where your beard grows—it's miraculous, sir, little short of it."

"Yes, they are real artists here. I am having a treatment for the vocal chords and am speaking lower every day."

"There are still your ears to be accounted for," Johnson ventured.

The man laughed amusedly. "Yes, they stuck out like an ape's—and never thinking about them, I had a hair-cut that accentuated their ugliness. The skin was cut behind them and they were drawn back."

"And you are wearing gloves, sir?"

"I have to for another week; the operation on my hands was ticklish. I can tell you: first the skin out and tightened at the side, and then the peeling; but I had almost to pound Rosenberg's head to get him to do it. The fear of cracking and non-healing is so great. You'll see, however, in a week. They'll look as young as

my face—all those wrinkles and moles gone!"

"Mr. Pennington did not know you intended this alteration, sir?"

"No, I just disappeared; he had no idea where I was making for, even—or that I had any such idea in my head."

"Beg, pardon, sir—but how will you account for me? Isn't it risky, sir?"

"Yes, it may be; but you are necessary to me, Johnson, the one person I can trust. You will soon write to acquaintances in my late household that you would be likely to write to and tell them you are lonely with out work and so have taken a situation with a young Hungarian gentleman—but you don't know if you'll like it yet and you hope to see them if you come back to England. Be sure you say a 'young gentleman'."

Johnson came as near to grinning as he ever had done in his life. "Why, to be sure, sir—you don't look more than twenty-five."

"That's gorgeous, Johnson, old boy. Call for a pint of champagne and let's drink to Hurkly Ora—that's my new name, made up of lucky numbers! May he enjoy his new life!"

Emma Kranwartz had been a widow for almost a year and she was a changed being. Ludwig's letter had achieved this, she felt, for that enigmatic sentence about "class" had rankled with her and stimulated her to study what he could possibly have meant. She was as good as anyone in America, of fine old Mayflower stock, therefore there could not have been any aspersions intended in that respect.

"I know," she said to herself after a month or two; "he meant my class of intellect—the people who like me are half asleep. Why am I half asleep? I need not be. I won't be! Did he kill himself because he could not stand me?"

This troubled her exceedingly, and she began to remember some of the wonderful things he had said to her, the whimsical meaning of which had gone over her head. She was only twenty-six—there was time to alter herself; she never could bring Ludwig back—and she did not know that she wanted to—herself.

She would not go back to America—yet. She would hire a highly educated companion, travel in Europe, with new eyes. She would read and study all its wonderful art galleries she would think. Paris should make her individual clothes which should accentuate her style; no longer would she wear what she was told, or do what she was told, or eat what she was told, or—of course not! There was no one to tell her to do anything any more.

It was six months later before a sense of humor began faintly to dawn in Emma. When she realized that the aspects of things were beginning to make her laugh and not the things themselves, she almost felt uncomfortable!

"Of course Ludwig could not stand me. I was perfectly awful!"

At the end of another six months she did return to her native land and went to Santa Barbara. The strength of her character had emerged—she would not invite her mother even. She dispensed with the cultured companion and departed to the coast alone. And there she stayed, with only a summer visit to Europe, until her second year of widowhood was almost ended.

A year after the financier's death a very handsome young gentleman dawned upon the world of Paris and London. Of course it was obvious he was of Jewish extraction, although his strange name gave no clue to his nationality—but the nose was unmistakable, and so was the droop of his large, magnetic, rather melancholy eyes. He appeared to be really wealthy too. Women fell at his feet and into his arms, and how his wistful eyes laughed behind the melancholy interesting droop of his eyelids!

It was almost eighteen months since his rebirth when he fell in with Lady Ayencourt, an attractive widow who had been Angelica Carew of Philadelphia ten years before—and now, at thirty, found herself alone in the world, incurable war wounds at last having carried off her much-loved Bobby, that penniless, attractive tenth baron of the name.

Angelica was one of those exquisite creatures which America alone seems to produce—fragile as a lily to look at, with perfect health and a wit as keen as a rapier. She knew how to dress and how to make her tiny house enchanting to her friends. She could have had lovers for every day in the week had she wanted them—but she had adored Bobby, and now was lonely and looked pathetic.

Hurkly Ora was presented to her at the dinner of a successful American at the Chateau de Madrid in Paris, and in the glancing lights and shadows of that obvious but delicious spot, he said some very intriguing things to her—so that when she got into bed that night she remembered them and knew that she had received the first thrill since Bobby died.

"I wonder who he is. I wonder if I shall see him again."

She did. He took care of that! And he was thinking, "Perhaps this is what I have been looking for all these years. I shall have to try her by offering her a present. Time will tell."

Time told—for Angelica refused the present which was not tendered for quite a week of acquaintanceship, and in a manner which would have made almost every other woman of her world accept it! A mere onyx and diamond brooch for her hat, but a new shape, and enchanting workmanship. Angelica wanted it badly, but—

"No, thank you, Mr. Ora. I like thoughts more than things from people; things become old-fashioned or wear out; thoughts remain."

Hurkly Ora's strange eyes softened and a flush came into his olive skin. He looked horribly attractive, Angelica realized.

"You are not offended with me?" she hazarded.

"No, you have done just what I wanted you to do."

"Enigma!"

"Angelica!"

"Insolent! Let us play tennis!"

They played—and fenced with one another for a fortnight—she imagining that she was keeping him exactly where she wanted him to be, with that grace and charm and intelligence which only an American woman with long training in European subtlety knows how to use with success against impetuous foreigners.

Hurkly Ora appreciated her art in this game; he was more and more certain he wanted to win, and it amused him to allow her to think that she was setting the pace. He was finding life perfectly enchanting. It was much better, after all, to be thin and svelt and good-looking, with distinguished flat ears and a smooth olive skin! Women ran their fingers through his thick, dark hair now. They never had desired to do so in the days of his convict-like hair cut.

He laughed often, sardonically, but was aware that he was getting some satisfaction out of it all the same. He had the odd, new feeling that women loved him for himself now!

He was only believed to be "rich," not a millionaire now—and there were a number of rich young men floating about in the chic society he frequented, so for that part he had nothing to learn upon. No, he really could begin to imagine that he himself, "Hurkly Ora," had emerged from unattractive fleshly trappings, like a diamond out of sawdust, and then he laughed sardonically again. So emotions in women and social success were a good deal dependent upon the satisfaction obtained by the eye!

In Santa Barbara a team of polo players from the East arrived and won laurels for themselves, and among them was one Jim Pennington said to have risen from nothing at all, but to have had astonishing luck about two years before. Now he was head of a number of engineering companies. He was introduced to the rich beautiful widow, Emma Kranwartz, and they got on at once. Emma seemed to Jim the ne plus ultra of those "ladies" he had dreamed of at college—and Jim seemed to Emma to be what she always used to think she would like in a man.

She wanted to wait, though, to make up her mind, until a friend, Lady Ayencourt, whom she had met in California the year before, should pay her a promised visit. They had arranged that she should come that September.

They were standing on the terrace of her Paradise Villa, looking at the beautiful view—both feeling sentimental, when a telegram was delivered. It was from Lady Ayencourt, saying she would arrive the following afternoon, and was bringing her niece and a charming Hungarian man called Hurkly Ora—whom she was sure Emma would like.

"That is very suitable," Emma thought. "We shall then be four—chaperoned by the niece. I had better tell Jim to provide one of his friends for her."

"Now, Johnson, I know I can count upon you not to show the least sign when you see Mrs. Kranwartz again; the very audacity of our proceeding makes it the more safe. If she has her former maid, or any of the servants, you will repeat the old story—you were lonely and so took service—with a young Hungarian gentleman who likes traveling."

Johnson answered with perfect serenity. "Very good, sir."

The night in Paris when Lady Ayencourt had suggested that Mr. Ora should come to California with her to stay with her friend, Mrs. Kranwartz, he had accepted at once; and afterwards, alone in his apartment, he had laughed and laughed. This would be a too exquisitely enjoyable experience!

They motored from Los Angeles and it was rather late in the afternoon, when Emma received them in the opal-tinted sunset on the terrace overlooking the sea. Jim had not yet come from the polo field.

Emma's first impression was that she seldom had seen anyone handsomer than Angelica's friend. She loved the way his hair grew down in that point and his perfectly flat ears—they were so well-bred looking! And it was so rare even in a man of only twenty-eight, or thereabouts, to see such a pure olive skin.

Then, suddenly, her mind went back to poor Ludwig Kranwartz—and how coarse and snub his features were! The squareness of his shoulders used to irritate her so—because she always felt his power, and had to obey him!—and now that she never obeyed anyone, it was quite delicious to see dark, romantic Hungarian eyes looking into hers with a fire totally absent from that sweet fellow, Jim's!

At dinner Mr. Ora sat at her right hand—Emma did everything thoroughly now that she was awake. Her house was perfection; she had unconsciously followed all Ludwig Kranwartz's teachings as to how establishments should be conducted.

Hurkly Ora observed, with some cynical gratification, that his wishes in his former life had been carried out! Emma was vastly improved too—much thinner, and her big blue eyes seemed to have some meaning in them now. He must draw her out!

"You are far too young and beautiful to live alone, Mrs. Kranwartz, said his deep voice with just the faintest foreign accent. His methods were always bold. "You should have someone to take care of you."

Emma could not meet his eyes; she felt a distinct flutter. "But I don't want to marry again. I am enjoying—freedom."

"Were you a caged bird once?"

"I suppose I was, but it was because of my own stupidity."

"Your spirit has become free then?"

"I have tried to make it free by acquiring knowledge. Oh! I am learning so much, and I do not want to hand the key of the door into anyone else's keeping—not until I find someone who would make a great illumination for me on the other side of it!"

Hurkly Ora almost gasped. Was

this Emma—Emma announcing these subtle aspirations? He became thrilled with interest; he drew her out further; he talked to her about the things he had always loved of art and literature—and about which she had always listened in respectful bored silence—and his amazement deepened. Was it credible that a period of two years could have wrought such a change in a woman?

"I must have been an awful brute to have kept her so dumb." And this thought made him tender.

Across the table Angelica was finding Jim Pennington most refreshing. After all, these young men, not of her world, were interesting to meet. She liked Jim's lithe, sinewy body—as thin as a rail. It reminded her of Bobby. She was so absolutely sure of Hurkly Ora that she was not concerned about his interest in their hostess—which proved that she did not know men quite as well as she thought she did.

"That's the sort of guy women fall for," Jim said, looking at Mr. Ora. "They couldn't hold him back if they tried—if he really wanted them. I don't know why, but something about him makes me think of a man I used to know. He's not a bit like him, he was years older and shorter—guess it's that his spirit is pretty punchy—the same as that guy's."

"Really? I have never seen anyone like Mr. Ora. He is a most remarkable person of an exquisite cultivation."

Jim's pupils narrowed. "Is that necessary to you? I mean to be if I had stayed longer at college; I suppose a man can learn even now."

"A man can learn anything he wishes to."

"I love dancing," Emma was saying just then. "My husband never danced, so while he was alive I never had the chance."

"I like dancing too—especially the tango. Will you dance it with me one evening?" Hurkly Ora's eyes said more than his words.

"After dinner," Emma answered gladly. "I have asked several friends to come round, and some musicians, but I wondered if you played bridge all the time."

"I loathe bridge."

Emma smiled delightedly. "Oh! How nice to hear that. The hours I have yawned away in the past, trying to learn it."

Hurkly Ora remembered in his former life how he had tried to teach it to her in despair at the incredible boredom of their tete-a-tetes. He felt glad now that she did not play bridge, and that he did not—and laughed at himself for being glad. The sardonic whimsicality of the situation was causing him delight. Then he looked down at her very white neck and saw to suggest itself, a little black mole just where an exquisite curve began peeping from beneath the string of marvelous pearls, and suddenly a mac thrill ran through him, and he remembered how it had delighted him the first time he had seen it and how he had bought the pearls that their whiteness should match her skin and contrast with the minute round of velvet with which Nature had adorned it.

The friends arrived almost as they left the dining room, and the musicians were already playing a plain talse from the balcony. Emma, with quiet grace and assurance, began arranging for the happiness of the bridge addicts. Hurkly Ora watched her. And she had been awkward and stiff, fulfilling any social duty in the old days!

Lady Ayencourt spoke to him with the faintest tone of anxiety in her voice. She said something ordinary about the beauty of the view from the windows in the moonlight—and he answered her with his usual courtesy, but it struck him that she looked a little faded beside Emma!

Was it possible that he, the cynic who had come to life again with a new body, should fall in love with his former wife! As they danced, he realized the immense possibility which were now emerging in Emma. No woman could understand the rhythm of the tango as she was showing him that she understood it unless there was passion in her. Passion in Emma! Then a twinge of jealousy came. Had some other man awakened her? Was that it? He looked over at Jim Pennington energetically clasping Lady Ayencourt. Could it be he?

Angelica took in the situation. She realized that her friend was winning a trick in the game from her. But what did she really want? A masterful Hungarian—perhaps a yet younger than herself—or a Jim Pennington who would be an adorning second Bobby?

As for Jim, there was no doubt in his mind as to what he wanted, or Emma's either. She was thrilling as he had never done before.

"How perfectly you dance," Hurkly Ora whispered, letting his lips accidentally touch her ear as the last notes died away. Then he drew her out on the terrace.

"Do I?" Emma had a catch in her breath. "I don't believe I ever danced like that before."

"Do you know what your work implies? That it is I who have made the change. That gives me infinite pleasure! There are a number of things I should like to teach you."

"Such as?" Emma marveled at his own temerity.

"The elevation of the soul—the communion of the mind—the joys of love!"

Emma gasped—this kind of thing on the first evening! And said in such a deep, attractive foreign voice, with such a look in the passionate eyes! Why, it was taking her off her feet! She ventured to glance up at him for a moment—he was so beautiful dressed.

"I suppose he has a perfect English valet like Johnson," flashed through her level brain went back the man himself. She had not a single fault to find with him. But he was Angelica's property. This was a bad of Providence—to have given a first husband she did not want, a

(Continued on page 7, Col. 1.)