

AFTERWARD.

There's never a storm so wild But after it follows calm; There's never a hurt so great But somewhere's provided a balm; There's never a night so dark But after it follows the dawn.

WHO KISSED ME?

Yarn street is made of Chinese alleys tangled together, narrow and cobblestoned—dingy, packed in with sagging roofs packed in the daytime, there it is—Chinamen inside their doors, talking, singing, scuffling out of one place into another; a laundry, steam standing around the door; little frames of colored beads to count with; holes in the wall for shops, with cases of thick, heavy cakes, sweet and overflavored; dim stores with dried food in glass jars, noodles, rice and bamboo; windows piled with goods in pink-red Chinese paper, yellow labels, straw bags of tea, black Chinese letters up and down everything, slippers hanging on gut like strings for fish. And then at night, flaring gaslights in among senseless, fluttering Chinese trinkets; signs of gods; bunches of brass-green coins; silk coats with embroidered patterns; colored lanterns ugly with painted faces, or beautiful with struggling willow branches and cherry blossoms.

sailor had given her into the tallow of a candle that was burning upon the table. "You heard who asked you," she said. "Where is he? He hasn't been home for two days." The sailor who had brought her shoved his hat back and leaned against the table. "I guess he ain't," he roared. "He's in the jug!" The girl flashed around to face him—caught her hands on the table. "What do you mean—jug?" she said sharply. The sailor sat down in one of the chairs he had pulled out. "Ain't you never seen one, baby?" he asked, and winked broadly at Joe. The girl looked up at Joe Yung, her hands opening and closing on the edge of the table. "What's he talking about?" she said, her voice quiet—steady. "Where's Jimmy?" Joe Yung took off his cap and put it on again. "I don't know who you are, miss, or what reason you got to be askin'," he told her, "but what he says is the goods. A man from uptown got the cops on Jimmy Monday night, and caught him with a box of jade and a load of happy just done up in a bale of silk. I was sorry as the devil to see a kid like Jimmy get the works, but I told him a year ago he showed up too conspicuous around here with Chinamen. Too clean he was!" The girl had been staring at Joe Yung. Suddenly she turned and hid her face in her arms against the open door. "But Jimmy didn't want the stuff," she said, choking—sobbing. "Why don't they get the men he works for? Why don't they get the man who sends Jimmy down here after it?" "Jimmy wouldn't tell no names," Joe told her. "Well, I'll tell a name!" she shrieked, facing the dingy room. "Glover McKay! Glover McKay!" "I told the cops that myself," Joe Yung said, "and they found Mr. Glover McKay, and he didn't know what they are talkin' about, he says. Would demand an apology from the Court, he says. Never seen the kid before—don't know what it's all about! Politics tryin' to throw mud on 'm, he says."

night looking on alone—amused, his car waiting to take him home when he had enough of the place. Everybody talked about why Glover McKay was always alone—but nobody knew why, only Glover McKay. One night he saw another man alone at a table near by. Forty or forty-five, distinguished, handsome, ordering cocktail, steak, mushrooms and a dessert—looking on amused. North Pole Number, the girl in the long train a little unsteady, glass waterfall, derby hat on the trombone. Glover McKay was curious about a man so like himself. "Small-town official trying to kill an evening," he thought. "Shocked at all the women. Thinks he's great in a dress suit! Vest a little too tight for him. Getting a bay window, old man!" And the stranger thinking the same about Glover McKay. And then, at the head of the velvet stairs, Glover McKay saw a girl—slim, rather shy, her shoulders and arms bare and white, her hair pinned around her head in little uneven curls—wide eyes, beautiful mouth. She was looking for something. She was looking for someone. She had a handful of violets and rosebuds. She was still standing there on the floor again, lights turned to moonlight again; and then suddenly a flame scratched the darkness, a dish shattered, a woman screamed. And when the lights came up and the dancers stopped, women clutching at the men's shoulders there, sprawling on the table, was that man near Glover McKay. Panic! Buzz! A crowd closing around the sickening sight of it! Policemen coming! Glover McKay left the place. His car was waiting where it always waited, his driver peering in at the restaurant door with all the other drivers. Glover McKay opened the door of his car, and there, staring out at him, was the girl he had seen on the velvet steps! "Well, my dear," he said to her, "you are mistaken, or I am!" "I—just got into the car nearest the door," she said. "You came out of the Cavalier, didn't you? I am the one who shot Glover McKay, I'm not trying to escape," she said quickly. "Don't go." He got into the car beside her—she white and frightened—and he drove Glover McKay. "So you shot Glover McKay," he said. "Is he—dead?" she wanted to know. He told her he didn't know. He said he hadn't waited to find out. His chauffeur saw him and hurried back to the car. "Home, sir!" he called. Glover McKay told him yes, home, and then he sat back and looked at that girl. He realized she was more than white and frightened. She was beautiful. "I killed him," she said. "I'm ready to give myself up." The flowers were still in her hand. Now in the half-darkness he saw that they were tied with pale ribbon to a stubby automatic. "Did you expect to kill him?" he asked her. "Yes," she said, "I don't care what they do to me, if only I've killed Glover McKay. But if I haven't, I must be free to try again!" She looked up at him quickly. "I shouldn't have told you anyway." "Tell me why you shot him." But she didn't tell him. She sat there shivering. Glover McKay took a robe from the rack and put it over her shoulders. She had beautiful eyes and lovely lips. The fact that Glover McKay had spent his life without women did not make him blind to them. Made him see, rather, how insidiously they followed him, how insidiously themselves to him. A man of money, good looks and distinction? Of course they did! Nothing wears so many false faces as Love. The whole world is a masquerade of Love in false faces! You carry like stave roast on a silver platter something "warm" and done with, that you speak of as "love." It does not form in yourself something for nothing with what you called "love," because it was the easiest money to spend. Wearing a hundred different faces, you have said the same thing a hundred different moments, and called it all "love!" For twenty years Glover McKay had watched the masquerade and laughed at it—and kept out of the crowd. Now here a girl, Lord knows who, is trying—what is she trying? Not to intrigue him. She doesn't know who he is, or care. And Glover McKay—She has tried to kill Glover McKay! Thinks perhaps she has! Hopes she has, to save her the trouble of trying again! Is ready to go to the police for it! Fragile hands—beautiful eyes—here beside him! She felt him looking at her, turned suddenly and put her hand over his. "Do you think I killed him?" she said. He closed his fingers around hers. "I don't know," he told her. "Did anyone see you when you shot him?" She told him no, it had been in the dark. He is thinking how he can protect her if she has killed the man, because suddenly he knows he will protect her. It does not form in his mind at all that the other man, dead or not, really has nothing to do with it! It does not form in his mind that Glover McKay is the man she hopes is dead! He is only thinking how he can protect her! Glover McKay lived in a house built against the sidewalk, a tall white-stone house with an iron gate across the steps. Through the gate you could see the hall inside, velvetlike luxury and white wax candles at a door that would lead to the drawing-room. Amber torches burned outside the gate.

The butler took the robe from around the girl's shoulders and hurried ahead of them to arrange the library. "Shall I take your flowers?" McKay asked her. He didn't say he knew what was in them. She told him she would keep them. The library was heavy with carved mahogany, and dark Chinese rugs. Glover McKay sent the butler to get some wine. "Would you like anything else?" he asked her. "Will you telephone," she said, "and find out whether Glover McKay is dead?" He wondered what the butler would have thought if he had heard her. "Yes. All right. I'll telephone," he said. "Won't you sit down?" But she stood by the table, awkward and rather shy, watching the butler bring the wine and fill two glasses. Her face was like a cameo against the dark room. Glover McKay wondered if her hands were cold, they were so white. "Edward, fix the fire," he said to the butler. He gave her one of the wine-glasses. She took it but she didn't drink, and after a minute put it down on the table. Wood in the fire made orange flames and put a glow all over the shadows. The butler went away. Then Glover McKay picked the girl up in his arms and carried her to a silk pile of pillows by the fire. "There," he said. He tucked pillows around her feet and stood watching her, while he brought out a cigarette from a case in his pocket. The silence came around them like curtains closing, and there was Glover McKay looking at a beautiful woman in his library, her eyes full of his firelight. Do you ever think what life is made of? Dreams. You think a dream is nothing. It is everything. Realities are only worth something to you when they are your dreams. And when you have reality, what do you do with it? Make it into dreams again! Glover McKay had dreamed all his life of a woman he would pick up in his arms and put down on the pillows by his fire. A woman who would seem to belong in his arms and his fire. And what came over him now was that he had always dreamed she would be a little awkward and shy, like a child—not wisdom in masquerade! He stared at her suddenly, because her eyes were closed and she was so white! Slender arms, white throat, the curls catching the threads of the pillow. She seemed to him suddenly the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. "What a fool I am!" he thought. If an hour of June could come in November—in the bleakness of November—just one hour of chiffon sky, tender buds folded up like sealed perfume, a little spilled on the edges, trees ruffled with pale young green, little warm shadows lacing together—such an hour could seem like no hour that ever had been before! It would be like a bubble caught on your finger tips! You would hold your breath with ecstasy. "I'm a fool," he thought. He could still feel her against him as he had carried her to the fire, the slender weight of her, her face against his arm. How talk would scatter if he should suddenly be in love! The world waiting for scandal like a puppy for a bone! Was he in love! What was this fear and frenzy to lock this girl in his arms so there would never be an end to it? His thoughts had seemed an hour. It was only a minute. "Will you telephone?" she said. "Please ask if he is dead!" He had forgotten all that—Le Beau Cavalier—this girl who had been standing there on those velvet steps such a little while before—a girl with a bouquet of flowers he had just happened to look up and see—somebody—nobody—just a girl standing there to shoot a man; she was wondering now if she had killed him! And here she was in his house! "What if the man is dead or isn't?" he mused. "I can buy the court! I am Glover McKay!" And what he continually forgot was that it was Glover McKay she had wanted to kill! Glover McKay she was hoping was dead! She pulled herself up on the pillows and smiled at him. "You were very good to bring me here," she said. "I can go now, if you'll call on the telephone." He walked across to where she was and looked down at her. "I believe I'm in love with you," he said. "I've never wanted to say that to a woman before. I have always thought someone would come to me as you have come, when I wouldn't expect it—wouldn't seek it; and I have waited all my life for just what seems to be happening now!" He picked up her hand that lay on the satin pillow. "I don't know who you are," he said; "I don't know why you wanted to kill Glover McKay; but I want to say before I call the Cavalier that whatever they tell me—I kissed her fingers, held them a moment against his lips—"and whoever you are—you are mine, if you want to be." The man she had shot was not dead. He was not dying. His wound was not serious. He decided to press a charge against whoever might have shot him. He wanted no notoriety. So that was what Glover McKay had to tell her. She listened until he finished, then crumpled into nothing in the pillows. He caught her and held her talking to her in words that meant nothing at all, told her over and over he loved her. "But Glover McKay isn't dead!" she said. "I have to find him—and kill him!" He drew her closer to him—so close she couldn't get away—and told her Glover McKay was himself. "Dearest, I'm Glover McKay," he

said. "The man you shot is a man from Texas, they say. Why did you want to kill me? Tell me right here in my arms!" For a moment it seemed she didn't know what he said, and then she was fighting to get away from him—beating his arms with her fists, tearing at his hands till at last he let her go, hatred screaming in her eyes. She faced him like a little crazed thing. "You're Glover McKay!" she screamed. "You are!" In the far corner of the room behind him, she saw a Chinese coat fastened on the wall, scarlet embroidered in gold. Once, one night when ice and sleet had been driving down the river, when the boats had been frozen in the docks, she had sat through the dawn, wrapped in a quilt, waiting for Jimmy, till he could fight his way through the storm after what a freight boat had brought from China—unset topazes, coat embroidered in gold, Jimmy had brought it home, and she had mended a place his fingers had torn in unwrapping it. She had embroidered a Chinese letter in gold thread. And now across that room what stared at her? A Chinese letter in gold thread! Jimmy, tumbled and sleepy on the bed, trying to stay awake so she wouldn't be alone! Her kid! "Yes, you are Glover McKay," she said. "Well, then, it's you I'll kill!" She ran to those flowers, stood there with them in her hands, as he had seen her in the Cavalier. He didn't move—didn't say anything—only watched her! An then the telephone rang. "Yes," he said. "Yes, it is. No, I've been out all evening. . . They let who go? Jimmy Lord? If he didn't tell anything—all right; let him go!" Glover McKay turned to face the girl again. But now she was standing by the fire watching the logs fall to pieces, her flowers left on the table. Glover McKay came over to her. "Well?" he said. "Perhaps I won't kill you," he said. She waited for him to move or speak, but he didn't—only looked at her. "Are you sure you'll still love me tomorrow?" she said. "And the day after? Are you sure there's no one else you ever wanted? Are you sure?" "I have never thought of love until tonight," he said. "I will love you tomorrow, and to the last day I live! I love you so much," he said. "I'm afraid to kiss you!" She laughed and tucked her head on his shoulder, and out of his pocket unfolded a white linen handkerchief. "I'm not afraid to kiss you," she said. "Here, let me show you." She stood on tiptoe and bandaged his eyes. He felt her fingers lace together—around his neck. "It's odd," she said. "You don't know my name, do you? Nor who I am, nor where I came from?" "No," he laughed; nor why you tried to kill Glover McKay!" He could feel the ends of the handkerchief hanging foolishly over his ear. "But now I'm not going to kill you," she said, "because you've waited so long for love and found it tonight!" He felt her lips against his—a kiss that clung to him—held him. And then her hands were gone!—Her lips were gone! He tried to find her—groped for her. "If you do love me," he heard her saying just one of his reach, "when you try to forget, you'll only remember—and remember!" "I've never killed you," she said. "I've always—well, I've said good-by to you." He pulled at the band across his eyes. "But don't say good-by now," he said. "I don't know who you are! I don't know where to find you!" He felt a wind from the street door as it opened and closed, heard the clatter of the gate outside on the stone steps! Stupid, bewildered, he blundered to the hall—to the street. It was two o'clock by Melville Towers. The streets lights were out. The boulevard was empty. The night was deserted. Miles away he heard a boat whistle drag a wail along the river. —Hearst's International Cosmopolitan.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. Daily Thought. It is not so Easy. To apologize, To begin over, To be unselfish, To take advice, To be charitable, To be considerate, To keep on trying, To think and then act, To profit by mistakes, To forgive and forget, To shoulder a deserved blame— BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS. —Straws are already weaving the story of next season's hats. If one can judge by present indications, straw hats will be more popular than ever next year, especially the soft, pliable linen and cellophane weaves. These can be gracefully draped and manipulated to form a pleasing frame to the face. Fleats, inside tuckings on the brim and other clever touches, combine to give the new hats charm and distinction. The models shown just now are mostly of straw combined with felt or satin. Hats are trembling on the brink of the brim and those that have taken the plunge use the brim in a variety of clever ways, concentrating much of the manipulation on both front and sides. Some stylists venture the prediction that the small brimmed hat will vie with the turban and the beret for sports and general wear, and now that the hat has crept off the forehead and down the nape of the neck, perhaps we shall see the return of the cloche. One should expect the revival of the brim certainly indicates a change of some sort in the shape of our head-gear, and this must be apparent to those who do not take a professional interest in the trend of the mode. —Every house here is displaying pyjama ensembles in endless and fascinating variety. Sumptuous fabrics, ingenious and sometimes daring color combinations, cleverly cut silhouettes that retain the characteristics of the mode as it pertains to more formal clothes, these are some of the features that make pyjamas choosing an interesting and delightful adventure. Every woman who longs for color or can gratify that yearning by wearing a pyjama suit that runs the color scale from green to orange with a dash of red and a heaven of black to set off more vividly the brilliant hues. —There is to be sure, some satisfaction gained from wearing the featured colors and shades, providing they are becoming. One should bear always in mind, however, that these exploited colors usually suffer from over popularity and before a short season has passed they are commonplace rather than distinctive. For this reason the wise thing is to make use of them in connection with a dress, hat, scarf or other set of accessories that are worn only for a short time, rather than to base the entire season's wardrobe on them. The more substantial items of the wardrobe, things that are likely to be worn throughout the season are more suitably chosen in some neutral or permanent shade—beige, brown, gray, navy blue, black or white, while the more striking color may be used in the guise of a little hat, purse or scarf that may be cast aside when the freshness of the color vogue is over. —Usually the less finish on hardware the better, especially on door knobs and handles that have constant wear. There are different kinds of metals finished in various ways—steel with a brass finish, brass with a bronze finish and so on. Many of these finishes are plated on. They come off parts like the door knob that are subject to wear almost as easily as they go on, so that after a time the highly ornamental finish you started with gives way to the honest brass or steel below. After all, the brass looks pretty well shining through there—so much so that it might have been better if you had started out with the brass and finished with it. Coconut Pudding:—Soak 1/2 cup bread crumbs and 1/2 cup coconut in 2 cups milk until soft. Mash well, then add three table spoons sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, and 1 tablespoon melted butter. Add one egg yolk beaten and lastly fold in 1/2 beaten white of the egg. Pour into greased baking dish or individual baking cups, and set 1 pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven about 30 minutes. Etiquette.—The laws of social usage which we call etiquette are strict in some things, and right so. In the acknowledgement of gifts by a prospective bride they are in the order. Good form demands that every one be acknowledged by the bride herself if possible within 24 hours after its receiving, but if this is impossible, by some member of the family. But a little license is now permitted. The bride may send written thanks while she is enjoying her honeymoon trip, and this should surely do. She should ever remember that the donor of every gift wishes to know that her or his special selection is meant, and a list should be carefully kept free of fear of errors. A girl in the hurry and confusion and delight of receiving her gifts is very apt to think she can recall each one and its donor but this will not do, and she should never omit the list. In acknowledging it is a prettiness to bring the name of the donor's name also pleased at the friendship shown by the gift. It is purely a matter of taste as to whether to do so; others remove the card but display the gifts in a room aside for the purpose. —Subscribe for the Watchman.