

CHEERING SOMEBODY ON

Don't you mind about the triumphs
Don't you worry after fame.
Don't you grieve about succeeding
Let the future guard your name.

Let your neighbors have the blossoms
Let your comrades wear the crown,
Never mind the little setbacks,
Nor the blows that knock you down.

There's a lot of sorrow 'round you,
Lots of loneliness and tears;
Lots of heartaches and of worry
Through the shadows of the years.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

"Can you teach a Salukhi hound
to run by scent, or your English
setters to hunt at gaze?"
The venerable Maharaja of Isulmeer would always say.

"Oh, now, now, now, darling!
Please be reasonable. We can't
withdraw at this hour. Why, Sir
Godfrey cut his leave short just to
meet you, and as late as this, they
won't be able to fill their Cup Week
party."

When Mona smiled as she did
now—and it was not often—men
forgot most things. But her refer-
ence to the tribesman had assured
Dick of what he had believed all
along—he had explained before. This
was the latest of many times when
she had tried to trick or storm or
wheedle him away from something
which was his duty.

"Old Jai Singh from Harangarh is
coming in with his three sons. He
wants to swear them in himself. He
was havildar under my grandfather
and is a hundred years old. He
arranged this three months ago and
I promised to be here. Hanlon won't
do. For me to be absent
would be the worst kind of insult,
not to mention going back on my
promise. And I told you all this in
March, when you asked me first."

"Then you won't go?"
"I'm very sorry. No."
The Celt was loose at last. She
paled. Her bosom heaved tempestu-
ously, and she swallowed hard as
she fought for words to vent her
passion.

In the far distance a trumpet
sang, tremulous and sweet and lit-
ting. Dick grabbed his big white
gauntlets. "By Gad! As late as that,
and I'm talking here. Excuse me,
Mona. We'll talk this over after-
wards." His figure bulked in the
doorway. Then he was gone, his
spurred heels ringing as he crossed
the marble terrace.

When she went out, her anger had
not waned. The smart victoria with
the liveried syces was waiting by the
shallow steps before the garden
shimmering in the savage heat. The
seat was baking to her touch, bely-
ing the fresh tinkle of the fountain
among the roses.

Ratangarh city lies about a low
hill, on which the palace stands.
She saw it spread before her now,
a sprawling swath of fairy domes
and flat-topped dwellings, with the
clear squares of bazaars and car-
avansaries among the palms, and
the brown sands began. Immeasur-
ably distant loomed the Ghaggar
hills, purple and dim against the
turquoise.

The sentries at the lion-pillars of
the gate saluted, and the horses
clattered down the steep slope from
the palace into the crooked streets;
houses of dingy white or pink or
turquoise-blue, with balconies and
shutters of carved cedar, and lovely
forged-iron grilles before zenana
windows. A fierce sun glared from
a translucent sky, and a parched
desert breeze swirled in.

The entire populace streamed with
her toward the maidan, for the Raj-
put dearly loves a military show.
They filled the narrow streets,
marching shoulder to shoulder be-
side the carriage, the lithe, tall,
swaggering men of Rajputana, war-
riors all in the old days, gay in their
gaudiest silks and velvets, oiled and
perfumed, and armed to the teeth.

The sun blazed on the swirling
flood of them, and the breeze wafted
her a reek of dust and bhag and
goats and camels, and the rank at-
tar perfume the dandies used.

She hated it all. Hated the sun,
the smells, the garish scene, the gay,
swashbuckling mob. She was avid
for the smell of tarred roads in a
milder sun, and for the theatre
crowds in streets glistening in the
lights on a wet night.

The carriage swung onto the maid-
dan, framed by the gay-colored mass
of people, and entered the place re-
served for her. The other officers'
wives were bowing. She was glad
her quarters in the palace gave
some excuse for her habitual aloof-
ness. For she disliked them, re-
sented and despised their pride in
the regiment, and their unquestion-
ing deference to its demands on
their husbands.

The Isulmeer Light Horse was
paraded in review order, a glitter-
ing, long scarlet rank of horsemen,
superbly mounted. On a horse to
suit his stature, Dick waited by the
yellow guidons, a gleaming trump-
eter behind him.

But the virile beauty of the sight
was lost on Mona. She had come
to hate the regiment, as the thing
which stood implacably between her
and her desire.

The band clashed out a clangor of
kettledrums and desert flutes and
silver trumpets, and the swords and
guidons of the regiment swept down
to the parade ground; Colonel His
Highness Sir Bikha Mulhar Nara-
yan Karatard Pertab Hlat Singh,
K. C. S. I., K. C. B., A. D. C., Ma-
haraja of Isulmeer, Prince of Nunar,
Lord of Nine Plains, Holder of all
Justice—and twin brother of Rao
and staunch friend of Dick Rutan.

He rode slowly up and down the
waiting regiment, straight and aloof
and fearless, like the son of swords
he was, on a white, pink-nosed stall-
ion. He wore a long caftan of
ivory satin, pearl-encrusted, and
white top-boots and a yellow turban
of nodding egret plumes with pen-
dant diamonds. Horse and man scin-
tillated with jewels, and behind him
flew the black silk banner with the
gold hawk of Isulmeer.

As he rode past Mona's carriage,
his keen eyes dwelt on her, but his
expression did not change.

The regiment displayed itself.
Time after time Dick led it past, a
thundering scarlet avalanche of
hook-nosed horsemen, to rhythm of
drums and high scream of trumpets,
with roar of hoofs and jingling trap-
pings, gleam of rich leather and daz-
zle of scoured steel.

For Curtner Cullen killed him-
self with shame and worry in his
endeavor to afford her all the things
she desired. And Dick, at home,
for all his charm, had not been
more than husband of the lovely
Mona Cullen.

But Isulmeer had spelled defeat—
catastrophe for her. Dick was the
colonel, great and loved in the land,
friend alike of the king and of the
people, while she was—the colonel's
woman.

As she drove home, the streets
seethed with excited Rajputs. Ap-
proaching the palace road, suddenly
the crowd went wild. Through a
forest of tossed arms she saw three
horsemen gayly canter by, one in
glittering cream and two in scarlet:
Bikha and Rao and Dick, state
duties over, cantering home togeth-
er. The crowd roared greetings.

It was the last drop in her cup of
bitterness. She knew she could en-
dure it all no longer. She would end
it all. She would. She must!
But how? As the horses moved
slowly with the crowd her mind
worked desperately. She knew now
that her belief that she could im-
pose herself between Dick and the
regiment was folly. He held that
it was his sacred duty, that his life
was dedicated to the things his for-
eigners had created, and it would be
unthinkable to him to leave it till
his soldier's career had run its
course.

With alarm she had come further
to realize that she dared not let him
know her attitude toward it. She
knew the mantle of a simple man's
ideal, holding her place in his regard:
Bikha and Rao and Dick, state
duties over, cantering home togeth-
er. The crowd roared greetings.

In her present mood she was
capable of leaving him unceremoni-
ously, had she been able to do so.
But she was penniless. It was the
imminent expiration of the shreds of
Cullen's fortune which had thrust
on her the need to marry, and led
to her selection of Dick as the man
best suited to her requirements. At
the thought of how great had been
her blunder, her anger reared again.

There was guest-night in mense
and the day—another thing that
galled her, as did any sequestered
gathering of the men. She was to
dine with the other women at the
bungalow of Donley, a married cap-
tain. But by late afternoon, as she
sat watching the polo, she made up
her mind she could not endure it.

She excused herself for the even-
ing and went home. She wanted
to be alone, to think by what means
she might bring Dick unknowingly
to do her will.

Back in the fragrant loveliness of
their chambers, she bathed and
gowned herself with care in a neg-
ligee of daffodil chiffon. Then she
lay in a long chair in the anteroom
as a met began to blaze behind the
palace spires.

She heard Dick come in at the
other entrance; heard him shout for
his man and sing as he bathed and
changed.

since morning. Knowing he would
go out past where she was, she lay
there quietly, waiting. From the
city below the hill came the throb
of distant drums and the chant of
revelers.

Her form, slender and exquisite in
the long cane chair, was so still
that in the gathering dusk Dick was
almost past before he saw her. But
he swung around, to bend above her
in surprise.

"Why, hullo, darlin'! You'll be
late for dinner, won't you?"
He wore the scarlet forage coat
of the mess, his honors clinking on
his breast, with golden swan-necked
spurs and a gold stripe down the
blue trousers.

She answered gulefully, "I don't
feel well enough to go."
"My dear! Why didn't you tell
me? I'd no idea!"
"I didn't want to spoil your even-
ing, Dick. It's nothing but a lit-
tle fever."

"But that wasn't kind. You can't
be all alone here, seedy; and tonight
of all nights! We shall all be at
Donley's by half past nine, to
dance."

"No please. I'd like to stay
quiet."

He bent and ran his fingers
through her hair. His voice was
deep with tenderness—no shadow
from their quarrel seemed to be bet-
ween them.

"As bad as that, dear? Then
won't you let me call ayah and get
you off to bed? Please!" He crossed
and struck the gong. "Run
along now; and I'll go over and tell
Jane Harlon. I know she'll come
and keep you company. I'll come
back the minute dinner's over—the
Donleys'll have to let me off. Here's
ayah, now. Off you go. I'll be
back in minutes!"

The jingle of his spurs went down
the path between the roses. In a
perverse way his concern and ten-
derness were fuel to her anger and
her chagrin.

Janki, her ayah, a gentle creature
in a white sari, approached. "Mem-
sahib palan taire hai." The bed of
Madame is ready.

Mona flashed round on her savage-
ly. "Nahin mungta. Jao!" The
frightened woman scuttled off, as
Mona's impotence gave vent hysteri-
cally to tears.

Thus she did not hear Rao as he
stroiled up to the doorway. Dark
was fast closing; Shan Singh's mar-
ble terrace flooded with the weird
incandescence of the afterglow that
casts no shadows. The heavy scent
of jasmine drenched the air. Rao
heard her sob and stopped short.

His was the true Rajput figure,
slender and tall, with wide shoulders,
a bit awkward when afoot but
splendid in the saddle. His face
changed with concern as he realized
that she was crying, and he crossed
to her quickly.

She looked up, genuinely startled,
to see his big brown eyes burning
down on her. His face was less
dark than many an Englishman's,
hawkish and fine and ardent, with
red lips and wavy black hair.

"Mona! You're crying! What's
the matter?"

In his concern, the keen flame of
his soul shone from his face, im-
pulsive sympathy was in his voice.
She was reminded vividly of the
fierce passion with which he had paid
court to her in England, and of the
night she told him she had accepted
Dick—his despair, his hurt and his
gallant loyalty to both of them.

Bikha had stepped close to Mona
and was looking down. For all his
physical resemblance to his brother,
the essential man showed very dif-
ferent. Here was no gayety, no
joyous laugh, no eager charm. In
their places he wore a still detach-
ment, and inscrutable small smile
that seldom changed. He was all
Rajput warrior, all eastern and all
king.

Mona's interest in him was acute,
but his manner to her, impeccable,
but aloof and completely cold, af-
forded her no satisfaction. Yet she
was aware he was by no means in-
different to her.

Time after time she would discover
his gaze on her, balefully con-
templative, like a tiger's in a cage.
It caused terrifying movements at
her heart, which she could not un-
derstand. Certainly, she was aware,
she was not indifferent to him. But
the nature of her feelings she could
not determine.

Of his private life she knew nothing
save that he was monarch absolute
of Isulmeer, ruling in person in
semi-barbaric state in the pri-
vacy of Shan Singh's ancient edifice.
She knew that the exquisite south-
wing, with its high, sheer, castelated
walls, was his zenana, and she often
had wondered what manner of
women those impassive barriers im-
prisoned.

Bikha turned to Dick. "I should
not worry, Dick. She has no fever."

It was as if he discussed an ailing
horse, and her feelings toward him
crystallized into hot resentment.

"How's that, sir?" Dick was puzzled,
and a shade resentful.

"I said she has no fever, Dick.
There are ailments, you must know,
not of the body. But we intrude,
Rao. Shall we wait outside?" He
led his brother out.

When Jane Harlon came, Mona
watched the three tall figures in
the short scarlet jackets merge into
the gloom; Bikha, the kin, between
his brother and his friend. The
clink of spurs and the bass murmur
of their voices waned and ceased.

On a sweltering June night six
weeks later, the blue-tiled anteroom
beheld the fruition of her purpose,
born that day.

Dick was away inspecting his res-
sala at the Ghaggar wells.

In a week the regiment was to go
north for maneuvers, and Mona to
Simla for the rest of the hot weath-
er.

Rao sat opposite her; leaned for-
ward tensely, his ardent eyes on her
in the dusk. "Don't dear, I plead-
ed. 'Don't say such things. You can
never take them back, however
much you want to.'"

"I tell you it's true. I don't care
for him. He's different from what
I thought. Must I go through life
tied to a man I've come to hate, who
doesn't care enough for me to move
a step out of his path to make me
happy?" His dark face was an-
guished, but before he could speak
she rushed on, "Why try to go on
any longer? It's you I want, Rao,
you whom I love."

At the words, he caught his
breath. His eyes widened. He sat
staring before him. In the silence a
lizard on the wall said, "Tchh-tchh-
tchh-tchh."

At last he said, "Then we must
tell Dick; ask him to let you go."
She laughed, bitter and short.
"Do you think he ever would? I
thought you knew him better! No!
There's only one thing we can do,
she urged. "We must go away,
start fresh somewhere, you and I."

He answered slowly: "Sneak away
like a pair of thieves? Shame Dick
and betray him? Make his name a
joke in every mess in India? Could
we be happy with that behind us?"

He answered his own query with
the passionate declaration: "No, I
tell you no! If that's the only way,
then we must go on and face the
music. Face it and keep faith. If
you do that, it comes right in the
end. It always does, if only you
don't fail."

She turned on him wretchedly.
"So you're just another of them!
Men are all alike. You've both said
you love me till I'm sick of hearing
it. Then, first Dick showed me
how much his word was worth, and
now you, who swore this minute
you would do anything for me,
are afraid to make it good!"

In his distress he sprang to his
feet, and she rose with him. He
seized her arms and gave her a lit-
tle shake, as one shakes a sulky
child.

"You say that to me, Mona, when
all these months since I came back
I've been in torment. I've prayed
and fought for some release from it.
It's made a furtive thing of me,
I've wished that you or he or I
were dead. I've loathed myself for
visions that I've had of Dick dead in
some fight. I've even found mur-
der in my heart—and you can say
I do not love you!"

She swayed toward him with a
whimper. "Oh, Rao! Please for-
give me. Don't be so hard. I'm
so tried and lonely. Help me. Take
me away, Rao. Oh, take me away!
Let's begin fresh."

Losing himself in her tearful eyes,
he swept her into his embrace; but
at once with a supreme effort re-
leased her, thrusting her off at arm's
length. She felt his arm shake vio-
lently.

"No! You hear me, Mona? We
can't do this. It's too beastly.
We'll have to see it through. I'll
get leave for a year and go away.
Old Dick, to drag him through the
mud like that!"

He swung away and plunged into
the dark. She heard his footsteps
die, and for all his passionate re-
nunciation, it seemed to her that all
went well.

That was a pig-sticking time in
Isulmeer, when thakurs and sowars,
princes and the officers of the regi-
ment strove for the maharaja's
trophy. The Fates had it that
Dick and Rao should reach the final
together. Everyone turned out to

watch that ride, the day before the
regiment was to leave.

It was a sizzling, breathless day.
Under a brazen sun that glared from
cloudless turquoise twenty or so
spectators sat their horses where a
rugged slope of yellow boulders ran
out to open desert, waiting for the
boar to break.

Sim and erect on a gray Kathia-
war gelding, Dick's present, Mona
rode beside Bikha. She was in a
state of supreme uncertainty and
discontent. She was sure that Rao
would capitulate before the regi-
ment left. But he had made no
move.

One ride, one evening spent alone
with him, would bring her triumph;
of that she felt assured. But as
though aware of this, studiously he
avoided her. And now there was
just this day. Then he would be
gone for six weeks with the regi-
ment—and she knew he had applied
for a year's special leave.

Through her meditation, she heard
Bikha say, "See, the father of all
pigs!"

Out from the rugged slopes before
the beaters trotted an old boar, griz-
zled and lean and scarred, with mas-
sive shoulder and razor hump slop-
ing to corded, grey-hound quarters.
When he had gone two hundred
yards or so, the umpire gave the
signal, and Rao and Dick, on a bay
and a rawboned dun respectively,
charged out from the rocks in a
cloud of yellow dust.

The boar turned at the sound,
bristled and lowered his head, but
at the sight of the two horses tearing
down on him he wheeled. Then
they were between him and cover,
and he was headed for the yellow
plain.

(Concluded next week.)

PILGRIMS KNEEL AT SPOT WHERE CHRIST WAS BORN

Afoot, in donkey carts and in luxu-
rious automobiles, pilgrims stream
into the holy city today to cele-
brate the most solemn mass in
Christianendom.

The noise of new arrivals and the
chattering in many tongues failed
to shatter the peace that for two
days a year envelops this little
town. The sober robes of the East
blended with the severe garb of the
West.

Here millionaire and pauper, lady
and shop-girl mingle to pay homage
at the birthplace of Christ.

Prelates of the old world, their
institutions steeped in the tradition
of centuries chatter with American
colleagues who preach from pulpits
still new and glistening.

The Arabs and Mohammedans
alone stand aloof from the celebra-
tions, yet evince a passive interest
in the ceremony. All is "Peace on
Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

Among early arrivals the Latin
patriarch, who comes in state from
Jerusalem. More than 5,000 pil-
grims accompany him, the procession
being augmented as it passed
neighboring villages.

Soon the paths of all here direct-
ed toward the Church of the Nativity,
erected over the traditional spot
where Christ was born. The pilgrims
were forced to stoop as they enter
the basilica by a diminutive door, and
feel their way to the nook where
the Virgin Mary saved her mats in
a subterranean chamber, half hewn
and hollowed in rock.

A marble manger has replaced
the old. A silver star shines on
the floor and twinkling candles stab
the darkness. At nightfall the color-
ful congregation is assembled. The
nave is in almost complete dark-
ness; huge candelabra electrically
wired only in recent years, however,
throw light on the transept.

During the greater part of the
mass the apse is screened from the
public eye, a few Europeans close to
the chancel being privileged to see
the ceremonial robing and disrobing
of the patriarch clothed alternately
in gold and scarlet.

Here again the simplicity of the
architecture dominates the congrega-
tion. Women in expensive dress
kneel beside farm lasses in coarse
clothing before the same rail and re-
ceive benediction from the same
priest.

UNCLE SAM WARNS STAMP COLLECTORS

Eagerness of stamp collectors to
pursue their hobby may lead to their
arrest and prosecution for criminal
offense.

Removal of postage stamps espe-
cially those of foreign or rare de-
sign, from matter in the mails has
long been indulged in by ardent hob-
bysts, much to the aggravation of
the Post Office department and the
individuals receiving mail from
which stamps have been removed,
since the recipients are likely to be
charged with postage due.

Third assistant Postmaster Gen-
eral F. A. Tilton has again issued a
warning, and also an appeal that all
such instances be brought to the at-
tention of the postal authorities.
The offense is punishable by a fine
or imprisonment or both.

WHY RING ON FOURTH FINGER

In the British Apollo (1708) in
the inquiry "Why is it that the per-
son to be married is enjoined to put
a ring upon the fourth finger of his
spouse's left hand," it is answered:
"There is nothing more in this than
that the custom was handed down
to the present age from the practice
of our ancestors, who found the left
hand more convenient for such oc-
currences than the right, in that it's
never less employed; for the same
reason they chose the fourth finger,
which is not only less used than the
rest, but is more capable of preserv-
ing a ring from bruises, having this
one quality peculiar to itself, that it
cannot be extended, but in company
with some other finger, whereas the
rest may be singly stretched to their
full length and straightness."—De-
troit News.