

LADY LARKSPUR

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

CHAPTER IV--Continued.

As they resumed their talk Alice, it seemed, was relating something of moment for Arrowsmith's benefit...

"You told me the Thackeray was your usual refuge in town, so I thought I'd try it. Are you very, very cross? I'm sorry, really I am--Bob!"

justice to it; but I was acting, I knew, like a resentful boy. "I love you that way," said Alice as I stared vacantly at my plate.

In spite of myself I couldn't resist this appeal. I was more and more impressed by the fineness, the charm of Mrs. Farnsworth. When she dropped the make-believe foolishness in which she indulged quite as amusingly as Alice, she appeared to be a very sensible person.



Telephone Call, Sir."

"You notice that we're still turning 'em away," he remarked. "We don't have to worry about this piece; everybody who sees it sends his friends the next day. Searies hasn't looked in for some time; hope he's writing a new play?"

"He's West visiting his folks. Don't know when he'll be back," I answered. "I must write him that Sir Cecil Arrowsmith enjoyed 'Who Killed Cock Robin?' just as much as common mortals."

"Well, remember me to Searies if you write him," I heard Forsythe saying. I clutched his arm as he opened the office door.

"Who are those women?" I demanded.

"You may search me! I see you have a good eye. That girl's rather nice to look at!"

"You don't seem a bit glad to see us," Alice complained as she drew off her gloves. "How can any one be anything but happy after seeing that delicious 'Cock Robin'? It is so deliciously droll."

"I haven't," I remarked with an attempt at severity, "quite your knack of ignoring disagreeable facts. There was Montant right in front of me, jumping like a jack-in-the-box every time you flourished your fan. There's that fellow we've got locked up at Barton--"

"Just hear the man, Constance!" she interrupted with her adorable laugh. "We were thinking that he was only beginning to see things our way, the only true way, the jolly way, and here he cometh like a melancholy Jaques! We'll have none of it!"

"We must confess," said Mrs. Farnsworth conciliatingly, "that Mr. Singleton is passing through a severe trial. We precipitated ourselves upon him without warning, and immediately involved him in a mesh of mystery. His imagination must have time to adjust itself."

when you opened it in the theater." This she received with more laughter; Montant amused her immensely, she said. She wasn't in the least afraid of him. Returning to the matter of the luncheon, she suggested the Tyringham.

"You know, I want very much to see Mr. Bashford's old home and the place all our veteran retainers came from. At one?--yes. Good night!"

Alice and Mrs. Farnsworth reached the Tyringham on time to the minute. As I had spent the morning on a bench in the park, analyzing my problems, I found their good humor a trifle jarring.

"You don't seem a bit glad to see us," Alice complained as she drew off her gloves. "How can any one be anything but happy after seeing that delicious 'Cock Robin'? It is so deliciously droll."

"I haven't," I remarked with an attempt at severity, "quite your knack of ignoring disagreeable facts. There was Montant right in front of me, jumping like a jack-in-the-box every time you flourished your fan. There's that fellow we've got locked up at Barton--"

"Just hear the man, Constance!" she interrupted with her adorable laugh. "We were thinking that he was only beginning to see things our way, the only true way, the jolly way, and here he cometh like a melancholy Jaques! We'll have none of it!"

"We must confess," said Mrs. Farnsworth conciliatingly, "that Mr. Singleton is passing through a severe trial. We precipitated ourselves upon him without warning, and immediately involved him in a mesh of mystery. His imagination must have time to adjust itself."

They were spolling my appetite; I was perfectly aware of that. I had ordered the best luncheon I knew how to compose, and they were doing full

"We must come in again very soon," said Alice. "And next time we shan't run away, which was very naughty. I suppose when you begin a story you just have to keep it going or it will die on your hands. That's the way with our story, you know. Of course it's unkind to mystify you; but you are in the story just as we are."

My mystification was certainly deep enough without this suggestion that I was a mere character in a tale whose awkward beginning aroused only the gravest apprehensions as to the conclusion. She looked at her watch and continued: "I'm so absurd--really I am, in ever so many ways, that no one would ever put me in a book. Everyone would say no such person ever existed! It's incredible! And so I have to pretend I'm in a story all the time. It's the only way I can keep happy. And so many people are in my story now, not only Montant and the poor fellow locked up at Barton--oh, what if he should escape! Constance, it would be splendid if he should escape!"

"You didn't finish your enumeration of characters," I suggested. "Is my part an important one or am I only a lay figure?"

"My dear boy," cried Mrs. Farnsworth, "you are the hero! You have been the hero from the hour the story began. If you should desert us now, whatever should we do?"

"If I'm the hero," I replied in her own key, "I shall begin making love to Alice at once."

Alice, far from being disturbed by my declaration, nodded her head approvingly.

"Oh, we had expected that! But you needn't be in a hurry. In a story like this one, that runs right on from day to day, we must leave a lot to chance. And there are ever so many chances--"

"Not all on the side of failure, I hope?"

"We must be going." She laughed. I wished she hadn't that characteristic little turn of the head that was so beguiling!

Folly rode with us all the way to Barton. If anything sensible was uttered on the drive, I can't recall it. Our talk, chiefly of knights and ladies, and wild flights from imaginary enemies, had the effect of spurring Flynn to perilous spurts of speed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Indians and Japanese. Professor Mena, Mexican scientist, went to Tehuacan in 1903 to investigate a story that in small towns near by Chinese talked in their own tongue to the Indians and were perfectly understood. He found the legend false. Japanese scholars visiting the Mexican museum have been surprised to find articles used by the Indians exactly the same as those used by Japanese peasants.

Filipino Wife's Status.

In the Philippine Islands, when women marry, they go into partnership with their husbands. While the men handle the workers, the women attend to the finance, act as cashiers, pay the workers and oversee much of the business. They also have equality with the men in everything except voting.

WHEN MILADY DECIDES TO OBEY CONVENTION



EVERY girl with an imagination has pictured the dawn of the honeymoon, with herself a radiant bride in all the glory of white satin and tulle. And when dreams come true and she decides to obey convention there has never yet been a dearth of satin or tulle, all ready to be used. But how? That is the question that fairly obsesses the bride and all her women relatives until it is settled. What the bride requires of the creator of her conventional wedding gown is that it must be conventional but in an original way--there are ways of doing things--new ways--that insure an up-to-date result. Each year's wedding gowns are tests of ingenuity on the part of their designers, masterpieces into which they weave the old and new with consummate artistry.

Alluring Midsummer Hats



WHEN your path leads past the milliner's show window, be sure you will linger in front of it--for that way temptation lies. Only midsummer could call forth such alluring headwear as that which causes the strongest minded among us to hesitate at the place where it is displayed, when we should be moving on. It appears that the very best things which the year has to offer have been saved for this particular time, and the chances are that some bit of irresistible art in dress or sport hat, will part the unwary--but wise--onlooker from some of her money. The career of the midsummer hat is brief and glorious, and we might as well reckon with it, for it will reappear with early June.

Three of these adorable hats, shown in the group pictured here, will suggest appropriate styles for bridesmaids, or maids of honor. These midsummer hats are very often made of malines and hair braid, but sometimes of silk or straw braid or of georgette crepe and other sheer stuffs. One of the hats pictured is a twine-colored braid faced with pale rose georgette, and a wreath of roses and foliage trails about its course.

A lovely hat of black hair braid and malines might be made up in brown, or for a bridesmaid, in a light color. It has a scarf of malines, to be brought about the throat, and long-stemmed rosebuds falling from the back.

Another hat of hair braid with a crown of braid and malines, supports a wreath of mixed flowers, roses and lilies of the valley, that are as natural as life. This is very lovely in gray or brown, and is good in black. In light colors it is an ideal hat for the maid or matron of honor or for bridesmaids. There are many beautiful, light-colored braids among these glories of summer millinery, but it is more than anything else, the charm of flower trimming that proves captivating.

Silk Coats.

Sweater an Absolute Necessity. Summer sports and the vacation period make the sweater an absolute necessity and no amount of sport coats, no matter how attractive and smart they may be, can out this very useful and becoming garment. At least a sweater may be becoming if it is well made. Many of them are hopelessly otherwise.

Silk Coats. Silk coats, following the lines of the figure as well as to give the impression at first glance that they are dresses, are among the spring novelties.

Utterly impossible. It was at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado last fall. I stood on the brink of that mighty chasm in easy converse with Albert, the king of the Belgians.

"What a fine place this would have been to drive the German army into," I remarked, with that disregard for precise diction that comes in casual talk.

The king looked appraisingly out over the vast cleft, and down into its dizzy depths, and with that regal dignity that so becomes him, and those impressive pauses between his words that marks his speech in English, replied gravely, after he had fully surveyed the situation:

"But, my dear sir, that was quite impossible. There was no German army here, you know."--Samuel G. Blythe in the Saturday Evening Post.

The silk industry of China employs from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 people.

"Fainting and Dizzy Spells. The Cause of such Symptoms and Remedy Told in This Letter.

Syracuse, N. Y.--"When I commenced the Change of Life I was poorly, had no appetite and had dizzy spells. I suffered for two or three years before I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and the Liver Pills which I saw advertised in the papers and in your little books. I took about twelve bottles of your Vegetable Compound and found it a wonderful remedy. I commenced to pick up at once and my suffering was relieved. I have told others about your medicine and know of some who have taken it. I am glad to help others all I can."--Mrs. R. E. DEMING, 437 W. Lafayette Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

While Change of Life is a most critical period of a woman's existence, the annoying symptoms which accompany it may be controlled, and normal health restored by the timely use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Moreover this reliable remedy contains no narcotics or harmful drugs and owes its efficiency to the medicinal extractives of the native roots and herbs which it contains.

COULD NOT HOLD OUT LONGER

Virginia Lady Realized She Couldn't Stay Nervous, Weak, Pale, and Hold Out Much Longer.--Cardui Helped Her.

Dublin, Va.--Mrs. Sallie Huggett, of Route 2, this place, recently related her interesting experience in recovering her health, saying: "When... came on I was in a very bad condition and nothing the doctor gave me did me any good. Some say you have to let this take its course... but I knew there ought to be something to give relief. I was nervous, weak and pale. I couldn't eat or sleep to do any good, and felt I couldn't stand this very long.

"I heard and read of Cardui, and how it had benefited other women in the same condition, so decided to use it myself. After my first bottle I felt better, so, of course, kept it up, and it did the work. "It helped me as nothing else did. I began to pick up right away. I ate and slept and could rest. I knew I was getting better. I kept it up and it did wonders for me."

Thousands of women, suffering as this Virginia lady did, have used Cardui with equally happy results, and voluntarily relate their experiences, so that others, troubled with disorders common among women, may learn to take Cardui. Let your druggist supply you, today. --Adv.

Utterly impossible. It was at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado last fall. I stood on the brink of that mighty chasm in easy converse with Albert, the king of the Belgians.

"What a fine place this would have been to drive the German army into," I remarked, with that disregard for precise diction that comes in casual talk.

The king looked appraisingly out over the vast cleft, and down into its dizzy depths, and with that regal dignity that so becomes him, and those impressive pauses between his words that marks his speech in English, replied gravely, after he had fully surveyed the situation:

"But, my dear sir, that was quite impossible. There was no German army here, you know."--Samuel G. Blythe in the Saturday Evening Post.

Fainting and Dizzy Spells

The Cause of such Symptoms and Remedy Told in This Letter.

Syracuse, N. Y.--"When I commenced the Change of Life I was poorly, had no appetite and had dizzy spells. I suffered for two or three years before I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and the Liver Pills which I saw advertised in the papers and in your little books. I took about twelve bottles of your Vegetable Compound and found it a wonderful remedy. I commenced to pick up at once and my suffering was relieved. I have told others about your medicine and know of some who have taken it. I am glad to help others all I can."--Mrs. R. E. DEMING, 437 W. Lafayette Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

While Change of Life is a most critical period of a woman's existence, the annoying symptoms which accompany it may be controlled, and normal health restored by the timely use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Moreover this reliable remedy contains no narcotics or harmful drugs and owes its efficiency to the medicinal extractives of the native roots and herbs which it contains.

Lygett's King Pin CHEWING TOBACCO. Has that good licorice taste you've been looking for.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Restores Color and Beauty to Grey and Faded Hair.

HINDER CORNS. Removes Corns, Calluses, etc. from all feet, restores comfort, the feet makes walking easy. 10c. by mail or at drug store.

Cuticura Soap Imparts The Velvet Touch. Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.