## LADY LARKSPUR

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

CHAPTER IV-Continued.

--11--As they resumed their talk Alice, it seemed, was relating something of moment for Arrowsmith's benefit, referring now and then to Mrs. Farnsworth as though for corroboration. The scene in the box was almost as interesting as any in the play, and the audience watched with deep absorption. Alice, the least self-conscious of mortals, was, I knew, utterly unaware of the curious gaze of the house; whatever she was saying with an occasional gesture of her gloved hand or a shrug of her shoulders possessed her completely. I thought she might be telling Arrowsmith of her adventures at Barton; but the length of her narrative was against this, and Arrowsmith's attitude was more that of a critic appealed to for an opinion than of a polite listener to a story. He nodded his head several times, and finally, as Alice, with a slight dip of the head and an outward movement of her arms, settled back in her chair, he patted his hands approvingly.

In my absorption I had forgotten Montani's existence, but as the third act began I saw that he had gone. Whether I should put myself in Alice's way as she left the theater was still an undetermined question when the play ended. With Montani hanging about I felt a certain obligation to warn her that he bad been watching her. I was among the first to leave, and in the foyer I met Forsythe, the house manager, who knew me as a friend of Searles.

"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. Searles hasn't looked in for some time; hope he's writing a

"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 mor-

Forsythe had paused at the boxoffice, and in my uncertainty I stuck to him as the crowd began to surge

Arrowsmith's approach was advertised by the peculiar type of tall hat that he affected, and the departing audience made way for him, or hung back to stare At his left were Alice and Mrs. Farnsworth, and they must pass quite close to me "Who Killed Cock Robin?" was a satisfying play that sent audiences away with lightened hearts and smiling faces, and the trio were no exception to the rule.

Listening inattentively to Forsythe, I was planning to join Alice when the trio should reach me. She saw me; there was a fleeting flash of recognition in her eyes, and then she turned toward Arrowsmith. She drew nearer; her gaze met mine squarely, but now without a sign to indicate that she had ever seen me before. She passed on, talking with greatest animation to Arrowsmith.

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

"Who are those women?" I demand-

"You may search me! I see you have a good eye. That girl's rather nice to look at!" Crowding my way to the open, I

blocked the path of orderly, sane citizens awaiting their machines until a policeman pushed me aside. Alice I saw for a bewildering instant, framed in the window of a big limousine that rolled away uptown.

I had been snubbed! No saub had ever been delivered more deliberately, with a nicer calculation of effect, than that administered to me by Alice Bashford-a girl with whom, until a moment before, I had believed myself on terms of cordial comradeship. She had cut me; Alice who had asked me at the very beginning of our acquaintance to call her by her first name-Alice had cut me without the quiver of a lash.

I walked to the Thackeray and settled myself in a dark corner of the reading room, thoroughly bruised in spirit. In my resentment I meditated flying to Ohio to join Searles, always my chief resource in trouble. Affairs at Barton might go to the devil. If Alice and her companion wanted to get rid of me, I would not be sorry to be relieved of the responsibility I had assumed in trying to protect them. With rising fury I reflected that by the time they had shaken off Montani and got rid of the prisoner in the tool house they would think better

"Telephone call, sir." I followed the boy to the booth Jacques! We'll have none of it!" in a rage that any one should disturb

my gloomy reflections. "Mr. Singleton? Oh! This is Alice speaking-"

I clutched the shelf for support. Not only was it Alice speaking, but | mediately involved him in a mesh of in the kindest voice imaginable. My mystery. His imagination must have anger passed, but my amazement at time to adjust itself," Alice and all her ways blinded me. If she had suddenly stepped through

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

The "Bob" was added lingeringly, propitiating. Huddled in the booth, I doubted my senses-wondering indeed whether Alice hadn't a doubleeven whether I hadn't dreamed everything that had occurred at Barton. "I wanted to speak to you ever so

much at the theater, but I couldn't very well without introducing you to Sir Cecil, and I wasn't ready to do that. It might have caused complications,"

If anything could have multiplied the existing complications, I was anxfous to know what they were; but her voice was so gentle, so wholly amiable, that I restrained an impulse to demand explanations.

"Are you on earth or are you speaking from paradise?" I asked.

"Oh, we're in a very nice house, Constance and I; and we're just about having a little supper. I wish you were here, but that can't be arranged. No; really it can't! We shall be motoring back to Barton to-morrow and hope you can join us. Let us have luncheon and motor up together.'

When I suggested that I call for them she laughed gayly.

"That would be telling things! And we musn't spell everything when everything is going so beautifully." Remembering the man I had locked

up in the tool-house and the explanations I should have to make sooner or later to the unimaginative Torrence, I wasn't wholly convinced of the general beauty of the prospect. "Montani was in the theater," I

suggested. Her laughter rippled merrily over the wire. "Oh, he tried to follow us in a taxi! We had a great time throwing him off in the park. I'm not sure he isn't sitting on the curb

right now watching the house ungraciously."



"Telephone Call, Sir."

when you opened it in the theater." This she received with more laughter: Montani 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 deliously droll."

"I haven't," I remarked with an attempt at severity, "quite your knack of ignoring disagreeable facts. There was Montani 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

"We must confess," said Mrs. Farnsworth conciliatingly, "that Mr. Singleton is passing through a severe trial. We precipitated ourselves upon him without warning, and im-

They were spoiling my appetite; I was perfectly aware of that. I had the wall, my surprise could not have ordered the best luncheon I knew how to compose, and they were doing full | voting.

"You told me the Thackeray was | 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. "But you really are not making yourself disagreeable to us-really he is not, Constance!"

Mrs. Farnsworth affirmed this. I knew that I was merely being rude, and the consciousness of this was not uplifting. At the luncheon hour the influx of shoppers gives the Tyringham a cheery tone, and all about us were people apparently conversing sanely and happily. The appearance of Uncle Bash's ghost in the familiar dining room would have been a welcome diversion. I was speculating as to just what he would say about his widow and the whole mess at Barton when Mrs. Farnsworth addressed me pleadingly.

"If you knew that we want you to play with us only a few days longerthree days, shall we say, Alice?--if you knew that then we'll untangle everything, wouldn't you be nice-very nice?"

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. The humor danced in her eyes now, but her glance was more than an appeal; it was a command.

"If you knew that our troubles are not at all the troubles you're thinking about, but very different-"

"Please pardon me," I muttered humbly, and wished that Alice were not so bewitching in a sailor hat. It may have have been the hat or only Mrs. Farnsworth's pleading tone that brought me to a friendlier attitude toward the universe and its visible inhabitants. The crowd thinned out, but we lingered, talking of all manner of things.

"We must come in again very soon," sand 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 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 Montani and the poor fellow locked up at Barton-oh, what if he should escape! Constance, it would be splendld 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. Farns-

worth, "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.

"On, 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 cashlers, pay the workers and oversee much of the business. They also have equality with the men in everything except

#### WHEN MILADY DECIDES TO OBEY CONVENTION



E VERY girl with an imagination has tunic at the front, made in one with pictured the dawn of the honey the bodice. It contrives to reconcile moon, with herself a radiant bride in the smart ankle length of this season's all the glory of white satin and tulle. skirts with a long train-which accom-And when dreams come true and she plishment is not without difficulties. decides to obey convention there has The satin bodice has a square neck never yet been a dearth of satin or which the bride may choose to fill in tulle, all ready to be used. But how? with a guimpe of filmy lace or net, or That is the question that fairly ub- wear as it is, since her throat is covsesses the bride and all her women ered by a scarf of tulle-part of the relatives until it is settled. What the very interesting arrangement of the bride requires of the creator of her most voluminous of wedding veils. conventional wedding gown is that it The veil falls from a cap which has nal way-there are ways of doing band of orange blossoms that form a to-date result. Each year's wedding falling at each side. These trailing gowns are tests of Ingenuity on the sprays have appeared in other arrangepart of their designers, masterpieces ments of the cap this season. All the into which they weave the old and new tulle that can be put into a vell envelwith consummate artistry.

all the way from straight lines to the opening and emphasize it. Jewelry most elaborate draping, and, about has been conspicuous by its absence in slender and tall will dote on this in- bride, being a very modern and up-tos shows the skirt with a dranad fate

must be conventional but in an origi- a puff of tulle for its crown and a things-new ways-that insure an up- heavy wreath with long, slender sprays ops the bride in this stately costume This year's gowns have provided its and perhaps this accounts for the pearl brides with a choice of styles swinging beads that outline the square neck midway between these extremes are the costumes of this year's brides, but such lovely examples of the conven- a necklace of pearls has always been tional wedding gown as that shown allowed and one is worn in this inin the picture. The bride that is fairly stance. If "pearls are for fears" the terpretation of current ideas. The date young woman, has decided to defy

### Alluring Midsummer Hats



WHEN your path leads past the Another hat of hair braid with a you will linger in front of it-for that a wreath of mixed flowers, roses and way temptation lies. Only midsum- lilies of the valley, that are as natumer could call forth such alluring ral as life. This is very lovely in headwear as that which causes the gray or brown, and is good in black. strongest minded among us to hesi- In light colors it is an ideal hat for tate at the place where it is displayed, the maid or matron of honor or for when we should be moving on. It ap- bridesmaids. There are many beautithe year has to offer have been saved glories of summer millinery, but it is for this particular time, and the more than anything else, the charm chances are that some bit of irresistion of flower trimming that proves cap ble art, in dress or sport hat, will part | tivating. 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 riod make the sweater an absolute nemalines and hair braid, but sometimes cessity and no amount of sport coats, of silk or straw braid or of georgette no matter how attractive and smart crepe and other sheer stuffs. One of they may be, can oust this very usethe bats pictured is a twine-colored ful and becoming garment. At least braid faced with pale rose georgette, a sweater may be becoming if it is and a wreath of roses and foliage well made. Many of them are hopetrails 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 figure as well as to give the impresbrought about the throat, and long- sion at first glance that they are stemmed resebuds falling from the dresses, are among the spring novel-

milliner's show window, be sure crown of braid and malines, supports pears that the very best things which ful. light-colored braids among these

Sweater an Absolute Necessity. Sammer sports and the vacation pelessly otherwise.

Silk Coats.

Silk coats, following the lines of the

#### 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 Hughett, 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.

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

"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

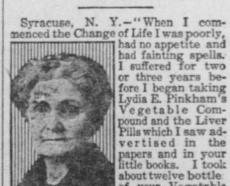
The king looked appraisingly out over the vast cleft, and down into its dizzy depths, and with that regal dignity that so becomes him, and those impressive pauses between his words that marks his speech in English, replied gravely, after he had fully surveyed the situation:

"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.

# DIZZY SPELLS

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



or three years before I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound and the Liver Pills which I saw advertised in the papers and in your little books. I took about twelve bottle 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 con-

tains no narcotics or harmful drugs and owes its efficiency to the medicinal extractives of the native roots and herbs which it contains





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