EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1915.

Play Titles Travestied

-London Opinion.

"PEG O' MY HEART."

Two Hundred Pounds

Eva-There's one thing about Mari-

May-You mean, avoirdu-pois.

anne, she has such pois-

13.33

F. BROAD of 19th Century England, Full of the Thrills of Adventure and Spirit of Romance

By JEFFERY FARNOL

comes.

"But?"

demurred.

again.

different."

what I mean-?

wards me:

In love.

"The Lord forbid!" "Why, pray?"

that I am not so sure."

"Much too busy!" Now, when I said this, she laughed, and then she frowned,

and then she laughed again.

"Yes, I think I would."

without looking towards me.

ber-in books."

cff. 1915. Little. Bruwn & Co. Vinart. an Emailan scholar, de-spen his uncle. Sit George Vibart, Maurics, Visuet, Vibart, Maurics, Visuet, Vibart, and endy 10 scrimens (Sib) by the Maurics, Visuet, Vibart, and Compension of the sole the sole pension of the sole the sole pension of the sole the sole of the the sole of the sole of the sole of the sole of the the sole of the sole of

Brown & Co

the only difference shaven and a beard. the beginning of Book II. Is maxmed by a man's voice call-man's Numbing from his bed-inds a strange woman about to man entering his home. It is his price, whom he bents into in-after a flerce struggle. A pos-after remove the prostrate

an leaves during the night, and or swakes he finds only a note and a locket. "Black" George, huwy of Peter has been growing suddenty leaves the shop. Fru-ho loves George, comes to Peter and the two decide to induce with George, however, is con-st Fridence and Peter are in love, are returns from his vain search we' George, he finds that Char-i come back to his home.

BOOK II. CHAPTER VIII-(Continued), THY, I hadn't left much, if I re-

silics!" as she stood, half in shadow, half milight, I could not help but be buy of her loveliness. She was no by woman; beneath the high beauty face lay a formant power that is at edds with pretitiens, and before a felt vaguely at a loss. And yet, so ther warm beauty, because of usive witchery of her eyes, the messic column of the neck and the of the figure in the moonlight-us she was no goddess, and I no werd in Arcadia. I clasped my hands mes, and turned to look down into

ne, and turned to look down into dead." said I, speaking my thought "this is no place for a woman,

o" said she very softly. haps?"

as said she very sortly. "sailhough, to be sure, there are a place." "said she, "I suppose so." "men skain, it is very far removed a the world, so that a woman must be suit off from all those little dell-and refinements that are supposed and refinements that are supposed sential to her existence." es" she sighed.

headh what." I continued, "what on a synd be the use of a-harp, let us ar a pair of curling-irons in this I don't know." could play upon the one and curl

mir with the other, and there is a of pleasure to be had from both," also," I pursued, "this place, as of my horseshoe."

at you, is said to be haunted-not," that you believe in such things, of at But the cottage is very rough, m and clumsily furnished-though, to it might be made comfortable

" she inquired, as I paused. " said I, and was silent for : e, watching the play of the ms on the rippling water. ht?" said she again at last.

" said 1. "if you are friendless, bid that I should refuse you the of even such a place as this-soare homeless, and without money re-if you will-so long as it

my eyes directed to the running at my feet as I waited her answer, a very long time before she s you fond of stewed rabbit?"

"Because love is a disease—a madness, coming between a man and his life's work. Love!" said I, "it is a calamity!" "Never having been in love bimself, our an cook a little, and supper is naturally, knows all V about it!" said Charmian to the moo The word had been uttered close "I speak only of such things as I have behind me, and very softly, yet I started ad--- " I began. "More books!" she sighed. readat this sudden mention of my name and "-words of men, much wiser than I-poets and philosophers, written-"" "When they were old and gray-headed." Charmian broke in; "when they were quite incapable of judging the matter-though many a grave philosopher loved; now didn't he?" stood for a moment with my hammer poised above the anvil ere I turned and faced the speaker. He was a tall man with a stubbly growth of grizzled hair about his lank jaws, and he was leaning now didn't he?" "To be sure." said I, rather hipped, "Dionyaius Lambienus. I think, says somewhere that a woman with a big mouth is infinitely sweeter in the klasingin at that window of the smlthy which gave upon a certain grassy back lane. "You spoke, I think!" said I. "I said, 'Vibart'!" "Well?" "Well?"

Then I suppose, under the circum-

stances, you have never been-in love?" "In love?" I repeated, and dropped my

"Hum!" said I, rubbing my chin. "And why did you run away from him?" "Because he was a villain." "That was very illogical!" said I. "But very sensible, sir." Here there fell a silence between us, and, as we walked, now and then, her gown would brush my knee, or her shoulder touch mine for the path was very narrow. "And-did you-" I began suddenly, and stopped. suddenly: "What do you think of Char-mian Brown?" "I think of her as little as I can." "Indeed, sir"" "Indeed," said I. "And why, pray?" "Because," said I, knocking the ashes from my pipe, "because the more I think about her the more incomprehensible she "Have you known many women?" "Very few," I confessed, "but-"

"I am not altogether unfamiliar with the sex-for I have known a great num-

stopped. "Did 1-what, sir?" "Did Jou love him?" hald I, staring straight in front of me. "1-ran away from him." "And-do you-love him?" "I suppose." said Charmian, speaking very slowly. "I suppose you cannot understand a woman hating and loving a man, admiring and deviating him but

ber-in books." "Our blacksmith," said Charmian, ad-dressing the moon again, "has known many women-in books! His knowledge is therefore, profound!" and she laughed. "May I ask why you laugh at me?" "Oh!" said she, "don't you know that women in books and women out of books are no more the same than day and night, or summer and winter" "And yet there are thousands of women a man, admiring and desplaing him, both at the same time?" "No, I can't." "Can you understand one glorying in the tempest that may destroy her, riding a fierce horse that may crush her, or being attracted by a will atrong and "And yet there are thousands of women who exist for us in books only, Laura. Beatrice, Trojan Helen, Aspasia, the plorious Phryne, and hosts of others." I demured being attracted by a will atrong and masterful, before which all must yield or break?" "I think I can."

"Then," said Charmian, "this man is strong and wild and very masterful, and so-I ran away with him." "And do you-love him?" We walked on some distance are she answered: "I-don't know." "Not sume then?" "Yes; but they exist for us only as their "Yes; but they exist for us only as their historians permit them, as their biograph-ers saw, or imagined them. Would Petrarch ever have permitted Laura to do an ungracious act or anything which, to his masculine understanding, seemed unfeminine; and would Dante have men-tioned it had Bestrice been guilty of one? A man can ne more understand a woman

"Not sure, then?" "No

"No." After this we fell silent altogether, yet once, when I happened to glance at her. I saw that her eyes were very bright ben ath the shadow of her drooping lashes, and that her lips were smiling; and I pondered very deeply as to why this should be. A man can no more understand a woman from the reading of books than he can learn Latin or Greek from staring at the sky." "Of that," said I, shaking my head, "of Re-entering the cottage. I closed the "Then-personally-you know very little concerning women?" she inquired. door, and walted the while she lighted my candle.

"I have always been too busy," said I. And, having taken the candle from her Here Charmian turned to look at me And, having taken the candie from her hand, I bade her "good night," but paused at the door of my chamber. "You feel-quite safe here?" "Quite safe!" "Despite the color of my hair and eyes "Too busy?" she repeated, as though she had not heard aright; "too busy?"

you have no fear of-Peter Smith?

'None!" "Because-he is neither fierce nor wild nor masterful!"

"Because he is neither fierce nor wild," she echoed.

she echoed. "Nor masterful!" said I. "Nor masterful!" said Charmian, with averted head. Bo I opened the door, but, even then, must needs turn back skain. "Do you think I am so very-different -from him?" "As different as day from night, as the lamb form the most " said the back side "Oh!" said Charmian, frowning again, but this time she did not look at me. "You see," I explained, turning my

empty pipe over and over, rather aim-lessly, "when I make a horseshoe I take a piece of iron and, having heated it, I bend and shape it, and with every hammer-stroke I see it growing into what I would have it-I am sure of it, from the lamb from the wolf," said she, with-out looking at me. "Good night, Peter?" "Good night!" said I, and so, going into

start to finish; now, with a woman it is-

"Good night!" said I, and so, going into my room, I closed the door behind me. "A lamb!" said I, tearing off my neck-cloth, and sat for some time listening to her footstep and the soft rustle of her petitoats going to and fro. "A lamb!" said I again, and slowly drew off my coat. As I did so, a little cambric handkerchief fell to the floor, and I kicked it, forthwith, into a corner. "A lamb!" said I. for the third time, but, at this moment, came a light tap upon the door. "Yes?" said I, without moving. "You mean that you cannot bend, and shape her, like your horseshoe?" still "I mean that-that I fear I should ever be quite sure of a-woman, as I am

"Why, you see," said Charman, begin-ning to braid the tress of hair, "a woman cannot, at any time, be said to resemble a horsehoe-very much, can she?" "Surely," said I, "surely you know what I mean_""

"Yes?" said I, without moving. "Oh, how is your injured thumb?" "Thank you, it is as well as can be

expected.

what I mean-?" "There are Laura and Beatrice and Helen and Aspasia and Phryne, and hosts of others." said Charmian, nodding to the moon again. "Oh, yes-our blacksmith has read of so many women in books that he has no more idea of women out of books than I of Sanscrit." And, in a little while, seeing I was silent, she condescended to glance to-wards me: "Does it pain you very much?" "It is not unbearable!" said I. "Good night, Peter!" and I heard her move away. But presently she was back

again. "Oh, Peter?" "Well?"

"Well?" "Are you frowning?" "I-I think I was-why?" "When you frown, you are very like-him, and have the same square set of the mouth and chin, when you are angry --so don't, please don't frown, Peter Good night!" "Good night, Charmian!" said I, and

stooping. I picked up the little handker-chief and thrust it under my pillow. CHAPTER N.



THE WAY O' WIMMIN



SCRAPPLE

and it scarcely moved a yard." "That's nothing. Why, I can run a mile and only move two feet."







THE PADDED CELL

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?



a you are hungry-"

TEVenous! we why not come home and eat it?

al of schoing my words and star poor moon out of countenance? and, with the word, she turned ind the way to the cottage. And b the two way to the coinad. And be-the candles were lighted, the table errent with a snowy cloth, and a numered upon the hob: a pot that forth an odor delectable, and over charmian bent forthwith, and into she gazed with an anxious brow rust an inquiring fork!"

neure of it," said I, inhaling th aroma-"but, pray, where did

sold it to me-he had a lot " said I. "probably poached." ht this for sixpence-out of the

-then they certainly were "There are the Cambourne and everything upon them-fish, t fow, living or dead-belongs to by Sophia Sefton, of Cambourne." perhaps we had beter not eat we-but, meeting my eye, she d Aud so we presently sat down over, and, poached though it may wen, that rabbit made a truly and, notwithstanding.

CHAPTER IN.

WERE sitting in the moon-

ald Charmian, staring up us heaven, "let us talk." ngly," I answered; "let us talk

st us talk of ourselves." w pieane."

well, you begin."

-1 am a blacksmith." and told me that before."

a a blacksmith, and makes horse

said Charmian, nodding at the I live here, in this solitude, very eff. so that it is only reasonable of that I shall continue to live make horseshoes-though, real-ing off, letting my eyes wander companion's upturned face back theing sky once more, "there is wild tell you about so common-proon as myzelf that is likely to In as myself that is likely to

Charmian, "svidently not!"

A Charmian. "svidently not!" ans came down to her face ulasiy that I funcied f detected at a smile upon her lips.
aid T. "by all means let us mething clas."
de agreed; "let us taik of the socian-Charmian-Brown." A but had come loose and hung bee brow, and in its shadow memed more clusive, more the aver, and, while our glances and up a hand and began to shany treas round and round

if she. If 1; "mupposing you begin." likely to interest you?" "Yes."

sure, then?"

should take nothing for

in 1, "simplify the begin." answered.

"Do you suppose he read that in a book?" she inquired, glancing at me side-

WRYS. Why, as to that." I answered, "a philosopher may love, but not for the mere sake of loving."

"For whose sake then, I wonder?" "A man who esteems trifles for their own sake is a trifler, but one who values them, rather, for the deductions that may be drawn from them—he is a philosopher."

Charmian rose, and stood looking down "So!" said she, throwing back her head, "So!" said she, throwing back her head, "so, throned in lofty might, superior Mr. Smith thinks Love a trifle, does he?" "My name is Vibart, as I think you know," said I, stung by her look or her tone, or both.

tone, or both.

tone, or both. "Yea," she answered, seeming to look down at me from an immeasurable atti-tude. "but I prefer to know him, just now, as Superior Mr. Smith." "As you will," said I. and rose also; but, even then, though she had to look up to me. I had the same inward con-viction that her eyes were regarding me from a great height; wherefore I at-tempied-quite unsuccessfully-to light my pipe. my pipe

And after I had struck flint and steel vainly, perhaps a dozen times, Charmian took the box from me, and, igniting the tinder, held it for me while I lighted my tobac "Thank yoo!" said I, as she returned the box, and then I saw that she was smiling. "Talking of Charmian Brown-"

began. "But we are not." "Then suppose you begin?" "Do you really wish to hear about that

humble person?" "Very much!" "Then you must know, in the first

"But," said I. "abe really cannot be more than-iwenty-three-or four at the more "

nost." "She is just twenty-one!" returned

Charmian, rather hastfly, I thought. "Quite a child!" "No, indeed-it is experience that ages

me-and by experience she is quite-two andred!"

"The wonder is that she still lives " "Indeed it is." "And, being of such a ripe age, it is probable that she, at any rate, has-been

a love."

"Scores of times!" "Oh," said I, puffing very hard at my

pipe. "Or fancied so," seld Charmian. "That." I replied, "that is a very diff-erent thing!"

"Do you think so?"" "Well-lan't it?"

dan't you say so?" you would take that for

"Well-ian't 117" "Perhaps." "Very well, then, continue, I beg." "Now, this woman." Charmian went on, beginning to curi the treas of hair again, "hating the world about her with its shama, its hypocrisy, and cruelty, ran away from it all one day with a villain." "And why with a villain?" "Because he was a villain?" "That." said I, turning to look at her, "that I do not understand?" "No, I dian't suppose you would," she answered.

"And why should you say 'Vibart'?" "And why should you start?" Beneath the broad, flapping hat his eyes glowed with a sudden intensity as he waited my answer.

answer. "It is familiar." said I. "Ha! familiar?" he ropeated, and his features were suddenly contorted as with a strong convulsion, and his teeth gleamed between his pallid Eps.

My hammer was yet in my grasp, and, as I met this baleful look, my fingers tightened instinctively about the shaft. "Familiar?" said he sgain.

"Yes," I nodded; "like your face, for it would almost seem that I have seen I have seen you somewhere before, and I seldom forget faces."

'Nor do I!" said the man.

Now, while we thus confronted each other, there came the sound of approach-ing footsteps, and John Pringle, the car-

rier, appeared, followed by the pessi-mistic Job. "Marnin", Peter! - them 'orseshoes." began John, pausing just outside the smithy door. "you was to finish 'em 's arternoon! if so be as they bean't done, you beit, 'snotd without Jorge why

arternoon! if so be as they bean't done, you bein' short-'anded wi'out Jarge, why. I can wait." "Where is he?" said I involuntarily. "Where's who?" inquired John Pringle, glancing about uneasily. "The fellow who was talking to me as you came up?" "I didn't see no fellow!" said Job, look-ing at John and edging nearer the door. "Nor me neither!" chimed in John Pringle, looking at Job. "Why, he was leaning in at the window here, not a minute ago." said I. and.

here, not a minute ago," said I, and, plunging the half-finished horseshoe back

into the fire I stepped out into the road, but the man was nowhere to be seen. "Very strange!" said L "What might's 'ave been like, now?" inquired John. "He was tall and thin, and wore a big flapping hat."

CHAPTER XL.

O were the uplands, to my left, the moon was peeping at me, very broad and yellow, as yet, casting long shadows athwart my way. The air was heavy with the perfume of honeysuckle abloom in the hedges a warm, still air wherein a deep silence brooded, and in which leaf flut-tered not and twig stirred not; but it was none of this I held in my thoughts as I strods along, whistling softly as I went. Yet, in a while, chancing to lift my eyes I beheld the object of my reverie coming towards me through the shadows. "Why-Charmian!" said I, uncovering

my head. "Why-Peter!"

"Did you come to meet me?" "It must be nearly 9 o'clock, sir." "Yes. I had to finish some work."

"Did any one pass you on the road?" "Not a soul." "Peter, have you an enemy?"

"Not that I know of, unless it he my-sels. Epictetus says somewhere that..." "Mn, Peter, how dreadfully quiet svery-thing is!" said she, and shivered. "Are you cold?"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

know that. The trouble is finding



Darkis (to indy after a wordy wars day done finished? Fur if yor a in me tell you', all that yo' says I and yo' is



tial in business nowadays, my dear sir, is-pluck. The Unsuccessful One-Oh, we all

some one to pluck.

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME

-London Mail