"CINDERELLA'S DAUGHTER"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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In Which Kathleen Reads Her Own Heart

SYNOPSIS

It was not until Virginia West had suffered, until after her husband had died and her baby had been born, that she had been given the seeing eye. It was then that she saw Kathleen Foster as she really was, selfish, insincere and incapable of real friendship. And the bond that had existed between the two girls since boarding school days was broken.

KATHLEEN knew that somehow she had lost out with Virginia. Virginia was no longer the girl she had been: wifehood and motherhood and suffering had changed her. Her girlish stubbornness and ability to stick to a thing that she felt was right had changed to an even reasoning faculty. Furthermore, Kathleen knew that for the first time Virginia saw her as she was, selfish through and through. Even though she kept saying to herself that she didn't care, she did care; the fact worried her.

She decided on the way home after she had said good-by to Virginia, as though a great milestone had not been passed in their lives, and as though their friendship was still unimpaired, that after all what Virginia thought or did mattered very little. What she wanted was to bring Bill to terms, to be engaged to him and safely married. She knew that he had a comfortable, if not a large income and a flourishing export business which would make him a rich man some day.

However, in spite of the fact that Kathleen had told Virginia of her engagement to Bill, there was no engagement and Bill had demonstrated an aloofness of late that had somehow been discouraging. He did not respond as he once had to Kathleen's allurements. She saw him alone in the dimly lighted drawing room two or three times a week. The friends with whom she was staying glimpsed the true situation and helped Kathleen all they could by insuring her privacy. She wore her loveliest frocks and one evening she had swung long earrings in her ears to add to the general effect, but Bill persisted in remaining annoyingly friendly. Kathleen could not understand it. He deliberately sought her out, he seemed to like to be with her, but there was no return of the eager passion that he had exhibited during their early engagement. Then the slightest touch of her fingers on his had been the occasion for sweeping her into his arms. She could remember the blaze of his blue eyes above her and she had come as near to loving him as it was in her to care for anything.

Of course she had broken the engagement; she had no intention of living with Bill on the terms that Virginia had lived with Jimmy. If only she had known of the legacy, everything might have been different now. But as it was, there was just one thing to do, woo him back to her, and she still had hopes of doing this. After all, if he did not care for her, why should he seek her out as he had?

That evening she determined on a bold course—she would force the issue. Perhaps he had been holding off merely to test her. If so, the way was easy. Bill had not said he was coming that night, but it was his regular evening. He had dropped in every Wednesday for weeks and she had grown to look forward to it.

Kathleen wore a new frock, a simple little white crepe thing that made her look almost nunlike. She arranged her hair more simply than usual and tucked a red rose in her belt.

"Simple and girlish," she said, as she looked at herself in the glass. "The kind of a thing Virginia affects. Sweet, unsophisticated Virginia. I should think women of that caliber would be an awful bore in marriage; makes a man feel as if he had to live up to so much."

She trailed into the living room and sat down before the piano. The family always left her to herself on the nights that Bill was expected, but of late Kathleen had felt a growing disclination on their part to do this. This was Kathleen's second winter in New York with the Langleys and they were beginning to weary of the girl's over-aggressiveness. As Mrs. Langley said to her husband, she would not have had her there for a moment if it were not for the fact that she had been at school long ago with her mother.

But Kathleen was too nervous to play and she went over to the window and looked out. Strange thoughts came and went in her brain. This was her second winter in New York, and what had she accomplished? She had dabbled a little in interior decorating, but her entire idea had been to have a good time; the work had been simply an excuse. She thought of all that had happened to Virginia in that time. Virginia had married, had lost her husband and had a baby in a short year and a half. How the time had flown! Why, already Jimmy had been dead nearly a year.

She shivered and turned to look at the little French clock on the mantel. The small hands pointed to 8:20. Well, Bill never got there before 8:30, what made her so nervously expectant tonight? But at 9 o'clock Kathleen was still waiting, drooping a little in the white nun-like gown, and a chill foreboding clutching at her heart. At 9:30 she had given up hope, but even then she was more angry at Bill than anything else. The fear of losing him, that his failure to show up that night had aroused in her heart, was swallowed entirely by her rage.

(Tomorrow, the great adventure)

STORK GUEST AT FIRE

Mother Never Knew Room Next to Hers Was Burning

Scranton, Pa., Jan. 30.—While firemen were fighting flames yesterday in the home of S. L. Cohen, a Scranton merchant, Mrs. Cohen gave birth to a daughter.

The fire started from crossed electric wires and communicated to the room adjoining Mrs. Cohen's. The firemen worked as noiselessly as possible, and the patient never knew the house was burning. The fire was extinguished before any serious damage was done.

BRUNT

By FANNIE HURST

Annie Kineady's husband, Steve, who has stopped drinking after the birth of their baby, starts again after the death of the child. Annie leaves him because he will not sign the pledge, and goes to St. Louis, where she lives with Lucy Beasley, at her boarding house. She tells Mr. Foddie, who has the room next to hers, how to take care of his little boy, who has croup. Mr. Foddie admires her, and teases her about leaving Steve.

CHAPTER V

"WHY, you—you don't know nothing about how things are with me and—and him. I've stuck this long, and to make sure I'll stick it out another few months if it kills me. Liddy herself says I should. Im going to see it through until May, day, and then—if it's lanted—I'll be sure enough to go home and——"

FANNIE HURST

"Until when?"

"Until—aw, what's it to you? It's my business."

"You big, sassy doll, don't you talk to me like that, you big, sassy doll, you."

"Ain't you ashamed, tryin' to cut up like that with—with her, your—your wife only dead two years?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Lots."

"I married her late and she died on me early, that's all there's to that. That's all. What has been ain't got nothing to do with now. Give her a square deal, too. Five rooms up on Page avenue, furnished up for her like out of a catalogue. Bought her better duds than she was used to in a thousand years in the umbrella department where she worked eight years on my floor. I gave her a square deal while she lived, and that's more than lots can say. Made twenty-five a week and spent twenty-five on her. What's then got to do with now?"

"But——"

"Promised her the night she died that kid 'ud have a father to stand by him, and have I stood, haven't I?"

"Poor little Robbie."

"Why, easy as snapping fingers I could put the kid up in a home, comfortable, too, and live for myself like a gentleman, if I wasn't doing right by her dust. What I get being cooped up in a cheap joint like this? On twenty-five per I can live like a gentleman. It's because I need a woman like Beasley who'll look after the little fellow daytime. Nobody can say I ain't doing Lenie's dust proud."

"That—that's no way to talk, Mr. Foddie."

"Fine girl, was Lenie; fine as you'd want, Miss Annie. A bit spavined, I used to tease her, from standing in umbrellas all those years, but not bad when her bangs was frizzed and her pony skin on."

"Is that what she's got on in the picture there on the mantel?"

"Same. She was a great one for style, Lenie. Used to love to do her flat and then dress up like a horse and buggy and come down to the umbrellas, givin' the old girls heart failure the first time she sprung the pony skin on 'em. Sixty-five bones it set me back, girl."

"She was right pretty, poor little thing."

"Got it packed in camphor down in Beasley's cellar now. Gad, but that coat would look neat on a figure like yours. On your figure it would be a coat sure enough."

"Poor little thing, right pretty around the eyes and Robbie's got her mouth."

"Pretty, but gad, girl, I've seen lots of 'em in my time; been birin' 'em for eighteen year, but never clapped eyes on one like you! Where'd you get that hair, girl—dip it in fire? I hired a girl for the laces once just because she had hair that shade, but nothing up to yours! Gad, where'd you get it?"

"Steven used to call it his—his——"

"What?"

"Aw, nothing."

"Go on, what'd he call it? See if it's same as I'd call it."

"You! Ugh, whatta I care what you'd call it?"

"Go on, tell me, Spitfire."

"Nothing. I tell you. Nothing I want you to know. Honest, for a man whose—whose mustache ought to be gray, you—you're the freshest."

She bent down again into the crib, the color mounting up behind her ears and into the roots of her hair.

"I know a name for you," said Mr. Foddie, leaning in his patent rocker toward her. "Want to hear it?"

"No."

"It's Big Doll, sweetness," he said, rising suddenly, his light blue eyes too frank, and advancing toward her; "it's Big Doll," and put out his hand to place it upon hers. "You great, big, fine-looking—"

"Ugh!" she cried, standing back from him, and a flare of hot temper rushing up into her face, and regarding him through a blur of scorn. "Ugh!"

"Touchy," he said, but desisting.

"You bet your life I'm touchy!" And with her face still wry with distaste, she slid past him around an archipelago of furniture and out, slamming the door.

* * *

At 11 o'clock foggy quiet had settled over Lucy Beasley's furnished rooms—light housekeeping. In the strip of lower hall a tip of gas burned yellowly, mitigating the gloom drearily enough. At each stair landing another blob flickered crocheting shadows into dimness.

Within her room, dark as a pocket except where a slit of the weak light showed beneath the door, Annie Kineady lay on her cot, her feet to the King Quality shoe factory and her head to the wall, one arm flung up across her eyes, courting sleep and counting sheep, whole slaughter houses of them, as they slanted bleating down the chutes at Spartan Junction into miles of sidetracked boxcars.

Dozed finally, and awoke falling through space, the heart of her beating up through the coverlet. Burrowed her arm beneath her pillow and snuggled down into it. After a while an edge of sleep grew around her, and this time she came out of it to an immediate upright position, trembling.

Through the wall, deep as the wheezings of rusty springs and with a gasp between that lasted far too long, like the uneasy period when a child holds its breath in temper, came to Annie Kineady as she sat in the dark, half emerged from the coverlets and quivering, the sound of croup.

Then the drag of soft shoes across carpet and indications of an object or two placed down. Finally quiet so lasting that after a time she crept down to her pillow once more, but not relaxed to it, and her eyes open to the dark.

Lying there taut for sound, when it did come, and in spite of herself, she sprang trembling to her feet, dragging a swirl of sheet with her; and when an abysmal gasp seemed to have no end, thrust her feet into knitted slippers and, wrapped in a kimono of large-figured cotton crepe, sloughed, shivering, through the gloom of the hall; rapped in three staccatos at the door adjoining, her whisper breaking out into voice.

"Mr. Foodie — open — please—Mr. Foddie."

The door swung back to reveal him in the flannel dressing-gown, peering and quavering, and the hot medicinal smell of creosote pouring around him.

"I was just coming for you, Miss Annie. He—little fellow's bad."

"Mr. Foddie, Mr. Foddie, he oughtn't to cough like that with the lamp burning. Did you fix the tent arrangement to confine the fumes?"

"Come in, Miss Annie. For God's sake, do something. I never seen the poor little fellow so hard up for breath." He dragged the door wide, his face standing out whitely.

She was in and past him, and to the small crib, an open umbrella hung fantastically above it and a sheet depending, tent-fashion. Beside it a dull lamp burned into the gloom, its hot antiseptic fumes rising.

"The lamp, Mr. Foddie! It can be held inside for a while."

And grasping it like a torch, she parted the tent curtains and plunged in to her waist.

Outside in the gloom of one twitching gas jet Mr. Foddie paced a short stretch of floor, hands behind him and fist beating into palm.

"Miss Annie, if you think it's a doctor he needs, the poor little——"

"Hand me a spoon there."

He inserted it, trembling.

"Is he——"

"Hand me another blanket.

"Here."

"The hot-water kettle."

"Here, Miss Annie——"

"Shh-h-h-h!"

The small stranglings receded and finally ceased, and her voice came through the sheet filtered and relaxed.

"'Salright, baby. 'Salright now. Sle-ep. Go to sle-e-p, by ba-bee—ba-bee. Go to sleep, my ba-bee. Tra-la-la la la! M-m-m-m-m."

When she emerged from the slit in the teepee, lamp upheld, the face of her was in high luster, like Tiepolo's Cleopatra. Light slid down over her milky arms, with the sleeves falling back from them, and upon her hair, a plait of it flowing over each shoulder.

"He's all right, Mr. Foddie. You just didn't have his little head low enough and didn't know how to work the lamp."

"My God, Miss Annie, I was afraid he'd choke. Poor little fellow just looked like he'd never get his next breath. Poor little fellow!"

"Now, now, Mr. Foddie, you sit right down there. You're as white as a ghost yourself. They don't amount to nothing, Mr. Foddie, these spells of croup with kids, if you know how to handle them. Honest, you men are the greatest ones for losing your heads right away and going all to pieces. Why—why, with my little boy his daddy just used to go all to pieces if he only stubbed his toe. Honest, you men!"

"But poor little——"

"Why, you ought to see him now. Go take a peek at him for yourself, sleeping there quiet as a top, with his little wool bear hugged up to him. Easy now, shh-h-h-h!"

He entered and emerged with his face cleared to a smile.

"Well, I'll be darned."

"Didn't I tell you?"

"Laying there laughin' in his sleep and his little yellow curls all spread out over the pillow just like you'd laid them there one by one."

"I—I did."

"Well, I'll be darned. Asleep and cool as a cucumber." He sank into a chair, breathing rapidly and regarding her.

"Mr Foddie, you're letting yourself get all excited over nothing."

He laid a hand across his chest to suppress the breathing.

"I—I'm all right."

"You mustn't let yourself get worked up when he gets these little spells. Just call me or Beasley; they don't mean anything. You mustn't get excited, Mr. Foddie, the way your heart can act up."

He was intent on watching her pin shut the slit in the teepee, the sleeves fallen back from her arms, her head thrown up so that her throat swelled and the print crepe flowing about her body.

"There, now!"

"You bet it acts up when you're around, Miss Annie. It acts up like crazy."

(CONCLUDED TOMORROW)

"THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY"

Another serial by

FANNIE HURST

Will run all next week. Esther Lefkovitch takes her first trip abroad and sees a good deal more than the promenade deck, the blue sea and the distant horizon line. Don't miss even the first installment, which will appear on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2

U. of P. Freshmen Win Debate

Freshmen were victors in the debate with the sophomores at the University of Pennsylvania last night. The freshmen argued for the affirmative on the question whether the United States should "intervene in Mexico and establish a stable government there."

NEXT Monday marks the beginning of a new month, but that's not the only new thing it brings with it. It also starts a new serial by

Hazel Deyo Batchelor

The story has for its heroine a different kind of woman from Mrs. Batchelor's former characters. She is a special writer for a New York newspaper; she comes from a little town in Ohio; she has high ideals and she makes

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Next Month's Music Now!

1050 Dardanella ..... Fox Trot
1051 Beautiful Ohio Blues ..... Fox Trot
1055 Peggy ..... Fox Trot
1071 Please Learn to Love (from "Buddies") .. Waltz Song
1054 Darktown Dancing School ..... Fox Trot
1049 Bo-La-Bo ..... Fox Trot
1057 If You're Only Fooling Around Me ..... Fox Trot
1069 I Left My Door Open and My Daddy Walked Out ..... Fox Trot
1068 Buddha ..... Fox Trot
1056 How Sorry You'll Be—Wait'll You See .... Fox Trot
1070 Let's All Be Good Pals Together ..... One Step
1061 Karavan ..... Fox Trot
1062 The Irish Were Egyptians Long Ago ..... Fox Trot
1048 "O" (Oh!) ..... Fox Trot
1064 Royal Garden Blues ..... Fox Trot
1071 Please Learn to Love (from "Bubbles") .. Waltz Song
1065 The Yellow Dog Blues ..... One Step
1063 When My Baby Smiles At Me ..... Fox Trot

Most Popular Songs From Previous Listings.

1035 Irene (from the play "Irene") ..... Fox Trot
1036 When You're a Million Miles From Nowhere. Ballad
1041 Was There Ever a Pal Like You ..... Ballad
1028 I Love You Just the Same, Sweet Adeline. One-Step
1026 Hand in Hand Again ..... Waltz Song
1031 Waiting (from "Listen Lester") ..... Fox Trot
1005 You'd Be Surprised ..... Fox Trot
1023 Tell Me ..... Fox Trot
1042 Lullaby Land ..... Waltz Song
982 Carolina Sunshine ..... Waltz Song
953 The Vamp ..... Fox Trot
1044 Troubles (the new novelty hit) ..... Waltz Song

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