

#### SYNOPSIS.

<section-header><text>

# CHAPTER XII.

#### A Compromise.

The day on which Iris came to Pedro's studio for her second pose was not that which had been appointed, but one nearly a week later. During the intervening period the young painter had remained locked in the studio as long as daylight lasted, emerging only at night, in company with Leigh.

Pedro had given her no explanation for putting her off, simply sending word that he could not have her at done on the background of the portrait.

Iris had telephoned several futile invitations, and at last, catching Pedro her. on the wire, had arranged for a sitting. At the hour appointed, she mounted the stairs slowly, with fast- is talented, he is . . beating heart, starting and trembling at every sound within the ancient looking up. building.

She reached the door unchallenged, and rapped upon It.

"Lady! Most gracious Madenna!" patience to begin. Do you know the Ignore. good tidings? Of the ridiculouely au-Ha! ha! I am not unknown, it seems! me! Pedro, I love .

that his sacrifice to Hill's trust of him cameo-like beauty, he thought for the was a vain and useless thing. But how hundredth time that Hill had chosen while, Pedro was still talking. well. Small wonder that the latter had been driven to despair by her! And "I say with regret that I have every

painter? She seldom spoke of him, being defrauded in some way. The silly, silly quarrel, he again assured alas! this same man now appears to four! No, that is not allowed!" himself. How well matched they be standing in such a connection with were, how admirably suited to each me as makes it impossible for me to other! But how about the girl's atti- inform any ordinary person of the smile crept to the corners of his mouth undoubtedly innocent-person by so at the thought, and he hastily took his doing, to say nothing of perhaps letgers instead.

"What is the matter?" she asked. you look quiet, wise-dangerous? How help you." you change!"

"Dangerous! Far from it!" he exclaimed, pushing back his chair, "that ward the right person to the best of usual practicality. is, unless you call overwhelming curi- my ability, if only the work of helpit less dangerous than a lack of curi- be continued." osity; to the individual, at least."

"And what makes you curious?" she asked.

to lead gently up to any subject, confiding so delicate a matter to anyplunged in.

"Were you engaged to Hill?" he asked abruptly.

Without answering, she arose and stood for several moments before replying, her back turned.

'Yes," she said at last.

"And do you still care for him ?" To her own intense surprise she mountable objections," she said with found that she could not reply at once. meaning.

"I beg your pardon, Madonna," said Pedro softly.

"Oh, you don't understand!" she cried wildly, throwing out her hands. "I don't care, I hate-oh! why did you ask me?"

"I think I do understand," he said very distinctly, looking straight at her. you put that down on paper? Make A wave of crimson flooded her present, but would get some work cheeks. What did he mean? Unable to face him longer, she buried her face in her hands. 'He came toward her and stood where he could have touched

> "Sam Hill is a great soul," said he softly. "He is generous and good. He

"He is nothing to me!" she gasped,

"He is my friend," finished Pedro firmly.

She flung her arms wide, and turned to him with an appealing gesture, her he cried in greeting, "See, here is the face revealing an emotion she made blue robe-quick, quick! I am all im- no attempt to conceal, nor he to

"Pedrol" she began passionately, dacious thing I am going to do? Ex- "you will think me mad for saying it, hibit my pictures! Yes, me. Pedro! but ah! I cannot help it-you make pocket, selzed her hand and kissed it "I will go with you to find that Sam-

really not care for her? Hardly! Why he said such things . . . He had "He has not come home!" he not begged to paint her, and paid

her such compliments as no one yet had done? That night at the Milli- that!" objected Pedro. "Does he not gans' came back with a rush of memoften stay away all night, eh?" "But the bear came home!" walled What had since occurred to change Guneviere,

him? Samuel Hill! That was it! He "A policeman-of-the-law brought had learned of her former attachment, and meant at all costs to be loyal to him," explained Guneviere, "saying the man who had befriended him. that he found the bear near the river. Something must be done to make him The name was on the collar, and the see, quite clearly and unmistakably, number, tu savis!" "Saint Joseph! but that does look

serious!" Pedro exclaimed. "Quick! was this to be accomplished? Mean- is there nothing more?"

made much noise when he found that street Beau-Jean asked: she-did she still care for the absent reason to believe that your father is four bears dwelt within the tenement. He says we must move out. Four and that argued well for Hill's cause. character of the man with whom I saw bears are not permitted. One bear-And what had parted these two? Some him, is sufficient to justify this. Also, perhaps, if much money be paid. But

"And what have you done?" "We have, arranged to go into the back tenement," said Guneviere, evi tude toward himself . . .? A subtle facts. I might injure an innocent- dently convinced that the change

would solve the difficulty. "But, Hill! Something must have eyes from her face, looking intently at ting out a secret which your father's happened to him? And the bear left the glowing cigarette between his fin- actions prove he wishes kept dark. him!" said Pedro, walking up and For a whole week I have been trying down excitedly. "He may have been to see my way clear, and at last I hurt! Near the river, ch? Good "A second ago you were merry. Now know that it lies only in refusing to heavens! I scarcely dare guess what has occurred!"

"The hospitals?" suggested Gune-"And yet," said Iris slowly, rising and putting on her wraps, "I would re- viere with some faint return of her

"Ah! yes," he exclaimed, "I shall osity dangerous. Personally I think ing, perhaps saving, my father could telephone them at once, and then I shall go to Jones street with you. As for Nita, we shall have to find her

He gave her the muff for which she stretched out her hand, without help; she has made me swear "I wish indeed that I could help never to invoke public aid in her

Then Pedro, who did not know how yes," said se. "I know the danger of behalf, you know." "Yes, yes!" said Guneviere, "you will come, then ?" one. But, perhaps, for a reward-

"Directly!" he cried. "No time must what would it be, this reward?" For an instant the audacity of what be lost."

she was about to say rose like an im-But as it proved, time mattered walked away to the window, where she pediment in her throat, holding her little, for the hospitals told nothing, silent, while her heart beat violently. and neither did that grim lost and Then, at last, she found her voice. found office, the morgue. For two "I would marry him, no matter whole days Pedro alternated between

though he thought there were insur- his studio and the rear tenement on Jones street, his mind in an agony of uncertainty. Ha could not work for

He stood astounded, scarcely able to nervousness, and the combined sus- my home. Nita was my nurse, once, credit his hearing, and could only look pense and inaction played havoc with and her daughter was my foster-sister. and look at her, open-mouthed. Then his spirit, Leigh had been called out When she was only fifteen Ricardo a gleam of light swept across his face of town to see his mother, who was stole her away. Then he deserted her, as though he were suddenly possessed ill and there was no one else to whom and when she came back to us she of a glorious idea.

an-what you call it-affidavit?" "Affidavit ?- yes!" she replied. "Then do so!" he cried, pushing pen

and paper toward her. "Do you really want it?" she asked, no longer able to endure doing noth-

looking straight into his eyes. "You bet!" he shouted joyously. She laid down her muff, and drawing off her glove, she wrote:

Ing on her give, an energy you on the day you can tell me my father is not be-ing subjected to danger, or has been res-cued from that. If any, which now im-perils him. And I furthermore agree to overcome any debntable objections you arose and spoke. may have to the marriage. IRIS VANDERPOOL

"There!" she said, laughing a triffe will that do?"

"Splendidly!" sald Pedro, and thrusting the folded paper into his breast from his seat on the foot of the bed. them, began a pilgrimage up-town. with the grace of a courtier.

"How very queer!" he commented, tell you where until I return. Then bound, and a sort of purr, which when she had finished. "How unlike followed her from the country! Had Nita! And Hill? What has he done?"

THE FULTON COUNTY NEWS, MCCONNELLSBURG, PA.

"But there is nothing strange in "I had forgotten how I loved her!" he

"Mr. Jones! Alone! Impossible! Nita arose to her feet. "Where is the murderer, the seducer of my daughter ?" she screamed. "Where is Ricardo?" "At the other end of the city," said Pedro. "Come quickly, Beau-Jean." And with that they were off, leaving

Nita screeching imprecations at them healthy manner. As they reached the "Only that the policeman-of-the-law

> "What is all this murder business age to avenge her, when we have found Samhill?" "Perhaps," said Pedro soberly, "for

this man, Ricardo Valdez, is a very wicked man. He used to live near



Where is Ricardo and Thy Mother?

Pedro dared go for advice and help. killed herself and her baby. Ever "Iris!" he gasped, "will you-will Hill himself had forbidden that his af- since Nita has been looking for him, fairs be made known to anyone but to avenge her child. But she is so the sculptor, or Pedro might have old now, that I think we had best not asked Milligan's assistance. As it was, let her do it. I am sure she would he could only fume impatiently, and really prefer dying with us, to dying eat his heart out with worry. At last, in jail!"

"I agree," said Beau-Jean. "And now which way shall we

ing, he called a council of war in the tenement kitchen. To the assembled | turn?" said Pedro. bear-dancers, with exception only of

"As the bear came from the river. the still mysteriously absent Nita, he let us to the river go," suggested Beau-Jean

"I am going to find Sam Hill, if he "A good notion," said Pedro, "and as likely to prove fruitful as any." is on the face of the earth!" he an-"More likely up-town than down, dro, because her eyes were rather of nounced. "I am convinced that some

misfortune has befallen him. In half an hour I am going to take Mr. Jones | Pedro assented. And so, in accordance with the plan. with me, and I am not coming back till hysterically, when she had finished, we have succeeded in discovering the if plan it could be properly called, they

made their way westward, straight "Bien! And L" said Beau-Jean. toward the docks, and, once reaching

Mr. Jones now began acting in a Ah! she was going to! most peculiar manner. Something on

we shall attend to your little matter, brought the dairyman (who had spied and I shall see why and how my him through the window) to the enmother comes in such company. My trance, with a shower of abuse ready mother!" he turned away and sighed. at hand.

"Get out of this, youse!" shouted the said as though to himself. Then he milk vender. "Don't you dast ter come picked up the pole and chain, and sig- in, any of youse! I ain't-a-goin'-ter naled to Beau-Jean that he was ready, sell yer nothin'. Get off, you smashin', murderin' bunch of dagoes! I'll set

the cop on yer if yer don't skidoo!" "Why?" asked Pedro, wildly excited. "But why won't you sell to us?"

"Go on now! none o' yer back talk!" growled the man. "I sold to one dago feller with a bear last week, an' the brute eat up all me comb-honey! So

from the stair-head, in the most get out; quit talkin'." "A man with a bear?" cried Pedro. scarcely able to believe his ears. "I'll bet it's the one I want to find. That

of which Nita talks? Couldn't we man- bear he had belongs to me." "Well, what do I care for that?" said the milk vender sourly. "Get out,

or will I call the cop?" "Which way did he go?" persisted

Pedro-"same way as we came?" A malicious smile came upon the weazened features of the dairyman. Here was a chance to mislead and annoy a bear-dancer, and to do so was

a wondrous source of satisfaction. "He went this way, bad luck to him!" he lied, pointing east, "if yer catch up with him, I hope the bear eats both of yer!"

When they had been walking for about half an hour Pedro laid his hand upon the arm of his companion.

"Look, Beau-Jean!" said he. "Look. there, in the window of the little shop of women's finery! See the girl with the red-gold hair? I am painting a picture of the Holy Mother, and the hair is of just such a color!"

"Indeed!" said Beau-Jean soberly. 'It is a terrible color. Do you think that the Holy Mother will be pleased?" "I had not thought of that!" replied Pedro. Then he added suddenly-'Oh! see, the shop-lady knows Mr. Jones!"

It was true. The red-haired girl had given very animated signs of recognizing the bear, and lifted her gaze to the persons in whose company he appeared, with a smile on her lips,

which cwiftly gave way to a look of disappointment as she met their eyes. "Wait!" said Pedro, halting before

the door, "that lady has seen this bear before, or I am much mistaken! And what is more, she expected to see some one she knew, when she looked at us! Come in, I want to buy some thread."

Whereupon he opened the door, and, with the bear, entered the crowded little shop, leaving Beau-Jean gasping out on the pavement.

Behind the counter stood the smiling Lola La Farge, alias Lizzy Hinkle. "What can I do for you?" she asked, laying aside the bit of knitting upon

which she had been engaged. "Thread, please!" said Pedro, flash-

ing his smile at her. "What color?" she inquired, admir-

ing his eyes and teeth. "Er-ah-green, please!" said Pe-

from here," said Beau-Jean, and again that color, and consequently it came first to mind: "Green, and a needle,

please." "A needle!" she exclaimed, "you mean a package of needles!"

"I only need one at a time," he told her. Would she speak of the bear? Point Pleasant, W. Va.--Char with setting fire to her own ha

"Seems as if training bears and sewan effort to burn her i

ROCK ISLAND INDER FI

Railroad Faces Receivers Proceedings.

LOSS OF MILLIONS ALLEG

Commerce Commission Hears Of D In Bonds and Stocks-Director May Be Sued If Receiver

is Appointed.

New York .-- The State Sup Court issued an order directing Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific ? road Company to show cause wh receiver should not be appointe take charge of properties not alre pledged and to institute action to cover from the railroads' director amount of damages alleged to ; been caused the railroad and its m

ors. Should such receiver be appoint under the order prayed for in the which was brought by Horace Brand, the receiver would not only empowered to sue directors, but w be specifically instructed by the e so to do. The receiver, in addition would be directed to search out hold any other assets of the mil company than those pledged to Central Trust Company as trustee, also he would be directed to apply the Federal District Court for per sion to intervene in foreclosure a recently instituted by the Cer

Trust Company. No amount of damages is name Mr. Brand's petition as the amount which the receiver would be dire to sue.

The complaint sets forth that at cept a few shares of the \$145.000 authorized capital stock of the del ant company was transferred to New Jersey company, which gave defendant company \$50,000,000 ferred and \$90,000,000 common of own stock. The bulk of this, it is leged, was paid over to the Ill Company as the balance of the chase price of stock purchased h it by the defendant.

The directors named are char with diverting the earnings of the nois company to the payment of i dends upon these shares of stock, benefits of the dividends being ceived by themselves and others shareholders of the New Jerse t pany and as directors of the defeat company. As a result of such di sion, the plaintiff says, the defeat company could not meet the sen nual interest payment of \$1.427.660 its bonds which fell due last May

TRIED TO BURN BABY, CHARG

West Virginia Mother Arrested N

Mrs. Mary Lanier, of Apple @

near here, was arrested. It is

Mrs. Lanfer and her husband hid @

reled and that she tried to must

baby "for spite." The fire starts

the room where the baby lay is

cradle. Men at work on the

found the cradle in flames, but a

FOOTBALL KICK IS FATAL

Accident In Game.

Fordham Boy Dies In Jersey City P

New York .- Inquiries received a

football game last Monday caused

death of Charles C. Hays, 18 years

Hays was right tackle on the Ford

Prep football team and received

kick in the stomach during a st

played at International Learne P

Jersey City, against St. Peter's

lege. Drs. Duffy, Haskins and Mot

operated on the injured boy if

Francis' Hospital, in Jersey Cit.

FREE GIFT TRANSIT.

were unable to save him.

the child.

Point Pleasant.

Read the newspapers. I am Pedro, the great Spanish artifit! I do not know how to paint, but it matters not; they will say 'an impressionist-Matisse outdone!' Ah! ha! your portrait will be the chief gem of the display. In two weeks comes the exhibition, so I must finish it soon, soon!"

During the first part of the pose, he, contrary to his usual habit, talked rapidly.

"It will be a lovely exhibition!" said he, "there will be Leigh's stuff-beautiful marbles, rich in form, and with such textures and high lights. You know! And the virginal white bas-reliefs-the joyous one of the ladies dancing. And around the walls, be tween these things will hang many gorgeous paintings by that great Spanish painter-myself."

Iris could not but laugh with him. "And of all these fine pictures," he continued, "the most lovely will be a Madonna with hair that is red-gold, like joy!"

Then there was slience and he worked fiercely, cruelly, for, as usual, he forgot the rests, and it grew late before either spoke.

At last, exhausted by the long pose, by his indifference, by her own emotions, she could bear it no longer, but holding out her arms toward him, she awayed slightly, and said his name in a broken voice.

"Pedro!"

Then he saw how white and drawn her face had become, and with a little cry he dropped his palette and sprang to her side.

"Madonna!" he said, "forgive me! Come down! So! Let me help you. Lie here upon this couch. Oh, I am cruel and thoughtless!"

Whimpering a little, she clung to his arm, burying her face in the crotch of his elbow, fondling his hand.

"Pedro, Pedro, I am so tired!" she said over and over again.

"I know! A little sherry!" he exclaimed. "A bite of luncheon! You will see now what a splendid housewife I can really be, at need. We will have a charming meal directly."

He poured wine into an antique Venetian glass, and brought it to her, clasping both her hands about the fragile thing as one would clasp a child's untrained fingers around a precious toy.

quite still with your lovely head humble serving slave. See! Like magic the feast shall appear!"

Then he drew up a little round table before the hearth, stirred the dying embers with fresh wood, threw an tery," he lamented, "but I cannot help Arabian cloth over the table and pro- it! I have ascertained that a man of conded to lay the feast.

children.

sistible, and he was determined that else to help you." she forget and forgive his thoughtless- Iris was turning the matter over in

There was a crash as his liquor glass fell to the floor. "Hush!" said he.

"What is it?" she asked, for the mo ment startled into normality.

"Nothing!" said he, "only you are not to finish your sentence. Never mind the glass, it was done intentionally. Let us talk of other things."

"But, Pedro," she said hysterically, "I cannot! I am possessed! How can you be so cruel?"

"Please, please!" he begged her. Madonna, I am abject; I am in torture! Have pity!"

"It is akin to pity," she replied, Pedro walked to the hearth and stooped to mend the fire. Then he straightened up and spoke. "Impossible!" he said quietly. "Ut-

terly impossible." And she, watching him intently,

knew he had believed her, although he presented this denial. She felt, too, that her cause was nearly hopeless. "You do not care, then," she said in

low voice. "Madonna Lady," he said sadly, "I care for you a great deal, but not as Hill does; not as a man should, to be your lover. You charm me beyond words; you are lovely as a dream, and if I could love any woman, it would be you-but you are not for me."

"Why not?" she asked sharply, beween her tortured breaths.

"The reason is beyond my power to alter," said Pedro.

"Then," said she, "I suppose I had better go. Shall you wish to finish the picture?"

"Iris!" he cried in a suddenly changed tone, "come here, listen! Of course 1 want to finish the picture; it is going to be good! And what is more, if you will be so gracious, with your permission we will finish it, and

renew our friendship at the same time."

"Friendship!" said she, with a mirthless little laugh.

"Come!" he cried, with an attempt at putting the incident behind them. "I must talk to you about something very important. You asked me to help

you find out who was troubling your father." "Yes," she assented, without much

interest, however, "Well," he said slowly, "I am most

"Drink!" he commanded, "and He distressingly placed, Madonna. I am almost certain that he is being either among the caressing pillows. You are blackmailed or misled in some manan eastern queen now, and I your ner, and yet my hands are absolutely tled. I can do nothing."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, aroused.

"I seem fated to be a man of mysdoubtful character is in communica- pened?"

She sat up and allowed him to feed tion with your father; that much I her. The solitary fork gave them learned last week. But at the instant much cause for mirth, for she insisted of my discovery of this fact a cirthat they share it, and before the meal cumstance arose that makes it imposwas finished they were playing like sible for me to continue as your detective. More than this I cannot say.

Pedro's moods were generally irre- But you will have to find some one

ness. As he sat opposite, seeing her her mind very rapidly. Did Pedro

Irls blushed, watching him with tender eyes. Then she submitted to be- ranged. Come, Strong Arm, we will ing led downstairs and shut into her go."



## "There," She Said, "Will That Do?"

coupe. No sooner was this accom plished than Pedro fied across the little court and up to the studio as if all the devils in the demonology were after him, and slamming the door behind him, he proceeded to dance the coquette at a mad pace, upsetting several articles of furniture in the proc-658.

"And now to find Mr. Samuel Hill!" he shouted gleefully, waving the paper

above his head, "Ah! Meestre Samhill," was echoed in a wall from outside the door. "Where, oh! where is he?"

### CHAPTER XIII.

Some Adventures With Variations. Pedro stared at the door as if transfixed, and then, the wail being repeated, he opened his portal. On the landing stood Guneviere.

"Madre de Dios!" he exclaimed, what alls thee? Come in."

"Oh! 'tis terrible!" moaned Guneviere, "that Anna! that irresponsible one! We left her in charge, and when she awoke Nita had vanished. And every one was away. And now Samhill, he, too, is gone! Oh! Merciful

Mother!" "Sit down and be calm!" cried Pedro.

"Lucky it is that Samhill left the address!" exclaimed Guniviere, "And lucky, too, that I could find thee. Now, all will be well!"

'Thanks, oh! smooth tongue, for thy faith in me," replied Pedro. "But what has happened? Tell me, quickly!" "Yesterday we left her with Anna,"

began Guneviere, and told of Nita's filness and strange disappearance.

"Very good!" said Pedro, "all is ar- the

whereabouts of my friend."

hill, who is my friend, aussi."

woman.

"Nita!" yelled Pedro, springing toward her. Instantly the room was in an up roar, all talking at once, laughing and this method with Koko.

weeping, shouting questions, making offers of help, proffering food and drink, crowding around the crone with haps he recognizes something. Let us got the bear with him then?" such clamor and persistence that Pedro could scarcely manage to get her

seemed to have suffered no harm.

once.

Nita, with twinkling eyes, "for I have him to find the treasure again. Thus been a bird in my day, and I am in it happened that in time they reached no haste to meet what awaits me in the doorway of the little dairy, which the hereafter." "Beloved Nita!" exclaimed Pedro.

kneeling beside her, "how I rejoice that thou art safe! But where is Mr. Hill?"

"Samhill?" she queried. "I have not seen him, nor thought of him! I have been abroad on other business. What of Samhill?"

"Don't you know ?" cried Anna. And then the clamor began anew. Not know where Samhill was? Where could he be, then? Did she not even know of his disappearance? What had she been doing?

between her old hands that were like withered leaves.

"Dost thou know who is in the city?" she asked. "Thine enemy and mine, Ricardo! He struck me, and I was senseless. But when mine eyes

opened. I arose and went in search of him. I took the long, slender machete with the handle of pearl, but I found him not. There was a woman with

him . "Yes," said Pedro, "my mother." "Then thou, too, hast seen him! Where?" she asked eagerly, "And

mad?"

vanished? Before anything else we must find and help him, if need be." asked Nita, her eyes fixed upon Pe- pay the price in careful thought and in dro's, and her hand closed tightly an inflexible will that holds her to the upon some object that was hidden about her waist. Pedro's eye followed the movement.

sidewalk had attracted his atten-

On the instant they began collecting tion. To Beau-Jean and to Pedro more'n you! He had a bear, too!" the few traps necessary for a short there appeared to be nothing on the absence, and while they were in the pavement but a good deal of dirt and midst of these preparations, the door refuse; but one particular spot seemed there was nothing for it but to stand waiting while he nosed about.

> "Shall I chasten him?" asked Beau-Jean, who was accustomed to using Pedro.

"No, certainly not," said Pedro, "I watch!"

Pedro's surmise was an eminently dryly, to a chair. Then she sat beaming correct one, for Mr. Jones had recogupon them all, apparently in the best nized-honey! Very shortly he raised of health and delighted at the wel- his head, found the scent, and came come afforded her. Her clothes were, upon a second spot of interest. How if possible, a triffe more worn and delightful!-this was the neighbor- Pedro. "Now that is nice!" solled than usual, but, otherwise, she hood in which he had found that nice hive where there were no bees to "Where hast thou been? What hast sting, and where the honey was so thou done? Where is Samhill? Art plentiful! He really had not taken well? Tell us!" they shouted all at half of it last time! And here were

his own footsteps, his sticky, honey-"Aye, I am well, lucky for me!" said made footprints, which would help Mr. Jones recognized with a joyful



ways wasteful.

an optimist.

Take Rest in Time.

wearles the body relaxes. Drudgery

is mental monotony. The climate of

rust. A change of air refreshes the

whole man. What most people need

for a vacation is a new duty, not a new

climate. If you would rid yourself of

an old trouble and escape from a gall-

ing condition, take up a new task. In-

action leads to atrophy. Rust does as

much harm as friction. There is no

reward for the idler whether he be

rich or poor. The lazy man is seldom

To Raise Mint.

To those who are fond of mint, this

may be a helpful suggestion. Place

good sized sprays of mint in a jar

of water and you will find that you

have a fine mint bed. If the jar is

For answer, she took Pedro's face SYSTEM SAVES WOMAN'S TIME the is always putting things off she is always behind time, and therefore

> Many Farm Wives Lose by Not Map ping Their Work Out in Methodical Manner.

A program is a great labor saver. we are told, but some women use a program as a robin does a polesomething to fly from. They never know what is to be done next, says a writer in Country Gentleman. A regular order, wherein the work is dovetailed, makes for real efficiency While the woman who does her work with thy mother? Surely you are hit or miss is in the throes of indecision as to what shall be done next,

"Not mad, only bewildered and the really methodical woman has her frightened," he answered. "I know work all mapped out a week ahead. where they are, but not for what pur- She moves swiftly and surely from one pose! I shall tell thee all that I have task to the next with no lost time. The seen, but not now. Can't you hear the amount of work she turns off is a mar-"Tell me all. What has hap- others saying that my benefactor has vel to the other woman.

A good homemaker plans her work and works her plan. She is envied by "Where are Ricardo and thy mother?" | less executive women, but she must prescribed procedure. A weaker wom-

among the bundled shawls and scarfs an makes a good plan, but circumstances are forever altering it. She never drives her work, but her work kept well filled with water the mint

"It is very far from here, oh, ancient drives her continually. It worries will grow as well as though planted lady," he lied glibly, "and I shall not her; it becomes a nightmare. Because in a window box.

ing didn't go together very good," she tion, and nothing could divert him giggled. "There was a gent in here until he had made a thorough inspec- not long ago, who didn't know much

"Yes?" said Pedro. "Yes, indeed," she responded, busily getting out the articles he had named. was thrown open to admit an old to have fascinated Mr. Jones, and "I do declare to goodness, I thought this was the very identical bear, when I seen you coming!"

"It is the identical bear," remarked

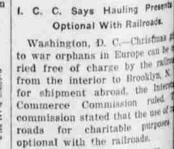
"What!" said she, with a little shrick of surprise-"well, I never! believe he's been here before. Per- How is the other fellow? Ain't he "No, I've got him!" said Pedro

"You don't say!" exclaimed the girl,

peering over the counter, as though seeing the animal for the first time. "And so you know my pal, ch?" said

He smiled again, and, as was usually the case, hypnotized her into instant response. Encouraged by his interest, and by the fact of their mutual friend, she drew a postal cardnot from the bosom of her pink shirt

waist-from her pocketbook. "Well, I certainly do know him!" said she. "I had this postal from him only three days ago!" (TO BE CONTINUED)



TURKEY TO DEMOBILIZE

Rome Dispatch Says Kaiser Is Told Lack Of Money.

Rome.-The Turkish Gaveran has notified the German Engen what she does do is done under presits intention to demobilize its artic sure and in a hurried way that is alaccount of lack of money, says 1. patch to the Tribune, from in 570 correspondent at Constantiantia Rest is mental. When the mind

ANTI-TRUST BILL SIGNED.

son signed the Clayton anti-trud

the Administration's present part of legislation affecting big business

BORDER SITUATION IN HAND

Hatfield Says No More U. S. Th

Washington, D. C.-Colonel Ha

at Naco, Ariz., telegraphed See

Garrison that Governor Marian

at least 4,000 troops allacking the

ranza garrison, that he was

for 509 men from Cananea data

that a large force of reinfest

was expected from Negales

Hatfield said no more United

the border town.

troops were needed to enforce an

Are Needed At Nach.

thus taking the last step to cas

President Takes Last Step In Admit the mind loses its distinct seasons tration's Big Business Program when drudgery steals away vivacity and variety. Idleness is not rest, but Washington, D. C.-President