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Hardy's Seven Days."

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CHAPTER XVIII.
A HAPPY MEETING IN THE STUDIO.
His love for Dorothy Gilbert had long ago passed into a memory. He was married now and had a wife and children whom he dearly loved. But as Faith went on and made her errand to him clear he thought back in silent wonder at that time when Malcom Kirk had crossed the ocean with him and he had thoughtlessly made the sketch which meant so much now to more than one person.

"And I've come here now," continued Faith as she concluded the story of her experiences, "to see if you would give me a letter of introduction or recommendation to some place where I could do the work that I feel that I ought to be doing. I'm very proud. I don't mean that I am in any way ashamed of the housework"—Faith's cheeks glowed with sudden color—"but I am sure I can do something different, something that the world needs more. Some-times when I look at a picture like that I feel as if I could, in time, paint something almost as good."

Francis Raleigh bowed, and a pleased smile came over his face. Not all the praise from the art critics of his picture had gratified him so much.

"If I could get a permanent position somewhere, I know I could work up into a place of usefulness. I can do the retouching, and I like to do it. And in time I might have a studio of my own. There are several successful women photographers here."

"That's true, and I know one or two of them," said Raleigh thoughtfully. He never knew how much it had cost Faith to ask him what she did. She had no foolish pride that some girls have, and Malcom Kirk had always taught his own children as well as others that sometimes the most manly or womanly thing one can do is to receive help to help oneself, but Faith would never have come to Raleigh for such assistance if she had not somehow felt certain that she must have some friendly aid in the great city before she could do what she felt she must do in order to help the dear ones at home as well as herself.

There was silence in the studio for a moment. Then Raleigh said, while the smile on his handsome face lighted up like sunshine:

"How would you like to work in Miss Varney's studio at Kenwood?"

"It would be a beautiful place!" cried Faith with enthusiasm. She knew the famous studio which the richest people in the city patronized, and she had even been out to it twice to solicit orders, but each time had failed to get anything. It was an ideal place, and she could not help wondering if Raleigh knew anything of her experience there.

"Miss Varney is a niece of my wife," said Raleigh, smiling at Faith again. "Suppose, instead of writing you a letter of introduction, I go out there with you and introduce you in person?"

"That would be beautiful!" cried Faith. Then she grew suddenly shy again and gazed at the artist half fearfully, as if she felt she might have trespassed somewhat on her knowledge of his old time affection for her mother.

Raleigh seemed to read her thought. "My dear girl," he said, with a smile that set Faith's mind forever at rest, "perhaps you know that once I thought very much of your mother, but she gave her heart to a better man, for which I have never reproached her. How the years have gone since then!"

He was silent suddenly, and his face grew thoughtful. "Let us see. We shall have time to get out there this afternoon. I am at your service. Good-bye to the kitchen and welcome the vocation you are fitted for. At the same time, I envy the people you are working for, if you are anything like the cook your mother used to be." He laughed so delightfully that Faith joined him, and neither of them heard a step in the other room and did not know any one had come in until Malcom Stanley stood at the entrance gazing at them.

Raleigh had risen and had laid his palette and brushes down. At sight of Stanley he exclaimed, "Come in, young giant, and let me introduce some one you ought to know!"

Malcom came slowly forward, looking at Faith, who had risen. Each of them was evidently excited at what was now evident to them both.

"Miss Kirk," said Raleigh, with an emotion he did not try to conceal, "this is Mr. Stanley—Malcom Stanley—whose likeness I have so faithfully reproduced on the canvas there!"

Malcom and Faith faced each other in silence, and then Faith put out her hand.

"Will you shake hands with a hired girl, Mr. Stanley, for father's sake?" she said half shyly, half in the manner she had inherited from Malcom Kirk.

"Will I?" cried Malcom Stanley. The way he shook Faith's hand assured everybody that he had no hesitation on the score of Faith's position. They had all three been suddenly smitten with unusual solemnity, and Malcom's energetic handshake made Raleigh laugh. Faith followed, and Malcom joined in, and the excitement of that sudden meeting passed into question and answer.

"It's a long way from the deck of that steamer to this studio," said Malcom Stanley. "But truth is stranger than fiction—at least any fiction I ever read." And then he went on to give Faith some account of his life since the time when Malcom Kirk had left him with his aunt in London.

The aunt had died when he was 2 years old, and he had been adopted into the family of a distant relative, taking the name of Malcom at his aunt's request in loving memory of his queer nurse. The money that Kirk had raised on board the steamer had been fortunately invested. On coming of age this fund enabled the young man to fit himself for an engineer. He had risen steadily and had at last been promoted to a place of great responsibility. The company for which he worked had interests in the United States, and Malcom had come over to superintend the opening of some mines in Colorado and New Mexico. His business interests had made him acquainted with Mr. Fulton, and it was through him that he had made the acquaintance of Mr. Raleigh and finally purchased the picture, with the intention of giving it to Malcom Kirk. The artist had insisted on practically giving a large share of the value of the picture to Stanley, and the latter had planned a surprise for Kirk on his way west.

All this and more did Faith hear wonderingly. The short winter day was going by, and Raleigh suddenly interrupted the conversation.

"We shall have to give up our trip to Kenwood today, Faith."

"And I must be getting back to my work!" cried Faith, rising. She was like one who had been in a dream of the day. It all seemed so strange—the studio, the artist, the picture, the big, hearty, honest young Englishman. She found it hard to realize that she was actually in the heart of the great, rushing, prosaic, selfish city. All this was so like a story, like things one reads about, but so seldom knows in the real life.

"If your father were only here now," said Raleigh, whose romantic temperament was moved deeply by the events of the day, "this room would contain all the elements of a genuine story."

As he spoke they all three turned instinctively toward the entrance of the other room. There stood Malcom Kirk, his tall, heavy figure filling up the opening and his homely, loving face showing unusual emotion.

"Father!" cried Faith, and the next minute she was in his arms, sobbing and exclaiming.

Then she stepped back, a little ashamed of her sudden outburst as she remembered the presence of the two men behind her, but she kept hold of Malcom's hand and drew him into the studio.

"How did you come here, father? We had no idea!"

"It's not a long story, my dear," said Malcom.

"Mr. Raleigh, how do you do? It's a long time since I saw you on the deck of that steamer." Malcom pointed to the picture, and still his great brown eyes rested on Malcom Stanley, who was standing there pale and excited.

Raleigh took Kirk's hand and shook it heartily. He then turned quickly to Stanley.

"You ought to know this gentleman, Mr. Kirk. You met him before I did."

Kirk stepped toward Stanley. Both men were deeply moved.

"You were with my mother when she died, Mr. Kirk," said Stanley in a voice that trembled a little.

"If we were Russians, we would embrace each other now," cried Malcom Kirk, "but as you are an Englishman and I am an American I suppose a handshake is the nearest we can get to it."

As he said it he grasped Stanley's big palm, which went out to meet his, and Raleigh said afterward he was sure he heard the bones snap, but neither man winced.

"The heart goes with it," said Malcom Stanley, admiring Kirk out of his honest face with a loving look.

Kirk drew back a little and gazed at the stalwart young figure. Then he glanced at the painting.

"I would not like to take the contract of holding you in my arms now, as I did then. But, as I remember, you were a very good baby."

"So he is now," said Raleigh, who had turned his face toward the easel to hide his emotion.

That made Faith laugh, and the rest joined her, and the tension of feeling broke, and they all grew more at ease. For several minutes questions and answers flew fast in the now darkening studio.

"Father, you must give an account of yourself. The rest of us know how we came to be here. But your presence is a mystery!" said Faith, drawing up closer to him.

"Well, my dear, it was your letter that brought me."

"My letter?"

"Yes, the one you wrote Sunday. Your mother was very anxious about you. You did not mean to tell us, but we read between the lines that you were having 'experiences,' as you call them. Besides, a check came for one of my stories that morning, and I felt the need of a little vacation and came out to Chicago to study the 'hired girl problem' and other sociological ex-

periments."

Faith laughed. Then she passed her hand over her father's sleeve.

"I do believe you have gone and bought a new overcoat! You aren't going to be sick, are you, father? Are you feeling all right in your mind?"

"Your mother made me promise that I would get one as soon as I reached



"The heart goes with it," said Malcom Stanley.

the city," said Malcom, a little sheepishly. "It only cost \$8.50. That was one reason I was late getting around to the Fulton's. The train was delayed by an accident too."

"Eight dollars and a half," muttered Faith with some indignation. But the thought of the father and his love for her that had brought him to the city softened her indignation. She clung to him closer, and the other men looked at father and daughter with great interest.

"I'm how did you happen to know I was here?" asked Faith suddenly.

"I didn't, but when I called at the Fulton's Mr. Stanley had just gone. Mrs. Fulton told me who he was, and confessed that she had no idea that you were in any way connected with the story of Stanley's life. She said he told her he expected to be at the studio this afternoon. No one knew where you had gone, and so I came down here to find him, intending to go back to the Fulton's by the time you returned."

"It's all simple enough, isn't it?" said Malcom Stanley thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Faith. Then she suddenly remembered that she was a "hired girl," having a Thursday afternoon out.

"Father, I must be getting back to the Fulton's. They cannot live without me. Put that down in your sociological notes on the 'hired girl problem'—that no matter how low in the scale the 'hired girl' may be she is really of first importance for the comfort and happiness of thousands of the best families in the land."

"That's true. Why isn't there some way, then, to elevate and dignify the service?" asked Malcom Kirk, who seemed ready to discuss the problem seriously.

"No, no, father; we can't stop to reform the world right here. It is too late. Do you want your daughter to be scolded for not getting dinner in time?"

"I am going back with you," said her father, rising.

Then he turned toward Stanley, who was looking a little anxiously at father and daughter.

"Come, Stanley, I'll take the liberty of asking you to come with us. Mrs. Fulton said you might return this evening anyway. We haven't had our talk out, and I will be responsible for the consequences of taking you out with us."

"I was planning to go," said Stanley, looking relieved. "I want to see Mr. Fulton again on business." He did not say that he wanted to see Faith.

"Come to think of it," said Raleigh suddenly, "I have an invitation myself to take dinner with the Fulton's to-night. Mrs. Raleigh is out of town, and Fulton asked me to come out and talk over a new art design he has received for the cover of his mining journal."

"But," cried Faith in some dismay, "do you three big men realize that I am the 'hired girl' at the Fulton's? Do you think I can possibly get a dinner ready at this time of the day for such appetites as I am sure you all have?"

There was a look of embarrassment on the faces of Raleigh and Stanley, but Malcom Kirk settled the matter by saying, as he took Faith's arm and led her out of the studio:

"Don't be alarmed, gentlemen! I will speak for the dinner. Faith can make a palatable dinner out of bread and water in some mysterious way, and if everything else is wanting we can feast on the remarkable events of this afternoon."

So they went out, laughing and talking, and as they took a carriage for Ellis avenue, the driver engaging to get them there before 5 o'clock, there was no more happy, light hearted girl in the great city than Faith Kirk.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.
Lesson in the International Series for
December 16, 1920—Zaccheus
the Publican.

[Prepared by H. C. Lenington.]
THE LESSON TEXT.
(Luke 19:1-10.)

1. And Jesus entered and passed through Jericho.

2. And, behold, there was a man named Zaccheus, which was the chief among the publicans, and he was rich.

3. And he sought to see Jesus, who he was; and could not for the press, because he was little of stature.

4. And he ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see him; for he was to pass that way.

5. And when Jesus came to the place, he looked up, and saw him, and said unto him: Zaccheus, make haste, and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house.

6. And he made haste, and came down, and received him joyfully.

7. And when they saw it, they all murmured, saying: That He was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner.

8. And Zaccheus stood, and said unto the Lord: Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.

9. And Jesus said unto him: This day salvation is come to this house, for so much as he also is a son of Abraham.

10. For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.—Luke 19:10.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.
No intervening events between last lesson and this are recorded in the Gospel. The time is toward the end of March, A. D., and the place Jericho.

LESSON ANALYSIS.
Zaccheus the Man.....Vs. 1-2
Bound to See Jesus.....Vs. 3-4
Jesus Calls to Zaccheus.....Vs. 5-6
Zaccheus' Response.....Vs. 7-8
Contemptuous Attitude of Pharisees.....Vs. 9-10
Zaccheus' Repentance (and).....Vs. 11-12
Salvation.....Vs. 13-14
The Mission of Jesus on Earth.....Vs. 15-16

Zaccheus the Man.—One of the notable things about this lesson is the fact that in so brief a space is so complete a description given of one of the story's principal characters. More things are told about the man Zaccheus than we would at first think possible to be crowded into the limits of ten short verses. (1) He was a Jew, for Jesus mentions (v. 9) that he was a "son of Abraham." (2) He was a citizen of the city of Jericho, for it was there that Jesus stayed in his house. (3) He was a publican, or we would say a taxgatherer. (4) He was, before meeting with Jesus, no exception to the general run of taxgatherers—that is, in the way of rapacity and extortion. We know this from the fact that when he repented he promised to restore fourfold to those from whom he had taken anything "by false accusation." Some of his wealth was honestly acquired, or he could not have restored fourfold. (5) He was rich both from what he had rightfully earned and wrongfully extorted. (6) He was a leader by nature and disposition, for we are told that he was a chief publican. (7) He was short of stature. (8) He was persistent and determined. We could infer this from the material success which he had achieved, but it is shown in the manner by which he accomplished his purpose of seeing Jesus. (9) He was enthusiastic, for we are told he received Jesus "joyfully." (10) Lastly, his must have been a more than ordinarily generous disposition; in fact, "a good fellow." He did not have to restore fourfold to those whom he had overcharged. Many good people would have stopped with paying merely the amount wrongfully taken, adding only the accumulated interest.

Bound to See Jesus.—He had heard of Jesus probably during more or less of the Master's three years of public ministry. He must have heard of some at least of the wonderful miracles performed. He must have heard of His forcible, authoritative preaching. He could hardly not have heard of some of the disputes with the pharisees, in which every time the latter had retired baffled, defeated. He wanted to see Jesus, but, being shorter than the crowd, he had to sacrifice his dignity and climb into a tree. "Where there's a will there's a way."

Contemptuous Attitude of the Pharisees.—Contrast Jesus' open-hearted way in which Jesus had entered into the home of this man, and the small, mean manner of the pharisees, who stood aloof and murmured at Jesus having "gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner." This was only another proof of their self-righteousness and bigotry.

Zaccheus' Repentance.—Zaccheus faced the Christ life and the pharisaical smallness of mind. In this hour he found himself compelled to choose between sin and righteousness, Zaccheus' Salvation.—Jesus commended Zaccheus for the stand he had taken and impliedly rebuked the pharisees, for Jesus says "he also is a son of Abraham." Though a publican, Zaccheus had repented of the evil he had done. He was a Jew, but more than this he had now become a "son of Abraham" in a way the pharisees had not.

The Mission of Jesus.—But Jesus had a further reason for associating with such men as Zaccheus. It was His supreme mission on earth to bring back the sinners to the way of eternal life, "to seek and to save that which was lost."

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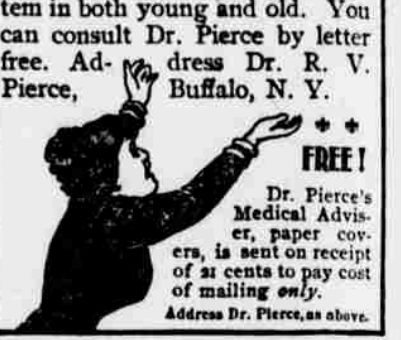
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