

A Smuggling Episode.

By Florence Newhouse Fox.

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As Dorothy stepped from the train, she cast a furtive look behind her and made a dash for a carriage.

She was almost certain the tall man with a Vandike beard had followed her all the way from Easton and still had his eye upon her. She crouched back in a corner of the vehicle with heart throbbing madly and nerves at a high tension.

"Drive fast to the Glen hotel," she ordered the cabman.

The driver whipped up his horses and in ten minutes drew up before the picturesque hotel in the woods of Glen Echo.

As Dorothy sprang to the ground a girl of twenty came around the corner of the veranda.

"Dot Graham!" she cried to the newcomer. "Can I believe my eyes? I am



"PARDON ME, IS THIS MISS PRICE?" HE ASKED COURTEOUSLY.

so glad to see you. We are as dull as rusty hoes up here since the season closed."

"Come in! Oh, come in quickly!" Dot exclaimed, pulling her friend into the house hurriedly. "Fan, I have been followed."

"Followed?"

"All the way from Easton."

"Well," laughed Fan, "you must blame your own charming face."

"No, no; it is not a vulgar flirtation. He is a detective."

"Nonsense. Why should a detective follow you? Why, Dot, dear, you are trembling like a leaf. Come up to my room and tell me all about it."

"It all comes from buying this coat in Canada."

"Your new sealskin? Um, isn't it a beauty?"

"I hate it." Dot flung the offending article upon the sofa. "Goodness only knows what complications it has occasioned! I wore it on the train, knowing nothing of the duty imposed on such articles until brother George met me at the station in Easton. Even then when he told me the danger I incurred of being arrested for smuggling I thought it one of his pranks. You know George is never so happy as when he is teasing me. But when he insisted upon my coming up here to you until all danger was past I became really frightened and with cause, as you will admit," continued Dot breathlessly, "for I noticed a man not five minutes later standing near where I was waiting for the train who seemed to be watching me. Sure enough, he boarded the same train and alighted at Glen Echo station almost upon my heels. Fan, will you harbor a fugitive from justice?"

Dorothy's woeful face was too much for vivacious Fan Price. She bubbled over with laughter.

"You are alarming yourself unnecessarily," she assured her friend. "If the man had been a detective he would have arrested you then and there."

"Detectives are very shrewd people," pronounced Dorothy distrustfully.

"I am glad you came to me. We remain here until the first of the month. Father is keeping the hotel open to accommodate a party of congressmen who are up for a two weeks' hunt, and mother refuses to leave him," Fan explained.

"What are your congressmen hunting for?" Dot asked.

"Bears," said Fan.

"I thought," and there was a mischievous twinkle in Dorothy's eyes, "that they might be hunting for dears."

"In which event," twinkled Fan, "you would be obliged to flee from danger once more."

Both girls laughed with the gladness of youth, and for the time Dot forgot her anxiety. They ran up to the cedar room, where Mrs. Price with motherly forethought was laying away summer clothing in large paper bags scented with lavender. They strolled out under the leafless trees in the cold November twilight, exchanging confidences, and came in shivering, late to dinner.

The congressmen were all there, gathered around one large table which had been set apart for them. As Dorothy passed on to the family board she became conscious of an intent gaze fixed upon her; an irresistible something drew her eyes toward the men-toward one, at least, and their eyes met.

The color left her face, her eyes grew sick with fear—the fear of arrest. To be dragged to answer the charge of smuggling! The thought was unbearable. She blamed the law that made it a crime to wear one's own garments to one's own country.

Slipping into her seat she leaned toward Fan with a shuddering whisper: "He is here! The one with short, pointed beard. Don't look—and don't tell your father or mother."

Fan glared in the direction of the congressmen, singled out the Vandike, which at that moment was oblivious of her critical scrutiny in an interested discussion of venison, and whispered back:

"He does not look ferocious enough to bite."

But Dorothy could not see the joke; it was an hour of agony for her. When at last the meal was over and they could get away, the two girls ran up to the safe seclusion of Fan's room, where they talked it over breathlessly and in whispers.

They decided that Dorothy should steal away under cover of darkness, take the first train for Easton and so make good her escape.

As to the sealskin sack, the cause of so much agitation, it was secretly stowed away in one of Mrs. Price's lavender bags; Dot enveloped herself in a borrowed cravatette, hiding her face behind an automobile veil.

With timid step the two conspirators slipped down to the lower hall. They could hear the men's voices as they exchanged stories about the office fire.

Just as the girls reached the lower step, with freedom almost within reach, the office door opened and Dot's pursuer slipped forth.

"Pardon me, is this Miss Price?" he asked courteously. "Your father said I would find you in the sitting room."

"Oh—er—yes," stammered Fan, trying to push palpating Dorothy past him.

He seemed such a pleasant, polite detective that for one reckless moment Fan entertained the idea of appealing to him in behalf of the innocent offender, but before she could speak he pulled a letter from his pocket.

"It is for Miss Price and is from my sister, Nellie Dayton," explained he.

"Nellie Dayton your sister?" both girls exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes," he said cordially. "When she learned that I was coming up here for a few days' shooting with some friends she insisted that I become her courier. She also entrusted to my care a kodak picture—some of her own work, I believe. It is a group of picnickers, among them yourself and your friend here. I recognized Miss Graham when I saw her at the station at Easton, although it is three years since I have seen her. I was strongly tempted to make myself known at once, but I saw that she did not remember me."

Dot threw back her veil, disclosing a bright smile and a face beaming with relief.

"I wish you had, Mr. Dayton," she said, impulsively extending both hands. "It would have saved me such a scare."

"What?" inquired Dayton, mystified. "Not afraid of me?"

"N-no—of your beard," laughed Dorothy, in which Fan joined. "You were a beardless senior when I met you three years ago, you know."

"So I was. Why, I did not think of that. What a chump I am."

Several days later, when "Brother George" came to Glen Echo with a significant ring for Fan Price, she told him in confidence that his prank was likely to cost his sister her freedom.

"Imprisonment?" he asked in a horrified whisper. "That is severe punishment for smuggling one article."

"That depends upon the article smuggled," Fan hinted, with a wide side glance. "I am afraid our Dorothy has been guilty of smuggling other things than sealskin coats, and she began three years ago."

"Three years a smuggler! Then she deserves the limit for such an offense."

"Deserves it? She would not be happy without the full penalty of the law—imprisonment for life! There, I told you so," Fan added mischievously as Dot and Mr. Dayton strolled into view.

"Here she comes now with her jailer."

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Her own entertainments became more ambitious, and for the last year the advantage had lain first with one and then the other. To have Fred fall a victim to Nancy Bryan was the worst blow she had sustained, and had she known that Nancy's mother was as far as she at the turn affairs had taken she would have derived small comfort from that fact. In blissful ignorance of Mrs. Bryan's state of mind, she elected to believe it a move of that designing woman.

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"Spend as much as you like," she murmured.

"And you won't ask what it is until I spring it?" he stipulated.

"I promise," she said. "I may rely upon you, Fred?"

"For the sensation of the season," he assured, "take heart of grace, mother. I am planning to shake Glendale to its very foundations."

Much relieved, Mrs. Paulding hurried to confide to her dearest friends that she would have a sensation that could not be equaled. This in due course was communicated to Mrs. Bryan, who worried much; but, since Mrs. Paulding did not herself know the nature of the surprise, she could not betray Fred's plans.

The day of the "double header," as Paulding irreverently referred to it, dawned bright and beautiful, and by 2 o'clock the festivities were under way. There were circus performances on both lawns, and honors seemed fairly even. Mrs. Paulding went about with a smile of confidence upon her face and with skillful references to her surprise kept curiosity up to pitch. The afternoon passed without the appearance of the surprise, and the dusk had gathered before Fred disappeared, and word was passed that he had gone to engineer the great event. An hour later the Paulding butler sought his mistress, and she vanished into the house.

She found Fred in the library, and with him was Nancy Bryan.

"I want to introduce you to the sensation," said Fred, with a laugh, as he led the girl forward. "Nancy and I were married half an hour ago."

"And this is your surprise?" she gasped.

"Could you have a greater one?" he asked. "Every one knows of the rivalry between you and Mrs. Bryan. If you turn your party into a wedding reception you'll beat Mrs. Bryan to a standstill. You've been bragging about your surprise. You pretend you knew it was coming all along, and the laugh is on Mrs. Bryan."

For a moment Mrs. Paulding hesitated. In some ways it was a bitter pill to swallow; but, as Fred had shown her, it was necessary to make the best of the situation. She stepped forward and took the bright faced girl in her arms.

"My dear," she said sincerely, "I am very glad to welcome my son's wife to her new home. Let us go out on the lawn. I will introduce you to my friends."

She turned toward the door, but paused as down the street there came the sound of a marching band.

"What is that," she asked—"more of the surprise?"

Paulding nodded his head. "It's the people from the Bryans coming to congratulate the bride!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Bryan was with us, but went home to tell his wife and invite the crowd over here. You have swallowed up Mrs. Bryan's party with your counter attractions. I guess I've kept my promise, haven't I?"

Mrs. Paulding patted the curly head. "You have kept your promise," she agreed. "You have shaken us all to our very foundations. Then, putting on her best smile, she led the way to the piazza to meet Mrs. Bryan at the head of her guests.

Standard Time.

Primarily for the convenience of the railroad a standard of time was established by mutual agreement in 1883, by which trains are run and local time regulated. According to this system the United States extending from 63 degrees to 125 degrees west longitude is divided into four time sections, each of 15 degrees of longitude, exactly equivalent to one hour. The first (eastern) section includes all territory between the Atlantic coast and an irregular line drawn from Detroit to Charleston, S. C., the latter being its most southern point. The second (central) section includes all the territory between the last named line and an irregular line from Bismarck, N. D., to the mouth of the Rio Grande. The third (mountain) section includes all territory between the last named line and nearly the western borders of Idaho, Utah and Arizona. The fourth (Pacific) section covers the rest of the country to the Pacific coast. Standard time is uniform inside each of these sections, and the time of each section differs from that next to it by exactly one hour. Thus at 12 o'clock noon in New York city (eastern time) the time at Chicago (central time) is 11 o'clock a. m.

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Beating the Bryans.

By LESTER CORNING.

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"That woman is back again," snapped Mrs. Paulding. Her son smiled. "That woman could be none other than Mrs. Bryan, the only person in Glendale who dared challenge Mrs. Paulding's pretensions to social leadership."

"They got in last night," said Fred mildly. "They had three weeks at the shore, two weeks in the mountains and a month in New York. They brought back a lot of things from there."

"And where did you get all this information?" demanded Mrs. Paulding in icy tones.

"Nancy," said Fred promptly. "I met her down at the postoffice and walked part of the way home with her."

"I wish you would remember that I do not like to have you speak to that loud person," said Mrs. Paulding fretfully. "Mrs. Beeman had the audacity to ask at the sewing circle the other afternoon if you were engaged to Nancy."

"There doesn't seem to be a chance for such luck," said Fred gloomily as he rose from the table. "Every time I ask her she reminds me how our respective mothers-in-law would love us."

"Every time!" echoed his astonished mother. "May I ask how many times you have lowered your dignity by proposing to that impudent girl?"

"About a hundred," was the easy response. "One of these days I'll catch her off her guard and she'll say 'Yes!'"

"I hope I may never live to see the day," said his mother dolefully.

"I hope you do," he said with a laugh, as he bent and kissed the lightly compressed lips. "You'd like her, mummy, if you didn't hate her mother so."

Fred slipped out of the room, and his mother could hear the rumble of his

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"Do you give me carte blanche?" he demanded.

"Spend as much as you like," she murmured.

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From the first the two women had crossed swords. Mrs. Bryan, who had humbly followed other leaders in the city, now asserted her right to the title in the small town, and by the brilliancy of her entertainments she had very nearly wrested social supremacy from her established rival before Mrs. Paulding had realized what was going on.

Her own entertainments became more ambitious, and for the last year the advantage had lain first with one and then the other. To have Fred fall a victim to Nancy Bryan was the worst blow she had sustained, and had she known that Nancy's mother was as far as she at the turn affairs had taken she would have derived small comfort from that fact. In blissful ignorance of Mrs. Bryan's state of mind, she elected to believe it a move of that designing woman.

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Making Good.

By Epes W. Sargent.

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Timidly Elda opened the door and slipped into the little low ceilinged room that she had come to know so well. Sometimes when the agent was busy she would have to wait for half an hour or so, and the photographs of entertainers with which the walls were covered had come to seem like old friends. Most of all, she liked to stand in front of a framed check for \$3,000 that had been paid a prima donna of note for singing only three songs at a society function. It was evidence that the business of entertaining others did sometimes pay.

But there was no time for looking at the pictures today. No one stood by the agent's desk, and she looked over

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