

SHELDON'S HOUSEKEEPER.

A Wager and What It Won For the One Who Lost.

By HAROLD STRONG LATHAM.
(Copyright, 1920, by Associated Literary Press.)

"I speak from experience, Stewart, and I say most emphatically that it is impossible to secure an all round satisfactory housekeeper."

"What's troubling you? Has that latest and most hopeful one of all departed?"

"Yes—today. She drank."

"Another one in view yet?"

"No, and how I wish there never had to be! They're all alike."

"Oh, pshaw! You're a pessimist."

"Well, they are—housekeepers and women in general; good to look at—some of them, anyway—but that's as far as they go."

"Hold on there, old man! Just remember that you're talking to one who



IT WAS WHILE SHE WAS DUSTING THE BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY.

has lately taken into himself a spouse. You aren't fair. You pass judgment upon the whole sex when all that you really know about them is what you have learned from the few whom you have hired to work for you."

"I'm judging from all the women that I ever knew. My mother died when I was a baby, and I have no sisters. Just look at the girls of my set. They dance and sing, but what earthly thing are they good for?"

"If that is the case it is about time that you made some new acquaintances."

"Seeing is believing with me."

There was a pause in the conversation. The two men were seasoning their argument with periods of thought and smoke. They were good friends, though differing widely in material circumstances and usually in convictions. One, Frank Sheldon, was rich and single; the other, Stewart Van Cleate, was rather poor and married. Both were young. The silence, which had lasted for several minutes, was finally broken by Van Cleate.

"Humph!" he said, drawing his pipe slowly from his mouth. "I've got an idea."

"How unusual!" Sheldon laughed.

"My wife is dying for a piano. The other went on, paying no attention to the rallery, "and I think I see how to get her one."

"Wish I saw how to get a housekeeper," came lazily through the tobacco smoke in reply.

"The two things are connected in my idea. You say women are all alike and that it is impossible to hire a good housekeeper. I dare you to back it up with a bet."

"A bet! On a housekeeper?"

"Yes."

"Well, fire ahead. What is it?"

"Simply this—that I can produce a housekeeper who will prove entirely satisfactory to you and that aunt of yours who lives with you."

"What are the terms?" Sheldon asked abruptly.

"If I win you buy me a piano. If I lose I pay the girl's wages. Is it a go?"

"Indeed it is. I've got to strike out upon the housekeeper market again, and if you want to make an employment bureau out of yourself I'm sure I don't care. But you'll lose."

"Don't be too sure of that. But, by the way, there must be a time limit to this. You might like her, but she to 'not like you, you know. Suppose we say that she is to stay for three weeks, longer if you want her to, but I can persuade her to do so."

"Agreed. But, really, I'm awfully sorry for you. I hate to see you lose," Sheldon said in mock concern.

"You'd better spend your time visiting the piano dealers," the other retorted good naturedly.

Two days afterward "the girl" put in her appearance and was hired, Sheldon transacting that business himself, for he had learned by sad experience that where servants were concerned the more his too exacting aunt could be kept in the background the better.

"The girl" was at first shy and doubtful about her work, but day by day she grew more skillful until, at the end of the third week, Sheldon was forced to admit that she realized his highest ideals. And then he fell in love with her!

It was while she was dusting the books in the library that he asked her to be his wife. He had hardly begun his fervent avowal of love when she interrupted him.

"Mr. Sheldon, I cannot let you go on," she said and turned her face away from him. "What you ask is impossible, or at least—oh, I cannot, I will not, say anything more! See Mr. Van Cleate. He will tell you that I, that we, have been deceiving you."

With that she hurried out of the room.

Sheldon was very much bewildered at her actions, but he lost no time in going in search of Van Cleate. In less than an hour he returned.

He found "the girl" in the hall just ready to leave. He took her by the hand and led her to a seat and then sat down beside her. He did not speak

for a moment, and when he did his voice was very low and gentle.

"Dear," he said, "I love you all the more now, my plucky little housekeeper."

"You know, then?" she asked.

"I know that you, besides being the best girl that I ever knew, are the sister of my most intimate friend Stewart Van Cleate. Tell me, why did you do it?"

"You said that women were only good to look at."

"And it was that remark that did it all!"

"Yes; I wanted you to see that there were women who were good for something, and then," she added bashfully, "Stewart told me of your bet, and I wanted him to win that piano."

Sheldon smiled. "He certainly has won," he said. He took her hand and continued: "Once there was a fellow who was neither very good nor very bad, but he had a great dislike for women. He had never been fortunate enough to meet one that he could respect through and through, and so he had grown to believe that there was none who came up to his ideal. But one day, quite by chance, there came into his life one whom he saw to be the realization of his dreams. He knew then that his opinions were all wrong. Marie, I can't go on this way any longer. You are the one woman. You have restored my faith. Will you be my wife?"

He caught her to him, for he had read her answer in her eyes.

It was not until two weeks later, however, that he was allowed to put the ring upon her finger, for she had argued that it would be better for them to meet under conditions to which they were both accustomed and in their proper social spheres.

The lights were very low in the Van Cleate library on that happy evening, and two chairs were very close together. What was said was spoken so softly that no one could hear. But finally the two came out of their seclusion and went into the parlor, where they found Mrs. Van Cleate seated at a new and shiny piano, happily playing.

"I made you lose your bet," Marie whispered.

"But I won a wife," Sheldon replied lovingly.

TRIBUTE TO GILDER.

Magazine's Appreciation of Poet Who Was Its Editor.

The Century for January in a tribute to the late Richard Watson Gilder, for twenty-eight years its editor in chief, will say:

The keynote of his character was loyalty. This trait pervaded every relation of his life. It was a dominating and inspiring atmosphere. To his family and his friends, to his editorial and other business associates, to his social and civic obligations and, not least of all, to his art, which remains his most individual record, he was loyalty itself. Nor was this a weak or blind impulse of goodness; rather it was a discriminating faculty of seeing generously what was due to each, based on his delicate sense of proportion and appropriateness. The call of duty was to him imperative, and no man since James Russell Lowell, at whose death he seemed to receive a consecration of civic ardor, has more faithfully held up the highest ideal of American citizenship.

In this work and, in fact, in all the multitude of his philanthropic activities his influence and example have now become a heritage to his country.

Another note which runs through his life, his editorial writing and his poetry—a note that deepened with the advance of years—is that of personal responsibility. He felt that institutions were, in the last analysis, merely men and that ours could be preserved only by the virtues and altruism of the individual citizen. The scorn he felt for those who were willfully recreant to their political duties was like that of a soldier for a deserter. His humility and self-effacement gave sincerity to his appeals to the best in every one. He had the keenest sense of noblesse oblige and in all his spiritual and beautiful verse there is nothing more expressive of the chivalry of his life than these lines, the aspiration of which he embodied in his career:

When to sleep I must
Where my fathers sleep;
When fulfilled the trust,
And the mourners weep,
When, though free from rust,
Sword hath lost its worth—
Let me bring to earth
No dissonant dust.

An Ibsen Memorial.

The admirers of Ibsen have a project to acquire the apothecary's shop at Grimstad, where Ibsen was apprenticed from 1844 to 1850 and restore it to its appearance at that period as a memorial of the author of "Hedda Gabler." The appeal sent out states that the old house of the apothecary, Reimann still exists, and it is almost in the same state as when Ibsen dwelt there. Almost all the fittings still exist and can be purchased. The whole place, the shop, the laboratory and the rooms, will certainly prove of the greatest interest, and the committee expresses the opinion that future generations will be grateful to those who have prevented the house and its surroundings from falling to decay.

HUNTING TRIP IN AIRSHIP.

Latham Carried His Gun There and Bag of Game on His Return.

Hubert Latham performed a sensational feat in his monoplane the other day. He was invited by the Marquis de Polignac, president of the committee on aviation, to join in a hunt at Berru, near Rheims, France. Latham went thither from his aviation garage at Mourmelon, a distance of about 100 miles, in his Antoinette monoplane in just half an hour. He took a double barreled shotgun and a supply of ammunition with him in the aeroplane.

He landed at the Marquis de Polignac's shooting box, breakfasted with the party, took part in the hunt and flew back to Mourmelon four hours later, carrying on the monoplane not only the shotgun, but also the bag of game, mostly pheasants, which he had killed.

Great interest in the feat was shown by the hunting party. The members of it were watching for Latham, and the monoplane was made out while it was still far away. It appeared very small when first seen, but rapidly grew larger and soon was above the heads of the huntsmen. Latham made two circles before he chose a landing place and then came down easily and landed without the slightest trouble. It was almost sunset when he started on his return journey.

The Chimney Climber.

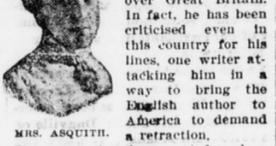
Quoth Santa Claus, "I'm getting fat, and, though I'm not a churl, I think the person for the job." Would he be the hippest girl?

—Harper's Bazar.

WILLIAM WATSON'S VISIT.

British Poet Has Come to America to Face His Critics.

A poem has created almost as great a stir in England as the much talked of budget. The author of it is William Watson, the famous poet, and his verses have mystified and angered so many people that he has been talked of and criticized all over Great Britain. In fact, he has been criticized even in this country for his lines, one writer attacking him in a weekly to bring the English author to America to demand a retraction.



MRS. ASQUITH.

The poem that has created such a sensation is entitled "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue," and the first verse is as follows:

She is not old, she is not young,
The woman with the serpent's tongue,
The haggard cheek, the hanging eye,
The poisoned words that wildly fly,
The fanned face, the fevered hand,
Who slights the worst in the land,
Sneers at the just, contemns the brave
And blackens goodness in its grave.

Many declare that the poem is directed at Mrs. Herbert Asquith, wife of the prime minister of England, but this the author denies. Other names of prominent women are mentioned in this connection, and thus the storm grows. Another poem in reply to Watson's verses was written and published recently by Richard Le Gallienne, entitled "The Poet With the Coward's



MIL. AND MRS. WILLIAM WATSON.

Tongue," and he is the writer that the British author has come over to see regarding an apology.

Mr. Watson is a big, powerful chap, clean shaven, broad chested, square shouldered, a believer in physical culture, who walks or runs marathons daily. He is clever with his hands and fit as a fiddle.

It Was Mistaken Charity.

The athletic girl had been out in the woods taking pictures, and at evening she started for the car, wearily lugging the camera and tripod. The cars were thronged with workers returning to their homes, and she had to wait some time before there came one with even standing room inside. She pushed her way across the platform and just inside the doorway. The legs of the tripod rested on the floor at her side, and she was trying to brace herself against the door when a woman who had been sitting in the corner suddenly rose from her seat and gently but firmly pushed the young woman into it, with the remark, "Now you sit right there, you poor thing!"

The girl remained seated passively and looked puzzled for a moment. Then a dull flush covered her face. "How awful!" she thought. "That woman saw the tripod legs and thought they were crutches. She thinks I'm lame." Then she slunk back in the seat and tried not to show her face.—Exchange.

The Nerve of a Boy.

"Speaking of the nerve displayed by small boys," said a man who had a trip through the southwest, "reminds me of an incident that occurred in the Santa Ana mountains, in southern California. An eleven-year-old boy, a member of a family making their way to the coast, left the camp early one morning to stalk deer. He found tracks and had followed them until he was five or six miles from camp. In reaching up on a rock he disturbed a huge rattlesnake that was sunning himself, and the snake without warning struck, wounding the boy on the middle finger of his right hand. Knowing that unless prompt action was taken the wound would prove fatal, the youth placed the finger over the muzzle of the gun and pulled the trigger. Making a figure above the wound to stop the flow of blood, he killed the snake and walked back to camp, where he fainted. The finger was blown off close to his hand, but he recovered."—Exchange.

Not Appreciated.

Appropos of the "delusion deep rooted in the minds of innumerable voters that a man can only be 'putting up for parliament' in order to better himself one way or another" and that no sacrifice has to be made by the candidate here is the speech that was made by Sir Richard Temple, who had returned poste haste from his duties in India, arriving after his own contest had begun. Sir Richard used words to the following effect, "I have traveled 8,000 miles and surrendered 45,000 a year for the privilege of representing this great constituency," but the proper sense of his generosity and public spirit was entirely marred by a remark from a loud voice in the crowd, "Oh, what a fool you must be!"—In Mahal in Coruhil Magazine.

Money and Politics.

In his reminiscences of Grover Cleveland George F. Parker tells a story of the prodigal expenditures in politics. A rich man who had been nibbling at the Democratic nomination for governor of New York asked William C. Whitney's advice. This is the advice: "Of course you ought to run. Make your preliminary canvass, and when you have put in \$200,000 you will have become so much interested in it that you will feel like going ahead and spending some money."

WHITE PLAGUE WAR.

Billboard Fight on Tuberculosis to Be Nation Wide.

Preparations have been nearly completed for a nation-wide poster campaign against tuberculosis, which will be substantially supported by bill posters and persons interested in the ever growing fight with the disease.

The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, the Associated Bill Posters and Distributors of America and the Poster Printers' Association of the United States have united in the distribution and putting up of large posters 7 feet wide by 9 feet 4 inches high. Three smaller posters which will be put out are labeled as follows: "Remember, consumption kills one in every ten in this district," "Consumption can be prevented," and "Cause of consumption." Each of the three smaller posters has rules inscribed for the prevention of the disease.

The campaign is an outcome of the last convention of the bill posters, at which time a resolution was adopted granting free of charge to the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis space on all the billboards controlled by the organization, located in 3,400 towns and villages of the United States.

The national association was confronted then with the difficulty of getting funds to print the posters and was aided by the poster printers, who offered to do the printing free. Paper manufacturers then were appealed to, and this resulted in enough paper being secured to start the printing of 15,000 posters. The sketches for the designs were solicited from artists in and around New York.

Through the generosity of the different groups the national association is able to inaugurate one of the largest billposting campaigns ever undertaken by a philanthropic organization. Phil B. Jacob, assistant secretary of the association, says that 1,000,000 posters will be pasted on billboards in every state of the Union. The posters are designed to show graphically how consumption can be cured and prevented.

It is expected that the poster campaign will stimulate interest in every locality in the United States for the prevention and cure of the disease. The association intends to put out other designs later.

Association members argue that persons who should take an interest in the campaign against tuberculosis are not attracted by small pamphlets upon the subject, so must be attracted in this striking manner. The undertaking has necessitated a large outlay to cover mailing expenses.

BATTLESHIP OF CONCRETE.

One is on El Fraile Island at the Mouth of Manilla Bay.

One of the most unusual defensive works in the world has been erected by the war department on El Fraile Island, one of the four islands which form a chain across the mouth of Manilla Bay. All these islands have been strongly fortified in order to prevent a foreign fleet from entering the bay. On El Fraile island has been built a fixed battleship of concrete having two steel turrets in each of which are mounted two fourteen-inch guns. These turrets can be trained in any direction by the gun crew inside.

The original plan for the fortification of El Fraile contemplated the enlargement of the island, which is small and narrow and the establishment of an ordinary fort. This plan, however, was abandoned in favor of the concrete battleship, which has been practically completed. The fourteen inch guns mounted in turrets on El Fraile are operated by the general fire control station on Corregidor island.

The artificial concrete ship is about a hundred feet wide and 1,200 feet long.

Walnuts Growing on Oak Trees.

The superintendent of public instruction of California, Edward Hyatt, returned recently to Sacramento from San Andreas, Calaveras county, where he found walnuts growing on oak trees. The experiment is being conducted successfully by E. M. Price, who has a large number of new species about his home. The nuts, according to Hyatt, grow about three times as large as the ones in the market. The product is the result of considerable experimenting. The grafting is done by cutting the limbs of walnut trees and grafting them into stocky oaks.

A CAUTIOUS SCOT.

The Elder's Search For a Strictly Orthodox Minister.

A Scotch elder who did not believe that his own minister held strictly orthodox views wished to have his babe baptized, but would not risk its spiritual welfare by having him perform the rite in any heterodox manner. So he walked to another town only to find the minister he sought was away fishing. The next one he was directed to had gone hunting. Filled with indignation, he said to his companion:

"We'll gang to Maister Erskine. That godly man will no be fishing or hunting."

So he found the house, but as he approached he heard the sound of music. When the servant lassie opened the door he remarked to her:

"Ye have company the night. I hear the fiddle going."

"Na, na," she answered, blushing. "Robin can na play like you, but the minister's aye fiddles a bit afore he goes to bed."

The good man went away without making his errand known. No minister who played the fiddle could baptize his babe, so he went back to his own, who neither fished, hunted nor played forbidden music, and let him name the child.—London Spectator.

Oddest Parasite In Creation.

The royal Bengal tiger is infested with one of the strangest creatures that ever lived. It is said to be a fact easily demonstrated or proved by one who has access to a zoological collection that the web of the foot of tigers of the above named species is inhabited by a bloodsucking insect about the size of a common flea which is a perfect counterpart of a tiger in every particular, shape, claws, tail and stripes included.

MISS PAUL'S CASE.

An American Girl Imprisoned In England For Helping Suffragettes.

Holloway prison in England has been much in the public eye since it became the scene of the militant suffragettes' "martyrdom," and it promises to become almost as well known in this country as some of our famous jails now that an American girl is confined there. She is Miss Alice Paul and is undergoing a month's imprisonment at hard labor for breaking the stained glass window of the guildhall on the occasion of the lord mayor's banquet. In this case the English suffragette leaders have taken legal advice about applying to the American government to intervene for the protection of one of our citizens against prison violence. Like the other imprisoned suffragettes, she went on a hunger strike after being taken to prison and for eight days was forcibly fed.

The hunger strikes of the fair prisoners have made as much trouble as anything they have done in the way of halting parliament, by compelling their jailers to feed them by force, with the alternative of permitting them to die from lack of food. The object of the starvation demonstration

is to show the world that they are willing to die for their cause, as men have shed their blood in the cause of liberty. What men have done they could do, not in a violent bloodshedding way, but by the more lingering and romantic process of an empty stomach. Parliament was expected to rise as one man and declare if they were willing to die for it they deserved suffrage and demand the release of the prisoners before they succumbed, but the more practical jailers spoiled the program by means of what is known in prison and hospital circles as "forced feeding."

Commenting on this financial deal, a leading New York paper in an editorial says:

"What J. Pierpont Morgan bought from Thomas F. Ryan was not a majority of the stock of the Equitable Life Assurance society, but the privilege of controlling over \$400,000,000 of other people's money. The Equitable stock that Mr. Ryan originally owned could pay only \$3,514 in legitimate dividends under the 7 per cent clause in the society's charter. Mr. Ryan paid James Hazen Hyde \$2,500,000 for this opportunity to earn \$3,514 a year. What Mr. Morgan has paid to Mr. Ryan is still a secret, but Mr. Ryan is not in the habit of selling anything for less than he paid for it."

The Morgan interests have long dominated the New York Life. Now with the assets of the Equitable in their possession they wield what is probably the most tremendous financial power concentrated in the hands of any set of private individuals in the world."

DOUBLE SUNSET.

Curious Spectacle Seen at Times in One Spot in England.

A very curious astronomical phenomenon occurs in the heavens at a certain time of the year which can be witnessed only by standing in the parish churchyard of Leek, in Staffordshire, England.

From that position the top of a mountain known as the Cloud breaks the line of sight and fully intercepts your view of the setting of the sun. This mountain is six miles distant, as the crow flies, from the town of Leek and owing to its peculiar formation causes the sun when it has entered that sign of the zodiac known as Cancer, which happens when we are about halfway through the year, to produce the strange effect of setting twice daily.

The first time that it sets the town sinks into darkness, and the inhabitants light up their houses and shops in the usual way. Presently dawn suffuses over the town, clear daylight follows, and artificial lights are put out.

At the second setting of the sun darkness sets in for good. This phenomenon continues for some days.

The head and shoulders of the distant mountain intervene just at the juncture when the sun at the first setting drops behind the top or head of the mountain. There he hides for some time and emerges again from behind just below the head and throws daylight out upon the locality once more, when he again sinks behind the mountain's shoulders and finally sets behind the horizon.—Stray Stories.

LOCATING EVELYN.

A Search That Brought Happiness to Two Loving Hearts.

By FANNIE MEDBURY PENDLETON.
(Copyright, 1920, by Associated Literary Press.)

John Bennett looked at his watch and yawned wearily. It was two hours before the eastbound train would leave Chicago. With an expression of boredom he strolled listlessly from the street, his eyes straying listlessly from side to side. He had the air of a man whose life has ceased to interest.

The hurrying crowds met and passed him. A pretty, fair haired girl brushed by, and he glanced at her with the quickening of sudden interest, then his face settled into his former expression.

Every light haired woman he had met for the past two months had gained from him that quick look. It had become a habit with the man, but he looked in vain for the face of Evelyn Chester.

They had met in Denver the latter part of the winter and had become engaged. She was traveling with her mother and father. The latter was in the last stages of an illness.

Finding no relief in the western climate, Mr. Chester had suddenly decided to return east by easy stages. They had no permanent home, and Evelyn, in view of this, had promised to write as soon as she had arrived in New York.

Weeks slipped by, then months, and still no word from Evelyn. Bennett had at last started east in the hope of getting some trace of the Chesters.

The thought of Evelyn and her unaccountable silence was so constantly in his mind that the sight of every fair haired girl stirred his heart with a forlorn hope.

On his way up the street he had reached one of the moving picture theatrons, and, thinking that he might as well kill time in one way as another, he entered.

The performance had begun and he listened half heartedly to the illustrated song, his thoughts still on the vanished Evelyn. Had she repented of her promise to him? He could not believe that. Had she been swallowed up by some dreadful trouble? He must find her.

Bennett raised his eyes to the canvas. The song had ended and a panoramic view of the Massachusetts coast

was shown. He had seen the view of the Massachusetts coast before. He had seen it in a book, and he had seen it in a picture. He had seen it in a book, and he had seen it in a picture. He had seen it in a book, and he had seen it in a picture.

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regarded her with silent anxiety, then his face brightened. She was surely the girl of the picture.

"What nonsense, Claude," she cried. "Mr. Bennett isn't dangerous—at least, he wasn't formerly. He wouldn't carry off a bride to be from the midst of her astonished relatives."

"Miss Aylmer," cried Bennett, "do you know Evelyn Chester? For heaven's sake tell me."

Eileen laughed. "Know my college classmate? She exclaimed, 'Know the girl who is to be my bridesmaid in two weeks? Well, rather.'"

"Where is she now?"

"She and her mother are spending the summer in a little village on the Massachusetts coast. They went there to be quiet after her father's death. I spent a week with them two months ago. Why, Mr. Bennett, what in the world is the matter?"

Jack Bennett had sunk down upon a chair, his face very white, and had covered his eyes with his hand.

Then the story came out, and Eileen was greatly interested.

"Isn't it romantic!" she cried. "Evelyn has been so unlike herself all summer—she is usually the brightest, most cheerful girl in the world—but of course I had the chance to her father's death. She cried when I asked her to be my bridesmaid. It is all some unfortunate mistake. Well, it will soon be set right. She won't fly away before tomorrow."

It was late afternoon of the following day when Bennett walked down the strip of beach that he had first seen pictured on the canvas in Chicago. He had found Evelyn's mother, who had hidden him seek the girl in her favorite haunt on the beach. As he advanced it seemed to him that every object was fixed forever upon his memory.

Some distance ahead he caught the gleam of a woman's white gown. It