The Younger Set

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I—Returning from Manila, Captain Selwyn, formerly of the army, is welcomed home by his sister, Nina Gerard, her wealthy husband Austin, and their numerous children. Eileen Erroll, ward of Nina and Austin, is part of their household. Selwin has been divorced, without guilt on his part, by his wife, Alixe, who is now the wife of Jack Ruthven, with whom she ran away from Selwyn. II—Eileen, who is very fond of her brother, Gerald, despite the young man's neglect of her, makes friends with Selwyn. III—Gerald is worried about young Erroll's mingling in the fast set. Gerald is employed by Julius Neergard, a reale state operator in a large way. Selwyn promises Eileen he will look after her brother. He tells her about Boots Lansing, his army chum in Manila, who is coming to New York. In the park Eileen and Selwyn ride past Alixe.

Chapter 4

SELWYN had truly enough expected to encounter Alixe again somewhere, though what he had been preparing to see heaven alone knew, but certainly not the supple, laughing girl he had known, that smooth, slender, dark eyed, dainty visitor who had played at marriage with him through a troubled and unreal dream and was gone when he awoke—so swift the brief two years had passed, as swift in sorrow as in happiness.

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Luncheon had not been served when they returned. Without lingering on the landing, as usual, they exchanged a formal word or two. Then Eileen mounted to her own quarters and Selwyn walked nervously through the library, where he saw Nina evidently prepared for some midday festivity, for she wore hat and furs and the brougham was outside.

"Oh, Phil," she said, "Eileen probably forgot that I was going out. It's a directors' luncheon at the exchange. Please tell Eileen that I can't wait for her. Where is she?"

"Dressing, I suppose. Nina, I"—

"One moment, dear. I promised the children that you would lunch with them in the nursery. Do you mind? I did it to keep them quiet. I was weak enough to compromise between a fox hunt or fudge, so I said you'd lunch with them. Will you?"

"Certainly. And, Nina, what sort of a man is this George Fane?"

"Fane?"

"Yes—the chinless gentleman, with gentle brown and protruding eyes and the expression of a tame brontosaurus."

"Why—how do you mean, Phil? What sort of man? He's a banker. He isn't very pretty, but he's popular."

"Oh, popular!" he nodded, as close to a sneer as he could ever get.

"He has a very popular wife too. Haven't you met Rosamund? People like him. He's about everywhere; very useful, very devoted to pretty women. But I'm really in a hurry, Phil." Her voice dwindled and died away through the hall; the front door clanged.

He went to his quarters, drove out Austin's man, arranged his own fresh linen, took a sulky plunge and, an unlighted cigarette between his teeth, completed his dressing in sullen introspection.

When he had tied his scarf and bitten his cigarette to pieces he paced the room once or twice, squared his shoulders, breathed deeply and, unbending his eyebrows, walked off to the nursery.

"Hello, you kids!" he said, with an effort. "I've come to luncheon. Very nice of you to want me, Drina."

"I wanted you, too," said Billy. "I'm to sit beside you."

"So am I," observed Drina, pushing Winthrop out of the chair and sliding in close to Selwyn. She had the cat, Kit-Ki, in her arms. Kit-Ki, divining nourishment, was purring loudly.

Josephine and Clemence in pinafores and stick-out skirts sat wriggling, with Winthrop between them; the five dogs sat in a row behind. Katie and Bridget assumed the functions of Hibernian Hebes, and luncheon began with a clatter of spoons.

It being also the children's dinner, supper and bed occurring from 5 to 6, meat figured on the card, and Kit-Ki's purring increased to an ecstatic and wheezy squeal, and her rigid tail as she stood up on Drina's lap was constantly brushing Selwyn's features.

"The cat is shedding, too," he remarked as he dodged her caudal appendage for the twentieth time. "It will go in with the next spoonful of cranberry sauce, Drina, if you're not careful about opening your mouth."

After luncheon Selwyn and Miss Erroll met in the living room, a big, square, sunny place, in golden greens and browns, where a bay window overlooked the park.

Kneeling on the cushions of the deep window seat, she flattened her delicate nose against the glass, peering out through the lace hangings.

"Everybody and his family are driving," she said over her shoulder. "The rich and great are cornering the fresh air supply."

For awhile she kneeled there silently intent on the passing pageant with all the unconscious curiosity of a child. Presently, without turning: "They speak of the younger set—but what is its limit? So many, so many people! The hunting crowd—the silly crowd—the wealthy set—the dreadful yellow set—then all those others made out of metals—copper and coal and iron and"— She shrugged her youthful shoulders, still intent on the passing show.

"Then there are the intellectuals—the artistic, the illuminated, the musical sorts. I—I wish I knew more of them. They were my father's friends—some of them." She looked over her shoulder to see where Selwyn was and whether he was listening, smiled at him and turned, resting one hand on the window seat. "So many kinds of people," she said, with a shrug.

"You asked me," he said, "whether I know Sudbury Gray. I do slightly. What about him?" And he waited, remembering Nina's suggestion as to that wealthy young man's eligibility.

"He's one of the nicest men I know," she replied frankly.

"Yes, but you don't know Boots Lansing."

"The gentleman who was bucked out of his footwear? Is he attractive?"

"Rather. Shrieks rent the air when Boots left Manila."

"Feminine shrieks?"

"Exclusively. The men were glad enough. He has three months' leave this winter, so you'll see him soon."

She thanked him mockingly for the promise, watching him from amused eyes. After a moment she said:

"I ought to arise and go forth with timbrels and with dances; but, do you know, I am not inclined to revels? There has been a little—just a very little bit—too much festivity so far, not that I don't adore dinners and gossip and dances, not that I do not love to pervade bright and glittering places. Oh, no; only—I"—

She looked shyly a moment at Selwyn. "I sometimes feel a curious desire for other things. I have been feeling it all day."

"What things?"

"I—don't know—exactly, substantial things. I'd like to learn about things. My father was the head of the American School of Archaeology in Crete. My mother was his intellectual equal, I believe. Do you know about my parents?" she asked. "They were lost in the Argolis, off Cyprus. You have heard. I think they meant that I should go to college—as well as Gerald. I don't know. Perhaps after all it is better for me to do what other young girls do. Besides, I enjoy it, and my mother did, too, when she was my age, they say. She was very much gayer than I am. My mother was a beauty and a brilliant woman. But there were other qualities. I—have her letters to father when Gerald and I were very little and her letters to us from London. I have missed her more this winter, it seems to me, than even in that dreadful time"—

She sat silent, chin in hand, delicate fingers restlessly worrying her red lips; then in quick impulse:

"You will not mistake me, Captain Selwyn? Nina and Austin have been perfectly sweet to me and to Gerald."

"I am not mistaking a word you utter," he said.

"No, of course not, only there are times—moments"—

Her voice died; her clear eyes looked out into space while the silent seconds lengthened into minutes. One slender finger had slipped between her lips and teeth; one burnished strand of hair lay neglected against her cheek.

"You said you were going to look up Gerald," she observed.

"I am now. What are you going to do?"

"I? Oh, dress, I suppose! Nina ought to be back now, and she expects me to go out with her."

She nodded a smiling termination of their duet and moved toward the door. Then on impulse she turned, a question on her lips—left unuttered through instinct. It had to do with the identity of the pretty woman who had so di-

"Don't forget Gerald."

rectly saluted him in the park—a perfectly friendly, simple and natural question. Yet it remained unuttered.

She turned again to the doorway. A maid stood there holding a note on a salver.

"For Captain Selwyn, please," murmured the maid.

Miss Erroll passed out.

Selwyn took the note and broke the seal:

My Dear Selwyn—I'm in a beastly fix—an I. O U. due tonight and pas de quoi! Obviously I don't want Neergard to know, being associated, as I am, with him in business. As for Austin, he's a peppery old boy, bless his heart, and I'm not very secure in his good graces at present. Fact is, I got into a rather stiff game last night, and it's a matter of honor. So can you help me to tide it over? I'll square it on the 1st of the month. Yours sincerely, GERALD ERROLL.

P. S.—Ive meant to look you up for ever so long and will the first moment I have free.

Below this was pencilled the amount due, and Selwyn's face grew very serious.

The letter he wrote in return ran:

Dear Gerald—Check inclosed to your order. By the way, can't you lunch with me at the Lenox club some day this week? Write, wire or telephone when. Yours, SELWYN.

When he had sent the note away by the messenger he walked back to the bay window, hands in his pockets, a worried expression in his gray eyes. This sort of thing must not be repeated. The boy must halt in his tracks and face sharply the other way. Besides, his own income was limited—much too limited to admit of many more loans of that sort.

He ought to see Gerald at once, but somehow he could not in decency appear personally on the heels of his loan. A certain interval must elapse between the loan and the lecture. In fact, he didn't see very well how he could admonish and instruct until the loan had been canceled—that is, until the first of the new year.

Pacing the floor, disturbed, uncertain as to the course he should pursue, he looked up presently to see Miss Erroll descending the stairs, fresh and sweet in her radiant plumage. As she caught his eye she waved a silvery chinchilla muff at him—a marching salute—and passed on, calling back to him, "Don't forget Gerald!"

"No," he said, "I won't forget Gerald." He stood a moment at the window watching the brougham below, where Nina awaited Miss Erroll. Then abruptly he turned back into the room and picked up the telephone receiver, muttering, "This is no time to mince matters for the sake of appearances." And he called up Gerald at the offices of Neergard & Co.

"Is it you, Gerald?" he asked pleasantly. "It's all right about that matter. I've sent you a note by your messenger. But I want to talk to you about another matter—something concerning myself. I want to ask your advice, in a way. Can you be at the Lenox by 6? You have an engagement at 8? Oh, that's all right. I won't keep you. It's understood, then—the Lenox at 6. Goodby!"

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There was the usual early evening influx of men at the Lenox who dropped in for a glance at the ticker or for a cocktail or a game of billiards or a bit of gossip before going home to dress.

Selwyn sauntered over to the basket, inspected a yard or two of tape, then strolled toward the window, nodding to Bradley Harmon and Sandon Craig.

As he turned his face to the window and his back to the room Harmon came up rather effusively, offering an un-

Selwyn quietly rose and stepped out of the circle.

usually thin, flat hand and further hospitality, pleasantly declined by Selwyn.

"Horrible thing, a cocktail," observed Harmon after giving his own order and seating himself opposite Selwyn. "I don't usually do it. Here comes the man who persuades me—my own partner."

Selwyn looked up to see Fane approaching, and instantly a dark flush overspread his face.

"You know George Fane, don't you?" continued Harmon easily. "Well, that's odd. I thought, of course—Captain Selwyn, Mr. Fane. It's not usual, but it's done."

They exchanged formalities—dry and brief on Selwyn's part, gracefully urbane on Fane's.

Sandon Craig and Billy Fleetwood came wandering up and joined them. One or two other men, drifting by, adhered to the group.

Selwyn, involved in small talk, glanced sideways at the great clock and gathered himself together for departure.

Fleetwood was saying to Craig, "Certainly it was a stiff game—Bradley, myself, Gerald Erroll, Mrs. Delmour-Carnes and the Ruthvens."

"Were you hit?" asked Craig, interested.

"No; about even. Gerald got it good and plenty, though. The Ruthvens were ahead, as usual."

Selwyn, apparently hearing nothing, quietly rose and stepped out of the circle, paused to set fire to a cigarette and then strolled off toward the visitors' room, where Gerald was now due. He found young Erroll just entering the room and greeted him with nervous cordiality.

"If you can't stay and dine with me," he said, "I won't put you down. You know, of course, I can only ask you once in a year, so we'll stay here and chat a bit."

"Right you are," said young Erroll, flinging off his very new and very fashionable overcoat—a wonderfully handsome boy, with all the attraction that a quick, warm, impulsive manner carries. "And I say, Selwyn, it was awfully decent of you to"—

"Bosh! Friends are for that sort of thing, Gerald. Sit here." He looked at the young man hesitatingly, but Gerald calmly took the matter out of his jurisdiction by nodding his order to the club attendant.

"Lord, but I'm tired," he said, sinking back into a big armchair. "I was up till daylight, and then I had to be in the office by 9, and tonight Billy Fleetwood is giving—oh, something or other. By the way, the market isn't doing a thing to the shorts. You're not in, are you, Selwyn?"

"No, not that way. I hope you are not either, are you, Gerald?"

"Oh, it's all right," replied the young fellow confidently, and, raising his glass, he nodded at Selwyn, with a smile.

"You were mighty nice to me anyhow," he said, setting his glass aside and lighting a cigar. "You see, I went to a dance, and after awhile some of us cleared out, and Jack Ruthven offered us trouble, so half a dozen of us went there. I had the worst cards a man ever drew to a kicker. That was all about it."

"Do you mind saying whether you banked my check and drew against it?" asked Selwyn.

"Why, no; I just indorsed it over."

"To—to whom, if I may venture?"

"Certainly," he said, with a laugh. "To Mrs. Jack"— Then in a flash for

"You were mighty nice to me anyhow," he said.

the first time the boy realized what he was saying and stopped aghast, scarlet to his hair.

Selwyn's face had little color remaining in it, but he said very kindly: "It's all right, Gerald. Don't worry"—

"I'm a beast!" broke out the boy. "I beg your pardon a thousand times."

"Granted, old chap. But, Gerald, may I say one thing—or perhaps two?"

"Go ahead. Give it to me good and plenty."

"It's only this: Couldn't you and I see one another a little oftener? Don't be afraid of me. I'm no wet blanket. I'm not so very aged either. I know something of the world; I understand something of men. I'm pretty good company, Gerald. What do you say?"

"I say sure!" cried the boy warmly.

"It's a go, then. And one thing more: Couldn't you manage to come up to the house a little oftener? Everybody misses you, of course. I think your sister is a trifle sensitive"—

"I will," said Gerald, blushing. "Somehow I've had such a lot on hand—all day at the office and something on every evening. I know perfectly well I've neglected Elly—and everybody. But the first moment I can find free"—

Selwyn nodded. "And last of all," he said, "there's something about my own affairs that I thought you might advise me on."

Gerald, proud, enchanted, stood very straight. The older man continued gravely:

"I've a little capital to invest—not very much. Suppose—and this, I need not add, is in confidence between us—suppose I suggested to Mr. Neergard"—

"Oh," cried young Erroll, delighted, "that is fine! Neergard would be glad enough. Why, we've got that Valleydale tract in shape now, and there are scores of schemes in the air—scores of them—important moves which may mean—anything!" he ended excitedly.

"Then you think it would be all right—in case Neergard likes the idea?"

Gerald was enthusiastic. After awhile they shook hands, it being time to separate. And for a long time Selwyn sat there alone in the visitors' room, absent eyed, facing the blazing fire of cannel coal.

How to be friends with this boy without openly playing the mentor; how to gain his confidence without appearing to seek it; how to influence him without alarming him! No, there was no great harm in him yet; only the impulse of inconsiderate youth; only an enthusiastic capacity for pleasure.

One thing was imperative—the boy must cut out his card playing for stakes at once, and there was a way to accomplish that by impressing Gerald with the idea that to do anything behind Neergard's back which he would not care to tell him about was a sort of treachery.

To be continued.

Bunkoed.

A country girl there was named Kitty,
Who wanted to live in the city.
So she came into town,
Where she soon was "done brown"
And lost her cash, which was a pity.
—Baltimore American.

His Favorite.

"Are you fond of repartee, Mr. Green?" asked the hostess.

"Not any," answered the rural guest. "I prefer coffee."—Browning's Magazine.

A Pugilist's Life.

Chapter I.—A comer.
Chapter II.—A stayer.
Chapter III.—A goner.
Chapter IV.—A has-been.—Puck.

About the Size of It.

"Vinegar never catches flies,"
So the proverb maker wrote,
And the sugarless candidate
Oft fails to catch the vote.
—Chicago News.

Incorrigible.

Stella—Is she a souvenir fiend?

Bella—Dreadful! The last dinner she attended she carried away the cook.—New York Sun.

WOMAN AND FASHION

Cord Trimmings.

Popular among the winter's trimmings is the lacing of cord, braid, silk or satin which is drawn through eyelets and tied in a knot with long ends. In the illustration such a lacing is shown, this one being of soft, rather heavy silk, used double and finished with tassels in the same shade. The lacing and the binding used around the scalloped edges of the bodice are of brown in a deeper tone than that of the cashmere frock. The tucked guimpe is of mousseline de sole. The same lacing, somewhat narrower, is

CASHMERE FROCK WITH SATIN LACINGS.

used to fasten the two sides of the lower sleeve over a tucked strip of the mousseline de sole.

All sorts of materials are used for these lacings, according to the sort of costume on which they are to be used, and there are few costumes in the wardrobe on which they do not appear. Gold ribbon, rather soft in quality, so that it may be doubled, is finished with gold balls or tassels. Figured gold ribbons are also used for this purpose under some conditions, but the most popular material of which to make the lacings is soft satin of the same shade as the gown.

Trimmings For Cloth Gowns.

Embroidered bands are fashionable for cloth or velvet gowns, and color is introduced into them in many different ways and with satisfactory effect. It is interesting to see how a touch of green, blue, cerise or yellow worked into a dull monotone will lighten it or how a thread of gold or silver or sharply contrasting black will entirely change and transform a model gown that has been unbecoming. There is certainly no excuse whatever this season for a woman to be unbecomingly gowned, for with the colored trimmings and the white yoke almost any color is possible, as it need not be near the face.

Braided Serge Suit.

Instead of the more usual navy a very deep, rich red was chosen for the serge suit shown in this illustration. The serge is of close weave and medium weight. The smart coat is

IN DEEP RED SERGE.

outlined with wide silk braid of self tone, and its long lines are emphasized by trimming of soutache. Deep red stones set in rims of oxidized silver form the buttons.

A New Silk.

Aluminium silk has been used rather sparingly hitherto in the shape of girdles and sashes. Now it has come out in blouse form, and the result is decidedly attractive. One blouse of this silk is made on tailored shirt lines with broad, flat plaits and is relieved at the throat by a fold of purple velvet beneath a frill of malines lace. In more elaborate style this silk is admirable to wear with a suit of gray ottoman silk or a coat of gray fur.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

A proud boast of Gilford, N. H., is Mrs. Susan Emerson, eighty-three years old, who can fry the "real old fashioned New England molasses doughnuts."

Miss Clara M. Howard has been appointed to the international fellowship founded by the Society of American Women in London. She is instructor in rhetoric and composition at Wellesley college.

Miss Julia Morrow has gone to Cincinnati to assume charge of the work of establishing a school to train young men and women to become rescue and purity workers. She is the corresponding secretary of the National Purity federation.

It is reported that Mrs. John Jacob Astor will succeed Mrs. William Astor as the leader of New York society. She was Miss Ava Willing before her marriage and will no doubt very gracefully take up the mantle dropped from the shoulders of the former queen.

Miss Ester Voorhees Hasson has been appointed chief nurse in the United States navy and as such will have charge of a corps of 100 nurses, which are to form a nucleus for a larger corps to be added in case of war. She was chosen by the medical board of the United States navy on account of her long service and eminent fitness for the position.

Untidy.

Precise Aunt (trying to amuse Kate, who had come to spend the day)—Oh, see pussy washing her face!

Kate (with scorn)—She's not washing her face. She's washing her feet and wiping 'em on her face.—Judge's Library.