

# 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. Selwyn has been divorced, without fault on his part, by his wife, Alice, who is now the wife of Jack Ruthven, with whom she ran away from home. Eileen, who is very fond of her brother, Gerald, despite the young man's neglect of her, makes friends with Selwyn. II.—Gerald is worried about young Erroll's mingling in the fast set. Gerald is employed by Julius Neergard, a real estate 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 Alice. IV.—Eileen's deceased father was an archaeologist, and she has inherited some of his scholarly qualities. Selwyn helps Gerald to settle a gambling debt and determines to undertake his reformation. V.—Alice and Selwyn meet and discuss their altered relations. He is introduced to Mrs. Rosamund Fane, leader of the fast set and Alice's closest friend. VI.—Selwyn promises Eileen he will keep Gerald from gambling. VII.—The friendship of Eileen and Selwyn progresses. VIII.—Gerald promises Selwyn he will stop gambling. Selwyn declares to Selwyn, who is interested in his office, a plan to control the Slowthwaite country club by buying up farms essential to the club's existence. The plan does not appeal to Selwyn, and he consults Austin, who denounces Neergard and his methods. VII.—At night in his room Selwyn answers a knock at his door. IX.—The caller is Alice, who is very unhappy with Ruthven and wants to talk with Selwyn. For a moment their old love flashes up, but at the mention of Eileen he knows that it is past resurrection. X.—Rosamund distresses Selwyn by telling her society is gossiping about Alice and Selwyn. Alice gets from Gerald, who has again lost heavily, a promise not to play again at her house. XI.—Alice and Ruthven quarrel over the game by which he lives, and he reveals his knowledge of her first night to her ex-husband's room. XII.—Gerald's increasing intimacy with Neergard displeases Selwyn, who breaks with the real estate man over the Slowthwaite matter. Neergard is trying to break into society. XIII.—Lansing invites Selwyn to make his home with him in the modest house he has bought. Selwyn declares he will no longer let the past mar his chance of happiness, and Nina declares her belief that Eileen has fallen in love with Selwyn. XIV.—Selwyn, who is restless and disgusted with Ruthven, will make mischief. Selwyn is experimenting with chaos. XV.—His discovery is gossiping about Eileen's plans to remove Gerald from Neergard's influence. XVI.—Through Ruthven and the Fanes, Neergard forces himself a little way into Selwyn's room and compels the Slowthwaite to elect him. Gerald loses more and more at cards, sinking Eileen money as well as his own. Selwyn quarrels with him and then appeals in vain to Neergard, Rosamund and Ruthven. He almost kills Ruthven when his heart is weak, when the latter hints at a possible divorce suit, with Selwyn as correspondent. XVII.—Correspondence between Alice and Selwyn seems to confirm Nina's belief that Selwyn's ex-wife is, as her late father was, mentally unsound. Selwyn makes up with Gerald and helps him out financially, seriously impairing his own resources. XVIII.—At Silverdale, the Gerard's country place, Eileen declares her love for Selwyn, but she will not say that she will marry him. Her brother is now turning over a new leaf. XIX.—Eileen and Selwyn make a "filong and anti-sentimental" pact. XX.—Gerald renews his friendship with Neergard. Selwyn's experiments with chaos are very promising. The younger set of girls become devoted to Philip, and Eileen has a touch of jealousy.

## Chapter 20

UNCHEON being the children's hour, Miss Erroll's silence remained unnoticed in the jolly uproar. Besides, Gerald and Boots were discussing the huge house party, lantern fete and dance which the Orchels were giving that night for the younger set, and Selwyn, too, seemed to take unusual interest in the discussion, though Eileen's part in the conference was limited to an occasional nod or monosyllable. Drina was wild to go and furious at not having been asked, but when Boots offered to stay home she resolutely refused to accept the sacrifice. "No," she said; "they are pigs not to ask girls of my age, but you may go, Boots, and I'll promise not to be unhappy." Mrs. Gerard gave the rising signal, and Selwyn was swept away in the rushing herd of children out on the veranda, where for awhile he smoked and drew pictures for the younger Gerards. Later some of the children were packed off for a nap; Billy with his assorted puppies went away with Drina and Boots, ever hopeful of a fox or rabbit; Nina Gerard curled herself up in a hammock, and Selwyn seated himself beside her, an uncut magazine on his knees. Eileen had disappeared. For awhile Nina swung there in silence, her pretty eyes fixed on her brother. He had nearly finished cutting the leaves of the magazine before she spoke, mentioning the fact of Rosamund Fane's arrival at the Ministers' house, Brookminster. The slightest frown gathered and passed from her brother's sun bronzed forehead, but he made no comment. "Mr. Neergard is a guest, too," she observed. "What!" exclaimed Selwyn in disgust. "Yes; he came ashore with the Fanes." Selwyn flushed a little, but went on cutting the pages of the magazine. When he had finished he flattened the pages between both covers and said, without raising his eyes: "I'm sorry that crowd is to be in evidence."

"They always are and always will be," smiled his sister. He looked up at her. "Do you mean that anybody else is a guest at Brookminster?" "Yes, Phil." "Alice?" "Yes." He looked down at the book on his knees and began to furrow the pages absently. "Phil," she said, "have you heard anything this summer—lately—about the Ruthvens?" "No." "Nothing at all?" "Not a word." "You knew they were at Newport as usual?" "I took it for granted." "And you have heard no rumors—no gossip concerning them—nothing about a yacht?" "Where was I to hear it? What gossip? What yacht?" His sister said very seriously, "Alice has been very careless." "Everybody is. What of it?" "It is understood that she and Jack Ruthven have separated." He looked up quickly. "Who told you that?" "A woman wrote me from Newport. And Alice is here and Jack Ruthven is in New York. Several people have—I have heard about it from several sources. I'm afraid it's true, Phil." They looked into each other's troubled eyes, and he said: "If she has done this, it is the worst of two evils she has chosen. To live with him was bad enough, but this is the limit." "I know it. She cannot afford to do such a thing again. Phil, what is the matter with her? She simply cannot be sane and do such a thing—can she?" "I don't know," he said. "Well, I do. She is not sane. She has made herself horribly conspicuous among conspicuous people. She has been indiscreet to the outer edge of effrontery. Even that set won't stand it always—especially as their men folk are quite crazy about her, and she leads a train of them about wherever she goes—the little fool!" "And now, if it's true that there's going to be a separation, what on earth will become of her? I ask you, Phil, for I don't know. But men know what becomes eventually of women who slap the world across the face with orange-red fingers." "If there's any talk about it—if there's newspaper talk—if there's a divorce, who will ask her to their houses? Who will condone this thing? Who will tolerate it or her? Men, and men only, the odious sort that fawn on her now and follow her about half sneeringly. They'll tolerate it, but their wives won't, and the kind of women who will receive and tolerate her are not included in my personal experience. What a fool she has been! Good heavens, what a fool!" A trifle paler than usual, he said: "There is no real harm in her. I know there is not." "You are very generous, Phil." "No, I am trying to be truthful. And I say there is no harm in her. I have made up my mind on that score." He leaned nearer his sister and laid one hand on hers where it lay across the hammock's edge. "Nina, no woman could have done what she has done and continue to do what she does and be mentally sound. This, at last, is my conclusion." "It has long been my conclusion," she said under her breath. He stared at the floor out of gray eyes grown dull and hopeless. "Phil," whispered his sister, "suppose—suppose—what happened to her father?" "I know." She said again: "It was slow at first, a brilliant eccentricity that gradually became something less pleasant. Oh, Phil, Phil!" "It was softening of the brain," he said, "was it not?" "Yes; he entertained a delusion of conspiracy against him, also a complacent conviction of the mental instability of others. Yet at intervals he remained clever and witty and charming." "And then?" "Phil—he became violent at times." "Yes. And the end?" he asked quietly. "A little child again, quite happy and content, playing with toys, very gentle, very pitiable." The hot tears filled her eyes. "Oh, Phil! she sobbed and hid her face on his shoulder. Over the soft, faintly fragrant hair he stared stupidly, lips apart, chin loose. A little later Nina sat up in the hammock, daintily effacing the traces of tears. Selwyn was saying: "If this is so, that Ruthven man has got to stand by her. Where could she go if such trouble is to come upon her? To whom can she turn if not to him? He is responsible for her—doubly so if her condition is to be—that! By every law of manhood he is bound to stand by her now. By every law of decency and humanity he cannot desert her now. If she does these—these indiscreet things, and if he knows she is not altogether mentally responsible, he cannot fail to stand by her! How can he, in God's name?" "Phil," she said, "you speak like a

man, but she has no man to stand loyally by her in the direst need a human soul may know. He is only a thing—a man at all—only a loathsome accident of animated decadence." He looked up quickly, amazed at her sudden bitterness, and she looked back at him almost fiercely. "I may as well tell you what I've heard," she said. "I was not going to at first, but it will be all around town sooner or later. Rosamund told me. She learned—as she manages to learn everything a little before anybody else hears of it—that Jack Ruthven found out that Alice was behaving very carelessly with some man—some silly, callow and probably harmless youth. But there was a disgraceful scene on Mr. Neergard's yacht, the Niobrara. I don't know who the people were, but Ruthven acted abominably. The Niobrara anchored in Widgobay yesterday, and Alice is aboard, and her husband is in New York, and Rosamund says he means to divorce her in one way or another. Ugh, the horrible little man, with his rings and bangles!" She shuddered. "Why, the mere bringing of such a suit means her social ruin, no matter what verdict is brought in. Her only salvation has been in remaining inconspicuous, and a sane girl would have realized it. But—and she made a gesture of despair—"you see what she has done. And, Phil, you know what she has done to you, what a mad risk she took in going to your rooms that night." "Who said she had ever been in my rooms?" he demanded, flushing darkly in his surprise. "Did you suppose I didn't know it?" she asked quietly. "Oh, but I did, and it kept me awake nights worrying. Yet I knew it must have been all right—knowing you as I do. But do you suppose other people would hold you as innocent as I do? Even Eileen—the sweetest, whitest, most loyal little soul in the world—was troubled when Rosamund hinted at some scandal touching you and Alice. She told me, but she did not tell me what Rosamund had said—the mischief maker!" His face had become quite colorless. He raised an unsteady hand to his mouth, touching his mustache, and his gray eyes narrowed menacingly. "Rosamund—spoke of scandal to Eileen?" he repeated. "Is that possible?" "How long do you suppose a girl can live and not hear scandal of some sort?" said Nina. "It's bound to rain some time or other, but I prepared my little duck's back to shed some things." "You say," insisted Selwyn, "that Rosamund spoke of me—in that way—to Eileen?" "Yes. It only made the child angry, Phil, so don't worry." "No; I won't worry. No, I—I won't. You are quite right, Nina. But the pity of it, that tight, hard shelled woman of the world to do such a thing to a young girl." "Rosamund is Rosamund," said Nina, with a shrug. "The antidote to her species is obvious." "Right, thank God!" said Selwyn between his teeth. "Mens sana in corpore sano! Bless her little heart! I'm glad you told me this, Nina." He rose and laughed a little, a curious sort of laugh, and Nina watched him, perplexed. "Where are you going, Phil?" she asked. "I don't know. I—where is Eileen?" "She's lying down—a headache, probably too much sun and salt water. Shall I send for her?" "No; I'll go up and inquire how she is. Susanne is there, isn't she?" And he entered the house and ascended the stairs. The little Alsatian maid was seated in a corner of the upper hall, sewing, and she informed Selwyn that mademoiselle had "had in ze head." But at the sound of conversation in the corridor Eileen's gay voice came to them from her room asking who it was, and she evidently knew, for there was a hint of laughter in her tone. "It is I. Are you better?" said Selwyn. "Yes. D-did you wish to see me?" "Yes." The pretty greeting she always reserved for him, even if their separation had been for a few minutes only, she now offered, hand extended, a cool



Eileen curled up among the cushions, fragrant hand which lay for a second in his, closed, and withdrew, leaving her eyes very friendly. "Come out on the west veranda," she said. "I know what you wish to say to me. Besides, I have something to confide to you too. And I'm very impatient to do it." He followed her to the veranda. She seated herself in the broad swing and moved so that her invitation to him was unmistakable. Then when he had taken the place beside her she turned toward him very frankly, and he looked up to encounter her beautiful direct gaze. "What is disturbing our friendship?" she asked. "Do you know? I don't. I went to my room after luncheon and lay down on my bed and quietly deliberated. And do you know what conclusion I have reached?" "What?" he asked. "That there is nothing at all to disturb our friendship and that what I

said to you on the beach was foolish. I don't know why I said it. I'm not the sort of girl who says such stupid things, though I was apparently for that one moment. And what I said about Gladys was childish. I am not jealous of her, Captain Selwyn. Don't think me silly or perverse or sentimental, will you?" "I wish to ask you something." "With pleasure," she said. "Go ahead." And she settled back fearlessly expectant. "Very well, then," he said, striving to speak coolly. "It is this: Will you marry me, Eileen?" She turned perfectly white and stared at him, stunned. And he repeated his question, speaking slowly, but unsteadily. "No," she said, "I cannot. Why—why, you know that, don't you?" "Will you tell me why, Eileen?" "I—I don't know why. I think—I suppose that it is because I do not love you—that way." "Yes," he said, "that, of course, is the reason. I wonder—do you suppose that—in time—perhaps—you might care for me—that way?" "I don't know." She glanced up at him fearfully, fascinated, yet repelled. "I don't know," she repeated pitifully. "Is it—can't you help thinking of me in that way? Can't you be as you were?" "No, I can no longer help it. I don't want to help it, Eileen." "But—I wish you to," she said in a low voice. "It is that which is coming between us. Oh, don't you see it? Don't you feel it—feel what it is doing to us? Don't you understand how it is driving me back into myself? Whom am I to go to if not to you? What am I to do if your affection turns into this—this different attitude toward me? I—I loved you so dearly—so fearfully." Tears blinded her. She bent her head, and they fell on the soft, delicate stuff of her gown, flashing downward in the sunlight. "Dear," he said gently, "nothing is altered between us. I love you in that way too." "Do you really?" she stammered, shrinking away from him. "Truly. Nothing is altered. Nothing of the bond between us is weakened. On the contrary, it is strengthened. You cannot understand that now. But what you are to believe and always understand is that our friendship must endure." "I want to ask you something," she said, "merely to prove that you are a little bit filigonal. May I?" He nodded, smiling. "Could you and I care for each other more than we now do if we were married?" "I think so," he said. "Why?" she demanded, astonished. Evidently she had expected another answer. He made no reply, and she lay back among the cushions considering what he had said, the flush of surprise still lingering in her cheeks. "How can I marry you," she asked, "when I would—would not care to endure—a care from any man, even from you? It—such things—would spoil it all. I don't love you that way. Oh, don't look at me that way! Have I hurt you, dear Captain Selwyn? I did not mean to. Oh, what has become of it?" And she turned, full length in the swing, and hid her face in the silken pillows. He looked down at her, slowly realizing that it was a child he still was dealing with—a child with a child's innocence, repelled by the graver phases of love, unresponsive to the deeper emotions, bewildered by the glimpse of the mature role his attitude had compelled her to accept. That she already had reached that milestone and for a moment had turned involuntarily to look back and find her childhood already behind her frightened her. Thinking perhaps of his own years and of what lay behind him, he sighed and looked out over the waste of moorland where the Atlantic was battering the sands of Surf point. Then his patient gaze shifted to the east, and he saw the surface of Sky pond, blue as the eyes of the girl who lay crouching in the cushioned corner of the swinging seat, small hands clinched over the handkerchief, a limp bit of stuff damp with her tears. "There is one thing," he said, "that we mustn't do—cry about it, must we, Eileen?" "No-o." He was silent, and presently she said, "I—the reason of it—my crying—is b-because I don't wish you to be unhappy." "But, dear, dear little girl, I am not." "Really?" "No, indeed. Why should I be? You do love me, don't you?" "You know I do." "But not in that way." "No; not in that way. I wish I did." A thrill passed through him. After a moment he relaxed and leaned forward, his chin resting on his clinched hands. "Then let us go back to the old footing, Eileen." "Can we?" "Yes, we can, and we will—back to the old footing when nothing of deeper sentiment disturbed us. You know how it is. A man who is locked up in paradise is never satisfied until he can climb the wall and look over. Now I have climbed and looked, and now I climb back into the garden of your dear friendship, very glad to be there again with you—very, very thankful, dear. Will you welcome me back?" She lay quite still a minute, then sat up straight, stretching out both hands to him, her beautiful, fearless eyes brilliant as rain washed stars. "Don't go away," she said. "Don't ever go away from our garden again." "No, Eileen." "Is it a promise—Philip?" Her voice fell exquisitely low.

"Yes, a promise. Do you take me back, Eileen?" "Yes, I take you. Take me back, too, Philip." Her hands tightened in his; she looked up at him, faltered, waited, then in a fainter voice: "And—and be of good courage. I—I am not very old yet." An hour later, when Nina discovered them there together, Eileen, curled up among the cushions in the swinging seat, was reading aloud "Evidences of Asiatic Influence on the Symbolism of Ancient Yucatan," and Selwyn, astride a chair, chin on his folded arms, was listening with evident rapture. To be Continued.

### ABOUT TABLE LINEN.

#### How to Select the Most Economical Lengths.

In selecting tablecloths it is more satisfactory to get the seventy-two inch width, which gives a generous fall of sixteen inches or so at the sides, which dresses a table better than the narrower widths. Two and one-half yards is a very good measure for general use, a very convenient size for a small company requiring an extra leaf. Three and one-half yards are required for an extended table, to drape over the ends and correspond with the sides.

In hemming tablecloths a double hemstitch above an inch and a half wide hem makes a very fine finish. The ends must be cut by the thread to make the hem true. With napkins to correspond and finished in the same way this makes a very fine table set if the linen is fine and heavy, with a pretty pattern. If the hemstitch is thought to be too elaborate, the so-called French hem at the ends does very nicely. Turning a half inch hem neatly and folding back, sew a fine over and over stitch.

The care of table linen is of great importance if one would have the table arrayed at its best. There must be a pure white cloth without blemish or wrinkle, with satiny finish and with as few folds as possible. A very good way to wash napkins and tablecloths for this effect is to first pour slowly a stream of boiling water over status and then let them soak in a good suds made with white laundry soap for an hour, then lightly rub out and just scald in clear soft water, rinse in a light bluing water and during the whole process wring by hand instead of by wringer to avoid the wrinkles that are so hard to press out. Do not starch; stretch evenly and hang straight on the line to dry.

In ironing the linen must be evenly and very well dampened. Fold the tablecloth from side to side just once and press dry from end to end on both sides. This will give the satin finish. Fold together side-wise once more and press both sides carefully, then fold lengthwise as little as possible to lay in your sideboard drawer for linen. To avoid the least folds some get dress boards, such as are used for dress goods, and wind their long tablecloths smoothly over them, giving them the appearance of new linen, says the Housekeeper.

#### Still Waters.

The dashing, handsome Algernon, with keen delight for any fun, approached the shy Miss Annabel and softly said, "Now, will you tell if you prefer?" And, with a smile, he whispered for some little while. Then asked she, with a simple laugh, "You wish an answer to your chaff?" She cast down her sweet, pensive eyes and dimpled, to his great surprise: "Two strings to my bow or two beans on a string?" A bird in the hand is the only thing. —New York Herald.

#### Had Sandy Guessing.

"Man Sandy, is that ye?" exclaimed in surprise an old man in the street the other day. "Man, I thoct ye were dead. I heard ye were drowned!" "Oh, no. It wasna me," returned Sandy solemnly. "It was ma brither." "Dear me! Dear me!" murmured the old man. "What a terrible pity!" There was a somewhat thoughtful look on Sandy's face as he wandered away.

#### Making Things Safe.

"Improvidence," the old man said, "I do abhor. I want my son when I am dead provided for. But bonds may slump and nothing pay. I'm looking for a surer way." "I'll fix it up," was next his cry. "And fix it well! Just what securities to buy I cannot tell. To make things safe when I am dust I'll put a ton of coal in trust." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

#### A Secret No Longer.

Marryat—So that great inventor is dead and his wonderful secret is lost—Newitt—Not at all. He told it to his wife just before he died. Marryat—Yes, that's what I mean.—Catholic Standard and Times.

#### A Logical Result.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-milking, sir," she said. "Then I want to marry you, my pretty maid." "For I own the waterworks here," he said. So they were married, egad, and they have lived ever since on the milky whey. —Lippincott's Magazine.

#### Not Smooth Enough.

Anxious Mother—Mr. Wyld N. Woolly is a most estimable young man, my daughter. Why won't you accept him? He is a diamond in the rough. Daughter (pertly)—Because I don't care to do the polishing.—Puck.

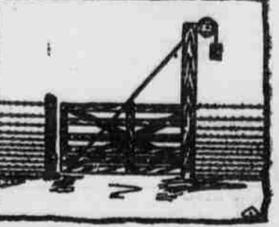
#### Man.

Man wants a whole lot here below, And wants it all his days. Should all his wants be filled we know He'd have new wants always. For man's man's 'is' 'is' undied, But always to be satisfied. —Kansas City Times.

# Farm and Garden

## A RISING AND FOLDING GATE.

Easily Constructed, Inexpensive and Operated by a Balance Weight. A gate that will rise or fold has its advantages. One may be constructed without much expense. The gate should be braced both ways and made of good, clear lumber. The balance weight may be hung with a wire rope or a one-half inch cotton rope. However, if cotton, hemp or sisal is used the rope should have close attention, that it does not in some manner become worn or cut. The weight may be made in several ways, the best and least expensive perhaps being a slim galvanized iron bucket.



THE GATE WHEN CLOSED. It may be filled with gravel, etc., until the gate is slightly the heavier and so that a slight pull will cause it to fold back in place.

It may be necessary where unruly stock is kept to set two posts for the gate to shut between, in order to keep them from pushing through. The post for the weight may be bolted to ordinary fenceposts, or they may be full length, but in either case they should be set well into the ground. The grooved wheel over which the rope works may be secured from almost any pile of old scrap iron, or, if one cannot be found, make it of wood by sawing three wheels and having one slightly smaller than the others. Nail them together, with the small wheel in the center. This forms a flange that will hold the rope in place. The gate may be constructed to lift straight up by setting long posts on



GATE OPENED BY WEIGHT. Both sides and using two weights. But there is no advantage, and it is more expensive, also rather dangerous, as sleet will sometimes form on the gate and add so much to its weight, and in falling these gates have several times injured both animals and men.

## Country News and Views.

The government is developing the Morgan horse at the breeding establishment at Waybridge, Vt. The American mule is said to be worth \$416,939,000, for it is claimed that it is comparatively immune from disease and is not susceptible to contagion. The Kansas experiment station has realized \$11.90 per acre from rape pasture and \$24.10 from alfalfa pasture in ninety-eight days. These results were obtained from experiments which were begun July 25 and concluded Oct. 31. To keep up the fertility of the soil it is imperative that the orchards be liberally fertilized. Both mineral and vegetable fertilization is necessary. A crop of apples will remove considerably more potash from the soil than will a crop of wheat. To produce trees requires large quantities of both vegetable and mineral matters. Unleached wood ashes are excellent. Horses that are idle in the winter should not be fed much feed that is rich in nitrogen—as, for instance, clover hay. If a horse does not receive regular exercise he cannot assimilate such feeds, and consequently the system becomes clogged and the disease known as azoturia takes place. Horses to keep in good condition should have daily work or exercise. Method For Curing Hams. The following method of curing hams and bacon has been used in a Missouri family for many years: For an eighteen or twenty pound ham mix a dessertspoonful of saltpepper with one-fourth or one-third pound of brown sugar and rub well into the flesh side of the ham. Pack in tubs or boxes and cover the flesh side well with fine salt. Allow the meat to remain in the boxes from four to six weeks. Small hams or pieces may be removed in four weeks' time. Lift out and rub all salt off and cover well with good ground black pepper. Be sure to put plenty of pepper around the bone. Let hang for two or three days to dry and smoke for six or eight weeks. You will not only have very fine flavored meat, but it will not be bagged. To make Mississippi sausage take eight pounds of lean tenderloin, five pounds of back-bone fat, four teaspoonfuls of black pepper, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, seven teaspoonfuls of sage. Grind twice and mix well.