

The Younger Set

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS,
Author of "THE FIGHTING CHANCE," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

CHAPTER I.—Returning from Manila, Captain Selwyn, formerly of the army, is welcomed home by his sister, Nina, and her wealthy husband, Austin, and their numerous children. Eileen Erroll, widow of Nina's late husband, is part of the household. Selwyn has been divorced, without guilt on his part, by his wife, Alice, who is now the wife of her brother, Ruthven, with whom she ran away from Selwyn. Eileen, who is very fond of her son, Eileen, makes friends with Selwyn's brother, Gerald, despite the young man's dislike of her. Selwyn is employed as a bookkeeper by Julius Lansing, a real estate operator in a large way. Selwyn is employed by Julius Lansing, his army chum in Manila, who is coming to New York. In the past Eileen and Selwyn ride past Alice, IV. Eileen's deceased father was an archivist, and she has inherited some of his scholarly qualities. Selwyn helps Gerald undertake his reformation. V.—Alice and Selwyn meet and discuss their altered relations. He is introduced to Mrs. Beaumont Fane, leader of the fast set, and Alice's close friend. He appeals to Alice to help him keep Gerald from gambling. VI.—The friendship of Eileen and Selwyn progresses. Eileen promises Selwyn he will stop gambling. Neergard discloses to Selwyn, who is interested in his office, a plan to buy farms in the Slowthwaite country club for his essential to the club's existence. The plan does not appeal to Selwyn, and he is angry. Selwyn, 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 remembers that it is past. Selwyn is telling her society is gossiping about Alice and Selwyn. Alice gets from Selwyn what she has again lost heavily, promise not to play again at her house. XI.—Alice and Ruthven quarrel over the gaming by which he lives, and he reveals his knowledge of her right at night to her ex-husband's room. XII.—Gerald's increasing intimacy with Neergard displeases Selwyn, who breaks with Neergard and tries to break into society. XIII.—Lansing invites Selwyn to dine at 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 Selwyn has fallen in love with him. Nina fears that Alice, restless and disgusted with Ruthven, will make mischief. Selwyn is experiencing with chaotic discovery is explosive. XIV.—Eileen asks Selwyn to remove Gerald from Neergard's influence. XV.—Selwyn forces himself a little way into society and tries to compel the Slowthwaite to elect him. Gerald loses more and more at cards, and Eileen loses money as well as her own. Trying to save him, Selwyn quarrels with him and then appeals in vain to Neergard. Ruthven, whose heart is weak, when the latter hints at a possible divorce, with Selwyn's correspondence. XVI.—Correspondence between Alice and Selwyn seems to confirm Nina's belief that Selwyn's ex-wife is, as her father was, mentally unbalanced. Selwyn makes up with Gerald and helps him out financially, seriously impairing his own resources. XVII.—At Silverdale, the Gerald country place, Eileen declares she cares for Selwyn, but she will not say that she will marry him. Her brother is now turning over a new leaf. XVIII.—Eileen and Selwyn make a "belong and anti-sentimental compact." XIX.—Gerald renews his friendship with Neergard, Selwyn's expression with chaotic are very devoted to Philip, and Eileen has a touch of jealousy. XX.—The reckless behavior of Selwyn, who has left Ruthven and is cruising with the Fanes and others on Neergard's yacht, furnishes gossip for society. Nina and her brother are now convinced of Alice's irresponsibility. Selwyn proposes to Eileen, but the girl is not sufficiently sure of herself to give him her promise. They agree to remain friends. XXI.—Gerald's appearance in public with the fast set, among whom is Alice, angers his own people. Selwyn takes the boy away from them and learns that he has quarreled with Neergard, to whom he owes much money, and with Ruthven, who has secured financially by Ruthven, with money borrowed from Neergard and is in desperate straits. Selwyn aids him again, leaving himself almost without money. XXII.—Alice is in a sanitarium, and Ruthven is in the clutches of Neergard. Selwyn informs Ruthven that Alice, for whom Selwyn assumes responsibility, is mentally very unbalanced and childish, and threatens to kill Ruthven if he tries to cast her off.

Chapter 23

SELWYN'S lodgings were not imposing in their furnishings or dimensions—a very small bedroom in the neighborhood of Sixth avenue and Washington square—but the heavy and increasing drain on his resources permitted nothing better now, and what with settling Gerald's complications and providing two nurses and a private suit at Clifton for Alice Ruthven, he had been obliged to sell a number of securities, which reduced his income to a figure too absurd to worry over.

However, the government had at last signified its intention of testing his invention—chaotic—and there was that chance for better things in prospect. Also, in time, Gerald would probably be able to return something of the loans made.

Night after night, patiently perplexed, he retraced his errant pathway through life back to the source of doubt and pain, and once arrived there he remained, gazing with impartial eyes upon the ruin two young souls had wrought of their twin lives. Dreadful his duty because he knew that he had never loved her, never could love her! Dreadful—doubly dreadful—for he now knew what love might be, and it was not what he had believed it when he executed the contract which must bind him while life endured.

That she had strayed—under man made laws held guiltless—could not shatter the tie. That he, blinded by hope, had hoped to remake a life already made and had dared to masquerade before his own soul as a man free to come, to go and free to love could not alter what had been done. Back, far back, of it all lay the deathless pact—for better or for worse.

And now, alone, abandoned, helplessly sick, utterly dependent upon the decency, the charity, the mercy of her regal paramour, the young girl who

had once been his wife had not turned to him in vain.

Before the light of her shaken mind had gone out she had written him incoherently, practically in extremis, and, if he had hitherto doubted where his duty lay, from that moment he had no longer any doubt. And very quietly, hopelessly and irrevocably he had crushed out of his soul the hope and promise of the new life dawning for him above the dead ashes of the past.

It was not easy to do. He had not ended it yet. He did not know how. There were ties to be severed, friendships to be gently broken, old scenes to be forgotten, memories to kill. There was also love—to be disposed of. And he did not know how.

First of all, paramount in his hopeless trouble, the desire to save others from pain persisted.

For that reason he had been careful that Gerald should not know where and how he was now obliged to live, lest the boy suspect and understand how much of Selwyn's little fortune it had taken to settle his debts of "honor" and free him from the sinister pressure of Neergard's importunities.

For that reason, too, he dreaded to have Austin know, because if the truth were exposed nothing in the world could prevent a violent and final separation between him and the foolish boy who now at last was beginning to show the first glimmering traces of character and common sense.

So he let it be understood that his address was his club for the present, for he also desired no scene with Boots, whom he knew would attempt to force him to live with him in his cherished and brand new house. And even if he cared to accept and permit Boots to place him under such obligations it would only hamper him in his duties, because now what remained of his income must be devoted to Alice.

Even before her case had taken the more hopeless turn he had understood that she could not remain at Clifton. Such cases were neither desired nor treated there. He understood that. And so he had taken for her a pretty little villa at Edgewater, with two trained nurses to care for her and a phaeton for her to drive.

And now she was installed there, properly cared for, surrounded by every comfort, contented, except in the black and violent crises which still swept her in recurrent storms—indeed, tranquil and happy, for through the troubled glimmer of departing reason her eyes were already opening in the calm, unearthy dawn of second childhood. Outside of that dead garden of the past, peopled by laughing phantoms of her youth, but one single extraneous memory persisted—the memory of Selwyn—curiously twisted and readjusted to the comprehension of a child's mind, vague at incoherence, at times wistfully elusive and timorous, but it remained always a memory and always a happy one.

He was obliged to go to her every three or four days. In the interim she seemed quite satisfied and happy, busy with the simple and pretty things she now cared for, but toward the third day of his absence she usually became restless, asking for him and why he did not come. And then they telegraphed him, and he left everything and went, white faced, stern of lip, to endure the most dreadful ordeal a man may face—to force the smile to his lips and gayety into the shrinking soul of him and sit with her in the pretty, sunny room, listening to her prattle, answering the childish questions, watching her, seated in her rocking chair, singing contentedly to herself and playing with her dolls and ribbons—dressing them, undressing, mending, arranging—until the heart within him quivered under the misery of it and he turned to the curtained window, hands clinching convulsively and teeth set to force back the strangling agony in his throat. And the dreadful part of it all was that her appearance had remained unchanged—unless, perhaps, she was prettier, lovelier of face and figure than ever before.

Thinking of these things now, he leaned heavily forward, elbows on the little table. And suddenly unbidden before his haunted eyes rose the white portico of Silverdale, and the greenward glimmered, drenched in sunshine, and a slim figure in white stood there, arms bare, tennis bat swinging in one tanned little hand.

Happy for Eileen, happily for him, alas, love in its full miracle had remained beyond her comprehension. That she cared for him with all her young heart he knew; that she had not come to love him he knew too. So that crowning misery of happiness was spared him. Yet he knew, too, that there had been a chance for him; that her awakening had not been wholly impossible.

And now, leaning there, his face buried in his hands, hours that he spent with her came crowding back upon him, and in his ears her voice echoed and echoed, and his hands trembled with the scented memory of her touch, and his soul quivered and cried out for her.

Storm after storm swept him, and in the tempest he abandoned reason, blinded, stunned, crouching there with head lowered and his clinched hands across his face.

But storms, given right of way, pass

on and over, and tempests sweep hearts cleaner, and after a long while he lifted his bowed head and sat up, squaring his shoulders.

Presently he picked up his pipe again, held it a moment, then laid it aside. Then he leaned forward, breathing deeply, but quietly, and picked up a pen and a sheet of paper, for the time had come for his letter to her, and he was ready.

The letter he wrote was one of those gay, cheerful, inconsequential letters which from the very beginning of their occasional correspondence had always been to her most delightful—an easy, light hearted letter, ending in messages to all and a frank regret that the pursuit of business and happiness appeared incompatible at the present moment.

His address, he wrote, was his club. He sent her, he said, under separate cover, a rather interesting pamphlet—a monograph on the symbolism displayed by the designs in Samarkand rugs and textiles of the Ming dynasty. And he ended, closing with a gentle jest concerning bluestockings and rebellious locks of ruddy hair.

And signed his name.

Nina and Eileen, in traveling gowns and veils, stood on the porch at Silverdale, waiting for the depot wagon, when Selwyn's letter was handed to Eileen.

The girl flushed up, then, avoiding Nina's eyes, turned and entered the house. Once out of sight, she swiftly mounted to her own room and dropped, breathless, on the bed, tearing the envelope from end to end. And from end to end and back again and over again she read the letter—at first in expectancy, lips parted, color brilliant, then with the smile still curving her cheeks, but less genuine now, almost mechanical, until the smile stamped on her stiffening lips faded and the soft contours relaxed, and she lifted her eyes, staring into space with a wistful, questioning lift of the pure brows.

What more had she expected? What more had she desired? What was she seeking there that he had left unwritten? What was she searching for of which there was not one hint in all these pages?

And now Nina was calling her from the hall below, and she answered gayly and, hiding the letter in her long glove, came down the stairs.

"I'll tell you all about the letter in the train," she said. "He is perfectly well and evidently quite happy, and, Nina—"

"What, dear?"

"I want to send him a telegram. May I?"

"A dozen if you wish," said Mrs. Gerard, "only if you don't climb into that vehicle we'll miss the train."

So on the way to Wyossett station Eileen sat very still, gloved hands folded in her lap, composing her telegram to Selwyn. And once in the station, having it by heart already, she wrote it rapidly:

Nina and I are on our way to the Berkshires for a week. House party at the Craigs'. We stay overnight in town. E. E.

But the telegram went to his club and waited for him there, and meanwhile another telegram arrived at his lodgings signed by a trained nurse. And while Miss Erroll in the big, dismantled house lay in a hollid covered armchair waiting for him, while Nina and Austin, reading their evening papers, exchanged significant glances from time to time, the man she awaited sat in the living room in a little villa at Edgewater.

"How long has she been asleep?" asked Selwyn under his breath.

"An hour. She fretted a good deal because you had not come. This afternoon she said she wished to drive, and I had the phaeton brought around, but when she saw it she changed her mind. I was rather afraid of an outburst—they come sometimes from less cause than that—so I did not urge her to go out. She played on the piano for a long while and sang some songs—those curious native songs she learned in Manila. It seemed to soothe her. She played with her little triffles quite contentedly for a time, but soon began fretting again and asking why you had not come. She had a bad hour later. She is quite exhausted now."

As he went out the nurse said: "If you wish to return to town, you may, I think. She will forget about you for two or three days, as usual. Shall I telegraph if she becomes restless?"

"Yes. What does the doctor say today?"

The slim nurse looked at him under level brows.

"There is no change," she said.

"No hope, Captain Selwyn."

"No hope, Captain Selwyn."

He stood silent, tapping his leg with the stiff brim of his hat; then wearily, "Is there anything more I can do for her?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Thank you."

He turned away, bidding her good night in a low voice.

To be Continued.

Would He Have Found One? "It must be remembered," remarked the observer of events and things, "that when Diogenes went about vainly looking for something he couldn't find it was before the time of department stores."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

FIG MAN'S EASY JOB.

Average Family Eats a Quarter Ton of Pork in a Year.

By Professor HARRY HAYWOOD, Delaware.

That pork production is an important agricultural industry is shown by the fact that in the year 1906 the average private family ate a little over half a ton of meat, nearly half of which was pork. This fact is explained by another fact—pigs for various reasons are more profitable animals to raise than beef steers or sheep and on this account always have occupied and probably always will occupy a prominent place in American agriculture.

In the first place, pigs are more prolific than any other class of farm animals. They mature more quickly and can therefore be turned off sooner than any other live stock save poultry. Again, the pig produces its meat upon considerably less feed than any other meat producing animal, much of which feed could not be used advantageously in any other way. A pound of pork can be produced upon half the amount of feed that is required to produce a pound of beef and two-thirds as much as it requires to make a pound of mutton.

There is probably no branch of animal husbandry that can be taken up with as small capital as raising pigs. They can be kept in comparatively large numbers in small inclosures or they will do well on pasture, and they furnish part of their feed, and which are subject to but few diseases. As population increases the demand for pork will also increase. It is one of our most palatable and nourishing meats.

Practical experience shows that one good man can handle quite a large herd of hogs if he will properly arrange his pasturing and feeding systems. Some pasture seems essential to success. This calls for a very small area of tillable ground per head, which in course of time should become very rich and productive from the droppings of the animals and the growing of legumes for feed.

CEREAL NOTES.

Productive and Earliest Spring Wheats—Quality in Wheat.

For many years the experimental farms of Canada have pursued most systematic, careful and extensive work



with cereals. This year's report contains the following in regard to the most productive varieties of spring wheat and the earliest varieties. Excluding the durum wheats, the following varieties of wheat have shown unusual productiveness for a series of years on this farm (Central, Ottawa): Preston, Pringle's Champlain, Huron, Herison Bearded and Bishop. The first four of these are red wheats with bearded heads, Bishop is a white wheat and is beardless. Of the five varieties Pringle's Champlain is probably the best for the production of strong flour.

Somewhat lower in yield, but superior in the strength of their flour, are Red Fern (bearded), Red Life (beardless) and White Life (beardless). Several very early varieties of spring wheat are being grown on this farm, but they are not at present recommended for general cultivation. Farmers should remember that extreme earliness is frequently associated with a rather small yield, short straw, liability to rust or some other defect to which the more vigorous wheats are less subject.

The earliest wheats which are as yet included in the regular distribution of seed grain from this farm are Pringle's Champlain, Preston, Huron, Stanley and Percy. These are all somewhat earlier than Red Life, Stanley and Percy are beardless sorts.

The practical identity of the flour made from White Life wheat with that produced from Red Life wheat has been established. It has also been shown that these two varieties produce flour of the very highest baking strength.

Among the winter wheats it has been shown that Turkey Red yields flour of quite remarkable strength, very little inferior to Red Life.

Brome Grass. Brome grass (*Bromus inermis*) is at present of most importance in the Dakotas and sections adjoining these states, but is grown to some extent throughout the general region from Kansas north to the Canadian boundary and west to the Pacific coast. Its importance in the timothy region is as yet very limited.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Calve and the "Supes."

When the grand opera company goes to Boston it is all the rage among Harvard men to go on the stage as "supes." So keen is their desire to get behind the footlights that on nights when the big stars sing as high as \$2 is paid by each "supe" for the privilege of carrying a spear, clinking a tin cup or figuring as one of the component parts of a stage mob.

"Supes" have to be watched carefully by those in authority behind the scenes because they treat the whole thing as a huge lark and are always on the lookout for chances to do mischief; hence small consideration is shown for their feelings. Back and forth they are hustled like sheep. They have little chance to see the show.

But they always use great ingenuity in dodging the dragonlike individuals who watch over them.

Once a "supe" succeeded in eluding the stage manager's eye when the



"WON'T YOU PLEASE WALK RIGHT OUT?"

time came to leave the stage. Ensnaring himself in a dark corner behind the scenery, he listened raptly to the nightingale notes of Calve.

When she finished there was a storm of applause from the audience. Again and again Calve came forth, bowing her acknowledgments. Fascinated, the "supe" edged away from his hiding place, over nearer to the stage, when suddenly a hand plucked his sleeve. He turned.

Beside him stood an infuriated stage manager.

The two eyed each other. Then the stage manager, with icy courtesy, remarked:

"Won't you please walk right out, on the stage, behind the footlights, and take a curtain call yourself? Please do! Oh, I insist!"

For the rest of the evening that particular "supe" gave little trouble.—*New York Times.*

No Dead Heroes For Them.

William Hanley, a well known Duluth cruiser and timberman, tells a good story of Indians and the importance of personal publicity in a redskin. Hanley was in charge of a big drive on the St. Croix river, and in the vicinity of Taylor's falls a big jam occurred. Among the drivers were half a dozen Indians. They were good men on the river and held up their end with the white men. One day while inspecting the jam Hanley passed the six Indians. In a spirit of good nature he hailed the Indians and said:

"Break that jam, boys, and I'll put your names in the paper."

"Ugh!" responded one after a pause.

"Six Indians dead in paper, but we no see it."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

He "Thought" Right.

Professor George Porter, principal of the Hallsville schools, has continually told the pupils that they should think twice before they speak. One cold morning last week Professor Porter backed up to the stove after having given expression to his famous adage when a little boy on the front seat, after having been given permission to talk, said:

"Professor Porter, I've thought once."

"Think again," he replied.

"I've thought twice," said the youngster.

"Then speak."

"Yes, sir. I thought your coattail was a scorchin'; now I think it is ablaze," replied the obedient urchin.—*Hallsville (Ga.) News.*

Cuss Word Worth a Shilling.

Herbert Gladstone says that a fellow member of parliament invented a plan whereby he kept his eight or nine year old son from repeating swear words. Every time the little fellow did so the father gave him a penny on the promise not to use the word again. The M. P. had great faith in the power of this system until one day when he was chatting with half a dozen guests before dinner. His home adjoins a golf links, and little Gus, who had been out walking near them, burst into the drawing room, his blue eyes glistening with enthusiasm.

"Oh, papa, papa!" he cried. "I've just heard a new one that's worth a shilling."—*London Globe.*

Farm and Garden

HATCHING TIME.

Science and Art in Successful Egg Testing.

By VICTOR FORTIER, Ottawa.

The roadway to successful poultry keeping is strewn with the wrecks of effort in attempts at attaining profitable results without the requisite knowledge to do so. Just one simple yet very important detail—egg testing—requires knowledge and practice.

The eggs must be tested on the fifth or sixth day of the incubation. Where only one or two sittings are to be test-

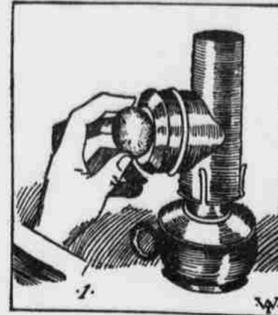


FIG. 1—EGG TESTING.

ed, this can be done by holding the egg in the hand half closed and placing it in front of the light of a candle. For a larger number of eggs the testing is done more quickly and more easily by means of the egg tester, Fig. 1.

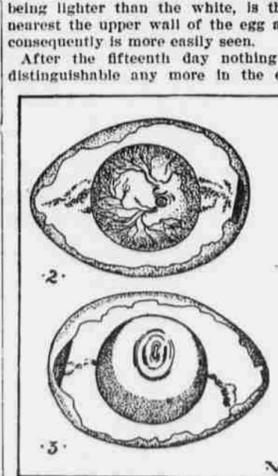
The testing must be done in the dark. If the egg is fertilized, the germ should be seen very distinctly, as in Fig. 2. If the egg is not fertilized and is freshly laid, it is almost quite transparent and does not seem to contain any yolk. If not freshly laid, the yolk seems to float in the midst of the white. If the egg is fertilized and the germ has not enough vitality to develop, the germ will be seen surrounded with a circle or half circle of blood. Such eggs should be rejected.

While testing the egg must be kept in a horizontal position, not with one of the ends downward before the egg tester, A, in Fig. 1. This is sometimes a cause of death and certainly increases the percentage of deaths in the shell.

The embryo is held in place in each egg by two minute elastic threads, AA, in Fig. 3. When the egg is in a horizontal position, both of these threads hold the germ in place and act evenly as elastic springs. Besides, the yolk, on the top of which the germ is floating, plays the part of a cushion and lessens the shock. But if the egg is turned with one end downward only one of these elastic threads is supporting it. Under such circumstances the mere shaking of the hand of the operator may break it, and a living healthy egg is thus often returned dead into the machine after being tested.

When an egg is to be tested, place toward the tester that side which did not receive the heat when it rested on the tray in the incubator. The yolk, being lighter than the white, is thus nearest the upper wall of the egg and consequently is more easily seen.

After the fifteenth day nothing is distinguishable any more in the egg



TWO VIEWS OF AN EGG.

[Fig. 2, fertilized egg; Fig. 3, germ and elastic threads that hold it in place.] but an opaque mass, quite dark, with a very transparent portion at the top toward the thick end. This is the air space, which at the end occupies nearly one-fifth of the whole shell.

Plant Insecticides.

Young strawberry plants of several varieties were dipped in various strengths of kerosene limoid emulsion, whale oil soap kerosene emulsion, whale oil soap alone and tobacco with or without whale oil soap. The mixtures containing kerosene injured the plants quite seriously, while those containing tobacco or whale oil soap were relatively harmless, according to the experience of Professor Close of Delaware.

Alsike Clover. Alsike clover (*Trifolium hybridum*) is a perennial clover whose appearance suggests a hybrid between red and white clovers, but it is not a hybrid. It will thrive on soil too wet for red clover, but on ordinary soil is probably not to be so highly recommended. It should be sown with grasses to give the best results.