

PAID IN FULL

Novelized From Eugene Walter's Great Play
By JOHN W. HARDING

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CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh, there you are!" Mrs. Harris stood glaring at her son-in-law. "I thought you were going to meet us," said Beth, with a toss of her head.

"We waited until every one had left the theater," snorted her mother, fopping into a chair and fanning herself vigorously. "I'm sorry. I forgot," explained Brooks, who this time spoke the truth. "Forgot, forgot! That's a nice excuse!"

"I said I was sorry," he snapped. "I've been worried about something else."

"Just spoiled the whole evening, leaving us there to be insulted by a lot of men," declared Mrs. Harris. "When we were standing in front of the theater, waiting for you, a snip of a boy came up to me and said, 'Hello, little one, aren't you lonesome?'"

"Why, I thought he spoke to me!" affirmed Beth.

Her mother looked at her indignantly.

"No, he didn't," she retorted, with asperity. "I guess I know when I'm spoken to. The very idea! Where's Emma?"

Brooks told her that she had gone out for a few minutes.

"Who with?" demanded Mrs. Harris promptly.

"I think she went alone."

"You think she went alone! Don't you know? I don't see how you dare let your wife go out alone in this part of New York at this time of night."

"Well, nobody stole you," growled Joe, "so I guess Emma'll get home safely. Something has probably detained her. That's all I know about it. If she wants to tell you more when she comes that's her business, not mine."

"I certainly do not approve of her being out without a proper escort. It isn't ladylike."

"What I want to know is, where did she go?" insisted her mother.

Brooks turned upon her, and an oath almost escaped him as he snarled:

"You want to know a good many things, but it seems to me that a man and his wife can have some privacy. I told you she went on business. If she wants to tell you, all right, but don't try to mother-in-law it out of me!"

The entrance of Emma and Smith stopped on Mrs. Harris' lips the wretched retort that had risen to them. She rose and greeted her daughter with an air of maternal solicitude.

"Ah, there you are, dear! Where have you been? We've been so worried."

"I am a little late."

"We were wondering about you, and Joe wouldn't tell," said Beth.

Smith reassured them.

"I was taking care of Emma all right," he declared. "You see, I'm a sort of utility man with the ladies—always trailing along in the rear ready to touch my cap and do all the chores and errands necessary."

Emma had taken no notice of her husband, whose eyes from the moment of her appearance had been glued avidly upon her. There was nothing in her demeanor to indicate that she had succeeded. Indeed, she appeared haggard and worn out, as she was, for the emotions of the night had left her exhausted to the point of breaking down. His anxiety and apprehension increased as he marked her condition.

"Where did you meet her?" he demanded of Smith, with an effort.

"On the way home," he answered.

Emma went to Mrs. Harris and put her arm around her.

"Mother, I'm very tired tonight," she said appealingly. "You won't mind if I ask you to go home and leave me. I've something to tell you some time, but I want to be alone now."

"You do look all tuckered out, Emma," commented Beth.

"I am. You won't mind, will you, mother?"

"Certainly not. I'm hot and sticky myself."

"I'll take you to the subway and put you on the car," volunteered Brooks.

"You needn't mind," declined Mrs. Harris. "You're too disagreeable tonight. If you bring my purse from Emma's room, Jimmy will take us. Won't you, Jimmy?"

"I'm still the utility man," responded the complaisant Smith as Brooks went on the errand.

While Beth was putting her mother's hat straight Mrs. Brooks whispered to Smith:

"Tell mother as much as I told you and then come back."

He nodded.

"Come on, folks," he said as Brooks reappeared with the purse. "You know time and the subway wait for no man."

Tortured by suspense, Brooks stood watching his wife.

She had sunk on to the sofa and sat there, still wearing her hat, the picture of weariness and sorrow.

The color came and went in her

sunken cheeks. It was certain from her attitude that her mission had failed, yet he feared to learn it from her lips.

She gave no indication of intention or desire to break the silence or even that she was aware of his presence. He could bear it no longer.

"He wouldn't do anything? It's all up?"

The words escaped him tremulously, in despairing tone, as though they answered the interrogation.

She did not reply, but, rising and drawing from her bosom the paper Captain Williams had given her, handed it to him.

He took it hesitatingly, almost fearfully.

"For me?"

"For you."

As he read it the blood rushed to his face, and he gave a sigh of immense relief. Joyfully he looked over to her, but there was no responsive exultation. She appeared crushed. It might have been his death warrant.

Doubting whether he had read it aright, he perused the acquittal again, with increasing exultation.

"Emma, you've succeeded!" he cried. "This means he won't prosecute and it's all right. You made him do it. You have saved me!"

She nodded her acquiescence, and he went to her, brimming over with relief and gratification, to take her in his arms.

"You're the best little girl that ever happened, the pluckiest!"

Gently she pushed him from her.

"Please don't, Joe!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I'm tired—very tired."

"Of course you are," he said in a tone of concern and tenderness. "You sit down there. I'll bet you had a hard time. I know what Williams is."

He would have led her to the sofa, but again she repulsed him gently. He went to the table and took up the acquittal he had laid on it.

"Found my accounts to be correct," he muttered. "That means he will have the books fixed up and nothing will show. Did he say much about me?"

"Not very much."

"But I bet he gave you an awful argument. Williams is not an easy man to get to give in. But here it is in black and white, and he can't go back on this. Did you ask him to put it in writing?"

"No."

"Then he did it of his own accord. Wonder if he called the detectives off. Did he say anything about them?"

"No."

"But it's all clear sailing now," he went on, selfishly jubilant, already planning for the future. "I can get another position and a better one. There's enough money left to give me time to find one. Do you think he'll interfere any more, Emma?"

"I don't know."

"What do you think? You must have some idea."

"I haven't the slightest."

"Well, anyway, Emma, you did splendidly. You came right to the front."

As he uttered the commendation he tried again to caress her.

"Please don't, Joe!"

This time she rebuffed him sharply and moved away from him.

"Oh, all right, if that's the way you feel about it!"

He turned from her with an injured air, and lighting a cigarette, began to pace the room. Although in his remorse during her absence he had resolved not to ask her what had passed in the captain's rooms, curiosity, now that his confidence had been restored by the proof of immunity, tormented his vicious mind. He was not only ready, but desired to know everything that had occurred even to unavowable details, if any such there were.

"He was there when you arrived?" he questioned, seeing that she showed no disposition to talk.

"Yes."

"Anybody else?"

"He was alone."

"You must have caught him in a good humor. He'd never have done this in one of his usual grouches. I didn't know you were such a diplomat. What did you say to him?"

"A good many things."

"Didn't tell him I sent you, did you?"

"He knew."

"He knew? How did he know? Who told him?"

"I don't know. He just knew."

"Somebody must have told him, and you were the only one who knew."

"No; he knew too. I didn't tell."

"But how did you open the conversation?" he demanded impatiently.

"What did you say? What's the matter? Can't you answer me?"

"I don't see why I should."

"I do. I want to know, and I've a right to know."

She vouchsafed no reply.

He dropped his authoritative tone and became persuasive.

"You say he was alone when you arrived. How did he receive you?" he coaxed.

She remained silent.

"What did he say to you? What did he do?"

Still she did not answer, but sat as though in a stupor.

"Come, Emma, don't be contrary. Tell all that took place. You know that it is between us—Did he ask you to kiss him?"

"I wonder what time it is," she said, with a shiver, as though she had not heard him.

"Never mind the time. What did he say when you asked him to let me off? He must have said a lot. You were gone long enough."

"Will you please tell me what time it is?"

"It is about 11:30. What of it? Why don't you tell me what happened at Williams'?"

She rose, still in her stupor of weariness.

"Goodby, Joe," she said.

"Goodby?" he echoed, amazed. "Where are you going?"

"To mother's. Jimmy's coming back for me."

"You didn't say anything to your mother while she was here about this?"

"That was for your sake. Every one doesn't need to know."

"What are you going to your mother's for? This is where you belong—your home. And what's Jimmy got to do with it?"

"I said goodby."

"What's the reason you can't stay here?"

"You couldn't expect me to live with you after what happened tonight."

"Why not?"

There was consternation as well as anger in his voice.

"Because it is quite impossible. You ought to realize that."

"I don't see why it is impossible. Everything is all right now unless you have got some reason that makes it impossible."

"Yes, I think I've all the reason in the world to make it impossible. I think it's time for you to realize it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEANING IN ORIENTAL RUGS.

Significance Among Eastern Nations of the Colors Used.

Not only the designs but the colors of rugs woven in the Orient are full of significance.

They represent national or individual traditions, they stand for virtues and vices, social importance or social ostracism.

They are the result, says the Eclectic Church Magazine, of the political and religious histories of the countries in which they were made.

Tyrian purple is almost universally regarded as royal.

Red was regarded by the Egyptians as symbolic of fidelity.

Green has been chosen by the Turk as his gala color, but he would not approve its use in rugs where it would be trodden by the feet.

Rose tints signify the highest wisdom, black and indigo sorrow, with the Persians. Preferences for duller tones of color among the Persians give to all their embroideries and other products of the loom a certain richness and dignity.

Shooting Leopard on the Spot.

"Bill had charge of the animal tent," said the old circus man, "and among his pets was a leopard, the only one we had with the show, and quite enough, too. This leopard gave Bill more trouble than all the rest of the menagerie put together. It was certainly an ugly brute. Well, one day, when we were showing in the Midlands, I had come up to London to arrange about some advance business. I was eating my dinner in the hotel when a telegram was handed to me. It was from Bill and said: 'The leopard has escaped. Prowling about town. What shall I do?' That was just like Bill. He had to have explicit directions, even in an emergency like this. He didn't want to make a mistake. He immediately wired back to Bill: 'Shoot him on the spot!' I didn't think any more about it until a couple of hours later, when I received another telegram from conscientious, careful Bill, asking: 'Which spot?'—London Tit-Bits.

Lost Articles Department.

Bridget, who had administered the culinary affairs of the Morse household for many years, was sometimes torn between her devotion to her mistress and loyalty to the small son of the house.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Morse, in a tone of wonder, after an inspection of the storeroom, "where have those splendid red apples gone that the man brought yesterday—those four big ones?"

"Well, now, ma'am," said poor Bridget, "I couldn't rightly say; but I'm thinkin' if you was to find where my loaf of hot gingerbread is, likely them four red apples would be lyin' right on top of it, an' I'm only hopin' his little stummick can stand the strain."

Danger from Infected Meat.

At the recent meeting of the American Veterinary Medical association, in Chicago, Dr. L. Enos Day of the Chicago meat inspection staff, in an address on infectious diseases, pointed out "the widespread menace of septicaemia from infected meat." Medical practice has given the name of "meat poisoning" to this infection to distinguish it from ptomaine poisoning, the effects of which are similar. A victim of this infection may die of the illness or may only be affected to the degree of a partly poisoned system. Next to tuberculosis, Dr. Day said, he considered septicaemia the most dangerous disease the meat inspector had to guard against.

Pain and Grief Common to All.

It is not surprising that "accidents are always happening." Even kings and queens cannot live through calm and peaceful days. Toothache attacks their royal nibblers and gout brings pain to honored toes. Disappointment, suffering, loss of money, anxiety are merely bitter ingredients in the formula of daily existence.

Father's Joy.

It is surprising how little money a man can get along on when his family needs it all, says a writer in Life.

"Perkins looks very happy these days."

"He has reason to," Brown replied.

"After his wife and children had been fitted out with their winter wardrobe he found there was enough left to have a new collar put on his overcoat."

Short Sermons For a Sunday Half-Hour

Theme:

DOES GOD SEND TROUBLE?

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By Rev. John Belmont Shaw.

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Much trouble in the world is self-induced. Its cause is found in a man's own life. The saloonkeeper whose sons turn out to be drunkards and cause him much sorrow and perhaps loss has no one to blame but himself. A woman in my first parish complained bitterly because God had taken from her a husband and five children; but, upon inquiry, I found that all of them had died of consumption. Hereditarily was responsible for her repeated bereavements. None of the blame could be referred back to God. Of such troubles as these—troubles not sent by an outside agent, but brought on by one's self—we are not to speak here.

It is of troubles that have no human cause we are inquiring. Who sends these? No one who has any faith at all can believe they just come. If affliction be a bit or miss kind of a thing, like lightning striking where it happens to, we are then under the domination of fate, and any reasonable philosophy or faith is unwarranted. This, however, is not our belief. There must be mind and purpose behind our trouble, and that is the supposition with which we are starting.

If affliction cometh not forth from the dust nor springeth out of the ground, what is its source? Satan, answer a great group of people. Evil cannot come from God, and therefore trouble must be referred to some other agency. But, my friend, if we live in a world where Satan exercises that amount of power, to inhabit it is the greatest misfortune imaginable. It is the worst possible world, and in it you could not be less than a pessimist. We are at the mercy of uncertainty but of sheer malignity, which is infinitely worse.

No, the only safe foundation to build upon is the absolute sovereignty of God. He is behind everything. Nothing happens. Divine commission or divine permission will account for all that takes place. If God should step down from His throne for a second, it would mean the wreck of the universe.

Do you mean to say that the good, just, loving God, our heavenly Father, actually appoints our sorrows? Yes, or permits them to be visited upon us, which with an omnipotent being, say what you will, is the same thing, and makes him in the last analysis responsible for them. A prominent theological professor in this country issued a book some years ago in which he tried to refute this conclusion, but it was the universal verdict of thinking men that he did not make his point, and the book has long since passed into oblivion. That foundation is not constructable. Either God is absolute or He is not; if He is not, in the strictest sense He is not God. It is easier, saner, safer, sounder, to trace all trouble, other than that we have already excepted, back to Him in whom we live and move and have our being.

This is the representation we have in the Bible, Satan first gets permission before he sets out to attack Job, and God, in granting the permission, limits the adversary. The same is true in Peter's case, as our Lord Himself informs us. Satan's desire was granted, but Christ represents himself as praying for him that his faith fall not, and in the confidence that Peter would triumph He bids him upon being converted, to strengthen his brethren.

Well, if God sends trouble, what is His purpose? His will, as well as His mind, must be behind it. The same purpose, doubtless, as is back of the permission of sin. With Satan the motive is malevolent; with God benevolent. Sin was allowed in the world because in the end its working would prove wholesome and helpful to man. An English scientist has declared that, fearful to contemplate as is the battle which is all the while going on in nature for the survival of the fittest, no sane man observing it can doubt that the material world has been benefited by it. So with the history of sin. God foresaw that He could ultimately develop a stronger race with it to contend against than otherwise, and with that ultimate end in view He who fights his way through opposition and struggles comes at length to higher ground than the man who finds everything in his favor. The brother of the Earl of Aberdeen went to Halifax and entered as a midshipman that he might earn an appointment to the admiralty rather than inherit it. Did he not make a far better admiral than he could have become if he had secured the position through influence or favoritism? This is why God permitted sin to enter the world and tempt man, and this is the reason why He sends trouble into our lives. It is the pruned hedge that is always the thickest and greenest, the upstream rower who is the toughest, the climber rather than the genius who first reaches the heights. Pluck a pansy and two will grow in its place. Date palms that are weighted at the top, they say in the East, produce the largest yield. Clothes left out at night are always whiter next morning. Similar is the history of sorrow and trouble.

Of Interest to Women

Many Prominent Women Give their Views on Professor Armstrong's Statements—Mrs. Belmont Asserts that it is Not Right in a Situation One Cannot Meet.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont gave her views as follows on the decrease in marriages as asserted by Prof. Edward Henry Armstrong in a recent address:

"If our universal education is the cause of fewer marriages it proves that men are now influenced by judgment, that the self-supporting woman is self-reliant, that the union of the two is founded on the intelligent consideration of the question.

"I believe this need in nowise alarm the thinking part of our community.

"No educated woman or man of the twentieth century can agree that it is for the advancement of civilization or the welfare of the community for the family to be larger than both or either parent may provide for.

"If motherhood is the highest duty imposed upon woman she must raise herself to its standard.

"I cannot believe it right to create a situation one cannot meet.

"We read that men like Prof. Armstrong are still clamoring for large families and are proclaiming the verdict of the Middle Ages, but, mark you, only so far as it relates to woman.

"We wonder if women alone are to profit by this higher education. It would seem as if men like the professor have failed to have grasped the great significance of it."

Mrs. Helen B. Waterman, of Cleveland, candidate for the Republican nomination for member of the Board of Education, discussing Prof. Armstrong's declarations said: "We must all admit that women are not marrying so readily as a few years ago. As they become more educated, better able to analyze conditions as they see them, they hesitate to take the chance of virtually throwing their lives away. It is not infrequent that women who

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