

The Wardrobe

By MILDRED WHITE

It was only when she had left the dressing room, and she was standing before her dressing gown. The wardrobe had never borne a heavier burden than the silver, heavily jeweled, and the lampshade, and David, white and silent, had turned away. It was not like him, she thought, disappointedly, to be un-sympathetic. Then Worthy knew. She could almost see now, the sparkling brooch with hanging tassels in the light, but it was but a shadow vision, after all. The woman came abruptly to the matter-of-fact present. How much might she hope to get for the wardrobe at the antique shop? Worthy had gone to the nearby town to view an Old Ladies' home. She had saved a thousand dollars and residence in the house would be apparently the best solution of her old age. One may not live forever without friendly care. There were no younger descendants that she might turn to, so in cheerful resignation, Worthy and her shop.

Then she arose to light the massive oil-fashioned chandelier in the center of the antique shop had of fered to stop on his homeward drive to inspect the wardrobe. He had looked kindly, this courteous old man, to Worthy's request and he had been eyes upon the marbled gloves in her hands, with the consciousness of her own surprise at his own suggestion of stopping at the house. He was an odd, quiet creature, this collector of antiques, it was known that the shop was not continued because of its sales value, the owner was independently rich, and as characteristic as retiring.

When he stood beside Worthy Lane's wardrobe his sharp eyes roved about the old room, coming back again wondrously to rest on her face. In her excitement two young pink spots glowed in Worthy's cheeks and she put up a slim hand to brush back a vagrant white curl—the very ghost of the curl that had fastened itself long ago in the wardrobe door.

"I do believe," said the old man, slowly, "and surely I cannot be mistaken, that this is Worthy Lane. I remember your home," he went on, as she stood making no reply.

"I remember the old wardrobe, and—" he laughed softly—"I remember you, I am David!"

Still Worthy could find no words. "I supposed that you remained away. I did not know that you ever came back. Your husband—is dead?"

Then, seated in the room of memories, Worthy answered all his gentle questioning—told him all that had been. And all at once it was not an old man who sat there in the room, nor a little white-haired lady, but just David, understanding and true, and Worthy, still sweet and fair.

"The old ladies' home will never know what it has missed, Worthy, dear," David said, "while you are making home at last—for me."

False Colors

By HELEN CARR

It was a beautiful day, and the sun shined brightly on the water. The boat was filled with people, and the music was loud and cheerful. Cecily was sitting next to the young man, and she was looking at him with a smile. He was looking at her with a smile, and she was looking at him with a smile. He was looking at her with a smile, and she was looking at him with a smile.

And she did. Those who had ignored her could hardly recognize in the radiant creature of tulle and gold the small, meek person of the office. Cecily had never been more courteously attentive. Cecily looking up at him through her long lashes, wondered if his interests never reached beyond business of personally.

When the rest were dancing she slipped unobserved to a quiet corner. Realization of the part she was playing came to her poignantly. She was passing under false colors—that was the truth, and what had she gained by the deception? If Grandmama's approval had been won by wearing "borrowed plumes," she would but have to confess to the borrowing.

"Beg pardon," a pleasing voice remarked, "I thought no one was here and I wanted to get away from all that."

A young man stood before her nodding toward the dancing throng and with lowered as though awaiting her permission to stay. The young man had a fine face and he wore a business suit contrasting with the men's dress suits beyond.

With quick sympathy Cecily understood. The young man, a company employee, no doubt, had been obliged to come to this party and had no dress suit to wear.

"Exactly," thought Cecily. "He is in the position I should have been in, without Marie's kindness and Marie's dress."

And before she knew it, as they sat behind the palms with the music coming to them distantly, the young man was telling his difficulty and his embarrassment.

Jeanne's Friend

By MILDRED WHITE

It was a beautiful day, and the sun shined brightly on the water. The boat was filled with people, and the music was loud and cheerful. Cecily was sitting next to the young man, and she was looking at him with a smile. He was looking at her with a smile, and she was looking at him with a smile.

And she did. Those who had ignored her could hardly recognize in the radiant creature of tulle and gold the small, meek person of the office. Cecily had never been more courteously attentive. Cecily looking up at him through her long lashes, wondered if his interests never reached beyond business of personally.

When the rest were dancing she slipped unobserved to a quiet corner. Realization of the part she was playing came to her poignantly. She was passing under false colors—that was the truth, and what had she gained by the deception? If Grandmama's approval had been won by wearing "borrowed plumes," she would but have to confess to the borrowing.

"Beg pardon," a pleasing voice remarked, "I thought no one was here and I wanted to get away from all that."

A young man stood before her nodding toward the dancing throng and with lowered as though awaiting her permission to stay. The young man had a fine face and he wore a business suit contrasting with the men's dress suits beyond.

With quick sympathy Cecily understood. The young man, a company employee, no doubt, had been obliged to come to this party and had no dress suit to wear.

"Exactly," thought Cecily. "He is in the position I should have been in, without Marie's kindness and Marie's dress."

And before she knew it, as they sat behind the palms with the music coming to them distantly, the young man was telling his difficulty and his embarrassment.

# Monday and Tuesday at MAJESTIC

# DRAG HARLAN

STARRING



WILLIAM FARNUM DIRECTOR

# WILLIAM FARNUM

This is William Farnum's greatest western picture and will be here for two days in order that all may have a chance to see it.

# Monday----Tuesday

AT MAJESTIC

"I was engaged to this girl before I ever met you," he said, "and I asked you to marry me, but you said no sweet—"

Jeanne wondered when Lawrence brought his wife to live in the town, that the fact left her quite indifferent. And when Lawrence himself met her on the street, she put out an indifferent hand, finding herself afterward smiling at the amused smile of consent.

But Jeanne had deep and serious problems to face those days for the beloved old physician's life was ending peacefully, as he had lived. And when Peter ventured to assist her in the later silent home with the arrangement of her affairs, they found more evidence of the old doctor's charity than evidence of his faith. Jeanne knew that half the bills had been repaid gratuitously, while the other half might never be paid.

"And I did not know," she told Peter sadly, "that father had been obliged to sell our home. He kept that from me. Now" her voice broke utterly, "I shall have to go away. I don't know just how I expected to go living here, but it would have been a comfort to know that the old roof might still cover my head."

It was then that Peter repeated his wish.

"If there was only some way that I could help you, Jeanne."

Her hand curled up to clasp the one resting upon it.

"Peter," she said, "when I think how your life has been devoted to invalids—first your old father, then the poor crippled sister—and how you were held there, tied to a village law practice, how you spent your evenings and ever spare hour in home-keeping duties, in those few rooms above your office, and how you never had a real home to enjoy, oh, Peter, my heart aches for you! Perhaps it is now when I have no home, that I understand."

"Peter, dear, do you suppose that this person who bought father's house and allowed him to rent it at a low rate, would still rent it to me? I might find something to do here. I might be able to manage. Will you find the person, Peter, and ask him?"

Jeanne's friend smiled.

"I know the fellow," he answered slowly, "and I'm afraid that he would not rent again, Jeanne. You see, he's a lonely, old, sentimental back who fancies the place because it is wrapped round with memories—memories of the only love he ever knew. He's a stupid, old, near-sighted fellow, Jeanne, but the memories persist. He is even foolish enough to hope that his old dream of love may still come true."

"Peter," the girl demanded, "did you buy our house—to help father?"

"Yes, dear," Peter answered simply.

"And I," asked Jeanne, "am I your dream, Peter?"

"Because if I am," she hastily answered his eager eyes, "oh, Peter, your dream—is true!"