

## CHAPTER VIII—Continued

good-looking."

he explained.

"They

'She is a peach !"

imagine they are chic."

first time for some miles.

want to end up here."

-15-

"Not exactly, but he's a sneering swine. Told Bradney and me only this morning that men-servants were merely parasitic growths. Said that only timidity drove husky men like Alf and me into domestic service. I hope there's a time when he'll think differently.

"Milman wants you to familiarize yourself with Raxon's private rooms. From an interview in a New York paper, it appears he lives in a tower."

"He does. Since I've been here, not even his wife has ventured into it. I go in regularly to carry cedar logs for his open fire. The doors are fitted with special locks. I've taken an impression of the keys. Alf goes to town tomorrow. He'll fetch them. I'm not worrying. Nita and Peter-I never noticed those names rhymed before-are running this show. Raxon expects a great deal from you. He says you are the only expert he ever got for nothing."

. . . . . . . enabled her husband to become one of the wealthiest men in a wealthy state, enjoyed staying in new houses and meeting new sets of people. She saw in this invitation to Great Rock the opportunity of discussing reduction On each of these points calories. Mrs. McKimber had her experiences to relate.

he could be touring the state and and taste Washington life under the happiest conditions.

McKimber should visit him, the manufacturer had no idea of it. McKimber on his way to Great Rock felt humiliated with the knowledge that he had virtually asked for an invitation here. A few months before such a thing would have seemed impossib

ken enthusiastically about beautify-

"He's got a peach of a press agent," said McKimber's campaign manager gloomily, "and his line is absolutely

looked into the amethyst eyes of a | was so good-looking that most girls lovely girl. He had looked into forgave him minor breaches of etimany eyes, but these were different,

quette. baffling, alluring, inviting, repelling. "My name is Robin McKimber," he He had barely time to see she was tall and slim and golden-haired. began. "And as I know you are Miss Brown, we are introduced, aren't we?" "And this is your idea of an intro-"I hear," said his mother's placid voice, "that the oldest Raxon girl is duction?" Miss Brown spoke without enthusiasm. He was a little stag-"Good-looking," he said indignantly.

gered. His smile was what people sually termed infectious. "When did you see her?" Mrs. Mc-"I had to introduce myself," he re-Kimber looked at him curiously. turned, "because nobody else would." "I mean I've heard she is a peach," "Exactly what was the necessity?" she demanded. lived in Paris for some "I wanted to apologize for nearly

years," Mrs. McKimber added. "I running you down on the drive this afternoon." She was not making it "You bet," said Robin heartily. McKimber sighed and spoke for the "I'm afraid you exaggerate," she

said calmly. "I was standing on a rock fully two feet above the road "You nearly ran us off the road a while ago," he said. "There was a drop of thirty feet at that point. I level when you turned the corner so recklessly." His face fell. She could want to go to Washington. I don't not help smiling a little. "But, of

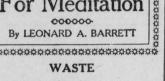
course, if you really do want to apologize for being so careless-" "I must have the wheel tightened." "I do," he said earnestly.

> and I was not." "I'm a most careful driver," he said. day never happened to me before." "What was that?" There was a

thing." with a slight bow. words.

struggle.







## **TWENTY-ONE** BY JOSEPH KAYE

Lawyer.

A leisure to write a story called "Papagallo."

firm between us, several dollars in postage stamps and at last I disposed of it to a Canadian paper for a trifle less than the law firm and I spent on it. It was a fairly bad story, written after the manner of Edgar Allen Poe,

Many years later I reprinted it in a magazine called "1910," a purely artistic effort fostered by Charles B. Falles. It had no editor and no publisher, only contributors who agreed to furnish a story, an article or a pic ture each month during the year 1910 and \$10 towards the cost of printing the magazine. In May, 1910, I went to Italy and never definitely knew what became of "1910," which ceased publication while I was abroad, but I think I can tell what happened to it. It died of a story called "Papagallo."

TODAY-Montague Glass, as the known to require an introduction from





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(Copyright, W. N. U.)

Comic

Stup

JUST FOOLISHNES

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