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THE OLYMPIC VICTORS.



One reads with a glow of pride even on this side of the border line of the reception given by the Canadians to Sherring, winner of the Marathon road race, on his homecoming from the Olympic games.

It was a royal welcome, to which gifts of \$5,500 in cash from private citizens and public authorities, a house and lot and an appointment to a place in the Government service gave material expression.

Not since Hanlan returned from England with a bagful of trophies has the Dominion lavished such tokens of favor on a champion.

All this is quite in the old Greek spirit. It is a reflection of the Hellenic point of view which found in the victorious athlete no less than in the victorious general or admiral a quality which was equally a part of that "glory that was Greece" and equally deserving of honor and encouragement.

It is a tribute to muscle which in its way is as well bestowed as one to mind. What Canadian has done for his country's fame in the ancient world by force of intellect what Sherring's winged feet did?

To-day the American victors are due to come up the bay. They should have the heartiest possible reception. Shall Canada outdo us in recognition of these triumphs of Western athletics in the Eastern world?

A BLUNDER CORRECTED.

The decision of the Gas Trust not to press consumers to pay more than 50 cents for gas marks a return to reason. It corrects a bad blunder before its consequences had become serious.

The change of front is a distinct victory for The Evening World's Gas Consumers' League. The Brooklyn Union Gas Company is to be commended for the fair attitude it maintained from the outset both toward the law and toward its customers.

CORPORATION "HONESTY."

By the payment of a sum of money, said to be \$800, to an objecting property-holder the Interborough has been enabled to complete the laying of a third track on its Third avenue elevated line and to open this track to express traffic.

At the Civic Federation dinner Mr. Belmont said that he "desired to repudiate in the most unqualified language" the insinuation that either he or any of his associates "manages any of these corporations in any other spirit than that of honesty."

Did Mr. Belmont's Interborough road come by this third track honestly? Is he getting his tunnel into Manhattan under Forty-second street honestly?

"The Conquering Heroes Come!"

By J. Campbell Cory.



A Group of Oddities in Picture and Story.

THIS is a photograph of an Elean African idol which, according to connoisseurs, has the proud distinction of being the ugliest in existence.



Ray Vanettesch, a newspaper man, broke the world's typewriting record at Pueblo, Col., taking 2,600 words during the first thirty minutes, and finishing the hour with 4,317 words, over the long-distance telephone from Denver, 120 miles away.

The time required for a journey around the earth by a man walking day and night, without resting, would be 428 days; an express train, forty days; sound, at medium temperature, thirty-two and one-half hours; light, a little over one-tenth of a second, and electricity, passing through a copper wire, a little under one-tenth of a second.

This stamp looks innocent enough, but it was the cause of a dangerous riot recently in the West Indies. It is the "Nelson Centenary" stamp, and the natives of Barbados so hate it that many of them at first refused to accept it and demanded the old type of stamp.



posed to be the smallest potted plants in the world. They are said to grow in pots about the size of a thimble.

It is said that Peter the Great borrowed the idea of the Russian flag from the Dutch among whom a learned shipbuilding. He simply turned the Dutch tricolor red, white and blue—upside down.

The British Government owns more than twenty-five thousand camels.

German women collect what are sup-

The express-wagon in Cuba is usually on top of the horse, instead of behind



plains. It consists of two big boxes of light wood, one on either side of the saddle, and stuffed full of packages for delivery.

The canaries of Germany excel all other canaries as singers. One has been recorded to continue a single trill for one and one-quarter minutes, with twenty changes of note.

Travellers in Africa cross some rivers in small, round boats made of hide. The boats are pushed across by negroes.

The Angora goat furnishes most of the hair which adorns ordinary dolls. This product is valued at \$40,000,000 a year.

Birds, when perched on trees or bushes, are natural weathercocks, as they invariably roost with their heads to the wind.

The Masquerader by Katherine Cecil Thurston

John Chilcote, member of Parliament, has wrecked his constitution and endangered a promising political career by secret use of morphine. His grown careless in matters of statecraft, and even forgets his beautiful party leader in favor of a former ward of Pringle, his young wife. Chilcote's exact double, "Chilcote White," John and makes the following remarkable proposition: Chilcote at times finds public life unbearable and longs for privacy and seclusion where he may revel undisturbed in morphine. He asks that at such times Loder will appropriate him in Parliament and elsewhere and allow Chilcote to remain in seclusion in Loder's rooms. When the fit of solitude is over Chilcote will summon Loder and they will change places in his shabby lodgings. Loder at first refuses, but urged by political friends, he finally agrees. Chilcote is most grateful to the fact that for years Chilcote and Eve have met practically as strangers. Loder acquiesces himself so well in public that Chilcote has taken a new lease of life. Eve is amazed at the change.

CHAPTER X.

HE had been leaning back in his seat, his eyes on the ministers opposite, his arms folded in imitation of Chilcote's most natural attitude, when his final speculation had come to him; and as it came his lips had tightened for a moment and his face became hard and cold. It is an unpleasant thing when a man first unconsciously reckons on the weakness of another, and the look that expresses the idea is not good to see. He had stirred uneasily; then his lips had closed again. He was tenacious by nature, and by nature intolerant of weakness. At the first suggestion of reckoning upon Chilcote's lapses, his mind had drawn back in disgust; but as he thought came again the disgust had lessened.

In a week—two weeks, perhaps—Chilcote would reclaim his place. Then would begin the routine of the affair. Chilcote, fresh from indulgence and freedom, would find his obligations a thousand times more irksome than before; he would struggle for a time; then—

A shadowy smile had touched Loder's lips as the idea formed itself. Then would come the inevitable recall; then in earnest he might venture to put his hand to the plough. He never indulged in day dreams, but something in the nature of a vision had flashed over his mind in that instant. He had seen himself standing in that same building, transformed under his personal domination, under the one great power he knew himself to possess—the power of eloquence. The strength of the suggestion had been almost painful. Men who have attained self-repression are occasionally open to a perilous onrush of feeling. Believing that they know themselves, they walk boldly forward toward the high road and the pitfall alike.

These had been Loder's disconnected ideas and speculations on the first day of his new life. At four o'clock on the ninth day he was passing with quiet confidence up and down Chilcote's staircase, his mind pleasantly busy and his cigar comfortably lit, when he paused in his walk and frowned, interrupted by the entrance of a servant. The man came softly into the room, drew a small table toward the fire, and proceeded to lay an extremely fine and unserviceable-looking cloth. Loder watched him in silence. He had grown to find silence a very useful commodity. To wait and let things develop was the attitude he affected assumed. But on this occasion he was per-

plexed. He had not rung for tea, and in any case a cup on a salver satisfied his wants. He looked critically at the fragile cloth.

Presently the servant departed, and solemnly re-entered carrying a silver tray, with cups, a teapot, and cakes. Having adjusted them to his satisfaction he turned to Loder.

"Mrs. Chilcote will be with you in five minutes, sir," he said.

He waited for some response, but Loder gave none. Again he had found the advantages of silence, but this time it was silence of a compulsory kind. He had nothing to say.

The man, finding him irresponsive, retired; and left to himself, Loder stared at the array of feminine trifles; then, turning abruptly, he moved to the centre of the room.

Since the day they had talked on the Terrace he had only seen Eve thrice, and always in the presence of others. Since the night of his first coming, she had not invaded his domain, and he wondered what this new departure might mean. His thought of her had been less vivid in the last few days; for, though still using steady discretion, he had been drawn gradually nearer the fascinating whirlpool of new interests and new work. Shut his eyes as he might, there was no denying that this moment, so personally vital to him, was politically vital to the whole country; and that by a curious coincidence Chilcote's position well nigh forced him to take an active interest in the situation. Again and again the suggestion had arisen that, should the smouldering fire in Persia break into flame, Chilcote's commercial interests would facilitate, would practically compel, his standing in the campaign against the government.

The little incident of the tea table, recalling the social side of his obligations, had aroused the realization of greater things. As he stood meditatively in the middle of the room he saw suddenly how absorbed he had become in these greater things. How in the swing of congenial interests, he had been borne insensibly forward—his capacities expanding, his intelligence asserting itself. He had so undeniably found his sphere that the idea of usurpation had receded gently as by natural laws, until his own personality had begun to color the day's work.

As this knowledge came, he wondered quickly if it held a solution of the present little comedy; if Eve had seen what others, he knew, had obtruded upon him with an unfamiliar, half-inquisitive wonder. So interesting was the sensation that, when she held his cup toward him, he didn't immediately see it.

"Don't you want any?" She smiled a little. "I'm afraid I'm dull," he said. "I've been so"—"So keen a worker in the last week?" "For a moment he felt relieved. Then, as a fresh silence fell, his sense of awkwardness returned. He sipped his tea and ate a biscuit. He found himself wishing, for almost the first time, for some of the small society talk that came so pleasantly to other men. He felt that the position was pitifulous. He glanced at Eve's averted head, and laid his empty cup upon the table. Almost at once she turned, and their eyes met.

"John," she said, "do you guess at all why I wanted to have tea with you?" He looked down at her. "No," he said, honestly and without embellishment. The curtness of the answer might have displeased another woman. Eve seemed to take no



As she spoke, the image of Chilcote shot through his mind.

offense. "I had a talk with the Fraides to-day," she said. "A long talk. Mr. Fraide said great things of you—things I wouldn't have believed from anybody but Mr. Fraide." She altered her position and looked from Loder's face back into the fire. He took a step forward. "What things?" he said. He was almost ashamed of the sudden, inordinate satisfaction that welled up at her words. "Oh, I mustn't tell you!" She laughed a little. "But you have surprised him." She paused, sipped her tea, then looked up again with a change of expression. "John," she said, more seriously, "there is one point that sticks a little. Will this great change last?" Her voice was direct and even—wonderfully direct for a woman, Loder thought. It came to him with a certain force that beneath her remarkable charm might possibly lie a remarkable character. It was not a possibility that had occurred to him before, and it caused him to look at her a second time. In the new light he saw her beauty differently, and it interested him differently. Heretofore he had been inclined to class women under three heads—idols, amusements or

incumbrances; now it crossed his mind that a woman might possibly fill another place—the place of a companion. "You are very sceptical," he said, still looking down at her. She did not return his glance. "I think I have been made sceptical," she said. As she spoke the image of Chilcote shot through his mind—Chilcote, irritable, victor, unstable—and a quick compassion for this woman so inevitably shackled to him followed it. "Eve, unconscious of what was passing in his mind, went on with her subject. "When we were married," she said, gently, "I had such a great interest in things, such a great belief in life. I had lived in politics, and I was marrying one of the coming men—everybody said you were one of the coming men—I scarcely felt there was anything left to ask for. You didn't make very ardent love," she smiled, "but I think I had forgotten about love. I wanted nothing so much as to be like Lady Sarah—married to a great man." She paused, then went on more hurriedly: "For a while things went right; then slowly things went wrong. You got your—your nerves."

Loder changed his position with something of abruptness. She misconstrued the action. "Please don't think I want to be disagreeable," she said, hastily. "I don't. I'm only trying to make you understand why—why I lost heart." "I think I know," Loder's voice broke in involuntarily. "Things got worse—then still worse. You found interference useless. At last you ceased to have a husband." "Until a week ago." She glanced up quickly. Absorbed in her own feelings, she had seen nothing extraordinary in his words. But at hers Loder changed color. "It's the most incredible thing in the world," she said. "It's quite incredible, and yet I can't deny it. Against all my reason, all my experience, all my inclination, I seem to feel in the last week something of what I felt at first." She stopped with an embarrassed laugh. "It seems that, as if by magic, life has been picked up where I dropped it six years ago." Again she stopped and laughed. Loder was keenly uncomfortable, but he could think of nothing to say. "It seemed to begin that night I dined with the Fraides," she went on. "Mr. Fraide talked so wisely and so kindly about many things. He recalled all we had hoped for in you; and—and he blamed me a little." She paused and laid her cup aside. "He said that when people have made what they call their last effort, they should always make just one effort more. He promised that if I could once persuade you to take an interest in your work, he would do the rest. He said all that, and a thousand other kind things—and I sat and listened. But all the time I thought of nothing but their uselessness. Before I left I promised to come up here." She paused again and glanced at Loder's averted head. "But I came, and then—as if by conquering myself I had compelled a reward, you seemed—you somehow seemed different. It sounds ridiculous, I know." Her voice was half-amused, half-deprecating. "It wasn't a difference in your face, though I knew directly that you were free from—nervous." Again she hesitated;

ver the words. It was a difference in yourself, in the things you said, more than in the way you said them." Once more she paused and laughed a little.

Loder's discontent grew. "But it doesn't affect me then." She spoke more slowly. "I wouldn't admit it then. And the next day when we talked on the Terrace I still refused to admit it—though I felt it more strongly than before. But I have watched you since that day, and I know there is a change. Mr. Fraide feels the same, and he is never mistaken. I know it's only nine or ten days, but I've hardly seen you in the same mood for nine or ten hours in the last three years." She stopped, and the silence was expressive. It seemed to plead for confirmation of her instinct.

Still Loder could find no response. After waiting for a moment she leaned forward in her chair and looked up at him.

"John," she said, "is it going to last? That's what I came to ask. I don't want to believe till I'm sure; I don't want to risk a new disappointment." Loder felt the earnestness of her gaze, though he avoided meeting it.

"I couldn't have said this to you a week ago, but to-day I can. I don't pretend to explain why—the feeling is too inexplicable. I only know that I can say it now, and that I couldn't a week ago. Will you understand—and answer?"

Still Loder remained mute. His position was horribly incongruous. What could he say? What dared he say?

Confused by his silence, Eve rose. "If it's only a phase, don't try to hide it," she said. "But if it's going to last—if by any possibility it's going to last"—She hesitated and looked up.

She was quite close to him. He would have been less than man had he been unconscious of the subtle contact of her glance, the nearness of her presence—and no one had ever hinted that manhood was lacking in him. It was a moment of temptation. His own energy, his own intentions, seemed so near; Chilcote and Chilcote's claims so distant and unreal. After all, his life, his ambitions, his determinations, were his own. He lifted his eyes and looked at her.

"You want me to tell you that I will go on?" he said. Her eyes brightened; she took a step forward. "Yes," she said, "I want it more than anything in the world."

There was a wait. The declaration that would satisfy her came to Loder's lips, but he delayed it. The delay was fateful. While he stood silent the door opened and the servant who had brought in the tea reappeared. He crossed the room and handed Loder a telegram. "Any answer, sir?" he said. Eve moved back to her chair. There was a flush on her cheeks and her eyes were still alertly bright. Loder tore the telegram open, read it, then threw it into the fire.

"No answer!" he said, laconically. At the brusqueness of his voice, Eve looked up. "Disagreeable news?" she said, as the servant departed.

He didn't look at her. He was watching the telegram withering in the centre of the fire. "No," he said at last, in a strained voice. "No. Only news that I—that I had forgotten to expect."

(To Be Continued.)