THIS STORY BEGAN January 18.

The New East Lynne

By Clara Morris

Author of "Stage Life," "A Pasteboard Crown," and others.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Philip Keith, a young New York physician, who lives with his erratic, brilliant grandfather, Prof. Keith, is about to marry Daphne Cuyler, an acknowledged beauty. His grandfather, in sending Daphne a pearl necklace the day before the wedding, addresses the gift to her in her married name, which is considered a bad omen. Philip manages the business affairs of an invalid cousin, Mrs. Marr, whose schoolgirl daughter, Olive, secretly loves him and is madly jealous of Daphne. It had been Prof. Keith's hope that Philip and Olive might some day marry, and the Professor warns Philip of the danger of marrying so beautiful a woman as Daphne. Philip laughs at the warning and the wedding takes place. "Turk" Belden, a multi-millionaire, who has wasted his life in extravagant dissipation, has fallen in love with Daphne, but she is seemingly unaware of his mad adoration. Three years pass, during which Daphne's beauty increases. She and Philip have a little daughter who is the old Professor's idol. Olive, whose mother has died, comes to live with the Keiths. She still loves Philip and is bitterly jealous of his wife. Philip is invited to attend an important medical convention in London, but hesitates at first on account of Daphne's health.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued.)

Three Years Later.

THE leading of that separate existence had long been known to Daphne, who, having put her whole life into her rapturous love for him, had struggled piteously to merge that life with his; was indeed still struggling, but more faintly, finding herself ever baffled.

However, the doctor, who never met trouble half way, let the matter drop until his suspicions became certainties—or were dispelled. Meantime, through the chatter of Olive, who let no domestic matter pass her by, he was informed that the professor had "called down" that very morning cousin Daphne's lovely plan of having built a tiny little conservatory out from the extension. "And I guess that was why she didn't come down to luncheon."

"Daphne said nothing to me about it," said the doctor.

"Of course not; she won't squabble over anything, any more than a queen would. She wouldn't invite two people to 'sit down' on her the same day for the same cause. But the idea of grumbling over the cost of a bit of a thing like that, that would give pleasure to the whole family besides!"

The doctor's thoughts flew to the expenses of his impending trip abroad; still he promised himself a heart to heart talk with the professor—if?

Daphne's Pride.

Meantime any one must have perceived the increasing languor of Daphne's movements and her significantly capricious moods, most noticeable in a woman ordinarily noted for perfect poise. Reserved and proud, she was at the same time abnormally sensitive. Indeed, she was a sort of human snail, and at every shock to her sensitiveness she withdrew into her shell of silence—whether it was a check put upon her own personal ambition, or a too bold expression of admiration for her beauty from one of her husband's friends, or the irritating guard kept by the professor over the family exchequer. There was never a whimper of complaint, never a a spurt of anger, never any "last word" tactics, only there was her natural impulse to hide her wounded feelings behind the proud, cold reticence that in a less beautiful and refined woman might have been called sullenness.

The old professor had once said of her to Doctor Philip: "My granddaughter Daphne has all the fine, sweet coldness of a delicate mould of ice-cream." And Philip had jestingly added: "Yes, but Daphne's sweet coldness lacks the melting quality."

"You have no cause to complain, sir," said the professor. "She melts quickly enough for you, but the rest of us are forced into the ranks of that army of heroes that only 'stand and wait' for the melting period. But let me tell you such proud dignity is a mighty good trait in a wife of unusual beauty. How would you like her to have Olive's temper of everlasting snap and splutter?"

"Oh, that is Olive's miserable physical condition that speaks through her childish malice," protested the doctor.

A Strange Girl.

"Well," demanded the older man, "can't you induce her to change her ways? She has not one single wholesome, healthful habit. She feeds her system with drugs as a stoker feeds an engine with coal—by the shovelful! Unless she can acquire health she—well, she has the making of a regular 'nag,' and I'd rather see the girl dead than have her develop into a nagging woman!"

And so as the days passed Dr. Keith strove vainly to contrive some simple and natural way of sharing with his wife the momentous information he knew would come to her as a shock.

She unconsciously made an opening for him. They were laughing at the absurd name of "Broadview," given by one of their acquaintances to a flat little cottage not far from their summer home, Highlawn, placed in a close wood, without a view of any kind and almost without air. In answer to his question Daphne had answered: "Oh, I should be allowed no latitude of choice if I had a country home to name; it would of sheer necessity be a case of 'Meet me at Philippi!' Is it not odd how my life is all wound about with the name of Philip? Your cousin was Philip, your father was Philip, you are Philip, and, though I don't believe you remember the fact, my father's name was Philip, too."

"Then," exclaimed the doctor with genuine enthusiasm, "that will be the baby's name—if it is a boy!"

"I'm Frightened, Philip!"

For a moment Daphne stood as if turned to stone. Her ghastly face flamed red, then paled again. Her two hands fluttered up to her breast, and at that familiar gesture of suffering Philip opened his arms and she flung herself into their shelter, crying:

"I'm frightened, Philip! I am frightened! Oh, take care of me! Take care of me!"

And, shaking and trembling like an aspen, she clung with a strangling embrace about his neck; and as he stroked her hair with tender, magnetic touch, and kissed her brow and lips, and murmured words of courage and endearment, in a sub-conscious way he sought and found the excuse that would insure his trip abroad in the solemn declaration that he had promised to go before this knowledge had come to him.

He knew pride would seal her lips; there would be no entreaties, no scenes, but he also knew what she would suffer. Still he felt she would be well guarded. He would be very careful and devoted after he came home. At all events there was nothing to gain by disturbing his mind now. He was in high good humor, and Daphne almost believed she had found her lover again.

Next morning, after the ladies had left the breakfast-room, Dr. Keith lowered his paper a moment and, looking across at the professor, said:

"I believe, sir, you objected to a plan of Daphne's to throw out a small bit of a conservatory here?"

"Lord! yes," answered the professor, with his brows racing up and down his forehead. "Whims—fads! Women are full of them. But they never know the cost of anything."

The Conservatory.

"And do you know the cost of this fad?" asked the doctor, dryly. "Though you could hardly condemn the expense before you saw the plans and had an estimate of the probable cost."

"I don't need any estimate to inform me that it would be a foolish and useless expense. The idea! A conservatory out there—pooh!" and he shook out the match flame spitefully as [illegible] lighting a cigar.

His piercing old eyes glared straight across into the coolly smiling blue eyes of his grandson, who, folding his arms on the table, said significantly: "Useless—a conservatory useless? I don't know about that, granddad. It would make a capitally fine place to sun a baby in—eh?"

The old eyebrows became suddenly stationary, the piercing eyes stared, then softened. He rose stiffly and, coming around the table, he grasped Philip's hand and, smiling all over his crabbed old face, he said eagerly:

"Let's send for the fellow that draws the plans!"

CHAPTER V.

A Hint of Tragedy.

ON the morning of Dr. Keith's departure from home—the professor, alone, had accompanied him to the steamer, because of his dislike for public leave takings—he had had a private word with Lena before calling a gay good-by to Mrs. Clutterbuck, old Page, and the rest of the small domestic force in his employ. His real parting with his wife had taken place above stairs; yet when he saw Olive, with one hand pressed to a neuralgic temple, her sallow face tear-streaked, waiting at the front door to say good-by, he felt a sudden desire to see Daphne's fair face the last of all, and he called loudly up to her to come to him.

As she descended—little Daphne-May clinging to her softly falling, pale-blue gown—Philip turned to Olive, saying as he held out his hand: "Well, little girl, it's good-by again;" and as she caught the offered hand between both of hers, she leaned her head against his breast. He bent toward her, then with a sudden loud "Faugh!" he drew violently back, exclaiming: "Olive how you smell of drugs!"

The girl's face literally flamed. She caught one or two sobbing breaths, then protested.

A Drug Victim.

"It's—it's only a little salol powder that got scattered on my dress! I can't help its scent lasting so long!"

"Better do without medicine if you can't handle it more carefully," the doctor sharply answered. "A young girl should suggest the odor of flowers rather than the compounding alcove of a prescription counter."

"Oh! Oh!" she gasped, in speechless pain and rage, while the doctor, returning to his smiling demeanor, coaxed:

"There, don't let us part in anger again, child!" He slipped his arm lightly about her shoulders and felt her slim body stiffen like a ramrod. "Say good-by and good luck," and he bent to kiss her cheek.

But she jerked her head away.

"No!" she retorted, with sardonic smoothness. "No, I should not like to offend your delicate senses again. The kiss can wait until I have acquired 'the beauty of perfect health;' then it may be welcomed rather than endured!" And with quivering lips she flung away from him into the darkest corner of the library.

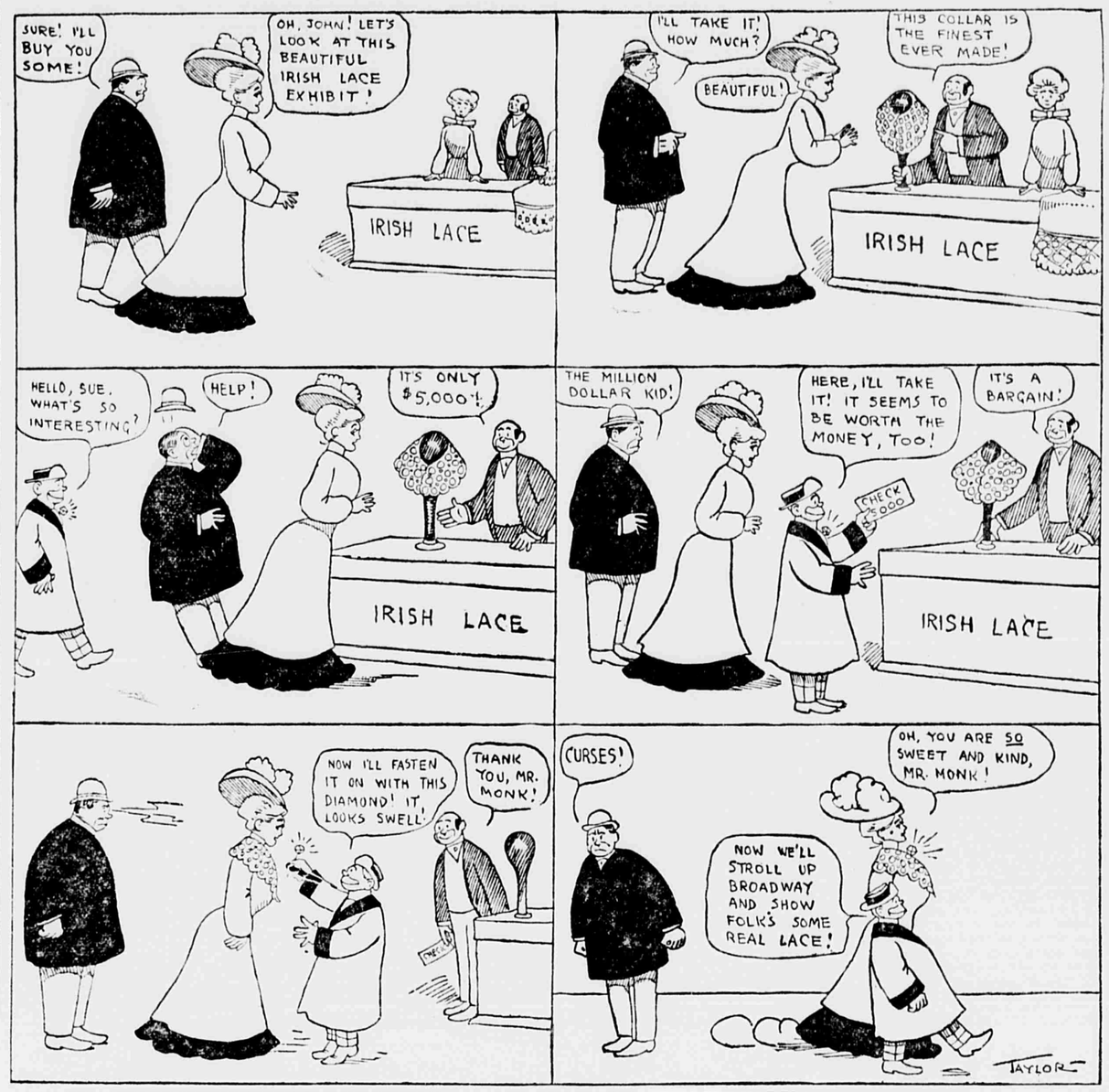
The doctor stooped and held out his arms for Daphne-May, then raised himself erect, with the little one clinging to him limpet-like, with all the power of small arms and legs.

As he stood so, Daphne standing on the stairs behind them, felt stamped upon her brain one of those mental photographs that never fade while life lasts. A picture so sharp, so clear, so maddeningly disappointing in the time to come, because both dear faces were hidden. She saw the strong, straight young figure of her husband, the close cropped brown hair with the queer little irregular wave showing, in spite of close cutting and savage brushing, the contrabsend crinkle that she as Daphne Cuyler had secretly, blushingly longed to smooth with lingering fingers, and around his strong neck she saw the white arms and the small clutching hands of her baby girl.

(To Be Continued.)

The Million-Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



A Game of Euchre at the Boarding House.

By Joseph A. Flynn.

JOSEPH A. FLYNN.
Photo by Aldridge.

MRS. STARVE-EM appears to be out of sorts to-day," I remarked to Tess at breakfast this morning, patiently awaiting my turn at the bread.

"She is," Tess replied, narrowly watching a gentleman opposite reaching for his third biscuit. "There was a cloud in this room last night, so the old lady's off the handle this morning. Here's how it opened. She had handed Mr. and Mrs. Trimmer, on your floor, an invite to take a hand in a game of euchre with Mr. Starve-em and herself, and, like plum-pickers, the Trimmers came down. I was the only ghost on deck. The Trimmers lost the first game, and Mrs. Starve-em thought she had a pipe, so she made a crack about making it a quarter a corner, and they all fell.

"Trimmer said he was a little short and asked wifey to stake him, but she came right back with a hint to climb the ladder and get his own tin from under the carpet, because he was already down on her dead list for ninety cents. That was too much for him. He dented the table and wanted to knew where in pickles she got all her tin from, anyway, if not from him, and what he was slaving hard all day for; but she countered with a jab about working hard for every nickel he ever coughed up to her and about the five hundred bucks he borrowed from her mother when they were married which he forgot to pay.

"It looked as if some happy skeletons would hop out of their boxes and do a turn, but just then the old lady gave them a swift call, and the game went on.

"Talk about pulling off blue ones. The old lady is a good player when she plays on the level, but once in a while she forgets, and last night was one of those whiles. Every time Whiskerino turned up a card that Mrs. Starve-em liked she'd cough like a con, and then apologize to Mrs. Trimmer for her cold. One time when she coughed Whiskerino was asleep and turned it down. Then she went up in the air in a hurry, slammed her cards good and hard on the mahogany, and gave him ten yards of her mind about playing a game the way it ought to be played, instead of thinking of the settlers in the corner saloon.

"Right after that Trimmer played the right bower twice, but everybody had noises in their ears and never noticed it. Whenever Mrs. Trimmer wanted hubby to pick up a card she'd say, 'What is that you turned up, dear?' And hubby knew it was his cue to make that trump.

"It was when the score was 9 to 9 that the music started. Whiskerino dealt a hand all around and turned up the ace of diamonds. I was sitting behind the old lady and she had two bowers and three bullets in her hand. When he turned up the ace she had the worst stretch of coughs you ever heard. Whiskerino never hesitated after getting that tip. If he did he knew he might as well hunt for the door, so he picked it up. And then the circus opened.

"Mrs. Trimmer threw her fist on the floor and said she had played cards with a great many people, but she never bunked into such a pair of beats as Mrs. Starve-em and Whiskerino. The old lady turned into an icicle when that call came across the board, and said: 'Well, you have to cheat when you play sharpers and pirates who kick their partner underneath the table.' And then the four of them got together and got rid of a few gentle compliments.

"Right in the middle of the argument Whiskerino pinched the money. That was too much for me, and I was afraid the old lady would remember about my breaking the hand-painted cake basket last week, so I took the stairs for mine. How it ended up I don't know, but that's the reason Mrs. Starve-em looks under the weather this morning."

"That surprises me very much," I observed, meantime wondering what effect pure milk would have on a cup of coffee. "I always entertained a very high regard for Mrs. Starve-em and never thought for a moment that she would allow her feelings to be overcome by the excitement incident to a game of chance. Then, again, she should look at this matter in the right light. Somebody has to lose."

"Oh, it wasn't that," Tess replied, putting an end to a picnic at the foot of the table by rescuing the bacon. "She didn't mind losing the game; all she wanted was the tin."

Canned Tomato Recipes.

STOCK TOMATO SOUP—Take any sort of meat soup and add half a can of stewed and well-seasoned tomatoes; strain, and serve with croutons.

TOMATO TOAST—Stew down a can of tomatoes till thick, with a tablespoonful of chopped onions, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper; when the juice is somewhat absorbed pour over slices of buttered toast and serve at once. Do not strain.

TOMATOES AU GRATIN—Take a can of tomatoes, add salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of minced onion; put them into a deep baking dish in layers with soft bread crumbs, and put bits of butter on these; repeat till the dish is full, with crumbs on top, and bake till brown.—Harper's Bazar.

What's the Odds Which of 'Em Pops

The Leap-Year Privilege Simply and Interestingly Discussed by Maid and Man at a Leap-Year Dance.

By Gertrude Barnum.

Gertrude Barnum

IT was at a Leap Year dance. The girls had escorted their "gentlemen friends" to the party, and were hastening about, filling their dance programmes, while the beaux sat self-consciously waiting to be asked. A group of young people about me were discussing the leap year custom.

"How do you like being chosen instead of chooser?" some one asked the waiting lads.

"Bum!"

"Rank!"

"Not for mine!"

It evidently was not popular with any of them. One was particularly irate.

"Hully gee!" he muttered over his dance-card. "Look at the bunch I drew!"

"It will do you good," said his partner. "That's what we have to stand all the time. We can't be choosers either at dances—or—or any other way."

"I think a girl ought to have a right to propose, same as a man," cried a strong-minded miss, coming into the discussion.

"A fellow don't like a girl that's too anxious," replied a dashing popular hero, whose programme was already quite filled.

"Oh, a fellow don't like it, don't he?" challenged the strong-minded girl, sharply. "And why not, pray? A girl don't complain if a man's too anxious. The more anxious he is the better she likes it. What's the difference?"

"A fellow likes to pick out his own girl, and he knows well enough when he sees her."

"It's all what the fellow likes!! Too bad about him! Don't you suppose a girl likes to pick out her own fellow? She knows the right one to marry better than a man does. A fellow picks out the wrong girl as often as the right one. Look at the divorce courts!"

"If a man didn't care enough for me to ask me, I wouldn't want him," cooed a dimpled darling, in pink chiffon, glancing coquettishly at the dashing hero.

He promptly tucked her under his arm and led her toward the lemonade bowl.

"That timid, shrinking creature asks the men plain as day," snapped the strong-minded girl, sourly, following the couple with her eyes. "Only she does it by tricks, instead of straight out!"

"I don't see the odds who does the asking," spoke up a jolly youth. "A fellow don't generally ask till he gets a hunch that he's got a show. I say a girl's a dunce to let the wrong girl walk off with her Mr. Right. I'm for a girl's right to do her share of asking. No one thinks anything of it to-night. It's all custom."

"What do YOU think?" some one asked my friend Edna, who had been sitting, quietly listening. We all waited eagerly for her reply.

"Well," she said, after a little reflection. "It's too big a question to settle at a dance, offhand. But it seems to me there's more to it than just custom that keeps us from proposing. You see, marriage is the whole thing to a girl, and the kind that does any thinking goes slow on it. A man gets there quicker because he gets the easiest end of it. The fellow had ought to make out a pretty good case before a girl should trust him with herself and her children. It's a dead give-away for us, because a man's got all the power the minute we say yes. I guess it's in nature as much as custom that men should get there first on the marriage proposition."

"Isn't this our dance?" urged a manly voice at Edna's shoulder.

"It isn't at all ladylike for you to be so bold as to remind me," laughed Edna, taking his arm. "If you were a girl, you'd just give your dance to some one else if your partner didn't come on time."

"But I don't want to give it to some one else," protested the manly voice, "and, thank heaven, I'm not a girl!"

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE ON COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

Ask Her Out Once a Week.

Dear Betty:

I HAVE met a few times a young lady who resides in Brooklyn. I have fallen in love with her and have reason to believe that she cares for me. I would like very much to take her out, but on account of business I could not do so except Sundays. Would it be proper for me to ask the young lady out only once a week?

X. Y. Z.

Once a week is often enough. You can explain to the young lady that your business hinders you from taking her out oftener.

He Is Angry With Her.

Dear Betty:

I AM sixteen; my sweetheart is angry because I accepted a box of candy at Christmas time from another boy. He won't look at me any more. What shall I do?

L. T.

You are too young to be seriously interested in boys. Your sweetheart is unduly jealous but will undoubtedly get over his anger and be glad to be friends with you again. Leave him to himself until he comes to his senses and then accept him as a friend only, as you are entirely too young for anything more.

She Is Not Too Old.

Dear Betty:

I AM twenty-one and am deeply in love with a girl of twenty-five. Do you think that the difference in our ages would be any drawback to our future happiness?

V. F.

No, I do not. The girl is not too old for you. And there is no reason why you should not be happy together in the future.

Don't Kiss in Public.

Dear Betty:

IS it proper for a young man to kiss his love in front of company when he comes to see her?

H. J.

It is not proper to kiss her at all unless engaged. Even then, it would be less embarrassing for her if you would not indulge in affectionate demonstrations until you are alone with her.

Fashion's Tortures Not So New or Civilized as We Think.

JUST to show that our wasp-waisted women have not all the torture or styles to themselves, The Evening World reproduces here from the London Graphic and the Illustrated London News the picture of a Burmah belle, one of the Padaung women, who twist brass wire round their necks and limbs and wear it for life as an ornament, and the other pictures of statuettes 4,000 years old, dug up recently in Crete, which show that the wasp waist is forty centuries old. The figure on the left is that of the serpent goddess; the other, which shows the compressed waist, corset and spreading skirt, is the porcelain statuette of a priestess. The facts concerning these old Cretan fashions, which have come to be regarded as entirely modern, can be gleaned from Prof. Angelo Mosso's book, "Palaces of Crete and Their Builders."

Front and back views are given of the Padaung belle, and attempt is made to show in the view of the back of her head just how the neck is surrounded and squeezed in by the coils of wire.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

Misses' Plaited Skirt—Pattern No. 5894.

THE box-plaited skirt is always a satisfactory one for young girls. Its lines give the long slender effect that is apt to be becoming, while it also is in the height of present style. Again, it is stitched flat over the hips, doing away with bulk at that point, while it flares gracefully at the lower portion. This one is made of Panama cloth with trimming of braid.

The quantity of material required for the sixteen year size is 7 3-4 yards 27, 5 1-2 yards 44, or 54 inches wide.

Pattern No. 5894 is cut in sizes for girls [illegible] yards 44, or 52 inches wide.

How to Obtain These Patterns

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.