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 clever, selfish New York doctor, marries Daphne Cuyler, a noted beauty. Other members of the household are Philip's grandfather, Prof. Keith, and his ward, Olive Marr, who secretly loves Philip. Daphne and Philip have two children—a three-year-old daughter, Daphne May, and a baby son. Belden, a dissolute millionaire, is in love with Daphne. He arranges that she shall receive a foolish love letter written by Philip to another woman. Daphne is horrified at the revelation. Belden avows his love. She repulses him, but at his penitent entreaty remains on pleasantly friendly terms with him. Despairing of breaking down her loyalty to Philip, Belden still continues to call at the Keith home. Daphne tells him a fortune-teller once prophesied she would some day lose her beauty. The forecast troubles them both. A mad cat attacks one of the children. Olive runs to the rescue, saves the child and then faints. Philip catches the senseless girl in his arms. Daphne and Belden enter the room just in time to see him do so. Daphne misinterprets the scene and leaves the house. Belden, while she is dazed from morphia, has her kidnapped and carried to Montreal. There at a hotel he implores her to divorce Philip and to become his own wife. Belden is stricken with paralysis. Daphne escapes and starts back to New York. Her train is wrecked. Daphne is taken, terribly injured, to a Montreal hospital. A little French governess, Denise Varide, whom she has befriended, is killed and her body, mistaken for Daphne's, is shipped to the Keith home. By mistake, as Daphne's, Philip thus believes Daphne is dead.

CHAPTER XII.

(Continued.)

Dead or Alive?

The racing old eyebrows became steady, the piercing eyes stared into space, as he muttered, "Oh, the curse—the curse that ever follows close upon a world-moving beauty! In the old fierce days her lovely body and jewel eyes would have devastated a kingdom. To-day, had she not been an angel pure and proud her matchless beauty would have made her a destroyer of men—and now, now the curse has fallen upon her!"

His hard old mouth quivered a little at the corners. "I—I—I am glad she was killed outright, for such ghastly disfigurement of a perfect face must have driven her mad!"

And so it came about that for a few hours crepe sombrely draped the door, the drawn shades looked like lowered eyelids and the old Keith house assumed the conventional appearance of grief; while the strange dead woman made brief and solemn stay in the home of the one who had befriended her. "Two women had been grinding together—one had been taken, the other left." The woman taken was escorted with cold ceremony from the house and supposed home, to receive the final hospitality of the old Keith burial plot.

Back From the Dead.

She who had been taken was at rest, but she who had been left lay among strangers, with hideous slow-healing wounds, and sought dully, but persistently through the dim corridors of her mind for the name she had borne in these last years before the old world ended. Since the commanding words, "Light! More light!" she had had this name Denise Varide—but the old name? She thought it had been Philippa, but could not be sure, so had to tell odd old Dr. McNab once more that she had failed, and wondered that he accepted the disappointment so cheerfully.

For she could not know that to himself he was daily saying, "When she finds herself she is going to receive an awful shock—I feel sure of that. Her loss of memory is at present a blessing unqualified."

Life continued in the old Keith house, where everything was so like the dead days gone, and yet so unlike. The surroundings were the same, the hours were the same, the family circle had contracted sharply to close the open space that betrayed the loss of one important member.

There was as yet the same domestic staff, and yet things were already changed and more were changing. The household machinery that had always moved with a silent, smooth precision that seemed magical, now whirred noisily and worked with many a jerk and jolt. The house service was demoralized since the servants no longer felt the gentle restraint, the moral influence of Mrs. Keith's patiently firm control.

The doctor had ever been a sort of domestic sybarite, enjoying luxuriously bodily comforts of a perfectly managed home. The pleasures of the table, the great easy chairs, the trimmed and properly placed student lamp, the easy slippers, the orderly piles of perfectly cared for garments—all ready to his hand. The deft silent service, the music when desired, the game when demanded, silence if preferred—all these comforts he had enjoyed for years, without any effort of his own, without any word of pleasure or thanks, simply because it all seemed a mere matter of course; there was no one to thank. Did he not provide Daphne with maids and money for their wages? And now the table was taking on a queer, disordered look. Sometimes the water in the flower vase was foul. Granddad had to rise and change the wine glasses.

A Neglected Home.

"I told her, Professor," complained Olive Marr, "but she knew too much about it all to obey." And Mattie flounced about the table aggressively, as she would not have presumed to do formerly.

A big silver basket holding a few grapes, and a small dessert plate loaded with late pears brought a rebuke from Dr. Keith.

"Why do you not arrange the fruit properly? You toss things on the table anyhow of late!"

"I do the best I know how," sniffed Mattie.

"The best you know how—this? May I ask who served the fruit formerly?"

"Mrs. Keith did," came back, saucily. "She always arranged the fruit and the flowers, and she always pointed out to me the right dishes and glasses, so I would make no mistake."

The color rose in the doctor's face, and a surprised look came into his eyes—but, "That will do, please"—was all he said, and dinner proceeded silently.

Again, in dressing, when a button was missing, a tape broken, a buttonhole split or a half hose developed a quite unnecessary ventilation, he would drop the damaged article and take a sound one, with the result that a time came when he faced an entire wardrobe of damaged garments, and in sudden anger he started down to the basement, meaning to charge upon the embattled forces. On the way he met the Professor.

"Granddad," he growled, "are all your clothes a buttonless, holey show like mine?"

"No, sir," answered the old man, promptly. "I'm not short of a tape, nor a button. Haven't been for thirty years. Your mother was the last woman to look after me, my boy. When she died I invested in one black spool and one white spool of thread, a paper of assorted needles, a box of mixed buttons and a few feet of tape, and have known a free and independent manhood ever since. I believe, Dr. Philip, I will write a monograph on the needle—its influence on civilization, going back, of course, to the bone and bronze imitation of"— But the doctor's temper drove him downward, and in a tone fiercely accusative he attacked the maids in a body, and demanded the reason why, with three able-bodied women in his service, he was left without one entirely whole and wearable garment in his bureau.

Insubordination.

Glances were exchanged; then old Clutterbuck spoke up:

"It's not for the cook to mend the clothing, Doctor!" Mattie pertly announced that mending the wash didn't belong to her, while Lena, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other, murmured:

"I—I take care of all the children's things, and I suppose I can keep your things in repair, Dr. Keith, if you ordered me to do it."

"Ordered?" he snapped. "You did not need to be ordered to do your work before—why now, please?"

And Lena answered surprisedly:

"Why, sir, it was Mrs. Keith who cared for all your laundry and did the lovely darning on the fine damask covers and napkins."

He turned about and left them. Then two or three times a week old Clutterbuck waylaid him with withered vegetables or an undesirable cut of meat, charged as the choicest.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed at last, "you never tormented me with these things before. Why do you do it now?"—and could have bitten his tongue for the words, knowing the answer they would bring him, and it came.

"Mrs. Keith, poor dear lady, always did the ordering herself when out for her early walk."

"He swallowed his wrath and pain, and asked Clutterbuck to look after the marketing thereafter. And she, proud of a little more authority, promised to bother him no more, but protect his interests to the last penny.

There were ructions almost daily downstairs, and poor old Page, who had become very feeble of late, had attempted one afternoon to separate Clutterbuck and Mattie, who were making a disgraceful noise. And then, very white and shaken, he had crept upstairs again, and into the front hall, where he staggered to his big chair and fell limply into it, gasping heavily several times for breath.

The Last of "Old Page."

At length a bell from the library rang—rang a second time—rang again—then violently and long. And after that, amazed and indignant, with eyebrows racing up and down his high old forehead, the professor appeared, calling loudly: "Page! Page! What does this mean, sir?"—and stopped.

For there was Page, who for the first time in thirty years' service calmly remained seated in the presence of his employer—that imperious old employer, who standing before his seated servitor, felt his position correct, since the man in the chair was wrapped in the majesty of death!

Again the heavy floating of crepe at the door of the old Keith house, crepe whose darkness was intensified by the long black ribbon that tied it, the whole grimly announcing a solemn presence within. Again the little ones went away for an afternoon, and after that the house was even more gloomy, the men more disgruntled, the household machinery worked at more haphazard.

But of all the people in the house the one who suffered most cruelly, who sorrowed most deeply, was little May Keith—for it was the stern command of Dr. Keith that the loving little child should bear no longer the name of that mother who had so humiliated and shamed him in the eyes of men. For the discovery of the unfaithfulness of that proud, still Daphne, who yet had loved him so ardently, had gone hard with his pride.

To be abandoned for Belden, that gilded sepulchre, filled with the dead passions of a lifetime! The thought made him writhe. Let him forget as quickly as possible, and to that end let him cease to hear the familiar name "Daphne" at every turn during the day. Hence the strict, stern command that left Daphne's little daughter with only the shorn and shrunken name of May, to answer to.

A Child's Appeal.

And when the doctor had gone the child, with fast falling tears, crept close to the professor, and slipping an arm about his neck, she pressed her small wet face against his shoulder, saying:

"Great-dad, now there isn't any of my mamma left, not any single thing—not even her name! W—what I shall do, great-dad?"

(To Be Continued.)

The Newlyweds Their Baby

By George McManus

The Johns Who Forget All About Their Weddings.

By Joseph A. Flynn.

"HERE'S a strange piece of news," I joyfully remarked to Tess at dinner last evening, as she handed me a whole potato. "A young man in McKeesport, Pa., became so interested in a baseball meeting that he forgot all about his coming marriage, and arrived at the church an hour late."

"Oh, there's nothing strange about that," she replied, gently releasing the overworked horseradish jar from the determined grip of a boarder at my right. "Did you ever hear of a John being on time when he's going to get married? I never did. When the happy day comes in sight he feels as if he was on his way to the chair, and gets the willies for fair.

"Every night for four weeks he two-steps to the tailor to see that the crink in the back of the coat is coaxed out, and on the way home he has his own troubles dodging the gang who want to celebrate his salvation.

"The night before the grand bout he sits up with Mr. Moon trying to figure out he'll break the ice and tell her his exact per, instead of the smooth game he's been handing out right along about being the whole front at the foundry; but all the time she's Wise Maysie, because big brother Bill slipped her the truth the first night John hung his harness on the rack in the hall.

"You fellows never look on the grand parade up the aisle as a bunch of fun. Henrietta thinks of it with more happy sighs and expects than she did for the time she could do up her crowning glory and wear long, pleated skirts like oldest sister; but not so with John.

"He gets cold feet at the very beginning and worries all the free book factories for some confidential directions on how to negotiate the rosy stretch to the altar without stepping on his own trilbys; and every morning down in the cellar behind the coal he rehearses slipping the hoop on her anxious finger, instead of the minister's, and how to say 'I do' all at once.

"Some wise gazabos get a bubble in their thought factories that the place to get up nerve enough to face the altar is at George's on the corner, and they decorate the mahogany and hold down the brass rail for a while, thinking it over. Soon somebody blows in with a hypnotizer about the latest bowling game, and poor John forgets gentle Henrietta, all togged out in white, with four dollars' worth of real flowers in her hand, standing at the altar, until it's too late.

"You know that young fellow that bunked in the cell next to you who was so slick with the pasteboards, and always shy coming up with his tin for the board every week? You know the fellow who made a proposition to Mrs. Starve-em to deal out a couple of poker hands to see whether he paid or not? Well, one day he decided to take the fatal step. Everything was all fixed, he bought a genuine fourteen carat gold hoop for $2.98 cash, paid all the bills he could remember, and said 'good by' to all the settlers.

"The fun was down to begin at 4 o'clock. At 12.30, right after lunch, he went upstairs, slipped into an open-faced suit, threw the story of his past life at two cats on the back fence and came down again. She showed up on the minute with all her family, but no John. They waited three hours by the clock, and then called it off; and where do you suppose he was all the time?"

"I haven't the least idea," I replied, meantime wondering whether some persons who continually use a knife instead of a fork at their meals ever receive a mortal wound. "Did he change his mind?"

"Change your uncle!" she exclaimed. "He and Whiskerino were up in the garret playing pinochle all the time."

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE ON COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

A Strange Young Man.

Dear Betty:

I MET a girl who asked me to call on her, but when I call she does not show that she loves me. How can I find out if she loves me? C. H. W.

Merely because the girl asked you to call you should not jump to the conclusion that she loves you. The only way to find out if she has any affection for you is to ask her, but I don't advise you to do so until you become better acquainted.

She Prefers Girls.

Dear Betty:

I AM twenty, and am keeping company with a young lady one year my junior. She is very nice to me when we are alone, but when we go out to a social she does not stay with me, but goes and enjoys herself with the girls. I do not like her to do this. What should I do? ANNIOUS.

You must not expect to monopolize the young lady's attention, but she should not ignore you in public. Speak to her about it, and if she cares for you she will treat you more kindly in the future.

A Bashful Young Man.

Dear Betty:

I AM deeply in love with a young lady several years my junior. I pay her marked attention and take her out with her sister. I have never told her about my feelings toward her, but want to do it now, only I don't know how to start, as I never seem to find the right words. Do you think she would feel offended if I write her? Is it proper to ask her parents' consent first to court their daughter? A. A.

Tell the young lady in simple words that you love her and ask her if she will marry you. There is no objection to writing if you are too bashful to propose, but I think the young lady would prefer to have you tell her of your love in person. It is not necessary to ask the parents' consent first, though it is perfectly proper.

How to Be Friends.

Dear Betty:

I WAS introduced to a young man and I love him very dearly. I know him but slightly. How can I become better acquainted with him and find out if he loves me? W. M.

You cannot be very deeply in love if you know the man but slightly. Next time you see him invite him to call. Don't appear too eager for his love.

She Likes Him No More.

Dear Betty:

I AM twenty-three years old and am keeping company with a young man, but do not care for him any longer. He never asked to keep company with me, and I would like to know how to inform him that I wish to discontinue the friendship, as I have another friend whom I care more about. C. D.

Don't accept his attentions and be out when he calls, but do this gradually. There is no use telling him bluntly that you no longer care for him, for if you refuse his attentions he will soon see that you no longer desire his friendship.

His Undying Hostility

WALL STREET Magnate—"You want to know what I think of Roosevelt's policies? Sir, they are infamous, outrageous, infernal. They have plunged the country into financial chaos. Would I vote for him again? No! Not in a thousand years! Nor anybody that represents his ideas.

Reporter—I'd like to call at your office some day next week and get your views at length, Mr. Dewry.

Wall Street Magnate—I shall not be at my office next week, young man. I'm dodging subpoenas.—Chicago Tribune.

THE NEW PLAYS

Henry Ludlowe's Shylock Is Strictly American.

IN these hard times, when so many of our well-known actors are going into bankruptcy, it is little less than astonishing to see an "unknown" go into Shakespeare. If he happens to be a genius, well and good; but if he doesn't, "good and bad" is more likely to be the way of it.

In the spring, of course, we are prepared for almost anything. Buds and ambition pop together along Broadway. But to have an "unknown" come with the first February thaw is to catch us unawares, or in our rubbers. Under the circumstances we can't help asking stupid questions. We gaze around at our few damp neighbors and wonder why we are there. Are we gathered together in the name of all that is noblest and best in the two-dollar drama, or are we merely parties to a nice little advertising enterprise calculated to make "the road" blossom like the greenback? Who shall say?

Who shall say that Mr. Henry Ludlowe is at the Bijou as Shylock to demand his critical pound of flesh? To judge by the size of last night's audience, however, he will not have much more than his "notices" to count when he regretfully shakes the mud of Broadway from his shoes. But he didn't seem to mind. He acted as though a little thing like an audience didn't matter in the least.

Henry Ludlowe as Shylock.

It is said that Mr. Ludlowe taught himself Shylock in his own dramatic school in Philadelphia. In other words, he is a self-made Shylock. The few who sat up with him last night probably guessed as much. To start with, he had a good voice in his favor—and he never forgot it. At first he seemed inclined to let his voice go the even bass of its way, and you got out your sympathy so that you could give it to him when he needed it. You were ready to hand it over when Jessica started on her impromptu wedding trip, but somehow or other the old gentleman's grief didn't move you to impulsive generosity.

"R-revenge! R-revenge! R-revenge!" came rolling out in due time, and made you think you had been all wrong. So you put your sympathy back in your pocket and waited for the trial scene to set you right. Racial nobility of character seemed to be the cue here, but it was lost in the shuffle of events precipitated by Portia.

In the end you were left with only one definite impression—that this Shylock was strictly American. He was as hard as a business man and just about as interesting. His soul seemed to have shut up shop. This may have been Mr. Ludlowe's "modern" idea of the role, and for that matter it was not a bad idea so far as clear speech went. On the New England circuit, no doubt, it would "go" very well.

But the Jew didn't go beyond Mr. Ludlowe's "make-up." You saw, but you didn't hear. Moreover, you didn't FEEL. Your pound of flesh stayed in cold storage. The best you could do was to give Mr. Ludlowe credit for having intelligence, an excellent voice and a serviceable figure.

Miss Keith Wakeman, a tall, fine-looking woman, was Portia. At first glance you saw something in her eyes and more in her smile that recalled Ellen Terry. There was also a note of the fondly remembered music in her voice. Then she suddenly rattled off and reminded you of some one else—some one as "modern" as the new Shylock. Who could it be? Was it—? No, it was Charlotte Walker. Miss Wakeman should be careful not to rattle off. Miss Walker and Portia have never met.

Mr. Arthur Forrest raised his pleading voice and anguished eyebrows as Bassanio, Mr. Ernest C. Warde was a sad Lorenzo instead of the glad Launcelot he might have been, and Mr. Mark Price bore up stolidly as Antonio. Miss Felice Morris sang from her balcony as Jessica. Would that she had not! Both she and Miss Josephine Morse, who was Nerissa, didn't seem at home in Venice. They looked and acted like Cook tourists.

CHARLES DARNTON.

Washington's "Birthday."

By Muriel Thorndike.

ON Saturday a whole nation will celebrate (for the one hundred and ninth time since his death) the birthday of George Washington. The Father of His Country had sixty-nine birthdays during his life. That makes 178 anniversaries in all. And for the entire number there is record of only one birthday present the great man ever received. On Feb. 22, 1786, the King of Spain sent Washington two Andalusian donkeys. Millions have since been spent on dinners, gifts, decorations, &c., for celebrating the day. But two little, furry Spanish donkeys were all that the hero of these festivities ever got out of it all.

In England and other foreign countries it has always been customary (more in olden times than now) to celebrate the King's birthday. The natal day of George III. was once a feature of American jollification. Then when the Revolution left us kingless, Uncle Sam's nephews hit on a splendid substitute for the old custom by making a grand occasion of Washington's Birthday. In 1781 Washington's Birthday was first celebrated. In 1796 a motion was made on Feb. 22 to adjourn Congress in honor of the President's birthday, but the motion was voted down. No sooner did news of this defeat reach the street outside than the populace raised such a clamor as to deafen the Congressmen and force them to adjourn.

On Feb. 26, 1800, just after Washington's death, the whole country held mourning services and an outburst of grief for their dead chief swept the land. It was the first and last Washington's Birthday when weeping and crape took the place of gay flags and joyous patriotism.

The Insect and the Net.

IT has been known for a long time that an insect will not fly through a net with meshes three or four times as large as its body, whereas a bird will go through a mesh of corresponding size without hesitation. The insect cannot tell us why it stops and lights on the net, without trying to go through, and its peculiar action puzzled observers until the scientists took the matter up, as they do all things of that kind. They say that the eye of the insect is made up of many facets, so that the net looks to it like a continuous opaque surface, the meshes not being apparent. Therefore it stops or turns back before it discovers that it might have gone through the net without stopping. To the eye of the bird, however, the meshes are plainly visible, and it goes through without hesitation.

A Year's Wages for a Hat.

IN various Mexican states the sombrero is to be placed under a heavy tax in hope, it is said, of abolishing it entirely. This hat often costs so much that the workingman spends a year's wages for it. The tax takes the form of a license, with a number affixed.

Just Kids.

By T. S. Allen.

"Hi, Jimmie, will youse listen ter de little mut trying ter cuss!"

"We could look jest as good as dat, Luella, if we had de duds!"

"Can't yer wait fer me, Laura, till I earn enough ter buy a marriage license?"

"How long will dat be?"

"Not more'n tree or four years."

"Don't you want to join our Helping Hand Club and work for the good of your fellow man?"

Kid—I can't do it, lady. As soon as I get older I'm going to join Tammany Hall an' work fer de good of me pocket.