

"Them Was the Happy Days!"

By Clare Victor Dwiggin



The Jarr Family

They Enter Into a Conspiracy to Lead An Unsuspecting Bachelor to the Altar

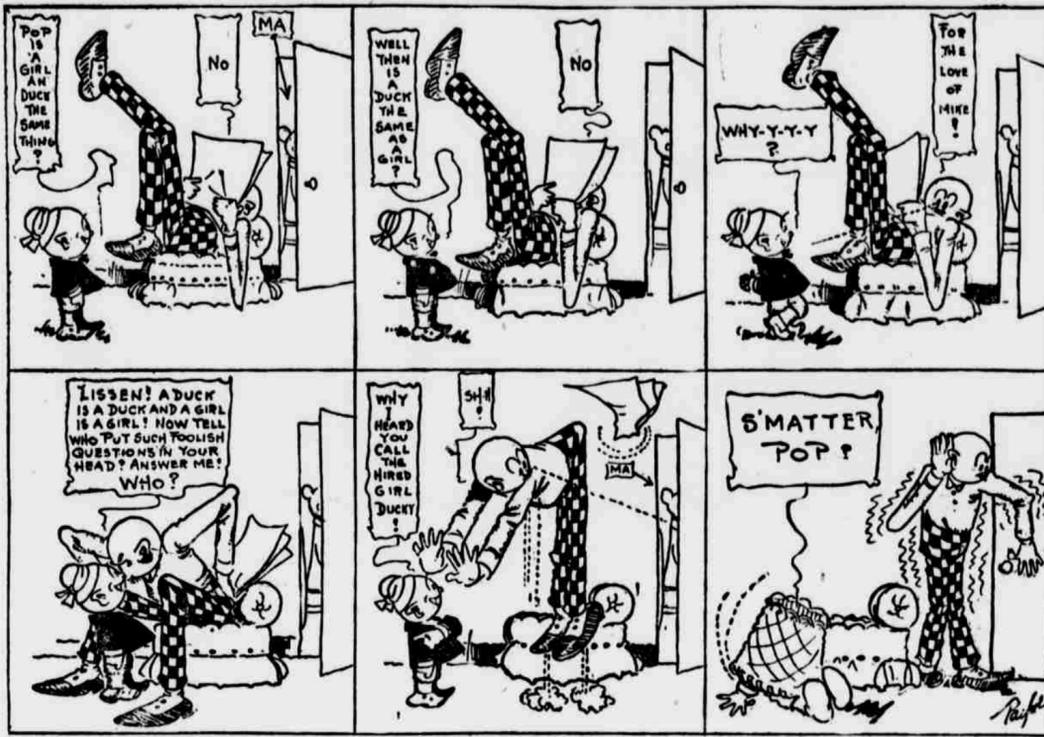
By Roy L. McCardell

"AND will ask the Dusenberry to our neighbors' picnic," said Mrs. Jarr. "They are not what one could call refined people, but they are decent enough, and Mrs. Dusenberry loves to cook and she CAN cook. Her boiled hams are delicious and her fried chicken is grand!" "Oh, we'll have plenty of good things to eat when all chip in," said Mr. Jarr. "You procure some muskels and make some home-made fresh fruit pies, and you can make 'em, and the doughnuts and..." "Let Georgiana do it!" remarked Mrs. Jarr coolly. "Do you think I'm going to work over a hot stove this weather to cook up a lot of truck for other people? I'll send to the delicatessen store for a bottle of olives and a glass of currant jelly and some chipped beef. Mrs. Randle loves to cook up his messes and so does Mrs. Dusenberry and Mrs. Terwilliger. Of course, the Hicketts board, and they are so stingy they won't bring anything much, anyway, and Clara Mudridge will be spooning with Jack Silver—that will be all she'll be thinking about—and she won't bring anything, but there'll be more than we can eat, at that."

"Have it your own way," said Mr. Jarr, who wasn't looking for trouble by being insistent about anything, "but I would have liked..." He let his voice die down and only mentally dwelt upon his yearning for home-made pies as only Mrs. Jarr could make them and her other dainty, savory kitchen products. In due time the old-fashioned basket party met at the East Twenty-third street pier to take the Glen Island boat, but there was no sign of Miss Mudridge and Mr. Silver. As Mr. Silver was the well-to-do man of the party, the married woman in the party had determined should not be free and at large another year, there was great anxiety lest the young people miss the boat. "Tell the captain he must not pull out till our friends come," said Mrs. Jarr to the assistant manager. "No, don't let the boat go till Clara comes with him," said Mrs. Rangle. "She's just the girl for Jack Silver; she'd make him settle down," said Mrs. Terwilliger. Then all the ladies had an animated debate as to how much money Jack Silver really had, and many significant

S'Matter, Pop?

By C. M. Payne



The Moving Finger

Greatest Summer Novel of the Year

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued.) Rochester's Ultimatum. "ALINE," said Rochester, "I cannot stand by and see your life wrecked. You are too sane, too reasonable a woman to become the prey of such a pitiful adventurer. Won't you listen to me for a moment?" "Indeed I am listening," she faltered. "Give yourself a chance," he begged. "Leave England this week-to-morrow. If you can do right away from here, you have friends in Rome. I heard your cousin ask you not long ago to pay her a visit at her villa on the Adriatic. Start to-morrow, and I promise that you will come back a sane woman. You will be able to laugh at Saton, to see through the fellow and to realize what a tissue of shams he's built of. You will be able to feel a reasonable interest in anything Naudheim has to say. Just now you are unwearyed; these men have frightened you. Believe me that your greatest and most effectual safety lies in flight!"

A sudden hope lit up her face. She turned toward him eagerly. She was going to consult—he felt it, he was almost conscious of the words trembling upon her lips. Already his own personal regrets at her absence were beginning to cloud his joy. Then her whole expression changed. Something of the look settled upon her features which he had seen when first she had stopped the carriage. Her lips were parted, her eyes distended. She looked nervously around as though she were afraid that some one was following them. "I cannot do that, Henry," she said. "In a way it would be a relief, but it is impossible. I cannot, indeed."

She led the way to the carriage. They walked in absolute silence for nearly a minute. He felt that he had lost a great part of his influence over her and he was bitter. "Tell me why you almost consented," he asked, abruptly. "And then changed your mind? In your heart you must know it is for your good."

"I only know," she answered, slowly, "that at first I longed to say yes, and now, when I come to think of it, I see that it is impossible."

"You are going to treat this creature as a human being of your own order? You are going to let him work upon your imagination?" "It is no use," she said wearily. "For the present, I cannot talk any more about it. I do not understand myself at all."

"Will you drive home with me now?" she asked. He shook his head. "I have another call to make," he said, a little grimly. "Saton was in the half-darkened library, sitting with his back turned to the light, and his eyes fixed with a curious stare into vacancy, when the door opened, and Rochester entered unannounced. Saton rose at once to his feet, but the interrogative words died away upon his lips. Rochester's fair, sunburnt face was grim with angry purpose. He had the air of a man stirred to the very depths. He came only a little way into the room, and he took up his position with his back to the door. "My young friend," he said, "it is not many hours since you and I came to an understanding of a sort. I am here to add a few words to it."

Fashion Notes From Paris

The new East Indian effects are being taken up with a vengeance. Even the theatres are producing Oriental plays and Parisiennes are finding delight in the revival of "Laila Rookh," "A Night in Persia," and the various ballets and spectacles introducing romances and scenes from Hindustan and other East Indian localities. The Oriental dances, especially those of Southern Asia, are very popular, and naturally all these productions require the rich East Indian costume that is now so strongly emphasized by all the leading dressmakers. White or black and white is the proper footwear now. Shoes of black patent leather have white leather tops, or one might better say white leather shoes have black tops, since there is not much more to the vamp—and these divide popularity with the all-white shoes that have cloth gaiter tops and kid toes or vamps. These shoes are worn with tailored suits or afternoon costumes, but the smart dressers are wearing either black and white or navy blue and white combinations these shoes are not at all inconspicuous, as might be supposed. The pretty flower trimmed hats that are so much worn in America are rarely seen at fashionable places here. Nearly every hat seen is feather trimmed. The cigarette is very popular, and notwithstanding the fact that Americans do not purchase these forbidden ornaments, the prices are exorbitant. Just now there is a strong vogue for pure white hats and winks are a favorite trimming. One hat has the entire crown covered with white wigs pointed

CHAPTER XVII.

Rochester's Ultimatum.

upward. These crowns are sold separately and can easily be attached to the brim. There is a strong revival of the lorgette waist, especially in the shirt style. Those of handkerchief linen with the full length sleeve edged with a frill are made up in tucks and finished off with a large jabot frill. At the races the increased number of yacht women was noticeable. French women have not been wearing veils extensively for the past year, but the style has now been set at the races, and henceforth few women will be seen without veils. There was no special type in evidence at the races; all sorts of styles were represented. There were many novel designs in both black and white; then the filigranes and the chenille dotted varieties were noted in goodly numbers, as were also quite a few of the Russian nets.

A Census of Ants.

A MARVEL of scientific research has been accomplished by Prof. Yeng, who has been investigating the interior condition of ant-hills. By dint of patient observation Prof. Yeng discovered that an anthill two feet in height was inhabited by 23,750 ants. Other anthills of almost the same size were found to contain 67,500, 52,000 and 48,000 ants, respectively. These observations and the counting of the tiny insects occupied two years.—London Evening Standard.

In Silhouetteville

By J. K. Bryans



"In smoking an awful lot of cigars lately, old chap!" "Well, if the one you gave me yesterday is a sample of them, they certainly are!"

"What's worrying you, old man?" "Oh, business troubles." "But I didn't know you had any business!" "I haven't. That's what's worrying me!"

Reflections of a BACHELOR GIRL

By Helen Rowland

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"WHY men don't marry," is an easy and simple proposition beside the question of why they DO, occasionally. The verb "to love" is the first that a young man masters in Latin, and the last that he ever understands in English.

"Conscience" is what comes to a man's rescue when he wants a good reason for not doing something he doesn't want to do.

De Wolf Hopper has said that in order to be popular a man should get rid of his egotism; but good Heavens! what would be left of him?

The greatest honor you can do a genius is to honor his check.

The happiest and most economical period of a man's life is the engagement when he stops spending money for taxicabs and theatre tickets, and doesn't have to begin spending it for board bills and military.

Among a man's summer girls the first shall never be last, and the last knows perfectly well that she isn't the first.

No, Clarice, the management of a summer hotel will not be responsible for hearts lost on the golf links, or left around unguarded on the beach.

A little "absent treatment" now and then is good for the best of men.

It's a wise child that knows its own father in a bathing suit.

KNOW THE SYSTEM. AN OBJECTION. Mrs. Myles—Did you ever see a man go through things like that customs inspector? Mrs. Styles—Oh, yes, I've seen my husband go through a bureau drawer, "ohased an owl car on a rainy night."—Toledo Blade.

"Happiness," declared the philosopher, "is in the pursuit of something, not in the catching of it." "Have you ever," interrupted the plain citizen, "ohased an owl car on a rainy night."—Toledo Blade.

"Very well," Rochester said. "There shall be no excuse, no misunderstanding. The woman with whom I forbid you to have anything whatever to do, whom I order you to treat from this time forward as a stranger, is Pauline Marnabell."

Saton was still in no hurry to speak. He leaned a little forward. His eyes seemed to burn as though touched with some inward fire.

"By what right," he asked, "do you come here and dictate to me? You are not my father or my guardian. I do not recognize your right to speak to me as one having authority."

"It was I who turned you loose upon the world," Rochester answered. "I deserve hanging for it."

"I should be sorry," Saton said coldly. "To deprive you of your deserts."

"You have learned many things since those days," Rochester declared. "You have acquired the knack of glib speech. You have become a past master in the

arts which go to the ensnaring of over-imaginative women. You have mixed with quack spiritualists and self-styled professors of what they term occultism. Go and practise your arts where you will, but remember what I have told you. Remember the person's name which I have mentioned. Remember it, obey what I have said, and you may fool the whole world. Forget it, and I am your enemy. Understand that."

"And you," Saton answered with darkening face, "understand this from me, Rochester. I do not for a moment admit my right to speak to me in this fashion. I admit no obligation to you. We are simply man and man in the world together, and the words which you have spoken have no weight with me whatever."

"You defy me?" Rochester asked calmly. "If you call that defiance, I do," Saton answered. Rochester came a step further into the room.

"Listen, my young friend," he said. "You belong to the modern condition of things, to the world which has become just a little over-civilized. You may call me a boor, if you like, but I want you to understand this. If I fail to unmask you by any other means, I shall revert to the primeval way of deciding such differences as lie between you and me. The differences which make for hate. I can wield a horse-whip with the strongest man living, and I am in deadly earnest."

"The lady whose name you have mentioned," Saton said softly—"is also your ward? You are related to her, perhaps?"

"She is the woman I love," Rochester answered. "Our ways through life may be apart, or fate may bring them together. That is not your business or your concern. When I tell you that she is the woman I love, I mean you to understand that she is the woman whom I will protect against all manner of evil, now and always. Remember that if you disregard my warning, in the spirit or in the letter, so surely as we two live you will repent it."

Saton crossed the room with noiseless footsteps. He leaned toward the wall and touched an electric bell.

"Very well," he said. "You have come to deliver an ultimatum, and I have received it. I understand perfectly what you will accept as an act of war. There is nothing more to be said, I think."

"Nothing," Rochester answered, turning to follow the servant whom Saton's summons had brought to the door.

(To Be Continued.)