CENSOR'S FARCE AND HAWTREY TO STAY A MONTH

"Dear Old Charlie" Is English Actor's Strong Bid for Favor.

NEW GIRL IS IN TOWN.

She's Blanche Ring's "Wall Street Girl" and Is Musical.

CHARLES HAWTREY with his London company begins a four weeks' engagement at Maxine Elliott's Theatre on Monday night in "Dear Old Charlie," a farce adapted from the French by Charles H. Brookfield, who has since been appointed Play Censor of England. "Dear Old Charlie" gives a fairly comprehensive epitome of his part when, on the morning of his marriage to Agnes Fishbourne, he looks through some letters sent him from the deceased wife of Thomas Dumphie and the spouse of Gabriel Peploe. The elderly husbands are introduced and talk naively of their close friendship with Charlie, whose equanimity is somewhat upset when his prospective mother-in-law arrives in high dudgeon and reads an anonymous letter which charges him with an entanglement with a married woman. Charlie knows that the letter has been sent by Mrs. Peploe, but finds a way out of the predicament by confessing that the statement is true. He had had an entanglement, but it ceased with the death of the lady some six months before. This explanation satisfies the bride's mother, but Peploe's suspicions are aroused, when, picking up the letter, he recognizes his wife's handwriting. Charlie scoffs at the idea, at the same time abstracting a note from Mrs. Peploe which has been secreted in the lining of her husband's hat. In Mr. Hawtrey's support will be Reid Leslie, Mabel Yonge, Mona Harrison, E. Haiman Clark, Charles B. Vaughan and others.

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Blanche Ring, at the George M. Cohan Theatre on Monday night, will introduce "The Wall Street Girl," a musical comedy by Margaret Mayo and Edgar Selwyn. The music is by Karl Hoschna and others. The story centers around Jemima Greene, daughter of a Wall street broker. When her father turns down a Nevada gold mining proposition Jemima has a "hunch" and takes a half interest. She takes a still greater interest in her mining partner and from then on becomes distinctly feminine. Among others with Miss Ring will be Harry Gilfoil, William P. Carleton, Clarence Oliver, Maude Knowlton, Florence Shirley and Cross and Josephine.

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New features at the Winter Garden on Tuesday night will be Grete Wiesenthal, a famous German dancer; Moon and Morris, eccentric dancers, and the "Texas Tommy Dancers."

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Beginning Monday evening the Paul S. Rainey African Jungle Picture Lectures will be given at the Lyceum Theatre.

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John Mason in "As a Man Thinks" comes to the Manhattan Opera House.

The Grand Opera House will have "Get Rich Quick Wallingford."

"The Bird of Paradise" will be seen at the West End Theatre.

The stock company at the Academy of Music will give "Pretty Peggy."

Corse Payton's stock company begins on Monday a season at the People's Theatre on the Bowery in "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

"The Social Maids" come to the Columbia.

"The World of Pleasure" will be seen at the Murray Hill Theatre.

Harry Hastings's Big Show will be the attraction at Hurtig & Seamon's.

At the Olympic will be "The Trocadero Burlesquers."

"The Broadway Gaiety Girls" will be at Miner's Eighth Avenue Theatre. "Miner's Americans" move to the Bronx Theatre.

VAUDEVILLE ATTRACTIONS.

Mabel Taliaferro, in "Taken on Credit," a one-act play by Edward Peple, makes her vaudeville debut at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Another new feature will be a skit by Edward Shinn called "Hazel Weston; or, More Sinned Against Than Usual." The bill will also include "The Ten Courtiers," a musical offering, and Edwin Stevens in a character comedy entitled "Cousin Kitty."

At Hammerstein's will be Belle Baker, James J. Morton, Tempest and Sunshine, Bud Fisher, Yvette, violinist; Hoey and Lee and others. "A Woman of the Streets," a one-act play from the French, will be produced.

Among others at the Colonial will be Gus Edwards in his "Song Revue of 1912," Wish Wynne, English singing comedienne; Cressy and Dayne in "Town Hall To-Night," Marshall Montgomery, ventriloquist, and Connelly and Webb in "A Stormy Finish."

The Alhambra will offer "The Opening Night," Frank Fogarty, the Rolfonians, Blossom Seeley, Stepp, Mehlinger and King, the Chadwick Trio, the Cadets de Gascogne, Hassan Ben Ali's Arabs and Karl Emmy's Pets.

"Mets" Give Musical Comedy.

To-night's the "big noise" of the Metropolitan Minstrels, Harlem's most popular social club. The "Mets" rehearsed under the guidance of Coaches Walter Brown and Dave Mallon jr. a two-act musical comedy called "The Spendthrift." They have corralled one hundred of the prettiest girls in Harlem, Yorkville and the Bronx, and tonight's show at Palm Garden will compare very favorably with Broadway's musical productions.

Mme. Nordica's Dog Lost.

The police of the Mercer street station were asked last night to send out a general alarm for a Scotch collie dog belonging to Madame Nordica, who is now on a concert tour. A butler employed by George W. Young, her husband, at No. 3 West Ninth street, made the request. Mr. Young's name is on the dog's collar.

Chas. Hawtrey Tells of Problems And Plays of the British Stage

Most Accomplished English Comedian Declares the Censor Is a Good Thing for Manager and Actor, but Says at Present There's a Dearth of Good Plays—Managers Taking No Chance With Unknown Players.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

BEYOND doubt, that chair was originally designed for the kitchen. Plain and simple, it stood upon legs as thin as they were rigid. Its general outlines, in fact, suggested New England. I could see at a glance that it had never felt the soft influence of the upholsterer. There was nothing inviting about it. But I'm dragging in this upright, and consequently uncomfortable, chair simply because an English actor-manager set our little scene with it.

"The judge's seat," announced Mr. Charles Hawtrey, as he waved me into it with an easy smile. Whereupon Mr. Charles Hawtrey threw himself upon a lounge that suggested all the comforts of home. If you have seen this ease-loving actor in "A Message from Mars," you can imagine him working away at an "interview." Off the stage, as well as on it, he takes things easily. That's the secret of his charm.

To bring him up to the present moment I have only to say that Charles Hawtrey is growing gray gracefully, as befits England's most accomplished comedian. He has come over this time followed by the hue and cry raised against a certain, or now possibly uncertain, Mr. Brookfield who, since his adaptation of "Dear Old Charlie," has had the misfortune to become the Play Censor of England.

APPEALED TO HAWTREY'S SENSE OF HUMOR.

I asked about the row over the play in London.

"G-r-r-r," gurgled Mr. Hawtrey, his sense of humor rising to his throat. He lounged upon his elbow and then brought himself up with a supreme effort.

"It's like this," he explained. "I could write a scathing denunciation of 'Dear Old Charlie,' or I could compose a charming little idyll setting forth the rare beauties of the play."

It occurred to me that the world lost a versatile dramatic critic when Mr. Hawtrey became an actor, but I kept this idea to myself for fear it might disturb his rest. He raised himself upon his elbow to make the interesting statement:

"One thing is certain—the censorship in England will not be abolished. The entire body of actor-managers, not to mention other managers, is in favor of it. It is a good thing for the actor-manager. Without it he might produce a play he considered harmless and clean, and at the same time find himself at the mercy of any one who saw fit to make a complaint before a magistrate. This, of course, would make a lot of trouble for him. That's the way matters stand in England to-day. The opposition to the censorship is centred in a group of authors who write what we call 'advanced' plays."

By reminding Mr. Hawtrey of theatregoers I pulled him off the lounge.

"I don't think," he said, pacing slowly up and down the room, "that English theatregoers care a straw about the censorship. Their interest lies entirely in seeing what they consider a good play. A man and a boy may make a lot of noise—in fact, they may go to the theatre for no other purpose—but their outcry is directed against the censor as an institution, not against the censor as an author.

"This attitude was plainly shown in the reception on the first night of 'Dear Old Charlie.' Nine out of ten people who go to the theatre in England come away without knowing who wrote the play. Aside from Shaw and Pinero, an author's name isn't worth six-pence in London."

SHAW AND PINERO THE TWO BIG DRAWING CARDS.

"Then Shaw still 'draws'?" I inquired.

"Pinero, of course, is considered our leading dramatist," answered Mr. Hawtrey, "but I'm not sure that Shaw isn't the bigger 'draw' of the two. One thing's certain—a play by either Shaw or Pinero can pack a London theatre for two weeks. Intelligent people will go for a fortnight to see the play for themselves, no matter whether the notices are good or bad. After that the play must depend upon mouth-to-mouth advertising. A manager may plaster the boardings with bills, but it won't do him a bit of good. The public knows all about his play. He only wastes money in talking about it himself."

Mr. Hawtrey returned to the lounge and rested his head upon his hands.

"The theatrical situation in England seems to be growing more desperate every day," he reflected. "The expense of conducting a theatre is steadily increasing, and at the present time there is a dearth of plays. There is also a dearth of young acting talent, especially in girls. I believe the talent is there, but there are very few chances to bring it to light. A manager, in view of his heavy expenses, cannot afford to make experiments. If he gives a newcomer a chance and he or she doesn't make good at the very first moment, people in the stalls turn away from the stage and level their glasses upon the boxes. There is no mistaking this sign. It means the failure of a production, and it makes managers realize that their only safety lies in actors and actresses whose names are known. That's the theatrical situation in London to-day, and that's why managers are taking no chances."

Tallyho to Boom Parade.

The Women's Political Union will send out a tallyho from the headquarters, No. 46 East Twenty-ninth street, at 3 P. M. to-day to advertise the coming suffrage parade on May 4. A feminine whip of prominence will tool the coach and the bugle call will be given by the prettiest girl in the party. The route will be uptown, through Madison and Fifth avenues, with a dash into Broadway.

Opera Season Closes To-Night After 22 Weeks

One of the Most Successful Years Ever Known, With the Artistic Standards Set High—"Orfeo," in English in Concert Form, To-Morrow Night.

By SYLVESTER RAWLING.

"ORFEO," Claudio Monteverde's opera, produced in 1607, probably the first to deserve the appellation according to modern ideas, is to be presented in concert form at the Metropolitan Opera House to-morrow night. It will be sung in English to a text translated from the original by Charles Henry Meltzer. This is said to be a first concession by Mr. Gatti to the movement for presenting opera in the vernacular. The rumor is that at least two foreign operas are to be sung in English next season. The principal characters in "Orfeo" will be impersonated by Rita Fornia, Maria Duchene, Anna Case, Henrietta Wakefield, Hermann Weil, Herbert Witherspoon and Basly Ruysdael. Josef Pasternack will conduct. The chorus has been drilled by that master artist, Giulio Setti.

The regular season of opera ends to-night with a performance of the double bill "Haensel und Gretel" and "Cavalleria." It has lasted twenty-two weeks and has proved most successful. No more artistic presentations of opera have been seen in this city. Mr. Gatti, besides his capacity for management within the house, would seem to have gauged the public taste, for the audiences have been consistently larger than in any previous season. Only one general complaint has been made. There has not been enough French opera. The great success which has attended the revival of Massenet's "Manon," at almost the end of this season, presages a restoration to the repertory next season of French operas in a fairer proportion to Italian and German operas. And some operas in English may be looked for.

There were no duplicates this season of the sensations that accompanied last season the productions of "The Girl of the Golden West," "Koenigskinder" and "Natoma," with the presence of the composers making gala occasions and the directors giving receptions and suppers after the performances. But Mr. Gatti presented several new works that are to his credit. If Prof. Parker's $10,000 prize-winning American opera "Mona" failed to win the hoped for public favor it was no fault of the manager's. At any rate, the directors gave Mr. Parker a dinner. Other new works put on were Wolf-Ferrari's "The Jewels of the Madonna," about which there were divided opinion, and the same composer's "Inquisitive Women," universally acclaimed. Besides there were "Versiegelt" and "Lobetanz," of the success of which there could be no doubt.

Most of the old favorite singers have retained their popularity and some new ones have found instant favor. Chief among the latter are Margarete Matzenauer, the German contralto, and our own native-born baritone-basso, Putnam Griswold, who, by his voice and artistry, has succeeded in eclipsing the memory of most of his predecessors.

Next season Mr. Gatti promises twenty-three weeks of opera, with most of the old artists retained and new ones to be engaged. The repertory, as said before, is likely to include a much larger share of French opera.

The company goes to Boston for the first half of next week. On Thursday and Friday it is to give performances in Baltimore. Then it goes to Atlanta for a week. After that it will scatter until next November.

A NEW DOUBLE BILL PROVES A RELIEF FROM THE OLD ONE.

"Versiegelt"—instead of "Cavalleria"—and "Pagliacci" in the double bill, at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, served to draw the fifth capacity audience of the week. Nothing like the support of opera by the public in the last days of the season is on record. Just ask Mr. Bull at the door, who has more facts and figures at his finger ends in a minute than most of us have in a month. Happily Mr. Bull has survived many administrations, been faithful to each, and can refresh the memories of all of us.

The performance was worthy of the acclaim it got. The delicious humor of the comedy in "Versiegelt" was maintained by Johanna Gadski in a manner surprising to people who know her only as the impersonator of the heroic Brunnhilde and the imperious Isolde. She was ably suported by that incomparable artist, Otto Goritz; the fascinating Bella Alten and the versatile Albert Reiss, who took the part previously played by Hermann Jadlowker, gone to Berlin, and added to his laurels. Marie Mattfeld, Marcel Reiner and Basil Ruysdael completed the cast of principal singers, under the masterful direction of Alfred Hertz. The comedy of Leo Blech was highly appreciated.

In "Pagliacci," of course, Caruso carried off the honors. He sang at his best and was as effective as ever in his acting. Bernice de Pasquali was Nedda, Amato was Tonio, Bada was Beppe, and Reschiglian was Silvio, Sturani conducting.

MADAM CHARLES-CAHIER WINS FAVOR AS AMNERIS.

What a pity that Mme. Charles-Cahier, who made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House a few evenings ago as Azucena in "Trovatore," did not first appear as Amneris in "Aida," for which she was cast at a special matinee performance yesterday! While she did not eclipse memories of more than one impersonation of the Egyptian Princess, she commanded respect both by her singing and acting, despite the tremolo that, indisputably, is hers. She was the dominating woman character of the opera. Marie Rappold, with her voice of excellent quality, failed to make it and her impersonation sufficiently impressive to eclipse her. Riccardo Martin, in effective costumes, was an excellent Radames, and Dinh Gilly, barelegged and picturesque, was a fine Amonasro. Didur was Ramfis and Rossi was the King. Audisio was the Messenger and Lenora Sparkes sang the music of the unseen priestess beautifully. Sturani conducted.

OPERA HOUSE USHERS ARE TO HAVE ANNUAL SUPPER.

The ushers of the Metropolitan Opera House, as capable and obliging a set of young men as one could wish or hope to meet, as all the patrons of the opera house know, will hold their annual beefsteak dinner in Healy's Dungeon Room at midnight after the opera season closes to-night. It is purely their own function and they expect to have lots of fun all to themselves. If they would consent to let down the bars they would be flooded with applications for tickets, but wisely they refrain from inviting outsiders. Here's success to them!

CONCERTS AND RECITALS OF THE COMING WEEK.

If the opera season has died hard, the concert season is dying harder. Following are the concerts and recitals announced for the coming week:

SUNDAY—Afternoon, the Barrere Ensemble of Wind Instruments, at the Belasco Theatre, assisting artist Andre Caplet, pianist, his first appearance in New York; People's Symphony Concert, the last of the season, at Carnegie Hall, an all-Wagner programme, with Heinrich Meyer, baritone, soloist; musicale for the Arthur Home for blind babies at Delmonico's, Edwin Grasse, the blind violinist, among the many soloists, and Prof. Samuel Baldwin's free organ recital at the City College. Evening, John McCormack, the famous Irish tenor, in farewell recital at Carnegie Hall, in popular operatic arias and Irish folk-songs, assisted by Marie Narelli; the 104th annual concert of "The Pierian Sodality Orchestra" of Harvard University, at the Hotel Astor, and the third invitation concert of the Liederkranz Society, Florence Hinkle soprano, Carl Schlegel baritone, and Harold Bauer pianist, at the clubhouse.

MONDAY — Afternoon, William J. Craft's free organ recital at St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University. Evening, Hans Kronold, 'cellist, in popular concert at Cooper Union, assisted by Rose Elsie Schoverling, Elizabeth Morrison and Edward Rechlin.

TUESDAY—Afternoon, second sonata recital by Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes at Rumford Hall.

WEDNESDAY — Afternoon, special spring concert by the MacDowell Chorus, Kurt Schindler conductor, for the benefit of the MacDowell Chorus Student Fund, assisted by the Mendelssohn Glee Club, Clarence Dickinson conductor, at Carnegie Hall, and Prof. Samuel A. Baldwin's free organ recital at the College of the City of New York. Evening, last concert of the Mozart Society at the Hotel Astor, Mary Garden soloist.

THURSDAY — Morning, concert for the benefit of the Home for Convalescents at the Hotel Plaza, Gertrude Claire Duffey, Cecile Ayres and Franklin Holding, soloists.

FRIDAY — Afternoon, sonata recital by Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes, Rumford Hall.

Curtis Burnley's recital of songs and impressions of the negro, the child and the society woman was favorably received by a friendly audience at the Belasco Theatre yesterday afternoon. She was assisted by Norah Hensley, Caryl Bensel and Mrs. Louis H. Smith. Mrs. Burnley showed a considerable sense of humor and was able to convey it without effort across the footlights. She got many laughs which were deserved.

Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes gave the first of their matinee sonata recitals at Rumford Hall yesterday to the delight of an appreciative audience. The programme comprised compositions by Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms, Grieg and Debussy and three numbers were demanded over again.

Henrietta Wakefield, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has been engaged by Walter Damrosch to sing Juanita, the principal character in his opera "The Dove of Peace," to be produced next November.

Walter Damrosch and the Symphony Orchestra will start on their annual spring tour next Monday, which will extend through the South and the Middle West.

THE CARPET FROM BAGDAD

A ROMANCE OF BROADWAY AND THE SAHARA

BY HAROLD M'GRATH

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A company of crooks meet at Cairo, Egypt, with the purpose of despoiling a rich young American rug merchant named George Percival Algernon Jones. The gang consists of Ryanne, a dashing adventurer; Wallace and Callahan, two card sharps and smugglers, and Mrs. Chedsoye. Mrs. Chedsoye's daughter Fortune is ignorant of the plot and finds herself attracted to Jones, who at once falls in love with her. Ryanne has stolen from Bagdad a sacred prayer rug or carpet known as "the Holy Yhlordes," Arabs are in pursuit of him to recover the rug and to kill the thief. Ryanne sells the rug to Jones. The conspirators meet to discuss their plans against Jones. Callahan protests that the venture is too perilous, but Mrs. Chedsoye overrules him. Ryanne asks Mrs. Chedsoye for Fortune's hand. The mother jealously refuses. Ryanne steals a cablegram addressed to Jones and forges an answer to it. Mesulima Mohammed-El-Gebel, guardian of the Yhlordes, reaches Cairo in search of the rug and of vengeance for its theft. Ryanne knows this and plans to turn the Arab's wrath from himself and upon Jones. Fortune meets Ryanne in the bazaars. He makes covert love to her. Mohammed, seeing them, resolves to punish Ryanne through the girl. Mohammed confronts Ryanne later, and learns from him that Jones has the rug. Ryanne urges Mohammed to kidnap Jones and promises to help him. Mohammed agrees, pretending to hold no resentment against Ryanne, but secretly planning to be revenged upon him.

CHAPTER XI.

(Continued.)

Mohammed Laughs.

WHEN George rolled out of bed it was eleven. He bathed and dressed, absolutely content, regretless of the morning hours he had wasted. Truth to tell he hadn't enjoyed sleep so thoroughly in weeks. He set to work ridding the room of its clutter of books and clothes and what-not. Might as well get the bulk of his packing out of the way while he thought of it.

Why had he been in such a dreadful hurry to pull out? Cairo was just now the most delightful place he knew of. To leave behind the blue skies and warm sunshine, and to face instead the biting winds and northern snows, rather dispirited him. He paused, a pair of trousers dangling from his hand. Pshaw! Why not admit it frankly and honestly? Wherever Fortune Chedsoye was or might be, there was the delectable country.

He hadn't thought to ask her when she was to leave, nor whither she was to go. The abruptness with which she had left him the night before puzzled rather than disturbed him. Oh, well; this old planet was neither so deep nor so round as it had once been. What with steamships and railroads, the so-called four ends were drawn closely together. He would ask her casually, as if it did not particularly matter. In Naples it would be an easy matter to change his booking to New York. From Naples to Mentone was only a question of a few hours.

"It doesn't seem possible, George, old boy, does it? But it's true, and there's no use trying to fool yourself that it isn't. Fortune Chedsoye; it will be a shame to add Jones to it, but I'm going to try."

He pressed down the last book, the last collar, the last pair of shoes, and sat upon the lid of the trunk. He growled a little. The lock was always bothering him. It was wonderful how many things a chap could take out of a trunk and how plagued few he could put back. It did not seem to relieve the pressure if he added a steamer trunk here or a suit case there; there was always just so much there wasn't any room for. Truly it needed a woman's hand to pack a trunk. However his mother in the old school days had got all his belongings into one trunk was still an unsolved mystery.

Stubborn as the lock was, perseverance overcame it. George then, as a slight diversion, spread the ancient Yhlordes over the trunk and stared at it in pleasurable contemplation. What a beauty it was! What exquisite blue, what soft reds, what minute patterns! And this treasure was his.

Fortune never knew. She sat in a chair, her fingers locked tensely, her eyes large and set in gaze, her lips compressed, her whole attitude one of impotent despair.

George did not see her at lunch, and consequently did not enjoy the hour. Was she ill? Had she gone away? Would she return before he started? He greeted the Major as one greets a long-lost friend; and by gradations George considered clever indeed, brought the conversation down to Fortune. No, the Major did not know where she was. She had gone early to the bazaars. Doubtless she was lunching alone somewhere. She had the trick of losing herself at times. Mrs. Chedsoye was visiting friends at Shepheard's. When did Mr. Jones leave for America? What! on the morrow? The Major shook his head regretfully. There was no place like Cairo for Christmas.

George called a carriage, drove about the principal streets and shopping districts, and used his eyes diligently; but it was love's labor lost. Not even when he returned at tea-time did he see her. Why hadn't he known and got up? He could have shown her the bazaars; and there wasn't a dragoman in Cairo more familiar with them than he. A wasted day, totally wasted. He hung about the lounging-room till it was time to go up and dress for dinner. To-night (as if the gods had turned George's future affairs over to the care of Momus) he dressed as if he were going to the opera: swallow-tail, white vest, high collar and white lawn cravat, opera Fedora and thin-soled pumps; all those habiliments and demi-habiliments supposed to make the man.

When he reached what he thought to be the glass of fashion and the mould of form, he turned for the first time toward his trunk. He did not rub his eyes; it wasn't at all necessary; the thing he saw, or rather did not see, was established beyond a doubt, as plainly definite as two and two are four.

The ancient Yhlordes had taken upon itself one of the potentialities of its fabulous prototype, that of invisibility; it was gone.

CHAPTER XI.

Episodic.

FORTUNE had immediately returned from the bazaars. And a kind of torpor blanketed her mind, usually so fertile and active. For a time the process of evolution of thought was denied her; she tried to think, but there was an appalling lack of continuity, of broken threads. It was like one of those circumferential railways: she travelled, but did not get anywhere.

Ryanne had told her too much for his own sake, but too little for hers. She sat back in the carriage, inert and listless, and indeterminedly likened her condition to driftwood in the ebb and flow of beach waves. The color and commotion of the streets were no longer absorbed; it was as if she were riding through emptiness, through the unreality of a dream. She was oppressed and stifled, too; harbinger of storms.

Mechanically she dismissed the carriage at the hotel, mechanically she went to her room, and in this semi-conscious mood sat down in a chair, and there George's wish found her, futilely. Oh, there was one thing clear, clear as the sky outside. All was not right; something was wrong, and this wrong upon one side concerned her mother, her uncle and Ryanne, and upon the other side Mr. Jones.

Think and think as she might, her endeavors gave her no single illumination. Four blind walls surrounded her. The United Romance and Adventure Company—there could not possibly be such a thing in existence. It was a jest of Ryanne's to cover up something far more serious.

She pressed her eyes with a hand. They ached dully, the dull pain of bewilderment, which these days recurred with frequency. A sense of time was lacking; for luncheon hour came and passed without her being definitely aware of it. This in itself was a puzzle. A jaunt, such as she had taken that morning, always keened the edge of her appetite, and yet there was no craving whatever.

Where was her mother? If she would only come now, the cumulative doubts of all these months should be put into speech. They had treated her as one would treat a child; it was neither just nor reasonable. If not as a child, but as one they dared not trust, then they were afraid of her. But why? She pressed her hands together impotently. Ryanne, clever as he was, had made a slip or two which he had sought to cover up with a jest. Why should he confess himself to be a rogue unless his tongue had got the better of his discretion? If he was a rogue, why should her mother and her uncle make use of him, if not for roguery's sake?

They were fools, fools! If they had but seen and understood her as she was she would have gone to the bitter end with them loyally, with sealed lips. But no; they had chosen not to see, and in this had morally betrayed her. Ah, it rankled, and the injustice of it grew from pain to fury. At that moment, had she known anything, she certainly would have denounced them. Of what use was loyalty since none of them sought it in her?

The Major was wiser than he knew when he spoke of the hundredth danger, the danger unforeseen, the danger against which they could make no preparation. And he would have been first to sense the irony of it could he have seen where this danger lay.

Why should they wish the pleasant young man out of the way? Why should Ryanne wish to inveigle him into the hands of this man Mohammed? Was it merely self-preservation, or something deeper, more sinister? Think! Why couldn't she think of something? It was only a little pleasure trip to Cairo, they had told her, and when she had asked to go along they seemed willing enough. But they had come to this hotel, when formerly they had always put up at Shepheard's. And here again the question, why?

Was it because Mr. Jones was staying here? She liked him, what little she had seen of him. He was out of an altogether different world than that to which she was accustomed. He was neither insanely mad over cards nor a social idler. He was a young man with a real interest in life, a worker, notwithstanding that he was reputed to be independently rich. And her mother had once borrowed money of him, never intending to pay it back. The shame of it! And why should she approach him the very first day and recall the incident, if not with the ulterior purpose of using him further? As a ball strikes a wall only to rebound to the thrower, so it was with all these questions. There was never any answer.

Tired out, mentally and physically, she laid her head upon the cool top of the stand. And in this position her mother, who had returned to dress for tea, found her. Believing Fortune to be asleep, Mrs. Chedsoye dropped a hand upon her shoulder.

Fortune raised her head.

"Why, child, what is the matter?" the mother asked. The face she saw was not tear-stained; it was as cold and passionless as that by which sculptors represent their interpretations of Justice.

"Matter?" Fortune spoke, in a tone that did not reassure the other. "In the first place I have only one real question to ask. It depends upon how you answer it. Am I really your daughter?"

"Really my daughter?" Mrs. Chedsoye stepped back, genuinely astonished. "Really my daughter? The child is mad!" as if addressing an imaginary third person. "What makes you ask such a silly question?" She was in a hurry to change her dress, but the new attitude of this child of hers warranted some patience.

"That is no answer," said Fortune, with the unmoved deliberation of a prosecuting attorney.

"Certainly you are my daughter."

"Good. If you had denied it I should have held my peace; but since you admit that I am of your flesh and blood I am going to force you to recognize that in such a capacity I have some rights. I did not ask to come into this world; but inasmuch as I am here I propose to become an individual, not a thing to be given bread and butter upon sufferance. I have been talking with Horace. I met him in the bazaars this morning. He said some things which you must answer."

"Horace? And what has he said, pray tell?" Her expression was disdainful, but a certain inquietude penetrated her heart and accelerated its beating. What had the love-lorn fool said to the child?

"He said that he was not a good man, and that you tolerated him because he ran errands for you. What kind of errands?"

Mrs. Chedsoye did not know whether to laugh or take the child by the shoulders and shake her soundly. 'He was laughing when he said that. Errands? One would scarcely call it that."

"Why did you renew the acquaintance with Mr. Jones, when you knew that you never intended paying back that loan?"

Here was a question, Mrs. Chedsoye realized from the look of the child, that would not bear evasion.

"What makes you think I never intended to repay him?"

Fortune laughed. It did not sound grateful in the mother's ears.

"Mother, this is a crisis; it can not be met by counter-questions nor by flippancy. You know that you did not intend to pay him. What I demand to know is, why you spoke to him again, so affably, why you seemed so eager to enter into his good graces once more. Answer that."

Her mother pondered. For once she was really at a loss. The unexpectedness of this phase caught her off her balance. She saw one thing vividly, regretfully: she had missed a valuable point in the game by not adjusting her play to the growth of the child, who had, with that phenomenal suddenness which still baffles the psychologists, stepped out of girlhood into womanhood, all in a day. What a fool she had been not to have left the child at Mentone!

"I am waiting," said Fortune. "There are more questions; but I want this one answered first."

"This is pure insolence!"

"Insolence of a kind, yes."

"And I refuse to answer. I have some authority still."

"Not so much, mother, as you had yesterday. You refuse to explain?"

"Absolutely!"

"Then I shall judge you without mercy." Fortune rose, her eyes blazing passionately. She caught her mother by the wrist, and she was the stronger of the two. "Can't you understand? I am no longer a child; I am a woman. I do not ask; I demand!" She drew the older woman toward her, eye to eye. "You palter, you always palter; palter and evade. You do not know what frankness and truth are. Is this continual evasion calculated to still my distrust? Yes, I distrust you—you, my mother. You have made the mistake of leaving me alone too much. I have always distrusted you, but I never knew why."

(To Be Continued)

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