Martin? Certainly I'm glad Annie Lee didn't invite him to-night!)"

"Well, never mind," the voice continued, "I shall forgive you this time, if you will do me a favor in return. I want you to help me out with that good memory of yours."

"What is it you want to remember? (How does he know anything about my memory? I never saw him before in my life!)"

"Well, of course you will laugh when I tell you; but there is such an awfully pretty girl in town—a visitor, I am sure, and I want to find out who she is and where she is staying. Her initials are A. L. P., and—"

"A. L. P., you say—let me think a minute. (That's funny). What does she look like, Mr. Harraden?"

"Oh, a perfect beauty! Real Irish type; rather tall, stunning figure—and such eyes, all over her face! You must know whom I mean, if you have ever seen her. Nobody could forget that face."

"Then I am sure I have never seen her, for I can't think of any girl here answering to that description. Where did you meet her?"

"I haven't met her at all; that is—"

"Oh, I see, just a little flirtation."

"Not a bit of it! She wouldn't have it, although I gave her chances enough. I'll tell you all about it, if you will promise not to give me away. I went out to the club this morning, to golf."

"What club?"

"The Hermitage of course. I believe you are still half asleep. Well, I was just in the midst of an elegant game and having the time of my life, when an Irish beauty appeared, and—"

"Spoiled it all, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, at first I was cut up about it; but that was before I had a good look at her. You ought to see that girl drive—for all the world like a man! It was the first time I had played in a couple of years, so I got pretty well rattled when I saw her put up such a stiff game, and used my putter to clear a bunker and landed right in it, of course. Hello, hello, I say! what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing. I was just laughing at your ridiculous mistake. (I wonder if I haven't made one myself? At any rate I'll see this through). But how did you finally meet her? This is getting interesting."

"I never met her at all. I simply followed her around the links for an hour or so, just to watch her fine playing, you see, picking up my ball when she wasn't looking my way, and playing it whenever I was close behind her."

"(So that's how he kept so close, was it?" the girl murmured with a low laugh. "I thought there was something funny about it). Well, sir?"

The voice over the wires continued: "I think she got horribly rattled after awhile, for she drove clear into a brook, when she wasn't ten feet away."

"And of course you came to her rescue? (Oh, I'll get even with you, yet, for that foozle!) or were you too far off?"

"Too far off? I think my being so close was what caused the mischief. Well, to make a long story short, I found the ball, for which service she thanked me graciously, with the sweetest voice I ever heard; and after that I let her keep ahead of me, but not too far, you understand, until she reached the last green. In her hurry to catch a car, she left her brassie lying on the ground. Fortunately for me, it had her initials on the handle. I stopped to pick it up, and—"

"And of course you gave it back to her on the car? (I certainly am glad it isn't lost, after all)."

"I didn't get a chance—by my turning back for the blooming thing I got left. Now see here, Miss Annie Lee, I know it served me right; but I didn't expect you to say so. At any rate, you know the whole history of my morning's experience, so now come to my help, like the good friend you are, and solve the mystery of the fair unknown. I am going to come around early to-night—"

"(This is getting a little ahead of me—I had better shut him off)" the girl thought rapidly, adding aloud in a surprised tone: "To-night, Mr. Harraden? I am very sorry, but I can't possibly see you to-night."

"What's that? I don't think I quite understand you. Can't see me to-night? Well, I like that! How about that invitation to dinner to meet—"

"Invitation to dinner? What are you talking about, Mr. Harraden? You must have made another mistake to-day. I am not giving a dinner to anyone."

"Not giving a dinner? Look here Miss Annie Lee, I know I am not drunk!"

"Really, Mr. Harraden, you must have mixed me up with somebody else. (I wonder if Annie Lee has really invited him?) Why, perhaps you are thinking of Miss Annie Lee Walters—she is giving a dinner to-night. No, this certainly is not Miss Walters. Call up 932—I am sure that is her number. And, Mr. Harraden, just a moment, please. Would you mind giving her that brassie, to-night? She will keep it for me."

"For whom?"

"For me," sweetly. "You see, it was a new one, and I should hate so to—What is that?—so sorry you made the mistake? Just call 932, and you will get—left again to-day," she ended with a merry laugh, as she pressed her hand firmly on the gong to muffle its continued furious ringing.

Finally it ceased, and Miss Porter returned to her comfortable sofa, first taking the precaution to stuff her handkerchief in the gong—she wasn't anxious for Martin Harraden to get Annie Lee on the 'phone just then. Evidently Harraden was coming to dinner that evening. Strange that Annie Lee had not mentioned his name before!

Suddenly Annie Lee Porter sat up on the sofa and stared at the fire with the overwhelming conviction that she had been talking to the man who was to take her in to dinner.

"Won't he be surprised, when he recognizes his Irish beauty 'golf and telephone-girl' in the guest of honor to-night?" she exclaimed, laughing merrily at the thought of the horror his voice had expressed when he discovered that he had been talking to the wrong person.

"Well, I think we are square now; but won't I tease him about that putter? It was horrid of me to let him talk on, when I found out who he was; but it was such a good joke; and, really at first I thought it was a love-sick old codger who would make me good and tired. Well," as she slowly rose to dress, "he certainly was good-looking, and he didn't seem a bit conceited. I am right glad he is coming to-night."

*

Dressed in a soft, shimmering, white gown, a bunch of violets at her breast, Miss Porter stood beside her hostess in the brilliantly lighted drawing-room, receiving their guests.

Her large, dark-gray eyes, shaded by long, sweeping, black lashes, sparkled. Just behind her, to the left, stood a tall, pink-shaded lamp, casting its rosy glow over her bright, piquant face, while a vase of magnificent American beauties on the mantel bent their stately heads toward her, as if in homage to the rival beauty.

It formed a beautiful picture, and Martin Harraden, entering the room a few minutes late, murmured something in a low tone to his companion, and then suddenly paused with an exclamation of incredulity, as Miss Porter, turning her head slightly, looked straight at him with those "big, gray eyes, all over her face."

His dark, sunburned face still flushed, and his usually suave, gracious manner was slightly embarrassed, as Miss Porter, acknowledging her hostess' introduction, said calmly: "Oh, Mr. Harraden and I are already quite good friends, particularly on the golf links."

Miss Walters' face plainly expressed the surprise she felt, as she said in an aggrieved tone: "Why didn't you tell me before, Annie Lee, that you had already met Martin? I've a great mind not to let you two go in to dinner together, after all."

"Please don't do that," Harraden protested, having fully recovered his composure; "for then I should be the one punished, while the guilty party was enjoying herself with some one else."

"I don't suppose you can be referring to me as the 'guilty party'?" Miss Porter said with a challenging glance. "Annie Lee never gave me a chance to find out that you were the one I saw on the links, and I discovered it only by accident."

She did not seem to think it necessary to explain how or when she had made the discovery, nor would she meet the questioning look Harraden gave her, as they passed into the dining-room and heard Jack Bransford say to Annie Lee Walters:

"What is the matter with your 'phone? I tried for nearly an hour this afternoon to get you up, but couldn't get anyone to answer."

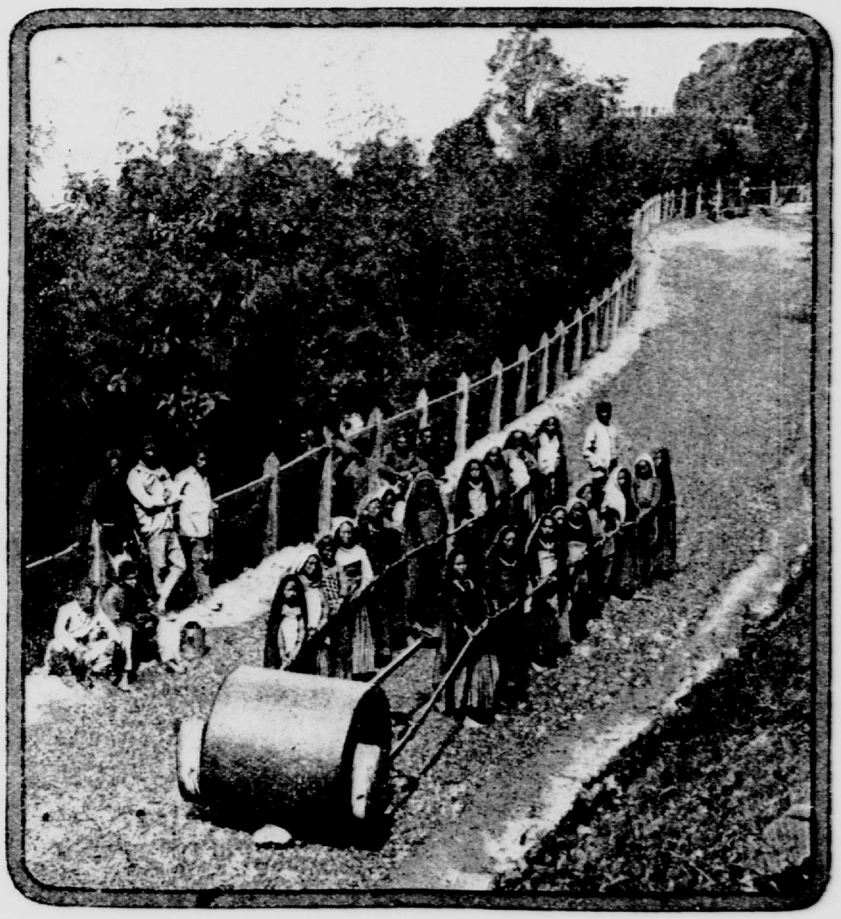
"Then Central couldn't have given you connection," Annie Lee answered; "for Miss Porter was in the next room all the afternoon, and would certainly have heard the bell."

Miss Porter, remembering the muffled gong, had the grace to blush.

*

Annie Lee Walters always claimed the credit of having made the match between her friend and Martin Harraden; but the latter declared that Miss Porter's dark-gray eyes had already done the mischief, when they had stood together beside the brook at the Hermitage Club, as he surrendered her his heart, along with the truant golf ball.

HINDU WOMEN AT WORK



WHEN Hindu women are spoken of, the mind instinctively conjures up a picture of beautiful creatures languishing in the seclusion of ornately decorated chambers, and breathing an atmosphere of what we regard as perfumed degradation. But as a matter of fact, while this condition is not universal throughout India, even among the upper classes—the Maratha nobles permitting their wives considerable freedom of action—the women of the masses from the necessity of things suffer no such restraint. The small farmer, artisan or coolie earns far too meager and precarious a livelihood to support a wife in such confinement as the word *zenana* suggests. His life being an endless struggle for existence, he looks to his wife for assistance, much after the manner of the French peasant. In that lower stratum of Hindu society, the wife attends to all the domestic affairs, often keeps the purse, and not infrequently assists her husband in his vocation. Upon occasion too, as necessity may enforce, she will hire herself out to perform various manual tasks, of which an illustration is herewith afforded by a team of Hindu women hauling a roller over mountain road-repairing work.

The contrast between the men standing by while the women perform such toilsome labor does not necessarily imply that the former are idle vagabonds. One is evidently a water-seller—a trade in itself—another an overseer, and as to the rest their respective castes might prohibit the hauling of a roller. They might be excellent wood-choppers; but haul a roller? Certainly not! In this particular instance it is likely that two or three generations of a single family may have been employed, so that the daily sum total of *annas* or cents made a needful addition to the family treasury. That some worthless husband seized all this for his profit or pleasure is not likely to have been the case, and it will be noticed that each of the women wears silver, or it may be even gold ornaments of one kind or other. Such are regarded as the family capital, and on no account to be sold or pledged unless in desperate straits. Neither are the Hindu women of the masses such docile, shrinking creatures as is so often represented. As the writer has witnessed, they will, when stirred to action, give an erring husband a vocal and muscular drubbing not to be excelled in vigor anywhere in the Occident.