

Princiep'—and True Love By Vingie E. Roe

[Continued from preceding page.] she did not see the glow that lighted his face. It was not until she felt his hand laid softly over hers upon the pomel that she turned and saw his features a-quiver with such adoring love that the veriest child might read. "Lilith," said Princiep', choking at the name—"Princiep', ever light with his ready tongue! "Señorita—Ma'amsele—Miss Hope—let me teach you that great love which is in my heart! Come with me to Hermosa Rancho—there are many horses there and deep rooms that need a mistress since my dear mother went away to be with the angels—and there is, Ma'amsele," he was choking now in earnest, "there is my heart, empty as those rooms!" With horror-stricken eyes the girl faced him. As the import of the desperately halting words sank into her consciousness she covered her face with her hands and all the old dizziness came back upon her so that she drooped in every line. "You, too," she muttered, "you, too, must come under my shadow. Oh, why do I mix things so!" Then she raised her head and looked deep into the warm, dark eyes through a mist of tears. "You are good and true, Princiep'," she said, simply, "but a trouble is with me always—and I cannot." "Cannot?" he cried. "Cannot—or will not? Would you—would you if you could?" For a moment she considered, watching the warm sand run like water through her tears. "Yes," said Lilith Hope, slowly at last, "yes—I think I would—if it were possible." Then she turned The Swallow back toward the town and Princiep', sick with anguish, followed silently. The world had turned over for them once again. Through the woman's mind there ran all sorts of thoughts—of the roaring trains—of the gathering of her meager possessions—of leaving the mysterious desert that she had come to love in these short weeks—of the old weary moving on once more. And Princiep', who had found his one great love, was sick inside him with an awful nausea. Just before they reached the town he drew alongside and once more touched her hand, tentatively, gently, while his eyes were deep and tender. "Tell me," he said, "is it anything that a man might help? Is it strength you need,

Ma'amsele—I am strong—a fighter. Is it money? There are cattle on Hermosa Rancho—thousand's of them. Is—" the kind voice halted a perceptible space, then went bravely on, "is it—another man?" "Yes," said Lilith Hope so low he scarcely heard, "it is a man." Then did Princiep' touch bottom. The lover's touch on her hand slipped into the close clasp of the friend. "Then I have come too late!" he cried, "you already love another!" "And with one consent they rode for the town in silence. At the hotel steps he looked up at her with a very real anguish on his handsome face. "Friends," he said, "we may still be those, Ma'amsele, can we not? You will ride with me—but the sentence was not finished, for Lilith Hope, looking across his shoulder at the tourists trudging across the sand from the incoming train that panted at the station, turned ghastly white and slid down the pillar to the porch floor. "Madre de Dios!" gasped Princiep', leaping to catch her in his arms, but he flashed a glance across his shoulder as he raised her. Several people were coming in—some train-tired women, a man or two, some children—and ahead of the rest a man in articulate sports clothing—a huge figure of a man, red of face, white of hands, with a face that caught the attention instantly. Him Princiep' marked as he carried the girl inside and literally took Dick Holloway with him with his eyes. Anna might meet the guests—or they could go unmet. In her own room a few moments later Lilith opened her blue eyes to Princiep's gaze, and if they had been lonely and weary that first enchanted night, months back, they were literally frightened to death now. But she got a grip on herself and sat up, facing the two anxious men. "All right now," she said, "a—touch of fatigue—I thank you both." But Princiep', on the stairs, looked at his friend Dick and knew it was not fatigue. Holloway also was silent. For two days Princiep' saw no brown head by the pillar. He did see, however, the new man with the red face, for he was in evidence everywhere, talking, posing, filling the eye. "How can she love this—this pig?" he asked himself, and was inclined to doubt. And then, on a morning, the stranger was gone—though it was between trains—and there were several men about the place,

two quiet chaps who looked Eastern being the most noticeable among the everchanging stream of guests. And at that dusk he was thrilled to see the brown head against the pillar and hastened to drop beside Lilith. "My friend!" he breathed in relief and joy, "Oh, my dear, dear friend!" But the friend was in sorry case indeed, for the blue eyes were sick with weeping and the sweet lips drooped like a tired child's and Princiep' longed to take her in his arms and comfort her. "Can I help?" he begged, "just any way?" Lilith shook her head. "That—" he said tentatively, "that—was—the man, Ma'amsele?" and his eyes were so earnest that the girl bit her lip to keep back the tears and answered honestly. "That—was the man." "But is he not gone?" cried Princiep', dismayed that any one who was Lilith Hope's should be able to be gone from her adorable presence. "Oh, yes," she said miserably, "he is gone." "How can you?" Wild horses in another's hands could not have dragged the answer from her,—but she answered Princiep'. "North to the hills, I think. Horseback." "To stay?" he gasped. "To stay! Ah, if she could but be sure! "I do not know," she said, and the tears dripped unobscuredly down her little chin. Verily, the old tangled trouble was neither lost nor sidetracked in this new land. Princiep' Allorez rose up—like a slim lance in the soft dusk. His eyes flashed with all his inherited fire. His gallant heart, though heavy with its own pain, was stirring with large courage for another. "Keep good heart, dear friend," he said, "good night. Buenos noches," he added in the softer tongue. Then he was gone. That was a lovely night in the desert country, soft and blue with a myriad silver stars, and the tourists slept with open windows at the Holloway Hotel. To Princiep' it was a lovely night, too,—full of thoughts of sacrifice and some that were not so noble,—for he rode El Toro northward at a steady pace and he fingered the veritable arsenal that rode his slim person fearfully. Two shiny guns hung at his hips, swung low, while in his right boot a wicked little blade was cunningly concealed. Also there was a coil of rope upon his saddlebow. But if he saw the beauties of this, his country, with the eyes of the constant lover, he felt, too, its tragedy—for would it not be pitilessly large and empty when that one sweet face was no longer a part of it? And alas! it would not be when he should

have returned from this trip,—for he, Princiep', would see that what was breaking that adorable heart should no longer break it with absence—nor with broken vows—nor with anything—and was it not likely that she—she—would wish to return to that far place, Cincinnati, O.? Thus Princiep' thought and reasoned, while El Toro's mighty hoofs tolled out the miles—northward to the hills. To Lilith Hope it was a long, long night, dark and weary. But all nights must pass, as all lives run steadily toward their end, and the faint dawn came up to burn on tired eyes, and another day began. That was a long day, too—and the girl felt miserably that Princiep' was a thing of the past, that he would no more ride El Toro to the porch steps in the dawn. She would never know the joy of The Swallow under her again! Ah, well! She would move on again,—but where now, and how? The pitifully small means that had made rest and new health possible were alarmingly shrunk now—were almost negligible. So she fretted through the day and crept like a pale ghost down to sit for one more twilight on the porch by the east pillar. The great desert spread out before her, majestic in its space and wondrous color. She knew where the water holes were, the deep arroyos. It was no longer a lonely land but peopled and infinitely dear. She hardly heard the murmur of talk down the veranda, was lost in her own miserable reverie. And then, suddenly, there came the sound of horses' hoofs, slow hoofs that were weary with long travel, and they came from the north. She listened idly for a while as they came nearer—then she rose up and laid a hand to her throat, helplessly. For around the corner of the hotel there came an odd cavalcade indeed—a nondescript horse from the livery stable at the end of the street which bore in its saddle a disreputable scarecrow of a man whose gay sport clothes were torn to ribbons on his back, whose red face was puffed and swollen as from mortal combat, and whose evil eyes shot fire and rage unspeakable—while behind this apparition there rode on El Toro that redoubtable knight, Princiep' Allorez, with tight lips and decision in every line. Straight to that east pillar they came and the astounded watchers saw that Princiep's gun was in his hand—as it had been for every mile of that long ride. "Ma'amsele," he said clearly, "here is your man. I have talk with him an' there will be no more heartaches for one of your loving nature. You shall have him all-ways—so he promise—and if he—does not play fair,

why, I am always here. Look up, dear friend, for I have brought him back to you for always." Lilith Hope did look up—with such fear and despair that she seemed like a lost soul in very truth, poised on the brink. "Brought him back!" she gasped. "Oh, my God!" The interested spectators looked, on with bated breath. The two Easterners rose quietly to their feet. "At that look on Lilith's face bewilderment fell upon Princiep'. "Did you not want him back, Señorita?" he asked. "No!" cried the girl like a shot, roused at last from her drooping. "No! It was the last I did want on this earth!" She caught her breath and rushed on, as if the flood gates of speech were opened. "I thought I had lost myself from him at last—had found peace and sanctuary! Thought I could live and rest with what money I had left of my little property—but he found me out, as he always does! He has followed me for years—and always when I thought I was safe I was not! I have been divorced from him for three of those years, but he has been like a stone on my neck always! "I could have no friends, for he said he would kill them—and he would do so! That he would kill me—and he would—!" She was trembling as with an ague, her hands clutching the pillar. "Always when the interest on my small capital came due—always at that time of year—always he has found me out! I thought—I thought I—had lost him now—but—!" "I see," said Princiep' Allorez gently, "but he came an' went—an' I brought him back. And you—do not want him, Ma'amsele?" "Want him? My Lord!" said Lilith Hope. "Then," said Princiep', smiling, "you need not have him—ever any more. You shall have me instead, an' I will—!" But here the two easterners came eagerly forward. "I beg pardon," said the foremost, "but we will take the responsibility of your hands, Mr.—Mr.—" "Allorez," said Princiep'. "Mr. Allorez, though you seem perfectly capable of assuming it, Mr. Bunt Harlin, alias Slide Frick, alias several more, will go very peaceably back to Ohio with us—where he will reside indefinitely. I can assure you." And showing a badge beneath his coat lapel the plain clothes man stepped forward with the jingle of bracelets suggestively apparent. "I think our coming hastened that ride north." There was the usual stir and commotion

in the midst of which the old trouble went away from the slim young woman by the pillar—went away forever. Went away and left her staring into the warm, dark eyes of Princiep'. "Now?" he said simply, "will you come right now—to the church at the end of the town yonder?" "Now?" said Lilith, "now?" "Right now—this very minute," said Princiep', "how wonderful—joy—Oh, this great joy! After sorrow—when I thought I had lost you forever! Have we not waited long enough?" Ah, yes! Had she not waited long enough for peace, not to mention joy! But how could she—thus—with no preparation— "Just within the hour," Princiep' was saying, as he had said, "Ride with me at dawn," that first day—impetuously, earnestly. The girl plucked at her dress. "Persuade her, Dick!" he cried, and Holloway looked gravely down into the wide blue eyes. "If you love Princiep', Miss Hope," he said, "I can only say he is strong as El Toro and kindly as The Swallow—and you will own all three, you know!" he finished with a smile. Lilith's eyes began to shine with a light akin to that which made Princiep's face so radiant. Her fingers trembled at her breast. "Wait," she said slowly, "until I change my dress." "Dios Gracious!" gasped Princiep', "hurry—my dear—I wait. Forever!" Over the desert country a great white moon was rising. El Toro and The Swallow paced slowly together—toward Hermosa Rancho. The town was its "dobe structures, its hotel and its daily rushing trains lay far behind to the north and west. Princiep' and Lilith rode into the radiant night like two children, holding hands. She had no clothes but what she wore, no possessions. "It matters not," Princiep' had declared largely, "tomorrow we shall send in and bring the so small trunk. There is El Señorita Felicitas—a trifle large, her garments, now, but who cares, Oh, my beloved? And we have each other. Is it not good, Miss Hope—" he checked himself and laughed that soft happy laughter which life ever offered to Princiep'. "Señora Lilith Allorez, is it not sweet and good, this my country?" "Sweet as—as heaven, I think," said Lilith tremulously, "for you people it, Princiep', with faith and honesty and kindness—and love." "Ah, yes," said Princiep', fervently, "with love always!" [Copyright: 1921, By Vingie E. Roe.]

ARABELLA DART, MAN-HATER By Elizabeth Jordan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE as it should be. She preferred to be alone. She remembered that there was one spot left, a lonely one, in which she could fitly spend the last mournful hour of her final evening. It was the hammock under the trees near the bay trail—the hammock she had so warmly recommended to Mr. Larkin on the night of his arrival in camp. Before two minutes had passed she was established in it. She closed her eyes, but she could not doze, though above her head the night wind was singing a soothing lullaby in the branches of the big cedar. Her thoughts were busy, almost morbidly so, with irritating details of the days just past—days pervaded with the presence of "the woman hater," as the girl called him. She seemed to hear again his light, almost contemptuous laugh, to see again the impersonal way in which his dark eyes swept over her, as if, she fiercely told herself, she were an inanimate object in his path. Indeed, she seemed

even less than that, for he might deign to notice the inanimate object if only to remove it, whereas his pervading presence in her path, served to convince her that he was equally indifferent to her and to the path. Her campaign against him had failed. She frankly admitted that. She had meant to teach him a lesson, and she had taught him nothing. That in itself was humiliating. That must account, surely, for her unwillingness to go away and leave him behind, untaught. Or was she, perhaps, that most abominable of creatures, the woman whose heart goes out to the man who browbeats and bullies her? She turned sick at the thought. Well, if she were indeed such a poor creature, no one should ever know it—no one—no one! She did not hear his step along the trail, but she saw the light of his cigar before he spoke, and confusedly scrambled out of her hammock. He seemed surprised by the sudden apparition. "Don't bother to leave," he said so-

renely. "I don't really want the hammock." He was standing directly in her path, and now, without a word, she tried to pass him. The one thing she could not endure, she told herself, was to listen to another word of his abominable, cynical talk. "Going? What's the rush?" He blocked the trail, his cigar in his hand, his eyes on its blazing end. "Let me pass, please. I'm leaving tomorrow, and I shall go to bed early." "Leaving? Are you? Humph!" He threw the cigar away from him and took a step toward her. "That's good," Arabella expected to hear him say, buoyantly, but he said nothing more. Instead, an incredible thing happened. He very quietly opened his arms and drew her into them. For an instant she struggled fiercely. Then, under the rush of conflicting emotions that beset her, she began to cry against his breast weakly and helplessly, like a child. "Arabella, Arabella!"

She felt his lips on her face, kissing away her tears. "O, my darling," he added, "don't you think this nonsense has lasted long enough? Don't you think it's time we admitted the truth?" She tried to draw back and look at him, but he held her close. "I love you," he said brokenly. "I've loved you from the time I saw you at the Matthews' ball in New York last winter. I didn't meet you that night, though I tried to. You were surrounded ten deep, and no one would take time to fight through the lines and present me. I had just got back from France, you know, and I didn't get my discharge till April. Then I heard that you were engaged, and later that the engagement was broken. I came up here running, because I knew you were here, but Cap'n told me how you felt and said there was no chance for me, or for anybody. He wanted me to go home and wait till next summer. But of course I couldn't do that!" Somehow, Arabella did not know just

how he had seated her in the hammock and was sitting beside her, holding both her hands. "I realized that, under the conditions," he hurried on, "I'd have to make a new kind of attack. So I posed as a woman hater. Of course I overdid it horribly," he added frankly. "But I was desperate. I thought if I could get you to notice me, to think of me, even to hate me, it would be a big step forward. But I can't let you go away without knowing the truth. He stopped a moment, but as she did not speak, he continued. "You're going to marry me, Arabella," he told her very gently. "I think you'd better do it right off, and learn to love me afterwards." "Then—you—don't—hate us all?" The inquiry came out in childish gulps. The recent tension on Arabella's nerves was having its effect. "You bet I don't. I never have. I've never really loved anyone before, though once or twice I thought I did. But the particular brand of wretchedness and

rapture, of despair and hope, of love and longing, of wanting you every minute, which I've gone through since I first met you last winter is all new to me. And the farce I had to keep up nearly killed me. O, Arabella—it was he who gulped now, boyishly—"I can't stand any more. Don't be cruel. Don't play with me. Don't pretend you don't understand. Please, please, try to love me!" Down on the pebbly beach the rising waves kissed the shore. In the little cedar grove the night wind kissed the treetops. In the hammock, and for just a moment, Arabella struggled with the old desire to pay off that score. If he had been less humble she might have done it. But he was looking at her with the eyes of a lover—and also with those of an unhappy, repentant small boy. Arabella leaned forward and tenderly, almost maternally, kissed the repentant small boy. [Copyright: 1919, by Elizabeth Jordan.] Next week an original story entitled "The Bride," by Jennette Lee, will appear in this section.

IN ESTHONIA: The Memorial in the Heart of an Ancient Wood—By Fullerton L. Waldo

ONE day last summer I was rustling about in a great, wild wood in Esthonia, on the warm south side of the gulf of Finland. This forest is on the bay just west of the old city of Reval, a city of turrets and battlements and ramparts that has stepped breathing out of the fairy tales, for all the world like a picture by Howard Pyle or Maxfield Parrish. Long years ago a wise old little man of Reval, with his spectacles on the end of his nose, had pointed and tugged to set up a row of gravestones of the thirteenth century somewhere in the dim heart of that ancient wood, and I was hunting for them. And that is how I came upon the children—or rather, how the children came on me. Suddenly through the leaves I descried a cottage that would have satisfied the witch of "Hansel and Gretel," and as I parted the baby saplings of the white birch with my hands for a wider vista a German police-dog plunged from his kennel to the end of his chain and set the very leaves quivering with his indignation. The fierce, hard darkness of his eyes said to me, "Not in ten years will I melt into friendliness." I could not think of a language or a gesture that would penetrate the steel proof of his training and such his faithful dog heart toward the stranger I would always be. So I stood and looked at him, and he stood all-fours and looked at me. A small red spider was free to climb laboriously across a thread between us—and with the spider

away one could have imagined that glistening thread was the hair of a dryad caught as she saw me and was shy and fitted off through the underwood. The dog was still and I was still and the leaves under the warm sun were "steeped in silence." How long we might have stood, deadlocked as to our eyes and our intentions, I do not know. I might soon have broken the silence by wheedling and supplication: he might have shouted back at me after his kind, or he might have torn and moaned at his chain, or he might have remained a frozen hostility there, with a heart of stone—bellicose, alert, tauffibred, interminably. But then the children came. THE children—they called on him by name. "Troll, Troll, be quiet, sir! This is a friend!" They ran their hands in his fluffed and bristling hair. They laughed and fondled him away from his militaristic hauteur and his fierce Prussian poses into a foolish, lamblike gentleness. He poked a wet nose in their hands, he rubbed against their berry-stained kirtles, he lowered his proud head against their brown bare legs and feet, till they undid his rattling chain and murmured in his uplifted ears and let him go. They had vouched for me, and made me one of them ere a word had passed between us, and I was safe because they gave the dog their word for me. Not otherwise. Loosening a chain for him, they had released me too, for the dog's stricture was my own. I felt a child's soft, warm hand wriggle into mine, and there was a purring prattle of the German of the Baltic in my ears.

The mother described the steps from the vine-clad veranda, and as she came she rolled her needles and gray wool in her work apron. With grave eyes, she outbid her hand to me, a stranger frankly welcome. How glad they were to go with their mother and with me, to look for the old stones in the wood! They knew the story of the stones as it were one of their own picture books. For the story was part of the family chronicle, passing from garrulous lips to listening ear by the fireside of winter nights while the kettle hissed and the cat lay with her paws tucked under. The children had been told how grandfather with a creaking ox cart moved the stones from the moldering cloister wall in the old town to preserve them, and then gave years of his life to putting them in place along a woodland avenue which he named the "Appian Way,"—to picking out from moss and lichen the archaic inscriptions—to the writing of a book that through the text and picture-brought alive the bygone civilization and the culture history of the Baltic provinces and the ancient Balt regime. The children were too little to understand some of the hard names and the long words, but they were not too little to understand that grandfather had done a laborious, a selfless and an honorable thing, whereof men spoke with praise, and that these old stones in the wood, with their saints and knights and cherubim, were a heritage more precious than the brilliants that are worn for vain adornment on a finger or against a lady's throat. They were taught that when they grew to man's estate and woman's they, too, must cherish and conserve these stones that grandfather had

loved and guarded. They had been given to believe that in the "Appian Way" they must walk softly and not raise their voices, for it was a temple not less holy than the Nikolai Kirche that is in Reval, where they went on winter Sundays to dangle their legs in the carved stall of the Blackheads before the oaken pulpit, the seven-branched brazen candlestick and the reredos wrought by one of grandfather's grandfathers nine years before Columbus found America. The knights whose names and escutcheons were on the stones were "good knights, friends of God," as Archbishop Turpin says in the "Song of Roland." I HEARD a small cry from the grass, and the youngest toddler was upreaching his brown arms to me to tell me he was tired. His lips were purple with the smear of berries and in his eyes the tear drops glistened. I set him like a posy on my shoulder, one of his heels in my handkerchief pocket, as in a stirrup, and from his height he looked down blueberry on me, on the red clay path, on the other children, on the tortoiseshell comb in his mother's hair, and was magnanimously pleased. And so, one riding and the rest afoot, we made our pilgrimage. The dog—the gleaming teeth and raucous voice forgotten now—would rummage and return, as a dog will. The youngest felt he must join the rest, and he climbed down me, pocket by pocket, to share their "traffics" and discoveries. One of them came out of the wood with a fungus, as big as one of our apple pies at home, and asked his mother if he might eat it. Another came with a pink-pleated round-stool and met with a similar polite refusal. But there were no tears, for there was too

much else to do. "No working day is quite so busy as the one that children with a dog spend in the woods. And half the fun of it is to have the older folk plod soberly along and form a sort of peripatetic point of departure. These adults with their conversation, stumpy and sedate and three feet higher up, serve as a compass and an orientation. They are useful to keep the path, like the string laid down by Gretel when she went with the Baba into the Wood. So the children ran, and leaped like fire, and laughed and danced like water, through a fairland of bluebells and daisies between the primitive woodland and the sea. Then fearfully they peeped over the torn and tangled verge of the embankment through gnarled roots and stumps at men on the beach below, who had come with a boat and metal implements and might be hiding pirate gold. But alas! no high romance and no adventure here. The invaders from the sea were only spoiling the beach with crowbars, mining grindstones for the government. The government, said mother, came and took, and paid for nothing, and the beautiful oats along the edge of the sea here and there had fallen into the pits these men were digging with their sweat and oaths and cheap tobacco, where once the Pipes of Pan were blowing and the fauns were frolicsome in the moonlight on the sea. A wave of Red fury and foray had passed over the town two years before, and when it receded it had taken with it the head of the household to be imprisoned somewhere for the crime of belonging to the old, proud Baltic bourgeoisie. Beneath my very window in that town there walked the solemn irony of the funeral procession of a navy

officer, slain because he insisted on discipline aboard one of the three destroyers comprising the Esthonian navy. They found his body with the throat cut under the bushes outside the restaurant on the hill where I dined and watched the Russian refugees a-dancing for the pleasure of the diners. And so we came to where they were to show me the beautiful old stones, the quaint and unreplaceable memorials of the past. Against such graven images as these no prohibition stands, for they carried down the centuries the names and the graces and the virtues of a shining company of those whose coming blest the earth and whose going left it poorer, we are sure. HERALDIC emblems of the days "when knighthood was in flower" had been violently pried from pillars and tablets and hurled to the ground. The gentle faces of the saints looked up in wonderment from piles of rubble where they lay. Crosses and keys and helmets that had been cut in stone with infinite care were strewn about in a confusion that would have pleased the maddest moments of Cromwell's Ironsides among the English cathedrals. A lion's paw, an angel's wing, a maiden's nose or a knight's mailed fist peeped out of the stone splinters in a way to wring with anguish the heart of any with the least historic instinct or the smallest sentimental interest. Solemnly the children, standing with their hands clasped, gazed at the ruin, and then looked up at me. The mother spoke. She had not often spoken on the way. She said, "You see"—and then she caught her breath, and tried again—"You see, the Bolsheviks have been here."