

## SCENE OF ASBURY PARK BABY PARADE; SOME YOUNGSTERS WHO TRY FOR PRIZES



More than 250 youngsters have been enrolled for the baby parade which is to be held in Asbury Park, N. J., on Sept. 4. The parade is an annual event, but this year the promoters have arranged for the biggest display

In the history of the famous summer resort. Besides prizes for the prettiest, fattest, smallest and largest babies, there will be trophies for the most attractive float in the pageant and for the little contestant coming the longest distance to participate in the event. One year a baby from Japan won this last named prize, and this year babies from California and other far western points will be in the parade. President Taft will write a letter of congratulation to the little one capturing the chief prize, a handsome silver cup for the champion baby of America. The patronage of scores of wealthy persons has been enlisted in the baby parade, and some of the floats provided by them for the children cost far into the hundreds of dollars. The board walk, as usual, is to be the scene of the parade, and Asbury Park expects the largest late season crowd in its history. This group of photographs shows a throng on the board walk and some of the youthful contestants for honors in the pageant.

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### A WOMAN'S ENCHANTMENT

By William Le Queux  
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(Continued.)

He saw that his position had become an exceedingly unsafe one. To the people at the Hotel Cecil he had pretended to leave for the continent, and had given an address abroad, whereas I had found him living in quiet seclusion as guest at Stapleton Grange. I looked at his dark face across the table and wondered. The countenance was not an open one. The eyes were set too closely together, while beneath the well trimmed mustache was a hard, cruel mouth, the mouth of a man who was as dishonorable as he was unscrupulous.

What would father and daughter think if they knew the actual truth of their guest's trickery toward Granville Gough, or of his association with the notorious woman, Lydia Popescu. In that calm old English home, where everything breathed the spirit of old-world solidity, and where the head of the house was as fine a specimen of the real gentleman as could be found between Tyne and Thames, they were entertaining a dangerous person unawares—a man who did not hesitate to use a woman's evil reputation for the advancement of his own ends.

I could have risen, with the finer scorn pointed at him, and denounced him. Yet was it wise? Would it act beneficially to the interests of the hunted man now gone into hiding, or otherwise?

To my host I was describing some of my journeys hither and thither on the continent since our last meeting, when suddenly he said:

"And how is Granny Gough, the dear old fellow?"

Garshore pricked up his ears, and glanced quickly across at me. "Oh! he is all right, just as merry as ever," I replied airily. "Browse on Nietzsche's works, as usual, and is full of quaint philosophy that's all his own."

"He was in London the other day and I invited him down. But he didn't reply," my host remarked.

"He's gone back to the continent," I answered. "He had some pressing business, I think, for he left suddenly."

"Granny Gough!" exclaimed Garshore, interrupting, as he fixed his eyes upon mine. "Do you mean Gr. ville Gough? Do you know him?"

Why did he ask that question, I wondered. At that moment I could not see why he made inquiry of a matter of which he must be quite cognizant. Later on I recognized the reason.

"Oh, yes, quite well," I replied, and at the same moment Myra glanced at me with a strange light in her anxious eyes.

I knew well what was passing through her mind.

"Gough is an old friend of mine," I added. "We often spend a good deal of time together on the continent; and, as a further stab, I said: 'Quite recently we were in Bucharest. I assisted him in the transaction of some

business with the minister, Souto.

I saw that his brow darkened. I had referred to a subject that was, to say the least, an unpalatable one.

That expression, though it only rested upon him for a single second, caused me to resolve upon the course I should pursue.

And I lost little time in putting the suggestion into practice.

#### CHAPTER XIV. The Warning Voice.

"Meet me under the big cedar, down by the river, in half an hour," Myra whispered to me, as she followed me out of the breakfast room next morning.

"Very well," I replied, and we parted.

I kept the tryst as promised. The tree she indicated was a large and very old cedar of Lebanon, the spreading branches of which stretched out afar on either side, while around the huge black trunk was an old wooden seat in an advanced stage of decay. An ideal spot for a meeting of lovers, many of the dead-and-gone daughters of the Stapletons had no doubt been wooed and won there. Close by ran the calm, broad river, glistening in the bright morning sunshine, while all around was a stretch of smooth, well kept lawn. It was a portion of the ground to which no guest ever came except for embarkation in the boat moored close by, and as I sat with a cigarette, awaiting my friend's well beloved, I wondered why she had invited me there.

Very soon, indeed almost punctually to the minute, she came—all in white, with a sun bonnet of pink cotton tied beneath her chin with charming effect.

"It's awfully good of you to come, Mr. Ralston," she said hurriedly as she met me. "But I'm so very afraid that he'll follow me."

"Garshore?"

"Yes. Let's get into the boat and go down stream," she suggested.

Therefore I handed her in, unmoored the boat, and taking the sculls pushed out into the river, and allowed it to drift slowly away and down behind a belt of willows, so that my fellow guest would not be able to discover us, even though he came in search.

"I thought you and he intended to motor into York?" I said.

"Not until this afternoon," was her reply, as she took the rudder lines and settled herself among the cushions in the stern. "Of course you'll come with us. Dad will come also."

"If you wish," I replied, and as I gazed into her face I saw that she had met me with some distinct and definite purpose, and that purpose was certainly not to invite me to go for a motor run.

For a few minutes we were both silent. The sun was already hot, and at last I suggested that we should pull across into the shadow, where some willows overhung until their branches swept the water. To which she readily assented.

In her pink sun bonnet, made on the model of those used by milkmaids of the last century, she looked particularly sweet. It suited her fair complexion and pleasant features.

When I had pulled up under the trees, shipped my oars and tied the boat up to an old root in the bank, she suddenly summoned courage to speak, saying—

"Mr. Ralston, I've come to you this morning to—I mean to ask you to tell me all about Granny."

"To tell you about him?" I echoed, pretending to be astonished at her re-

quest. "What can I tell you more than you already know? You are well acquainted with him, Myra." I added in a deep, earnest voice; "and, if you'll permit me to say so, I know that he loves you with the most intense devotion."

"I know—I know all that!" she exclaimed, with a choking sob, her cheeks flushing slightly as she spoke. "He has already told me so. But you, Mr. Ralston, are his best and most intimate friend. You know more about him than I do."

"I hardly think that," was my reply. "He is my very dear friend, it is true. But while I am only a friend, he is your lover."

"I know he loves me. I fell confident of that. But—" and she paused in hesitation.

"But what? If you are convinced of his affection, is not that all-sufficient?" "Ah! Mr. Ralston, you don't know," she cried in agitation. "You don't understand!"

"I suppose that man has been uttering some of his confounded slanders concerning Granny—eh?"

"If they were only slanders I would not mind, for I would not listen to them," she said. "But, alas! they appear to be the actual truth. He declares that Granny is an adventurer!"

This was a poser. Granny had of course, never allowed the truth to leak out to Myra or her father. He loved her, and used often to say to me that he would be wealthy one day, for one of his many company-promoting schemes must turn up trumps. Therefore why should he confess the ugly truth to her?

I had agreed with him. I had been an accessory to a fraud upon the girl, which I now bitterly regretted.

"I hope, Myra, that you don't believe this man," I said in all seriousness, looking straight into her face. "He is here apparently in order to besmirch Granny's honor, for not only does he allege that my friend Gough

(Continued on Page 2.)

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