

# A Circle in the Sand

Copyright by Kate Jordan

Author of "The Girl of the Other House", etc., etc.

The editor by David Temple. David Temple's desk, a sheet of paper on which a name was written in his hand. He looked at it for a moment, then he looked at the editor who was sitting in that armchair, and he saw the editor's face. The editor's face was a study in itself. It was a face that had seen many things, a face that had been through many a storm, a face that had been through many a trial. The editor's face was a study in itself. It was a face that had seen many things, a face that had been through many a storm, a face that had been through many a trial.

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with her and tried to interest her in the intricacies of baseball, and David Temple, the editor in chief, who, unlike many of his contemporaries, worked hard, leaning with him a vast stock of literary and scientific material, and a capability for exertion and endurance.

Her surroundings were so strange that Anne often wondered if it were indeed she who was there, the lonely girl who had written the "specials" which had commanded attention.

While the editor of the press and the unaccounted-for trail of life were in her mind, she would close her eyes and summon a vision of a different scene and time: a hollow at the foot of a hill and under a great pool lay and willow branches like green lengths of disheveled hair trailed in the water, a girl, herself, the Anne Garrick who was dead never to rise again, lying at full length under the trees, her cheek upon an open book, the fragrance of a lost land around her, the whir of unseen wings, the fluttering in the blue of a ghostly angel, or, flashing like uneasy eyes from the confusion of rippling grass, the sound of water pushing its way through twisted logs with a coquetish whimper like silk rubbed on silk.

Some snatch of a strange song, the exciting news of the last murder or the danger of Trinity's bell would frighten these imaginings, and despite her pagan love of nature she would return to work, happy that the old life of solitude and reverie was over.

David talked to her very little and never about anything save work. She watched him and found him curiously interesting. Other men were more or less of a familiar type, but David Temple was individual. A nascent force marked his lightest action. To be near him was like coming within the radius of a powerful electric current.

She had always liked clean shaved men. They seemed to her to be more than their bewhiskered brothers. David was clean shaven, spare of flesh, strongly built. There was unity in his simple name, stern face, searching gray eyes and the practical surroundings in which he worked. Back of his desk the bound volumes of the Citizen for a generation were somberly heaped. Electric wires and buildings of granite were visible beyond the window near which he sat. The man and his mission were academic.

Anno was slowly drawn on her gloves one evening when the reporter with the scarred face laid down his cigar and asked a question of nobody in particular.

"Any of you fellows know where Donald Sefain has hidden himself this time?"

The name attracted her, and she found herself waiting for the reply.

"O Lord, it's too warm to think of Sefain's whereabouts! He's probably trying to get out of town with some of his slum friends while a penny remains. When he's broke, he'll come back and work for another sport," the society editor replied with fine unconcern.

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"I think I know what you mean."

per work?" and his tone was almost reproachful.

"I really do. I want it more than anything else in the world. Indeed I want nothing else," she said earnestly.

"You have some illusions about it perhaps?"

"I don't think so, and I must work."

"The words were spoken lightly, but with an urgent note. David was interested. His fingers fell from the fold he had been twisting in regard for the passing moments. He noticed the line of impatience between her straight brows, the intensity in the bend of her mouth, the paleness of her worn yet youthful face, her intent attitude.



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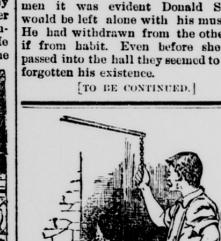
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