

ADRIAN

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By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Read It Here
See It Later in
Motion Pictures

JAFFREY—PART II. CHAPTER V.

There are few things more painful than to pry into the intimacies of those we have loved; and Jaffrey and I had to pry alone, because Doria, who might have saved our obligatory search from impertinence, lay, herself, on the border-land.

One dark morning, Jaffrey and I unlocked the study door and entered the gloom-filled, barren room. I turned on the electric light. With its white, distempered, pictureless walls, and its scanty office furniture, the room looked impressively dreary. We went to the library table. A quill pen lay on the blotting pad, its point in the midst of a couple of square inches of idle squiggles. On three different parts of the pad were by singularly little blotted matter the quill had scrawled "God. A Novel. By Adrian Boldero."

As I was about to notice three cigarettes, each of which only about an eighth of an inch had been smoked, Jaffrey, who had the key that used to hang at the end of Adrian's watch chain, took the watch from his pocket, he took a folded paper from his pocket and shook it out before me. I recognized the top sheet of the blotting-pad on which Adrian had written thrice: "God. A Novel. By Adrian Boldero. We had better burn this," said he, and he threw it into the fire.

CHAPTER VI.
The flower beds shone gay with tulips and hyacinths; in the long grass beyond the lawn and under the trees danced a thousand daffodils; and by their side warmly wrapped up in furs lay Doria on a lawn chair.

All of a sudden, from nowhere in particular, there stepped into the landscape (framed, you must remember, by the jambs of my door) a huge and familiar figure, carrying a great suitcase. He was dressed in a dark, well-tailored suit, and he carried a cane. He was Jaffrey, and he was carrying a suitcase, and he was carrying a suitcase, and he was carrying a suitcase.

There was another shelf, anyhow," said Jaffrey, turning away. I noted and went on with my puzzling task of collation. But the more I examined the more did my brain rebel. I could not find the nucleus of a coherent story. A great sheet from Jaffrey made me start in my chair.

"There!" he cried, bringing down his great hand on the top of the pile. "Thank God!" said I. "There!" he cried, bringing down his great hand on the top of the pile. "Thank God!" said I.

There was the original manuscript of "The Diamond Gate." The Diamond Gate was the work not only of Adrian Boldero, but of Jaffrey, who had stolen from Adrian the manuscript of "The Diamond Gate."

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"I thought everything was typed now," said Jaffrey. "Typing takes time," replied Jaffrey, serenely. "And I'm not an advocate of feather beds and rose water baths for printers. As I wanted to rush the book out as quickly as possible, I didn't see why I should pamper them with type. Give you the original manuscript of 'The Diamond Gate'."

"No," said Doria. "Well, don't you see," said Jaffrey, with a smile. "For the first time I praised Old Man Jornerfort. He had brought up his daughter far from the madding masses of the literary life. To my great relief Doria allowed the incredible story."

One day as they sat together on the balcony Jaffrey lost his head. "It was all, sentimental, schoolboyish—what you please; but every man's first declaration of love is pathetic—the smother of his passion connoting perhaps the nadir of his intelligence. Anyhow the declaration was made, without shadow of mistake."

"But I'm not a free woman; I'm bound to Adrian." "You can't be bound to him forever and ever." "I am. That's why it's shameful and dishonorable that you should be married to a man who is bound to another woman."

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CHAPTER VIII.

It was Saturday morning. I was shaving peacefully in my dressing room when Jaffrey, after thunderously demanding admittance, rushed in, clad in bath gown and slippers, flourishing a letter.

"Read that." "I recognized Liousha's handwriting. I read." "Dear Jaffrey: 'As you are my trustee, I guess I ought to tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to marry Ras Fendhook.'"

"I looked up. 'But you told me the man was married already.' 'He is. Read on.' 'We are going to be married at once. We are going to be married at once. We are going to be married at once.'"

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They turned, as indeed did everybody without exception. Fendhook would have gone on, but Liousha very proudly drew him out of the stream into clear space and, prepared for battle, awaited us. When we had struggled our slow day through the water, she advanced a few steps looking very terrible in her wrath.

"How dare you follow me?" "Come further away from the crowd," said Jaffrey, with an imperious gesture. He swept the three of us along the quay to the stern of the boat, where only a few idle sailor men were lounging, and a sergeant de ville was pacing on his leisurely beat.

"I don't want to make a fool of myself one of these days if I didn't play dragon," he said, at a sudden halt. "I've come to play dragon with a vengeance. He marched on Fendhook. 'Now you.'"

"Don't do it, old cock!" Didn't expect you there," he said jauntily. "Don't be insolent!" replied Jaffrey in a remarkably quiet tone. "You know very well why I'm here."

"He waved her off. 'Take her away, Hilary.' 'Come,' said I. 'I'll tell you all about it.' 'He has got to tell me, not you.' 'I certainly don't know why the devil you're here,' said Fendhook, with sudden nastiness."

"I've come to save this lady from a dirty blackmail." "How are you going to do it?" Jaffrey addressed Liousha. "You said in your letter—"

"You wrote to him, you crasy fool, after my instructions," snarled Fendhook. "You said in your letter you were going to be married in England, and I would have to give up half my money to government. But in France, owing to different laws, I can get married without any fuss at all. I don't un-

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"I've come to save this lady from a dirty blackmail." "How are you going to do it?" Jaffrey addressed Liousha. "You said in your letter—"

stay a night. Besides, we'll have to stay the night." "An ordinary woman would have drawn down the motor veil which she wore cooked up on her travels; but Liousha, grandly unconcerned with such vanities, showed her young shapely face to all the world. I felt intensely sorry for her. She realized now from what a blatant scoundrel she had been saved; but she still bitterly resented our intervention."

"I felt as if I was stripped naked walking through them—that was her primitive account later of her state of mind. It was that same day that we ran into Jaffrey's old tramp steamship commandant Captain Hesterville of tomorrow from Havre to Mozambique. We all dined together—and that is how Jaffrey and the indomitable Liousha suddenly found themselves and each other, to sail off the next day literally 'before the mast' on the wildest adventure, surely that eve befell a woman, as you shall agree presently. Jaffrey gave me the key to his rooms and full powers to represent him in his affairs with civilization."

(To be continued next Saturday)

BIRNEY WILL LEAVES ESTATE TO WIDOW

Lawyer Who Died on Golf Links Makes Her Sole Beneficiary.

The entire estate of Arthur A. Birney, whose death occurred while he was playing golf at the Washington Country Club, Labor Day, was left to his wife, Helen T. Birney. The will, dated June 20, 1910, was filed for probate yesterday afternoon at the office of the registrar of wills. Mr. Birney, in one paragraph of the will, advised his wife to "make provision for the children in such proportion as she shall think right."

Police Hold Man Who Was 'Pursued as German Spy'

A man who said he was William Groba, twenty-two years old, of Chicago, appealed to Crossing Policeman O'Connell, at North Capitol street and Massachusetts avenue northwest, yesterday evening to protect him from a party of colored men who, he told the policeman, had taken him for a German spy and were following him.

Waterways Delegates To See Ships Maneuver

Secretary of the Navy Daniels has given orders for a program of naval maneuvers in connection with the annual convention of the Waterways Association. One of the features of the naval program will be an exhibition of submerging by all the submarines of the fourth submarine division. Secretary Daniels is attending the convention for the use of the torpedo boat Barney, to give the waterway delegates a Delaware river trip.

America's Oldest Co-ed Will Enter California

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Sept. 8.—America's oldest co-ed, formerly a student at Ohio State University here, will enter the University of California this fall, she announced today. She is Amy D. Winship, eighty-five. Mrs. Winship started her education in a log school in Illinois in 1837. She attracted much attention at Ohio State University, where she was a member of the first class of the Ohio State University.

Mrs. Young Is Awarded \$45 a Month Alimony

Elma C. Young was awarded \$45 a month temporary alimony from her husband, King H. Young, chief clerk in the Bureau of Mines, today in an order signed by Justice Siddons. Mrs. Young seeks a limited divorce on the grounds of alleged cruelty. She asks for the custody of their child, a three-year-old boy. The case is defended by Attorney P. H. Marshall.



Both Jaffrey and Doria Felt a Thrill As They Were Introduced.

act of helping an old woman across the road. To Barbara and myself awaiting our guests in the drawing room before dinner, the first to come was Doria, whom we hadn't seen since lunch. An interesting figure in her low evening dress, you can imagine a Tanager figure in black and white ivory. Her face, however, was a passion of excitement.

"It's wonderful," she cried. "More than wonderful. Even I didn't know till today what a great genius Adrian was. All these things he describes—never saw them. He imagined, created. Oh, my God! If only he had lived to finish it." She put her two hands before her eyes and dashed them swift away. Jaffrey has done his best, poor fellow. But, oh, the bridges he speaks of, they're as crude, so crude! I can see every one. The murder—our remembrance."

"But apart from my amateur joining of the dots, you think the book's worthy of Adrian?" "Oh, do," she cried passionately. "I do. It's the work of a genius. It's Adrian in all this maturity, in all his greatness!"

CHAPTER VII.
Doria, seeing Jaffrey unresentful of kicking, continued to kick (when Barbara wasn't looking—for Barbara had read her a lecture on the polite treatment of trustees and executors) and made him more her slave than ever. He fetched and carried. He read poetry. He was a student of the sacred rubbers, when the grass was damp. He shielded her from over-rough incursions on the part of Lityani of Saint Adrian. He sacrificed his golf so that he could sit near her and hold figurative wool for her to unwind. It was very pretty to watch them. The contrast between them made it unceasing appeal. Sides, Doria did not kick all the time; there were long spells during which, touched by the giant's devotion, she repaid it in tokens of tender regard.

These idyllic relations continued untroubled for some days. Until a letter arrived from the eminent novelist to whom, with Doria's approval, Jaffrey had sent the proofs. "This is the great man's verdict," angularly different from "The Diamond Gate," only resembling it in its largeness of conception and the perfection of its kind. The alteration of a single word would spoil it. If an alien hand is there, it is impalpable."

At this splendid tribute Jaffrey beamed with happiness. He tossed the letter to Barbara, who read it with a gasp. "This is the great man's verdict," angularly different from "The Diamond Gate," only resembling it in its largeness of conception and the perfection of its kind. The alteration of a single word would spoil it. If an alien hand is there, it is impalpable."

Realization of the tragedy struck him as a stray bullet might have struck him. "The side of the man," he said in a changed voice. "Easy on. I'm not going to hurt you," he said. He deposited her gently on the sofa and strode out of the room."

CHAPTER VIII.
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