Uranus in Solitary Grandeur.

NEXT to the most distant planet in the solar system is Uranus, which tomorrow night is in opposition to the sun. Uranus is 1,700,000,000 miles away. It is near the middle of Aquarius.

Magazine Page

This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the Marquis de Lafayette's ride, in 1778, from Providence to Boston in six and one-half hours, to beg D'Estaing to return with the French fleet to Narragansett Bay.

Robert W. Chambers' Famous Story THE STREETS OF ASCALON Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

A Spirited and Swiftly Moving Romance of Hearts and High Society, by the Greatest Living Master of Fiction.

Strelsa Leeds Comes to a Turning Point

Mrs. Sprowl, who has picked a husband for Strelsa.

No ordinary problem confronts the heroine, Strelsa Leeds, in Robert W. Chambers' fine romance, "The Streets of Ascalon." She has a chance to marry one of the richest Englishmen in the world, Sir Charles Mallison, and Mrs. Sprowl, the Fifth avenue dowager, is determined to make that chance a reality. Strelsa feels in her heart a partiality for poor Rex Quarren. Follow the story and see how fate takes a hand.

Sir Charles Mallison, whose ally Mrs. Sprowl is.

A Delightful Romance in Which a Beautiful Girl Makes a Great Sacrifice for the Gifted Young Man She Loves.

By Robert W Chambers.

Whose Novels Have Won Him International Fame.

HE began real life once more in a bad way, financiall; his money being hopelessly looked up in Tappan-Zee Park, a wooded and worthless tract of unimproved land along the Hudson which Quarren had supposed Lester Caldera was to finance for him.

Recently, however, that suave young man had smilingly denied making any such promise to any body, which surprised and disconcerted Quarren who had no money with which to build sewers, roads and electric plants. And he began to realize how carelessly he had drifted into the enterprise—how carelessly he had drifted into everything and past everything for the last five years.

Fate Against Him.

After a hunt for a capitalist among and outside of his circle of friends and acquaintances he began to appreciate his own lunacy even more thoroughly.

Then Lester Caldera good naturedly offered to take the property off his hands for less than a third of what he paid Sprowl for it; and as Quarren's adjoining options were rapidly expiring, he was forced to accept, which put the boy almost entirely out of business; so he closed his handsome office downtown and opened another in the front part of and old and rather dingy brown stone house on the east side of Lexington avenue, near Fiftieth street, and hung out his sign once more over the busy streets of Ascalon:

RICHARD STANLEY QUARREN
REAL ESTATE

Also he gave up his quarters at the Irish legation, to the unfeigned grief of the diplomats domiciled there, and established himself in the back parlor and extension of the Lexington avenue house, ready at all moments now for business or for sleep. Neither bothered him excessively.

He wrote no more notes to Strelsa Leeds—that is, he posted no more, however many he may have composed. Rumor from the inner temple concerning her—and Langly Sprowl and Sir Charles Mallison drifted out into the real world every day or so. but he never went back to the temple to verify them. That life was ended for him. Sometimes, sitting alone at his desk, he fancied that he could almost hear the far laughter of the temple revels and the humming of the drones. But the roar of the street car, rushing, grinding through the steel-ribbed streets of Ascalon, always drowned it. and its far seen phantom glitter became a burning reality where the mid-day sun struck the office sign outside the open window.

Fate, the ugly jade, was making faces at him, all kinds of faces. Just now she wore the gaunt mask of poverty, but Quarren continued to ignore her, because to him there was no real menace in her skinny grin, no real tragedy in what she threatened.

Real tragedy lay in something very different—perhaps in manhood awaking from ignoble lethargy to learn its own degeneracy in a young girl's scornful eyes.

All day long he sat in his office attending to the trivial business that came into it—not enough so far to give him a living.

In the still spring evenings he retired to his quarters in the back parlor, bathed, dressed, looking out at the cats on the back fences. Then he went forth to dine either at the legation or with some one of the few friends he had cared to retain in that magic-lantern world he at last had found uninhabitable—a world in which few virile men remain very long—fewer and fewer as the years pass on. For the gilding on the temple dome is peeling off; and the laughter is dying out, and the hum of the drones sounds drowsy like unreal voices heard in summer dreams.

"It is the passing of an imbecile society," declaimed Westguard—"the dying sounds of its meaningless noise—the first omens of a silence which foretells annihilation. Out of chaos will gradually emerge the elements of a real society—the splendid social and intellectual brotherhood of the future——"

"See my forthcoming novel," added lacy, "$1.35 net, for sale at all booksellers or sent postpaid on recipt of——"

"You little fashionable fop!" growled Westguard—"there's a winter coming for all buterflies!"

"I've seen 'em dancing over the snow on a mild and sunny day," retortel Lacy. "Karl, my son, the nobly despairing writer with a grouch never yet convinced anybody."

Not Very Worthy.

"I don't despair," retorted Westguard. "This country is getting what it wants and what it deserves, ladled out to it in unappetizing gobs. Year after year great incoming waves of ignorance sweep us from ocean to ocean; but I don't forget that those very waves also carry a constantly growing and enlightened class higher and higher toward permanent solidity.

"Every annual wave pushes the flotsam of the year before toward the solid land. The acquaintance with sordid things is the first real impulse toward education. Some day there will be no squalor in the land—neither the physical conditions in our slums nor the arid intellectual deserts within the social frontiers."

"But the waves will accomplish that—not your very worthy novels," said Lacy, impudently.

"If you call me 'worthy' I'll bat you on the head," roared Westguard, sitting up on the sofa where he had been sprawling; and laughter, loud and long, rattled the windows in the Irish legation.

The May night was hot; a sickly breeze stirred the curtains at the open windows of Westguard's living room where the legation was entertaining informally.

Quarren, Lacy, O'Hara and Sir Charles Mallison sat by the window playing poker; the Earl of Dankmere, perched on the piano stool, was mournfully rattling off a string of melodies acquired along Broadway; Westguard himself, flat on his back, occupied a leather lounge and dispensed philosophy when permitted.

"You know," said Lacy, dealing rapidly, "you're only a tin-horn philosopher, Karl, but you really could write a good story if you tried. Get your people into action. That's the game."

O'Hara nodded. "Interestin' people, in books and outside, are always doin' things, not talkin,'" he said—"like Sir Charles quietly drawin' four cards to a kicker and sayin' nothin.'"

"—Like old Dankmere, yonder, playing 'Madame Sherry' and not trying to tell us why human beings enjoy certain sounds known as harmonies, but just keeping busy beating the box"——

"Like a pretty woman who is contented to be as attractive and cunnin' as she can be, and not stoppin' to explain the anatomy of romantic love and personal beauty," added O'Hara.

"—Like"——

"For heavens sake give me a stack of chips and shut up!" shouted Westguard, jumping to his feet and striding to the table. "Everybody on earth is competent to write a book except an author, but I defy anybody to play my poker hands for me! Come on, Dankmere! Let's clean out this complacent crowd!"

Lord Dankmere complied, and seated himself at the table, anxiously remarking to Quarren that he had come to America to acquire capital, not to spend it. Sir Charles laughed and dealt; Westguard drew five cards, attempted to bluff Quarren's full hand, and was scandalously routed.

"I'm Bluffed Out."

Again the cards were dealt and O'Hara bet the limit, and the Earl of Dankmere came back with an agonized burst of chips that scared out Lacy and Sir Charles and left Quarren thinking.

When finally the dust of combat blew clear of the scene Dankmere's stacks were nearly gone, and Quarren's had become symmetrical skyscrapers.

Lacy said to Dankmere: "Now that you've learned how to get poor quickly you'd better prepare for the study of riches and how to acquire 'em. Kindly pass the buck unless your misfortunes have paralyzed you."

"The whole country," said his lordship, "is nothing but one gigantic poker game. I sail on the next steamer. I'm bluffed out."

"Poor old Dankmere," purred Lacy, "won't the ladies love you?"

"Their demonstrations," said the Earl, "are not keeping me awake nights."

"Something keeps Quarren awake nights, judging from his transom light. Is it love, Ricky?"

A slight color mounted to Quarren's thin cheeks, but he answered carelessly: "I read late sometimes. • • • How many cards do you want?"

Sir Charles Mallison turned his head after a moment and looked at Quarren, and meeting his eye, said pleasantly: "I only want one, Quarren. Please give me the right one."

"Which?"

"The Queen of Hearts."

"Dealer draws one also," said the young fellow.

Sir Charles laid down his hand with a smile:

"Did you fill?" he asked Quarren as everybody else remained out.

"I don't mind showing," said Quarren sorting out his cards, faces up.

"Which end?" inquired O'Hara.

"An interior." And he touched the Queen of Hearts, carelessly.

"Crazy playing and lunatic's luck," commented Lacy. "Dankmere, and you, too, Sir Charles, you'd better cut and run for home as fast as your little legs can toddle. Quarren is on the loose."

Sir Charles laughed, glanced at Quarren, then turned to Dankmere.

"It's none of my business," he said, "but if you really are in the devilish financial straits you pretend to be, why don't you square up things and go into trade?"

"Square things?" repeated the little Earl mournfully; "will somebody tell me how? Haven't I been trying out everything? Didn't I back a musical comedy of sorts? Didn't I even do a turn in it myself?"

"That's what probably smashed it," observed O'Hara.

"He did it very well," laughed Sir Charles.

"Dankmere ought to have filled his show full of flossy flappers," insisted Lacy. "Who wants to see an Earl dance and sing? Next time I'll manage the company for you, Dankmere"——

"There'll be no next time," said Dankmere, scanning his cards. "I'm done for," he added dramatically, letting his own ante go.

"You've lost your nerve," said Quarren, smiling.

"And everything else, my boy!"

"What's the matter with the heiresses, anyway?" inquired O'Hara sympathetically.

"The matter is that I don't want the sort that want me. Somebody's ruined the business in the States. I suppose I might possibly induce a Broadway show girl"——

"Thank her for me," returned Quarren, level-eyed and very white.

"Which means?" insisted Sir Charles quietly.

"Absolutely nothing," said Quarren in a voice which makes enemies.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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BEING NEIGHBORLY

KINDNESS IS ALWAYS WORTH WHILE

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Who Occupies a Unique Position In the Writing World as an Authority on the Problems of Life.

"THERE'S a sweet old lady living in the same apartment building with us. I see her often and she always smiles at me. She is of a good family and admirable character, but I sometimes think now her children are all married or working, she is lonely. I do typing at home and often have spare time.

"Sometimes when I go to the market to bring things home for lunch, I meet her doing her shopping, too. I'm often tempted to carry her packages and would do so, but feel that she might think it forward, or imagine I do it to scrape acquaintance with her and so with her sons, two of whom live with her.

"She never seems to forget to pass a kind word with me or to send me a smile, and if she's on the other side of the street, she even waves at me. I'm twenty-five. What is your opinion of this situation?" writes Flo.

Isn't it sad that we humans go out of our way to avoid being kind and natural and merely—human? If a woman of sixty looks lonely, why shouldn't a happy young girl to whom the older woman seems to have taken a fancy bring a little joy into the life of her senior? If anyone shows a tendency to be neighborly, why should anyone else stupidly ignore it? If one of us has a kindly instinct of service such as offering to carry bundles for age, why under the sun restrain that feeling?

Life is made up of tiny incidents strung along to make the beads of existence. It isn't the big incidents that make the sunshine of every day. Big things furnish life with drama. But we don't live on drama. Our existence is made up of little things. And the smiling greeting neighbor offers neighbor can flavor the day and put joy into its tasks.

Suppose it is possible to read motive into kindness—is that a reason for being unkind? Probably the old lady who is so friendly has a motive, too. She may want a companion for her lonely moments. She may wish to meet a nice girl and have her boys meet that girl in turn. She may merely be looking for someone with whom to exchange a passing word. But there's no need of going back of her pleasantness to see why she is friendly instead of grim and sour. And to fail to meet her on her own ground of amiability is to be discourteous.

When we get into the habit of weighing our own motive and suspecting ourselves of all sorts of calculation and scheming, we put bad ideas into our heads and stand a fine chance of coming to be like the thing on which we dwell.

It's a good idea to take it for granted that it's well to be pleasant and foolish to be aloof and curt and not to begin taking amiability to pieces to see what ulterior motives there may be back of it.

In the country neighbors naturally count on each other. They must. When the grocer doesn't arrive in time, a couple of lemons or a little coffee may be pretty important, and nobody waits for an introduction before running next door to borrow what's needed. But in the city, we live in our layer-cake apartment buildings and are afraid to pass the time of day with someone who hasn't been vouched for by some one else we happen to know.

Decent, honest courtesy from neighbor to neighbor is one of the things we city folks have almost eliminated. I think it's time we trusted our impulses a little more and showed a friendly interest in the folks we see every day.

In Other Words.

A visitor surprised a professor at one of our colleges, who was saying to his baby: "Oh-ny, no-ny, 'e, mussy tick his footsy tootsies."

Just then he caught sight of his visitor, blushed, and muttered: "No, no; you must not expose your pedal extremities beyond the protective covering of the blankets, or you will lay your system open to attack of catarrhal affection."

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

The real city of London covers 673 acres; the county of London covers 117 square miles.

The river Thames is now lower than it has been for the last twenty-two years.

The "born tired" person may be a victim of neurasthenia and not merely lazy.

Knowing of any particular kind may, if practiced too continuously, affect the efficiency of other parts of the body.

The number of revolutions made by the escapement wheel of a watch every twelve months is 781,000.

One day in the year among the Hindoos gambling is considered not only allowed, but commendable. It is called Devali.

The moon moves 3,350 feet every second.

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NATIONAL TOILET CO., Paris, Tenn.

BOBBIE AND HIS PA

By William F. Kirk

MY niece Beril is going to be a movie star, sed Ma to Pa last nite. My sister rites me that her little dauter is a cherub, sed Ma, with the britest way about her, & she thinks Beril is going to have the wurld at her feet inside of ten (10) years, sed Ma.

Ha, he, sed Pa.

Why the merth? sed Ma. Doant you think that any of my side of the fambly has an intellygents? sed Ma.

I was laffing to think of the wurld beeing at the feet of any movie star, sed Pa. This wurld is a tuff old wurld & a stubborn old wurld, sed Pa, & it isent gitting down at anybody's feet so you cud notis it, sed Pa. It has nevver eeven bowed to me, sed Pa, with all wich I have did, sed Pa.

& so I suppoas that it will nevver bow to anybody, sed Ma. Sumtimes you are a skreem to me, sed Ma.

You nevver seem for to grasp my true grateness, sed Pa. Maybe wen I am gone you will know sed Pa.

The way you look now you are good for fifty years, sed Ma. But anyway, sed Ma, I am grately interested in the future of this deer little neece of mine. What if she shud reely beecum a great star & then come to call on us. Wuddent the nabors be fussed? sed Ma.

You are kind of fussed yureself rite now, sed Pa. You are bilding cassels in Spain, sed Pa.

All grate men & wimmen bilt cassels in Spain beefoar they reelized thare dreems, sed Ma. Reemember that. To dreem grately is to do grately, reemember that.

You are giving me a terribul lots for to reemember, sed Pa.

Well, one day you will reemember how you douted the talent of my side of the fambly, sed Ma. Wen littel Beril is known all oaver the civilized wurld & in Salt Lake City & everyware, sed Ma, you will cum to me with a look of mortarcation on yure face, sed Ma, & you will say Wife, you were rite, you are always rite. That is what you will say to me, sed Ma.

Maybe, sed Pa, I will certihgly be surprized, sed Pa, if yure neece Beril gits to be knowed all oaver the wurld. About the only way she cud git knowed like that, sed Pa, is to sneak off sumware & disapeer like Charlie Ross, sed Pa. Then her naim will git in the paipers, sed Pa, & maybe thay will print a nice foty-graft of you, her charming aunt, a society lady & the wife of a grate thinker, wich is me, sed Pa.

I guess you are the one wich is bilding cassels in Spain now, sed Ma.

Pa & Ma is gitting so thay spring a line of talk wich I cant malk out much, but what is the diffefrns, it will all be the saim 100 yeers hents, like Pa says. I doant care how grate Beril gits, she can't never throw a curve like what I can.

For School Luncheon

An Authority on All Matters of Household Management.

WITH the approaching return to school of everybody's children there arises the problem of the school lunch box. The shops are showing a variety of attractive boxes. Some have an attractive hot-cold bottle of the three-fourth-pint size.

The hot-cold bottle might contain some cocoa made with good rich milk. Again, while the days are still warm, it may contain some nourishing ice cream to be eaten with a piece of real sponge cake.

Besides the hot dish, of course, the average hungry boy and girl wants to find something else. A roll thickly spread with butter after it is cut, and the parts firmly pressed together should be substituted frequently for the crustless sandwich. The crust on the roll induces mastication, but also helps toward good teeth.

The sandwich is one of the convenient ways of serving food in a lunch box. The bread should be at least a day old and should be close-grained. Cut it thin and butter it before spreading the filling. Butter contains a growth-producing element quite necessary to a child's diet.

Generally speaking, it is better to mince meat or poultry or fish before using it as a filling. It takes but a moment to run that piece of roast beef through the food chopper. Ham, being difficult of digestion, is not to be highly recommended for the school lunch box.

If used at all, save it for the occasional surprise to be mixed perhaps with minced egg. The fillings to be recommended are cottage cheese made from sour milk, the commercial cream cheese, or the less rich Neuchatel cheese. A little finely-divided "store" cheese may be used from time to time as a sandwich filling. It should never be served sliced between the bread, as it is quite difficult of digestion, especially for children.

Avoid condiments and spices in school lunch boxes. A little onion-juice will often give flavor where it seems lacking. Salt, of course, is allowable.

A sweet filling of some kind such as jam or chopped dates or figs or a fruit paste containing some ground nut meats are desirable. Fruit, such as an orange or an apple, are always acceptable. Cookies, too, and occasionally a single piece of candy afford variety and surprise.

The housewife should endeavor to plan the contents of the lunch box on paper. It is easier than the hit-and-miss way. Waxed paper as well as paper napkins should always be on hand.

Try planning better luncheons for the children who must carry luncheon to school. You will see a general all-round improvement in the children.

How To Cure Sciatica

By Brice Belden, M. D.

SCIATICA is sometimes an exceedingly obstinate affection. In most cases these is a rheumatic tendency. Injury plays a part sometimes. Then there are the cases due to chronic intoxication from gout, alcoholism, diabetes, etc. Finally, sciatica is associated at times with relaxation or chronic inflammation of the great joint between the haunchbone and the base of the spine (sacroiliac joint).

But the symptoms, whatever the cause, are characteristic. Sharp, shooting pains run down the back of the thigh. Movement intensifies the pain. At certain points along the course of the nerve the pain and tenderness are more intense. Tingling and numbness are often noted. The symptoms are worse at night and before stormy weather. The condition may be described as a neuritis involving the sciatic nerve.

Severe cases have to be treated in bed, with the limb immobilized by salt bags or a long, straight split. The earlier the treatment the better the ultimate results. Massage must be withheld until the acute symptoms have subsided, and must then be mild.

Cream of tartar in doses of half a teaspoonful three times a day in plenty of water aids in elimination. Lemonade may be taken freely, with but little sugar. Tea and coffee should be given up. Hot water bags should be placed at the upper end of the nerve. An ether spray to the sensitive spots also relieves the pain.

In very obstinate cases, not amenable to ordinary treatment, the nerve has to be exposed by the surgeon and adhesions broken up.

High heels relieve the pain in some cases by relaxing tension along the back of the thigh.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax

Rewinning a Sweetheart.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Last Winter I dropped my friendship with a young man, whose sweetheart I had been from childhood. I acted under the influence of friends, who disliked him because(in their opinion, he wasn't a sport and was too quiet.

I know that were I to write him and tell him that I still care he might come back, but I feel that I may be humiliating myelf by taking that action.

What would you advise?

GENEVIEVE M.

OF course you must realize that the very charges your friends brought against your sweetheart demonstrated his calibre. To drop a man because he isn't a "sport" is typical of today's weakness. Now if you realize what you have lost through your own weakness and lack of high standards, how can you quibble about whether you would be humiliating yourself were you to write and say you realize how you blundered in undervaluing his friendship?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Have been going about with a young man four years and was engaged a year ago. Lately he has been giving me the cold shoulder and thinks more of his mother than of me, and I, on the other hand, have met some one I think I care for better. What would you advise me to do? K. W.

WHY shouldn't you give up the lover whose "cold shoulder" seems to indicate he's only too willing to depart from your side? And if you don't care for him and he doesn't care for you, what's to prevent your turning to the one for whom you now find you do care?

Household Suggestions

To soften old paint or varnish and make its removal easy use two parts of spirits of ammonia to one of turpentine.

The white pithy part of a lemon dipped in bath brick is excellent for scouring stained kitchen utensils and for whitening woodwork.

For paintwork and varnished woodwork, bran is invaluable. Colored goods usually fade when washed, but if washed in bran water they will not lose their color. It is excellent also as a scalp cleanser, making the hair glossy. Used instead of soap, it softens and whitens the hands. To prepare bran water, fill a small bag with bran, place in a bowl and cover with boiling water.

Turpentine is useful for removing paint stains. Apply the turpentine with a piece of rag, and if the stain is obstinate, use a little ammonia as well.

If Brussels rug persists in rolling up at the edges, turn it over and apply a good coat of glue. Let it dry before turning, and there will not be any more trouble.

Silk blouses, handkerchiefs, etc., should never be damped; this makes them spotted. Iron them when damp, before they become dry.

When cream is just a little sour and there is no other on hand, stir a pinch of soda into it and it will not curdle even in coffee.

To make red tiles a nice bright color, rub with lemon dipped in fine salt. Leave for a few minutes, then wash with soap and water.

To clean bath mix whiting with water. Rub it over the bath; rinse out thoroughly with warm water. Dry with a clean cloth.

FOR LOVE

By Ruby M. Ayres

"PHIL! Oh, my dear boy! Why didn't you tell me you were coming?—I'd have met you—or sent the car. Oh, it is good to see you again! And Eva." • • • He felt that she looked beyond him to the empty hall, and he answered hurriedly——

"She hasn't come; Peter's staying with her, so I left them to do a round of the theaters. She's coming down for the week-end or something." He made a comical little grimace. "You mean that I'm not welcome alone?"

"My darling boy!" She kissed him again, though there was a little note of anxiety in her voice. "But I wish you had brought her, Phil—I should like to have seen her. Besides • • • won't people think it strange, dear? You've only been married such a little time?"

Philip frowned.

"What does it matter what people say? It's such twaddle • • •."

She released him slowly.

"One has to mind what people say, whether it's twaddle or not," she said with a little wavering smile. "Besides • • • Phil, do you know that your father and I were never separated for one single day? He never went away without me. And I • • • well, of course, I never wished to go away without him."

Philip laughed rather constrainedly.

"And very nice, too," he said. "But—things are different now, you know, mother. Besides—everything's all right—Eva could have come if she liked. She's got Peter there. She said she would rather stay with him."

Mrs. Winterdick knew Philip too well to argue with him, and she saw that he looked harassed and unhappy.

"If I could only have seen Eva," she thought. She felt now that she could have spoken to Eva frankly. She had often wished since they left the Highway House that she had done so before.

But she was glad to have Philip home. They went the round of the gardens together, her hand through Philip's arm and sometimes his arm round her waist.

"Quite like old times—eh, mother?" he asked once. But he knew that he did not mean that; he knew that they could never even attempt to turn back the page.

Wherever he was, and whatever he was doing now, it was of his wife that he constantly thought. Where was she? What was she doing? He wished now that he had not left her. He hated to think of her at the apartments without him; hated to think that no doubt Calligan was there, too.

When they got back to the house he went to the study to write to her. He began a dozen sheets and tore them all up. He had never written her a letter in his life. How did a man begin to write to a wife who was indifferent to him? he wondered. He was sitting there biting the end of his pen when Mr. Dennison was announced.

Philip felt himself getting red.

Mr. Dennison came in smiling, with outstretched hand.

"My dear boy! Why didn't you let us know you were coming? I only heard by chance just now in the village. Someone saw you at the station this morning. Well, I am glad to see you. And Eva. Where's my little girl?"

"She isn't here——" Philip wondered why in the world he could not speak more naturally. "Peter's up at the flat, and they wanted to see a few shows. I—er—I had to run down on business. I shall only be here a day or so. She'll come down if I stay on, of course. • • • I—er—I'm sorry if you're disappointed, sir," he added lamely.

"Oh, well——" Mr. Dennison shrugged his shoulders. "If that's how it is, I suppose it's all right. Wonder you liked to be parted so soon, though—eh?" He gave a little chuckle. "Now I dare say you'd be surprised if I told you that my wife and I have never been separated for a day, wouldn't you?"

Philip cleared his throat. He could not find words as Eva's father upbraided him for not paying the attention that Dennison prescribed as the custom of husbands in his generation.

"It's a fact all the same," the old man went on with a sort of pride. "And not a bad thing, either. • • • But there! I suppose you young people run your lives differently." He paused. He seemed struck by Philip's silence. "Everything all right—eh?" he asked with a shade of anxiety.

Philip roused himself with an effort.

"Oh—er—oh yes," he said lamely. "Of course, everything's all right."

"Good!" Mr. Dennison slapped him on the back. "You know, Philip—I've been rather worried, just now and then, you know—about—well, about my little girl • • •" He blew his nose vigorously.

"I feel rather guilty about my share in—well, you know! After all, she's my only daughter, and a father naturally likes to feel that his girl is happily married. • • • I should——"

He hesitated. He looked at Philip with a sort of pathos in his keen eyes. "I should like to feel that—well, that you were fond of her, too, you know," he added with difficulty.

Philip almost laughed. Fond of her! That was a mild way of putting it. He looked his father-in-law steadily in the face.

"If we could have things all over again, I would choose Eva before any other woman in the world," he said with convincing sincerity.

It was after dinner the same night that Philip told his mother the real object of his visit.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

ADVERTISEMENT.

Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair—In Three Hours!

Girls, have you tried the silmerine method of curling your hair? It's simply grand! Gives you the most beautiful, natural-looking curls and waves within three hours—keeps the hair soft, silky and glossy—and nothing harmful or messy about it. The curls will last the longest time—in spite of heat, wind or dampness. You won't have to be continually fixing and fussing with loose, flying hair. It's foolish to singe and blister and deaden your tresses with a hot curling iron—and altogether unnecessary now.

Liquid silmerine is pleasant to use, being neither sticky nor greasy. Get a bottle from your druggist today, follow the simple directions—the first trial will make it your steadfast friend.