Social

BY MARY GWYN WHITEMAN

TELEPHONE ONE-FOUR-TWO

TOMORROW'S CALENDAR

Busy Bees meet.
Daughters of the Confederacy at Gilmer Hotel.

The Metaphysics of Love.

(A pronounced mixup.)

I would, sweet maid, that I were you,
Or else that you were me;
For, being so transposed, we two
As one might then agree.
If I were you I should be kind
And let me closer come;
If you were I you would not mind
If you should kiss me some;
And so again, if you I were
On me my choice would fall,
And thus with you, you would prefer
Yourself above them all.
Oh, let us change our dual state
And be of single thought,
Or life to me will demonstrate
The nothingess of naught.

—Puck.

Daughters Meet.

The Daughters of the Confederacy meet tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock at the Gilmer Hotel.

Arrangements for the entertainment of next week will be made and every one is asked to attend.

Attend the Musicale.

Circle Three of the Christian church will give a musicale this evening at Mrs. C. M. Campbell's on Washington street which is certain to be a great success, from the point of entertainment and also finance.

A literary and musical program has been prepared, which is exce'lent and will interest all who attend. The admission price is just sixteen pennies.

Wth Mrs. Sass.

Mrs. Morris Sass will entertain a number of friends at her home on F street tomorrow afternoon.

Will Move to Wichita Falls.

Mr. Fred M. Gates has returned from a business trip of two weeks duration to several towns in Texas, and has decided to locate at Wichita Falls Texas. Carrol, Burt Robinson of Oklahoma City will establish a branch house at that place and Mr. Gates will be local manager.

Mr. Gates was charmed with Wichita Falls and as a business location thinks it cannot be surpassed.

He will hold considerable stock in the branch house of which he has been appointed manager and will move with his family in a few weeks, having rented a home on this trip.

Mrs. Gates will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances here and will always find a number of homes eager to welcome her return visits.

Affinities After Marriage.

The operatic tenor who has consented to surrender his wife to an admirer whom she loves more tha nshe loves her husband contemplates a sacrifice which is the similar case of Ruskin's relinquishment of his wife to Millais has been regarded as romantically heroic in the highest degree.

It is assumed that the motives inspiring the present rearrangement of domestic relations are equally exalted, even to the monetary considerations involved.

That being the case, the world has another high example of chivalric gallantry on the part of a husband.

Yet while an occasional instance of renunciation of this sort is useful, much in the way that the loves of Paolo and Francesca are useful, or the case of the Prince who perjured himself like a gentleman in a woman's behalf, would it be well if the example were generally followed—if every husband on the discovery that he'd been supplanted in his wife's affections should consent amiably to release her from her bonds; if wives should demand the sacrifice?

Unfortunately for the sentiment of the act, if generally practiced it would in effect encourage trial marriages while approaching perilously near what the law designates by the ugly name of collusion.

There are legal remedies for all possible forms of domestic incompatibility, and even the end desired in this case may be attained by less open methods.

But legislation has not as yet sanctioned readjustments of matrimonial relations for the benefit of wives who find their affinities after marriage.—Oklahoma City Times.

Here and There.

The Orio C'ub meets this afternoon and studies the "Divinities of Nature."

The Third Ward Mothers' club meets this afternoon at the school house with an excellent program for discusson.

The Bridge club did not meet this week.

The regular meeting of the Ladies of the Leaf for Monday afternoon will be postponed a week on account of the banquet on Tuesday evening.

Lincoln's Birthday.

On February 12th let us remember the birthday anniversary of that large-souled statesman, orator comrade and friend of great and humble alike, who, "with malice toward none and charity for all," sad, "Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower, where I thought a flower would grow."

The Christian church will give a dinner on February 12th, at some down-town building on Main street.

While it is often impossible to prevent an accident, it is never impossible to be prepared—it is not beyond any one's purse. Invest 25 cents in a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment and you are prepared for sprain, bruises and like injuries. Sold by all dealers.

IT WASN'T LOADED.

One Brother Shoots Another While Playing With Weapon.

Enid, Okla., Feb. 2.—Another tragedy resulting from an accident with the "gun which wasn't loaded," occurred Tuesday morning on the Pucket farm near this city.

Joe and William Pucket, aged 9 and 12 respectively, were playing with an old 34-calibre carbine revolver. The weapon had been in the house a long time and the family thought it was unloaded. In some way it was discharged and the bullet entered the abdomen of Joe Pucket. The shot was fired at such close range that the bullet cut nine holes in the boy's intestines.

The boy was brought to this city and operated on. The chances for his recovery are considered very slight.

If troubled with indigestion, constipation, no appetite or feel bilious, give Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets a trial and you will be pleased with the result. These tablets invigorate the stomach and liver and strengthen the digestion. Sold by all dealers.

Ardmoreite Want Ads are the best.

The Disappearing Eye - By Fergus Hume

(Copyright, 1909, By G. W. Dillingham Company)

(Continued from yesterday)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

The body of an elderly woman, Mrs. Caldershaw, is found in a rear room of her shop on a lonely road with a hatpin through her heart and her glass eye missing. Cyrus Vance, who had entered the shop to buy petrol, and who discovered the body, is at first suspected. Suspicion turns to a woman in a white cloak who took Vance's car and deserted it in a field near Murchester. Miss Destiny, an elderly maiden lady who had come to visit Mrs. Caldershaw, says the latter was formerly a servant in her brother-in-law's house, The Lodge, at Burwain, and placed strange value on her glass eye. She recognizes a photograph which has inspired Vance with love for the original as that of her niece, Gertrude Monk. Lady Mabel Cannington asks Vance's advice as to her acceptance of an offer of marriage from Walter Marr, a middle-aged man, supposed to be rich.

CHAPTER X.

An Important Discovery.

"Huh," said the boy, sagaciously, "that sounds as though you had refused him."

"No, I didn't."

"Then you accepted him."

"No, I didn't," she said again "I left it an open question, until I consulted you and Cyrus. After all, he is rich and not bad looking."

"Oh, Mabel," cried Cannington, rising to perambulate the narrow room "you know very well that you love Dickey Weston."

"What's the use of having a man who won't speak his mind? Dickey always lives in the moon, and I only love him from habit."

"You never loved me from habit," I remarked hardly.

Mabel put her head on one side, and surveyed me critically. "No, I never did," she said candidly, "and yet you're better looking than Dickey. But he's got a way with him—I don't know what it is."

"Absent-mindedness," suggested Cannington. "May we smoke, Mab?"

"Oh, yes, you can give me a cigarette also, if they're Egyptian. Thanks, awfully." She accepted one, and I struck a match for the lighting. "Of course, Dickey Weston is absent-minded and selfish," she continued, frankly. "All the same, I love him and I don't mind anyone knowing it."

"Every one does except Dickey," said I with a shrug.

"I suppose you think that's clever."

"It's the truth. After all, I don't see why you need be shy with a man you have known for centuries. Why not go to Dickey and tell him that you want to marry him and go trips in his airship?"

"Dickey would agree and never know what had happened until he found me breakfasting opposite to him without a chaperon. Well, what's to be done?" She leaned back and placed her hands behind her head. "Dickey won't ask me to be his wife, and Mr. Marr—who is rich—wants me to marry him right away."

"Do you love Marr, Mabel?" asked Cannington seriously.

"No," she said promptly.

"Then refuse him."

"He's too rich to refuse."

"Mabel,"—I spoke this time and severely—"you are much too nice a girl to make such a sordid match, and with a man who migh be your father. Chuck him, and chuck it, and make Dickey Weston do his duty."

"Which Dickey will be quite willing to do," said Cannington amiably, "especially as he told me that he loved you, Mab."

"Oh," the girl jumped up with a fine blush, and threw the half-finished cigarette into the fire-place. "Why didn't you tell me that before, Cannington? I know what I'll do." She reflected for three seconds. "I'll tell Mr. Marr that he shall have his answer as a Christmas box, and meanwhile I'll see if I can't make Dickey jealous. Cannington, you are sure that Dickey said what you said he said?"

"Quite sure. He said it twice."

"Then he must mean it," cried Mabel energetically. "So I can hold off Mr. Marr, and make Dickey jealous by pretending to flirt with him. After all I love Dickey and Dickey loves me, so why shouldn't we marry?"

"I am sure," said I cynically, "that if you put the position clearly to Weston in that way he would do his duty."

"I don't want him to do his duty, just as if I was driving him to the altar," she said, much exasperated. "I wouldn't marry Dickey if I didn't love him, not if he were twice as rich."

"What about Marr?"

She wilfully chose to ignore my hint. "He can remain as a second string to my bow, Cyrus. After all, I must marry money, Aunty Lucy"—this was Lady Denham, the late earl's sister—"is always grumbling about my dresses. And—and—and—oh, well, then, never mind, I must be getting back to town." She looked at her bracelet watch. "There's a theater party and supper at the Ritz tonight, so I haven't much time."

"And the situation?" asked Cannington, helping her on with her cloak.

"I'll temporize and give Dickey a chance."

"Which means that Marr will have none," I said gravely. "That's not fair."

Mabel shrugged her shoulders and made the truly feminine answer. "You're a man and don't understand. "Oh," she stopped at the door suddenly, "by the way, Aunt Lucy told me that your name was in the papers about some murder. I've just thought about it. Aren't you accused of sticking pins into some one? Tell me all about it on the way to the station; it will amuse me, you know."

This refreshing candor made me laugh right out as we descended the stairs. "I am glad that you have even an after-thought of my amusing position," I said very dryly.

She had the grace to color. "Oh, I didn't quite mean that, Cyrus; but, after all, I can't think of everything at once."

"Cannington did that, Mabel. He has been a brick, and but for his assistance I should never have pulled through."

"What rot," muttered the boy, but he was secretly pleased.

"Then you are in danger?" cried Mabel, startled.

"I have been, I replied with emphasis, "as I discovered the body, but my own spotless reputation and Cannington's asservations of my honesty, prevented my being arrested."

"I'm so glad, Cyrus. Such a horrid thing for one's friend being arrested for a nasty pin-sticking crime."

"Horrid indeed for the friend."

"Where did you hear of the murder, Mab?" questioned her brother.

"Oh, the papers yesterday and this morning were full of it. Aunt Lucy drew my attention them, as she knew that I know you," said Mabel incoherently. "You were at the inquest, weren't you, Cyrus, and gave evidence? Tell me all about it, as I only read scraps."

"There's very little to tell," I answered, yawning, for really I felt extremely tired. "I found Mrs. Caldershaw dead in the back room, and a woman in a white cloak, presumably her murderess, ran off with my motor car."

"I read all that. What else?"

"Nothing else, save that we found the car and not the woman. A jury of twelve good and lawful yokels brought in a verdict of murder against some person or persons unknown."

"But I thought you said this woman was guilty?"

"It is presumed so, since she bolted with my car and hasn't turned up. Her name is unknown, so the verdict is quite right."

"But persons," persisted Lady Mabel inquisitively.

"A mere graceful addition to round off the sentence. I believe that this woman stabbed Mrs. Caldershaw with a sapphire-headed hatpin."

"Sapphire-headed, she must have been rich."

"Oh, Vance is drawing on his theatrical imagination," struck in Cannington impatiently, "the sapphire he talks of was only blue glass."

"Oh, that reminds me that the papers said something about a glass eye."

"I expect they said a very great deal about it," I assented gravely. "Catch your journalist missing a chance of hinting at a mystery."

"Is it a mystery?" asked Mabel, walking before us into the station.

"More or less—possibly more. Mrs. Caldershaw was murdered by this unknown woman, presumably for the sake of her glass eye."

"But why?"

Cannington laughed. "That's what the police are trying to learn; not that they ever will. I believe the truth will never be discovered."

"Are there no letters, no papers? Is there no gossip likely to——"

I interrupted impatiently, for the absence of circumstantial evidence bothered me greatly. "Inspector Dredge looked over all the papers and letters of the dead woman and found nothing likely to lead to the discovery of the guilty person's name. As to gossip, it appears that Mrs. Caldershaw kept to herself in the corner shop and little was known about her. She came to Mootley five years ago with her savings, having been the housekeeper of Gabriel Monk, of Burwain, near Gatling-sands. There she started a shop, and at times received a visit from Miss Gertrude Monk, whom she nursed, and from Miss Destiny, who is the young lady's aunt."

"Two women," breathed Mabel, facing me; "do you think——"

"That either one is guilty?" I interrupted again and somewhat sharply. "No, I certainly do not. Miss Destiny was on her way to stay the night with Mrs. Caldershaw when the crime was committed; and at the inquest she stated that she left her niece behind at The Lodge, Burwain."

"You needn't be so cross about it," said Mabel, staring at my acrid tone. "I only suggested possibilities. What are you laughing at, Cannington?"

"Nothing," said the boy, untruthfully, and looked hard at me. The fact of my admiration for Miss Monk's pictured face—we had discussed her several times before and after the inquest—was in his mind, as I well knew. But he had grace enough to keep this to himself and not set Lady Mabel's too ready tongue chattering.

"I wish you wouldn't giggle, Cannington," she said, accepting the excuse. "It's growing on you. Well," she faced me, "what are you going to do?"

"About what, if you please?"

"About this **murder**."

"What the deuce should he do?" cried Cannington, openly surprised. "He's well out of an awkward situation, so there's no more to be said. I daresay he'll write a melodrama on the case and solve the mystery in the wrong way."

"I am not so sure," said I pointedly, "that I won' try to solve it the right way."

"What do you mearn by that?" asked my friend, staring.

"I mean that the mystery of Mrs. Caldershaw's glass eye fascinates me and that I intend to follow up what clues there are."

"There aren't any," said Cannington promptly. "You heard what Inspector Dredge said at the inquest."

"He admitted that he could find no evidence. It is true, but that doesn't mean to say that evidence is not to be found."

"Are you about to turn amateur detective?"

"Why not? Now, why are you laughing?"

"Oh, he's crazy," said Mabel disdainfully. "Here comes my train. I'll have to race to reach town and dress. Aunt Lucy is always so punctual, I'm sure to get into hot water."

"Ask Mr. Wentworth Marr to get you out of it," said I, jokingly.

"He could," she replied seriously, leaning out of the carriage window. "Aunt Lucy thinks no end of him, and would be glad to see me his wife."

"Don't you do anything in a hurry, Mabel," began Cannington, when his expostulations were cut short by the departure of the train. When the ruddy tail light of the guard's van disappeared he took my arm with a friendly hug. "I didn't give you away, did I, Vance?"

"There's nothing to give away," I said gruffly.

"Oh! oh! oh!" said Cannington, in three distinct keys. "What about love at first sight, old man? You intend to follow up this case, so as to get into touch with the original of thatp hotograph."

"Rubbish! You are jumping in the dark."

"Don't you jump," advised the boy shrewdly. Your fancy has evidently been caught by Miss Monk's face, and if you meet her there's no telling but that you may be a married man before Christmas."

I denied this hotly, and proceeded to show that my interest in the case was more or less official. "Mystery piques every man," said I insistently, "so I mean to learn why Mrs. Caldershaw was murdered, and why she attached such value to that glass eye of hers."