

# The Girl and the Detective

**A**PPPEARANCES in some lines of business are everything. Or, it may be, they are necessary only for one particular transaction. Anyway, for some such reason, Bertha had fitted herself out in her most taking costume. Her dress of rustling black silk, with deep rich lace, was topped off with a modish hat of chiffon and jet and plumes. Her creaseless gloves, the glistening tips of her patent leathers, and the diamond-shaped girdle at her waist, satisfied the eye that every essential of a well-dressed woman had been attended to.

So complete was the ensemble that one felt at a glance that such a woman should not be seen in the street outside of a carriage. In fact, Bertha herself seemed conscious of the incongruity. So, after leaving her hotel, she walked down the street to a livery stable. There her eyes critically scrutinized every jehu and his carriage. Not a detail of man, beast, or vehicle escaped her artistic judgment—or, rather, her business acumen. But at last her woman's instinct of the eternal fitness of things seemed to become satisfied.

The carriage was one which public service had not yet dimmed of an aristocratic polish and shimmer. The harness was mounted, the horses well checked up, and the driver possessed of a suit of green livery and a conscious sedateness of manner that marked him apart from the common "cabby." At some time, in a shrouded past, he had been a private coachman.

With such an entourage, it was only natural that, as the carriage drew up before a large jewelry establishment in a fashionable business thoroughfare of the city, the boy in livery swung open the plate-glass door unusually wide and obsequiously. He had learned the art of his vocation. The proprietor, too, hastened forward with an unusual blandness.

"And what can I show madam?" he queried, with an unctuous deference, inspired by this possible customer of wealth.

But the deference was lost on Bertha. She was blasé, languid. She pulled off her gloves listlessly—a matter of business necessity, and also an essential to bored ennui.

"Really," she replied, "I don't know. I was just driving by, and came in; it was so warm in the carriage. But let me see"—she paused reflectively—"yes, I believe I have a pearl brooch. I want it reset with diamonds."

"You have it with you?" asked the jeweler, almost apologetically.

Bertha aroused herself sufficiently to feel the soft silk bands about her throat.

"Ah, no! I have left it at home," she replied. "But it makes no difference. I will just see what stones you have while I am here. Perhaps I can pick out the ones I want. Then you can send and get the brooch tomorrow."

"Certainly; just as madam wishes."

The tray which the diamond merchant set on the heavy glass case before her showed just eighteen uncut diamonds. He had counted them accurately—very accurately—before he set them forth. That was a hobby of his. If there were eighteen stones in the tray when he set it out, and eighteen stones in the tray when he set it back, why, manifestly, no one had taken any in the interim.

It was a clever idea, all his own, on which he secretly and sometimes publicly congratulated himself. It enabled him to display a more marked innoceance and a confidence in his customer than he otherwise could possibly have done.

Still, his eyes occasionally turned toward Bertha, as she daintily poised each stone between her eyes and the light. But it was not the deft suppleness of the tapering fingers, however, that occasioned this caution; Bertha was evidently too much of a lady for him to think of that. It was mere force of habit.

For even some ladies, wives of brokers and bankers, this man had learned, have to be watched. Why they would persist in taking an occasional diamond, a brooch or a pin, he had never been able to fathom; men—at least, men of wealth—never did such things.

Still, it could not be said that he really cared, just so long as he saw them do it. Of course, he was too much of a gentleman—and a business man—ever to make a scene with them. He simply told their husbands, and the latter gladly paid a goodly price for the article, and even a little more, by way of suggesting secrecy. It was really a most profitable branch of his business.

But Bertha quickly satisfied him on that score. She was too languidly indifferent, too lethargic. There was about her none of that quick, tense nervousness which marked the well-to-do women whom he had learned to watch. She was simply leaning forward, with her elbows resting on the case, and the tray conveniently in front of her.

So sure was he of her that when a man entered the establishment he turned his attention to this new, possible customer. Bertha, he instinctively felt, would resent his assistant's attention.

Had he felt otherwise, however, he would not have missed an almost imperceptible tremor which passed over Bertha's entire person, causing a positive agitation in the plumes of her hat. For she, too, had caught a glimpse of the newcomer—not directly, but in the big mirror behind the show-case.

It was just an ordinarily dressed and appearing man. There were thousands of his type in the street outside. He had not a single characterizing mark about him. And yet she knew him instantly.

How—intuitively, or with that animal instinct which detects the approach of an unseen enemy—she did not know. But she did know he was a detective. Her momentary tremor had been instinctive, involuntary.

But it was only momentary. There was no haste, concern, or emotion visible in any portion of her whole personality as she languidly pushed the tray from her, gathered up her gloves, and, with a sigh of ennui, lowered her elbows from their polished resting-place.

"Really," she said to the jeweler—again all attention—"some of those stones are gems. I believe, after all, I shall not trouble you to send for the brooch. I will bring it down myself tomorrow afternoon, and pick out each of the stones. I am sure I can make an exquisite cluster."

It was the first enthusiasm she had shown, but it was only a lunge, a mere modicum.

"We shall be delighted to serve you," replied the diamond merchant, bowing and rubbing his hands placidly. "I am sure we can please you."

As Bertha passed the new-comer, she could not resist a full glance in his face. It would have been a glance of defiance, of eternal hatred, had she permitted her face to betray in the least her real attitude. But she was too much of an artist in her profession for that. Instead, the glance was a mere casual one, that rested on him in place of something else, simply because it happened to be there.

The man, however, repaid the glance as she sauntered by, with an intense scrutiny of her back, a careful observation of the carriage she entered, and a mental picture of the driver, livery and all.

"Aren't you a trifle careless about letting people examine stones that way?" he asked affably of the jeweler, meanwhile leaning over the tray of diamonds Bertha had just left. "Or perhaps you know the lady?"

"Oh, no," replied the jeweler, complacently. "I never saw her before in my life. But I have a little system of my own for keeping record of the stones. You see—with a self-satisfied air of knowledge—"I count them before I set them out, and then again as soon as the customer is done. I know they are all there before anyone leaves the place. It has never failed me yet."

"A-h-e-m," agreed the detective, "that is pretty clever. Never would have thought of that myself."

He carelessly—an observer might have said unconsciously—picked up one of the diamonds and held it to the light. It was as lifeless and unresponsive as the mere cut glass he knew it at a glance to be. He barely restrained a start. A peculiar tingle of joy thrilled through his every nerve fibre. The detective became rampant within him.

"And you never had a person try to take one?" he queried, with a promising air of deference to the other's superior ingenuity.

"Oh, I won't say that," replied the man, responding to the subtle flattery of the detective. "Those are trade secrets. I wouldn't dare tell. It might involve some prominent people, you see."

"Well, yes, I do begin to see," replied the other, with, for some reason, an unaccountable accent on the "see."

One by one, without even appearing to intend to do so, he had examined each and every stone on the tray before him. Of the entire eighteen, twelve had shimmered and shone in his fingers like living things; six had remained clear but inanimate. And yet, lying close together on the tray, refracting and deflecting the rays from the live stones, the six worthless ones could hardly be differentiated from the others without a separate inspection.

Now, had the detective been a public officer, it is impossible to state to what degree of fineness he would have at once ground the jeweler's opinion of his own cleverness. But he was only a private detective; a detective by instinct, and not by duty, either moral or civil. Therefore, it suited him best—both his instinct and his suddenly conceived plan—to leave the man in ignorance.

"Well," he laughed, "I wouldn't care for the responsibility of seeing that a diamond was never stolen, even with the help of that little scheme of yours."

The jeweler laughed complacently. "And there's nothing I can show you today?" he queried, as the man reached the door.

in the private room of the hotel, he was tingling with that animal exultation a tiger must feel as it pauses for an instant in the sheer joy of certainty before making its fatal spring. But in this case the detective's certainty was too certain. He had undervalued the game. In fact, so far had he undervalued it that he did not even trouble himself to display his usual adroitness.

"You were in Frenzer's establishment this afternoon?" he began, bluntly, after the civility of displaying his name and occupation had been passed.

Bertha had shown a well-bred lack of concern and a barely perceptible interest at the showing of the document. She took it as something outside her world. She was still pleasantly unconcerned at the directness of the question.

"You could hardly have missed seeing me there," she replied, sweetly.

"And I suppose you know," he went on, with insinuating emphasis, "that when you left six paste diamonds were found in place of six genuine stones in the tray you had been examining?"

The detective had fixed her with a gaze almost hypnotic in its intensity. But Bertha did not deem it necessary either to show or to express

thoritatively protested, with his palms open towards her. "All I meant to say was that you took those six diamonds and left the glass ones in their—"

"S-h-r!" she again reiterated. Further utterance seemed to choke in her throat. But an angry snap of her foot on the floor gave vent to a little more of her pent-up emotion. "She was beside herself with rage."

"And as I was about to add," continued the detective, with a change to smiling blandness that was almost sinister in its suddenness, "just you give me half of those diamonds and nothing more will be said about it. Old Frenzer hasn't got scent of his loss yet."

Bertha saw the game before her was half-way through. It gave her a sudden buoyancy of spirits. She had no reason now to fear immediate discovery by the police, and certainly she did not fear this impostor. But the revelation had come too sudden for a change of role on her part. So she retained the old. Her eyes flashed; her breath came quicker; she leaned towards him with some of the treacherous, stealth-like approach of a creeping panther. She was a consummate actress.

By-and-by, in all probability, some deeper issue came along, something more important than the ordinary, every-day events, and then both realize not only the deeper interest that lay behind

the "idle curiosity," but also the real affection hidden behind the indifferent exterior. But perhaps this deeper issue never does come along, and then they go on doubting each other until the end of the chapter.

In the case of the brother and sister in the theatre there are no such doubts and misunderstandings. They have each formed other friends, but they have not at the same time let closer affections wane. He has continued to take an undisguised interest in his sister's doings, and she, no matter how many attendants she has, always managed to find time for her brother.

She has not only kept two or three spaces open on her dance card for her brother's name, but she has even gone to dances with him, and sat out with him the dances they didn't quite like, as if he had been some other girl's brother.

She has contrived to make their family sitting room just as interesting as some other girl's parlor, and she has learned to play the music he liked, just as if he had been her most favored admirer.

She has encouraged him to come to her with all his troubles and all his hopes and successes, and she, in turn, has made him the confidant of all her little girlish secrets.

In her case, what has been accomplished has been more than the mere keeping alive of their affection. Their mother died while they were both young, and the sister, by making her company so delightful to her brother, and their home so interesting, has kept him from the doubtful associations and bad habits he would otherwise have formed.

Their father, with all his knowledge of the world, could not have so protected his son as his daughter has unwittingly done. He could have pointed out the dangers, but he could not have even conceived of this most efficient way of avoiding them.

This brother and sister are so devoted that they will probably never leave each other, but will go on keeping house together in perfect love and unity until the end of their lives.

"What! Marry my daughter? You must be destitute of reason."

"Well, sir, I know I'm destitute, but that is my reason."

"Not today; but I'll be back tomorrow," he added, with another unnecessary emphasis on his final word.

An hour later, after visits to half-a-dozen different livery stables, the detective located the coachman with the green livery and the sedan chair. His mental picture served perfectly to identify the man and carriage. But the coachman's sedateness seemed unapproachable. I forbade familiarity, at least, without a formal introduction.

But the detective overcame this obstacle. He made his introduction charmingly informal by a display of his business card. The man became communicative at once; it might mean a certain amount of convenient immunity to him.

"You had a lady fare, with black eyes, this afternoon. Where did you leave her?" demanded the detective, authoritatively.

"Grand Hotel, sir," replied the man. The detective started to leave. But the man wished to atone for any unfavorable impression his former dignity might have caused. "What's the game?" he queried, winking knowingly.

"Very special!" was the non-committal answer. When at last the detective confronted Bertha

even the emotion conveyed in the feminine exquiver with feigned intensity. "Even thieves have honor, but blackmailers—never."

For the subsequent instant, before her eyes left him, the man wavered, as though actually fearful lest she might spring upon him in her tiger-like majesty and rend him to pieces. But the bulldog in his nature quickly predominated.

"Now, no nonsense here," he demanded, fiercely, stepping a pace nearer; "just hand over those diamonds on the spot, or I'll call an officer and have you arrested in an instant."

It was a fatal mistake. He saw it before the last word had left his mouth. Bertha had caught it sooner. And she gave him no time to explain. Her hauteur vanished like mists before a smiling sun.

The room rang with her quick, exultant, tantalizing laugh—the laugh almost of a fiend. It was not a laugh of joy, but the laugh of ecstasy; the supreme ecstasy of suddenly gaining the upper hand.

"And so you will call an officer?" she tantalizingly queried. And again her unrestrained, triumphant laughter filled the room. "You—you have to call an officer to call an officer to make an arrest. You can't do it yourself!"

Then she became politely, stingly courteous. "Ah, but I see. Perhaps they do not allow detectives to make arrests here. I am a stranger in the city. They doubtless keep the detectives just for blackmailing, and have officers to do the cruder work of making arrests. I should really be obliged to you to have me arrested, just to see how it is done."

This time her laugh was low, almost soft; and yet it had a metallic vibration that pierced one like the slender steel of a bodkin.

The detective yielded, but neither gracefully nor gallantly. There was no way of getting round it. He had played his present hand and lost. But he promised himself he should have another chance. Of course, he could still denounce her to the police. But what would he gain by that?—revenge and a possible five from the jeweler.

No, he was playing for bigger stakes. He could not wait his time—to await the next deal. So he retreated towards the door. Bertha followed with the graciousness of a hostess at the heels of a departing guest. She could afford to be generous.

"You may rest assured, madam," began the man, with some of her own mock courtesy, bowing deferentially, "that I shall dog you night and day. I shall know your whereabouts every instant; your every caller, your every act."

"Oh! I trust you will not take the trouble," she pleaded, with gracious solicitude. "It is quite unnecessary, I assure you. I shall let you know all myself. I shall not leave my room until two o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Then I shall go to Frenzer's to have my brooch reset."

The man's mock courtesy dropped like a mantle. He glowered at her with ill-concealed rage. "I shall be there," he said, meaningly. "Good-day!"

"Good-bye!" she replied, sweetly, closing the door.

From her own window Bertha watched the man pass down the street. As she did so she plucked at a stray thread in the seam of her cuff. The thread unravelled out completely, and from the inclosed space of the seam in the soft cloth six diamonds rolled into the palm of her hand. She gazed at them musingly. Then she gave a disdainful shrug to her shoulders.

"Laugh!" she exclaimed, aloud to herself. "I could throw them out of the window—what do I want with them? But, no; that would be too easy. I would rather give every one of them back to old Frenzer than let that coward get his hands on them." Then a sudden inspiration came into her consciousness. She fairly beamed with the joy of it. "I'll do it!" she cried, ecstatically.

But it was easy to say and harder to do. Bertha found that next afternoon when she returned to Frenzer's. The detective was there before her, leaning with listless insolence against a show-case just opposite where Bertha had previously examined the diamonds, and where, in all probability, she would look at them again.

But she scorned to make the least concession to his presence. She could have asked to see the diamonds in the private room, or she could have asked to see the diamonds in another part of the shop under the pretense of better light. But she would have been a partial victory for the detective, and she refused to grant it. She went straight to the old place, not six feet from her enemy, and exclaimed, almost gaily, to the jeweler:

"Now I'll see those diamonds again. I have brought my brooch with me, and shall pick out every stone."

The very proximity of the detective gave an added zest to her exhilaration. Then suddenly a cold shiver ran through her. Glancing into the mirror behind the show-case, she encountered the reflection of the detective's dark, sinister face. It was almost contorted with a smile of cunning and joy that lurked in every line. Such a look meant something, and it took Bertha just

an instant to see what that something was. So cunningly had the man placed himself that he not only could see her back fully from where he stood, but by her reflection in the mirror he could see every movement of those deft, supple fingers in front.

It was a situation that was trying. But Bertha's little shiver passed as soon as it came, and in its place came a determination. She would balk him yet. It was a determination that hardened every muscle in her body.

She drew off her gloves with gusto. By keeping the palm of her left hand downward and partially closed, there was no possibility of the detective's seeing the six diamonds, which rested in the fleshy angle at the base of each finger and thumb. Still, it was nerve-racking work. She must pick up one of the glass stones, pretend to fit it in the brooch, and then, releasing one of the diamonds from between the fingers of her left hand, tuck the false one back into the former's place.

And all the while the eyes of the detective were burning into her back from the man himself behind, and into her bosom from the reflected eyes in front. A glance at either of those pair of eyes would have shattered her self-control.

She restrained herself only by continual meaningless ejaculations to the jewelry of "Oh! isn't that a gem?" "What a beauty!" or "Isn't this a dear?" It gave a certain vent to the feelings that would otherwise have cost her self-possession.

But at last every stone was replaced. She permitted herself the luxury of a sigh of relief. Still, there were three things she must do. She must rid herself of those six incriminating glass stones, she must throw the detective off her track; and, last, she must satisfy the jeweler for not leaving her brooch to be reset. For the brooch was a souvenir from another jewelry house, too valuable to leave behind even to be returned upon a private detective.

The three tasks she accomplished at a stroke. She waited until the detective had stepped a pace forward—he was so sure he had caught her—and the jeweler was reaching for the brooch, when she gave a little gasp of dismay. Her knees swayed beneath her, and her right hand went convulsively to her heart; and her left—as the detective leaped forward to catch her—caught in the pocket of his coat. The detective was only gallant enough to ease her to full length upon the floor. But the jeweler was more so.

"Quick! some water," he exclaimed.

"Shut up, you fool!" commanded the detective, hastening to the show-case; "look at your diamonds!"

The jeweler's chivalry vanished on the instant. "They're all here," he exclaimed, glancing furtively at the tray—"just eighteen."

"Fool!" hissed the detective, "look at them; they've been changed."

Nervously, excitedly, both men examined every stone. Each one was genuine. The detective dropped back, a darkening frown on his face. The jeweler's chivalry returned.

"Quick, now, get some water. Help me with this lady. She's a customer."

But the help appeared unnecessary. Bertha appeared to have anticipated it, and was sitting up, glancing about in a dazed manner.

"If you will kindly help me to my carriage," she said, faintly, "I'll drive home. The air will revive me."

"I beg of you not to," protested the diamond merchant, assisting her to rise. "You must stay here. I will call a doctor. I will get you something to take."

"No, no," insisted Bertha. "I am all right now. It was only a dizzy feeling. Just take me to my carriage."

The jeweler had become inoculated with too much good breeding to persist. He helped her to the cushioned seat and closed the door. The carriage drove away.

The detective, on the merchant's return, was brooding heavily, and a deep frown shadowed his brow. He was deeply perturbed, apparently in a brown study. But his face was dark with frowns. Finally, he thrust his clenched fists into his coat pockets, and started, as if to pace about.

He had taken but a few steps when he stopped. Something hard had pricked the clenched knuckles in his right coat pocket. He scooped the something up, and extended the open palm before the astonished eyes of both himself and the jeweler. There were six seeming diamonds.

The jeweler almost jumped. In fact, he did jump—at conclusions.

"So that's your game!" he exclaimed, with sudden, convincing suspicion.

There was a burglar alarm at the front of the shop. He started towards it. There was also an open door at the front. The detective started towards that. Before the little lever which rang the bell at the police station could be pulled down the detective was outside the door. He swung on a car that was passing nearly at full speed.

Of course, he could explain to the jeweler and the police. But what would be the use? There was nothing to incriminate the girl. And he had been seen with the "goods" on him.

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## To Call on the King

**T**HE Indians of British Columbia have decided to send a delegation to see King Edward and make the endeavor to have some of their wrongs righted. Chief Joe Capilani has been one of the most active spirits in the organization of the Indians and the action to appeal to the King was determined upon recently at a meeting held at Vancouver. Joe will lead the delegation and will be accompanied by several other chiefs.

The complaint of the Indians is on the score that their lands have been encroached upon by the whites and that they are unable to obtain any redress for the property thus taken away from them.

Some years ago the Indians were induced to surrender lands upon which they had lived for years with the promise that they should be given in return other land which was equally desirable. But, they contend, good farm lands were surrendered and they were given rocks and stones as recompense. Now that this has obtained some value it is being taken up by the whites, and the Indians are unable to obtain justice. It is expected that the King will hear their protest and right their wrongs.

**Society Slang**

To the outsider who is interested in the slang of the "Smart Set," one may say that it consists wholly of abbreviations, and is, therefore, as labor-saving an invention as the typewriter. Thus, in the language of the Upper Ten, "neury" stands for neuritis, "champey" for champagne, "divvy" for divine, "umbey" for umbrella, "Kensney" for Kensington, and so on.

**A Characteristic Incident**

A Nottingham lady, 80 years of age, came especially to London to see Miss Ellen Terry play in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." Unfortunately, while ascending the gallery stairs, she slipped and fell, breaking her wrist and injuring her head. When Miss Terry heard of the occurrence, she had the lady brought to her dressing room, sent for a doctor and attended to her as carefully as any trained nurse.

## The Alienation of Brother and Sister

BY PHOEBE FORREST

**A**T a vaudeville performance the other evening a young man and a young woman came in and sat down just in front of me. Even if I had not previously known that they were brother and sister the resemblance between them would have told me.

He helped her off with her wrap, handed her a program, and began to talk to her with all the interest and vivacity he would have shown to some other fellow's sister. He even laughed heartily at a story of wit on her part, and capped it with a snarl of his own.

He listened to her remarks with as much interest and attention as if he were not in the habit of hearing her voice every day in the week, and as if he did not know her opinions and the things that interested her like a book.

All through the show he was just as attentive to her as he would have been to his best girl; I even heard him compliment her upon how pretty she looked in her new waist. Indeed, the only thing about the two to betray their relationship was the resemblance between them.

When the show was over he helped her on with her wrap, and, still laughing and talking animatedly, they went out into the street. I made haste to follow them, and saw them go into a drug store, apparently to get refreshment at the soda fountain. He couldn't have treated her better if she had been his sweetheart.

Lots of sisters complain that they don't get the treatment from their brothers that they think they deserve. They say that whenever they want him to escort them anywhere he always has a "date" with some other girl; if they are going to have a little party and want him to stay at home and enact the role of host, he invariably has to go out; and worse than all this, he never takes any interest in their affairs beyond what they call "idle curiosity."

He has his friends and his sister has hers; and they are interested in each totally different

things that they have passed by insensible degrees from the pleasant intimacy of childhood to a condition of mere acquaintanceship.

This state of affairs is no more the brother's fault than it is the sister's; they are both equally to blame. When they were sixteen or seventeen they went everywhere together, but as they grew older they began more and more to seek the society of other people. The brother formed new friends, and, besides, he wanted a change from the monotony of the society of one person alone; and the girl wanted to prove the efficacy of her charms by being seen out in the society of other young men. She soon became too busy with her other friends to have any time for her brother.

She certainly had no time to go out with him, and often it happened that she saw very little of him. In the mornings he generally went out long before she got up, and in the evenings either he or she was out to dinner. If they met accidentally at a dance her card was always filled with other fellows' names, and she couldn't possibly substitute her brother's for any of them.

Other girls were much more interesting, because there was so much to learn about them, and he knew all there was to know about his sister.

The society of "the boys" was preferable to that of girls, anyway, because with "the boys" you could do just as you pleased, and with girls you had to be on your best behavior. With your

sister you had to be on your very best behavior, for she belonged to the family, and the family, you know, is always much more critical than anyone else.

So it happened that the brother and sister drifted unconsciously apart. When they did finally become aware of the change in their relations they became sulky, considered themselves misunderstood, and each proceeded to throw the blame on the other.

The brother could not understand why his sister took no interest in his affairs beyond that of "idle curiosity," nor why she apparently never wanted to go out with him.

The sister, for her part, felt deeply hurt at her brother's apparent unwillingness to be seen out with her, and his very evident inclination for the society of some other girl. She also resented the fact that his only reason for wanting to know anything about her doings was, apparently, only so that he could tease her.

As a matter of fact they were both mistaken. He would have been glad to take her out if he had thought that his society was really wanted, and she would have been glad to make time for him if she had thought that he really wanted to take her.

By-and-by, in all probability, some deeper issue came along, something more important than the ordinary, every-day events, and then both realize not only the deeper interest that lay behind

the "idle curiosity," but also the real affection hidden behind the indifferent exterior. But perhaps this deeper issue never does come along, and then they go on doubting each other until the end of the chapter.

In the case of the brother and sister in the theatre there are no such doubts and misunderstandings. They have each formed other friends, but they have not at the same time let closer affections wane. He has continued to take an undisguised interest in his sister's doings, and she, no matter how many attendants she has, always managed to find time for her brother.

She has not only kept two or three spaces open on her dance card for her brother's name, but she has even gone to dances with him, and sat out with him the dances they didn't quite like, as if he had been some other girl's brother.