

The Girl of My Dreams

A Novelization of the Play by
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Novelized by **WILBUR D. NESBIT**
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SYNOPSIS.

Harry Swifton is expecting a visit from his fiancée, Lucy Medders, a Quakeress whom he met in the country. His auto crashes into another machine containing a beautiful woman and a German count. The woman's hat is ruined and Harry escapes. His sister, Caroline, arrives at his home to play hostess. Socrates Primmer, cousin of Lucy's, arrives with a hat intended as a present for Lucy. Harry is trailed to his home by the Count and Mrs. Gen. Blazes, who demands her hat, a duplicate of which she says has been delivered at Harry's house. She is in great fear lest her husband hear of her escapade. Lucy Medders and her father arrive and the count is hidden in one room and Mrs. Blazes in another.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"All right!" Harry laughed, dropping her hands. "You always have your way with me. A girl ought to be mighty careful who kisses her after she is married, too, don't you think?" Lucy smiled quaintly. Some of Harry's jests were a bit too flippant for her. Harry went on: "Really, I'm mighty sorry I didn't meet you at the train. But, you see, I had a little trouble with my machine this morning." "It was as well that thee did not meet us. It would have spoiled father's plans. We wanted to find thee in thy usual atmosphere." Again Harry looked quickly at her. The surroundings were such as to make him keenly alive to any possible suggestion of some other meaning than her words implied. But Lucy's face was as serious as ever. She looked about the room, and sighed: "Thy house is just lovely."

"It will be," Harry said, glancing apprehensively at the door of the room where Mrs. Blazes was waiting patiently for her hat—"It will be when it's fixed up. Some things have to be moved out."

"And will thy sister—Caroline—will she show me about the house?" Lucy asked.

"Certainly," Harry answered, gallantly. "But you don't need her. Just make yourself at home. Go anywhere you like."

Lucy started toward the room where Harry had placed Mrs. Blazes. But Harry was following her to detain her.

"And in here?" Lucy asked. "What have you there, Harry?" "There? There?" Harry stammered. "Why—why, that's just some old junk in there. Wouldn't interest you at all."

"A junk room? How odd!" "Yes—I you see—I used to have a fad of collecting junk."

The sweat was standing on Harry's brow. He knew that Mrs. Blazes could overhear him, and his brief experience with that lady taught him that she had a natural feminine aversion to being termed junk. If she should decide to assert herself by opening the door and making a few remarks! The thought was appalling.

"Come, Lucy," he suggested. "Let's go and see—and see the goldfish."

"Nay, Harry," she smiled. "Let me see thy collection of junk. I did not know thee were an authority on that."

"Later, Lucy," he said. "Later."

"Then I will peep into thy library," she decided. "Is not this it?"

She started to the other door, opening into the room where the Count was whiling the time away and contenting his soul with such patience as he could muster.

"No, no!" Harry said, almost frantically, catching Lucy's arm. "Not now!"

"But why, Harry?" "I—I've got a little surprise in there for you, Lucy."

"A surprise? Oh, surprise me now!" "That would spoil it all," he assured her, feeling that his ruse was working.

"How can it surprise me later, when I know it is to be a surprise, anyway?" she asked, with feminine logic.

"Well—it will be a surprise—and I—that is—"

"Now, Harry, thee has aroused my curiosity. I will see now."

not very forcibly. "Thee knowest I do not approve of that." "How can you approve of a thing until you have it?" Harry wanted to know. And then—

Socrates Primmer, hat box in hand, appeared in the doorway, and what he saw sent his heart thumping to his boot heels.

"Woe is me!" he said, sadly. "The time to give her my present is not yet."

And as he turned to go he collided with Carolyn. That plump young lady accepted his apology gaily, and left him still delivering it as he went on down the hall, while she rushed to Lucy and greeted her effusively.

"We're going to have the jolliest time ever!" Carolyn cried delightedly. "Come. Leave Harry to his own miserable company, and I'll show you your room."

As she turned, she remembered something. "Harry," she said, "I want some pillows out of your room."

Carolyn rushed to the door of Harry's bedroom and seized the knob. Harry sank weakly into a chair and awaited the blow.

"It's all over," he said to himself. Carolyn tried the door, but it would not open.

"Why, Harry!" she said. "Your room is locked."

"Eh? Oh! What?" Harry said. "Locked? Now, who could have locked it?"

He fumbled in his pockets, meanwhile listening acutely for the sound which would tell him that Mrs. Blazes was presenting herself. But blessings upon her head! She did no such thing. With a gasp of relief Harry said:

"I've left the key somewhere. I'll look for it after while."

Lucy looked at Carolyn with an awe-stricken face. "Is that Harry's bedroom?" she asked, in horrified tones.

"Why, yes!" Carolyn answered. "And I desired to see it! Oh! Harry, what must thee think of me. And how nice it was of thee to tell me it was only a junk room."

She went out with Carolyn, leaving Harry sunk dejectedly in a big chair. After the girls were gone he looked apprehensively first at one door, then at the other. Slowly he shook his head, trying to fathom the muddle into which he had plunged himself.

"If I had tried to fix this up for myself," he said, sighing deeply, "it couldn't have been worse."

But it could be—and was about to be—much worse.

CHAPTER V.

Unannounced, there entered the room a slender woman, whose face was half hidden by a huge, flopping, bushel-basket type of hat, the brim of which was draped with flaunting, flapping lace, and from whose crown lifted into the air a gorgeous array of feathers and ribbons and flowers. A tight-fitting gown, with the skirt so fluffed that her steps were painfully mincing, encased her form, and from behind her drifted the most remarkable train that ever was. She tottered in on her high-heeled shoes and peered about the place with a mingling of coyness and assurance that was amazing. Harry looked up, saw her, and groaned. Then he lapsed back further into the chair and mentally gave himself up to the inevitable with the words:

"Ye gods! Daphne Daffington!"

She looked him over coolly, and said:

"You!"

He nodded his head weakly. Things had been piling themselves up too rapidly for him to be able to face the situation with any assurance whatsoever.

"After all these years!" she exclaimed. "To find you at last. Where have you been all this time?"

"Oh—confusedly—I've been here and there—first at home and then away off."

"Well," she said, pursing her lips

she decided. "Is not this it?"

She started to the other door, opening into the room where the Count was whiling the time away and contenting his soul with such patience as he could muster.

"No, no!" Harry said, almost frantically, catching Lucy's arm. "Not now!"

"But why, Harry?" "I—I've got a little surprise in there for you, Lucy."

"A surprise? Oh, surprise me now!" "That would spoil it all," he assured her, feeling that his ruse was working.

Harry jumped up suddenly. "I'll go and get you one now," he offered.

Daphne stopped him with a steely glance, and demanded:

"Where's that hat I sent here?" Harry stared at her for the moment with utter blankness. Then it slowly filtered through his brain that she was the milliner to whom Mrs. Blazes had telephoned. Daphne misinterpreted his stare for one of admiration and with a remarkable imitation of shyness, she asked:

"Do you think my new gown is becoming, really?" "It's a beaut," Harry informed her. "It's a beaut. How do you get it on? With a shoe horn?"

"There you go again!" Daphne said, accusingly. "You were always so full of sarcasm that you acted sour. I want that hat I sent over here."

"You never sent any hat here."

"Yes, I did. A yellow hat, trimmed with red poppies. It was a duplicate of an imported model that I sold to one of my best patrons."

"I've heard of that hat," Harry mused. Then he said, brightly: "Why, you're not the renowned Mlle. Daphne, the milliner, are you?"

"None other," preened Daphne. "You see, I have risen to fame and achieved my ambitions, while you have been content to remain in obscurity."

"To my sorrow," Harry replied. "That is too true, Daphne. But about the hat, I really know nothing of it. There must be a mistake."

"It came here, all right," Daphne replied. "The party who got it wouldn't give his name. He just gave this number."

"Well, I wish such a hat were here."



"Ye Gods! Daphne Daffington!"

The messenger must have taken it to the wrong house. Now, Daphne, I want just such a hat as that, and I'll pay you a good price for it."

Daphne shook her head judicially and fluttered her hands as though she had been asked to pluck a few stars from the sky.

"I can't make another," she said. "There aren't any more like the original. I had two models, but they're both gone. One I sold to Mrs. Blazes—"

"Mrs. Blazes!" Harry interrupted. "Yes," Daphne said, "Mrs. General Blazes."

Harry looked at the door of his room, expecting Mrs. Blazes to come forth and enter the discussion. What construction Daphne might put on her presence, concealed, in his house, he feared to imagine. This, coupled with his old flirtation with Daphne, and her sensitively jealous disposition, would be sure to make things unpleasant for him. And, further, if she learned that Lucy was here, and discovered his fondness for Lucy, he knew mighty well what sort of a row she would kick up. He trembled at the thought. Daphne saw his trepidation.

"Why?" she asked. "What is Mrs. Blazes to you?"

"Nothing," Harry said, fervently. "Absolutely nothing."

"Well, you acted queer. You at ways did act queer," Daphne said here, and I want to get it."

"But it isn't here," Harry assured her. "If it were, I wouldn't let you have it, because I want one like it myself. Can't you make one for me?"

"I might," Daphne said, assuming the coy air that she fancied to be so irresistible. "Why do you want a hat? Is it for your sister?"

"No, Daphne. You see, it's this way. I—I'm to have a guest—two guests. A young lady I'm greatly interested in—you see, it has been so long since we parted that I am sure you have forgotten me—and so—well, this young lady is to visit my sister, and—well, I've got to get that hat."

"Is the hat for her?" Daphne asked, interestedly.

"(TO BE CONTINUED.)"

Enlightened. "Pa," said little Frank, as he turned the pages of his history, "can I ask a question?"

"What is it, my son?" asked his father, without looking up from his sporting page.

"How did the cliff dwellers keep warm in the winter time?"

"Why, I guess they used the mountain ranges. Now, don't ask me any more foolish questions."

Only Once. "How often, my good man," said the stranger at the wayside station "do the trains stop here?"

"The trains stop here," said the sour station porter, "only once. After that they start."—Stray Stories.

INNOCENT SUFFERERS OF THE BALKAN WAR



This photograph shows Greek children, orphaned by Turkish bullets, waiting for free food at one of the relief stations that have been established in Athens.

PRIEST SAVES LIFE

Father Jose Algue Well Known in Philippine Islands.

Director of Weather Bureau at Manila Who Has Made Extraordinary Instrument—Clergyman Is Devoted to Humanity.

London.—Quietly and unostentatiously, without being in any way heralded by the press, a certain priest paid a visit to London recently who deserves to be ranked among the world's greatest benefactors. His name, Father Jose Algue, is scarcely known, perhaps in this country, but every man and woman in the far east knows Father Algue, director of the Philippine weather bureau at Manila. For did he not, after many years' labor, invent an instrument which is called the barocyclonometer, by which it is possible to guard against the most dreaded of far eastern calamities—the typhoon?

This instrument is now in use on upwards of 1,000 ships that sail the waters of the far east, while the American government proposes to fit its ships with a modified form of the instrument in order that captains may be warned of the approach of hurricanes or storms, and thus make it possible for them to slip out of harm's way. And it was in order to have this modified barocyclonometer made under his personal supervision that Father Algue recently came to London.

The instrument is really a combination of the ordinary barometer and a cyclone detecting apparatus, the latter being Father Algue's own invention. The barometer used alone will tell of the approach of the storm, but will give no hint as to the direction in which the center or vortex of the storm is moving. It is this additional information which the cyclonometer supplies, and its use has undoubtedly led to the saving of millions of lives in eastern waters.

Not only, however, has Father Algue invented the barocyclonometer, but in connection with the Philippine weather bureau, he has also organized a system of cyclone danger signals, which is no exaggeration to say save thousands of lives every year. Father Algue has a corps of 50 native assistants who are scattered through the Philippine archipelago. Some are observers, others telegraph operators, others messengers, while at Manila Father Algue is in direct communication with a score of other weather stations in the islands, and also with points far away from the Philippines—Hong Kong for instance.

The approach of a typhoon is at once telegraphed to Father Algue at Manila, and he then sends the news to all quarters by means of his associates and messengers. At times he has been able to give notice of the approach of a typhoon three days before it appears, and almost always manages to give news of it one day before.

We, in this country, have little idea of the enormous loss of life and damage caused by an eastern typhoon. When it is mentioned, however, that the average number of typhoons in the Philippines is 21 a year, and it is not unusual for the fall of rain in two days to equal the total rainfall of other countries for a year, while the wind has been known to uproot churches, some idea of the value of the work which is being done by this priest, who has practically devoted his life to typhoon fighting, may be gathered.

Apart from the barocyclonometer, Father Algue has invented several other weather instruments of great value to mariners, but he cares little for publicity or fame, and it is interesting to note that one of his treatises on typhoon fighting was translated into German and circulated in Europe, yet his name did not appear on

the cover. Instead, the readers were given to understand that the translator was the author of the book. Fame or wealth he cares little about, his main concern being the saving of lives which would otherwise be sacrificed to the storm fiend.

MUST LIVE WITHIN INCOME

Judge Refuses to Grant a Divorce to a Wife Who Charges She Was Subjected to Cruelty.

Franklin, Pa.—That it is the right of a husband to insist that his wife keep the family's expenditures well within his income was a rule laid down here by Judge George S. Criswell in refusing to grant to Mrs. Laura F. Sylvester, of Oil City, a divorce from William W. Sylvester.

The wife asked for a decree on the ground of cruelty, and at the hearing it developed that their troubles were largely financial, the husband restricting the wife's expenditures for the family to a sum within his income. In discussing this phase of the case Judge Criswell said:

"The husband had upon him the burden of the family maintenance. His income, while fair, was limited, and it was only reasonable on his part to insist that proper relation should be maintained between such income and the family expenses. The failure to preserve it could result in his humiliation and loss of caste and standing for business integrity among his associates and in the community, something highly prized by a man of principle and honor."

WHY HOTEL RATES ARE HIGH

Some Expenses Not Put Down in the Books Are Disclosed by Wife of Hotel Manager.

New York.—Every now and then one learns something new of the New York hotels. Mrs. Max Thompson, wife of the assistant manager of a Gotham hotel, is entitled to the gratitude of the public for letting in a little light upon the duties and emoluments of the hotel managers—even if she did do the letting in because, according to her husband, some dispute concerning a fuzzy puddle had risen between them. In her petition for alimony Mrs. Thompson alleges that her husband's income is \$8,400 annually. He is paid \$1,800 for his services; \$900 as agent for a champagne; \$720 for certain unnamed services performed for hotels in Paris, Berlin and London and \$1,200 by steamship lines for procuring certain business for them.

That happens to figure up to \$10,800 a year, but the difference may be set down to the difficulty which ladies notoriously experienced in dealing with arithmetical facts. It also happens that she does not state all the facts, if the facts in Mr. Thompson's case coincide with the facts in the other hotel officials. For example, the assistant manager of the hotel is allowed his rooms and a certain specified sum daily in the dining-rooms. The discreet pushing of a brand of cigars is always worth something. One bartender in one of the great hotels admittedly received \$10 a day for pushing a certain whisky. No doubt his immediate superiors may have profited slightly by the same brand. The carriage callers, head porters, stewards, chefs, detectives, laundry chiefs, head waiters—every other employe in a position of even modified authority about a hotel—always are able to add to their income by certain other side incomes. No doubt they are sometimes moved by sheer gratitude to share such gratuities with the men who have the power of discharge over them. "I will take any position of responsibility whatever in any one of the great hotels," said a competent

BRAGANZA DAGGER IS FOUND

Portuguese Officials Recover \$50,000 Weapon, Missing Two Years—Sought by American.

Lisbon, Portugal.—The famous dagger of the dukes of Braganza, long coveted by wealthy American collectors, has been returned to the state as mysteriously as it disappeared from the royal palace of Necessidades on the night of October 4, 1910, when King Manuel fled from his castle to find refuge on British shores.

The weapon, studded with precious stones and bearing chiselmanship attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, is estimated to be worth \$50,000. Many foreigners have sought to purchase it, romantic tales associated with the blade having added a historic worth to its intrinsic value.

At the time of the revolution the Republican leaders visited the deserted palace and took possession of all the jewels and works of art that the royal family had left behind. The dagger and some other valuables, however, failed to find their way into the hands of the new authorities.

Some time ago the government decided that all the furniture, jewels and other property seized at the palaces, but which belonged to the fallen monarch and his mother, Queen Amelie, should be returned to them in London, and the old inventory books of the Braganza family are being examined to separate what belongs rightfully to the royal family from what is considered as the property of the republic. Recently the dagger was secretly placed in the letter box of the official who is conducting the inventory. There was nothing to indicate by whom it had been restored.

WALK LINE FOR A LODGING

Cleveland Wayfarers' Lodge Forces Application to Drastic Test in Proof of Their Sobriety.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Applicants for a night's lodging must hereafter be able to walk a literal chalk line—a white streak across an eighteen foot room—before there is any shelter for them at the Wayfarers' lodge of the Associated Charities here. Superintendent Howell Wright of the Associated Charities instituted the custom when he refused lodging to a tramp from Philadelphia because he wavered from the narrow path.

Wright said that he believes the custom should become general and that applicants who are unable to negotiate the feat in proof of their sobriety will be turned out in the cold. The more serious cases will be given to the police.

LETS THREE CHILDREN MARRY

Rushville, Mo., Man Gives Permission For Son and Daughters, Under Age, to Wed.

St. Joseph, Mo.—H. H. Seever of Rushville, Mo., observed a dinner as a marriage feast of two daughters and a son, all under legal age, for whose marriage he gave consent. Elmer C. Seever, a son, aged nineteen, married Miss Ruby C. Kelly, aged sixteen years. Miss Florence Seever, aged sixteen, was married to Roy Virgil Brown, aged twenty years, and Miss Alice N. Seever, aged seventeen, wedded Archie M. Russell of Atchinson county, Kansas, the only one of the six who was of legal age.