

THE GIRL WHO HAD NO GOD

A Mystery Story

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Friends, if you enjoy queer tales this one is sure to satisfy your biggest expectation. We consider it the best piece of work Mrs. Rinehart has done for a long time. She is the highest paid woman fiction writer in the world today because her writing makes a universal appeal.

THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

Hilary Kingston had been shot. Old Hilary had been a familiar figure in the village of Woffingham for years. The eccentricity of his gray derby hat, his beetling gray brows, his always fresh gray gloves, his erect, rather heavy old figure, singled him out from the mass of commuters that thronged the city trains. The gray derby was a part of old Hilary. Except on those rare occasions when he attended service at Saint Jude's he was never seen without it.

He lived on the hill above the village, with his daughter—had lived there for ten years. The hall was vast, but old Hilary received no visitors, returned no advances. Visitors thought this curious. The villagers thought this curious. The villagers thought this curious. The villagers thought this curious.

There was no mystery about the hall, and little curiosity. Cars going to the country club passed under the brick wall of his Italian garden. Their occupants sometimes caught a glimpse of Hilary Kingston there, reading in a rose arbor, wandering among her peonies and iris in the spring, or cutting sprays of plox in midsummer.

The man thought her rather lovely; the women, old, with her blond hair and dark eyes. The assistant rector of Saint Jude's, newly come to the village, met her face to face on one of his long country walks, a month or so before old Hilary's death, and could not forget her.

He led the conversation to her that night at a dinner. "An exquisite face," he described her, "but sad, almost tragically sad." "Blond?" The lady on his right was a Mrs. Bryant. In honor of the new assistant rector, who came of the family and was a distinct acquisition to the village, she wore the Bryant pear-shaped pearl. She spoke rather curtly. "I should not call her exquisite—but you probably met Hilary Kingston. Her sadness is a pose, I believe; she has everything she wants."

The assistant rector was young, but very wise. So he spoke no more of Hilary until the women had left the table. Then he ventured again.

"Don't join the army of those of us who worship from afar," advised the youth who had moved up beside him. "She's the loveliest thing in this part of the country. But, except our sainted rector, no one ever gets to put a foot on the place. It's exclusiveness to the nth power, and then some. There's a lot of talk, of course, or used to be. Old Kingston brings his servants from New York, and except an elderly housekeeper, none of them speak English. They used to say around here that he was a refugee, but that's all rat. He's a stinging old donard, afraid some handsome youth like myself will captivate the girl. That's all there is to it."

The assistant rector, whose name was Ward, smiled perfunctorily. Instead of the gleaming table, spread with flowers and candles, with the any colors of cordials and liqueurs, he was seeing a girl standing at the turn of a country road and gazing down into the valley and the distant village with somber eyes.

Faith, hope and charity, and the greatest of these is faith. Faith in ourselves, faith in those around us, and that sublimest faith of all which trusts in something beyond. To all men is given such faith at the beginning of life, and some keep it to the end. But here and there is one born who has lost it, who cannot turn his eyes up and say "Lord, Lord." Old Hilary had not kept the faith.

Years ago he had not been evil. He had gone from philosophy into unbelief, that route which all must travel. But, unlike the many, he had not come back.

He had started with socialism, but socialism must be founded on the Christ, and him he scorned. So from socialism he had drifted to anarchy. To rob the rich and give to the poor, at first. Later on, to rob the rich, to incite seditions, to arm the rebellions—oh, it was comprehensive enough, vastly wicked with that most terrible lawlessness of all, that believes itself law.

To pit his wits against the world and win—that had been old Hilary's creed. "For the oppressed" had been at first the slogan of the band he gathered around him. "Against the oppressor" it became later on. Vastly different the two. Most of human charity and kindness lay crushed down and trampled underfoot during old Hilary's progress from Christ to Antichrist.

The band had been gathered with such care. Respectability, order, decorum—these spelled safety to old Hilary's astute mind. Most of them were younger sons of English landed families, with a sprinkling of other nationalities. Young Huff was an Australian, for instance, the son of a wealthy sheep-owner. Boroday the Russian—implicated in the bomb-throwing that destroyed the minister of war—was a nobleman. Old Hilary had got him out of Siberia during those early days when he righted what, by his crooked mind, were wrongs.

There were twelve in the band at the beginning, and for five years there were no changes. Then came the kidnapping and holding for ransom of Mackintosh the banker in Iowa, and the unexpected calling out of the state militia. The band had hidden Mackintosh in a deserted mine and three of the band went down in the shooting that followed his discovery. In the looting of Tiffany's vaults, which has never been published, a Frenchman named Dupres, was killed; and only recently a tire had burst after the holding up of the car of the governor of Delaware, and their car, overturning, had crushed Jerrald, the mechanic of the band and old Hilary's chauffeur. One way and another, there were only five left: Tabbot and Lebridge the Englishmen, Boroday, Huff and old Hilary himself. And old Hilary's hour was almost come.

Old Hilary lived well, as he might. His foreign servants were artists. He liked good food, good wines, good books. He even had a few pictures—from the leading galleries of Europe. He hung them in the house at Woffingham, with a cynical smile. "Safest place in the world," he said to old Henriette, who protested. "The village has never been heard of them!"

And so in this atmosphere with which he surrounded himself, of fine living and wrong thinking, of atheism raised almost to religion, of no law and no Christ, old Hilary had brought up his daughter. He had been proud of her in his way; absolutely selfish, too. She had had no other companion. He taught her his unbelief, pointing out the churches, as they drove together on Sunday mornings, as slaves to a myth. Also, he taught her to hate a lie, and to give alms. Early in her life their drives together had been punctuated with questions.

"But if my mother is dead, where is she?" asked Hilary on one of them. Old Hilary had eyed her from under eyebrows that were already gray. "She lives in the memories of those that knew and loved her." "But I never knew her. Then for me she doesn't live! But Mademoiselle—she checked herself. Suspicion had been dawning in old Hilary's eyes. "Death is the end," he said tersely, and quoted Darwin and Haeckel to her. But at the end of the drive he

interviewed Mademoiselle, and sent her flying to her chamber, where from under the carpet beneath her bureau, she got her rosary and wept over it.

Elinor was twenty the year her father died, a slender girl, fond of flowers, rather a dreamer. Well educated, too. Old Hilary had seen to that; she knew Malato, Haecckel, Burdett; spoke French and Spanish—Hilary had spent much time in Central America helping the insurgents; it was he who financed the insurrection in northern Mexico—and wrote fluently the form of shorthand that her father had devised as a means of communication between the leader of the band. A keen-eyed, wistful-mouthed slip of a girl, shut off in the great house on the hill above Woffingham; living her life of big theories and small duties, caloused to robbery and violent deeds, and viewing wistfully from her windows the little children in the road below.

CHAPTER II.

Once a year the association closed its books. During all of the June before old Hilary's sudden death, Hilary had been busy arranging figures, collecting data in the cryptic shorthand she knew. Then, on the first of July, Hilary gave his annual dinner.

The band, from twelve, was down to five. Boroday, the Russian, glancing around the table, shrugged his shoulders. It was the chance of the game they played, and percentages would be larger. Nevertheless there was a weight of depression over them all. Elinor was at her father's right, simply dressed. The dinners were always a trial to her. She was palpitantly anxious that the papers before old Hilary be in order and accurate. They were her work. The deeper sig-

nificance of the meeting she was not so much ignorant of as probably indifferent to. If her father did a thing, it took an order, became a law.

There were present Tabbot and Lebridge, the Englishmen; Boroday, whose rescue from Siberia had made him old Hilary's lieutenant; and young Huff, Huff was the mechanic. He had been trained in the Berliet works; airplanes to wireless, automobiles to automatic pistols, he knew them—all makes, all grades. If old Hilary was the brains, Huff was the hands of the band.

He sat beside Elinor, and watched her with worshiping eyes. Perhaps it was as well that old Hilary was intent on his food and on the business in hand. The routine of the annual dinner varied. Five of them then, they sat around the table, in evening clothes, well set up, spare, three of them young, all temperate, honorable about women—as polished, as harmless in appearance, as death-defying as the glancing projectile of a twelve-hung gun!

First old Hilary went over the books. It might have been the board meeting of some respectable bank. He stood at his end of the table, and the light from the chandelier fell full on him. "I have to report, gentlemen," he would say, "a fairly successful year. This is where it differed from a bank. The association had had no bad years. "While our expenses have been heavy, returns have been correspondingly so." And so on, careful lines of figures, outlays and returns, to the end. For old Hilary was secretary and treasurer as well as president.

This time, when he had reached the end of what was to be his last report, he paused and cleared his throat. "Unfortunately, that is not all, gentlemen. Nothing can we call our own but death." And it is my sad duty to report, this last year, the loss of three of our number. A calamitous year, gentlemen."

He might have been a trustee, lamenting the loss of valued supporters to a hospital!

Afterward, in the library, with Elinor embroidering by the fire, they dined in. They dealt only in cash. Securities were dangerous. Once or twice Boroday had successfully negotiated with a fence in Paris, but always under old Hilary's protest.

Some new and fascinating secrets about Old Hilary's past come to light in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MAY FOUND JEWISH REPUBLIC

England, France and United States to Exercise Joint Protectorate After War, It Report.

Palestine is to become a Jewish republic at the end of the war, according to a recent report that appeared simultaneously in London and Washington. It is thought possible that the disposition of the Holy Land was one of the subjects discussed by the British and French envoys with President Wilson and Secretary Lansing at Washington. That the United States would favor such a plan is considered certain.

According to the report the Jewish republic, known as Judaea, would be a protectorate of England, France and the United States acting jointly. Jerusalem would be the capital of the new republic, which would have local government. Should this plan be carried into operation a great migration of the Jews back to their ancient land will likely take place. Not a great many are expected to leave the United States, but the several million more or less penniless members of the race in Roumania, Serbia, Austria-Hungary and Germany, along with those from Russia, no doubt will take advantage of the chance to live in a state where they will have equal opportunity as well as the right to worship in their old temples. Jerusalem under such a condition, would become again a city of millions and the great spaces of now arid lands in Palestine would be reclaimed.

Growing in the Mind. It is said that Coleridge once exclaimed to Charles Lamb: "I could write plays just as well as Shakespeare, if I had a mind to!" "Yes," said Lamb, "that is just what you lack." It is a blessing, however, that even though we may not be able to do the work of a great genius, we may count upon growth in strength and breadth of mind. You can do with your mind today what you could not do five years ago. If you will give your mind an opportunity to grow by hard, honest, faithful, severe work, you will be able to do much more five years from now than you are able to do today. If your mind becomes poisoned with low ideals, with poor literature, with wrong conceptions of life, you may as well expect it to grow, as to expect a plant to grow in your garden when you have allowed every sort of plant enemy to burrow about the roots and feed on the stalks and leaves.

Fooling One's Wife. No man ever succeeded in fooling his wife as to his capabilities very long. Better take her into partnership in everything.

Several Degrees Worse. Hank—A quitter is one who quits, but a slacker is one who doesn't begin.—Buffalo Times.

FARM MORE LAND

Cultivate for the Soldier at the Front.

This question of conservation of food has become so agitated by those who have a knowledge of what it means in the preservation of life, who have made a study of the food conditions, and the requirements of the country, that it is beginning to arouse the entire nation. The economist whose duty it is to study the output and compare it with the consumption, sees a rapidly creeping up of one on the other, and, when the appetite of consumption gets a headway on the output, where will the nation be? It is time the people were aroused, for there is danger unless the intelligence of the people is awakened to the facts. The crop of 1917 will be less than an average one, and see the work it has to perform. It has to feed the man producing it, and he is of less efficiency today than a year ago. His strength has been reduced by the drawing away of the thousands from the farms, who are now in the ranks of the consumer instead of in that of the producer. There is an inverse ratio here that can only be understood when confronted with the appalling figures presented by those in charge of the conservation work. The army has to be fed, dependents cared for, the navy has to have provisions, and we cannot sit idly by and see the women and children of the countries across the sea starve. There is such a great call for active participation in the matter of providing food, that those who are left at home in charge of this work have a responsibility placed upon them fully as great as has the man at the front who has gone out to protect the homes, the sanctity and the honor of those who are left behind. The producer should think only of this; there should be economy, not only of labor. Every acre of available land should be producing. Advantage should be taken of every daylight hour. It must not be a case of "fight" with those who have gone overseas, but in our way, fight to win the war. Where that spirit pervades will be found the spirit of the patriotic American. There is no difficulty in securing land in any of the states. It may be rented on easy terms or purchased at low prices, and there should be little difficulty arranging with bankers to get the necessary funds to carry on operations. Should you not be able to get what you want in your own state, Western Canada offers an immense wide field for operations at the lowest possible cost, and Americans are welcomed with open arms. Homesteads of 160 acres each may be had on easy conditions, and other lands may be purchased at low prices on easy terms. The yields of all kinds of small grains are heavy. The prospects for a 1917 crop are excellent, and it looks today as if there would be as good a return as at any time in the past, and when it is realized that there have been yields of forty and forty-five bushels of wheat over large areas this should be encouraging. Now that the two countries are allies and the cause is a common one there should be no hesitation in accepting whatever offer seems to be the best in order to increase the production so necessary, and which should not be met, will prove a serious menace. Particulars as to Canadian lands, whether for purchase or homestead, may be had on application to any Canadian Government Agent—Advertisement.

Not Excepted. "Are there any pleasurable amusements about here?" "No, sir; nothing doing but fishing."

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH. You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly, gray hairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing—Adv.

What He Did Know. "Are potatoes hard to raise?" "I don't know. But the price of potatoes is."

FOR ITCHING, BURNING SKINS. Bathe With Cuticura Soap and Apply the Ointment—Trial Free.

For eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations, pimples, dandruff, sore hands, and baby humors, Cuticura Soap and Ointment are supremely effective. Besides they tend to prevent these distressing conditions, if used for everyday toilet and nursery preparations. Free sample each by mail with Book, Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. 1, Boston. Sold everywhere—Adv.

He Needs Nine. "A cat has nine lives." "A baseball umpire ought to find out how the cat arranges it."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Little* in Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for *Little's* Castoria.

That's It. "Somebody has stolen my new linen hat." "What a fool woman!"

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressing—it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00—Adv.

It is always a mystery to a man how a woman can have a good time without spending a lot of money. Give a woman a clew and she will wear a secret out of the best man.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Pain. No Dangers. See at Dispensary of W. L. Little, 1111 N. Dearborn St. CHICAGO. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO.

WILSON FIXES

FOOD EMBARGO

SHIPMENTS OF FOOD, FUEL AND RAW MATERIAL ARE UNDER BAN.

U. S. FIRST, SAYS PRESIDENT

Necessities of Allies First Consideration, However Much We May Recognize Duties We Owe to Neutral Nations.

Washington, D. C.—President Wilson has proclaimed to the world the establishment by the United States of an embargo upon indispensable commodities such as grain and certain other foodstuffs, fuel and raw products needed in the manufacture of war materials. The order will go into effect on July 15.

During the rest of the war the articles specified may only be shipped from American ports upon license granted by the Exports Council, of which several cabinet members and Herbert C. Hoover, food administrator, are members.

The initial list of commodities, the shipment of which will be restricted, includes coal, coke, fuel oils, kerosene, gasoline, including tankers; food grains, flour and meal therefrom, food and feeds, meats and fats, pig iron, steel billets, scrap from old scrap steel, ferro-manganese, fertilizers, arms, ammunition and explosives.

U. S. First, Says Wilson.

The allies of America in the war and neutrals, both in the eastern and western hemispheres, are embraced in the embargo restrictions as well as the Germanic powers. Only the latter, however, will be entirely denied supplies from this country. The allies and neutrals will be given what the United States can spare, providing neutrals don't attempt to transship any part of their appropriation to the enemy.

In explanation of his action, President Wilson issued this statement:

"In controlling by license the export of certain indispensable commodities from the United States, the government has first and chiefly in view the amelioration of the food conditions which have arisen or are likely to arise in our own country before new crops are harvested. Not only is the conservation of our prime food and fodder supplies a matter which vitally concerns our own people, but the retention of an adequate supply of raw materials is essential to our program of military and naval construction and the continuance of our necessary domestic activities. We shall, therefore, similarly safeguard all our fundamental supplies.

To Aid Saving Neutrals.

It is obviously the duty of the United States in liberating any surplus products over and above our own domestic needs, to consider first the necessities of all the nations engaged in war against the Central Empires. As to neutral nations, however, we also recognize our duty. The government does not wish to hamper them. On the contrary, it wishes and intends, by all fair and equitable means, to cooperate with them in their difficult task of adding from our available surpluses to their own domestic supply and of meeting their pressing necessities or deficits."

Slackers Defy Posse.

Pikeville, Ky.—Walter and Fred Adkins, brothers, both armed, have taken refuge in the mountains of Wayne county, W. Va., and are defying a posse of United States marshals sent against them. The men are charged with refusing to register.

Grain Ships Held.

New York.—Thirty-five grain-laden Dutch vessels are tied up in New York harbor because the British embassy refuses to issue safe sailing permits. The action is thought to be to prevent leakage of grain supplies to Germany.

Child Labor Law Effective Sept. 1.

Washington.—Hearings will begin July 24 at the Department of Labor here on tentative rules and regulations for carrying out the child labor law which goes into effect September 1.

8,900-Ton Leyland Liner Sunk.

Boston.—The 8,900-ton Leyland liner *Cestral*, long in the Boston-Liverpool service, has been sunk by a German submarine, according to cable advices received here.

Explosive Output.

Washington.—The federal bureau of mines announces that the output of the munition factories in the United States for last year was valued at over \$700,000,000.

Southern Department Commander.

San Antonio, Tex.—Brig. Gen. James Parker has been designated commander of the Southern Department. Parker has been acting department commander since Gen. Pershing left.

Slackers Arrested.

New York.—Twenty men were held in Paterson, N. J., charged with failing to have registration cards. They were arrested at an anti-conscription meeting of the Paterson branch of the American Union against militarism.

Socialists Arrested.

Philadelphia, Pa.—A policeman spied on a meeting of Socialists and after hearing several speakers denounce the conscription system, placed forty-nine persons under arrest.

Alien Anti-Slacker Bill.

Washington.—An anti-slacker bill, designed to reach men of military age born in Great Britain, Canada, Italy and other foreign countries, who have never taken steps toward naturalization, is up in congress.

EAT SKINNER'S

THE BEST MACARONI



Don't take chances this year! Use GOOD LUCK RED RUBBERS. They fit All Standard Cars. Experts leading "odd lots" among the GOOD LUCK rubbers because they won't "blow-out" during strenuous use. They are made of the best material and are guaranteed to last for 100,000 miles. If you don't want to take chances, get a pair of BOSTON WOVEN ROSE & RUBBER CO. Cambridge, Mass.

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PRINTS 3 CENTS EACH. Write for circular and sample prints. BRYANT Studio FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

Kill All Flies!

They spread disease. Kill them with DELAY FLY KILLER. It kills all flies, mosquitoes, and other annoying insects. It is safe for your family and pets. Write for circular and sample. DELAY FLY KILLER. HARGOLD SOMERS, 180 S. BALDWIN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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by CUTLER'S BLACKLEGS PILLS. Low priced, reliable, and effective. They cure all ailments of the bowels, and prevent all losses. Write for circular and sample. CUTLER'S BLACKLEGS PILLS. 100 S. BALDWIN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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Prevent it with CUTLER'S BLACKLEGS PILLS. They cure all ailments of the bowels, and prevent all losses. Write for circular and sample. CUTLER'S BLACKLEGS PILLS. 100 S. BALDWIN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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A color preparation of sweet almond oil, which restores the hair to its natural color and prevents it from falling out. Write for circular and sample. PARKER'S HAIR BALM. 100 S. BALDWIN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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For silage. It is the best silage maker. It is safe for your family and pets. Write for circular and sample. DICK BLIZZARD. 100 S. BALDWIN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

OLD FALSE TEETH WANTED

We pay \$1.00 per set for old false teeth. We also buy old dentures. Write for circular and sample. DICK BLIZZARD. 100 S. BALDWIN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PATENTS

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WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY

is her hair. If yours is streaked with gray, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00—Adv.

WHISTLER WAS MOST ACTIVE

Observer Marvelled at Great Energy Displayed by the Famous Artist in His Studio.

The studio was surprisingly different from the room he previously used in Lindsay Park, and entirely unlike the studios usually occupied by other artists, says Hay in "Memories of Whistler." I remember a long, not very lofty room, very light, with windows along one side; his canvas beside his model at one end, and at the other, near the table which he used as a palette, an old Georgian looking-glass, so arranged that he could see his canvas and model reflected in it. Those who use such a mirror (as he did constantly) will know that it is the most merciless of critics.

I marvelled then at his extraordinary activity, as he dattled backward and forward to look at both the painting and model from his point of view at the extreme end of the long studio. He always used brushes of large size with very long handles, three feet in length, and held them from the end with his arms stretched to their full extent. Each touch was laid on with great firmness, and his physical strength enabled him to do without the assistance of a mahlstick, whilst the distance at which he stood from the canvas allowed him to have the whole of a large picture in sight and so judge the correct drawing of each touch.

It Was All Right.

Alberta—Oh, Harry, I hope what I am going to say won't pain you; but I love George better than you, and I think you ought to know. Harry (bitterly)—Well, well, give me back the engagement ring. Alberta (angrily)—Thanks, Harry, how noble of you; but you needn't worry about the engagement ring; George says I may continue to wear it.—Pearson's Weekly.

Lovers' Quarrel.

"Jack and I have parted forever." "Good gracious! What does that mean?" "Means I'll get a five-pound box of candy in about an hour."

Always fresh and crisp!

Post Toasties are real corn flakes! SAYS Dobby.