

"A SERVICE OF LOVE"

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM J. LAVIN

ANOTHER GREAT STORY BY O. HENRY

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When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard.

That is our premise. This story shall draw its conclusion from it and show at the same time that the premise is incorrect. That will be a new thing in logic and a feat in story telling somewhat older than the great wall of China.

Joe Larrabee came out of the post-office flats of the Middle West painting with a genius for pictorial art. At six he drew a picture of the town pump with a prominent citizen passing it hastily. This effort was framed and hung in the drug store window by the side of the ear of corn with an uneven number of rows. At 20 he left for New York with a flowing necktie and a capitol tied up somewhat closer.

Della Caruthers did things in six octaves so promisingly in a piano recital in the South that her relatives whipped in enough in her chip hat for her to go "North" and "finish." They could not see her f—, but that is our story.

Joe and Della met in an atelier where a number of art and music students had gathered to discuss obscure Wagner, music, Rembrandt's works, pictures, Waldteufel, wall paper, Chopin and Oolong. Joe and Della became enamored one of the other, or each of the other, as you please, and in a short time were married—for (see above) when one loves one's Art no service seems too hard.

Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee began housekeeping in a flat. It was a lonesome flat—something like the A sharp way down at the left-hand end of the keyboard. And they were happy for they had their Art, and they had each other. And my advice to the rich young man would be—sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor—janitor for the privilege of living in a flat with your Art and your Della.

Flat-dwellers shall indorse my dictum that there is the only true happiness. If a home is happy it cannot fit too close—let the dresser collapse and become a billiard table; let the mantle top to a rowing machine, the escritoire to a dining bedchamber, the washstand to an upright piano; let the four walls come together, if you will, so you and your Della are between. But if home be of the other kind, let it be wide and long—enter you at the Golden Gate, hang your hat on Hatters, your cape on Cape Horn and go out by the Labrador.

Joe was painting in the class of the great Magister—you know his fame. His fees are high; his lessons are light—his high-lights have brought him renown. Della was studying under Rosenstock—you know his repute as a disturber of the piano keys.

They were mighty happy as long as their money lasted. So is every—but I will not be cynical. Their aims were very clear and defined. Joe was to become capable very soon of turning out pictures that old gentlemen with thin side-whiskers and thick pocketbooks would sandbag one another in his studio for the privilege of buying. Della was to become familiar and then contemptuous with Music, so that when she saw the orchestra seats and boxes unsold she could have sore throat and lobster in a private dining room and refuse to go on the stage.

But the best, in my opinion, was the home life in the little flat—the

ardent, volatile chats after the day's study; the cozy dinners and fresh, light breakfasts; the interchange of ambitions, ambitions interwoven each with the other's or else inconsiderable—the mutual help and inspiration; and—overlook my artlessness—stuffed olives and cheese sandwiches at 11 p. m.

But after a while Art flagged. It sometimes does, even if some switchman doesn't flag it. Every thing going out and nothing coming in, as the vulgarians say. Money was lacking to pay Mr. Magister and Herr Rosenstock their prices. When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard.

For two or three days she went out canvassing for pupils. One evening she came home elated.

"Joe, dear," she said gleefully, "I've a pupil. And, oh, the love! The pupil! General-General A. H. Pinkney's daughter—on 71st St. Such a pleasant home, Joe—you ought to see the front door! Byzantine I think you would call it. And inside! Oh, Joe, I never saw anything like it before."

"My pupil has a daughter, Clementina. I dearly love her already. She's a delicate thing—dresses always in white; and the sweetest, simplest manners! Only 18 years old. I'm to give three lessons a week; and, just think, Joe, \$15 a lesson. I don't mind it a bit; for when I get two or three more pupils I can resume my lessons with Herr Rosenstock. Now, smooth out that wrinkle between your brows, dear, and let's have a nice supper."

"That's all right for you, Della," said Joe, attacking a can of peas with a carving knife and a hatchet, "but how about me? Do you think I'm going to let you hustle for wages while I phlander in the regions of high art? Not by the bones of Benvenuto Cellini! I guess I can sell papers or lay cobblestones, and bring in a dollar or two."

Della came and hung about his neck. "Joe, dear, you are silly. You must keep on at your studies. It is not as if I had quit my music and gone to work at something else. While I teach I learn; I am at life with my music. And we can live as happily as millionaires on \$15 a week. You mustn't think of leaving Mr. Magister."

"All right," said Joe, reaching for the blue scalloped vegetable dish. "But I hate for you to be giving lessons. It isn't Art. But you're a trump and a dear to do it."

"When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard," said Della. "Magister praised the sky in that kind of a moneyed idiot sees them."

"I'm sure you will," said Della, sweetly. "And now let's be thankful for Gen. Pinkney and this veal roast."

During all of the next week the Larrabees had an early breakfast, and Joe was enthusiastic about some morning-effect sketches he was doing in Central Park, and Della packed him off breakfasted, and he kissed and kissed at 7 o'clock. Art is an engaging mistress. It was most times 7 o'clock when he



"What have you been doing for the last two weeks, Dele?" he asked.

returned in the evening. At the end of the week Della, sweetly proud but languid, triumphantly tossed three \$5 bills on the \$10 (feet) center table of the \$10 (feet) flat parlor.

"Sometimes," she said, a little wearily, "Clementina tries me. I'm afraid she doesn't practice enough, and I have to tell her the same things so often. And then she always dresses entirely in white, and that does get monotonous. But Gen. Pinkney is the dearest old man! I wish you could know him. Joe, he comes in sometimes when I am with Clementina at the piano

he is a widower, you know—and stands there pulling his white mustache. And how are the semi-quavers and the demisemiquavers progressing? He always asks."

"I wish you could see the wainscoting in that drawing room! Joe! And those Astrakhan rug portieres! And Clementina has such a funny little cough. I hope she is stronger than she looks. Oh, I am really getting attached to her, she is so gentle and high bred. Gen. Pinkney's brother was once minister to Bolivia."

And then Joe, with the air of a Monte Cristo, drew forth a ten, a five a two and a one—all legal tender notes—and laid them beside Della's earnings.

"Sold that watercolor of the obelisk to a man from Peoria," he announced overhappily. "Don't joke with me," said Della—"not from Peoria!"

"All the way. I wish you could see him, Dele. Fat man with a woolen muffler and a quill toothpick. He gave the sketch in Tinkle's hand; and I thought it was a windmill at first. He was game, though, and bought it anyhow. He ordered another—an oil sketch of the Lackawanna freight depot—to take back with him. Music lessons! Oh, I guess Art is still in it."

"I'm so glad you've kept on," said Della, heartily. "You're bound to win, dear. Thirty-three dollars! We never had so much to spend before. We'll have oysters tonight."

"And fillet mignon with champignons," said Joe. "Where is the olive fork?"

On the next Saturday evening Joe reached home first. He spread his \$12 on the parlor table and washed what seemed to be a great deal of dark paint from his hands.

Half an hour later Della arrived, her right hand tied up in a shapeless bundle of wraps and bandages. "How is this?" asked Joe, after the usual greetings. Della laughed, but not very joyously.

"Clementina," she explained, "insisted upon a Welsh rabbit after her lesson. She is such a queer girl. Welsh rabbits at 5 in the afternoon. The general was there. You should have seen him run for the chafing dish, Joe, just as if there wasn't a servant in the house. I know Clementina is not in good health; she is so nervous. In serving the rabbit she spilled a great lot of it, boiling hot, over my hand and wrist. It hurt awfully, Joe. And the dear girl was so sorry! But Gen. Pinkney—Joe, that old man nearly went distracted. He rushed downstairs and sent somebody—they said the furnace man or somebody in the basement—out to a drug store for some oil and things to bind it up with. It doesn't hurt so much now."

"What's this?" asked Joe, taking the hand tenderly, and peering at some white strands beneath the bandages.

"It's something soft," said Della,

APPROVE NEW DEAL FOR RENTON LINE

Still another new proposition for the purchase of the Renton line was considered and approved by a joint meeting of the utilities and finance committees of the council yesterday. The proposition is to pay \$1,200,000 for the road within the city limits, \$350,000 cash and the balance in 30 years at 5 1/2 per cent interest. The motion, made by Councilman Wardall, was approved by Councilmen Erickson, Bruskevith, Goddard and Peirce, while Councilmen Marble and Griffiths voted against it, declaring the price exorbitant. James A. Haight of the Municipal league told the committee that the line was not worth more than \$900,000, and that there was an effort to "loot the treasury."

RESCUE WOMAN

An overturned lamp caused a fire which totally destroyed the home and household goods of A. R. Dicks, 47th av. and W. Dawson st., at 10 o'clock last night. Mrs. Dicks was asleep at the time. The crash of the lamp awoke her. She fainted as she realized what had happened, and was rescued from the burning house by her husband. The loss is about \$2,500.

CITY NEWS

It was a case of "now we got him—now we ain't" when the police attempted to get James Rolfe, wanted in Victoria, in the tolls. Rolfe is said to have passed a bogus check for \$2,000 in payment of an auto. The police traced him to two places Friday, but upon arriving found the "bird" had flown.

A former preacher, N. S. Wolfendale, will be brought up for trial on charges of disorderly conduct for stealing pennies from the newsboy's stand at Second and Pike st. Friday.

A committee was appointed to arrange plans for a celebration to mark the first removal of dirt by dredge in the Duwamish waterway October 13 at a meeting of the Duwamish Valley Commercial club Friday night.

Dr. M. A. Matthews, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, has returned from a trip to Atlantic City and New York.

Chester H. Porter, 75, a pioneer of the Pacific coast, died at the Minor hospital Friday night. Porter first came to the coast in 1874. The remains will be interred at Colfax, Wash., October 7.

Thieves pried off the glass covering of a case in front of the Boston Dental Parlors, 1420 Second av., removing all the contents, which included a dozen sets of false teeth and six fictitious molars.

Rev. J. A. Henry has resigned as pastor of the Beacon Hill church, to take up the pastorate at the Oak Lake Congregational church. He will occupy the pulpit of the Oak Lake church Sunday.

A burglar watched the home of E. H. McMillan, 317 13th N., Friday night, and when McMillan left, climbed through a side window. McMillan returned in two hours and found the place ransacked.

A judgment of \$5,000 is asked by Mrs. Bessie Crouch in a complaint filed against Charles R. Crouch. The complainant charges that her marriage to Crouch lost her a job of \$75 a month, and incompatibility separated them.

Advertisement for Millmade House, featuring an illustration of a house and text describing the construction process and company details.

Advertisement for 'BOYS WANTED' to carry paper routes, including contact information for The Seattle Star's circulation department.

Large advertisement for Issaquah & Superior Coal Co., Ltd., featuring a 'Special Train' on Sunday, Oct. 5, and details about coal bunkers and mine prospects.