



SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algernon Jones, vice-president of the Metropolitan...

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Well," said Mrs. Chedsoye, a quizzical smile slanting her lips. "You wish my opinion?"

step, a dread which, whenever she strove to analyze it, ran from under her investigating touch...

She was never without the comforts of life, well-fed, well-dressed, well-housed, and often her mother flung her some jeweled trinket...

Where her mother went she never had the least idea. She might be in any of the great ports of the world...

At rare intervals she saw steel-eyed, grim-mouthed men wandering up and down before the gates of the Villa Fanny...

If, rightly or wrongly, she hated her mother, she despised her uncle, who was ever bringing to the villa men of money...

There was one man more persistent than the others. Her mother called him Horace, which the major allowed into Hoddy. He was tall, blond...

"Pardon me! I should be sorry to draw attention to you, knowing how you abhor it."

"My child, learn from me; temper is the arch-enemy of smooth complexions. Jones—it makes you laugh."

"It is a homely, honest name."

"I grant that. But a Percival Algernon Jones!" Mrs. Chedsoye laughed softly. It was one of those pleasant sounds that caused persons within hearing to wait for it to occur again.

"Come; let us go up to the room. It is a dull, dusty journey in from Port Said."

"Alone, Fortune was certain that for her mother her heart knew nothing but hate. Neglect, indifference, injustice, misunderstanding, the chill repellence that always met the least outreaching of the child's affections, the unaccountable disappearances, the terror of the unknown, the blank wall of ignorance behind which she was always kept, upon these hate had bulled her dark and brooding retreat.

Yet, never did the mother come within the radius of her sight that she did not fall under the spell of strange fascination, enchaining, light against it he hand, a single mother-smile, and she would have flung her arms about the other woman's neck.

But the touch and the mother-smile never came. She knew, she understood; she wasn't wanted, she hadn't been wanted in the beginning; she hadn't been wanted as the young of animals, interesting only up to that time when they could stand alone.

The mother never made and held feminine friendships was in nowise astonishing. Beauty and charm, such as she possessed, served immediately to stimulate envy in other women's hearts. And that men of all stations in life flocked about her, why, it is the eternal tribute demanded of beauty.

Here and there the men were not all the daughter might have wished. Often they burnt sweet flattery at her shrine, tentatively; but as she coolly stamped out these incipient fires, they at length came to regard her as one regards the beauty of a frosty window, as a thing to admire and praise in passing. One ache always abided: the bitter knowledge that had she met in kind smile for smile and jest for jest, she might have been her mother's boon companion. But deep back in some hidden chamber of her heart lay a secret dread of such a

good-looking, a devil-may-care, educated, witty, amusing; and in evening came, droll, and what it was dress he appeared to be what it was, a quite evident he had once been, a gentleman. At first she thought it strange that he should make her, instead of her mother, his confidante. As to what vocation he pursued, she did not know, for he kept sedulous guard over his tongue; but his past, guard over his tongue, was hers. And in this direction, she sought in vain as the mother was, she sought in vain to wrest this past from her daughter's lips. To the mother, it was really necessary for her to know who this man really was, had what he was now, ought as she did what he was now.

Persistent he undeniably was, but never coarse nor rude. Since that time he had come back from the worst casino at Monte Carlo, yet, in spite of this fear, she had for him a vague liking, a hazy admiration. Whatever his faults might be, she stood witness to his great physical strength and to his fruit being the only man, among all those who appeared at the Villa

"Was he rich?" "No; but when the signora, your mother, married him she thought he was."

It was not till later years that Fortune grasped the true significance of this statement. It illumined many pages. She dropped all investigations, concluding wisely that her mother, if she were minded to speak at all, could supply only the incidents, the details.

It was warm, balmy, like May in the northern latitudes. Women wore white dresses and carried sunshades over their shoulders. A good band played airs from the new light-operas, and at one side of the grand-stand were tea-tables under dazzling linen. Fashion was out. Not all her votaries enjoyed polo, but it was absolutely necessary to pretend that they did. When they talked they discussed the Spanish dancer who paraded back and forth across the tea-lawn. They discussed her jewels, her clothes, her escort, and quite frankly her morals, which of the four was by all odds the most popular theme. All agreed that she was handsome in a bold way. This modification invariably distinguishes

gernon. Jones was all right, solid and substantial, but the other two turned it into ridicule. Still, what was the matter with Percival Algernon? History had given men of these names mighty fine things to accomplish. Then why ridicule? Was it due to the perverted angle of vision created by wits and humorists in the comic weeklies, who were eternally pillorying these unhappy prefixes to ordinary cognomens? And why this pillorying? She hadn't studied the subject sufficiently to realize that the business of the humorist is not so much to amuse as to warn persons against becoming ridiculous. And Percival Algernon Jones was all of that. It re-

and humorously explained why he did so.

"Is he young, old, good-looking, or what?" Mrs. Chedsoye eyed her offspring through narrowed lids.

"I should say that he was about thirty-five, tall, something of an athlete; and there remains some indications that in the flush of youth he was handsome. Odd. He reminded me of a young man who was on the varsity eleven—foot-baller—when I entered my freshman year. I didn't know him, but I was a great admirer of his from the grand-stand. Horace Wadsworth had his name."

The Pet from Carpet Bagdad

by HAROLD MAC GRATH Author of HEARTS AND MASKS The MAN ON THE BOX etc. Illustrations by M.G. KETTNER. COPYRIGHT 1911 BY BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY.

Fanny and immediately vanished, who returned again. And he, too, soon grew to be a part of this unreal drama, arriving mysteriously one day and departing the next.

That a drama was being enacted under her eyes she no longer doubted; but it was as though she had taken her seat among the audience in the middle of the second act. She could make neither head nor tail to it.

Whenever she accompanied her mother upon these impromptu journeys, her character, or rather her attitude, underwent a change. She swept aside her dreams; she accepted the world as it was, saw things as they were; laughed, but without merriment; jested, but with the venomous point. It was the reverse of her real character to give hurt to any living thing, but during these forced marches, and as the major humorously termed them, and such they were in truth, she could no more stand against giving the cruel stab than, when alone in her garden, she could resist the tender pleasure of succoring a fallen butterfly. She was especially happy in finding weak spots in her mother's armor, and she never denied herself these sharp encounters, for it must be added that she gave as good as she took, and more often than not her thrusts hit deeper and did not always heal.

Fortune never asked questions relative to the family finances. If she harbored any doubts as to their origin, to the source of their comparative luxury, she never put these into speech.

She had never seen her father, but she had often heard him referred to as "that brute" or "that fool" or "that drunken imbecile." If a portrait of him existed, Fortune had not yet seen it. She visited his lonely grave once a year, in the Protestant cemetery, and dreamily tried to conjure up what manner of man he had been. One day she plied her old Italian nurse with questions.

"Handsomer? Yes, but it was all so long ago, cara mia, that I can not describe him to you."

"Did he drink?" Behind this question there was no sense of moral obloquy as applying to the dead. "Sainted Mary! didn't all men drink their very souls into purgatory those unreligious days?"

"Had he any relatives?" "I never heard of any."

the right sort of women from the wrong sort, from which there is no appeal to a higher court. They could well afford to admit of her beauty, since the dancer was outside what is called the social pale, for all that her newest escort was a prince incognito. They also discussed the play at bridge, the dullness of this particular season, the possibility of war between England and Germany. And some one asked others who were the two well-gowned women down in front, sitting on either side of the young chap in pearl-grey. No one knew. Mother and daughter, probably. Anyhow, they knew something about good clothes.

George was happy. He was proud, too. He saw the glances, the nods of approval. He basked in a kind of sunshine that was new. What an ass he had been all his life! To have been afraid of women just because he was Percival Algernon! What he should have done was to have gone forth boldly, taken what pleasures he found, and laughed with the rest of them.

There weren't two other women in all Cairo to compare with these two. The mother, sharply, elegant, with the dark beauty of a high-class Spaniard, possessing humor, trenchant comment, keen deduction and application; worldly, cynical, high-bred. The student of nations might have tried in vain to place her. She spoke the French of the Parisians, the Italian of the Florentines, the German of the Hanoverians, and her English was the envy of Americans and the wonder of the Londoners. The daughter fell behind her but little, but she was more reserved.

As Fortune sat beside the young collector that afternoon, she marveled why they had given him Percival Al-

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Horace Wadsworth. Fortune had

CHAPTER VI. Moonlight and Poetry.

A ball followed dinner that night, Wednesday. The ample lounging-room filled up rapidly after coffee; officers in smart uniforms and spurs, whose principal function in times of peace is to get in everybody's way, rowel exposed ankles, and demolish lace ruffles, Egyptians and Turks and sleek Armenians in somber western frock and scarlet eastern fez or tarboosh, women of all colors (meaning, as course, as applied) and shapes and tastes, the lean and the fat, the tall and short, such as Billy Taylor is said to have kissed in all the ports, and tail-coats of as many styles as Joseph's had patches. George could distinguish his compatriots by the fit of the trousers round the instep; the Englishman had his fitted at the waist and trusted in Providence for the hang of the rest. This trifling detective work rather pleased George. The women, however, were all Eves to his eye; liberal expanses of beautiful white skin, the bare effect being modified by a string of pearls or diamonds or emeralds, and hair which might or might not have been wholly their own. He waited restlessly for the reappearance of Mrs. Chedsoye and her daughter. All was right with the world, except that he was to sail altogether too soon. His loan had been returned, and he knew that his former suspicions had been most unworthy. Mrs. Chedsoye had never received his note.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fear to Display Emotion

Mistaken Sense of What is Dignified is a Common Fault of the Times.

This is not an age in which clear distinctions are made in the meaning of terms. Grotesque errors arise through haphazard conclusions drawn from this loose method of reasoning. One of the popular misconceptions is that the display of emotion on the part of men is belittling and indicates a weakness of character, disgraceful and shameful to the victim, says a writer in the Pittsburg Gazette Times.

It is claimed by some that the natural processes of materialism and the hardening of men's natures by the struggle for success that the age demands has brought about this contempt for anything like a display of emotion on the part of men. It may be questioned, however, whether this explains the assumed respect for callousness that is so marked a feature of the times. There is a false idea around as to what emotion is, and a mistaken conception as to its proper expression.

Hysteria is one of our national diseases. The excesses into which it leads men and women have become the subject of widespread contempt, sensible people, feeling an instinctive aversion for this sort of exaggerated feeling, have fallen into the error of mistaking sane, human emotion for hysteria and have gone to the extreme in their effort to avoid any expression of feeling as "womanish," puerile and unmanly.

A Forced Confession. "Pshaw! Here's the rain coming down again and somebody's stolen my umbrella!" "Somebody's stolen what?" "Well, the umbrella I've been carrying for the last week or so."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Poor Method of Education. A smattering of many things is probably the worst and most barren way of educating children that the perverted wit of man could devise.



solved itself into a matter of values, then. Had his surname been Montmorency, Percival Algernon would have fitted as a key to its lock. She smiled. No one but a fond mother would be guilty of such a crime. And if she ever grew to know him well enough, she was going to ask him all about this mother.

What interest had her own mother in this harmless young man? Oh, some day she would burst through this web, this jungle; some day she would see beyond the second act! What then? she never troubled to ask herself; time enough when the moment arrived.

"I had an interesting adventure last night, a most interesting one," began George, who was no longer the shy, blundering recluse. They were on the way back to town.

"Tell me," said Mrs. Chedsoye. He leaned over from his seat beside the chauffeur of the hired automobile. (Hang the expense on a day like this!) "A fellow brought me a rug last night, one of the rarest outside the museums. How and where he got it I'm not fully able to state. But he had been in a violent struggle somewhere, arms slashed, shins battered. He admitted that he had gone in where many shapes of death lurked. It was a bit irregular, I thought the rug, however. Some one else would have snatched it up if I hadn't. I wanted him to recount the adventure, but he smiled and refused. I tell you what it is, these eastern ports are great places."

"How interesting!" Mrs. Chedsoye's color was not up to the mark. "He was not seriously wounded?"

"Oh, no. He looks like a tough individual. I mean, a chap strong and hardy enough to pull himself out of pretty bad holes. He needed the money."

"Did he give his name?" asked Fortune.

"Yes; but no doubt it was assumed, Rynane, and he spelt it with an 'e'."

"Am I a prisoner, then?" "Whatever you like; it can not be said that I ever held you on the leash," taking a final look into the mirror.

"What is the meaning of this rug? You and I know who stole it?" "I have explicitly warned you, my child, never to meddle with affairs that do not concern you."

"Indirectly, some of yours do. You are in love with Rynane, as he calls himself."

"My dear, you do not usually stoop to such vulgarity. And are you certain that he has any other name?" "If I were I should not tell you."

"A man will tell the woman he loves many things he will not tell the woman he admires."

"As wise as the serpent," bantered the mother; but she looked again into the mirror to see if her color was still what it should be. "And whom does he admire?" the Mona Lisa smile hovering at the corners of her lips.

"You," evenly.

Mrs. Chedsoye thought for a moment, thought deeply and with new insight. It was no longer a child but a woman, and maybe she had played upon the taut strings of the young heart once too often. Still, she was unafraid.

"And whom does he love?" "Me. Shall I get you the rouge, mother?"

Still with that unchanging smile, the woman received the stab. "My daughter," as if speculatively, "you will get on. You haven't been my pupil all these years for nothing. Let us go down to dinner."

Fortune, as she silently followed, experienced a sense of disconcertion rather than of elation.

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Dependent on Wood Pulp.

Mr. Frank Lloyd, at the annual dinner of the British Wood Pulp association, spoke of the serious effect upon the industry of the drought in Scandinavia, and, referring to the rapid development of the industry, pointed out how dependent paper makers now were upon wood pulp. If they had to rely on straw, etc., as was the case only about twenty-five years ago, his mill at Sittingbourne "would alone require a string of arts over four miles long, and at least 40,000,000 gallons of water every twenty-four hours."

How He Fixed the Date. The lawyer was determined to discredit the witness. "You are positive this happened on Wednesday?" he demanded. "I am."

"Can't be mistaken?" "No."

"Why couldn't it have been Thursday or Tuesday? How is it that you can fix this day so positively in your mind?" "Because," answered the witness with some spirit, "we had chie'n that day. Chicken day is Wednesday where I board."

WOMEN MAN FLEET

They Do More Than Men in the Welsh Village of Llangwm.

Builders of Houses, Too—Mrs. Mary Palmer, 82 Years Old, Tells of a Day's Work Carrying 100 Pounds of Oysters to Market.

London.—A special correspondent of the Daily Mirror reads from Liverpool an interesting account of conditions in the village of Llangwm, Pembroke-shire, where women "man" the fishing fleet, and at times even build the houses. They actually work harder than the men.

"Never in all my experience have I known such industry or such uncomplaining effort," the Rev. D. M. Pryor, the Baptist minister, said. Mr. Pryor, the rector and the only two Welshmen living in this village, for all the rest of the 883 persons, all related to each other, are descended from the Flemings, who settled near there in 1195.

Mrs. Mary Palmer, aged 82, is a remarkable old woman. She walks with a stick now, and ago is making the furrows deep in her forehead, but until a few years ago she tramped for miles selling fish, which she carried in a pannier on her shoulders.

"Yes, I have fished in Milford Haven," she said, "ever since I was a little thing. We women here manage the boats as well as the men, and although we go out in all weathers, I have never known a life lost or boat wrecked."

"I have dredged for oysters with the other women, and then tramped to Carmarthen with a hundredweight on my back in a day; sold the oysters that night, sometimes for as little as eight cents a hundred, before going to bed, and then tramped all the way home the next day. I brought up a family, too, and have been a widow for 25 years."

"Mr. Lloyd-George gives me a pension now of five shillings a week, but I think an old woman who's worked as hard as I have ought to have more, don't you?"

Mrs. Palmer also pointed proudly to her cottage, which she helped to build herself, "working like a nigger," as she said, in the interval of catching herrings and taking oysters. She dug the foundations, made the mortar, carried stones by the hundredweight from

all sorts of odd places, just where they could be found. When the cottage was complete, she white-washed the walls and ceilings. Scores of women in the village have done the same thing—a mason and a joiner being merely called in to do the expert work.

Nearly all the villagers own their cottages, a donkey and cart, and a fishing boat. Living chiefly on bread, with a liberal sprinkling of butter, they have saved and scraped "until they could buy the freehold." Their thrift has grown, too, since the women agitated so much against the liquor traffic that the last public house in the village was closed.

Most of the men work in Pembroke dockyard, leaving their homes at 4:30 or 5 in the morning for a long journey on foot and in big rowing boats. These men are not home until 7 in the evening, and all the time the women of the village do the work that in every other place is done by men.

Some years ago when the fishing fleet went down the haven the women who manned it all wore picturesque red skirts and flat felt hats.

But now the influence of modernity is felt even in Llangwm, and only the older women wear the garments which once made even the plainer ones look charming. The young ones are not at all proud of the fashions of their grandmothers.

"Why can't we wear modern clothes like other people?" said a young woman. "Folks only laugh at old-fashioned nowadays."

But Mrs. Palmer, who a beauty in her day, has had her photograph published all over the world, still wears her red skirt and felt hat when, with a jaunty step, she goes on her rounds selling fish, just as she has done all her life.

Typical House in Welsh Village.

MARKING SANTA FE TRAIL

Thirty Granite Monuments Provided to Preserve the Course of the Historic Highway.

Kansas City.—Thirty granite markers for the Santa Fe trail in Missouri for which the legislature appropriated \$3,000 will be set in place in the near future. Local members of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who obtained the appropriation, announced the program they have arranged.

A huge granite block bearing a bronze tablet will be placed at Old Franklin, where the principal ceremonies will be held. Governor Major, former Governor Hadley and other prominent Missourians will deliver addresses there.

Smaller markers will be placed at points of historical interest along the trail and school children will contribute patriotic features to the program.