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He had found himself at last! The warm fragrance of Fairlawn, way down South; the wholesome sweetness of its people, particularly Eugenie, had ignited in this roistering Swashuckler from New York the spark of genius and he wrote the book that made him famous.

But it was only the beginning of a great adventure and a greater romance.

Saturday, April 17

# GRAND

## MR. FORBES

By JACK LAYTON.

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

Mary Todd leaned back in her chair and listened, as her garrulous neighbor talked. She was well aware of the jubilant spitefulness of Abbie Mead's tone, yet almost convinced of its truth. Her own patient lips trembled in an effort to keep back protesting words of denial—of what use to deny that of which she knew nothing? Bob had been strangely reticent concerning this well published love affair of his. Every one seemed to have known of Bob's marked attention to the pretty stranger, before his mother had taken note of his absent evenings.

"Guess I'll run out for awhile," Bob would say; while she would nod smilingly, and get out the silk muffler she was knitting for him. Mary Todd was very proud of her son's position in Millville's only bank. All the men of Bob's family had been clerical men. Mary was proud that her son added honorably to the line. The Todds had always been "looked up to"—as Abbie Mead had just repeated. "It was really too bad," she continued "that Bob should go and take up with a queer actin' stranger instead of nice girls he'd been brought up with. Abbie's own niece had seen Bob night after night, sittin' right out with the girl from the city on the porch of the Hall house, which she, herself, had rented and furnished, when the Halls went off to stay with their son's folks for the summer.

"My father and I will move in at once," the girl said, and the very next day she drove up in a car with a big man, who hurried into the house before those watching could catch a glimpse of his face, and nobody—Abbie's voice dropped impressively—"nobody had seen the man since. Not even Jim Burley, when he left the groceries, or Ann Cloud, when she went there to work.

"My father, Mr. Forbes, doesn't wish to be disturbed," the girl says calm as you please, an' Ann says that the girl even carries his meals up to him in his room; an' when one passes the door all one can hear is a rattle of papers, or smell cigar smoke beneath the door. Jim was telling Ann yesterday that this mysterious Mr. Forbes might be a bank robber from the way he hides his face. No one here pays any attention to the girl but—your Bob. A quick choice she made too. No one else was worth smilin' up to, I reckon, in her opinion 'cause Bob's a good salaried man. Up an' down the street she goes in dresses like those on a fashion cover, her complexion too good, I says, to be true, an' her hair done up like a dancer's." Abbie Mead coughed. "I always like to know what there is to know before I condemn folk," she went on, "so I stopped in myself to call on Miss Forbes, an' I asked straight out for her Pa.

"He is not seeing anyone while we are here," Miss Forbes says real smooth, "you must try to let me entertain you."

"Well, I didn't let her entertain me long; but if I was you, Mary, I'd ask Bob, seeing how things is going, if he has seen the father of this new girl he's so crazy about, an' if not, what's the man hiding for? Ann says the door of his room was open one day when she went up the stairs, an' the girl, Fran—outlandish name—just flew ahead to close it before she got there. Well, good by Mary, I hope you realize this is told in friendly spirit."

Mary Todd arose as her neighbor left, and wiped the tears from her glasses. It was all nonsense of course, to be so disturbed over Millville gossip; yet Mary was disturbed. Bob's unusual reticence in this affair grieved her. When he came in she met him gravely. "Bob dear," she said, "Abbie Mead has been telling me of your attachment for—the young stranger in our town. Your mother would be the first to rejoice with you if it is a happy attachment, Bob. Or is there no truth in their suppositions? I want very much to know." Robert Todd drew his mother back to her chair, then looking down upon her slowly replied.

"So much truth, mother, that I have just come from asking Frances Kennedy to marry me."

A light came to Bob's dark eyes, his voice rang triumphant.

"Fran has accepted me—it is inconceivable with her beauty, her knowledge of bigger, better men in a world outside our little one. But my girl loves me mother, she really does—women are strange. And I'm bringing her to meet you tonight. She is so anxious to know you, mother—can you believe it?—to make her home humbly with us if you are willing. My golden girl with a heart as sweet and pure as a child—"

"Bob," Mary Todd spoke quietly, "you referred to this little girl as Frances Kennedy; here she has given the name of Miss Forbes—"

"Oh, that!" her son interrupted, "was to protect her father."

"Fran's father is in strict seclusion. Doctors have ordered absolute rest for a period of months. Hiding himself in a place like Millville was the only way he could get it. Even now, they are hunting him out. Fran explained this only when I asked her to be my wife, and she had to force her dad down to give his consent. Her father is Forbes Kennedy, you see, motion picture actor, of world renown; the moment I saw his face, I knew."

## DANCING RECITAL APRIL 23

Miss Allen Training Girls of P. E. Department—Special Costumes and Lighting Effects

A dancing recital will be given at the college auditorium Friday, April 23, by the dancing classes of the physical education department. The girls are being trained by Gladys Allen, who is an instructor in dancing and the whole is being supervised by N. E. Reed of the dramatics department.

Miss Allen is a graduate of Chicago Normal School of Physical Education and a student of Ruth St. Denis. She has also studied folk dancing under Cecil Sharp, the English folk dancer.

All the girls registered in dancing classes will take part. The program will offer varied numbers, which will give the history of dancing in its various stages. Costumes and special lighting effects will be employed in adding to the beauty of the numbers. Tickets will be on sale at 35 cents.

### SALE OF PRINTS

A sale of Japanese prints from the Japanese Art Novelty company of Minneapolis is being held in the Mechanic Arts building, room 206, beginning today and continuing until Saturday evening. The prices will range from 25 cents to \$1. Virginia Weaver and Professor McDermitt are in charge.

The first baseball game of the season will be played Saturday, when Coach Schroeder's varsity will line up against the yearlings of Frosh Coach Moss. The green caps are turning out in flocks for every position of the babe team and will be able to furnish a team capable of giving the varsity a close run on the scorer's card.

The varsity line-up will not be announced until just before the game Saturday. It is expected that a good many will be given a chance to show what they can do under fire, as there is the keenest competition in years for the various positions.



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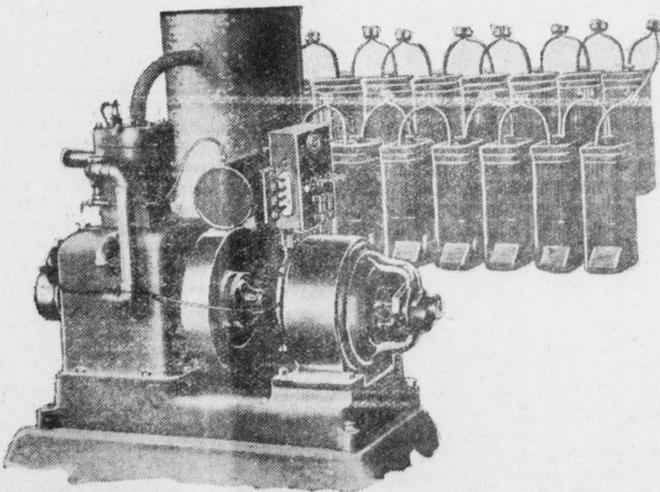
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