

AN HEIR TO MILLIONS

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SYNOPSIS.

Andy Meelen, aged millionaire miser, is dying and orders a will drawn up leaving all his property to the son of a sister, of whom he has heard nothing for years, and whose married name he does not know. Meelen was married years before, but left his wife after a quarrel, in which he struck her. He learned later that she and their daughter were dead. The scene shifts to New York, introducing Wilfrid Stennis, who is telling his fiancée, Eunice Trevecca, what he would do if he were the possessor of wealth. In the law office of Carboy, Passavant & Cozine, attorneys for the estate of Meelen, Roger Hews reports the result of his search for heirs of Meelen. He conceals the fact that he has discovered that Meelen's daughter is living. Wilfrid Stennis replies to an advertisement for information concerning his dead mother, Martha Meelen, and is told that he is the heir to Andy Meelen's millions. He wants to marry Eunice at once, but she resolutely demurs. He meets Clara Passavant, frivolous daughter of his attorney.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

When Clara happened to broach the subject of music at their third or fourth meeting she found she had touched the dominant chord of Wilfrid's nature; being no mean executant herself, they at once met on common ground. She found that he had seen most of the modern operas (at a dollar admission) and some others of which she had never even heard, and he laughingly confessed to the possession of a tenor voice.

"But you know what the great Von Bulow said about tenors, Miss Passavant?"

"No; tell me, please; something spiteful, I am sure."

"Judge for yourself; he said that a tenor was a disease!"

Clara laughed. "That recalls Hervey's—was it Hervey's?—clever generalization of the human race," she said. "You know he divided us up into men, women, and curates."

"That was certainly rather severe on the gentlemen of the cloth," commented Stennis, "unless he had in mind the old saying about the last, not being the least."

Upon another occasion they were discussing the feminine passion for fine clothes.

"Women dress to please themselves," valiantly asserted Clara, championing her sex.

"Are you sure?" said Stennis. "No true woman would be content with such a simple motive as that; it must be something far more complex."

"For instance?" she asked, with one of her challenging glances which dared him to do his best or say his worst.

"I think they dress to please themselves first; secondly, to please the men; and, thirdly, to make other women envious."

"For shame!" was the laughing retort, tapping him with her fan; "time enough to be cynical when you get to be as old as papa."

Such little verbal passages at arms as these—and there were many of them as time passed, for upon Stennis was conferred the freedom of the house in Park avenue after that initial dinner—served to put them more and more at their ease and to cement their friendship. The rather shop-worn society woman of eight or ten seasons discovered a new sensation; in matching wits with Stennis she was sure to strike responsive fire in him every time, nor was it certain that in so doing her own wings were not in danger of being singed; she certainly, and perhaps unwittingly, revealed to him oftener than to others a softer, more womanly side of her nature.

On Stennis' part he ever delighted to be with her, because she possessed the happy knack of educating his brightest thoughts; she became his social mentor and the arbiter of his slowly forming tastes. He really wondered at himself, after an evening in her society, when he recalled the consumedly bright things he had said, and he began to take no little pride in his social and fashionable progress. For he was everywhere voted a success. His wealth, his pristine freshness, his total freedom from the too frequent vulgarities of the newly rich, made him everywhere welcome; he was put up at two or three good clubs; starting with a few valuable introductions from the Passavants, his circle of acquaintance widened rapidly, and not the least surprising feature of it all to Stennis was the ease with which he assumed his place among the elect of New York society. It was as though he had been to the manner born.

So the winter passed, in "high jinks and perpetual holidays," and the young spring found Wilfrid firmly seated in the society saddle; fairly

launched on his career as one of the jeunesse dorée; popular alike with men and with women; invited everywhere, and apparently as happy as the day is long.

True, thus far he had not realized any of his pet projects, except to lay the keel of a fine schooner-yacht—he had been too busy socially—but there was, as he told himself, plenty of time.

Nor must it be inferred that the glamour of these newer interests completely eclipsed the memory and the influence of Eunice Trevecca. Throughout that winter Wilfrid was a constant and even a regular visitor in far-away old Greenwich.

To the girl he carried full accounts of his social progress, sketched for her his constantly widening circle of friends and acquaintances, and spread his daily life before her like an open page. Thus far there had been no subterfuges, no secrets between them.

And if, as was to be expected, he developed a little of the exquisite in dress, and became a trifle dandified in manner, affecting or having acquired the society drawl and a new style of

said Eunice one night as they sat together, though not in the old familiar way.

"I wish you could meet her!" he exclaimed enthusiastically; "I feel sure you would like each other."

"What makes you imagine that?" inquired Eunice demurely, threading an obstinate needle with ostentatious care.

"Oh, because—well, partly because you are so unlike each other."

"Don't be too sure!" said Eunice vindictively. "For my part, I believe we should scratch each other's eyes out!"

Wilfrid looked at the usually gentle Eunice in polite astonishment. Then he laughed, for his social training had already taught him a thing or two.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," he said confidently. "Women don't do things in that way. If you were introduced you would both take little steps, bending forward in the latest mode; you would approach each other smiling sweetly; you'd dab her on one cheek, and she'd peck you on the other, and you would both say: 'Delighted to know you; Mr. Stennis has often spoken of you. What lovely weather we are having!'—all in the key of B-flat major with the tremolo stop 'way out.'"

Eunice could not but laugh at this clever little skit, but in her heart she adhered to the belligerent part of the program.

"Tell me, what is she like?" she said by way of answer.

"I have just told you," rejoined Wilfrid; "you are complete opposites. For instance, she is very fair, you are dark; she is all artificial polish and society veneer, you are as genuine and simple as a wood-violet; she

"No thank you," said Eunice very stiffly; "you would better ask Miss Passavant." And to Wilfrid's astonishment, John Trevecca coming in at that instant, the girl pleaded a headache and abruptly said good-night.

In the seclusion of her own chamber she threw herself on the little white bed, sobbing out the words: "He has never told her! He has never told her!"

The launching took place as announced, in the presence of a gay assemblage who went to Bristol on a special train by invitation of the young nabob. Moreover, Clara Passavant broke the bottle of champagne and spoke the magic words, "I name thee Kestrel." All of which reached the eye of Eunice through the newspapers.

Wilfrid planned to sail as soon as the yacht was fitted out, and he was naturally very busy and thoroughly in his element, for he had always loved the water. He called but once on Eunice in those few weeks, but the woman-servant said she was out—which caused him to wonder if the conventional tarraddie was becoming acclimated in Macdougall street. He decided to write to her, but kept putting it off, until at last he grew a little bit ashamed of his neglect, and so made bad worse by writing not at all.

On the 10th day of May the Kestrel set sail for the Azores with her owner and a party of congenial friends aboard, and for two years his native land managed to get along without Wilfrid Stennis, although far away in the west men were toiling and moiling, piling up more millions to replenish those squandered or spent in the gay quest of pleasure. (TO BE CONTINUED.)



Sobbing Out the Words: "He Has Never Told Her!"

hand-shake, which he unsuccessfully endeavored to transplant to the arid and awkward soil of Macdougall street, to Eunice and her stepfather he was the same old unaffected, generous Wilfrid of former days. In only one thing had he failed in perfect faith; he had never told Miss Passavant of his conditional betrothal to Eunice Trevecca—never so much as mentioned her name! Somehow Eunice divined this. True, there were excuses for him, and it was partly her fault; by her own act Wilfrid had been left foot-loose. Had it been otherwise, the chances are that he would have acquainted Clara Passavant with the true state of affairs very early in their intimacy. Later it became more difficult.

The faded old parlor and sitting-room ran riot in flowers, and many a dainty keepsake found its way to Eunice. But with a woman's inconsistency she wished with all her heart that Wilfrid had shown himself more masterful, refusing to let her put him off, even for a probationary year.

At first Wilfrid honestly tried to maintain the old lover-like relations, but was so uniformly though good-naturedly repulsed that at length he gave up trying. He little knew that poor Eunice cried herself to sleep the first time he omitted to kiss her good-by.

Yet it was by her own wish and mandate that matters between them took this course. Then came the frequent mention of Clara Passavant, the beautiful, the brilliant, and for the first time in her life Eunice was horribly jealous. It was no longer *Cherchez la femme*, she felt, but *La femme est trouvee!*

"And so you and this Miss Passavant are coming to be great friends?"

thinks of nothing but dress and money and the social whirl, of seeing and being seen, you are a perfect home-body."

"That isn't what I wanted to know," persisted Eunice. "Is she very beautiful?"

Now, women can never comprehend that a man may honestly eulogize or admire another woman from a purely impersonal standpoint, without being in love with her or even markedly attracted by her; in talking of a woman to most women, therefore, it is always safe for a man to "damn with faint praise." Here was where Wilfrid made a bad play.

"Why, yes," he admitted dispassionately. "I should say she was a very handsome woman. She has been perfectly charming to me all winter, and so has her father. In fact, I don't know how I should have managed if it had not been for their social indorsement."

"Is she accomplished as well as fascinating?" persisted Eunice, hugging her pain.

"In a way—yes; she is a very good pianist; she can talk interestingly on most subjects; she has been everywhere and seen everything. She tells me I must go abroad."

"Isn't that what you always wanted to do?" queried Eunice, her head bent over her work to hide the tears that would come.

"Certainly, I am thinking of taking the yacht across with a party this summer; the Passavants have promised to go. And that reminds me, Eunice; the launching takes place next week. Won't you and your father run down to Bristol? How would you like to christen her? You may if you want to."

WANTED SOMEONE TO PROTEST

Indifference of Tenants Meant That Patrick Had to Buckle Down to Hard Work.

Patrick was the laziest man that ever tried to hold a job as driver of a coal wagon. Three mornings in succession a sadly disgusted Patrick was routed out by an energetic yard master to deliver coal at a little past 7 o'clock in quiet neighborhoods where the outraged citizens threatened to shoot Patrick, hang Patrick or, at the very mildest, arrest Patrick if he dared to move another lump of coal before 8 o'clock.

"Vurry well, sur-r-r," said Patrick amiably each time and curled up in the early sunshine for half an hour's snooze.

On the fourth morning his route lay in a different direction. At the same unearthly hour the first bushel of coal rattled down the iron runway. Patrick shut off the outflow and looked up at the windows. Not a head appeared, not a voice bade him desist. Patrick sighed in disappointment. Another volley of coal was released. Still no protest. Then Patrick wearily crossed the street and routed out the janitor of a big apartment house.

"Say," he said, "ain't nobody in any of these houses got spunk enough to kick because I'm unloading coal before 8 o'clock?"

Carrying It Too Far.

"Precedence, so far as it goes, is a very fine thing," said Frederick Townsend Martin at a dinner at the Cafe de l'Opera in New York. "The English, though, carry precedence perhaps too far."

"A bishop entertained a number of clergy at his episcopal see. His guest of honor was another bishop. This gentleman, at breakfast one morning, said to the butler:

"Why, this is a bad egg! Phew! Pah! What an atrocious odor! Really, my man, I'm surprised."

"The butler, with a serious face, examined the egg closely. Then he said, frowning and shaking his head:

"I beg pardon, my lord. A most regrettable thing has happened. The stupid servant has given your lordship, in mistake, a curate's egg."

Unwarranted Assumption.

A youth from the Horton neighborhood went to Nevada and got a marriage license. He supposed he was the girl's first choice, although he had never come to any "definite understanding" on the subject. The Sunday following the purchase of the license the couple went to church, and during the progress of the service the young man unfolded the certificate and, showing it to the girl beside him, said: "Let's go up after the preacher gets through and get married." The young woman was so shocked that she could not speak for a few moments. Then she told him he had spent his money foolishly and asked that he never speak to her again. The "sympathy of the community" is divided.—Kansas City Star.

That's Different.

"Ha! Ha!"
"What's the joke?"
"Jimmie was telling me how he could learn all about an airship in a day."

"Aren't you the man who got mad at me 15 years ago because I smiled when you told me about learning to ride a bicycle in one lesson?"

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A HARD BLOW.



The Landlady—Coffee wasn't known to the ancient Greeks.

The Boarder—Then, to judge by this brown liquid in my cup, I should say some of them used to board here.

Fletcherite Loses His Count.

"Bobby," said his mother, "sit up straight, and don't tuck your napkin under your chin. I've told you hundreds of time—"

"There!" exploded Tommy, "you've made me lose the count! I don't know now whether it's 256 or 356 times I've chewed this clam!"

Spilling It.

"I've noticed that all unusually tall women are graceful."

"Thank you, Mr. Feather-top."
"Why, Miss Flossie—aw—you're not unusually tall, you know."

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