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—the same phase of temperament that had drawn my boyish adoration—and you gave it the finished effect that you gave your other parts.

As I've said, it was real to Chelling. It is real to him! and that's the tragedy. He isn't a boy; he can't salve any hurt with a cheap cynicism that merely corrodes, and he isn't the sort who could forget. You embody, you realize, his ideal; and to a man like Chelling—do you, can you understand what that means? Do you know what it has already meant to him and to the world? For it is you who, unknowing, have made him—you who gave the impulse that has been so far-reachingly magnificent in its results.

You were, you see, an artist of the beautiful unintentionally—for without the inspiration Chelling received from the idea he has assumed of you he would probably always have been the Chelling we first knew. Now he's the world's; and it's in recognition of this, of his worth to humanity at large, of the example and power of his exquisite and wonderful personality and the message it is capable of sounding for good and truth—that I appeal to you.

It was piquant, wasn't it, to drag a little American clergyman captive at your chariot wheels, and you amused yourself with the amusement your foreign friends had in the process. Later, when you had to take him at the serious valuation of the world at large, when it was present to you that he had a scope of goodness that had brought him reverence as well as fame—you became serious. To accept what he offered was a question no longer laughable. It was a triumph to have achieved the distinction of being the woman Chelling cared for—Chelling, the mystic, the philosopher; the clergyman whose singleness of purpose was recognized and acclaimed. That wonderful work of his in the northern wilds gave him fame but his life could bear any scrutiny. It was flawless and fine as a diamond.

"This is Chelling; as you well know I've merely outlined. You can give in your mental appraisal the fuller color—the toning of the shades, the finer touches, that make him so wonderful a figure of truth and sincerity in this age that so wonderfully lacks such attributes.

The pride of having inspired this development of his ought to be enough for you—even if you must keep the secret of it always for yourself alone.

The reverse of the medal would be the loss of the things you've inspired; for if you fall him—if he discovers, as he will discover, that you've merely tricked him, that you're, after all, dif-

ferent to the woman he thinks you—he'll lose his grip. If you really loved him, I can think of nothing finer than your renunciation of him for that reason—giving him up that he might not lose the vital spark that has kindled all this—the spark of his love for you.

I am frank—he would lose it; he couldn't help it, for you—you haven't studied women of your own type for nothing, and you will recognize the truth of what I say—you couldn't keep up the fiction! Even if you loved him, you couldn't! and God knows I can't fancy your loving him! There couldn't be a stranger idea than that of your being in love with Chelling! Though I don't doubt the recognition of his goodness could touch you to an emotional phase of feeling that would be as strong as it would be evanescent. Its passing, however, would be as certain as any of the inevitable things of life.

You are not the type of woman who would merge her life in her husband's, and that is what Chelling anticipates—what you have promised to do. It is an unwarranted draft on the future, and one you know you can't honor.

It wouldn't be so bad if you were marrying a man like me—a man who knows you through and through—who makes allowances, who wouldn't keep you straining at a leash of his own superlative goodness. You'd probably have made me a very dutiful wife because of the freedom I'd have allowed. But with Chelling it would be a bondage of the spirit. Don't deceive yourself that a mask is easy to wear. It slips off—and then there is demolition.

I speak from experience, but with a difference. My wreckage has concerned myself alone, and I wasn't of much value even to that self. But Chelling—! Don't let him go to wreck!

I speak to the best in you in this effort of mine. To lose you now would be unhappiness to him, but nothing to what it would be later on. He can bear it now, if it is merely the loss of you personally—for he can still keep—can't you see?—his belief, his faith in you which has become a beautiful possession to him; a part, and the best part, of his life.

We are all of us such failures that I suppose to see someone doing and being the things one could have wished to do one's self makes the longing all the greater to do the best possible to keep him on the way.

I don't know how you'll take this letter. Its honesty is as bare as a sword out of the scabbard but at least I beg you to believe it is drawn in a worthy cause.

And not altogether, Katherine, against you! If I didn't think you'd read my appeal clearly enough to fully understand, I wouldn't make it. It's with me less a cowardice than a virtue, since, after all, I love you and always have—

For each man kills the thing he loves.

By each let this be heard,

The coward does it with a kiss,

The brave man with a sword.

You'll never forgive me for this letter, but also you'll never, I think and feel sure, marry Chelling.

After all, you see, I do expect the response. It's the answer of the you Chelling and I both idealized into existence, and it's from that subliminal consciousness that I expect the pardon you won't, of your superficial self, ever wish to give.

Faithfully yours, JOHN GREER.

—Town Topics.

Very attractive and artistic is the advance folder issued the past few days by the Oasis Land and Irrigation company of this city, giving a brief outline of that company's operations and plans for irrigation work in Pahvant valley, Millard county, Utah.

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very beautiful and charming woman with a rich soprano voice.

The concert was probably as fine a musical event as we have had in years.

The Orpheum stock season opens Monday night with the presentation of Frederick Paulding's play, "Two Men and a Girl." Rehearsals have progressed in excellent shape during the week and the members of the company should appear to the best possible advantage Monday evening.

Miss Edith Evelyn will have the leading roles for the summer. She is an actress of charming personality and talent, and during the past few years she played leads for Richard Mansfield.

Miss Helaine Hadley will be seen in the second leads of the Orpheum company for the six weeks they are to be at the Orpheum, and some excellent characterizations may be expected of her, as she is a very clever woman. Miss Margaret Sayres will have the comedy characters of the plays to be given. She comes direct from a very successful engagement at the Garden theatre of New York, where she has been playing a Scotch spinster in the "Luck of MacGregor." She was formerly with Charles Hawtrey in the "Message from Mars."

Miss Lola May will have the ingenue parts. She is a captivatingly pretty girl and she is sure to become one of the most popular members of the company. The plays will be staged under the direction of Joseph Greene. The men of the company are Mr. Lee Baker, Mr. John Gorman, Mr. Roy Clements, Mr. Zeby Roach and Mr. Earl Williams.

After "Two Men and a Girl" next week will come "Aristocracy," by Bronson Howard, "The Butterflies," by Henry Guy Carlton, and "The Three of Us."

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