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• A VICARIOUS ROMANCE •  
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By George Sutton.

"You want to speak to me, Mabie?" inquired Cyrus Halliwell, president of the Halliwell Spinning Company. "By all means. Come into my library. It is about those new machines?"

"No," answered John Mabie. "It is about Miss Marjorie. The fact is, we love one another, and—"

"That will do, Mabie," said the president, waving his hand. "Before

ing your daughter, sir," replied the young man, hotly.

"You don't, eh?" roared Halliwell. "Well, I do. Now, young man, take a couple of weeks to think things over. I have other plans for my daughter, and at the end of that time you can either come back to me in a chastened frame of mind or look for another position."

"I'll resign my position right now," said the young man. "And let me assure you that nothing you can say will influence me in my decision to marry Marjorie."

Cyrus Halliwell rose from his chair and emitted a terrific roar. When he lost his temper he was a terror to his employees. An autocrat, he ruled everybody, including his wife, by sheer force of personality. He was not a brutal man, but he had cowed many a bully in his time.

"You walk right out of here!" he raged. "And don't let me see your face again, you—you—"

John Mabie quietly closed the door behind him. In the passage Marjorie was standing, her hands pressed tightly against her ears. Her face was deathly pale.

"You heard him?" whispered John, taking her by the arm and leading her away.

Marjorie turned her face up toward his and their lips met.

"Nothing shall come between us, not even father, dear," she whispered.

They had loved each other devotedly for nearly a year, and they knew that their love was not to be denied. But to marry Marjorie would mean poverty for her—at least, until John could secure another position as good as the one he was relinquishing. He had had a hard time since leaving college, and his paltry savings would hardly suffice to furnish their little apartment.

As they stood together in the little room which Marjorie had for her boudoir, they heard the library door open and Halliwell come out. He was evidently in a furious temper, for he



"You Walk Right Out of Here."

you say another word, let me speak. I am not a fool, and I have noticed this—this puppy attachment of yours for some time. When I engaged you as my secretary, Mabie, I considered you to be a man of honor. If I was mistaken—"

"I see nothing dishonorable in lov-