

have ever seen. I noticed that it advertises Ward & Chandler, dealers in art goods. Couldn't you get me one, Ray?"

"I shall certainly try," he replied. "I'll start after it right now."

"You won't forget. Here," added Phyllis in her quick, impetuous way, "this will be a reminder."

She unstrung a bit of pink ribbon from her neck, and, brushing aside his outer coat, affixed the delicate fragment to a button on the inner one. "When will I see you again?" she asked.

"This evening, if you have no objection."

"Have I ever had?" challenged Phyllis, "only — no serious lecture, dear friend!" and she emphasized the last word.

"Phyllis is simply impossible!" uttered the young man, as he left the grounds of the Eastburn home. "I hope I haven't made the impression I fear, or am I a misguided boob, imagining that she cares anything for me? I hope not. All the same, dear artless creature that she is, if I had not met Nellie, it might have all come out differently."

Ray went his way. He visited Ward & Chandler's forthwith. He stated his mission. The store manager smiled as he preferred his request for the calendar.

"Sorry," he said, "we have had constant calls for that calendar, although it is two years since we distributed a limited number. One of our new ones, now—"

"No," demurred Ray. "A young lady friend of mine was particularly attracted by the one I described, 'Dear Heart' it was called, I think."

"You're right," nodded the manager. "It was quite a hit for Paul Winters, the artist who made the original."

"Who's he?" inquired Ray.

"A young artist, and say, I think we have his address. Yes, here it is," and consulting a card, he announced: "Webster building."

"Thank you," spoke Ray, and ten minutes later reached the address given. The building was given over to offices and studios. He arrived at a room on its top floor, to be admitted to a dingy, poorly furnished apartment. A young man with a worn but intellectual face answered to Paul Winters, and Ray stated the object of his call. The artist's face was illuminated by a transient smile.

"I am pleased to think that my humble effort is prized so highly," he said.

"Miss Eastburn tells me that the face in your picture has appeared to her as the most beautiful she has ever seen," explained Ray.

"It's original was that of my mother when she was a young girl," said the artist reverently, in a low, intense tone. "If you will leave me the address I will send a copy to Miss Eastburn. I think I know where I can get one."

"And any expense you may be put to," began Ray, but the other silenced him with a quick gesture of pride and that was the end of the interview. Ray left the place, feeling that the surroundings and appearance of this gracious donor did not indicate freedom from illness, perhaps poverty, but he saw no way to follow out an impulse to proffer aid that appealed to his sympathetic mind.

It was the next day that Phyllis, running down the front steps of her home, halted with a shock. A young man who walked as though weak or ill had advanced from the street into the grounds. Suddenly he tottered, sank to a rustic seat, closed his eyes and fell over to one side, prostrated.

There was something in his face that at once attracted Phyllis. She started in speedy comprehension as a roll dropped from his hand, and, spreading open, revealed the coveted calendar poster. Then she sped back into the house, reappearing with her elder brother and excitedly chattering forth her suspicion that the