The Lie That Meant Something

(Continued From Page Two.)

By Namson Horn

and wanted to hear him lecture. She would come—would hear Bennett tell the epochal lie of his career, would conclude that, Archie's sanction, he was hoazing the audience for his own amuse-

And how could be explain? Could he say that Archie was missing? Poor old Archie-a good writer, a devil of a fine fellow-poor Archie, anguished by his recent experiences with the club women of Main street, might be observing American life by making a test of the working of the 18th amendment-purely for literary purposes. of course.

How could Eennett tell Rola that Archie was missing, without be-littling Archie? And spart from that, Bennett was determined to let no one, not even Rola, know of Archie's temporary disappearance, lest word reach the headquarters of the lecture bureau.

'It will be bad enough for her to know that it isn't Archie who's giv-ing the lecture." Bennett told him-self savagely. "I'll try to get her to keep that to herself. Thank heaven, she's coming alone. If she were with her father or somebody dse who knew me, it couldn't be kept quiet. Everybody would know that an impostor delivered the lecture, and then God help Archie."

The door opened, and Harris stood there, fumbling with his tie. Behind him smiled Prof. Enkers, elocutionist, to whom the eminent Bennett had been presented a few minutes before. Prof. Enkers was to be chairman. Prof Enkers was chairman at all of the Province hall. tectures.

Ready." gulped Harris.

Bennett threw away his cigar and followed down the steep, dark stairs. Professor Enkers, smiling and stroking his white mustache, was the first on the platform. Harris paused a moment at the open Bennett saw his shoulders go up, as if he were taking a deep breath, before he thrust Bennett smiled faintly: forward. But a moment later, as he, too, reached the door, his shoulders, also rose as he filled his hings and took the quick step through.

He was on the platform, and he felt a world of eyes on him. The main floor and the balcony gleamed with faces. There was a noise that . dimly recognized as applause. A hot surge of color rushed up to his brow as he sat down gingerly ridiculously tiny chair. What he wanted was a deep, capacious chair, like that one of 30 nights ago, when Rola had imposed sentence.

On the other side of the little table, with its pitcher of ice water and its three glasses, sat Harris. Standing behind the table, Professor Enkers began to speak. introducing Mr. Harris, but Bennett did not hear him. Bennett was staring at a balcony pillar, and praying fervently that he might

regain his composure.

After a minute his panic abated somew.at, and his eyes sought the two seats in the fifth row, on the center aisle, which he had reserved for himself and Rola. He had left one of the tickets at the box office for het.

Rola was not there!

His heart almost stopped beating. If she shouldn't come, he might be saved after all. She might never

himself. Of course, she was com-

She certainly wouldn't miss She was merely Archie's lecture. late, as usual.

As the hope vanished, he became curious about these faces that dazgled him like so many golden moons. Nearly closing his lids, that he might stare unobserved, he began an inspection. A serious audience, on the whole. Here and there a group of young people, who had come hoping to hear the English author say something witty about the flapper and prohibition. But, on the whole, a serious group. including, he thought, many club women and school teachers and apprentice authors.

Words sounded in his ear, and he tooked around. Now Harris was speaking. He was explaining the national scope of the lecture bu-reau's work. Bennett wondered, Will be ever get through, so I can get up and talk and get done with it?"

At that moment the boxoffice man was picking up the telephone receiver. A woman's voice asked

breatlessly for Mr. Harris, "Can't reach him, ma'am.

speaking on the platform"
"Speaking——! Did he get another letcureer?" "Why .no, ma'am! Mr. Fellows

is here: 'Mr. Fellows! It can't be!"

"Why, yes, ma'am. You didn't hear anything about his being sick or anything, did you, ma'am? on the platform, and he looks

"It can't be Mr. Fellows!" "Why, certainly, ma'am. I was introduced to him, ma am. I'm introduced to all the lecturers right here in this boxoffice, ma'am. am personally acquainted with the most prominent-"

He heard the receiver click. Mr. Harris subsided and Prof. Enkers was again on his feet. Utilizing the poor space of 20 minutes, Prof. Enkers described the world we live in in gracious phrases reminiscent of many a cautious editorial. It seemed that this world we live in included England, and in England there was a new viewpointa fresh looking at the world by a newer generation. Through many sentences and many minutes Prof. seemed determined so speak that none might ever point at him the finger of calumny and aconce him of giving that viewpoint

Prof. Enkers was no spollsport: never had he betrayed to a prospective spectator the plot of a mystery melodrama; nor would be now betray to these fortunate auditors that wonderfully vague viewpoint of which, it seemed from his peroration, there was no more vibrant spokesman than Archibald K. Fel-

Bennett rose, easy now in heart and mind. The many times he had spoken in court were far different from this occasion; but there was yet an essential similarity. kept you head if you could. And

With easy negligence he smoothed his light hair, while his clear blue eyes looked out serenely from his long, thin face, which always gave impression of a peculiar refinement. A ripple of recognition went through the audience. A typical Englishman.

He began to speak. The accent But immediately he distillusioned of an American! Of a typical middle

"Among the many kind and flattering things said of me by the chairman," he began smoothly, "I do not recall hearing mention of the one fact that should most quickly make you admit me as one of your-selves; and that is that I was born and have passed most of my life in Luffamshire, that secluded section of England which has retained the old English accent and the old Engphraseology that so greatly resemble the English spoken in Amer-

Ah: The mystery was solved. The audience beamed at the Luffamshire author and applauded him lustily.

"Perhaps it is not unknown to. you that the American navy's sailon mingling with the English Jackies, found that they were understood more easily than the English tars understood one another; various are the dialects spoken in the tight little isle. But I think the resemblance between the speech of those two wonderful parts of the world, the United States and Luffamshire, has never been sufficiently pointed out; and perhaps not the least of my services on this visit will be to make that resemblance more generally known."

Certain now of his self-command, Bennett turned and smiled upon Mr. Harris, who was staring at him in horror.

'Many an auditor," Bennett continued, "has complimented me on my mastery, since my recent arrival the states, of American slang in and of many accepted American locutions which are expressed otherwise in England. I cannot forbear confending that almost invariably I find a fragrant freshness in the Americanism.

Thus having armed against the contingency that herun English phrases might noill from his tongue. Bennett cleared his throat and prepared to de liver Archie's locture, of which he had memorized the printed synopsis. As he did so his eyes roved to the fifth row, on the center siste. stiffened.

Rola was there!

She sat alone, next to the vacant seat where he should have been, where he should have sat listening to Archie's Piccadilly accent.

She was there and she knew all. She was hearing his epochal three hours before the end of the

terrible 30 days.

Tremulously his fingers closed around a glass of water. As he drained it slowly he could feel his Adam's apple bob up and down in his throat, like a rubber ball on an ocean wave.

the glass, Betting down smiled grimly. He was through! He had killed his chances with Rels. Well, then, let him, like a true comrade, do his best for Archie!

His voice soured with new energy. Archie's synopsis, clothed anew in Bennett's own words and embroidered with gaudy feathers from his imagination, took on life in Hennett's mouth.

American humor and English humor, he declared, were differentiated chiefly by the English love of the pun and the American flair for exaggeration. He predicted that America would give the world a new and more artistic form of detective story. He pointed out the remarkable similarities and the no less remarkable differences between Con-sile uttered a short laugh. It rad and Hawthorne. He expressed sounded pleasant! He stared at her the view that a more static back- in astonishment,

ground was what allowed English novelists to impart to their work a moothness that American novels lacked. He was thoroughly original inal; he said nothing about pro-

When he finished be again sociled There was a din of applause, and then humanity swept on to the platform to meet the fumous author. Women predomi nated; and such men as there were, Bennett noticed, mere mostly affixes to clamerous women.

What a lovely lecture! And what fresh, powerful, modern views! And exactly was Luffamshire? And how awfully queer that they had never before heard that the Luffarishiro dialect so closely resembled the English spoken in Amer-Why, they could never told him from an American, not at all-if that were to be construed as a compliment! Tentativicy they stleeted

His head in a whirl, he received them all regretfully rejected invitations to lecture before this that charming little circle, and passed them all along. Finally he extended his aching hand mechanically to the last in line. And then he looked at her.

Will you please take me home?" Rola ordered coldly.

So there was to be another scene again in the library, probably. Again he would Mip Into a deep chair and would hear her reproach ful words. Hut this time he could may nothing, except plend his temperamental infirmity. This time would be the last.

Mr. Harris was offering him his cont and hat.

Two got to run along, Harris," Bennett whispered quickly. "Mum's the word. See you in the morning.

Mr. Harris appeared disappointed. His cager, apple face, alight new with relief after the nervous tension of the last few hours, seemed ready to good words. For, after all, a man may be expected to have a few sentiments to express after such an

But Bennett had turned and was guiding Hola through a side door and down a long, dark corridor, Bull tingering in the labby, a few of his late auditors cast glances of admiration at him, curlosity at her, as they passed through.

She gave the order to her watting chauffeur, and ellerity they sped northward on Michigan thick with the after theater truf-

"When said my samething," Pun-nett told himself. "I want it over with, that I suppose she's waiting till she gets me in the library, in the regular setting, before she holds court over me and tells the shoriff to get the gallows reade."

He glanced down at her. street lamp east strange, dancing lights on her face as they turned westward from the Lake B drive. The vagrant lights, Bhore thought, heightened the imploration continue of her face

Suddenly she spoke.

"Have you angthing to say for yourself?" Her tone was lev.

yourself?" Her tone was lev.
"Same old story," he answered,
and was amazed to realise the unstendiness of his votes. need of self expression. But that's no excuse in your even," he con-tinued huskily. "I didn't make good on your 10-day test. I'm through."

11.

"Bo y wer tyling annun nin ynnin who unto d amonths,

His to v dropped, and he lashed at her vac stly. Almost by Indicat he closed his mouth post in time; for Rich was prossing for the to

The or enterpred.

Mecha deally he hoped her out, and full wed her into the house The library door was open, and the coon was brightly lift. It's a A cight," finds exist choor

ity to commons within an also reached the door. "Gregory dairs and the last with the last weeks and did mady with the Last weeks weeks."

"them 't impersonated me" come Archite's awed vides, "but now could be And what's tellamentes And an way, by lave, bline blue docts, a widn't you let me knowf I've bear tramping time corpet for

Benne's Minked Arctice Archie with a Lack eyes

un Bonnetten Annet mind that Reda know! Sim know his his k A been told for a propose —that is meant constring that it ment consting the mount cause As his had been at her home

w? what? why? Archie that I

11:01 meaning Dienty conclud simi

with a water Find of the state WITH A WAIRING CLICK Atthe ofest how. retilenin genthia innocent curroutly, one timitimist ... of the stayour requested from not the elviry, to more on. The enand with his cans and received the black one to entury was halted by Arctite atoms was an rented. and at the Chicago avenue police of tian, where he pased a cell for warm he was refused as telephone because one of the your 4 he had fought with was a ward Mittelan's con-

totaged his tather to The in other?" interpreted tions sort of comp for a 1 Aivhin.

Italia . Missourd.

HILL the mon in charge at night has not depline order some, the couldn't wash Harry or Bennett at the couldn't Remembering Bules . his various nature A Mary the he would the name the dephase back and called the as the tree about to become 101 1100 HALL BLA for the exture triving to the en-WITH A the to the boson, where: seteinak was amplied to **Indute** Rith Part "Of in this his couldn't technic

wad I er but an true half to tall life their want on "Phay and to the their delivery with Ms HILL WITH Politices Plant atageneral trans or t in a littley, just in time at hogin. Excepted if you name I was to shricking ter hour . WE DOWN

addather's clock house to lence. One two on word on went at last sedemity striking 12 "Mills while" sign of the control of tela raised her hand for (Billing attense.

hill the eried. "Your days are over And new Nati to play the modern RIGHT Ludges frenz bank you," laughed then

uksted on enough thin ranks. at planform. Hola, and I'm ton nn i chronen. I think novelies when with

The World Outside

(Continued From Page Three.)

By Harold MacGrath

me! My daughter? How do I know? How does she know?" He laughed

Nancy heard her voice; it said: "I don't know, I don't know, But If that box is yours, it is mine also."

"On the flange is graven 'C. J. K., Jaipur, 1900." Mary bought it on our honeymoon, and used it as a lewel box. That is my proof. Where To Bancroft's

Phanasmagoria. vision Kennedy became something unreal, terrifying. To judge, to question, to doubt in a moment like this, when the man ough to be on his knees, grateful to God for this mir

"I haven't any," saids Nancy. Was she real? Was anybody in this room real? Did the room itself exist?

"Sir," said Bancroft, breaking the pause, "would you like this lovely girl for a daughter? You quibble! Look at her. She's more levely than any jewel that ever reposed in that What! Do you need inwyers documents and courtrooms, when by a simple gesture God places her before you, your daughter? I believein this miracle.

Kennedy's face softened and the mocking fire went out of his eyes. laid aside the box and approach ed the bewildered Nancy, taking her face beween his hands and conning the features, one by one. In the

end he dropped his hands and shook his head.

No. There is not one sign," he said, his voice less round and steady;" nothing that reminds me of my wife."

But when she smiles, sir," said Bancroft, to whom there was no longer any puzzlement, "she reminds of me, She puzzled me the first night. Do you remember when you smiled at the chair? Well, the smile she offered me was identical; but I did not know it then."

This rather staggered Kennedy. He sat down heavily. "You don't understand. It would be easy to put my arms around this girl-for she is lovely-and call her my daughter. But if she weren't; and then, just as my heart was full of her, to have her torn from me? You see, I'm a little suspicious of God, as yet." He hid his face in his He hid his face in his "A Jaipur box and a smile! I've got to know,

"Go to him," whispered linecroft Nancy. "In God's name, go to him! He is your father."

She hesitated; but this hesitation was born of fear and unreality-This stranger, but lately a sinteter shadow thrown across their lives her father! He might be or i might not be. A Jaipur box and a smile! Where was that attribute men called instinct? Why didn't

"You, too?" cried Bancroft, who could not understand why these two weren't in each other's arms, "Don't you want him?"

But does he want me?" "Go and find out.

Suddenly the confusion went out of her, and the weakness, and she comprehended what fate intended her to do. There was no blinding revelation, no sudden born love; but there was pity, and out of this pity grew a hunger and a yearning. No else would ever claim the Jaipur box. This man, whom misfortune had hammered into brass, was probably her f ther, but never would either of them be able to prove it. The box might not be here; she guight have been abducted from another house. Another house! She had been born in this bouseperhaps. She had played with dolls in this room, perhaps. Her mother had sung fullabys to her, by the window with the stars-perhaps. Always and ever perhaps! This man's god and here were frony. She went over to Kennedy and knelt, with the sensation of going through a re-hearsal of entering into a theat-

'We don't know," she began. "and we shall nevr know, actually. But what other chance have you of finding your daughter? What other chance have I of find his my father? The hox was found

with me outside a good man's door. Abundoned by thinves who were afraid to go on with their crime, for some reason. But did I come from the same house as the bert Only flod can answer that question; and He never will Perhaps in the days to come you may discover that I possess some little lights that were my mother's-your Mary since there is nothing in my face that stirs you. If I accept you as my father I shall never accept any other man. Do you want me?"
"Now I understand how Mary

died. My God, always chance medley, chance modiey. thieves, taking her lower box and

"Do you want me?" repeated Nancy, forcing his hunds from his

The music of her voice, her love liness, the soft veivet of her eye. Suddenly Kennedy took her into his arms, crushing her into breath The miracle was revealed to them both in that embrack. Never any more doubt, wonder, question; father and daughter as long as life existed. Hancy knew now, her name was Mary Rennesty, and , she had this minute come bonie. As for Kennedy, the mar-row in his bones grow warm, and he knew that there was no more emptiness within him, but brim

For its me! I have disduct swith a on earth, and find be of M. Mary's girl! To hold some one issuet and living in those wide! M. 10000 ting times from

Witt Andling eye Bancroft op-proach . This particular branch of "D- Interest Bystanders, Unneonoh bad tragidated its affairs: timitee Great Adventure comment would a un torever.

Maney's free Bran. atta towned theretoft, who unders and by this gesture that he too, he sense home.

Emeriufe, 1898. Titty West?.

BIT OF INFORMATION

Rept. oner, now the ninth mouth

of the lest, was the seventh in the beginn is in March. The yet female pleader in court to easily to be one Alfrania and Valueius Maximus mys she pleaded her of a causes in Home.

Aut in in this country includes Beginn tur, October And Angereier. but is regulard the months are Augus steptember and Outston

Carl ges with contrivances in ments the Abstance traveled and count he boles spent in the pair new a to need to home in the