

FRAN

BY

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

(COPYRIGHT 1912 BOBBS-MERRILL CO.)



Dainty Designs for the Young "Smart Set" of Paris Society



Two fashionable members of the younger Parisian "Smart Set" wearing elegant lingerie and lace dresses with ribbon bows and parasols to match.

SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent... She repairs thither in search of him...

son, shooting a dissatisfied glance at Fran from under bushy brows. Fran laughed outright. "I'm going to like you, all right," she declared. "You are so human."

It is exceedingly difficult to maintain satisfaction in silent martyrdom. Grace was obliged to speak, lest any one think that she acquiesced in evil.

"I really don't think it is customary," Fran replied politely, "but I'm not a customary girl." At that moment she caught the old lady's eye. It was sparkling with eloquent satisfaction.

When an unknown voice entered the large end of the tube, half its meaning was usually strained away before the rest reached the yearning ear.

Mrs. Jefferson responded eagerly. "And will you wheel me around the garden at least twice a day?"

Fran patted the thin old arm with her thin young hand, as she shouted, "I'll wheel you twenty times a day, if you say so!"

"But I do not see-saw," retorted the old lady with spirit.

Gregory, finding Grace's eyes fixed on him searchingly, felt himself pushed to the wall. "Of course," he said coldly, "it is understood that the daughter of—my friend, comes here as a—my equal."

He found himself forced into definite opposition to his secretary, his manner grew more assured. Suddenly it occurred to him that he was, in a way, atoning for the past.

"As an equal, yes!" exclaimed his wife, again embracing Fran. "How else could it be?"

"This is going to be a good thing for you, if you only knew it," Fran said, looking into her face with loving eyes.

Hamilton Gregory was almost able to persuade himself that he had received the orphan of his own free choice, thus to make reparation. "It is my duty," he said, "and I always try to do my duty, as I see it."

"Would you like to know more about me?" Fran asked confidentially of Mrs. Gregory.

Gregory turned pale. "I don't think it is necessary."

"Do tell me!" exclaimed his wife. "Father and mother married secretly," Fran said, solely addressing Mrs. Gregory, but occasionally sending a furtive glance at her husband.

"He was a college-student, boarding with his cousin, who was one of the professors. Mother was an orphan and lived with her half-sister—a mighty crusty old man, Uncle Ephraim, was, who didn't have one bit of use for people's getting married in secret. Father and mother agreed not to mention their marriage till after his graduation; then he'd go to his father and make everything easy, and come for mother. So he went and told him—father's father was a millionaire on Wall street. Mother's uncle was pretty well fixed."

"What a story!" said Fran. "That's the story of your father and mother?"

"Yes, that's the story," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

too, but he didn't enjoy anything except religion. When he wasn't at church—he went most all the time—he was reading about it. Mother said he was most religious in Hebrew, but he enjoyed his Greek verbs awfully."

Grace Noir asked remotely, "Did you say that your parents eloped?" "They didn't run far," Fran explained; "they were married in the county, not far from Springfield."

"I thought you said," Grace interrupted, "that they were in New York?" "Did you?" said Fran politely. "So father graduated, and went away to tell his father all about being married to Josephine Derry. I don't know what happened then, as he didn't come back to tell. My mother waited and waited—and I was born—and then Uncle Ephraim drove mother out of his house with her tiny baby—that's me—and I grew to be—as old as you see me now. We were always Lunting father. We went all over the United States, first and last—it looked like the son of a millionaire ought to be easy to find. But he kept himself close, and there was never a clew. Then mother died. Sometimes she used to tell me that she believed him dead, that if he'd been alive he'd have come for her, because she loved him with all her soul, and wrecked her whole life because of him. She was happiest when she thought he was dead, so I wouldn't say anything, but I was sure he was alive, all right, as big and strong as you please. Oh, I know his kind. I've had lots of experience."

"So I'd suppose," said Fran Noir quietly. "May I ask—if you don't mind—if this traveling about the United States didn't take a great deal of money?" "Oh, we had all the money we wanted," Fran returned easily.

"Indeed? And did you become reconciled to your mother's uncle?" "Yes—after he was dead. He didn't leave a will, and there wasn't anybody else, and as mother had just been taken from me, the money just naturally came in my hands. But I didn't need it, particularly."

"But before that," Grace persisted; "before, when your mother was first disinherited, how could she make her living?" "Mother was like me. She didn't stand around folding her hands and crossing her feet—she used 'em. Bless you, I could get along wherever you'd drop me. Success isn't in the world, it's in me, and that's a good thing to know—it saves hunting."

"Do you consider yourself a 'success'?" inquired the secretary with a chilly smile. "I had everything I wanted except a home," Fran responded with charming good-humor, "and now I've got that. In a New York paper, I found a picture of Hamilton Gregory, and it told about all his charities. It said he had millions, and was giving away everything. I said to myself, 'I'll go there and have him give me a home'—you see, I'd often heard mother speak of him—and I said other things to myself—and then, as I generally do what I tell myself to do—it keeps up confidence in the general manager—I came."

"Dear child," said Mrs. Gregory, stroking her hair, "your mother dead, your father—that kind of a man—you shall indeed find a home with us, for life. And so your father was Mr. Gregory's friend. It seems—strange—" "My father," said Fran, looking at Mr. Gregory insouciantly, "was the best friend you ever had, wasn't he? You loved him better than anybody else in the world, didn't you?" "I—I—yes," the other stammered, looking at her wildly, and passing his agitated hand across his eyes, as if to shut out some terrible vision. "yes, I—I was—fond of—him."

"I guess you were," Fran cried emphatically. "You'd have done anything for him."

"I have this to say," remarked Simon Jefferson. "that I may not come up to the mark in all particulars, and I reckon I have my weaknesses; but I wouldn't own a friend that proved himself the miserable scoundrel, the weak cur, that this child's father proved himself!"

young of possibly twenty years. His countenance had all the expression of his immaculate white suit, except for a look of disgust which he assumed as the baby, in its restlessness, would touch him with foot or hand. Finally he turned toward the woman and inquired, in a tone audible to those near him:

"Ah, beg pawdon, madam, but has this child anything—ab—contagious?" The nurse was a motherly looking woman. Glancing compassionately at him through her gold rimmed spectacles, she remarked, meditatively:

"Well, now, I don't know, young man, but—ah—it might be to you, She's teething!"

Has Polar Trip in View. Luther E. Widen, M. A., who recently obtained his doctor's degree at the University of Iowa, will be the first psychologist to make a polar trip. He will accompany the Stefansson party north to study the white Eskimo in particular. In preparation for the expedition the young scientist is assembling his psychological paraphernalia. He is of Swedish parentage.

Carmen Sylva Says If She Had a Million She Would Build Vast Cathedral.

What curious ideas some people have on the subject of philanthropy. Carmen Sylva, queen of Roumania, is the latest to answer that ancient question. "What would you do if you were a millionaire?" She would build a vast cathedral with chapels in A for every religion, and she would also build an art school. As it is only a very small minority of people who ever go to church or chapel, and those that do go are usually of the more comfortable classes, it is to be feared that Carmen Sylva's million would not go very far to lessen human misery. Most people have asked themselves what they would do if they were millionaires, but the wiser among them have contented themselves with saying what they would not do. A resolution to give nothing to any religious or charitable organizations, with a very few exceptions, is a fairly safe one, since both religion and charity are incompatible with organization.

One Idea of Philanthropy. Carmen Sylva Says If She Had a Million She Would Build Vast Cathedral.

What curious ideas some people have on the subject of philanthropy. Carmen Sylva, queen of Roumania, is the latest to answer that ancient question. "What would you do if you were a millionaire?" She would build a vast cathedral with chapels in A for every religion, and she would also build an art school. As it is only a very small minority of people who ever go to church or chapel, and those that do go are usually of the more comfortable classes, it is to be feared that Carmen Sylva's million would not go very far to lessen human misery. Most people have asked themselves what they would do if they were millionaires, but the wiser among them have contented themselves with saying what they would not do. A resolution to give nothing to any religious or charitable organizations, with a very few exceptions, is a fairly safe one, since both religion and charity are incompatible with organization.

The greatest delight of wealth is in its opportunities for individual and beneficent contact with one's fellow-men, for there can be little true charity without individual contact between giver and receiver. Among the schemes for spending a million we should be disposed to place that of Carmen Sylva at the bottom of the list—and then some.

Lace Designs From Spider Webs. Missionaries in Paraguay more than 200 years ago taught the native Indians to make lace by hand. Since that day the art has greatly developed, and in certain of the towns lace making is the chief occupation. Almost all the women, many children, and not a few men are engaged in this industry.

A curious fact with reference to the Paraguayan laces is that the designs were borrowed from the strange webs woven by the semi-tropical spiders that abound in that country. Accordingly this lace is by the natives called *manduti*, which means "spider web"—Harper's Weekly.

Favored Colors. The prominent color of the season is unquestionably yellow in all shades. Sand color is very highly spoken of, and commencing with this delicate tan the full gamut of yellows is run, to the deepest russet orange.

Yellow reds are also very much the fashion, also shades of terra cotta and mahogany, together with Persian reds. Generally speaking, there is a tendency to get away from navy blue and black, in favor of novelties.

As a matter of fact, the showings have included almost all shades, but there is a feeling that shades of tan, both medium and strong, and shades of gray will be popular.

Moirs, Brocades and Chiffons. Moire silks are one of the accepted novelties for wraps, combination purposes and for garnitures. Brocades and matelasses, in variety, are being largely used for outer garments, combinations, trimmings, and confidence is expressed in an increased distribution during the forthcoming fall season. Plain and printed chiffons are staples.

Apron with a bib can be made for wash day, or when you give the baby a bath. A bathing cap, and bag to carry your bathing suit, and little utility cases dear to the suitcase of travelers, may be made from a discarded raincoat.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

Starch for Laces and Muslins. Mix a small quantity of corn flour smoothly with cold water. This will be found excellent for lightly stiffening all delicate and lace fabrics, including collars and neckwear of sheer materials.

DANGERS TO THE EYESIGHT

Accidents to Machinists and Stonecutters Might Be Avoided by Use of Glasses.

"I believe," said Dr. Myles Standish in his lecture at the Harvard Medical school, according to the Boston Transcript, "that it is a crime to have pointed scissors about in any household in which there are children under six years of age. Children will inevitably play with scissors; they frequently fall on the points and puncture the eye, and often the wound, while it will cause blindness, is too small to be noticed by the mother."

"Next in point of danger to the eyesight is the pounding of steel on steel, which throwing out slivers, eventually destroys the sight. Machinists and stonecutters meet with similar accidents, and now that the public is paying for these injuries through insurance, workmen who are subjected to such dangers should be compelled to wear glasses of some sort to protect their eyes."

"I have known of quarrymen going on strike because their employer tried to force them to wear glasses, and I have seen a quarryman who has lost an eye through a premature explosion of dynamite go back to the same work and lose the other eye."

"Glaucoma, which occurs only in people over forty years of age, may be ranked as an accident, since it is in a moment of excitement or deep emotion that a person begins to go blind. There comes an instantaneous agonizing pain in the eyes, which, if not attended to at once, will cause total blindness within a few days."

"The danger signal, which warns people that their eyes are becoming seriously affected by overwork, digestive or circulatory disturbances, is seeing a rainbow halo. This halo is visible often when the person affected strikes a match at night or looks at a street light."

Danger for Him. It was on a crowded car one day last summer that a middle-aged woman, carrying a fretful baby, was forced to squeeze herself into a small space left vacant beside a dapper



"Would You Like to Know More About Me?"

"me?" Fran asked confidentially of Mrs. Gregory.

Gregory turned pale. "I don't think it is necessary."

"Do tell me!" exclaimed his wife. "Father and mother married secretly," Fran said, solely addressing Mrs. Gregory, but occasionally sending a furtive glance at her husband.

"He was a college-student, boarding with his cousin, who was one of the professors. Mother was an orphan and lived with her half-sister—a mighty crusty old man, Uncle Ephraim, was, who didn't have one bit of use for people's getting married in secret. Father and mother agreed not to mention their marriage till after his graduation; then he'd go to his father and make everything easy, and come for mother. So he went and told him—father's father was a millionaire on Wall street. Mother's uncle was pretty well fixed."

"What a story!" said Fran. "That's the story of your father and mother?"

"Yes, that's the story," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

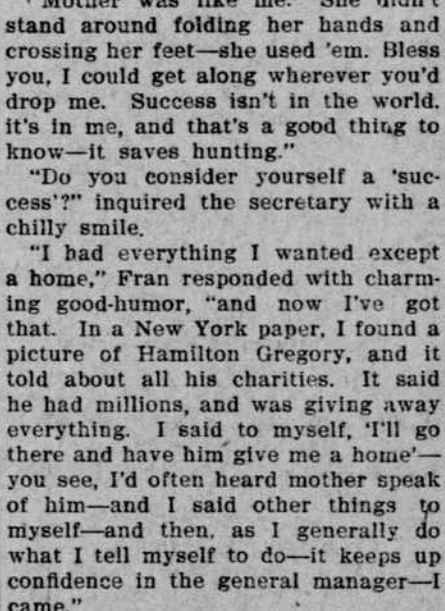
"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."

"I don't think it is necessary to tell you," said Mrs. Gregory. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell you."



"It Pleases Others, and It Doesn't Hurt Me."

mother. That's all over, and I'm here to take my chance with the rest of you. We're the world, while our day lasts."

"What a remarkable child!" murmured Grace Noir, as they prepared to separate. "Quite a philosopher in short dresses."

"I like to call me a prodigy," murmured Fran, as she obeyed Mrs. Gregory's gesture inviting her to follow upstairs.

"Now it's stopped raining," Simon Jefferson complained, as he wheeled his mother toward the back hall.

"That's a good omen," said Fran, pressing Mrs. Gregory's hand. "The moonlight was beautiful when I was on the bridge—when I first came here."

"But we need rain," said Grace Noir approvingly. Her voice was that of one familiar with the designs of Providence.

"Yes," said Fran impartially. "It pleases others, and it doesn't hurt me."

"Fran!" Mrs. Gregory exclaimed, gazing helplessly at the girl with something of a child's awe inspired by venerable years. It was a pathetic appeal to a spirit altogether beyond her comprehension.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"It Pleases Others, and It Doesn't Hurt Me."

mother. That's all over, and I'm here to take my chance with the rest of you. We're the world, while our day lasts."

"What a remarkable child!" murmured Grace Noir, as they prepared to separate. "Quite a philosopher in short dresses."

"I like to call me a prodigy," murmured Fran, as she obeyed Mrs. Gregory's gesture inviting her to follow upstairs.

"Now it's stopped raining," Simon Jefferson complained, as he wheeled his mother toward the back hall.

"That's a good omen," said Fran, pressing Mrs. Gregory's hand. "The moonlight was beautiful when I was on the bridge—when I first came here."

"But we need rain," said Grace Noir approvingly. Her voice was that of one familiar with the designs of Providence.

"Yes," said Fran impartially. "It pleases others, and it doesn't hurt me."

"Fran!" Mrs. Gregory exclaimed, gazing helplessly at the girl with something of a child's awe inspired by venerable years. It was a pathetic appeal to a spirit altogether beyond her comprehension.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)