The LAPSE of ENOCH WENTWORTS ISABEL GORDON CURTIS Author of "The Woman from Wolvertons"

ILLUSTRATIONS by ELLSWORTH YOUNG-

He's nothing but an expert newspaper

"Dear, good, generous old Enoch!"

"You will never tell him-never?"

They sat for a few minutes in

silence. The flush of the sunset began

to fade from the sky. Seagulla wheeled

"We must go home," said Andrew.

"Crossing these rocks in the dusk"

"I won't," said Merry.

above their heads.

would be perflous."

last evening here?"

Dorcas nodded

bring it straight to you."

Haven next week, don't you?"

how I can work when I have to!"

said that. If I should go on the stage

I would be no different from what I

"Let us go home. There's Mrs.

They walked on in silence. That

evening Merry sat for half an hour

with an idle pen in his hand. At last

he pulled a sheet of paper toward him

Dear old Enoch-Send me \$100 to

the Broadway today, please. Don't

ask questions, don't try to find me; I'll

turn up when I've finished some work.

CHAPTER IV.

The Play.

Enoch Wentworth sat before a table

littered with sheets of manuscript

when a knock sounded on the library

"In a second!" he cried. Then be

tried to gather the pages together in

"All right," cried a cheerful voice.

Enoch. He swept the sheets of paper

into a drawer of his desk, then he rose

and opened the door. Merry stepped

into the room with a dancing light-

hearted galety that Enoch had seen

him don with his stage garb. Still it

was accompanied by a dignity of man-

ner odd to the comedian, a dignity

which had self-respect behind it. Went-

worth put an arm about him affection-

boy?" he asked with a laugh

of making a fortune."

"Have you come into a fortune,

"Better than that-I'm on the verge

"Good!" Enoch pushed him into a

"I will," answered Merry slowly.

T've got to-I want your advice and

help. I need it as I never needed it in

my life before. Only-I'm not going

to trot out a word of it until we are

sure of a couple of hours clear. I can't

stand a solitary interruption-today."

then he opened a small cupboard.

ing down a couple of glasses.

I'm an incipient playwright?"

face.

word about it."

Wentworth shut and locked the door,

"What'll you have?" he asked, lift.

"Nothing." Andrew pulled a large

envelope from his pocket and set

down beside the fire. Wentworth faced

"You never guessed, I suppose, that

"Never!" Enoch's tone was em

"Well," Merry laughed hilarlously

well, I am, I'm the coming dramatist."

"I take off my hat to you, boy."

"Wait a minute." The comedian's

Enoch swept him a pantomime bow.

face grew unusually resolute. "Walt.

old man, you've got to take this peri-

ously, or I won't tell you a blessed

Merry rose and laid his hand on

Enoch's shoulder with an imploring

gesture. "Dear old man, I want your

help and guidance. I'm such a blamed

unbusiness-like chump. If you hadn't

father and brother to me for years, as

him with an expectant look upon his

comfortable chair and stood looking

down at him. "Let's have the news.

"Lord, it's Merry!" whispered

numerical order.

Your slave.

MERRY.

Hutchins' supper horn."

and wrote in feverish haste:

you know."

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SYNOPSIS.

Enoch Wentworth, newspaper man, and Andrew Merry, actor, after the guests at a poker party have departed, play a final hand the stakes of which give the winner absolute control over the future of the loser. Wentworth wins. They decide to keep the matter secret. Wentworth's sister, Dorcas, sees Merry depart and is interested in her brother's story of the actor.

CHAPTER III-Continued.

Andrew pulled the soft bat over his eyes and sprawled out on the rock

Dorcas began with a nervous laugh. "It sounds like-presumption, I know so little of the world, only I have been studying you-

"Am I worth the trouble?" he inter-

Vorth the trouble! I don't believe now yourself yet. You have a erful imagination and such knowldge of human nature. You could write eat play, many of them possibly. now men and women. You have d bare the souls of some of them you talked with me. After you as a being into life, think how you sould make him live again on the

Dorcas jumped to her feet. "Andraw Merry, go to work! Show them what you can do, if for nothing else than to please me and prove that I haven't made a mistake."

"Miss Dorcas, sit down." The girl looked at her companion

"Let me shake hands on a bargain," he laughed. "That's a foolish little ceremony I used to go through with mother when I was a boy. If I promdeed faithfully I would do anything, I shook hands on it."

Dorcas held out her hand cordially. Her clasp was magnetic.

"Sit down again and listen," he begged. "For years and years and years I've had a play crystallizing in my mind. It's all blocked out. Let me tell you about it."

Dorcas sat leaning forward, her face between her hands, her eyes glowing

"My hero is cashier in a bank, a young fellow of good family, jovial, happy-go-lucky, generous, democratic. He has married the bank president's daughter, who is exactly his oppositecold blooded, haughty, selfish and fond of luxury. There is a sweet, tender little daughter. The love between the father and the child is beautiful. The man, trusting to luck to see him through, steals for years, covering his had to get money, for his wife denies berself nothing. The father-in-law discovers the crime, exposes it to his daughter, then drops dead. She gives her husband up to public justice. His trial comes off and he is sentenced to twenty years. The child is told that she is fatherless. The wife takes her father's fortune and goes West. When the second act opens she has divorced the husband and married again. The child is a lovely, true-hearted woman. She is engaged to the young mayor of the city, and preparations are afoot for the wedding, when she receives a letter from the one man who remained loyal to her father-an old janitor at the bank. He tells her the story which had been hidden from her. The father, penniless, broken down, hopeless, is to leave prison in a few weeks. She confronts her mother, who denies the story, but later confesses. The girl breaks her engagement, leaves home, and goes East. The old janitor takes her to live near the prison until her father is released. Every day she watches the convicts at their lockstep tramp and sees her father. The

in human interest." He turned to look at Dorcas. "Go on," she said.

closing of that act, when she meets

him leaving prison, can be tremendous

"The last act is laid in a New England village, among simple country people. The girl and her father are living on a little farm. Her lover comes, having searched for her everywhere. She tells him the story. He marries her and takes the father home with them." Merry paused. The sun had dropped

below the horizon and the western sky glowed in red, gold and purple.

'When," cried Dorcas in a flush of enthusiasm, "when will you begin to write?"

"At once, tomorrow. I'll go away somewhere; I can't do it here.'

"Go to Enoch," she said. "He will be delighted. He has such faith in you and he loves you. Besides, you'll have his sympathy. Poor Enoch, the one ambition of his life is to be a famous dramatist."

"No?" said Merry incredulously. "Don't tell him you know it. I discovered it by accident. I was tidying his desk one day. I came on a pile of manuscript. There were dramas, comedies, tragedies, even comic operas. He has been writing that sort

of thing for years and years." "Queer he never told me! What were they like?"

"Don't think me disloyal, but they are awfull Some day, when he gets a well as the truest friend a man ever great plot, he thinks he will succeed. had, I'd have been in the gutter. He won't It was cruel to tell him so. | Enoch," Merry's face flushed, "if I win

out, it means more to me than fame or wealth-it means the happiness of a lifetime." "Andrew! A woman at last."

The actor nodded gravely. "Yes, a woman at last." "Not Drusilla?"

"Oh, curb your curiosity," he

aughed lightly; "you can't have every-

thing at once. Now I'm going to read."

Wentworth lit a cigar, leaned back in a leather chair, and turned his eyes steadfastly upon the man opposite him. Merry was a singularly dramatic reader. Across his face flashed each human emotion as he put it into words. Enoch forgot the outer world when Merry leaped into the words with which he had clothed a daughter's greeting to her outcast father-a father disqualified, hopeless, timid, stunned, dumb after the long separa-

Wentworth's cigar went out and he forgot to light another. He sat in utter silence, a silence which was half deeply stirred, partly by surprise, partly by unconscious emotion. He breathed a half-stifled sigh. This task,

tion from his fellows.



Andrew Began to Pace the Room Impatiently.

one man a month's labor! He remembered the years of ardent toil he had spent on what, as he realized sadly, was poor. It was worse than poor-it was futile. Even Dorcas had sadly but truthfully acknowledged its impossibility.

When Merry spoke the last word and the curtain fell, he looked up with triumph and joy shining in his eyes. Then he waited in silence, as if for ardent hands to clasp his own. It was an actor's pause for the thunder when he knows he has won his audience. Enoch's fingers lay clasped together glowing caves of the coal fire. As the actor spoke his voice had a chill, shivering note in it.

"Say, old man, isn't it good? Tell me-don't you like it?"

"Like it?" echoed Wentworth. He turned his eyes straight on Merry's questioning face. "Why. boy, it's magnificent. You'll pull Broadway to its feet with that. Merry, you've done a tremendous piece of work. That will live for-it ought to live for years."

"Thanks, old man, thanks with all my heart. You can't imagine how hard it was to wait for your verdict." "It's wonderful," mused Wentworth, it's a corker!"

"Now, old man," Andrew jumped to his feet and began to pace the room impatiently, "I want to rush it on the stage-quick! Quick, I say. Hecht will take it. I know."

"I suppose you'll play the convict?" "Good God, what else could I play?" Andrew stopped suddenly and looked down at Wentworth.

"You'll kill your reputation as a comedian." "Perhaps you'll be interested in

knowing that I've thrown up my part in 'The Left-over Bachelor.' No more doddering idiots for me! Why, it will be easy sledding to get this on."

"Andrew, you're a steam engine." "Did you think I was a steam

"Well, it's waked you up. That's dead certain. Who did it?" "The woman-I told you." Merry turned aside and stood with his back to Enoch, running his eyes over a volume he had lifted from a bookshelf.

"Say, old man," suggested Wentworth, "leave that with me over night. You've given me a lot to think about. I want to read it again-when I'm

The closely written sheets fell reluctantly from the comedian's hand. He fondled the paper as if it were a beloved child.

"You'll be careful of it, won't you, Enoch?" he said anxiously. "It's all I have. My first draft was a garbled, dirty mess; I threw it away." "Bless your soul, I'll be careful.

When I've finished I'll put it is my safe. I'll have it typewritten tomorrow." Merry laughed. "Good night, old

pard; I'm grateful for your faith in "Good night, boy." Enoch gripped his hand. "I'm terribly glad to have you make good. Your play is wonder-

been head and right hand and mother, ful." Merry went down the stairs whis tling. A few seconds later he turned and said in a melodramatic whisper:

thee a hundred and much else, It shall neath his feet. be paid with compound interest from the first night's returns." Then he

laughed and shut the door.

"A hundred!" whispered Wentworth. He dropped into the chair beside the fire and covered his face with his hands. The room had grown dark and it was so silent that when a cinder fell from the grate it made him start to his feet. He searched for a small brass key on his ring, hurried into the library, and unlocked a drawer in the desk. He took a slip of paper from ing to talk business." a yellow envelope and stood staring at it for several minutes. His brows wrinkled and a curiously startled expression came into his eyes. He drew a long breath, put the paper back in the envelope, laid it in the drawer, and turned the key in the lock. He walked to a window, which looked down on the square, and stared at the life of the city. It was a habit of his. He has solved many a knotty problem critical, although at moments he was with his eyes fixed unconsciously upon the busy street.

The thought-spell lengthened ou indefinitely, then ended abruptly. He manuscript, and seated himself before the desk. From a lower drawer he took a heap of paper, filled the inkwell almost to overflowing, and tried several pens before he found one that suited him. Then, switching on the electricity under a green-shaded bulb, he began with steady laboriousness to copy Merry's play. The clock struck three before his task was ended. He gathered the manuscript into two neat piles. One he placed in his safe, the other he locked in the drawer which held the bit of paper he had studied so

He returned to his chair beside the ghost of a fire, laid his face between his palms, and fought a battle between two antagonists, his conscience and temptation. He felt as if his soul was in shackles.

CHAPTER V.

The Forfeit of the Bond. The telephone in Enoch Wentworth's room rang insistently. He had gone to bed three hours before, and he struggled to shake off sheer, stupid drowsiness. He rushed to the telephone. Its ring had become per-"Hullo," he called briskly.

"Hullo, old chap," Merry answered him gaily. "The top o' the morning to

"Good morning." Wentworth's alertness died in a second. Something flashed back to his mind, something unpleasant, and an ugly frown corrugated his brow.

"Grouchy this morning?" cried Merry with a laugh. "Or say, did I wake you from your beauty sleep?" "You certainly did."

"Old man, I'm sorry, blamed sorry, Some day I'll show you I'm grateful, I couldn't sleep last night, I lay thinking of something I can do for you when my production begins to pay. I'm going to drag you away from the everlasting grind. We'll go to Switzerland next summer and carry out your dream. We'll sit on mountain tops, crane our necks over the edge of crevasse, and skid down a glacier."

"I'd rather go back to bed," growled

Wentworth. You lazy old duffer, you may go in a second, only I want to talk to you about the luckiest sort of accident. Last night I ran across a fellow who's rolling in money. He's crazy to get in on a theatrical venture. We can catch him, I know. I want you to have a big share, to manage the thing and make all you can out of it." "Did you tell him it was-your

play?" Enoch's tone was brusque, "No. I thought I'd break that gently. He thinks now I'm a devil of an actor; he might imagine I couldn't have so much versatility; that my play might be of the brand some actors turn out." "Good," cried Enoch, warmly. "You have more sense than I gave you credit

"Really? Now, old pal, go back to bed. But tell me first when I can see you. I want a long talk with you." "Make it four. I've a pile of work

to do before that time." "All right, four o'clock. Good-by." Wentworth hung up the receiver and passed a hand across his forehead; it was cold and damp. He did not return to bed, but dressed hurriedly, pausing once or twice to stare at himself in the mirror. His face looked un-

familiar. It seemed to have aged. There were lines about the cleanshaven mouth he had never noticed At four o'clock Knoch sat in his library. He was so absorbed that he did not hear a step in the hall. When he lifted his eyes Merry stood before

him. Wentworth stared for a second before he took the outstretched hand. Merry had changed. He looked

young, handsome and vivacious—he was better groomed. A few stems of Roman hyacinths sat jauntily in his buttonhole. His trimness seemed odd in contrast to the old whimsical carelessness, as if he had already achieved fame and was living up to it, dressing up to it. These were the thoughts that flashed through Wentworth's mind while Merry took his hands affectionately between his own. Andrew was only a few years younger than Enoch, but occasionally he fell into fond, demonstrative ways which were boyish. Wentworth drew his hand away suddenly and pointed to the low chair opposite. His friend sat down half perplexed, half anxious.

"Bay, old man, aren't you well? You ook groggy.

"I'm well enough." "You're working too hard, you al-

Wentworth did not answer. His eyes

"Rush the business, my lord, I'm owing | were studying a pattern in the rug be-

"Say, Enoch, you're going to tend to the whole business, aren't you?" The newspaper man lifted his even "Yes, I'm going to tend to the whole business. I'll make it the finest production that New York has seen in years. "The House of Esterbrook' is

going to win money and-fame." "Good!" Merry jumped up and flung his arms around the shoulders of the older man.

"Sit down," said Enoch. "We're go-

He rose, walked to his desk, and emptied a drawerful of papers on the table. Merry watched him with a puzzled expression.

"You never guessed, Andrew, that your ambition was mine?" Enoch did not lift his eyes or pause for a reply. "For years and years and years I have dreamed just one dream, only onethat some day I might produce a great play. See how I worked!" He swept the manuscript into an untidy heap. There were thousands of sheets. He had written on paper like onion skin. It looked like toil-one had a feeling hurried to his den, lifted Andrew's of years of toil-after a glance at the laboriously interlined and reconstructed sentences. Wentworth crushed it mercilessly into loose bunches and began to lay the pages by handfuls upon the reviving fire. A little flame climbed up and kindled them into a wavering blaze.

"Here, here, Enoch, old fellow," cried Merry, "don't!" There was a thrill of compassion in his voice. "Say, don't-this is a wicked thing to do."

Wentworth paid no heed to him. He gathered the sheets together with quiet deliberation, crushing them as one would crush some hated, despised living thing, and burned them with stolid satisfaction.

"That funeral's over," he said abruptly. "Now I'm in a mood forbusiness." He turned to his desk. Merry's eyes followed him, They were dim with unspoken sympathy, but he knew the man well enough not to put it into words.

Wentworth pulled out his key-ring, opened a drawer, and took the slip of paper from the yellow envelope. He stood staring at it for a moment. A wave of crimson swept across his face. then his mouth straightened into a cruel, inexorable line. Merry's eyes were still fixed on him. Enoch did not speak, but crossed the room with the paper in his hand and laid it on the table beside Merry. Andrew's eyes took it in with one sweeping glance; it was the bond he had signed when they played that last hand of poker. "Do you remember this?" asked Wentworth abruptly.

"Of course. Say, old chap, what has that to do with our business? Oh, I know." He lifted his eyes with a relieved glance. "Of course it's an understood thing you're to run things, and as for money, Lord, I don't care for money. Take all you want of it. It's fame my heart's set on; I've a grand ambition and a thirst for greatness-as I told you-but it runs in only one direction; to win a name as



He Lifted His Eyes Merry Stood Before Him.

a dramatist, a name that will live when my capering days are over. 1 want a halo; not such an aureole as Shakespeare's," his eyes sparkled and s smile lighted his face, "but a halodemand a halo. I'll be satisfied with nothing smaller than a cartwheel."

He rose and went prancing buoyantly about the room on his toe tips, humming a fantastic walts from "The King at Large." Wentworth sat with a grim, brooding look in his eyes. Andrew stopped to stare at him.

"Why so mum, sweet Sirrah?" he asked blitbely.

"Merry," Wentworth spoke in an expressionless voice, "read that bond through-carefully. Read it aloud."

The actor picked up the sheet of paper and read it with dramatic gestures, bowing almost prostrate at each pause.

To Enoch Wentworth.

I hereby pledge myself to you until death-to do your every bidding-to obey your every demand-to the extent of my physical and mental ability -you to furnish me with support. ANDREW MERRY.

He dropped lightly upon his knees in front of Wentworth when he finished. "I await thine orders, most grave and reverend seigneur." Then he laid his fingers upon Wentworth's arm and

looked up with an expectant smile. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Little Delia was slowly turning the leaves of her nursery book when sud-

denly she looked up and inquired: "Mother, what day was I born on?"

"Wednesday, dear." "Wasn't that fortunate! It's your day 'at home,' " replied the little miss. -Harper's Magazine.

FACE ITCHED AND BURNED

883 No. Union St., Aurora, Ill.-"My allment started with a little pimple and it always itched and burned terribly. I scratched it and in a few days my face was all covered with sores. It ran up to my eyes and the day after I could not see out of my right eye. I was unable to get any rest. I couldn't go to bed, being afraid of getting the clothing all soiled, although I had my face all bandaged.

"I was given two jars of salve but it kept getting worse. It was some thing like a running sore because every time I used some of the salve had to wrap bandages around my aeck to keep the water and pus from running down my body. I wrote for a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in a few days I received these and washed my face with the Cuticura Soap and put on some Cuticura Ointment and the next morning my face felt cool and somewhat relieved. After using the sample I bought some Cuticura Soap and Ointment at the drug store. I followed this treatment just twenty-six days and after using one cake of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was cured." (Signed) George Miller, Jan. 1, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postoard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."-Adv.

Fatal Defect.

The Rev. Bascom Anthony, a presiding elder of the Methodist church in southern Georgia, tells a story of a negro pastor down his way who failed to give satisfaction to his flock. A comittee from the congregation waited on him to request his resignation. "Look here!" demanded the preach-

er. "Whut's de trouble wid mah preachin'? Don't I argufy?"

"You sho' does, eldah," agreed the "Don't I 'sputify concernin' de Scrip-

tures?" "You suttinly does," admitted the

"Den what's wrong?"

"Well, eldah," stated the head of the committee, "hit's dis way: You argufies and you 'sputifies, but you don't show wherein!"-Saturday Evening

On Hollday. While visiting his uncle in the country Willie was much interested in watching the ducks "tipping up" in s pond.

"They're most all young ones, aren't they?" he observed to his uncle. "Why, no, boy; they're old ones. What makes you think they are young?"

"I thought they were young," Willie explained, "because they don't seem to be able to swim without upsetting." -Saturday Journal.

No Need. Smith-My wife is wearing the new trouser skirt. Is yours? Jones (sadly)-She doesn't need to She's been wearing the old kind ever since we were married.

Nothing to It. "Pa, what's a mirage?" "The average man's dream of great

ess, son."—Baltimore Sun. LIVING ADVERTISEMENT Glow of Health Speaks for Postum

It requires no scientific training to discover whether coffee disagrees or

Simply stop it for a time and use Postum in place of it, then note the beneficial effects. The truth will ap-

"Six years ago I was in a very bad condition," writes a Tenn. lady. "I suffered from indigestion, nervousness and insomnia.

"I was then an inveterate coffee drinker, but it was long before I could be persuaded that it was coffee that hurt me. Finally I decided to leave it off a few days and find out the truth.

"The first morning I left off coffee I had a raging headache, so I decided I must have something to take the place of coffee." (The headache was caused by the reaction of the coffee

drug-caffeine.) "Having heard of Postum through a friend who used it, I bought a package and tried it. I did not like it at first but after I learned how to make it right, according to directions on pkg., I would not change back to coffee for

anything. "When I began to use Postum I weighed only 117 lbs. Now I weigh 170 and as I have not taken any tonie in that time I can only attribute my

present good health to the use of Postum in place of coffee. "My husband says I am a living ad-

vertisement for Postum." Name given by the Postum Co., Bas Ge Creek, Mich.

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum - must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum-is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly 30c and 50c tins. The cost per cup of both kinds is

about the same. "There's a Reason" for Postum.