The LAPSE of ENOCH WENTWORTH

Author of "The Woman from Wolvertons" ILLUSTRATIONS by ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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Enoch Wentworth, journalist, and Andrew Merry, actor, play a hand at poker, the stakes absolute control of the future of the loser. Wentworth wins. They decide to keep the matter secret. Dorcas, knowing from her brother, Enoch, of Merry's abortcomings, tries to arouse his ambition. Andrew outlines the plot of a play he has had in mind and she urges him to go to work on it. When the play is completed Merry reads it to Wentworth whose life ambition is to write a successful play. He demands Merry's play as a forfeit of the bond won in the poker game. Preparations for staging the play are begun, but Merry, who is to take the leading part, is missing. Dorcas proves a success in the leading female part at rehearsals. She quarrels with her brother for taking credit for a play she knows to velong to Merry. Dorcas finds Merry among the down-and-outs in a bread line and persuades him to take his part in the play. The producer suggests certain changes in the play, which Wentworth tries to induce Merry to make. The actor refuses, but finally consents on condition that Wentworth cease his attentions to Ellia Paget, the heavy woman in the play, who has a bad reputation.

CHAPTER XIII-Continued.

"Here is the second act," said Wentworth brusquely. "I imagine it will suit you. The changes are exactly what you suggested."

"Oh, splendid!" Oswald's voice was cordial. "I'm ever so glad you felt like it. You will say yourself it is an im-

"I hope so." Enoch spoke listlessly. "And, Dingley, while I think of it, send a message back to Miss Paget. Ask if I can see her now, in her dressing-room for a few minutes." turned to Oswald. "I must explain to her the change we're making. Better have the part copied at once; it must be put into quick rehearsal."

CHAPTER XIV.

The Opening Night

Dorcas stood motionless in the wings, with Merry beside her, leaning against a table. The curtain had fallen on the third act of "The House of Esterbrook." The girl's body throbbed from head to foot, and she felt as if the emotions of a lifetime had been crowded into that single hour. There was a babel of noise behind the scenes; in front the applause sounded like a tempest. At intervals the handclaps died away as from weariness, only to begin again with tremendous

"Come," said Merry: "we must go out again."

Again?" whispered the girl. "Yes," Merry smiled; "this time the

two of us alone.".

"The two of us-alone." There was a low, tender thrill in Merry's voice. He took her hand and led her out upon the empty stage. The curtain was lifting slowly. From where she stood she saw Enoch standing in the wings. His face was flushed with excitement. The audience looked to the girl like a blur of color and human forms. The people swayed forward eagerly, and the applause became uproarious. A voice cried, "Speech! Speech!" It began to come insistently from the back of the house. The cry was taken up by men and women everywhere in the audience. Dorcas turned to Merry, Oswald was beckoning to him from the wings, but the actor shook his head

"I could not make a speech tonight if my life depended on it," he whispered, and the curtain descended

A new cry came from the clamorous house. Some one was shouting for the author. Dorcas hid her hand upon Merry's arm.

"They want you," she cried. He smiled and shook his head.

She heard Oswald urge Enoch to so in front of the curtain. The noise in front grew louder. The girl flew across the stage and put her hand upon her brother's shoulder. och," she pleaded in a whisper

"take Merry with you and explain." Wentworth left her without a word. Oswald and the stage manager beckoned to him from the wings. She took a few flying steps as if to hold him back, then stopped. Merry had called her. She paused, staring into his eyes with terror.

"Enoch must not go out there alone," she protested in a low voice. "He must not do it. You should be with him. It is the last chance he has to make restitution. He will never, never do such a thing as this!"

per clearly through the din. "Dear, it Then she went upstairs and began to does not matter. What does anything undress. She brushed her hair, plaitmatter? The play is a success. You ed it in two long braids, and slipped believe in me. I did it-for you. What into a gray kimono, which folded itdo I care about the people out there? self about her in sheeny waves. The They are nothing to us."

"Oh!" cried Dorcas, "oh, I will go and tell them myself. They must

She darted toward the edge of the drop curtain, then she stopped. A silence had fallen, not only upon the house but behind the scenes. Stage hands who had been dragging properties about stood motionless. A shiver crept over the girl. She felt Merry lay clasp that seemed to quiet her. She could hear Enoch speaking. He had larity of life. strong, vibrant voice. Every one behind the scenes was listening and un- few hours and drew a long breath as

grew blurred as faces in the audience had been. She turned to glance at Merry. Once a look of consuming hatred flitted across his face, and his lips grew pallid as gray ashes.

Dorcas pulled away from his clasping hand and ran to her dressing-room. She was choking with sobs. She felt her fingers tingle where Andrew had touched them, and there was a look of terror in her eyes.

Alice Volk sat waiting for her in the dressing-room. Little Julie jumped to her feet when Dorcas entered. The girl did not speak, but clasped the child to her bosom, "Alice," she whispered, "help me to

dress as soon as you can. And Julie, ask Dugald to get a carriage. I want to go home." The woman kissed the girl's neck as

she unbuttoned her gown. "It has been an awful strain. I know all about it-but Miss Dorcas, your future The child returned in a minute, "Mr.

Wentworth has a carriage ordered. Dugald says will you go with him?" "No," cried Dorcas; "tell Dugald I'll be ready in ten minutes. I am going home alone."

Merry stood waiting at the stage entrance when she went out. He had heard Julie deliver the message. "Good night, Miss Dorcas," he said. "Sleep well. Remember, everything is all right. I owe it to you, I owe you more than you understand. You made good



A Look of Consuming Hatred Flitted Across His Face.

tonight; the papers will tell you so in the morning. Good night. God bless you!

"Good night." The girl shivered for a moment. It was intensely cold, and she drew a fur coat close to her chin. The cabman drove quickly, for the streets were emptied of vehicles. Along Broadway the theaters were dark.

Jason stood waiting to open the door when the girl ran up the steps. His dusky old face was one grin of delight. He had just returned from the theater and was growing impatient for the triumph of a homecoming.

"Missy," he cried, "yo' cert'ly done us proud. My soul! I couldn't er b'lieved de baby I toted yeahs en yeahs oga ud ebber'a' lived to act ex fine ez yo' done. I used to play I was yo' black mule. I reckon yi' don' 'member, honey, ridin' mule on ol' Uncle Jason's back, do yo'? En dar yo' was, honey, a-workin' me up till I 'clar to goodness I mos' cried my ol' eyes out. When Marse Enoch come out en made dat speech folkses hollered en got to der feet clappin' en bangin' eticks on de floor, I 'clar to de Lawd dar wa'n't a prouder ol' darky in New York den Uncle Jason."

Dorcas began to laugh and cry at

"I don' wonder yo's all done up Missy. I's got de fines' supper ready fo' yo' yo' ebber see."

Dorcas was too unnerved to eat. She swallowed a cup of coffee and nibbled "Listen," she heard Merry's whis- at the good things Jason had prepared. coffee had driven sleep away. She tossed a shawl about her shoulders and

ran down through the silent house to science, no honor left?" the library. Wentworth often read there until long after midnight, and a coal fire was burning brightly.

She pushed an armchair close to the hearth and dropped into it wearily. She realized that she was very tired. She had not thought of nerves or body during the long weeks of rehearsal, his hand on hers with a steadying with the incessant study, the multitude of detail, and the strange irregu-

She began to live over again the last retanding axcept herself. His voice she remembered the strangling terror

which laid hold of her before she made her first entrance. When she heard her cue she felt dumb, crippled, almost blinded for one moment. The smile on Zilla Paget's face, as she stepped from the wings, stung her into action. There was scorn in it, and cruelty smoothed over by a sweet, beguiling perfidy, which aroused in the girl a sudden hate that she had never felt in her life before. The hatred made her forget everything except her part.

The recollection of a bit of gossip had fiashed to her memory: Zilla Paget had prophesied that her "Cordella" would be a dead failure. Before the end of that second act the intense loathing and scorn which Merry had put into her lines became real. The woman understood She shrank with a terror which was scarcely simulated during the girl's denunciation of a mother who had lost all claim upon a child for love or respect. Seven times the curtain rose and fell upon the two women. Once a volley of hisses was hurled at Zilla Paget, and she smiled in happy triumph. Oswald and Merry stood in the wings watching the act. The intensity which Dorcas threw into her part stirred both men strongly, as it did the audience. They had anticipated womanly sweetness and tenderness, but they had not gauged her emotion to the

"I never dreamed she could do anything like this," said Oswald slowly. Merry did not speak. He had caught Zilla Paget's subtle smile. He knew there was more than acting in the

While Dorcas sat gazing into the red caves of the coal fire she went over each situation in the play, step by step. Once she buried her face in the folds of her shawl; her cheeks were throbbing hotly. She felt Merry's kiss burn upon her lips. There had been no real kisses at rehearsal. The trust and love and gratitude with which the broken old convict turned to his child seemed real for a moment; she felt it when the actor touched her lips. Then she had fallen sobbing into his arms. She heard the audience sob with her. When she turned to glance aside through halfblinded eyes, she met the derisive smile of Zilla Paget, who stood in the wings. There was jealousy in her Her part was over for the scorn. night; she was dend to people in front. They had forgotten her, in spite of the applause she had won a half hour before. It hurt her vanity.

Dorcas came out of her reverie with a start. The door behind her closed, and Enoch walked in. His face was glowing with eager, impetuous triumph, his cheeks were flushed, and his eyes shone. He stooped suddenly to kiss his sister. She did not speak. It seemed years since she had seen him in such a mood.

"Dorry," he cried, "why did you rush home? Everybody was waiting to congratulate you. You lifted people off their feet; I swear, you took me off mine! The critics went wild over you and wanted to interview you. Tomorrow you'll be the talk of the

seemed to vanish. It was wonderful that in a few hours the dreams of a lifetime should have come true. The girl laughed. Her heart had suddenly grown light.

"Enoch, I cannot make myself believe it."

He stood beside her with a proud smile upon his lips. "Dorry, you're a queer proposition. Any other girl would have had her head turned by the triumph tonight. Why, child, in three hours you climbed straight onto a pedestal that many women work half a lifetime to reach. Even then they often miss it."

Enoch bent and lifted her face till her eyes looked into his. "There were minutes," he said fondly, "when I actually questioned whether it was the little sister herself or not."

Dorcas had never seen her brother so strangely excited. She wondered for a moment if he had been drinking. but she saw it was the intoxication of sudden success, not of wine. He paced about the library, talking, laughing, building a thousand plans for the future. The girl watched him curiously. It was a strange transition from the sullen silence of months. The Enoch of light-hearted boyhood days had returned.

"You have a great future, Dorry." He stopped abruptly and his voice grew grave. "There is one thing I want to say. Don't," he hesitated and began to pace the room again, as if choosing his words carefully, "don't make a hero of Merry. He did well tonight. I have seen him set the whole town talking as he did in 'Esterbrook.' then topple back and go down, away

Dorcas rose from her chair and tossed the long braids of hair over her shoulders. Her eyes and cheeks were blazing. Wentworth's face grew inexorable. "Enoch," she cried, "how dare you say such a thing-to me?"

"What do you mean?" "You know what I mean!" He saw her chin tremble. In spite of her anger she was on the verge of tears. When people were calling for the author, how did you dare to go out and take the applause? Have you no con-

"Merry got as much applause as one man could stand." He looked at her with dogged defiance. "That makes you none the less-

Enoch did not answer. He pulled a cigar from his vest pocket, lit it, and began to smoke. He did not flinch before his sister's gaze.

"I should have been the happiest girl in the world tonight, almost foolishly happy." There was a pitiful quaver in her voice. "I feel now as if I were disgraced. Men have gone to table. Robertson's the nicest man in

the penitentiary for stealing-less

Wentworth laughed scornfully. He tossed his clear into the heart of the fire and turned upon Dorcas in sudden rage. "Stealing is not a nice word."

"It is nice enough for what has happened."

"Do you know," asked Wentworth with grave deliberation, "what did happen? Has Merry ever taken you into his confidence about this transaction?" "Merry has never said one word

against you-to me." "Then reserve your judgment until he does. If you were to ask him, and if he played fair, he would tell you that it was a straight, honest bargain, a bargain bought and paid and signed for. Merry, with all his failings, is no welcher."

Bought and paid and signed for?" repeated the girl in slow bewilderment. "How could you buy and pay for something conceived by another man's brain and written by another man's hand."

"That is my business, wholly," answered Enoch coldly. "It is an affair no woman would understand." He paused to light another cigar; then he turned to Dorcas with such authority as he had never used to her before. "I want to say one thing before you leave this room. It is about the question of the authorship of this play. It is not to be brought up again at any time between us. Do you understand?"

"I understand," Dorcas answered quietly. "I understand it is perfectly useless to appeal to a conscience which is dead."

Enoch shrugged his shoulders. that is the way you choose to put it, well and good. It seems to me a pity that you cannot drop this altogether and-forget. The future looks bright for both of us. We could easily go back to our old happy life if you would.'

Dorcas moved toward the door. "I cannot forget. I promise you one thing, Enoch, I will never speak of it again." "Thank you," said the man brus-

CHAPTER XV.

Master Robin Tully.

When the curtain dropped on the last act at a Saturday matinee, Dorcas paused on the way to her dressingroom and glanced out at the stage door. Rain was lashing the street in furious, wild-blown torrents. The few people who braved the storm bent their heads against it and plodded on with determination. Nearby, a street organ was wheezing the "Miserere" in pitiful appeal to a heedless crowd at the theater door.

Dorcas returned to her dressingroom. It was a delightfully cozy retreat-Mr. Oswald had seen to that. Alice Volk sat repairing a gown.

"Where's Julie?" Dorcas demanded. "She's asleep in our dressing-room." The girl seated herself in front of the mirror and began to remove her make-up. At intervals she glanced over a bunch of letters which lay on

"I used to wonder how it would feel to be famous. Of course I am not famous vet." said Dorcas quickly: "I am merely one of the people you hear of in passing. Still, I cannot grow accustomed to the queer experience of seeing my name blazoned on every housetop when I ride on the L or finding my picture in papers and magazines. People stop on the street to stare at me; occasionally they whisper my name to some one who is with them. A girl I went to school with wrote the other day and asked for sixteen autographed portraits to give as favors at a party. She was a rich child, and at school she snubbed me

unmercifully." "It's the way of the world," the other woman answered. "A little of it came into my own life."

"It's a queer way," Dorcas continued, "and somehow already I feel blase. The love and trust I have from Julie and you is something worth while.

Mrs Volk rose to hang up a gown she had been repairing. As she passed Dorcas she bent and kissed her cheek. The girl looked up with a grateful smile.

"Suppose," Dorcas suggested, "we have a little spread right here. I can order a hot dinner sent in. It's a wretched night-What do you say?" "If I were to speak for Julie, you know how she would enjoy it."

"'Phone to the Beauclerc for menu. It will be fun." Half an hour later the dressingroom looked like a small banqueting hall, for the property man had put everything he controlled at their dis-

posal. "Listen," said Dorcas to the waiter, who stood ready to take their order; "bring us consomme, boiled salmon, celery, cucumbers, and sliced tomatoes, potatoes, string beans, roast chicken, lettuce, almond meringue ple, coffee, and-is that all?" she asked of Julie who stood peering over her shoulder.

"Ice cream and cake," suggested the child.

"Of course," cried Dorcas: "it's so long ago since I was a little girl l had forgotten that ice cream and cake is much more important than soup." Julie turned to gaze at the table

"Isn't it a pity, Miss Dorcas, there are only three of us, when there are four sides to a table." Dorcas laughed. "I'll let you pick out a guest for us, Julie. Who shall

"Well, let me think." The child paused. "There's Dick-Dick would do anything for us. He's only a call boy, but he's nice. Then there's Robert son. He loaned us the chairs and

the Gotham-almost. We could have | WESTERN CANADA'S had Brunton, but she's just going out. Then there's Mr. Merry. 1 believe," she added decisively, "I would rather have Mr. Merry than anybody."

Dorcas bent to rearrange a knife

"How do you know Mr. Merry is in?

"He is," cried Julie. "He called me into his dressing-room when I passed and gave me these." She unclasped her hand to show three caramels squeezed into a sticky lump. "Would your mother like to have

him here?" Julie did not wait for her mother to

answer. "Of course. Mother and I love him." "Well, you may be our messenger. Tell him he is invited to dine with

three ladies. Dinner will be served in ten minutes." Merry returned with Julie clasping

his hand. "This is unexpected! When the young lady tapped at my door, I was debating whether it was worth while going out to eat in the storm."

It was a gay little party. Dorcas ordered the waiter to set the dishes on the hot radiator, then she sent him away. Julie took her place delighted-

"You're a clever waitress," said

"I used to plan to be a waitress when I was grown up," said the child, while she gathered plates neatly on a tray. "That was before I went on the stage. Playing the little 'Cordella' is nicer than being a waitress."

"It means getting rich faster." said Merry gravely.

"Of course," agreed Julie. "Still, it must be delightful work to be a waitress. Before we found you, Mother and I used to go mornings to a little restaurant to get hot cakes, and I loved to watch the waitresses. Some of them were pretty. They had lovely hair and cunning little muslin aprons.

Merry laughed. "You were wise to decide on 'Cordella.'"

"I know that. I would be quite happy to be 'Cordelia' with you, even if I didn't get any money for it. Of course, though, it's lovely to get my salary epvelope once a week, and to have nice rooms at Mrs. Billerwell's, and all we want to eat, and clothes and shoes. I am growing rich-I have a bankbook!"

"Really?" "I have four bundred dollars in the bank."

"Four hundred dollars!" "When I have two thousand I am going to buy a little house out in the country. Mother and I picked it out one day when Miss Dorcas took us driving. We will keep chickens and a pony and a cow, and have cherry trees and radishes and pansies in the gar-

"I will come and board with you," said Merry, "if I don't have to milk the

"Oh, Mother," cried the child impetuously, "I never thought of keeping boarders before!-only we can't charge Mr. Merry much."

"Oh, that would be lovely!" Julie laid down a chicken bone she held between her fingers to clap her greasy is a failure when one of the parties little hands joyfully. Merry was telling a ridiculous adventure which had once befallen him on a snowbound train when he was interrupted by a timid knock at the door.

Julie rose to open it. She turned to look back at her mother with a bewildered glance. A small, odd figure stood motionless in the doorwaya little boy with serious, brown eyes,



Doorway.

His straight, yellow hair was cropped in a fringe about his eyes, then it waved upward. He wore a black suit with long, tight trousers. A round jacket, over a white shirt, reached to his waist. In his hand be held a hat like a small saucer.

"Hullo, David Copperfield, where did you come from?" cried Merry.

"That isn't my name." The child had a soft English accent. "I have heard of 'David Copperfield,' but I'm not 'David,' sir, my name is Robin Tully."

"Come in, Master Robin Tully," said Merry, "and have dinner with us." The child stared at them steadily but did not move.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NATURAL RESOURCES

PETROLEUM, NATURAL GAS, COAL AND FARM LANDS.

The developments that have taken place recently in the oil and gas fields of Western Canada have but added another to the many previous evidences that have been produced, showing the great wealth that has been an unknown asset for so many generations.

The latest reports from the oilfields at Calgary show that there is a production there that would appear to equal the best paying fields on the continent. Experts have been on the ground for some time. It is said that one of the wells is able to produce 2,000 gallons an hour. If this is so there are but about a dozen wells in the world of greater production. During the past week discoveries of surface indications have been made which show that oil exists over a considerable portion of Alberta and Saskatche wan, while in Manitoba there have also been showings. At Battleford, Saskatchewan, a few days ago discoveries were made which led to the filing for leases on twenty thousand acres of land, all having strong surface indications. Companies were formed to carry on immediate work. and in a couple of months, or probably less, the story will be told whether oil exists in paying quantities.

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the farmer's countenance. Barley, a favorite with the hog raisers, had taken good root, and was crowding oats for a first place, as to length of shoot. Cultivated fodder grasses are getting great attention, as a consequence of the inclination to go more largely into mixed farming. and the raising of hogs, cattle and horses. The weather is reported fine. just what is needed, and if present favorable conditions continue, the grain crop of Western Canada for 1914 will be the largest average in the history of the country.-Advertisement.

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