

CHAPTER VII.-Continued.

-11about Conward.

He remained silent for a few moments. He decided not to follow her lead. He knew that if she had anything explicit to say about Conward time to be opportune, and not until then.

"How much did you invest?" "Not much. Just what I had." "You mean all your savings?" "Why not? It's all right, isn't it?"

He had risen and was standing by the window. "It's all right, isn't it?" she repeat-

"I'm afraid it isn't!" he said, at tength, in a restrained voice. "I'm

straid it isn't."

"What do you mean?" she demand-

"Bert," he continued, "did it ever occur to you that this thing must have a good name, Dave." an end-that we can't go on forever lifting ourselves by our own boot- Who was she?" straps? We have built a city here, a great and beautiful city, almost as a Hardy." wizard might build it by magic overnight. There was room for it here; there was occasion; there was justification. But there was neither occasion nor justification for turning miles, -lots which in the nature of things cannot possibly, in your time or mine, be required for city purposes. These lots should be producing; wheat, oats, potatoes, cows, butter-that is what we must build our city on. We have been considering the effect rather than the cause. The cause is the country, the neglected country, and until it overtakes the city we must stand still, if we do not go back. Our prosperity has been built on borrowed money, and we have forgotten that borrowed

money must some time be repaid." "You mean that the boom is about to burst?" she said.

"Not exactly burst. It will not be so sudden as that. It will just ooze away like a toy balloon pricked with

There was silence for some minutes. When she spoke at length it was with a tinge of bitterness. "So you are

believe that if I had known your in- mate, but he was equally convinced tention I would have tried to dissuade that in no other woman would he have

you give your conclusions to the world? Now that you see the reaction setting in doesn't honesty suggest what your course should be?"

There was reproach in her voice Dave thought, rather than bitterness.

the use? The harm is done. To predict a collapse would be to precipitate a panic. It as though we were passengers on a boat at sea. You and I know the boat is sinking, but the other passengers don't. They are making merry with champagne and motorcars-if you can accept that figure—and revelry and easy money. Why spoil their remaining few hours by telling them they are headed for the bottom?"

After a moment she placed her fingers on his arm. "Forgive me, Dave," she said. "I didn't mean to whine."

"You didn't whine," he returned, almost flercely. "It's not you. You are too good a sport. But there will be lots of whining in the coming months." Manlike, it did not occur to Dave that in that moment the girl had bidden goodby to her savings of a dozen years and had merely looked up and said, "Forgive me, Dave, I didn't mean to whine."

He glanced at his watch. "It's late for a theater," he said, "but we can ride. Which do you say-auto or horseback?"

"I can't go horseback in these clothes and I don't want to change." Dave pressed a button and the omnipresent Chinese "boy" stood before him. "My car," he said. "The twopassenger car. I shall not want a driver." Then, continuing to Miss

smoking jacket should fit." In a few minutes they were threading their way through the street traffic in Dave's machine. Presently the traffic thinned, and the car hummed with nice disdain. through long residential avenues of comfortable homes. On and on they sped, until the city streets and the city lights fell behind and the car was swinging along a fine country road told you." through a land marked with streams and bridges and blocked out with fra-

grant bluffs of young poplars. At last, after an hour's steady driving in a delight of motion too keen for conversation, they pulled up on the den? Did Irene see much of him?" brow of a hill. Dave switched off his lights, the better to appreciate the you realize that there were four of majesty of the night, and in the si- us at that ranch-four only, and no lence came the low murmur of water. one else for miles? How could she There were no words. They sat and help seeing him?"

breathed it. in the road, flashed the lights of an leg. We were guests at their home. member that she was made out of one

switch his own lights on again only in time to avoid a collision. The on-"Real estate is the only subject I coming car lurched and passed by fuwould trust him on," she continued. "I riously, but not before Dave had recmust say, Dave, that for a shrewd ognized Conward as the driver. Back business man you are awfully dense on its trail of dust floated the ribald notes of half-intoxicated women,

"Close enough," said Dave when the dust had settled. "Well, let us jog back home."

They took the return trip leisurely, she would say it when she felt the drinking in the glories of the night and allowing time for the play of conversation. Bert Morrison was a good conversationalist. Her points of interest were almost infinite. And they were back among the street lights before they knew,

"Oh, I almost forgot," Bert said, as they parted, as though she really had forgotten. "I was at a reception today when a beautiful woman asked for you-asked me if I had ever heard

of Mr. David Elden." "'What, Dave Elden, the millionaire?' I said. 'Everybody knows him. He's the beau of the town, or could be if he wanted to.' Oh, I gave you

"Thanks, Bert. That was decent.

"She said her name was Irene

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Upon the return of Irene Hardy to the East it had slowly become apparand miles of prairie land into city lots ent to her mother that things were not as they once had been. It seemed as though she had left part of her nature behind-had outgrown it, perhapsand had created about herself an atmosphere of reserve foreign to her earlier life. It seemed as though the loneliness of the great plains had settled upon her.

"Whatever has come over Irene?" said Mrs. Hardy to the doctor one evening. "She hasn't been the same since she came home. I should not have let

her go west alone." The doctor looked up mildly from his paper. It was the custom of the doctor to look up mildly when Mrs. Hardy made a statement demanding some form of recognition. From the wide initiation into domestic affairs which his profession had given him Doctor Hardy had long since entirely ceased to look for the absolute in woman. He had never looked for it n man. He realized that in Mrs. "The firm is. I beg you, Bert, to Hardy he did not possess a perfect

found a perfect mate, and he accepted "Why me particularly? I am only his lot with the philosophy of his one of the great public. Why don't sixty years. So instead of reminding his wife that Irene had not been alone when she went west he remarked very mildly that the girl was growing older. Mrs. Hardy found in his remark oc-

casion to lay down the book she had It will pass away. And even if it does been holding and to sit upright in a He spread out his hands, "What's rigidity of intense disapproval. Doctor Hardy was aware that this was entirely a theatrical attitude, assumed for the purpose of imposing upon him a proper humility. He had experienced it many times.

> "Doctor Hardy," said his wife after the lapse of an appropriate period. "do you consider that an intelligent remark?"

> "It has the advantage of truthfulness," returned the doctor complacently. "It is susceptible of demonstration."

> "I should think this is a matter of sufficient interest to the family to be discussed seriously," retorted Mrs. Hardy, who had an unfortunate habit of becoming exasperated by her husband's good humor. "Irene is our only child, and before your very eyes you see her-you see her- Do you know, I begin-I really begin to suspect that she's in love."

It was Doctor Hardy's turn to sit upright. "Nonsense!" he said. "Why should she be in love?" It is the unfortunate limitation of the philosopher that he so often leaves irrational behavior out of the reckoning. "She is only a child."

"She will be eighteen presently. And why shouldn't she be in love? And the question is-who? That is for you to answer. Who did she meet?" "She met no one with me. My ac-

Morrison: "You will need something cident left me to enjoy my holiday as more than that coat. Let me see. My best I could at a ranch deep in the foothills, and Reenie stayed with me there. There was no one else-"

"No one? No ranchmen, cowboyscow punchers-I think I have heard"-"No. Only young Elden-"

"Only? Who is this young Elden?" "But he is just a boy. Just the son of the old rancher of whom I have

"Exactly. And Irene is just a girl. Doctor Hardy, you are all very well with your fevers and your chills, but you can't diagnose a love case worth a cent. What about this young El-

The doctor spread his hands. "Do

"And you permitted it?"

Suddenly, from a sharp bend behind "I was on my back with a broken approaching car. Dave was able to They were good Samaritans to us. I of the crookedest parts of man.

couldn't chaperon her. And besices they con's do things that way in that country. You don't understand. It's altogether different."

"Andrew," said Mrs. Hardy, leaning forward, and the word was ominous, for she used his Christian name only in moments of crisis, "was Irene ever with this young man-alone?"

The doctor arose to his feet and trod heavily upon the rich carpetings. "I told you you don't understand," he protested. "The West is not the East, Everything is different-"

"I suppose human nature is different," she interrupted meaningly. Then her head fell upon the table and her hands went up about her hair. It had been brown hair once but was now thin and streaked with gray. "Oh, Andrew," she wept, "we are ruined! That we should ever have come to

It was now Doctor Hardy's turn to be exasperated. There was one thing his philosophy could not endure. That was a person who was not and who would not be philosophical. Mrs. Hardy was not and would not be philosophical.

"This is all nonsense!" said the doctor, impatiently. "There is nothing to it, anyway. The girl had to have some company. What if they did ride together? What-"

"They rode together? Alone?" "They had their horses along," said the doctor, whose impatience had made way for sarcasm.

"You are mocking me. In this hour of shame you are making jests. Call Irene."

The girl was summoned. Her fine face had lost some of its brownness. and the eyes seemed deeper and slower, but she was still a vision of grace and beauty as she stood in response to their call, framed in the curtains of an archway. Her quick sense caught the tense atmosphere and she came forward with parted lips and extended fingers.

"Yes?" she said. "What is wrong! Can I help?"

"Your father has confessed," said Mrs. Hardy, trying hard to speak with judicial calm. "Now tell us about your relations with this young Elden, this cow puncher. Let us know the worst."

Irene's eyes flew from her mother to her father's face, and there they caught something that restored their

"There was no worst," she said with a ripple of laughter, "but there was a good deal of best. Shall I tell you the best?" "Irene," said her mother severely,

"did you permit that young man to make love to you?" "I did not give him permission, if that answers you, because he didn't

Mrs. Hardy had risen. "Andrew you hear that? She confesses. It's

dreadful! Horrible! What will everybody say?" "No worse than you have said, I'll be bound," put in the doctor.

"Yes, take her part. What care you for the family name?" "I have a right to speak for the family name," said the doctor firmly. "It was mine before it was yours. cannot see that the family name has

been compromised in the slightest degree. This is Irene's first adventure. not-he is a manly boy." Mrs. Hardy surveyed her husband

hopelessly, then turned to Irene. "Have you made any promises?" "Only that I wouldn't make any

promises until he had his chance. That eemed fair." "I suppose you are receiving letters

from him?"

"Why doesn't he write?" For the first time Irene's eyes fell and the color mounted richer in her cheeks. She had to confess now, not for herself but for him.

"He can't write," she said. "Merciful heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardy, collapsing into a chair. . "Andrew, bring me a stimulant." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Beating the Train.

"Now, Thomas," said the foreman of the construction gang to a green hand who had just been put on the job, keep your eyes open. When you see a train coming throw down your tools and jump off the track. Run like blazes!" "Sure!" said Thomas, and began to swing his pick. In a few minutes the Empire State Express came whirling along. Thomas threw down his pick and started up the track ahead of the train as fast as he could. The train overtook him and tossed him into a ditch. Badly shaken up, he was taken to the hospital, where the foreman visited him. "You blithering idiot!" said the foreman, "didn't I tell you to take care and get out of the way? Why didn't you run up the side of the hill?" "Up the solde of the hill, is it, sor?" said Thomas through the bandages on his face. "Up the solde of the hill? By the powers, I can't bate it on the level, let alone runnin' up hill."

First Safety Bicycles.

The first of the safety bicycles was out on the market in 1880. In this the high front wheel was reduced and the rear wheel was about two-thirds the height of the front one. The machines with wheels of the same size appeared in 1885. Bicycling began to be popular about 1891, and the "craze" reached its height about 1895, when wheels had become low enough in price to be within the means of the multipude.

Explained. "Wonder why woman is so perverse and contrary." "You must re-

## Variations of the Straight Line Suit



the midsenson is here, the public has declared its preference. Wide-hip, crinoline and peg-top outlines captured and held their devotees, but a nigh pinned their faith to lines almost unbroken in suits, in dresses, and more new aspirant has disturbed the stabilthat manufacturers have tested out is a small choker collar of fur. the public, that is the one thing they are entirely sure of. Therefore such straight-line models.

With the beginning of the season | the suits interesting. There are at sults and dresses were presented in least two advantages in models of this a variety of silhouettes, and now that kind-the style may be worn for a long time, it will pass out slowly and admits of a great variety of decora-

In the suit at the left of the picture under-arm tucks and buttons appear percentage of well-dressed people in an original and attractive arrangement with lines running horizontally on the body of the coat and lengthwise particularly in evening gowns. No below the belt. The coat opens over a vest and the cloth helt fastens ity of the straight-line suit, and now through a buckle at the front. There

In the figure at the right many buttons in two sizes and an original cut new suits as they are turning out for of the back of the body assume the present sale are variations of the responsibility of distinguishing this suit from its predecessors. A very "Straight line" is not to be taken long and narrow sash of the material too literally. It means a silhouette slips twice about the waist and loops having little definition at the waist- over at the left side. A wide turnover line. Such as there is results from collar fastens up snugly about the belts and girdles and not from fitting. throat. The skirts are both plain, one The two suits shown in the picture il- of them a trifle longer than the other, lustrate this point very clearly, and The length of skirts is very much a also bring out the introduction of new matter of individual taste at present, features that vary the style and make from six to nine inches off the floor.



Christmas Decorations.

arations for Christmas day, the most joyous of the year for them. No one the average church or home is so very the greatest of festivals in the right joicing. The interchanging of gifts is ishly among them. all to this end, but this phase of to institutions that need them.

Christmas time, if it is to retain its settia blossoms. significance. The Christmas greens that decorate our homes and churches, shades of red and green paper are Christmas candles and goodies and, of made in much the same way as poinall the things the Christmas tree, must settia. Petals of red paper, all in one where evergreen trees are plentiful, als to represent the calyx of the flowbitter-sweet and poinsettia.

by houses that manufacture decorative size of the petals. plants and flowers, of bright red velvet, and lasts for years, that is, as long as it is put away carefully from Christmas to Christmas, By far greater amounts of poinsettla are made of

red crepe paper with small yellow cen Everywhere women and children ters also of paper, and these, too, will are more or less engrossed with prep- last a long time, if cared for. The expense for all the poinsettla needed by can do too much toward celebrating little that no one is too poor to have this lovely addition to Christmas spirit, for it should be a day of regreens. Red must not be used too lay-

Poinsettla is made by cutting petals Christmas celebrating seems overdone, in various sizes from crepe paper, wirand to occupy too much time and costs ling them along the center with very too much money in late years; it fine wire, and winding the petals to a crowds out other and equally impor- stem of heavier wire. The whole outtant things. Everyone should share in fit for making them costs next to the good cheer at Christmas time and nothing. Bright red berries can be extensive giving of high-priced gifts simulated with fine wire and scaling would much better be curtailed than wax, if holly can't be obtained, by the Christmas dinner with the reunion | shaping the wax on the end of short of members of families and their lengths of fine wire. Some lovely friends, the remembrance of the un Christmas baskets for household and fortunate or poor, and contributions table decoration are made by filling wicker, or other baskets, with press-Some things cannot be omitted at ed maiden-hair ferns and paper poin-Candle, lamp and electric light-

be provided for. The high cost of liv- size, are stayed with fine wire, which ing has not made these impossible in can be curved to suit the light, and any community, and in many places among these a few smaller green petit is time and effort, more than money, er, are to be placed. They are glued that is needed. The youngsters will to a circular disk at the center, with do a lot toward furnishing Christmas a hole cut in it to fit over the electric greens, wreaths, branches and little light or candle shade supporter or trees that make a background for all lamp globe. When the petals have the day's festivities and set off the been glued to place the shade appears bright red or holly or candle-berries, flat like a plate, but the petals can be curved by means of the wire in them, Nearly all the poinsettia used at in any way desired and the shades Christmas time is artificial. It is made | made small or large by varying the

# Colds Break

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Johnson Knew Human Nature. Johnson wrote to Boswell on September 22, 1777: "When a man is invited to dinner he is disappointed if he does not get something good . . . everybody loves to have things which please 'heir palate put in their way. without trouble or preparation!"

Three Sects.

Teacher-How many

Little Boy-Three. Teacher-What are they? Little Boy--The male sex, the fo-

male sex and the insects.-London Nothing will take the conceit out of

a bachelor like marrying a widow. Many an uncivil young man manages to pass a civil service examination.

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Old Folks' Coughs