

A Blunder in Eden

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for the girl at the desk to make the change for him, and then flung out the big doors almost angrily in his haste. Outside he took three rapid steps, and then stopped as suddenly as if some one had called his name. From within had come The Voice, faintly, like an echo, and Lorimer, forgetting everything else, stepped into the shadow, listening. When the song was finished he did not move, but still stood in the shadow, thinking.

It was the big doors swinging outward that roused him. He stepped out of the way, and a slight figure in a blue serge coat slipped past him to the street. She did not see him, and he watched her with confused emotions. At the curb she paused.

"She'll take a taxi to the Graystone," he said to himself, with more bitterness than he had thought possible to him.

But no taxi-cab came to a stop at her signal. Instead Lorimer saw her shiver slightly and button her coat closely about her throat, for the fog was chill. Then she turned and began walking down the street. All at once, he realized that she was not going where he had expected her to go. She was going away from the direction of the Graystone!

HALF an hour later the pretty hostess of a gay party in a fashionable up-town drawing room, glanced up at the French clock, and exclaimed:

"Where can Bobby Lorimer have got to—he was to have been here long ago."

At precisely that moment a girl, walking rapidly, turned into a street where the houses huddle together as if to give each other courage to stand a while longer. Half way down the block she let herself into one of these houses with a latchkey, climbed the stairs, and entered a room at the front of the house. There was faded paper on the walls, faded carpet on the floor, and on the window sill stood a pot with a flowering hyacinth.

She closed the door carefully behind her, and called "Mother!" Her voice was low, patient, with a tired break in it. A faded, listless woman came in from the adjoining room.

"Why, Ellen, what are you home so early for?"

With a weary movement, the girl tossed her hat on to the table that stood in the center of the room, and then answered:

"I didn't feel well, so they let me come away." The mother looked worried.

"I do hope it's nothing that'll hurt your voice."

The girl whirled on her fiercely, menacingly.

"My voice!" she cried, and the words launched themselves at the older woman like blows in the face. "Always my voice! I hate it! I wish I had never had a voice! What good has it ever done? I tell you, I hate it!" And then, struck by her mother's look, and frightened by her own vehemence, she stopped short. Never in all her life had she uncovered so much of the fire that had fed her courage and perseverance through the slow years; but tonight the coals had been stirred and the flame leaped forth.

Bewildered, alarmed, her mother stared at her as if she were a stranger, and the girl, seeing the look, withdrew again into herself.

"Don't mind me, Mother," she said, "I'm just sick tonight. I'll be all right tomorrow. You know I didn't mean what I said."

"Well, Ellen, I never thought, no matter how sick you got, that I'd ever live to hear you say that, after all I've done for you, after all the whole family's done, savin' and skimpin' and goin' without things to train your voice; and you know we all expected you to be singin' in grand

Every Car Needs a Maker

NOT only to design and build it. Not only to give it the right features, the right material, and the right workmanship, and to leave out what should not go in. But, most of all, every car needs a maker after it has been sold—after you have bought it.

After you have put your faith and money into a car, then is when it needs a maker standing behind it with the financial strength and the moral determination to make good on every promise that his advertising or his salesmen held out to you before you bought.

How Owners Suffer

When a car loses its maker, through failure or otherwise, its market value drops 50 to 90 per cent instantly. That car becomes discredited, commanding neither price nor respect. Nobody wants it, least of all the unfortunate buyer.

More than 25 makes of cars have lost their makers within the year. Thousands of owners suffered financial loss and annoyance. Guar-

antees became worthless. Repair parts could be secured only with difficulty, even for cash in advance. And the maker's much boasted "service" proved to be a hollow promise, with nobody at the maker's plant to express regret, much less to make good.

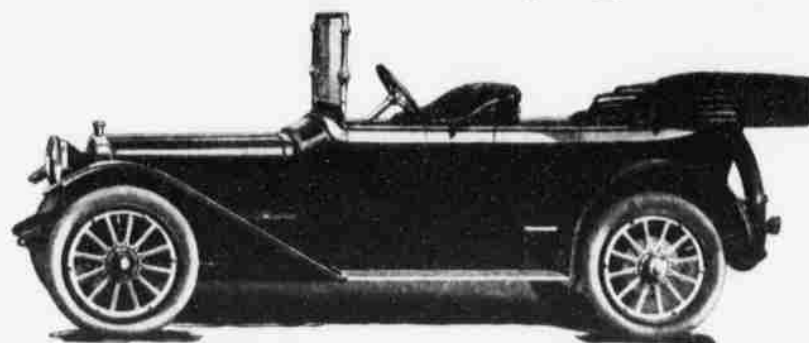
What's Most Important

Find out, before you buy a car, whether the maker is solvent and is likely to stay solvent. That's more important than to know the specifications of his car. The maker who is solid, who will be in business next year and the year after, is invariably a maker whose car has the substance that gives satisfaction. But the best car in the world isn't worth having if its maker is in danger of being wiped out. Just keep that in mind.

You Need This Book

Look up the maker first. Then find out about cars. We have summed up the present situation in the automobile industry in a booklet that you ought to read before you buy any car. Ask for Book No. 22; it includes car description.

The Winton Motor Car Company, 117 Berea Road, Cleveland, Ohio



WINTON SIX

Long stroke motor, left drive, center control, electric lights, self-starter, finest mohair top, easily handled curtains, rain-vision glass front, best Warner speedometer, Waltham eight-day clock, Klaxon electric horn, rear tire carriers, four-cylinder tire pump, demountable rims, full set of tools, German silver radiator, metal parts nickel finished. Fully equipped, \$3250

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opera by this time and here you are singin' in a restaurant, and I've never complained. Why, any other girl with your advantages and your voice, would at least have married some rich man by this time."

"I know—I know," murmured the girl dully, "any other girl—"

"Well, I never could understand it, Ellen, you're not a bad lookin' girl, and it does seem to me that down there you'd have chances to get acquainted with lots of nice people; if you'd only try a little, push yourself a little, put yourself out to be nice to them, make them think you are somebody—"

"Mother!" The word was a command. "Can't you see that I'm not anybody, that a man wants a girl to be young and pretty, and laugh and do something besides sing! I'm only a voice.—I couldn't even pretend to be like other girls!" It was a torrent of words, tense, at the breaking point, and when she stopped speaking she shivered down into her chair, her slight body convulsed with the great, hard wrenches that brought the tears. The mother stood looking at her helplessly, like a frightened child who has come near to tragedy for the first time.

A bell rang loudly, imperatively, from below, bringing both women up like an electric shock.

"I guess it's the rent man," said the mother, flurried and embarrassed. "He

was here today, but I didn't have it."

The girl began fumbling in her purse, while the mother pressed the electric button that opened the door below. Some one came up the stairs, along the hall, and there was a knock at the door. The girl opened it, her eyes still anguished and wet with tears. She did not care for the rent man, or for any one in the world,—had she not at least the right to her sorrow?

Then Lorimer spoke, and what he said and the manner of saying it were a paradox; but no one of the three so much as thought of it that way, for one of them was too astonished to think, and the other two gave no heed nor had they need of such poor things as words.

"You lied to me, and I almost believed your lies!" was what he said.

Homely Philosophy

Tell a man he's no better than he ought to be, and he'll get mad enough to give the impression that he ought to be better than he is.

Theodore Winthrop said: "Clear grit brightens more crystalline the more it is rained upon; sham grit dissolves into mud and water."

It's harder for a "near" man to spend money than for a generous one to make it.

The Scotchman Scored

JOHN BUTLER YEATS, who paints portraits and, incidentally, is the father of William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, is a regular patron of a certain New York restaurant. Among the habitués of this place, he has acquired a reputation as a raconteur.

"In my part of Ireland," he tells, "there was a noisy Scotchman whose abuse of everything Irish riled the neighbors considerably. At first, however, he refrained from bragging about Scotland, and we decided to wait until he should be guilty of that indiscretion before acting drastically.

"The chance came at last. He had been swearing at the Irish peat fires, the Irish rain and the Irish spuds, and ended up by saying that, 'Hoot mon, Scotland was verra deefereent! It was a land flowing with milk and honey.'

"Well, we went for him. Scotland, we pointed out, was known to be a barren waste inhabited by starvelings, and the Biblical quotation he had used could not have been more outrageously misapplied.

"He looked us over with his canny eye. 'Ye're wrang,' he said, 'and I can prove it. Scotland flowed with milk, and maybe honey, all the time that I was there. I left when I was ten months auld.'