

CHAPTER III.

A STUDY IN PROBABILITIES. A STUDY IN PROBABILITIES. For a moment I thought that Godfrey was joking. How could that tangle of hphazard clippings tell any story? And if they did, how could it be con-nected with the one which we were trying to decipher? Then, at a sec-ond glance. I saw how in deadly earn-est he was. There could be no doubt-ing it; he had read into them some meaning which I had failed utterly to see.

I sat down in my chair again, my nerves a-quiver; at last, we were on the verge of success. "Well, let's hear it," I said.

"Well, let's hear it," I said. "I intend that you shall—wait till I get them arranged. I'll build up the story as I go along, and I want you to ask any questions or point out any defects that occur to you. Of course, it will be only a study in probabilities; but between us. I think we can get it

but between us. I think we can get it pretty straight." He got up from the desk with the clippings in a next little pile, and sat down in the chair facing mine. He took a meditative puff or two before he becan

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uary 2, 1886, in the midst of a tre-mendous snowstorm, they managed to hide themselves in one of the work-shops, and afterwards to scale the outshops, and afterwards to scale the out-er wall. In the morning Thompson was found at the foot of the wall with his head cut open and nearly frozen. Tre-maine got clear away. Thompson was brought around with the greatest diffi-culty and would say nothing except to indulge in terrible imprecations against his companion. You see," concluded Godfrey, looking up, "we begin to get at the motive."

at the motive." "Yes," I agreed, "it's very plain, now you've started on the right track. It's a good deal like Columbus's egg."

It's a good deal like Columbus's egg." Godfrey smiled and turned to the sixth clipping, the longest of them all, "It's that way with most mysteries," he said, "and here's the internal evi-dence that all this theorizing is pretty straight. It's the clew, too, which we've been seeking so long."

been seeking so long." "It explains Miss Croydon's presence here?" I asked, intensely interested and

been seeking so long."
"It explains Miss Croydon's presence here?" I asked, intensely interested and deeply stirred.
"Just that!" he said, and shot me a triumphant glance. "Let us see if you can catch it. The clipping is in French, and though my French isn't of the highest order. I can get the sense of it pretty well. It is dated Suresnes, and is evidently a letter from a provincial correspondent to a Paris newspaper, who like most other provincial correspondents, is delightfully vague. However, I gather from it that on the night of September 16, 1891, a beautiful young English girl-name not given-ran away from the convent school of the Sacred Heart at Suresnes and that the next morning she was safely married to a 'gailant. Frenchman'-Tremaine, of course-by the cure of the little village of Petits Colombes. The marriage was quite regular-though no doubt the cure's fee was larger than usual-for the banns had been published as required. "Hus,' concludes the eloquent correspondent, 'does the grand passion once more prevall over the hypocrises of the cloister.' Evidently the correspondent is a rabid anti-clerical."
"But, still," I objected, "I don't see that that explains anything."
"Let me help you. It was this clipping I happened to look at first the night we found the body. I read two or three lines aloud, then Simmonds put it back in the pocket, It must have been those few lines which told Miss Croydon the nature of the clippings and their importance to her. The date line would have been more than 10 or 12 years old in 1891."
"You mean Miss Croydon is the girl who ran away with Tremaine? But then, she couldn't have been more than 10 or 12 years old in 1891."
"Go ahead," I said helplessly.
"Eldest daughter, Edith, born in France, August 26, 1874. Educated at school there, but broke down from

"Go anead," I said helplessly, "'Eldest daughter, Edith, born in France, August 26, 1874. Educated at school there, but broke down from overstudy and returned to Beckenham. Religion, Catholic.' Now," he demand-ed, "do you understand who it was married Tremaine at Petits Colombes in 1891.2" in 1891?

ed in keeging fils many links in the chain. Maybe in his more prosperous days he had a mania for clippings. At best, we musch't be disappointed if there are long gaps in the story." "Yea," I agreed again; "that's evi-dent enough." '"Very well; we'll begin with the clip-pings, then, substituting Tremaine's name for the one used. The first clip-ying is marely a marriage notice, anto meet. But—and I started upright— since they were Catholics, only his death could release Mrs. Delroy. Per-haps it was Thompson, after all, and his death had released her. But no; and in an instant the whole terrible position of the elder woman burst up-on me. She was not Delroy's wife, she was * * Wickor Charente, is his real one. You'll notice that he's retained the first name —which is a bit of corroborative evi-dence."
"Or a mere coincidence," I supple-mented.
"Thi wire our correspondent at Dieppe to look up this Charente-perhaps he can get a photograph. That would settle it, for Tremaine at 40 was probably not greatly different from Tremaine at 20.
"The second clipping," proceeded Godfrey, "shows us that our hero soon wandered from the straight and narrow path, and gives us, too, a little light to poe scot-with assistant manager of the ship suppites house of Briquet Freess, he adscourded with 60,000 francs. It is discovered that he kept a mis-tress at Rowten. He is believed to have gone to America-to have been smug-gled out of the harbor by a friendly American capitan. Surely, it is not im-set of the solicy with 60,000 francs. was captured and would receive a term of years in prison. There are four copies of this clipping, which no doubt means that it is the one which Thomp-son was some times in the habit of sending to Tremaine, to remind him of "Very few things are impossible," I commended: I began to be impatient with Godfrey. He was permitting his prejudice against Tremaine to warp his jud_mont. "Well, we'll keep that for a hypothes-is, anyhow," and he turned to the third clipping. "This," he continued, "shows us that he indeed came to America. It is dated July 23, 1885, and states infat a young Frenchman and a tramp skipper named Johnson—ah, you see?" I did, indeed, see—here was the first appearance of Tremalne's zombi—of his familiar devil. I looked at Godfrey which I, certataly, was quite incapable what he wants is money, and so she writes to her father. He comes for her and takes her home-no doubt paying Tremaine a handsome sum to take himself off-in fact, mortgaging his

plan; and Thompson, to get even for that treachery at Sing. Sing, gives him away. Tremaine, no doubt, got a peni-tentiary sentence. He probably broke jail again, for in 1839 he appears at Martinique, supposedly from South America. He has considerable money, which he no doubt stole somewhere, and perhaps he chose St. Pierre as a safe place to stay in hiding until the hue and cry after him was over. He would have some acquaintance with the island, if he landed there from the wreck.

Thompson learns where he is-perhaps even sees him at St. Pierre-and puts a bouquet to his revenge by driv-ing him into fits of rage by reminding

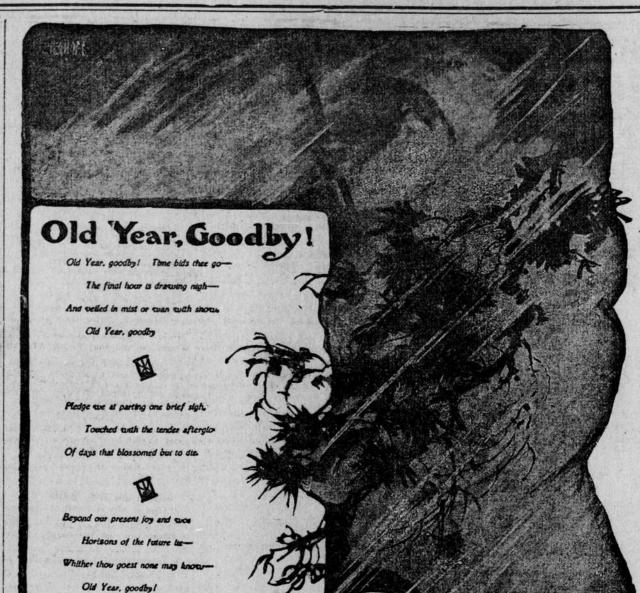
ing him into fits of rage by reminding him of that Australian treachery. But at last he sends him a message, which brings him to New York." "Yes," I said, "and I have cudgelled my brain in vain trying to imagine what that message could have been." "Weil," remarked Godfrey, "while we can't, of course, give its actual text, I don't think it very difficult to guess its general tenor. We know what Tre-maine came here to do—he came to blackmail Mrs. Deiroy. It's pretty safe, then, to suppose that the message told him that she was blackmailable—in other words, that she had married a rich man. No doubt, Tremaine's money was running low, and he jumped at this chance of replenishing his purse. the second time as the part of the second time as t

maine had tried to play Thompson false a second time. "Now," he continued, "let us see how nearly we can reconstruct the scene which occurred in this room. Tremaine supplies Thompson on the voyage up with whisky, and agrees to keep him supplied, believing that he may be use-ful—not daring, at any rate, to make an open enmy of him, lest he spoil his game here—Thompson had only to speak a word to the police to put Tre-maine back in Sing Sing to serve out his unexpired term. Arrived at New York, he establishes himself in the suite across the hall, and spends a week or two in looking over the week or two in looking over the ground, ostensibly boosting his rail-road scheme. Thompson, who has been in jail, joins him and takes these rooms.

"At last Tremaine is ready—or per-haps his lack of money forces him to act. He writes a note to Mrs. Delroy, telling her he's alive and wishes to telling her he's alive and wishes to share in her prosperity. He demands that she meet him in these rooms, ask-ing for Thompson-that leaves him free from suspicion should she show the note to her husband and should he attempt to have the writer arrested for blackmail. But she isn't so sensible. Perhaps she disregards his first note; perhaps she's unable to decide what to do. She has, of course, been thrown into a panic. He writes again; in de-spair she seeks the advice of her sis-ter, and Miss Croydon, who is by far the stronger of the two, offers to come here herself, see the man, and find out here herself, see the man, and find out what he proposes to do. "Tremaine has secured Thompson's

"Tremaine has secured Thompson's key, given him some money, and sent him out to get drunk. But for Jimmy the Dude he would have stayed away— probably in the lockup—but Jimmy brings him home. Tremaine has to make the best of it, since there isn't time to get Thompson out of the way again. Anyway, he's so dead drunk, that Tremaine anticipates no interfer-ence from him. He shuts him in the bedroom, and sits down to wait for Miss Croydon. "She arrives promptly, despite the

Miss Croydon. "She arrives promptly, despite the rain, and we can imagine that the dia-logue which followed was not of a milk-and-water kind-both of them are full of fire and they made the sparks fly. "Thompson is aroused by the volces, or perhaps wakes naturally-come into the outer room and interferes. He is still half-drunk; perhaps he threatens. Tremaine. At any rate, Tremaine picks up the iron pipe and knocks him down; then, in a sudden black frenzy of an-ger, remembering Australia, seeing how Thompson will always stand in his way, he draws his revolver and shoots him through the heart. That done, he way, he draws his revolver and shoots him through the heart. That done, he walks out, closes the door, goes to his room, and, at a favorable moment, leaves the building." He leaned back in his chair and ap-plied a fresh match to his cigar. "That," he concluded, "is my idea of the story. There's one person who can fill in the details. I'm going to apply to her as soon as I get back from Bors.



A New Year Conquest

WILLIAM H. HAYNE

By Charles Moreau Harger. Story of the Great Southwest.

Great clouds of yellow dust, a dazzling sky, sweeping winds, long reaches of level lands-the midwinter southwest and on the siding the palatial train of the cattle king who was now off among the ranches looking after sleek and well-bred herds. The cattle king's daughter, whose pros-pective wealth entitled her to the rank of princess, sat under the striped awning on the rear platform of the train, gazing wearly at the monotonese handscape.

"How long are we to stay here?" she demanded of the porter who was indus-triously trying to keep the leather-covered chairs clean. He did not answer-he did not know. She went back to the parlor of the other private over and covered the of the other private car and accosted the quiet woman who sat by the window sew. ing. "Auntie, how long is this to last?" ing. "Auntie, how long is this to have." "Until your father gets back or there

"I'm tired of 't-I'm going out of doors. "In tree of 't-1'm going cut of doors." She se'zed a jacket and cap, slipped down the side steps and disappeared be-hind the squalid depot. A dilap'dated liv-ery stable stood in the sunshine. "I want riding horse-quick!"

The man fairly trembled in his anxiety to serve the city girl, and in a moment she was cantering over the sand and sage brush, headed straight for the green hills

in the distance. Away and away she sped, delighting in the free rush of the wind, the swish of her pony's hoofs through the grass and the ex-

He lieth still; de doth not move: He will not see the dawn of day. He hath no other life above. He gave me a friend, and a true true-love And the New Year will take 'em away.

Old year, you must not go: So long as you have been with us, Such joy as you have seen with us, Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim; A jollier year we shall not see. But tho' his eyes are waxing dim, And tho' his foes speak ill of him, He was a friend to me. Old year, you shall not d'e: We did so laugh and cry with you, I've half a mind to die with you, Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest, But all his merry quips are o'er. To see him die, across the waste His son and heir doth ride post-haste, But he'll be dead before. Everyone for his own. The night is starry and cold, my friend, And the New Year bilthe and beid my friend. Comes up to take his own.

low hard he breathes! over the snow heard just now the crowing cock. heard just now the crowing cock. he shadows flicker to and fao: he cricket chirps: the light burns low: is nearly twelve o'clock. Shake hands, before you die. Old year, we'll dearly rue for you: What is 't we can do for you?

eager, and as he lifted her in his arms once more for a journey to the train she THE OLD YEAR.

once more for a journey to the train she whispered: "Yes." Almost as soon from the opposite di-rection came Mr. Seamans, and his fore-men. He greeted the pair with smiles and laughed at the daughter's injuries when he found they were not serious. "Stay on with us," he invited Mason. "We'll bring you back before we leave for Chicago."

for Chicago." "How did the train come back so soon?" asked Miss Seamans, rising from her couch. "I thought it was fifty miles to the next station!" "Wireless telegraphy," suggested Ma-

"Shucks," said the aunt, contemptuously. "The engineer pulled it down to the creek to fill the boilers. We weren't gone half an hour." The girl looked quickly into the laugh-

ing eyes of the young ranchman. "I believe you knew it all the time," she

exclaimed.

"I did not tell you differently," he plead-ed. "You remember I was under orders." She was not satisfied. That evening as they sat out under the striped awning on the rear platform, and watched the land-scape, glistening under the winter moon, as the train sped southward, she contin-ued: "Really, Frank, didn't you bribe the engineer to run behind the hill so it would

scare me?" But he did not answer-nor has he answered yet, though his wife propounds the question every New Year's day.

INDIAN PROVERBS AND SUPER-STITIONS. From the Cincinnati Commercial,

The coward shoots with shut even

starving man will eat with the

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow, And the winter winds are wearily sighing: Toil ye the church-bell sad and slow And tread softly and speak low, For the old year lies a-dying. Old year, you must not die; You came to us so readily, You lived with us so steadily, Old year, you shall not die.

THE DEATH OF

ime for the one used. The first clip-ing is marriy a marriage notice, an-buncing that on the 23d of August, 83, Tremaine married one Therese ertigny, at Dieppe. Let me see; Tre-aine was then probably about 20 cars of age. No doubt he was born Dieppe, so that the name given here, totor Charente, is his real one. You'll blice that he's retained the first name which is a bit of corroborative evi-

Freres, he affected with 60,000 francs. It is discovered that he kept a mis-tress at Romen. He is believed to have gone to America—to have been smug-gled out of the harbor by a friendly American captain. Surely, it is not im-possible," he added, "that this friendly American captain was Thompson." "Very few things are impossible," I commended: L began to be impatient

"Well, we'll keep that for a hypothes-is, anyhow," and he turned to the third clipping. "This," he continued, "shows us that he indeed came to America. It is dated July 23, 1885, and states that a young Frenchman and a tramp skipper named Johnson-ah, you see?" I did, indeed, see-here was the first appearance of Tremaine's zombi-of his until the death I hoked at Codtage tractive reasoning was something which I, certainly, was quite incapable

of. "So that J on Thompson's arm was the initial of his real name," observed fodfrey. "I thought is was —it had been there a long time, and an effort' had been made to erase it. After a man has started on the crooked path, he doesn't want any tattoo marks on him-they make identification too easy him they make identification too easy. on, then, we'll hereafter read

hompson." I modded; I was beginning to be con-

vinced. "Weit," continued Godfrey, "Tremaine and Thompson, then, were arrested in New York, July 23, 1885, at a low re-sort where they were having a carouse. They had braten and robbed another sailor. It scents that nothing was left of the sixty thousand francs, and nat-urally Tremaine found it diculfit to ge heaestly to work again. The fourth clipping, undated, but probably some months later, shows that Tremaine and Thompsen were sentenced to three

Thom, sea were sentenced to three years each in Sing Sing. But they didn't stay there so long." he added, turning to the next clipping. "at least Tennane didn't On the night of Jan-

himself off-in fact, moregaging ins home to do it. "Miss Croydon gradually recovers; but she is Tremaine's wife. Yet in 1900 she marries Delroy. She must therefore have had good reason to believe Tremaine dead.

"Don't you see?" I cried. "That's the meaning of that item about the found-ering of the Centaur, with all on board.

ering of the Centaur, with all on board, Tremaine was a passenger and she knew it." "Good!" nodded Godfrey. "That's undoubtedly it. Let me see," and he turned back to the clipping; "that was in 1892. His name, perhaps, appeared among the missing; she waited eight years, and at last, believing his death established beyond a doubt, married again. again.

'Now, let us see what Tremaine was Now, let us see what frematike was doing. In 1896 he was in Australia planning a bank robbery. He meets Thompson, descended from his estat-of capitain to that of common sailor. Tremaine takes Thompson in on the

to her as soon as I get back from

'You mean Miss Croydon?'

"Yes, ' he nodded, "and I think Tre maine is pretty near the end of adventurous career."

maine is pretty near the end of his adventurous career." "There's one thing," I remarked, af-ter a moment, "that diamond I found on the floor here didn't come from Tre-maine's pin. I tried it last night and it didn't fit." Godfrey smiled as he placed the clip-pings carefully in his pocketbook. "I know it," he said: "I meant to tell you. It came from the ring belonging to Jinmy the Dude. I saw him tonight across the street—Simmonds had him in for another sweating—Simmonds isn't quite convinced yet that Jimmy's inno-cent—and I noticed a ring on his finger containing a cluster of little diamonds. One of them was gone, and when I questioned him, he said he'd lost it somewhere the night Thompson was killed. He probably dropped it here as he was helping Thompson to bed." "That's it, no doubt," I agreed; "but it breaks one thread of evidence." (Continued Next Week.)

Pointed Paragraphs. From the Chicago News. who always look before they Men

leap seldom leap. It is harder to beat a poor carpet than a good one. Being in love furnishes a girl with

one more excuse for crying.

one more excuse for crying. Speaking of dogs, a pointer should have more than one good point. Some people find fault wit. a bad man because he isn't worse. It's the easiest thing in the world for a widower to marry a widow. A woman will honor her husband as long as he is willing to love and obey her. Which goes the faster after being broken-a thoroughbred coit or a \$10

-a thoroughbred colt or a \$10

He is a wise man who doesn't let his business interfere with his pleasure

his business interfere with his pleasure at all times. Feminine curlosity originated with Mother Eve when she took the first bite of that apple. A woman has lost her chief attrac-tion for a man when he ceases to won-der what she will do next.

Billiards Defined.

John Horgan, the champion pool-player, to:d at a dinner in St. Louis a billiard story. "Billiards is a tame amusement be-side pool," Mr. Horgan begar. "Two Hindus were once discussing the game in Calcutta, and I think that their idea of the mean protive near the right and

of it was pretty near the right one. "What is this white man's game of billiards that I hear so much about?"

said the first Hindu. "'Don't you know?" said the second. "'No. Tell me.' "'Well,' said the second Hindu, 'bil-

liards is a very simple game. Two men armed with long sticks poke at a ball on a green table, and one says "dam" while the other says "hard lines."

With the exception of Britain and America, there are no two countries in which the mile is of equal length.

hilaration of the open lands.

At last she turned the horse's head-where was the station? Nothing but a rolling plain, not shining with sunlight, but dampened by shadow. With a little ery of terror she sent her mount racing ahead and strained her eyes for the engine

"Ah, there it is-but so far away!

She surmised what had happened-her father had reached a station farther down the line and wired for the train to join him, and they had not discovered her ab-sence before starting. As she looked she saw off to the left an-

a broken leg. As she looked she saw off to the left an-other rider-a wide-hatted ranchmam-to-ward him she rode. As she drew nearer her cheeks grew red and her eyes bright-ened. Once she stopped and turned as if to leave him. Then he came close to her. "Oh, Mr. Mason, what shall I do?" Now it was serious. The cattle, more curious than ever, scampered faster to-ward the object of their interest: the fallen horse plunged and snorted; the skirts of its rider held her prisoner. In an instant Mason was by her side, tugging at the fair burden. When she was free he found her helpless from a strained ankle, and with tenderness he lifted her in his arms and to his own sad-

Frank Mason, the handsome ranch su-perintendent, scarcely recognized her, bowing so slightly that it seemed to be rely the motion of his horse. What is the matter, madam?"

"Don't be mean"-the girl's eyes were beseeching. "But you told me never to speak to you

again-only this morning. "Yes, I know, but you see how 't is-the train has gone-it is almost evening and here I am."

"It does look ser!ous, doesn't it? Where do they think you are?"

"They don't think. Aunty's probably gone to sleep and won't wake up until midnight—the others think I'm in my room, in papa's car."

"It is serious—and nobody's at the ranch to take care of you. I suppose they will come back tomorrow anyhow."

"I am superintending a ranch-my fath-er owns it-10,000 head." "Tomorrow!" The girl fairly screeched he word. "We must get them now-to-

night, don't you understand-now!" "But it is fifty miles to the next tele-graph station-how can the engineer get

Louis now with my sister and mother aboard, bound here." So this was the "cowboy" she had pat-He looked toward the train, which was disappearing in a cut between some creek biuffs a mile or two below the station. so this was the cowody she had par-ronized and made fun of as he came to the train day after day to see her father. She had been amused by his assurance and had quarreled with him that very morning. Now she was at his mercy— "You see it's New Year's day and every-body but the stable boys and station agent

has gone to the county seat to a celebra tion. There's a dance tonight, so they won't be home-yes, it is serious." and she found it rather pleasant. "This is a strange beginning for the New Year," she broke out. "I wonder Their horses were moving slowly towhen the train will be back." "I think it is a good beginning-I'm sure

ward the station, yet a long distance away. They were talking earnestly and did not notice the curious movements of a herd of cattle that had strayed from the grasslands toward the station and now, hundreds and hundreds of them, were I don't know about that train-there is no connection with it yet." "I'm sorry I was so rude this morning, Fr-Mr. Mason."

Fr-Mr. Mason." "Don't worry, Anna-Miss Seamans." He smiled, cautiously, at her. "It is fine of you to care for me and protect me this way." she went on, "and I don't know how to thank you." "Don't try. This is not the first time bare seen you'l deneed with you two pushing close to the two figures. The girl's bright jacket and the flashing red of the cap that topped her brown curls may have caused their exceeding interest. When a huge fellow trotted in front of her weary horse, the girl stared about her in alarm.

I have seen you-I danced with you two years ago at your cousin's ball." "Oh. Frank-Mr. Mason-look!"

"Oh, Frank-Mr. Mason-look!" The young ranchman seemed much ex-cited. "Hurry!" he exclaimed and urged his horse into a run. She cantered by his side, alarmed by the strange apparition of the herd, which it seemed had risen out

the herd, which it seemed had risen out of the sod. The ranchman saw something else that the girl did not-a cluster of earth mounds thrown up in the level of the plain, the work of prairie dogs or some other bur-rowers of the plains. Before he could caution the girl, her horse stumbled, fell,

What is it we can do for Speak out before you die

staggered, went tumbling in a heap with

dle. Then jumping beside her he turned the nervous animal, drew his revolver and shot unerringly the struggling beast on

stable; he heard with pleasure her words

"That pin you wear-where did you get it?" she asked, irrelevantly. "It looke like

is Harvard-I graduated there.' And you are herding cattle?

"In Chicago-my special train is at St.

of satisfaction.

"And you live?"

Harvard.

wolf. His face 's growing sharp and thin. Alacki our friend 's gone. Close up his eyes; tie up his chin: Step from the corpse and let him in That standeth there alone. And waiteth at the door. There's a new foot on the floor my friend. And a new face at the door, my friend. A'new face at the door. i —Lord Tennyson. There is no cure for the firewater burn.

When a fox walks lame, old rabbit jumps

Small things talk loud, to the Indian's eye.

The paleface's arm is longer than his

A squaw's tongue runs faster than the wind's legs.

There is nothing so eloquent as a rattlesnake's tail.

The Indian scalps his enemy-the paleface his friends.

New Year's resolutions are now in order, and while it is not possible for all persons to live up to them, at least the mere fact that they attempt to accomplish some-thing which they left out in the past year shows enough of the good spirit to overcome obstacles once in a while, if it is only New Year's when everyone turns the over a new leaf.

the nervous animal, drew his revolver and shot unerringly the struggling beest on the ground—then away toward the sta-tion resting on the broad and dusty plain. Arrived there, he lifted her gently to one of the benches which stood in the tiny waiting-room; he transformed it into a settee with blankets from the livery stable, he beauty her words over a new lear. The quiet fidelity with which a woman will dish-wash her life away is just one thing that every woman who is making that mistake today should resolve in the that mistake today should resolve in the innermost depths of her heart to abolish in the new year, says the Woman's Na-tional Daily. By this it is not urging peo-ple to cease dish-washing, but that daily grind which breaks a woman's health, her spirit and often her pride. Did you ever see an old work-horse pacing along the road like a well-groomed animal, petted, fed and kept in luxury? Of course not. And the woman who drudges all the time, forgetting she has her own inferests at stake, gives up practically every inter-est in life to keep up the routine of duties. If you can not give them up, then deter-mine to have a little rest during the day when no one dares disturb you.

THE WOMAN IS NEVER OLD.

Who allows herself to think

only of pleasant things. Who trains her fongue to utter only pleasant words. Who remembers that frowns

unbecoming and that smiles better.

are better. Who keeps her nerves well under control and remembers that they are not an interesting sub-ject to any one. Who enters into the plans, and

as far as possible, into the do-ings of the young people about

Who never allows herself to become slouchy and careless in ap-pearance. Who treats others as she likes