The Man Who Forgot

By JAMES HAY, JR.



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CHAPTER XX (Continued).

ling toward the House of Happiwhich all had heard and toward them, brought him pictures of Highway. purple porphyry, some of light to each other like honey, of a 'The woman who sang to yougreen jade, and some of rare, redwas one unbroken sheet of gold to battle and death. beaten so fine that the sunlight came through it in softened yellow

But the strange thing was that although the House of Happiness seemed a very short distance away, the Happy Highway was long. The House of Happiness should have been reached within have made.' an hour, but there were those who had traveled the Happy Highway

for years and years. This, however, did not worry the young man. He was beautiful, and he was young, and his smile it seemed that magic brushes had House of Happiness. painted upon his lips the picture the highway, which was a deep, yellow carpet of asphodel, hundreds upon hundreds of people a perfume surpassing all these?" were as nothing to the woe you taking the paper from his quivervied with each other to do him

All his wishes were gratified. and the hours were, for him, on jewelled wings.

stars," he said once," and the snow young girl. Why can I not have nearly swooned away. the priceless jewels to hang about

And the young man's smile was yet a long way off. brighter than it had ever been. Its! long way off.

day, "but she was far away, and side the fountain at which he sat lowed up in the distance. the distance spoiled the perfection a woman whose walk was like the "I must render service to othof her voice. Why cannot some beginnings of music. Her hair ers," the young man said seftly. woman sing to me here in the was softer and blacker than the "I have taken everything and givshade of this linden tree?"

the woman had not sung, he would her surrendering soul. rang like a clapper made of one come true. great red ruby.

like to listen," she told him, "and the fountain to drink of the delec- cushions as she moved.

And his smile wore a new beauty picture of his smile. because it had in it the softness | .He started back, affrighted, desof dreams. Its radiance was not perately eager to disbelieve what strangely exalted. "It will be so!" She, in her turn, was indignant dimmed, even the slightest bit, he had seen. But at last he looked He bent his head and kissed her and distressed by the injustice of when the old man pointed out that again. And he knew that his eyes hands. the House of Happiness seemed as did not deceive him. His smile was "Even when the man may not

far off as ever.

were made by the great dream- a song. ers of the world, so that all other

And the young man's smile was glory they have in their hearts. more radiant than ever because he had been led into the company derful perfume—you have not of dreamers. Its beauty was not learned that flowers are the spirits was astounded to see that there, disturbed, even the slightest bit, of dead loves and lonely women's when the bent old man suggested tears. played always upon his face until that he still was far from the

of perfect dreams. And this was about me," he said one day, "is self, all her visions, all her dreams. stared at her his eyelids were half no surprising thing, for all along exquisite, but surely there are And yet, you gave her nothing, lewered, as if involuntarily he sweeter fragrances to be found, and you let her go. The sun ering Cannot my senses be wooed by and the sears of all these things

of the fields a little woman who put upon her soul.' was of great age, and she carried fairies of plenty flashing past him jar like those that were fashioned and astonished. I saw yesterday a young girl China. And she removed its man, "that all may reach the concerning herself and John whose hair was like a rain of stopper and held it close to the Happy Highway, but that the only young man's nostrils. The sweet- staff which will support any one looked at them, trying to underof her breast was lovelier than ness of it was ineffable, so over- to the House of Happiness is stand them. When their full sigthe snow of the breast of any other powering that for a moment he kindly service. You will observe nificance came to her, she let the ered silk kimonos, screens, and other That Itch, Burn, Torture and Disfig.

the kiss she gave me when I and thousand years ago. Few of rewarded. Look!

loveliness was not marred, even me," he said on another day, "and And the young man stood and the slightest bit, when the bent old their arms have been warm about thought for a great, great while begun to think of herself. man, who had long, snowy hair me, and they have sung to me by after the bent old man had left and an expression that was like a day and by night all the songs him. The long mauve shadows fell under her groping gaze. blessing, pointed out that the that stir the souls of men. But longer and longer across the Hap-House of Happiness was still a surely there must be in this per- by Highway. And the one bird can I say about it?

soft, black reaches of the night, en nothing. I must make somebody And immediately a woman with and her breast, which stormed tu- happy. I must harry to the House eyes that were deeper than many multuously because of him, was of Happiness. seas came and sang to him. Be- fairer than any ever uncurtained hind her were three maidens who by the reverent hand of sculpture. followed the air of her song on Her robe fell about her loosely, queer, stringed instruments the and her long black lashes half hid like of which he had never seen her eyes, as if she awaited but a

have been moved greatly by the He kissed her that day and for

twisted. "The world is so big and its lit was no longer a beautiful bis voice also a whisper, a whisper has realized the greatest truth in loveliness so wide," the young smile. In fact, he told himself, curiously colored with forced leveline that we get from the world man said later on, "that I have there was in it some little thing ity, "the jester may touch the exactly as much as we give to the not time to see it all. Surely which made it hideous, entirely hand of the princess-your royal world. there are wonderful pictures that different from any of the smiles highness! have been made. Why cannot I he had seen on the faces of the see the great pictures men have thousands who travelled the Happy Highway.

and looked at him.

"It is not like anything I have answered, and turned from him.

him steadfastly.

'Why is my smile hideous?' hands in anguish.

woman whose smile had shone you did not read the story in her dish alabaster-all of them lighted through many centuries, of men deep, deep eyes-the shadows of Edith's first knowledge of the "These pictures," the man said, she might at last put her soul into she entered the dining room with

"And he who pleased you with men, less fortunate, might be able pictures you did not see that he the still look of wonder she had to see from afar how splendid it is was thin and tremulous with had when John Smith had finished to dream. And, if you call me, I weakness because of hunger and his story for her the night before. shall come again and show you suffering. The makers of pictures She realized at once that her more of the great pictures men starve and suffer and die so that father was angry, more infuriated they may leave behind them the

"And the tear jar with its won-

"But the woman who came to you at the fountain and made "The perfume of the flowers songs with you-she gave you her-There came up swiftly from one brought to her and the sear you

"But what does it all mean? very carefully in her hand a tear asked the young man, heartbroken pointing wildly toward a column

centuries ago for the women of "It means," said the bent old that the blessed palace is far away. "This," she said, "is the breath All these pilgrims served you, and table. her neck — jewels to pay her for of a flower that bloomed a thous- you have served none. They are

the sons of men ever knew of it. The young man looked, and he And immediately a great strong It was grown by the priests of a was amazed by what he saw. Far mented, "what have you to say man came up to the edge of the forgotten religion, in a walled down the Happy Highway, almost about that? What can you say? "Women have been kind to him by the fountain.

fect world one perfect woman, who sang at that hour made her

And he wept bitterly.

House of Happiness!

On the end of his story there music. But the woman's singing many days and many nights there was in the room absolute silence She poured out the coffee. Her was sweeter than that of night- after, and they made songs togeth- save for the whimpering of the mind was busy with wondering ingales and mockingbirds, and, as er, sitting by the fountain. Great flames. He sat, his elbows on his how the agitator could be hurt by he looked at her, he fancied that visions came to them unbidden, knees, his hands hanging free, his the story. She even wondered her teeth were the edges of a crys- and he was king and she was eyes busy with the changing lights why she thought he could be hurt. tal bell against which her tongue queen of the land where dreams of the fire. After a little while he "Why, the thing's absurd, could hear her quick, sharp breath- ridiculous!" her father went on. When she left him, he was smilling, and then the silk of her gown "It makes a laughing stock of you "I like to sing for those who ing, and, still smiling, he bent over stirring against the silk of the and of me! I forbid him the house,

I will come again to sing to you table waters. And the untroubled Her two hands closed over his, engagement to him! My daughhere in the shade of this linden surface of the waters was a mir- and she was whispering, her lips ter engaged to this wild-mouthed, row, which showed him the exact close to his ear. The fragrance of idiotic temperance agitator-this her hair was all about him,

"It will be so!" she breathed, faker!"

CHAPTER XXI.

On the following morning a And immedia y a man, whose A young girl, holding a rose by Washington newspaper printed

its stem between her teeth, stopped the flat and unqualified announcement of the engagement of Egith "Tell me," he said anxiously. Mallon to John Smith. The story is my smile hideous?" was put up in great detail. It reis my smile hideous?" was put up in great detail. It re-The young girl looked at him a cited the "widespread interest" long moment, and her eyes were that must be felt in such news because of the fact that the agitator's great demonstration was but seen on the Happy Highway," she nine days off. Reference was made to the breach between Smith The bent old man was regarding and Senator Mallon, and, in a slightly veiled way, the intimation was carried that the marriage of asked the young man wringing his a woman socially as prominent as Miss Mallon to a man of whose "It is a message from the House standing in "Society" so little of Happiness," the old man said was known was, to say the least, a with an earnestness that barely sensation. The article dwelt on escaped being sadness, "the writ- the "interest she has shown for Like all the rest, he was travel- eyes held in their depths lights so ing from the ruler of the House so long in the Smith propaganda.' elusive and mysterious that no- of Hapiness. Sooner or later it and referred to the fact that, soon ness - the great palace about body could read even a few of comes to everybody on the Happy after she had met him, she had eeased serving at her entertainwhich all turned their faces with a longing that was quite beyond the like purple velvet, of hillsides gay for the young girl who kissed you — "a fact that caused in the world power of words to express. For it in the royal splendor of October's as you passed you failed to note, of society quite as much comment was a gorgeous palace, with many green and gold, of lovers, bare- perhaps, that his shoes were dusty as was the case when the secrerooms, some of marble, some of armed and with mouths that were and his hands knotted and scarred, tary of state inaugurated grape juice as the drink of diplomats in Washington,'

from above through a roof that going in their gorgeous strength the longings and sorrows that had announcement came from her shaken her and bruised her that father. A little late for breakfast, hurried step, a faint smile on her lips, and in her eyes a reflection of than she ever had seen him.

He half rose from his chair and held out the open newspaper across the table toward her. She was vindictiveness in his face. His (hin features each seemed drawn tighter and finer than was natural. There was a little white line across the bridge of his nose. As he sought to hide some of his anger.

"Why, father!" she exclaimed, ing hand. "You look as if you hated me!"

"Read that!" he exploded, on the page in front of her.

Her eyes fell on the headlines Smith. For a short moment she

"Oh!" she said softly. She was a little pale.

"Now," the senator supple

highway and spoke to him. Over garden, for the pleasure of a the edges of the stranger's hands, king's daughter. But on the Happiness, were those who had and looked at him over the clus-She took her seat at the table which he held in the shape of a Happy Highway it is possible to served him and been kind to him- tered roses. She was a little afraid. bowl, jewels of red and green and blue and dazzling white flowed, a When she was gone, the young gers jewels ran like a flood of through her brain the thought man smiled again, and his joy was color in the sloping sunlight, the that the printed words she had "All these," the strong man so great that he sighed after he singing woman followed by the seen were about a great man and said, "are for you - to pay the had smiled. But he did not sigh three girls with their strange, that, in some way, they might young girl for the kiss she gave when the bent old man pointed out stringed instruments, and she who hurt him, might weaken him with that the House of Happiness was had kissed him many days and all those who follow his leadermany nights and made songs with ship. She did not know why the like a premonition. She had not

> The senator's impatience grew "Well!" he said ficreely, "what

"I wouldn't say anything if I "I heard a woman sing sweetly Why have I not found her?" song one lingering, plaintive note. were you, father," she suggested, this morning," he said on another And lo! there came to him be- The House of Happiness was swal- her voice low, almost supplicating. He frowned more darkly.

"Why?" he demanded con-"In the first place, it isn't true,

of course.

She put out her hand to fix his

"I can't understand you!" he

Then, suddenly, even while he protested roughly. "Here is the tower where a flag was waving. prushed away his tears, he found published statement in a newsthat he was running, light footed, paper that you are going to marry. along the deep, yellow carpet of this man! And you sit there, enbut which laughed with joy and word from him to lift them and let asphodel and that he could see tirely calm, utterly indifferent, that can whip it," was the other's sobbed in sorrow, so that, even if him read all the sweet secrets of again the lovely gold roof of the and say you wouldn't say anything about it!'

"I wouldn't, really."

and here comes the story of your street corner blowhard - this

what he said.

"He's nothing of the sort," she kiss the woman he loves," he said, said steadily. "He's a man who

"He's crazy—that's what he is! He's mad! Just because you let him come in at the front door, he's going to marry you!"

(Continued Next Weel.)

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Japanese embroidery, now so popular in this country, is one of the oldest arts of the mikado's people. For centuries before the country was opened to foreign intercourse heavily embroidpaper slide from her hand to the articles were made by professional embroidery experts, principally in Kyoto. This same profession continues today, having been handed Ointment to soothe and heal. They down from father to son for many gen- usually afford immediate relief in itcherations. For this reason the center ing, burning eczemas, pimples, dandruff of the country's art-embroidery indus- and most baby skin troubles. They try is at Kyoto, although cheaper em- also tend to prevent little skin troubroideries, principally for export, are bles becoming great if used daily. produced in large quantities in other | Free sample each by mail with Book, part of the Kobe district. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L,

The majority of the workers in Kyo- Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv. to are men, who produce the finer grades of embroidery. It is essentially a household industry, and is usually "Whistler always brought a spirit conducted in small shops, where from of fun with him," says the late Lord three to ten apprentices and skilled Redesdale in his memories; and the embroidery are employed. The men incident that follows appears to conreceived from 40 to 75 cents gold per firm his lordship's words: day. The women, however, are able There came a day when, to my great thought came to her, but it did, to earn from 15 to 50 cents gold per regret. Whistler made up his mind to day, depending upon their ability and leave the old house in which he had diligence.

is a comparatively new industry in prompted, he told me, by the wish to Japan, as lace was not used by the show what he could achieve in dec-Japanese before the advent of foreign- oration. E. W. Godwin was the archers. The industry is still in its in- itect, and it was not long before they fancy, and the output is small.

Takes a Strong Wind, Too.

Dr. George T. MacCoy of Columbus house, engraved with the words: recalls that when the Spanish-Ameri- "Except the Lord build the house, can war broke out, in April, 1898, two they labor in vain that build it. E. W. Irishmen were at work on a new Godwin, F. S. A., built this bouse." asphalt pavement, being laid on Wash- The stone has long since disapand glanced up at the courthouse a quain ending to an artistic feud.

"What's the use of putting a flag up there?" the man questioned. "The wind | "When I cat in public I always go will whip it to pieces."

"Yes, but the wind's the only thing "Economy?" quick reply.—Indianapolis News.

While a man's will may be law, in 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' the case of a married man the law is

marrimony is the mother of excuses. away last fall until spring,

"No, madam," answered the manager of an employment agency, whose phone bell had been rung by mistake. "This

is the hire department."

ment?" asked an excited voice on the

FOR SKIN TROUBLES ure Use Cuticura-Trial Free. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the

Whistlerian Malice.

lived for 14 years and to build the The manufacture of hand-made lace "What House," in Tite street, mainly quarreled over the work, in commemoration of which Whistler caused a stone to be inserted in the front of the

ington street. He was watching them peared. Godwin died in 1886, and in when one stopped handling his pick 1888 Whistler married his widow-

where there is a free lunch."

"No. I haven't an ear for music. I want to ear standing up, so as to be in proper position in case somebody starts

"Have any trouble with your car Sutan is the father of lies and during the winter?" "No; I put it

When the mother of excuses away hast fall until spring?

When thousands of the mother boys a girls fall until spring?

When thousands of the mathematical properties of the mother boys a girls fall until spring?

Gerapa Park Great Every Morning Because Wise Mothers know the mothers know the mothers a Reason.