THE ROSE-GARDEN HUSBAND

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

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Phyllis brushed off her tears, and smiled. You seemed to have to do so much smiling in this house!

"I know," she said. "I worry about his condition to much. But you see—he's—all I have. . . . . Good-night, Wallis."

Once out of Allan's room, she ran at full speed till she gained her own bed, where she could cry in peace till morning if she wanted to, with no one to interrupt. That was all right. The trouble was going to be next morning.

But somehow, when morning came, the old routine was dragged through with. Directions had to be given the servants as usual, Allans comfort and amusement seen to, just as if nothing had happened. It was a perfect day, golden and perfumed, with just that little tang of fresh windiness that June days have in the northern states. And Allan must not lose it—he must be wheeled out into the garden.

She came out to him, in the place where they usually sat, and sank for a moment in the hammock, that afterncon. She had avoided him all the morning.

"I just came to see if everything was all right," she said, leaning toward him in that childlike, earnest way he knew so well. "I don't need to stay here if I worry you."

"I'd rather you stay, if you don't mind," he answered. Phyllis looked at him intently. He was white and dispirited, and his voice was listless. Oh, Phyllis thought, if Louise Frey had only been kind enough to die in babyhood, instead of under Allan's automobile! What could there have been about her to hold Allan so long? She glanced at his weary face again. This would never do! What had come to be her dominant instinct, keeping Allan's spirits up, emboldened her to bend forward, and even laugh a little.

"Come, Allan!" she said. "Even if we're not going to stay together always, we might as well be cheerful till we do part. We used to be good friends enough. Can't we be so a little longer?" It sounded heartless to her after she had said it, but it seemed the only way to speak. She smiled at him bravely.

Allan looked at her mutely for a moment, as if she had hurt him.

"You're right," he said suddenly. "There's no time but the present, after all. Come over here, closer to me, Phyllis. You've been awfully good to me, child—isn't there anything—anything I could do for you—something you could remember afterwards, and say, 'Well, he did that for me, any way?'"

Phyllis's eyes filled with tears. "You have given me everything already," she said, catching her breath She didn't feel as if she could stand much more of this.

"Everything!" he said bitterly. "No, I haven't. I can't give you what every girl wants—a well, strong man to be her husband—the health and strength that any man in the street has."

"Oh, don't speak that way Allan!" She bent over him sympathetically, moved by his words. In another moment the misunderstanding might have been straightened out, if it had not been for his reply.

"I wish I never had seen you at all!" he said involuntarily. In her sensitive state of mind the hurt was all she felt—not the deeper meaning that lay behind the words.

"I'll relieve you of my presence for awhile," she flashed back. Before she gave herself time to think, she she had left the garden, with something which might be called a flounce. "When people say things like that to you," she said as she walked away from him, "it's carrying being an invalid a little too far!"

Allan heard the side-door slam. He had never suspected before that Phyllis had a temper. And yet, what could he have said? But she gave him no opportunity to find out. In just about the time it might take to find gloves and a parasol, another door clanged in the distance. The street door. Phyllis had evidently gone out.

Phyllis, on her swift way down the street, grew angrier and angrier. She tried to persuade herself to make allowances for Allan, but they refused to be made. She felt more bitterly toward him than she ever had toward any one in her life. If she only hadn't leaned over him and been sorry for him, just before she got a slap in the face like that!

She walked rapidly down the main street of the little village. She hardly knew where she was going. She had been called on by most of the local people, but she did not feel like being agreeable, or making formal calls just now. And what was the use of making friends, anyway, when she was going back to her rags, poor little Cinderella that she was! Below and around and above everything else came the stinging thought that she had given Allan so much—that she had taken so much for granted.

Herquick steps finally took her to the outskirts of the village, to a little green stretch of woods. There she walked up and down for awhile, trying to think more quietly. She found the tide of her anger ebbing suddenly, and her mind forming all sorts of excuses for Allan. But that was not the way to get quiet—thinking of Allan. She tried to put him resolutely from her mind, and think about her own future plans. The first thing to do, she decided, was to rub up her library work a little.

It was with an unexpected feeling of having returned to her own place that she crossed the marble floor of the village library. She felt as if she ought to hurry down to the cloakroom, instead of waiting leisurely at the desk for her card. It all seemed uncannily like home—there was even a girl inside the desk who looked liko Anna Black of her own Greenway branch. Phyllis could hear, with a faint amusement, that the girl was scolding energetically in Anna Black's own way. The words struck on her quick ears, though they were not intended to carry.

"That's what comes of trusting to volunteer help. Telephones at the last moment 'she has a headache,' and not a single soul to look after the story hour! And the children are almost all here already."

"We'll just have to send them home," said the other girl, looking up from her trayful of cards. "It's too late to get anybody else, and goodness knows we can't get it in!"

"They ought to have another librarian," fretted the girl who looked like Anna. "They could afford it well enough, with their Soldier's Monuments and all."

Phyllis smiled to herself from where she was investigating the card catalog. It all sounded so exceedingly natural. Then that swift instinct of hers to help caught her over to the desk, and she heard herself saying:

"I've had some experience in story telling; maybe I could help you with the story-hour. I couldn't help hearing that your story-teller has disappointed you."

The girl like Anna fell on her with rapture.

"Heaven must have sent you," she said.

The other one, evidently slower and more cautious by nature, rose too, and came toward her. "You have a card here, haven't you?" she said. "I think I've seen you."

"Yes," Phyllis said, with a pang at speaking the name she had grown to love bearing; "I'm Mrs. Harrington—Phyllis Harrington. We live at the other end of the village."

"Oh, in the house with the garden all shut off from the lane!" said the girl like Anna, delightedly. "That lovely old house that used to belong to the Jamesons. Oh, yes, I know. You're here for the summer, aren't you, and you're husband has been very ill?"

"Exactly," said Phyllis, smiling, though she wished people wouldn't talk about Allan! They seemed possessed to mention him!

"We'll be obliged forever if you'll do it," said the other girl, evidently the head librarian. "Can you do it now? The children are waiting."

"Certainly," said Phyllis, and followed the younger girl straightway to the basement, where, it seemed, the story hour was held. She wondered, as they went, if the girl envied her expensively perishable summer organdie, with its flying sashes and costly accessories; if the girl thought about her swinging jeweleries and endless leisure with a wish to have them for herself. She had wanted such things, she knew, when she was being happy on $50 a month. And perhaps some of the women she had watched then had had heartaches under their furs. . . . . .

The children, already sitting in a decorous ring on their low chairs, seemed after the first surprise to approve of Phyllis. The librarian lingered for little by way of keeping order if it should be necessary, watched the competent sweep with which Phyllis gathered the children around her, with an air of as her, heard the opening of the story and left with an air of astonished approval. Phyllis, late best story-teller of the Greenway Branch, wachted her go with a bit of professional triumph in her heart.

She told the children stories till the time was up, and then "just one story more." She had not forgotten how, she found. But she never told them the story of "How the Elephant Got His Trunk," that foolish, fascinating story-hour classic that she had told Allan the night his mother had died; the story that had sent him to sleep quietly for the first time in years. . . . . Oh, dear, was everything in the world connected with Allan in some way or other?

It was nearly six when she went up, engulfed in children, to the circulating room. There the night-librarian caught her. She had evidently been told to try to get Phyllis for more story-hours, for she did her best to make her promise. They talked shop together for an hour and a half. Then the growing twilight reminded Phyllis that it was time to go back. She had been shirking going home, she realized now, all the afternoon. She said goodbye to the night librarian, and went on down the village street, lagging unconsciously. It must have been about eight by this time.

It was a mile back to the house. She could have taken the trolley part of the way, but she felt restless and like walking. She had forgotten that walking at night through well-known, well lighted city streets, and going in half-dusk through country byways, were two different things. She was destined to be reminded of the difference.

"Can you help a poor man, lady?" said a whinning voice behind her, when she had a quarter of the way yet to go. She turned to see a big tramp, a terrifying brute with a half-propitiating, half-fierce look on his heavy unshaven face. She was desperately frightened. She had been spoken to once or twice in the city, but there there was always a policeman, or a house you could run into if you had to. But here, in the unguarded dust of a country lane, it it was a different matter. The long gold chain that swung from below her waist, the big diamond on her finger, the gold mesh purse—all the jewelry she took such achild like delight in wearing—she remembered them in terror. She was no brown-clad working-girl now, to slip along disregarded. And the tramp did not look like a deserving object.

"If you will come to the house tomorrow," she said, hurrying on as she spoke, "I'll have some work for you. The first house on this street that you come to." She did not dare give him anything, or send him away.

"Won't you gimme somethin' now, lady?" whined the tramp, continuing to follow. "I'm a starvin' man."

She dared not open her purse and appease him by giving him money—she had too much with her. That morning she had received the check for her monthly income from Mr. De Guenther, sent Wallis down to cash it, and then stuffed it in her bag and forgotten it in the stress of the day. The man might take the money and strike her senseless, even kill her.

"To-morrow," she said, going rapidly on. She had now what would amount to about three city blocks to traverse still. There was a short way from outside the garden-hedge through to the garden, which cut off about a half a block. If she could gain this she would be safe.

"Naw, yeh don't," snarled the tramp, as she fled on. "Ye'll set that bull-pup o' yours on me. I been there an' come away again. You just gimme some o'them rings an' things an' we'll call it square, me fine lady!"

Phyllis's heart stood still at this open menace, but she ran on still. A sudden thought came to her. She snatched her gilt sash-buckle—a pretty thing but of small value—from her waist, and hurled it far behind the tramp. In the half-light it might have been her gold mesh-bag. nor Allan saw that. Which caught the other in an embrace they never knew. They stood locked together, forgetting everythoing else, he in the idea of her peril, she in the wonder of his standing.

"Oh, darling, darling!" Allan was saying over and over again. "You are safe—thank heaven you are safe! Oh, Phyllis, I could never forgive myself if you had been hurt! Phyllis speak to me!"

But Phyllis's own safety did not concern her now. She could only think of one thing. "You can stand! You can stand!" she reiterated. Then a wonderful thought came to her, striking across the others, as she stood locked in this miraculously raised Allan's arms. She spoke without knowing that she had said it aloud. "Do you care, too?" she said very low. Then the dominant thought returned. "You must sit down again," she said hurriedly, to cover her confusion, and what she had said. "Please, Allan, sit down. Please, dear—you'll tire yourself."

Allan sank into his chair again, still holding her. She dropped on her knees beside him, with her arms around him. She had a little leisure now to observe that Wallis, the ever-resourceful, had tied the tramp neatly with the outdoor man's suspenders, which were nearer the surface than his own, and succeeded in prying off the still unappeased Foxy, who evidently was wronged at not having the tramp to finish. They carried him off, into the back kitchen garden. Allan now that he was certain of Phyllis's safety, paid them not the least attention.

"Did you mean it?" he said passionately. "Tell me, did you mean what you said?"

Phyllis dropped her disheaveled head on Allan's shoulder.

"I'm afraid—I'm going to cry, and—and I know you don't like it!" she panted. Allan half drew, half guided her up into his arms.

"Was it true?" he insisted, giving her an impulsive little shake. She sat up on his knees, wide-eyed and wet-cheeked like a child.

"But you knew that all along!" she said. "That was why I felt so humiliated. It was you that I thought didn't care—"

Allan laughed joyously. "Care!" he said. "I should think I did first, last, and all the time! Why, Phyllis, child, didn't I behave like a brute because I was jealous enough of John Hewitt to throw him in the river? He was the first man you had seen since you married me—attractive, and well, and clever, and all that—it would have been natural enough if you'd liked him."

"Liked him!" said Phyllis in disdain. "When there was you? And I thought—I thought it was the memory of Louise Frey that made you act that way. You didn't want to talk about her, and you said it was all a mistake—"

"I was a brute," said Allan again. "It was the memory that I was about as useful as a rag doll, and that the world was full of live men with real legs and arms, ready to fall in love with you.

"There's nobody but you in the world," whispered Phyllis. . . . . "But you're well now, or you will be soon," she added joyously. She slipped away from him. "Allan, don't you want to try and stand again? If you did it then, you can do it now."

"Yes, by Jove, I do!" he said. But this time the effort to rise was noticeable. Still, he could do it, with Phyllis's eager help.

"It must have been what Dr. Hewitt called neurasthenic inhibition," said Phyllis, watching the miracle of a standing Allan. "That was what we were talking about by the door that night, you foolish boy!

Oh, how tall you are! I never realized you were tall, lying down, somehow!"

"I don't have to bend very far to kiss you, though," suggested Allan, suiting the action to the word.

(To be continued next week.)

Accursed 8-hour Day.
From the Manufacturers' Record.

When the industrial worker has been told by the president of the United States that he must work eight hours a day or be paid on that basis a very large wage, it will be very difficult for him to change his opinion on the subject; and yet he too must face the reality that in limiting his hours and limiting his output he is setting an example to the farmer which will be followed as sure as night follows day.

In the light of the present turmoil of strikes, the increasing scarcity of labor on the farms and in the factories, the lessened production of food products, of cotton, of wool and of manufactured goods, with steadily rising prices, we wonder if President Wilson does not sometimes wish he had never made the statement to the effect that society had decided upon an 8-hour day.

The Manufacturers' Record repeats what it has been saying for many years: it believes in high wages, high salaries and a larger profit for the farmers than they made prior to two years ago. It fully recognizes which is taking place, but it does not believe that it is possible to produce the things which the world must have on the eight-hour-a-day plan. So far as we have been able to study, no man working only eight hours a day has ever made a great success. No physician, no preacher, no teacher, no farmer, no manufacturer, no man in public life who has been able to achieve much for himself or humanity ever did so on eight hours of labor. Mr. Wilson would never have been president if he had worked only eight hours a day, and he would never have made any stir in the world if, after he had been elected president, he had worked only eight hours a day. Away forever with the eight-hour-a-day curse upon humanity!

A Short Romance.
From the Houston Chronicle.

"What did you marry him for?"
"His money."
"What do you want a divorce for?"
"I've got it."

These Days.
From Judge.

"What is meant by the 'freedom of the seas'?"
"Haven't you ever heard about the three-mile limit regulation?"

Progressing.
From the Kansas City Star.

"Do you play golf, Mr. Gloom?"
"No," replied the cynic, "but I have finally got so that I can stand to see other people play it without insulting them."

Why the Room?
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Something good. I think it will make a hit."
"What is it?"
"A garage with one living room attached."

A Bargain Struck.
From the Rotarian.

A city man, visiting a small country town, boarded a stage with two dilapidated horses, and found that he had no other currency than a $5 bill. This he offered to the driver. The latter took it, looked it over for a moment or so, then asked:

"Which horse do you want?"

LE MARS LADS HELD FOR ROBBING STORE

Two Charged With Stealing Silk Shirts and Ties Worth $1,050.

LeMars, Ia., June 4.—Silk shirts and neckties valued at $1,050 were stolen from the Gearke & Brodie clothing store here early Wednesday morning and George Hart and Howard Renner, two LeMars youths, were arrested today, charged with having stolen the goods. Each furnished bond for $1,500.

Following the robbery the youths are said to have gone to the clothing store and to have presented themselves as "amateur detectives." They are said to have told the store proprietors that they would like to be "put on the case" and to have asked that they be given $150 for their "services" in the event they recovered the goods.

With police, the two lads went to a grain bin near the outskirts of the city, where the goods were found. Afterwards Hart and Renner are said to have confessed they stole the goods.

The store was entered after a window had been broken and the shirts and ties were carried away in traveling bags also taken from the store.

MAY ABANDON HOME RULE BILL

Additional Troops Rushing to Ireland Include 2,000 to Protect Coast Guard Stations.

London, June 4.—Walter Long, on behalf of the British government, made an announcement in the house of commons this afternoon which is believed to mean the abandonment of the present home rule bill, owing to Sinn Fein threats of creating an Irish republic under its provisions.

In the course of the Irish debate, the first lord of the admiralty said that if this was the intention of the Sinn Fein, then the government would "suspend action" on the bill and let parliament take whatever action it deemed "necessary."

The Sinn Fein threat is that the Irish republicans, by virtue of their majority in the southern Irish parliament which would be established under the home rule bill, would pass a measure proclaiming Ireland to be a republic.

Sir Hamar Greenwood, chief secretary for Ireland, was compelled to answer many questions on the turbulent situation in Ireland. He said the government was taking fresh measures to protect the police stations from attacks by marauders.

Serious Situation in New Theater.

The Sinn Fein campaign against Irish coast guard stations has produced a serious situation in a new theater, by endangering shops along the coasts, and impeding navigation. The government has cautioned mariners not to rely on the signals, as they may be false signals flashed by enemies with a view to wrecking the ships. The additional troops rushing to Ireland include 2,000 to protect the coast guard stations.

KING GEORGE ENTITLED TO FULL 55 CANDLES

London, June 4.—King George celebrated his 55th birthday today, and in honor of the event artillery salutes were fired in St. James Park, London, the Broad Walk, Windsor, and at all naval and military depots. At the military depots the garrisons were reviewed.

Vast crowds gave King George a tremendous reception as he rode to the parade ground at the head of a brilliant headquarter's staff. He was attended by Field Marshals Earl Haig, the Duke of Connaught, Lord Grenfell, Sir William Robertson and Sir Henry Wilson, and most of the famous leaders in the late war. Queen Mary with Princess Mary took up a position at the saluting base.

The king addressed the troops, complimenting them upon their appearance and war records. At the conclusion of the review, the king took his place at the head of the troops and led them back to Buckingham Palace.

Tonight the king gave a state banquet in Buckingham Palace.

For the first time since the outbreak of the war, and in compliment to King George on the occasion of his birthday, the German flag flew from the staff at the embassy here today.

The flag was conspicuous to passersby, particularly returned soldiers, but there was no demonstration reported.

BOY AUTO DRIVER DIES FROM INJURIES

Iowa Lad Fell Asleep at Wheel and Car Went Into Ditch.

Council Bluffs, Ia., June 4.—While driving home from Denison with Russell Reader, William McKim, 17, of Deloit, fell asleep while at the wheel, the car went into the ditch and McKim was so badly injured he died in a hospital at Schleswig.

PACKING COMPANY TRIES TO REORGANIZE

Des Moines, Ia., June 4.—Stockholders of the Associated Packing Company, thrown into the hands of receiver in a manner similar to that employed in the Mid-land Packing Company case, met today in an effort to reorganize. A lively row is said to have developed, and it is not known what the outcome will be.

JOHNSON'S BOOM DUE FOR SETBACK SAY THE "SAGES"

He Now Occupies Center of Arena, but It's Predicted He'll Weaken Before Convention Starts.

BY ROBERT J. BENDER.
United News Staff Correspondent.

Chicago, June 4.—Republican candidates and the national party leaders are now bracing themselves to meet the onslaught of Senator Johnson's presidential maneuvers.

After breaking in on the preconvention doings Thursday with a band, a parade, plenty of flags and copious noise, his actions and his words convinced everyone that about the Californian is to center the leading conflagrations from now on.

Johnson's political bag, into which he plunged his hand before he had been in the city an hour, is full of interesting things. By way of a starter he already has drawn from it a generous assortment of defies which he has distributed all around. The media of his initial presentations were a crowd to which he spoke after his arrival and a group of newspapermen with whom he talked immediately thereafter.

Johnson's Statements Given.

For the delegates and national committee upon whom will rest the responsibility of drafting a platform, he had the following:

"I am here to see that the convention does not pussyfoot nor skulk nor hide on the issue of the League of Nations. I shall insist that the convention take a manly, courageous stand in opposition to the league as it now is proposed."

For the so-called "party leaders", the senator had this:

"I am here to insist that this year it be the purpose to elect as well as select in the matter of a nominee. In the past there has been too much concern about selecting the nominee and not enough concern as to the possibility of his election."

For the opposing candidates in the field, Johnson presented this one:

"I have no great financial backing, no widespread organization, but I have one thing that none of the others in this contest has and that is the popular approval of the people of this country. I polled 1,250,000 republican votes in the primaries, far more than my nearest opponent. I don't assume that the delegates will follow the expression of their voters but if they do, the result is not uncertain."

"Raps" New York Papers.

And then, before closing his bag, the senator drew forth one more parcel, this one for "certain of the New York press." Some New York Newspapers, he said, "like the New York Times, the Tribune and others, have decreed that there is no place in the republican party for the common, ordinary citizen. I challenge their right to take this position, resent their attitude and one of the things I am here for is to see that it is not effected."

Johnson's arrival on the scene today had the effect of putting all the other candidates any many of the old line leaders in an attitude of defense. While the senator declared he "anticipated no turmoil," the political weather forecasters immediately hoisted storm flags all over the place.

He catches both General Wood and Governor Lowden at a time when their respective candidacies are having a slump and it happens that the slumps are largely due to the "political boodle" charges of Johnson and his followers. Hence his coming finds him in no friendly mood.

As for those party leaders, who are chary about naming Johnson, they predict he will create additional antagonism before the convention, sufficient to bear down on his boom after a few days.

Johnson's coming has switched the picture once more.

First, the strength of Wood was such as to place him on the defensive against the field—and his boom lost momentum, temporarily at least.

With the falling of the Wood stock the quotations on the Lowden chances reached new heights, in fact, reached a point where he found himself against the field and then it was checked.

Now comes Johnson, and with his leading opponents halted for the moment, he finds himself with the field against him. Therefore, say the sages, his boom, in turn, will presently feel the chilling blasts.

The big question now is whether any of these leading booms can rebound from their respective slumps.

The Wood followers are confident, but a general feeling among political leaders that Wood can win is notably lacking.

The Lowden's supporters still think the governor's position is still the strongest because he has slumped at a time which will permit of a comeback at the most effective period in the convention.

But Lowden has definitely lost a number of votes already as a result of the Missouri money disclosures, not so much because delegates are not still for Lowden, but rather because some are afraid if they vote for the governor there will be folks back home that think they got something for it. A dozen, if not more, originally Lowden men, have decided, at least for the moment, that they can't remain with him.

Johnson and his followers believe he will carry on to a successful finish because "the party leaders as well as the Johnson boosters know Johnson is a vote getter and can win in November."

Johnson emphasized this belief both in his speech and in personal conversation later.

Nevertheless, one hears more and more talk among party leaders that the situation appears to favor sweeping off the existing slate and injecting some candidate whose pre-convention fight has not brought animosities or political mud.