

BREEME HOUSE

By Katherine Newlin Burt

Alec joining them presently found Aline trying for the peg, her eyes full of laughter and her mouth of grass.

"Why can't you leave us alone, Alec?" she cried. "Sir Geoffrey and I are always having an idiotically good time when you come with your long face and spoil it all."

Alec, for a fraction of a second, looked stung.

"Don't mind me. I like to watch idiots. You and Sir Geoffrey have a gift for drawing each other out."

Brooke gave Tremont a keen glance.

"How about your trip? Good fun?" inquired Brooke, fitting in his eyeglasses as he spoke, and lifting his eyebrows.

"Very jolly trip," said Alec. "Met Jane and Miss Wilton on the boat. Wonderful girl—what?"

"Charming," said Sir Geoffrey, and let fall his eyeglasses. "I like her," he went on. "We might live on Five Pastures for her, mightn't we? What about a dance in my place, eh, Aline?"

"Miss Wilton says that visiting here is a holiday from living," Tremont quoted drily. "Perhaps we'd better bestir ourselves. Where did you leave her, Al?"

"With the children."

"Vi and Humphrey must be resting her," drawled Tremont. "Haden't you better go back?"

She stood up and started for the house without a word. But Sir Geoffrey caught her, half sternly by the hand.

"No, Aline," said he, "you are to come out in my car for a spin. I'll fix it with Lady Breeme. It was Miss Wilton's own idea to take your place for a bit, and I'll bet a fiver she's the sort who'll enjoy doing it, what's more. She's a topper. Don't undo her good deeds. You're coming with me."

Alec's face was white as he watched them moving rapidly across the lawn.

Aline did not speak till she found herself on the front seat of Sir Geoffrey's motor, Brooke having arranged things with Lady Breeme.

"Where are we going?" she asked him in rather a vague fashion. "Isn't there going to be a shower?"

"There is," he answered cheerfully. "I'm going to take you to see your sister. Ah! I thought that would delight you up a bit. We'll have time to get there before the rain comes, I think. We'll chat with Bettie till it's over, and be back in time for dinner. I've carte blanche from Lady Breeme."

They were off at a wicked speed. Aline eyed the side of the car. Her eyes shone. This was better than presiding over the nursery supper. As they swerved out of the gate a tall young man, just entering, narrowly escaped with his life by a dexterous backward leap.

"Oh, I say!" called out Sir Geoffrey in a tone of apology, slowing down at once.

"Don't mention it," answered the other cheerfully, "it's the most homely thing that's happened to me yet."

Aline looked back as they sped on.

"He's going in at Breeme House," said she.

"Tourist, I fancy," Sir Geoffrey guessed; "American. He'll get caught by the shower, and will be invited to dinner, if I know Lord Breeme."

Claire Wilton, when a servant appeared with the children's supper and intimated that her reign in the nursery was at an end, strayed down to her beloved gallery. Claire leaned against the gallery railing, looking down at the portrait. Far off were the voices of Lord Tremont and his stepmother, in one of the eastern rooms. Claire felt no desire to join them. To hide here, communing with the soul of Breeme House, was her latest delight. She was conscious of a sharp sense of disappointment at the sound of nearing footsteps downstairs.

She meditated flight, saw through the opening door that the intruders were Robins and a tall stranger, and decided to stay, while the tourist made the round of the old hall and listened to Robins' pattered histories.

Claire had often longed to reverse her role as sightseer in European palaces, and to peep out at these cut-landish intruders upon one's ancient privacy. She drew back a trifle into the shadows of the gallery.

"That's for you to let me look at the pictures by myself," a quiet, determined voice came up to her.

Robins took something into his hand, hesitated an instant, and then discreetly departed, shutting the large door after him.

The stranger drew a deep and audible breath. It was curiously expressive of victory and pride, also of excitement. Claire leaned forward to get a clearer view of him.

His figure was as spare and hard and useful as a machine. There was nothing extra or ornamental about him. Not an ounce of his make-up, brain or sinew, that had not been tried to the limit of its strength. Life—yet he could scarcely be over thirty—had fitted his fine face with a mask of keen power. He held himself rather slackly, and moved with the graceful ease of health muscular development.

When the door was shut, and Robins' footsteps well withdrawn, the sightseer moved forward like a man who knew his goal, and placed himself directly before the Van Dyke portrait.

He stood feasting his eyes upon Lady Jane's silvery beauty. His whole attitude was one of eager reverence.

Claire's curiosity rustled audibly to her own ears. She was possessed by a tense feeling of suspense. He struck one hand lightly into the other.

"I've come back for you, little English lady," said he aloud. "It's been a long wait, but from now on you're mine. Do you hear me? You're mine!"

Claire's fingers tightened, she felt a flame fly up into her cheeks; almost tangibly, Britomart's helmet settled on her brows.

She set lance in rest for defence of the Lady Jane.

CHAPTER VIII
TREMONT OF SEATTLE

While Claire Wilton was eavesdropping on the American tourist-visitor in the picture gallery, Alec Tremont faced confession to his step-mother, Lady Breeme concerning his financial fiasco.

He stood by one of the long windows, his hands fidgeting behind him. When Lady Breeme spoke his, muscles tightened involuntarily, as though in expectation of physical pain. He tried to harden himself into resentment, but her first sentence cut sharply through his defences.

"Do you not think your father is looking wretchedly ill?" she asked him, raising a fan between herself and the fire, and looking coldly at him over its edge.

Tremont came over from the window and stood by the hearth.

"I didn't notice any change," said he in a rebellious, troubled tone. "Father has never looked himself since his attack. I think that Miss Wilton has brightened him. A wonderful girl, don't you think?"

The cold, level eyes above the fan ran over Alec.

"Yes; she's charming. Her visit has distracted your father from his anxieties," she said. "With his natural buoyancy, he throws things off. I hope you were successful in Canada?"

Tremont was silent. His face burned.

Lady Breeme replied to her own question.

"You were not. I shall ask no questions but I am sorry, chiefly because of Jane. She should have been presented long ago. She should have a season in London, and some pleasures in her life. Her future has been left too much to chance; yours has been carefully planned for. What money could be spared has always been yours."

Alec had taken up the tongs and was carefully rearranging the lumps of coal. He spoke in terse sentences between his movements.

"Nobody warned me to be careful at the start. Father always got me out of a fix with no particular difficulty, that I could see. When I went to Oxford I thought myself a rich man's son. It's only lately that

you've begun to come down on me. Might have pulled up years ago. Once you get started, it's none so easy to pull up. I don't care especially for debts, you know." Here he made an extremely nice arrangement of one large coal upon a smaller one—"Rather cut my head off than let dad in for anything. Got any advice for me, or suggestions? I'll take 'em—lying down."

"That's the most promising remark I've ever heard from you, Alec. I'll think it over. Will you come to see me tomorrow morning—in my room?"

She had risen. He turned, tongs in hand, and looked at her composedly through his narrowed eyes, the corners of his mouth tucked in to their queer, bitter little grin.

"No use, mother. I know what you're going to advise. I've been advised already."

She smiled rather more warmly.

"By whom, please?"

"By an old friend and preceptor of mine—a very sensible young woman."

"Aline?"

He nodded, still looking at her with the queer grin.

"Aline is a clever child. I believe she will some day be sensible for herself. Come Alec, draw up a chair and we'll talk it over. Geoffrey Brooke?"

"What are you about, Robins?" cut in Alec sharply. His relief at the old man's coming was so great that it jangled his temper.

Robins followed a visiting-card, which he held at arm's length, into the room.

"A gentleman," said he carefully, "in the hall. He came to see the pictures, your lordship, and asked me to take his card to the earl."

"Confound him! Why didn't you walk him out?" Alec took the card, strode to the circle of firelight, and scornfully glanced at the name just as he jerked it into the flames. It was with a sharp exclamation of surprise that he rescued it at peril of burnt fingers.

"Good Lord! Listen to this, mother: 'Mr. Rufus Ross Tremont, Seattle, Washington, U. S. A.'"

"Yes, your lordship," said Robins, rubbing his chin. "I seen it myself, your lordship. Mr. Rufus Tremont. Tremont, my lady!"

"We are to be punished for our family crimes with a vengeance," groaned Alec. "Some beastly little Yankee drummer who's worked it out that he's descended from our exiled earl. Oh, Lord! What shall I do with him, mother? Scribble a polite message of dismissal, eh?"

He had his pencil out, Robins flushing and protesting with every wrinkle, but Lady Breeme stopped him.

"It's just what your father delights in, Alec. Do go yourself and see him, and, if he's not too impossible—No, I don't trust you. We'll have him in here. Robins, Lord Breeme is resting. Will you tell Mr. Tremont—that's really extraordinary—please, that Lady Breeme and Lord Tremont will see him. Alec, we shall have to keep him for dinner, if he is not too impossible. Nothing delights your father more than such unlooked-for happenings. If he's a ludicrous creature, so much the better. This will amuse your father for a fortnight. Mr. Rufus Tremont, of Seattle, it's quite too marvellous, really."

Alec looked at the seared card with lifted eyebrows.

Oh, if it pleases father, of course—"he shrugged.

"Here he is," he added half sullenly a moment later; and Lady Breeme, turning, lowered her fan.

The tall, grave young man came forward.

"This is mighty good of you, Lady Breeme," said he with simple directness. "I didn't know Lord Breeme was an invalid, or I should not have sent in my card."

"But you couldn't have done better, Mr. Tremont," said she in her coolly gracious fashion; "my husband will be delighted with the discovery of an American kinsman. You must stop to dinner. And Alec"—Lady Breeme had made her decision promptly—"have Mr. Tremont's luggage sent for. You must stop with us. You will have to explain how you came by our name. That will be what Mrs. Chauncey calls 'one of the romances of the new world,' eh, Alec?"

"Explain the Ross especially, Mr. Tremont," put in Alec, in-

specting the American through his narrowed lids. "You've no right to that, you know."

"I've a very tenacious hold upon it, though," laughed the American. "How I came by it happens to be rather a romance, if you like. But—I'm stopping very comfortably at your inn down yonder. You'll have enough of me this evening."

Lady Breeme bore down his protests. For herself, she hated a stranger, but she was quick to lay aside her prejudices for the sake of Breeme. She would have cut off her long hands for him with perfect coolness and satisfaction. Her impulsive-seeming hospitality was merely a mechanical imitation of her husband's manner. Alec, recognizing this, was inwardly amused.

"She'd have asked the devil or a drummer to dinner," he thought. "Lucky that our kinsman from Seattle is a gentleman." And he rang the bell and gave orders for Mr. Tremont's comfort in a dry, jerky, off-hand fashion that probably did not escape the notice of Rufus Tremont himself.

The American's luggage at the Breeme Arms was soon transferred, and Mr. Tremont, in the wide, eastern bedroom, dressed thoughtfully and quickly. Afterwards he lit a cigarette, and stood by one of the deep-silled windows, an arm above his head. He breathed slowly and deeply, and his long, sinewy muscles relaxed.

Outside, across the lawns, beyond the tall, wide-topped trees, a misty moon was coming up. It was still dusk—a strange half-light. Everything stood in an atmosphere that was neither light nor shadow. Rufus Tremont thought of the silvery eyes of Lady Breeme.

For him, too, as well as for Claire Wilton, this hour was a first holiday from living—or, perhaps, if the Eastern philosophy is the truer, a first moment of living. He leaned his head against the lifted arm, the fingers of which were twisted in the curtain, and a look that was nearly a smile softened his clear and sombre eyes. Rest and home! Why did the realization of those two words brood so beautifully for him under this English roof and over these quiet English laws? Journey's end—and what a journey! He was not thinking of the more or less unexciting passage from New York to Liverpool. He was thinking of that short, hard life-journey of his. The ache of it was scarcely out of his muscles; only just beginning to relax its cruel grip on his will.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Biographical Sketch of Edna Ferber

(Material furnished by Doubleday, Page and Company)

"I want to be allowed to sit in a rocking chair at the corner of State and Madison streets and watch the folks go by and I also want to live on a houseboat in the Vale of Cashmere—if Cashmere happened to have a water course—for there is something infinitely lovely and cushioned and exotic invoked by the music of the word." These, Miss Ferber once confessed, were her secret ambitions.

Trained in the newspaper school, Miss Ferber early developed a sense of dramatic values. At 17, she became a reporter in the Daily Crescent of her home town, Appleton, Wis. Reporting was not looked upon as a woman's job in those days and the opportunity came, so the story goes, because the editor was impressed with her essay presented on graduation from high school, an excellent bit of reporting covering the living conditions of women workers in a local mill. At 19, with her black curls still down her back, Miss Ferber was working on a Milwaukee paper, a live, yellow, evening journal of the breathless type, covering the police courts, schools, society, markets, and interviewing such celebrities as came her way, encountering all sorts of people in every situation and almost always endeavoring to wrest from them something they did not wish to reveal, learning to sift fact from pretense, to recognize the elemental emotions and motives and impulses that control the complex drama of life.

On sick leave for two weeks, she stayed home a year and, because writing had become so much a part of her daily life, she wrote a story which she sold to Everybody's magazine for \$2.50. Dawn O'Hara followed, and a series of stories for the American magazine. At 23 years of age she was on the way to success.

Edna McClesney captured the imagination of magazine readers so completely that she continues to be a living personality though she has not appeared in a story for years. Miss Ferber often gets letters addressed to Mrs. McClesney, letters from people who cannot believe that the courageous petticoat drummer was purely a fictional character.

Between this work and "The Girls" there is a wide gap and "So Big" has proved a best seller of the best type.



Worn Out Since the Grip?

WEAK, nervous—just tired and miserable most of the time? Back lame and achy, too? Rheumatic pains torture you at every step?

Then you should look to your kidneys! Colds and chills are apt to weaken the kidneys and allow toxic poisons to upset blood and nerves. Then may come daily backache, stabbing pains, headaches, dizziness, and irregular or painful passage of the kidney secretions.

Don't risk neglect. Help your weakened kidneys with Doan's Pills. Doan's have brought new health to thousands. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A South Dakota Case

John Johnson, carpenter, Milbank, S. D., says: "My kidneys were out of fix and I had severe backaches, which made it hard for me to do any stooping or lifting. Mornings I felt lame and stiff. My kidneys acted too freely both day and night, especially if I took cold. I used Doan's Pills and they helped me by strengthening my back and kidneys."

Doan's Pills

Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

At all dealers, 60c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.

Knightly Affair

Teacher—What is a knight errant?
Bobbie—The one father does when he wants to get out after supper.

Shave With Cuticura Soap
And double your razor efficiency as well as promote skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. No mug, no silly soap, no germs, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all uses—shaving, bathing and shampooing.—Advertisement.

A Bit Clumsy

Edith—How does Jack love?
Marie—Well, I should define it as unskilled labor.



Great joys, like griefs, are silent.

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Wm. H. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Teach your child Internal cleanliness

THE mother who permits constipation in her baby or older child is risking the health, even the life, of her little one.

Fretfulness, feverishness, night terrors, grinding the teeth in sleep, biliousness, coated tongue, loss of appetite, any of these may indicate constipation. Poisons from the child's stagnant intestine are flooding the little body, and if left unchecked may lead to serious consequences.

Avoid Laxatives—Say Doctors

A noted authority says that laxatives do not overcome constipation, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition.

Medical science has found in *lubrication* a means of overcoming constipation. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste and hastens its passage through and out of the body. Nujol is not a medicine or laxative and cannot gripe. Like pure water, it is harmless.

Let your infant or child have Nujol regularly, and see rosy cheeks, clear eyes and happiness return once more.

Nujol is used in children's and general hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world.



Nujol

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For Internal Cleanliness