RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, CHIEF

To Merry that supper was a festival,

the memory of a few horrible weeks

"Miss Dorcas," he began abruptly.

She stretched out her hand appeal-

"Don't bring in whys-now. We are

so comfortable. I don't ask for an ex-

planation-I don't want to give any.

Can't you see I'm in Happy Valley for

a little while? I am so glad to have

obey you, bless your gentle heart!"

Merry smiled into her eyes. "I'll

The girl rose and reached to a shelf

behind her for a box of cigars. Merry

lit one, lounged back in a cushioned

chair, and puffed rings of smoke

towards the red fire. They sat in

silence after Jason had carried away

the dishes. Their quiet was broken

when the clock struck one. The man

"Miss Dorcas, you wanted me here

"I am as wide awake as a crichet. I

"First of all," Merry asked gravely,

"how did you find me? Scores of men

and women passed me day after day,

people I have known for years. Not

"They were not searching for you."

"How did you find me?" he per-

where-that line of men stood. I was

looking at them when I saw you pull

down your hat. When Mr. Oswald left

me here I drove back to Tenth street,

but the line had dispersed. I went

"Who is Mr. Oswald?" asked Merry

"Don't you know? Haven't you been

"My play?" Andrew dropped his

"Your play," repeated Dorcas in a

Mr. Merry, tell me, are you and

Andrew picked up his cigar and

puffed it until the red spark revived.

Then he laughed again. "We are not

exactly friends. Has he told you any-

"Yes, he told me-only it seemed

left alone it was outer darkness. Every

fiber of his being longed not so much

for redress as for understanding and

"Miss Dorcas, I will begin at the

reading the papers? Mr. Oswald is the

man who is putting on your play."

half-smoked cigar on the table.

Merry laughed harshly.

Enoch no longer friends?"

slept all the afternoon."

one of them recognized me."

"You were?"

Dorcas nodded.

to talk. I cannot rob you of a wight's

intruded on the present.

Why did you-"

you here again."

ingly.

started.

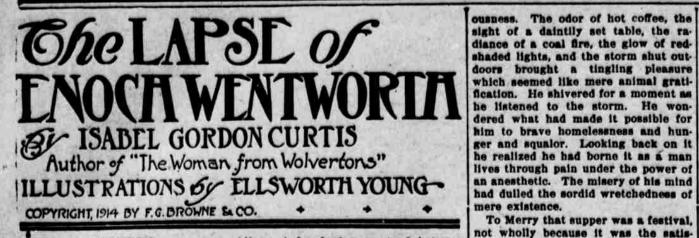
sleep."

sisted.

abruptly.

thing?"

sympathy.



SYNOPSIS.

Enoch Wentworth, newspaper man, and a poker party depart, play a last hand, the stakes to be aboslute control of the the stakes to be aboslute control of the orcas. Enoch's slater, becomes inter-ested in Merry, Knowing of his short-romings from her brother she tries to about the actor's ambition. He outlines the plot of a play he has had in mind and the girl uses himsto go to work on it. When he completes the play and mands it as the forfeit of the bond won for the poker game. Wentworth interests owarld in the play and preparations for play for taking all the credit for the picker for taking all the credit for the picker for taking all the down-and-outs in a bread line.

CHAPTER VIII-Continued.

Dorcas glanced at the handful of men cowering in a shadowed corner. sudden fear seized her, the feminine terror of midnight streets.

"You don't imagine," she whispered, among them?"

"Not exactly dangerous," said the too easy to spot them, waiting as they do for an hour or two in that light."

"Thank you," said the girl. She crouched behind a half-drawn curtain in the shadow of the carriage, watching eagerly the gathering of homeless, hungry men. They began to creep toward the bakery from every direction. most of them with a shambling step that told of ill-shod feet or shamed caused the hunger to be forgotten. He reluctance to beg for food. The skies stepped quietly from the sidewalk and had been lowering for hours, and just without a word moved beside her down before midnight the first storm of the winter came down. It began with keen, tiny needles of ice, but they stung and osity, but suddenly a cry ran down the froze, for the wind drove them in merciless, piercing flurries. The loltering men crowded together and turned their faces sullenly from each Dorcas watched through misty eyes. face. She wondered at the still patience of the throng. Below her in a basement he asked quietly. warm red light burned, and through an open door the wind blew the fragrance of boiling coffee across the storm " street. She saw a man thrust a slim

white-faced boy into a shelter between the wall and himself. "If I were starving I couldn't be pa-

tient and courteous," she thought.

line. A hundred men stood between fying of ravenous appetite, but because him and the beneficence of food. Othit was the crisis if his life. Dorcas ers were closing in behind him. Here sensed that if her own hunger was and there one man turned to speak to real, Merry would not feel that she another; the man Dorcas was watchwas feeding a famished outcast, Jason ing stood immovable. He thrust his beamed upon them in sheer enjoyment hands deep in his overcoat pockets, when he brought in full dishes and his eyes were fixed on the whitening carried away empty ones. Dorcas was sidewalk beside him. Dorcas turned light-hearted and gay, as happy as to the opposite window and nodded they had been during their first acwith an eager gesture to the officer. quaintance at the shore. For a mo-His hand went up. He spoke to the ment, while Merry drank his coffee,

cabman in a low voice. "Drive round through University place to Tenth-then up toward Broadway. Pull up half-way down the block."

The man turned his horse and moved down the street.

CHAPTER IX.

A Man of Honor.

Dorcas breathed a sigh of relief when her cab drew up beside the bread line. She had thought during "that I shall have any trouble? It is her brief drive around the block of the possible I am making a mistake in the possibility that the man might leave man. Are there dangerous characters his place; but there he stood, motionless, with head bent defiantly against the stinging eddies of sleet. She officer slowly. "If they're dangerous stepped from the carriage and passed it's from hunger. It ain't once a year swiftly along the sidewalk beside the you find a crook in the bread line. It's line of a city's poor. She hesitated for a few seconds when she reached the corner, then she stretched out her hand and laid it on the wet sleeve of the man before her. He turned and stared at her for one dazed moment.

He did not speak. Instinctive courtesy reminded him that this was no place for a woman in a midnight storm, and his desire to protect her the street. The movement caused a score of men to turn with quick curiline: "The door's open!" Everything else yielded to the march toward food. Dorcas swiftly led the way to the carriage. When she opened the door furious cloud of sleet. Hunger was and beckoned Merry to enter he hesiofter enough without the storm. tated, the blood flushing into his wan

"What do you want, Miss Dorcas?"

again tonight-just hoping." "I want to talk with you," answered the girl. "Do get in, please-out of the

Merry handed her in, then followed and shut the door. "I cannot go home with you," he announced stubbornly.

"Enoch is away. He's in Montreal, and there is nobody at home except Jason and me. I have so much to say to you," she cried appealingly. "We

ousness. The odor of hot coffee, the He did not answer or lift his head make a beginning with Lauch and Air. from his hands. sight of a daintily set table, the ra-

"I pleaded with Enoch. I told him it was all wrong, terribly wrong, for doors brought a tingling pleasure him as well as for you; that when you which seemed like mere animal grati-fication. He shivered for a moment as I told him it was not even collabora-I told him it was not even collaboration; if was wholly and distinctly your play, yours alone—" "Collaboration?" repeated Merry

perplexedly, raising his eyes. "He told me everything," cried the girl hurriedly. She was trying to save

him the full confession of his downfall. She did not wish to listen to it. "Everything!" repeated Merry incredulously.

"Yes, everything. Oh! if you had come back only two or three days ago things would have been different." He rose abruptly and crossed to the window.

"Miss Dorcas," he did not turn to look at her, "what was the worst





She Pointed to the Bold Headlines. thought you had of me when Enoch told you-what happened?"

The girl paused for a minute before she answered. "I thought you wereweak."

"Weak!" The man repeated the "Last night on my way home from word as if trying to comprehend its the theater with Mr. Oswald our cab meaning. stopped in a block, and it was opposite

"You should not have allowed Enoch to stand as the author of your play, no matter what the circumstances were. He is not happy over it him?" today. His nature seems to have changed. He is not easy to live with even. Oh, I wish it had never happened!"

Merry waited in silence.

the paper which lay at her feet. "There is one way. You can play the had accorded to him.

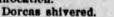
must realize that you yourself created eyes full of eager anticipation. She pockets. could see him undergo some strange mental struggle. When he looked at her his face had changed. Instead of apathy there were lines of grim deter-

Oswald and you."

Merry rose and paced for a few minutes about the room, then turned to the window and gazed out at the deserted city. The sleet of midnight had changed to a raging storm. The wind drove the snow in sudden flurries, piling it in drifts across the square.

"Miss Dorcas," he said, "come here." The girl crossed the room. "Why." she cried, "it is a fearful night!"

"Yes. It's a fearful night for the homeless. Do you know where I might have found shelter tonight if it had not been for you? Perhaps there's a hallway somewhere that I could have slipped into, and for an hour or two the police would have left me undisturbed. I might have found an empty bench on a ferryboat, orthe Bowery missions are open; only before one can make up his mind to seek a lodging there, they are filled to suffocation."



"If I had known during these weeks that anybody cared-or believed in me-perhaps I should not have gone so far down the hill. I did not dare even to hope that you thought of me again."

"Andrew," said the girl, "I care so much that I cannot tell you. Some queer strain in my nature makes me happiest when I have some one to care for. Girls at the convent used to come to me in all sorts of difficulties; the ones I loved best were the ones who needed me most. They called me 'Little Mother.'"

"'Little Mother.' " repeated Merry: then he laughed huskily. If the girl had known men she would have seen absolute famine for love, for sympathy and human understanding in the eyes that were bent upon her.

"I take back what I said a few minutes ago, Miss Dorcas, about the stage being no place for you. Women like you are needed there."

"Thank you," she said with a happy smile. "Won't you come back? Such an opportunity is waiting for you. Besides, I could never play 'Cordelia' with anyone but you, and you must be my teacher."

Merry did not answer immediately. Dorcas had grown accustomed to the long pauses in their conversation and waited quietly. When he looked up their eyes met-his pleaded with her during one speechless moment for all his shortcomings, for shirked responsibilities and failures.

"Miss Dorcas," he said, "when a man has lost hope, ambition, his faith in human nature and everything that makes life worth while, if he has gone down into the depths and still has the desire come to take up life again, is there any quality left that will help

"Yes." Dorcas moved as if by a sudden impulse and laid her fingers upon the man's arm; "he has honor. So long as one is a man of honor, there

is no end of a chance." "A man of honort" As he repeated "Things must come right, even if "A man of honori" As he repeated this lie has been told." She pointed at the words his face paled suddenly. It was the same attribute which Enoch

convict so wonderfully that people Dorcas watched him intently, her mination about his mouth. "Miss Dorcas," he said slowly, "make 'Cordelia' the woman you are yourself. I am weak and broken now. as 'John Esterbrook' was; still a chance came to him at the end. I will do the best I can-if you stand by me."

It was her husband who finally brought home RUB-NO-MORE. Nowshe's enthusiastic about it. She had intended to buy RUB-**NO-MORE WASHING** POWDER. But overlooked it. Don't you overlook it.



RUB-NO - MORE WASHING POWDER is a sudless dirt re-mover for clothes. It cleans your dishes sinks, toilets and cleans and sweetens yoar milk crocks. It kills germs. It does not need hot water. **RUB-NO-MORE**

RUB-NO-MORE Washing Powder Carbo Naptha Soag

Five Cents—All Grocers The Rub-No-More Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



AGAINST WOMEN'S POCKETS

New York Newspaper Gives Eight Reasons for Its Opposition to Proposed Move.

1. Because pockets are not a natural right.

2. Because the great majority of women do not want pockets. If they did, they would have them.

8. Because whenever women have had pockets they have not used them. 4. Because women are expected to carry enough things as it is without

the additional burden of pockets. 5. Because it would make dissension between husband and wife as to whose pockets were to be filled.

6. Because it would destroy man's chivalry toward woman if he did not have to carry all her things in his



He Turned and Stared at Her.

figure. The man wore a shabby over-

coat which covered his body almost

to the feet; its collar was turned high

about his neck and an old slouch hat

shadowed his face. Dorcas could see

twice at the figure; Dorcas' eyes fol-

wed it with grave perplexity. She

had been startled into recognition the

night before when the man pulled the

shabby hat down over his face. She

caught a glimpse of Merry's long, white, slender fingers and noted an

impatient, peculiarly graceful gesture

which was characteristic of him. Dor-

cas had seen it frequently, sometimes

when he was on the stage, sometimes

He paused before facing the glare

of Broadway and pulled the hat brim

been for shelter from the stinging blasts of sleet or for better conceal-

ment. Then he seemed to gather him-

self together with energy born of des-

pair. He stepped quickly forward and

while he had talked with her.

I would batter a door down."

on such a night as this."

now, looking for you." Merry stared at her for a minute with dogged obstinacy in his gaze.

"Won't you come?" urged the girl impetuously. Her color deepened and an eager light shone in her eyes. There is so much I want to say. We shall be quite alone. You can trust Jason. Afterwards you may go away -if you wish-and I will promise never to attempt to find you. I will try to forget you."

Merry stretched out his hand and touched her arm, leaning forward until his face was close to hers. "Miss Dorcas, don't say that. Since I left you that night on Juniper Point I have lived a lifetime of happiness and horror and remorse. One thing alone has saved me from going over the brink of the precipice, simply one thing." He lifted his eyes to hers. "The one thing," he repeated, "that I could not fling away was the memory that you trusted me, that you believed in me. and were waiting for me to make good."

"I trust you now," cried the girl, her voice breaking into a sob. "I am still waiting for you to make good. Won't you come home with me?"

The cab stopped in front of the Waverly Place home. Merry followed her reluctantly up the steps. She paused for a moment while she adjusted the key in the lock.

"The smell of food would madden me. "Would you mind seeing Jason?" she asked hesitatingly. "He can help She started suddenly, then for a you with dry clothes. He will be as moment she scarcely breathed. Down glad to see you as I am." Tenth street slouched a tall, stooping

"Ring for him," answered Merry quietly. "Jason and I are old pals." Half and hour later Merry walked into the library where Dorcas was waiting for him. It seemed as if the little between but a bristling beard. mere resumption of clean, comfortable The keenest detective searching for clothing, even though hunger still marked him, had given the man fresh Andrew Merry would not have glanced

valor, new dignity. He laughed nervously. "It is a rejuvenation, isn't it?" he asked as he glanced at himself in the mirror. "Jason unsurthed some duds I once left tioned, though there was frequent refhere."

Jason was an excellent valet, and T hot bath, a shave, and fresh raiment had made a man of Merry. The lock of fair hair which habitually fell over his forehead made him look almost boyish, although his face was pallid and careworn.

"I have eaten nothing since morning." Dorcas said. "I told Jason to carefully about his face; it might have serve supper here, on a little table beside the fire, where it is opsy and cheerful."

Merry dropped into a chair. He wondered if the intense enjoyment of took his place at the end of the bread the good things of life was pure sensu-

quiet tone. "They have been searchthe part." can't talk driving through the streets ing everywhere for you to play 'John "I shall never play the convict." Esterbrook.' Enoch is in Montreal

Merry's voice was slow and resolute. "Oh!" cried Dorcas, "who can? Why, I thought your heart was set The girl clasped her hands together. on the character.'

"It was-once." "I cannot understand."

The man did not attempt an expla-

nation. "Andrew Merry," she hesitated as if searching for words which would not wrong her brother, "did Enoch do you any-any injustice?"

so strange, so hard to believe after She waited for an answer during an our talk that day at the point, that infinitely long ellence, so it seemed to somehow I cannot understand it." . her. Then the actor spoke abruptly. Merry watched her keenly. He was

"No. As I look back on it now, I throttling a temptation to tell everywent into it with my eyes open. I simply learned that there is no way to thing that had come between him and the sunshine of existence. He felt gauge human nature."

sure of the girl's sympathy; he knew Again there was a silence. Dorcas she would understand. He had begun was trying to understand, trying to be to realize his own dependent nature. loyal to her brother, even while her First there had been his mother, then heart, aching with unspoken sympathy, for years he had leaned upon Enoch's turned to Merry. strength and friendship. When he was

"Why don't you want to play 'John Esterbrook?" " she asked quietly.

"I don't suppose I have a decent rea son, except that when I-gave up the play I lost all interest in it. 'John Esterbrook' is no more to me today

day when I left you and-" Suddenly than 'Silas Bagg.'* he realized he could not tell the story "C'il" cried the girl aghast. "How of Enoch's disloyalty to her. "Miss you have altered!"

"I have." Merry spoke in a hoarse Dorcas, I need your help-terribly." "I am ready to help you in any way whisper. He returned to his chair by can," she answered quietly. She the fire and bent to warm his fingers knew he was nerving himself to a conby the blaze. There was another long fession, and she understood what an silence. Dorcas was the first to break ordeal it was to the man. She crossed It. the room and laid a paper before him,

"Even if it were against your inclipointing to the bold headlines nations, would you do something to stretched across the top of a page. The make some one very happy, some one who believes in you-who cares a great deal for you and about your fu-

> Merry spoke gently. "Miss Dorcas, I'm afraid you are mistaken: There is nobody in the world to care."

the mantel, glanced down at him with eyes from which embarraesment had uddenly fled.

"One person-cares very much. 1 do. I have set my heart on your success. You have a great future-won't you work for it? Besides, I am selfish." Her eyes shone with eagerness. "I want to play 'Cordelia.' Mr. Oswald lavish production of Wentworth's want to play 'Cordelia.' Mr. Oswald drama was described in figures ap. has offered me the part. I have studied proaching prodigality. Merry read it it. I could play it tomorrow if you

Merry turned with a quick gesture as if to push temptation away from him. "Don't!" he cried. "Ah, Miss Dorcas, don't go into stage life!"

"I shall go into it sooner or later." She spoke with guiet determinnation. "I feel sure I can play 'Cordella;' bedes, it would be so much easier to them at home.

Dorcas stooped for a second. With a caressing touch she swept the lock from his forehead. "I promise to stand by you," she whispered. "Good night."

CHAPTER X.

Zilla Paget. "Do you mind if I am atrociously

frank with you?" It was Grant Oswald who spoke. Enoch Wentworth and he sat far back in the darkened orchestra at the Goth-

am, watching a rehearsal. Wentworth nodded, but turned a startled glance upon the man beside

him. "Simply because I know how powerful your play is, I want to suggest a touch that will make it stronger."

"What?" "Understand, this is not criticism. If you don't think well of it we'll never

mention it again." Oswald approached the subject diplomatically. He had begun to discover a strangely uneven temper in Enoch. There were days when he stood upon the heights of triumphant anticipation, then came intervals when everything and everybody were at odds.

"What did you think of changing?" "It is not changing," Oswald spoke thoughtfully. "What I have in mind is elaboration. You have made 'Cordella' a loyal, tender woman, but the mother ought to be more of a foll to her. She is cruel now, vain, selfish and deceitful, but-she is not bad enough. When it can be done, I believe in choosing an actress who has something in common with the role she is to play. Character comes out every time, even in acting. Don't you agree with me?"

"To a certain extent." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Neurishing Drink.

If you oversleep and the good man of the house does not have time to eat his breakfast, make him a generous cup of coffee and add to it a beaten egg and plenty of cream. He can drink this in one minute and will scarcely miss his breakfast. People often have egg drinks at soda fountains, but seldom think of preparing

7. Becaus e men are men and the women. We must not fly in the face of nature.

8. Because pockets have been used by men to carry tobacco, pipes, whisky flasks, chewing gum and compromising letters. We see no reason to suppose that women would use them more wisely .- New York Tribune.

German economist, Professor Wolff, estimates that by 1920, if the present tendency continues, Germany's birth rate will be the lowest in Europe.

Many a woman's idea of a good husband is one who can carve without getting any spots on the tablecloth.

No man thoroughly believes in himself unless he has absolute confidence in his liver.



come from the ovens to your table in tightly sealed packages - ready to eat when opened - with cream, good milk or fruits.

Every crisp flake of this attractive food represents the best part of choice white Indian corn-

Perfectly cooked, delicately flavoured and toasted to an appetizing golden "brown."

Post Toasties are made for your pleasure and nourish-

Sold by Grocers

words fairly leaped at Merry. TREMENDOUS SURPRISE ture?" Enoch Wentworth the Coming Dramatist. She rose to her feet and, leaning on He read on down through the column. Fellow Journalists had banded

together to give Enoch a royal introduction. Merry's name was not menerence to a famous star, who had the leading part in consideration. Oswald was referred to as a newcomer in the ranks of New York managers. His

through to the last sentence, then the would be my teacher." paper fell to the floor and he buried

his face in his hands. While Dorcas watched, her heart ached for him. It was hard to hold in check the soothing touch she would have given to a woman or to a child. "Oh!" she said in a piteous whisper, "it was the mistake."