2-D

THE BEE: OMAHA, SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 1922.

The Hand on the Shoulder,

Marian, 24, and Obscure, Was Just Finishing Her Day's Work When a Man Staggered Into the Office; Inen-

Miss Marian Ward's obligation to the law firm of Lawton & Bearles ended at 5 o'clock, but as it was reining dismally she lingered at the office, typing the last pages of a brief and writing personal letters. Her boarding house was a tedious trolley journey from the office, and, as she was due at 5 o'clock at the law school where she attended the night clauses, she decided to eat her supper in a nearby cafeteria, which was only a step from the lecture roots. which was only a step from the lecture room. She stood by the rais-splashed window in one of the inner rooms, watching the blurred lights across the city from her vantage point on the 15th floor of the Blackford building and wondering about a number of things.

It was her 24th birthday, and the anniversary invited reflections and speculations. Only two of her friends in Seymour, her home town, had remembered her with a gift or card. There had been a decrease in the number of these remembrances each year since she moved to the capital, and she wondered how soon they would cause altogether. It might have been a mistake, after all, her coming to the city. The old lawyer who had been her guardian counseled against it. While he didn't demur when she elected to spend her patrimony of a few thos-sand dollars on education, he was not pleased when, having been graduated from the state university, she declared her purpose to move to Indianapolis and support herself while she studied law.

Judge Shipton held to the ancient doctrine that a woman's place is in the home, but, strong-ly given to compromise, he offered to take her into his own office if only she would remain in Seymour, where, as he said, all "the folks" knew her and she didn't have to explain herself. But, being an independent young woman, she had clung to her own plan of campaign.

the perfected herself in stenography during her fourth year at the university, and Roger Searles, of Lawton & Searles, who was formerly of Beymour and a trustee of the university, had premised her a place in his office long before her graduation. She had now been with the firm two years, and another year's attendance at the law school would give her the right of dmission to the bar. In keeping faith with her ambitions she had

made many sacrifices, and as she gased pensively across the town she was speculating as to whether it had been worth while. Her social to had been the measurest. Some of her girl friends were ambitious like herself, taking extension courses with a view to fitting themselves for better positions; but others, and the majority, troubled little about the future. She was the only girl taking the law school course, and she was not unconscious of the admiration of her fallow students, most of them earnest young fellows, obliged to earn their legal education. They admired her and were proud of her. She gave tone and dignity to the school, and, as she gave tone and dignity to the school, and, as she ranked with the most promising students, she was a spur to their ambitions; they wanted her to think well of them. Frequently when the class was dismissed ahe went somewhere to dance, usually with half a dosen in her train; and now and then one more daring that the rest would invite her to a movie or to the thester

She found herself speculating as to just what her status would be on this most disagreeable birthday she remembered if she had married any one of the men who had proposed to her during the memorable June that ended her lows, had been pathetically in love with her; and it had given her a real pang to be obliged to say no to them. And there was the professor omics, a middle-aged widower, whose case was even more desperate; and a young minister, who was considered the most eligible achelor in the university town. She had flirted are and there with discretion, but as for being in love she had known nothing that even apimated her idea of such an experience. Marian was tall and dark, with meditative brown eyes and a firm mouth that nevertheless d effuigently. It was guite wonderful, that mile of hers that seemed to change the aspect of the whole universe. Tommy, one of the elevator pilots in the Blackford building, warned the bookkeeper of a coal-mining company, who expressed his admiration for Lawton & Searles' stenographer, that she was a fine girl, all right, but not to get gay with her-sound advice, based upon a true knowledge of human ature. Tommy brought her flowers during the nmer from his mother's garden; and he was highly edified if she graciously wore one of his roses or carnations. The women who cleaned the 15th floor rooms gave her their complete adoration. Finding her often in the office after hours, they confided their troubles to her sympathetic ear. In their secret counsels they pro-nounced her the prettiest girl in the building and the nicest and most sensible. When one of them was ill of pneumonia Marian sought her out in the tenement where she lived and prompt-In invoked the district nursing society to care for her. Thereafter to the dingy and hardrking sweepers and dusters Marian was known as The Queen. Her long reverie was interrupted by a step in he outer office-an uncertain, faltering tread. ad suited her mood to remain in the dark, but as the sound came nearer she flashed on the lights.



ng out the liquer you've get in there

things here makes this of utmost importance in Faul stared at them unseeingly and nodded injunction proceedings in Trumbull case. "JOHN B. FEARING."

"Thass my father; un'stan'? 'Way down Georgia; gotta get busy righ' 'way. Lawsuits won't walt." Lawsuits, Marian knew, did not wait, and the

case was presumably of importance to have taken John B. Fearing so far from home. Fear- this; but I think I've put in everything neces-

"Thass all right. Don' needs be stingy with

words. Sen' punchation 'n' everything." She spent an hour preparing the message until it seemed to contain every salient feature of the opinion. "Now," she said, sharply, "I'm not sure about ment struck Marian as unwarranted and pre-

sumptious. "What you'd better do," she said. "is to go home. "You're not fit to show yourself anywhere." "Thass right! Break girl's heart t' see me

this condition."

"It's not breaking my heart, but it's beginning to bore me. You'll have to get yourself out of

By Meredith Nicholson

caught her hand lightly and swept her into the ball. It was done gracefully and graciously, and the girl's violet eyes, bright with mirth and expectancy, met Marian's serious gate compellingly. Frances Denning was even younger than Marian had expected her to be-and levely, very lovely, indeed; and her smile as she flung the door shut and stepped away from the mes-senger was altogether charming.

"I knew you would be nice-ever so nice! Please don't be scared, but while I was waiting I thought I'd ask the greatest faver of you-please don't say no."

"Why, of course, Miss Denning-" fallered the bewildered Marian. "It's a dreadful bore to go anywhere alone.

Won't you go to the concert with me? Please-" "I'm corry. Miss Denning, but I have work to do. I'm really busy tonight." "Oh, you've been at work all day, and they

have no right to take your evenings. Please come! Toy see, my father and mother are away and it was so late when you telephoned there was no one I could fall back on."

Here was an unforessen predicament which night have been met easily if Miss Denning had not been so enchanting, so beguiling in the manper of her appeal.

"But I'm not properly dressed," said Marian,

"Oh, musical things are never dressy; half the people will wear street clothes. I only put on this gown because Paul likes it so much. You can come to my room and brush up if you like, but you'll do perfectly as you are! Do tell me your name! Thank you. Now we start even!

Feeling like a bedraggied Cinderella captured by a real princess, Marian found herself mount-ing the stairs beside Miss Denning, who walked away with the greatest animation. A person who prided herself upon her independence and a well-trained faculty for extricating herself from perplexities, Marian was allowing a girl she had never seen before to force her into doing something that was wholly against her will. She was surprised at herself, but surprised quite as much at her captor.

"Music is always so restful and you look just the least tired. Your days must be long enough without night duty."

The beguiling one was helping her off with her coat in a room that was the most beautiful Marian had ever seen. "Tell me honestly," fisched the amasing Miss Denning, "have you had dinner?"

The merry eyes searched her face with so direct a challenge that Marian laughingly ad-mitted that she had missed her supper, and that it didn't matter.

"You're starving!" cried her inquisitor, dramatically. "There's plenty of time for you to have some lunch, and I don't care if we do miss the first numbers."

Whereupon Miss Denning pressed buttons, taxi be paid for and discharged. By the time Marian had smoothed her hair and removed the last stains left upon her hands by her labors in the Fearing law office, a tray appeared with cold meat, salad, toast and tes.

"While you eat I'll get myself into a street dress. Oh, no; not the least bother!" Marian, now seated before the tray, realised

that the change of costume was an act of pure kindness, prompted by concern for her own ease and comfort. From the dressing room adjoining Frances flung at her an occasional remark or otherwise let it be known that she was still at hand by whistling or singing. An imperious young being, used to having her own way, Marian judged; but no one could complain when her impulses were so kind and generous. The most prosperous citizen of Seymour lived in no such house as the Dennings. It was in-cvitable that she should contrast the spacious home of this light-hearted girl, born to ease and luxury, with her own shabby room in the west end boarding house. It was almost as "I hoped you would! Won't you sit down? though she and Frances belonged to different while you stand I feel that you're terribly

been so kind to me! The symphony really in-troduced us to each other; I feel as though we'd known each other for ages!"

"I am so glad! I know you will be very happy!" Marian replied, and added quickly! "I shall always remember tonight. That's the first symphony I ever heard!"

"Then it's an event for both of us. I hope you won't have to work too hard to make up for running sway."

Midway of the walk that led to the do Marian paused and watched the car till it passed from sight. In her big, high-collinged room with its dingy furniture she pendered long after she had turned out the light and gone to bed. The girl's generous impulses, her sweetness and innocence, had touched her deep-ly, and her heart burned with recentment against Paul Fearing.

She did not see Paul again until the third day after the concert. She was clearing up her desk when he appeared at the door. "Pardon me! May I come in ?"

She made no reply, but rose quickly, eying him inhospitably as he crossed the reception

"Miss Ward-you see, I've Sherlocked your name-I know what you must think of me, but I'd like just a moment-please!"

"There's nothing you need say to me," she replied, coldy. "And I'd rather you didn't come here after office hours." "I understand all that. But now that I'm in my right mind I'd like to repeat whatever thanks I expressed the other evening." "Very well! We'll consider that , I've been thanked," she replied, with discouraging final-

"I'll feel a lot better if you'll let me make it quite plain that I am really very grateful for everything you did.

"I'll assume that you are: so we needn't dis-

"But I don't like to leave it like this!" he cried, despairingly. "I know perfectly well that I made a namy spectacle of myself, but I can't have you thinking I'm not ashamed. I promise you it she'n't happen again."

you it sha'n't happen again." His manner was easer and he met her eyes with a winning frankness. The sincerity of his contrition and his promise not to repeat his offenes, made it difficult to dismise him. Her inclination to get rid of him yielded under a charm she feit in him. He stood before her new, as a straightforward, manly young fellow who honestly wished to gain her respect. She noted the breadth of his shoulders, the firm texture of his clear, dark skin, and his steady brown eyes with sudden liking. He might have been pointed out in any gathering as a fine specimen of thoroughbred American manhood. "I'm glad to hear that," she said when she had begun to be embarrassed by her own slience. "But there are others much more con-

cerned for your good behavior than I can pos-sibly be. I need hardly remind you of that."

"That's just what I'm coming you of that." "That's just what I'm coming to!" he exclaim-ed, with a broad smile. "I exhibited myself to you in the most unfavorable light possible and I've been hating myself as cordially as you could possibly hate me. But I'd like you to know that I've confessed everything to Miss Denning."

"That's fine, but it's no more than you should have done!

"Of course! But I wanted you to know, and so did Frances! I told her the whole story last night, and she was spiendid about it. And, of explained that you pretended to be father's secretary only to protect me. I know all about your going to the concert and that she told you of our engagement."

Well, you can imagine how I felt, knowing all the time that I was a fraud and accept her kindness under false pretenses. But I think a lot better of you for telling her just

anxious to get rid of me." She sat down in the chair by her typewriter deak, surprised at her own tolerance of him. "You got me out of a scrape the other evening by your generous self-sacrifice," he went on. "Tom, the elevator boy, told me you attend the law classes, and I'm sorry you missed the lecture, and almost missed your supper, too! But you're a dreadfully efficient person! You got me in bad with father by just being too capable!"

"Awful sorry; saw light in reception roomthought maybe-

The tall young man in the raincoat she recognized as Paul Fearing, whose offics was at the opposite end of the corridor. It was clear enough that he was intoxicated. He took off his hat, stared at it as though it were an un-

Manillar object and dropped it on a chair. "Marian eyed him coldly as he drew from his pocket a telegram, which he extended, muttercomething that she interpreted as an invitation to read. She really thought for a mo-ment that in his befuddled state he had mistaken Lawton & Searles' office for his own. She said as much, but he rejected the idea, ex-plaining with elaborate patience that every one was gone from his office and that this was his reason for intruding upon her. All things con-midered, it was a poor reason, but it was evi-dent that he was really troubled about some-thing-and that he was conscious that his wits unequal to the task of dealing with it. ook the telegram but continued to eye him pitably as he stood swaying, unbuttoning

"Sorry to bother you; awfu' sorry! Gotta we H'l' help. Everybody gone from my place. rown, I guess; rain enough drown whole

ed abruptly, noting that she had not

He paused abruptly, noting that she had not yet read the telegram. "Please read that thing!" he blurted. "Foun" "t on my dees; been there hours an' hours, Gotta be answer" quick. Touts suits 's we used ", sor is army. Head all mixed up. Mos" im-portant. Somebody gotta help me." The trath of his last statement was incontro-werthile. Is any business sequiring immediate attention he undoubtedly needed assistance, and, as he stubbernly stood his ground. Marian read the message, which was dailed Atlants. Ga., at a 'clock that afternoot. "Please wire immediately the main points of opinion I wrote hat December in matter of con-tract between Englandial Construction comments.

I wrote has December in matter of con-tween Bagiesfield Construction company itiley. You will find it in file with other in papers. Ipsiude all attached memod Whitley. Indiad

lawyer at the local bar, and he was retained on one side or the other of all the big cases. Marian had several times gone to the federal court to hear him make an argument. He was not an orator, and in presenting the legal aspects of a case he addressed the court in a conversa-tional tone. But his method of laying a broad foundation of fundamental principles and building upon it fascinated her. Loyal as she was to her employers, she knew they were not the equals of John B. Fearing; they had nothing of his genius for selecting the safest line of de-fense or attack, or for invincibly fortifying a point. Now and then, when she met him in the levator or passed him in the corridor, he lifted his hat absently, as though not quite sure whether he knew her or not. He was still handsome in middle life, a man to be noted in any gathering for his high bred face and erect ire. Marian visualized him sharply as she pondered what she should say to his son.

Paul was very like his father, though cast in larger mold. Marian had first seen him in uniform, when he came home from the training camp he left the Harvard law school to enter, and she had looked upon him admiringly as a fine type of the young Americans who were rallying to the call of the colors. He had come home a major with a citation for valor. He had no business to take advantage of his father's absence to go on a spree; but it was tot her way to refuse aid to any one in need, and his necessity was immediate. His fine gray eyes regarded her intently as she gravely pondered what to do.

'Usmos' importance'," he quoted from the telegram., "When dad wan's anything he-he-wants it!" and he grinned at her as though he had uttered something highly original and amusing.

"I dare say he does," she replied, without smiling. "Please go to your office and I'll fol-low in a moment."

"Thase bully! Terribly 'shamed my condition hones' I am."

"I should think you would be," she said, tartly, and, as he seemed unable to reach his hat, she picked it up gingerly by the brim and handed it to him.

"You won't play any tricks on me? Beally goin' help?" he saked from the door, his voice rising to a queer squeak on the last word.

"Don't be stily; I told you I'd come!"

When she reached the Fearing offices she found him on his knees before the vault, with a card in his hand, from which he was laboriusly trying to solve the riddle of the co tion. She watched him fail several times, then took the card and soon swung the door open. It was evident that he was not likely to be of naterial assistance in finding the doe scribed in the telegram. After he had stumbled about in the vault applying the swinging electric lamp to the wall of file boxes without result, she bade him come out, and in a few minutes pro-duced the box marked "Eaglesfield Construction company" and carried it to the deak of one of the stenosraphers.

She gave the papers to Fearing, but, after arning them over helplessly, he pushed them

toward her. "No good. Don' seem to be in that bunch. us be mistake."

The opinion asked for was on the top of the pile. She reread the telegram to make sure she had found the right document and offered it to Fearing, who waved it away. "Mind all gone. You gotta do whole job, 7

He lit a cigaret and settled back in his chair as though rid of a disagreeable responsibility and quite content that he had entrusted it to capable hands. Marian read the opinion twice. It had to do with the terms of certain contract, and the points were suc-cily stated and fully within her comprehen-When she marked what struck her as the at paragraphs and asked when hadn't better by wired in their

"Int a' right," he said, waving away the sheets she extended. "Mos' awfu' good o' you!"

"If it's not right, it's no good at all! I want you to listen while I read it to you." "Fine! Jus' right!" he declared as she con-

cluded. "Keep copy for file an' sen' one by mail." He moved through the rooms restlessly while Marian busied herself at the typewriter. Once he was gone for several minutes and she heard the slamming of a drawer in one of the private offices. With the conscientious care she gave to all her work, she verified figures, dates and quotations.

"Will you sign it?" she asked as Paul reappeared

As he bent over to take the pen the strong reek of whisky explained his absence from the room and the slamming of the drawer. His hand shook, and after several attempts to steady it he dropped the pen and bade her sign his name.

"Paul Fearing. Forgot t' introduce myself. Makin' you lot trouble. Wonnerful nice girl; good fellow, and mos' intellijent."

It was now after 7, and she would barely have time to file the telegram, get her supper and reach the law school for a lecture by a visiting jurist, which was one of the events of the term She owed Paul Fearing nothing; very likely if they met the next day he would not recognize her; and yet she pondered whether it was quite fair to leave him there drunk and with a sto of whisky with which to continue his spree. As she hesitated it suddenly occurred to him that he ought to pay her for her work. She interrupted him as he muttered something to this

"Mr. Fearing, I came in here merely to help you out of a difficulty, and there's no charge. But there's one thing I want you to do. I want you to bring out all the liquor you've got in

"Mos' unreasonable; mos' unreasonable!" he

protented. "It's perfectly reasonable. Bring it out, and

be quick about it. If you don't I'll destroy this message." She met his gase unflinchingly for a momen

then stepped briskly into the vault to restore the construction company's box to its place. She closed the door and twirled the knob of the combination. "I'm waiting," she said. "Bring out all the liquor you have or I'll tear up the message and destroy the copies. Please be autok!"

"Guess you got me there!" he said, with sheepish grin, and walked past her in an effor to effect a dignified exit. He emerged in a few minutes carrying two bottles, which he placed on the desk with a clumsy flourish.

"Ever' drop in the place! Swear it is! Cos me twen' dollars a bottle. Take 'em-my compliments."

She carried them to the lavatory cabinet in the corner and had poured out the remaining con-tents of a half empty bottle before he realised what she was doing. He lurched toward her as she lifted the unopened bottle to knock off

"Don't come any nearer!" she commanded The glass cracked and the liquor gurgled into the basin.

"No business doin' that! Rotten trick; rotten! Awfu' was'e! Thought you was good scent perfec' lady-" He checked himself abruptly and began searching his pockets. For a monent the loss of the whisky was obscured by the remembrance of some matter of greater importance. Presently he drew out two theater tickets, at which he glared accusingly.

nise take girl t' concert; expec'in' me; " time t' go. What'm I goin' do about it? Thass what I ask you; what'm I goin' do!" he

cmanded, solemnly. That he should fling upon her the responsi-flity of deciding what he should do about an angagement to take a lady to a concert when he as so obviously unable to keep the appoint-

at difficulty. Good night, Mr. Fearin An importunate ring of the telephone, brought

a new element into the situation. "Please answer that!" he pleaded. "If it's Miss Frances Denning tell-'er I was called away. Awfu' sorry, but lef' tickets with you to sen' her. Two tickets, tell 'er; an' tell 'ertell 'er you'll bring 'em right up in a taxi."

"O, I'm to lie for you, and be your measenger, too!" she flared.

Her indignation cooled as she saw the alarm in his flushed face. And, having gone so far in helping him out of his difficulties, it seemed hardly fair to desert him now. Devoutly hoping that some other than Miss Denning was calling, Marian caught up the receiver. Her hope was shattered instantly as a very

agreeable feminine voice, unmistakably a young voice, accosted her with formal preliminary inquiries as to whether this was Mr. Fearing's office and whether Mr. Paul Fearing was there. "Is this Miss Denning?" asked Marian, resolved that if she must lie for Paul Fearing she

would make a thorough job of it. . Miss Denning having admitted her identity, Marian, with Fearing gripping a chair close by, lied plausibly and, it seemed, convincingly.

"I just came into the office a few minutes ago to finish some extra work and found a line from Mr. Fearing saying that he had been called out of town on business that required immediate attention. He had barely time to catch the train. He tried to telephone you, but the house didn't. answer. He left two tickets for the symphony concert and asked me to send them up to you. It's so late now that I'll call a taxi and bring them up myself." "0!"

The exclamation was susceptible of a variety interpretations. However, Miss Denning quickly recovered her composure.

"You mustn't trouble to bring them out-I can send-"

"There wouldn't be time for that, and it's no trouble at all. I'm sorry I didn't find them earlier, but the rain delayed me in getting here." "Thank you ever so much! The number is \$500 Harrison boulevard."

"Yes, Miss Denning." "Well, there's that," she said, half to herself,

as she clapped the receiver on the hook. The downtown garage she called promised to deliver a taxi at the entrance of the Blackford building in five minutes, and once more she prepared "I hope." said Marian, with a tinge of irony,

"I did that job to your satisfaction. You'd better hide yourself now for a day or two to create the impression that you're really out of town." "I'll go home; hones' I will. Eternal' grateful.

Eternal-She slammed the door upon his attempts to thank her. In the lower hall she met the elevator boy whose floral tributes had established a friendly tit between them. He was just going off duty. She explained that Paul Fearing was ill in his office, and that it would be a great favor to her if he would go up and look after him and try to persuade him to go home.

"I understand, Miss Ward; I'll take care of him. I did the same thing one night about a

"Thank you, Tommy. Good night!" Tommy could have delivered the tickets, she

reflected; still, by carrying them serself, she was adding plausibility to her story. She stopped at the telegraph office to file the message and the taxi driver promised to get her back down-town in 30 minutes, which would still give her time to hear the lecture.

She had expected to hand the tickets to a servant, but her ring at the door of the big colonial house was answered quickly by a young an who had evidently been waiting for her "This is awfully good of you! Come in, won't

The voice was the cheeriest of voices and the smile that accompanied it expressed both grati-tude and friendliness. As Marian extended the envelope containing the tickets, Miss Denning

species: but she made the comparison without bitterness. Endowned with an alert curiosity and blessed with a healthy sense of humor, she was deeply interested in Frances and her longings, and her discomfort yielded to amuse-ment at the whole situation. If Frances was finding an adventure in the capture of Paul Fearing's messenger, Marian, on her side, was experiencing new sensations by her contact with girl she would never have met in the ordinary course of things.

"What do you think of me now!" demanded Frances as she reappeared in a severe tailor made gown with her fair head surmounted by smart little hat, in which she looked even unger than before. "I'm more comfortable this way, anyhow. If you're ready, we'll skip!" "Belding theater, Frank, and beat it!" she commanded, and they were quickly rolling townward.

"Don't you see how much nicer this is for me than to be going alone! We'll show Mr. Paul Fearing what happens when he lets a mere matter of business interefere with his soc sagements! I hope that work he left for you to do is dreadfully important, so he'll see how independent we are! If he scolds you, send

They reached their seats just as the leader stepped upon the dais to begin the symphony It was Beethoven's fifth, and Marian found herself thrilled and exalted as the theme developed and laid its spell upon her. Her childhood and youth were visualized in a moving pageant; she lived over again every happy hour her life, and hope and ambition led her enthralled from one golden height to another. Cnce, as she listened with bowed head, feeling great tides of mystery and wonder sweeping over her, Frances' hand touched hers and she urned to meet the girl's eyes that were bright with tears. The applause at the end was a relief, breaking a tension that at times had been all but unbearable.

"It was really worth while, wasn't it?" Frances murmured softly, the awe of the great ly her radiant self, bowing to her friends as they moved toward the door.

"I'm glad it's so far," she said, when Marian gave her address. "I couldn't think of letting you go alone. After hearing music like that you need a little time to think it over, and I'll be glad to have the ride. And, besides, it will give us a chance to get better acquainted."

"It was so good of you to take me!" said Marian. "I never enjoyed anything half so nuch."

"It was fine to have you, because-" Frances hesitated, and then as the street lights at the corner revealed them to each other she smiled happily and added: "You know Paul! You see him every day, and having you there seemed to bring him nearer."

"Yes, I can understand," Marian answered, smitten with a pang of contrition for her de-ception and a fear for the girl's happiness. The music had so lifted her out of the actual world that she had forgotten that Frances Den ning had taken her to the concert in the bellef that she was employed in Paul Fearing's office.

They had reached Marian's boarding house near the park about which prosperous citisens had established themselves before the civil war. Many of the old mansions remained to testify to the former grandeur of the neighbo before fashion transferred its banner to a new section. As they drew up before the big brick schind its screen of maples Frances clasped Marian's hand.

"There's something I'm going to tell you Remember, it's the greatest secret, and only a very few people know it yet-Paul and I are

The chauffeur had turned on the lights in the tonneau and Marian could not avoid the eyes that looked into hers so confident of un-

derstanding and response. "Don't tell him I told you!" laughed the girl. But how can I help telling you when you have

"Wasn't the telegram satisfactory?" she demanded, with a note of alarm in her voice that caused him to laugh.

"Bless me, yes. But it was too good a job! You read your reply to me, but I was too fuddled to know what it was about, and it seems that, in addition to the points of that opinion and the authorities he asked for, you stuck in a new case he didn't know about and suggested that he look it up. It was perfectly bully, only it put me in a pickle. I hadn't meant to tell father about my wicked conduct, but when he tried to discuss that new case and your discreet hint that it might be of service I had to tell him I didn't write the telegram and knew nothing about that decision. And, naturally, he wanted to know who did the job for me-to there you are!"

"Well, it makes no difference as far as I'm concerned. It was a little impudent of me to put it in. It happened that I had read the report of the case in one of the law magasines that came that afternoon, and I tacked it on because it strongly supported his own position. "Well, pater blew the enemy out of the water with it?" Incidentally, he gave me a good raking. Which was proper! It was a low-down

trick for me to go on a spree when he was away from home. That day I had been out of with some of the boys I knew in France who were passing through town and stopped to see me. No excuse at all-I see that in your eyel That can go into the record as by agreement of

the parties-I admit everything!" He was talking to her as though she were harmonies still in her eyes. But she was quick- an old friend, making a confidante of ber, indeed; and this was not to be encouraged. But he had evidently counted so much on her interest and sympathy that she hadn't the heart to repel him. He was older than she-there was & difference of five or six years, she surmised, but somehow she felt vastly older. This in itself interested her passingly. She wondered whether she really seemed older than her years.

"I suppose a great many people have reminded you of your great opportunity to be somebody in particular," she said, soberly, "and it's not my business to go into that. I can understand how your father would feel if you threw your chance away."

"Yes," he said, frowning. "I went all over that with Frances last night. For her sake, I've simply got to make good!"

"Don't fool yourself with the idea that you can do it 'for her sake.' If your own sense of honor and self-respect doesn't prompt you to behave yourself, you'll never do it for any one

"Well, I know I can't fool with drink at all. The other night wasn't the first time, I won't deceive you about that. And that's what made father so hard on me."

"You've said that it would be the last time. and of course that's the main thing. It's not

only your father you've fot to consider." "No," he said gently. "But Frances believes in me, and that does help a lot. I'd be a secondrel to disappoint her."

"Seeing that clearly," said Marian, steadily, "It's your business to make good. You can't trifle with the heart of a girl like that. And the confidence of a father like yours and his hopes for you are another big obligation. I imagine it's a pretty bitter thing for a suc-cessful man to have a son who won't at least live straight and try to get somewhere." She spoke rapidly and crisply, bending

(Continued on Page Three)