

tended. One day will give time enough for the decorating."

Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent looked as she felt, that her husband's brothers' children were a sort of trial to her. Bella had made her own friends; most of the people she visited were strangers to Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent—she did not know even their names or where they lived. Bella seemed to occupy her time pleasantly to herself and, as she had always impressed Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent as too cold natured and self-contained and haughty to be drawn into entanglements of any sort, was punctilious always in her attentions to the Dunbarton-Kent family friends, Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent had no complaint to make—except the painful one that hers was a divided and unhappy household. With her husband's death all semblance of unity had disappeared. They were all waiting for a fat old woman to die, that they might claim their millions.

"Go this morning, by all means; I don't want to interfere with your pleasure," she said with dreary grimness. "All I ask is your help with the decorations. You must be friendly to Mrs. Brant-Olwin—that I demand."

"I shall be, of course, Aunt Bulah," Bella answered in her deep-voiced, clearly spoken way. She reminded Marie of a gracefully built man, both supple and strong. Marie was repelled by Bella's superb body; she made her feel little and frail.

Marie saw and understood Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent's grimly forlorn expression, and when Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent turned to her she smiled her affection. "Better to go for your walk now," Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent said. "Then get a nap before lunch."

Marie had guessed the reason for the dinner dance given for Mrs. Brant-Olwin. It was best for the family to make her their friend. In case of exposure she might be more lenient. Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent was acting wisely. "I was thinking, madame, that if you wished invitations to be written for your party, I might be able to help," Marie offered. "They took much trouble with my handwriting at the convent; perhaps it may please you."

Bella's sidelong glance held fully as much distaste for Marie's purple pansy, slender stemmed beauty as Marie felt for Bella's Junoesque proportions. Marie sensed the glance and smiled the more brightly at Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent. She was determined never to look at Bella if she could help it, for she might look all the antagonism she felt.

Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent smiled in return. "Did they, child? Well, I need a sunshiny secretary. We'll see about it. West is waiting, so run along now, and I'll be in my room along now, and I'll be in my room when you get back. Wrap up well, for it's windy."

Marie hurried upstairs and Bella departed in her leisurely way, knitting as usual. Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent and West were left alone. West had been dallying with his breakfast, looking at Marie mostly, studying her face, his own expressionless. Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent sighed. "She's doing her best, but the gloom of this house is affecting her—it would get on the nerves of a crocodile. Be careful what you say to her, West."

"I intended to be," West said gravely. "I thought it out last night; the thing for me to do is to clear out for a few days. I can't stay here and not show my feelings, and she's not ready to listen to me. Besides, Breck frightens her. He glares at me and it upsets her—he does it purposely to upset her. Bella will be away, I'll be gone, and you'll have a good excuse to breakfast in your room with Marie, and you can have someone in to lunch and dinner with you, so Breck can be served in his room. I won't worry so much about her if you'll promise to keep her out of his way. I'll go before noon; drive into town. I can have a talk with Haslett then, and call you up after you've seen Mrs. Brant-Olwin. You can tell me then what men I had better ask out. Of course, I'll come back for the party—earlier if there is anything you want me to do. What do you think of it?"

"It's the thing to do," Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent said decidedly. "Many more meals like this one, and I'll go wild. I can't talk to Breck; I dread even the sound of his voice. But I can keep Marie away from his neighborhood, and I'd get a little peace. I believe, too, West, that your going would help you with Marie."

"It cost her something to ask me to walk with her," West said heavily.

"Nonsense! You never paid serious court to a girl who's heart free, or you'd know that when she says a thing like that she means to listen to you. It's just like a man to get discouraged when things begin to look promising. Don't say much to her today and

EILEEN

(Continued From Page Two.)

leaped, rigid legged, with an air of glee.

He tried to say something; then stopped. He did not know what had come over him. He wanted to be light, to say something ironic, but the words did not form. So he looked at her as she stood, so still, stabbing the soggy earth with her parasol. She was drooping a little, and her lines were soft; she was like a cool primrose in the gentle breeze which blew through the bare birch trees. With a sort of sickness he remembered a similar day three years before.

then clear out—I hope you'll have the sense to stay away until the day of the party. And, West, urge Haslett to make every effort to find Mrs. Smith. See if you can't evolve some plan."

"I believe Mrs. Smith will allow herself to be found as soon as they think fit, Aunt Bulah. The thing for us to do is to be ready with our offer. Don't worry—since you told me of Haslett's offer to Breck and the way he took it, I've glimpsed daylight."

"I wish I glimpsed it!" she said deeply.

West lifted a warning hand. "Hush!" he said. "I think I hear Marie coming."

When Marie started downstairs to meet West she encountered Bella. She appeared to have stopped on the stairs to correct a dropped stitch in her knitting, and she was so intent upon it that Marie hoped to pass her without speaking. But Bella blocked her way. She stood on the lower step so they were face to face, and she looked Marie directly in the eye.

"Don't you think you're playing a dangerous game a little too long?" she asked coolly. "I'd persuade Breck to turn over the jewels if I were you—he may hold them a little too long. Get him to take the sum Aunt Bulah will give for them, then clear out—you and Breck."

To Marie it was like a fist thrust into her face. There was the moment of dazed bewilderment, an amazement so complete that she swayed. Then she passes from red to a white heat. It was the involuntary gathering of a medley of impressions and an instant welding of them into a weapon with which to strike. It was aimed with vivid

"Eileen," he murmured. "I've been a fool. But that's all over." She stared at him, not understanding. "I don't know what you're doing here. I suppose you wanted to see the old place again. So do I. I'm staying with some people five miles off. Madeline's there, too, but I'm not going back. Never."

Eileen looked up and there was perplexity at first in the brown eyes with a red light. Only after a few seconds did she realize here was a sort of confession, a sort of regret, a promise of amendment, and perhaps even a hope. The man, restless as men are, could not al-

low her to come to the end of her thought. Suddenly he seized her hand and, with a new energy, with an appeal that never before had laid upon his sardonic lips, said:

"Let's go away from here together, and try again."

She did not reply, looking down seriously at her shoes. "Won't you?" he asked.

Then, with a little smile, as if quickened into resolution, as she at last discovered that she was more than a decoration, she pressed his hand and replied: "I don't mind."

(Copyright, 1922.)

contempt and a passionate championship of Breck.

"Indeed, mademoiselle! With black upon your lashes and paint upon your cheeks and a beautiful wig upon your head, you would make an excellent Mrs. Smith. You have her body and her cruel strong fingers—I have reason to remember them. You visit in Philadelphia and elsewhere, but where you are at those times is close to your lover. He is in need of money; perhaps to him you are furnishing it. And, mademoiselle, to one who has once done wrong suspicion is easily directed—in my heart I have sympathy for such a man, so never dare speak ill of him to me—you who sneak to the house of your lover and betray the confidences of the family to which you belong! Move out of my way that I may go down!"

Bella's knitting hung lax in her hand; Marie saw her grow white and her eyes grow blank. "I'm no more Mrs. Smith than you are," she said through stiff lips. "What are you talking about?"

They looked for a full minute into each other's eyes, Marie at white heat, Bella blanched and blue lipped but steady eyed now. "What you think you know doesn't trouble me," she retorted cuttingly. "You can't prove it. And you don't dare to talk, for you're sailing under false colors. I repeat my advice. Persuade Breck to take what Aunt Bulah is offering for the jewels, then fade away, you and he. I think Mrs. Smith will fade then, too. It's just a bit of advice—take it or leave it."

There are those who cannot control anger. They lose all capacity to think. Marie's was not a blind rage; she was thinking now, in-

tently, but her thoughts brought her to a locked door only, because her reason would not justify the involuntary accusation she had made. She had seized upon a set of impressions, and had flung them at her antagonist, regardless of whether or not she believed what she was saying. She had wanted simply to strike a telling blow at the hatred which looked at her out of Bella's eyes. And her championship of Breck had been utterly involuntary. It had lifted in her as naturally as one springs to the rescue of a hurt child. Now that she was thinking as well as feeling, she was astonished at what she said; it had been a sudden flight of imagination. Bella was not Mrs. Smith—that was impossible. And, in spite of her pity for Breck, which was constantly reviving and setting her reason at naught, her reason told her that he was guilty.

Marie writhed under the feeling that Bella had the better of her. It was true that she dared not talk; aside from her solemn promise to Colfax was the painful fact that she was concealing things from Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent. Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent would not keep her in the house for a moment if she knew about her championship of Breck. Without pausing to consider, she had given Bella that advantage over her.

With the vivid determination to hurt Bella in any way possible, Marie caught up another weapon. "It is unfortunate, mademoiselle, that your jealousy should lead you into such groundless suspicions," Marie said loftily. "I understand perfectly both your insulting suggestions and your eagerness to have me fade away. But Monsieur Colfax thinks quite differently of

me. He has, I think, entirely forgiven me for striking at him that first day because he wished to kiss me. It is a mistake to be angry at anything you say—a jealous woman is laughable," and Marie laughed softly, with a good assumption of amusement.

Her shaft went straight through Bella's scornful manner. "You keep away from Allen or I'll kill you!" she said furiously. "You contemptible little schemer!" She had flamed into scarlet, face and eyes ablaze, and for the short moment while she stood quivering and hands clenched Marie felt the burning sensation in her throat that recalled her struggle for breath when Mrs. Smith had throttled her. There was the wish to do her bodily harm in Bella's eyes, and yet in utter recklessness Marie taunted her again:

"You seem not to have much confidence in you lover, mademoiselle."

Bella lifted her hands. Marie expected to feel them at her throat and braced herself to fight tooth and nail; they eyed each other, both quivering and glaring. Then suddenly Bella turned and swept down the stairs. Marie was certain that she was going to denounce her to Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent and West and started to follow her, ready to carry the fight into their presence, ready for anything, utterly reckless.

But Bella did not go into the dining room. She went on swiftly through the hall and out to the porte-cochere. She closed the door behind her; Marie could not see what became of her. Then suddenly Marie felt weak and dizzy, as if she had run a long way. She sat still then and tried to think. It was strange, like something revealed in a dream—the accusation she had flung at Bella. Was it possible, could it be possible, that Bella was Mrs. Smith? Would it be possible for Bella to play such a part and her family not discover it? She and Colfax plotting for money. But he had seemed to speak so earnestly and honestly, a reckless man, but not a scoundrel. Yet, how was it possible to tell? He might have had a purpose. Why would it not be possible for Bella to disguise herself so she could be near her lover, even to build that pretty house on Colfax land, in which they could meet during her absence from Kent House? They would want the blame of the theft to fall upon some one else than themselves, and the person least able to refute it would be Breck: "Once a thief, always a thief." But perhaps much of what Colfax had told her about Breck was not true, all that past history. Perhaps there had been no wrong reason for Breck's going to Mrs. Smith's house that night.

Marie grew vividly alive. If only it were so! If she had without intention hit upon the truth! If only Breck were innocent, merely the victim of others' plotting! It was utterly unaccountable. Why had Bella told her Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent was offering money for the jewels—there were so many things that she could not explain at all. But if she could really believe that Breck was innocent she would be happy. Marie clasped her hands. If she could help to prove him innocent! Mon Dieu!

Then she returned to earth again. All she could do was to watch and wait, take note of every circumstance, and try to find out the truth without anyone's suspecting. Bella would tell no one but Colfax of their quarrel; whether she was Mrs. Smith or not she had every reason for keeping quiet. It was a great mistake to have put Bella on her guard, but that could not be helped now. She must take time to consider what was best to do. But West and Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent must be wondering what was keeping her.

Marie was decidedly an amateur detective, for it did not occur to her to glance along the upper hall and observe that a door stood ajar. She rose and hurried down to the dining room, her cheeks so flushed and her eyes so bright that both Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent and West exclaimed, "What has come over you child?" Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent asked, and West said, "What sort of an elixir have you been taking, little Marie?"

"I ran down the stairs," Marie said. "I felt that I had kept you waiting."

"And you are ready now?" West was studying her intently. "Quite ready, monsieur," Marie answered more quietly. But there was no hiding the color in her cheeks and the brightness in her eyes—she was a different being.

Mrs. Dunbarton-Kent looked at her with both pleasure and curiosity. Girls were queer things. It would seem that reluctance and doubt had fled. It boded well for West. "Be off with you," she said. "Come to my room when you get back."

(Copyright, 1922.)

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

Like Cinderella, Mail Carrier's Son Wins Wealth in Love; to Wed Heiress

New York, June 24.—

A reversed version of the Cinderella theme, in which a struggling youth wins one of the princesses of the American kingdom of wealth, was a topic of conversation on two continents yesterday following announcement of the engagement of Harold Glendenning, son of a Norwalk, Conn., letter carrier, to Alicia du Pont, daughter of Alfred I. du Pont, millionaire munitions manufacturer.

And, as befits a sure-enough fairy legend or a Horatio Alger plot, the earnest, ambitious character of the youth has won over all obstacles.

A report from London states that both families have sanctioned the engagement. The wedding is to take place June 28, in St. Pauls church, London.

It was the untiring ambition of a young student who, forced to work his way through college, won high honors from two great universities, that resulted in the engagement of 25-year-old Glendenning to the beautiful heiress to Du Pont millions.

After five years of grueling work as a student of chemistry, and 18 months of war work, Glendenning obtained his heart's desire—a Rhodes scholarship, which means three years of research work at Oxford.

On board the Aquitania in September, 1920, was the student. Another passenger was Alicia du Pont, who was going to Nice to study music under Jean de Reszke.

Harold's clothes may not have been as well fitting as those of other male passengers on the boat. He probably had neglected to provide himself with even a tuxedo for evening wear.

But what did Miss Alicia care about clothes? Moonlight nights on deck are conducive of romance. And there was something about Harold's serious, earnest, young countenance that made everything

else seem trivial and unimportant to the girl.

How they met on board is not known. A frisky breeze, aided and abetted by Cupid himself, may have whisked a magazine from her grasp as she lounged in a deck chair. And Harold may have returned it, thus becoming acquainted in the manner most approved by novelists. Or it may have been a conventional introduction. What



Harold Glendenning.

matter? They both were young. They both were voyaging from their native land into foreign climes. Youth and nativity and isolation are Cupid's most powerful allies.

Class distinction has no chance against such a combination.

The short trip on the fast liner was long enough to sow deeply the seeds of romance, and, even though they parted on reaching the other side, the youth and the

girl could not forget each other.

They corresponded, and, during vacation time, contrived to see each other. Young Glendenning's travels, an essential part of the education of a Rhodes scholar, took him to Nice as well as most of the other great cities of Europe.

Harold Glendenning is the son of Mrs. Percy H. Glendenning of 1 Cannon street, Norwalk, Conn. His father, a postal employe, died four years ago. Young Glendenning was born in Norwalk and went through high school there.

He was the "best student" of his graduating class. Envisioning further scholastic honors, the boy chose an engineering course in Dartmouth.

Again he was valedictorian of his class. Attention to studies was his first aim, but in spite of this he was on the school track squads. He made his expenses by tutoring other students.

After getting his degree as Bachelor of Science in 1918, Glendenning worked as a chemist in the Du Pont smokeless powder plant in Wilmington, Del. In those days he did not dream that there was an Alicia du Pont.

Then a year was spent in getting a master's degree in Columbia university. He became a member of Delta Phi and Phi Beta Kappa fraternities.

Announcement of the engagement, which comes as a surprise in the social world, was not unforeseen by close friends of both families. Mrs. Percy S. Glendenning, the youth's mother, said yesterday that she had known of it for some time, and, when asked what she thought about it, replied, "All I am looking for is my son's happiness."

Mrs. Glendenning will be unable to attend the wedding in London owing to illness. She stated yesterday that her son intended to live in London with his bride for at least a year, until he completed his research work.