Closer Tie Only Hope for Europe, Says Sullivan

Lack of Uniformity in Language, Customs and Governments Breeds Misunderstandings.

(Continued From Page One.)

O. K'd—"vised" is the official phrase—by the London consuls or embassies resident in London of all the countries through which he will pass.

Having finished this formidable business, he has merely made a beginning of his troubles. Let us tell the whole story in terms of analogy to an American trip of approximately equal length.

Suppose U. S. Is Europe.

Assume that America is Europe and imagine a man in St. Louis about to make a business trip to New York. The mere matter of getting ready to make the trip would include the following operations:

Go to passport office of the Missouri government and apply for passport; give details of personal history and personal appearance; go to photographer and have picture taken; return to photographer next day and get three pictures of yourself, take them to passport office and complete details of getting passport.

You have now finished with your own government, but that is only a beginning. You must now have your passport O. K.'d by the local consuls or embassies of all the countries through which you are going to pass.

For the purpose of the analogy between the trip from St. Louis to New York and a European trip of similar length, you must imagine that Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York are all separate countries, with wholly separate governments, and, as I shall presently point out, different languages, different forms of money, and each with a tariff frontier separating it from the others.

The intending traveler from St Louis to New York therefore would need to take his passport around to the local St. Louis consuls of Illinois, of Indiana, of Ohio, of Pennsylvania, of New Jersey and of New York. Each of these six consuls would affix some mystic words and a seal unintelligible to the traveler. Each of them, furthermore, would charge him a considerable fee. The aggregate cost of getting a passport and all the necessary vises would be considerably greater than the cost of the railroad tickets. At least, the cost would be greater in the case of a European traveler from London to Hungary, if it were the custom of European governments to charge each other as high fees as they charge Americans. I have understood that they do not all charge each other as much as they charge Americans.

Entrance Fee Charged.

It is a fact that the charge to an American for the vise of his passport is greater than the cost of his railroad tickets. In my case, as a traveler from America to Europe, I had to pay $10 to my own American government for the issue of the passport, $10 more to the British government for the right to enter Great Britain, $5 more to the French government for the right to enter France and $10.50 more to the German government for the right to enter Germany. I have not yet traveled further east or south in Europe and do not know the fees in the other countries, but I am told they run about the same. I am also told, moreover, that these high prices charged to Americans are greater than the prices charged to citizens of other countries and are based on the fact that America itself charges $10 for the vise of the passport of a European intending to visit America.

To return to our traveler from St. Louis to New York. He has now got his passport and the six necessary vises. The getting of his passport from his own government has consumed one day and the getting of the necessary six vises has consumed at least one, and perhaps two more days. In money his outlay for the passport and vises has been somewhere between $50 and $70—not far from twice the cost of his railroad ticket.

Being thus prepared, he enters his train. As soon as he crosses the Mississippi river into Illinois a customs official stops him and examines his luggage. If there is anything dutiable there are fees and other time-consuming details. Also, he is now in a country with a different language. Furthermore, it is a country with a different currency; if he has brought with him any of the currency of his own country he must exchange it into the currency of the new country, a process always attended with some expense, and in some cases in Europe attended with a quite a considerable diminution.

Five hours later on, when the traveler passes the state line into Indiana, he must go through the same process—customs inspection, exchange of money and a new language. Five hours more, and when he passes the next state boundary into Ohio he must go through it all over again. The same when he enters Pennsylvania, the same again when he enters New Jersey, and the same again when he enters New York.

America Has No Barriers

It is not necessary to expand on this fundamental difference between Europe and America, the immense political difficulties it gives rise to, the national jealousies in all cases and the acute national hates in some cases; differing points of view about religion, human relations and the relation of the state to the individual. Least of all is it necessary to expand on the difference in the convenience of doing business. I have always thought that the great advantage America had over Europe was in its natural wealth, the immense, or at least not worn out, stretches of virgin, or practically virgin, soil and virgin forest.

But I am no longer sure that this is the greatest of our advantages. I begin to wonder whether one might not safely say this: that the greatest single basis of America's material prosperity lies in the total absence of any customs frontier or any tariff between the Atlantic and the Pacific and between the Gulf of Mexico and the Great Lakes—a territory the size of Europe, but with no tariff barriers, as compared with Europe's 35 or 40.

Europe's Disintegration Grows.

Now, the conspicuous and undeniable fact about the present phase of Europe is that this condition tends to grow not less, but greater. The number of separate nations, of separate governments; the number of customs tariff walls, the number of separate currencies, the number of different kinds of stamps, even the number of different languages in Europe, is today very much larger than it was before the war. Correspondingly, the afflictions, political, social and commercial, which flow from these divisions have been greatly increased by the war.

That phrase of Woodrow Wilson's about the right of every people to practice self-determination and the national sentiments which either give rise to that phrase or else arose out of it have gone very far. Because of it there are new national flags in Europe which never existed before, and old national flags now fly which have been in abeyance for more than a hundred years, in the case of Poland; 300 years in the case of Bohemia, or 700 years, as in the case of Ireland. In traveling in Europe today there is a customs examination between Ireland and England which never was before. In what was the empire of Austria there are now three separate nations and portions of several more.

And the end is not yet. The momentum which Wilson and the events of the war gave to self-determination goes on. Racial self-consciousness has arisen on the part of minute little groups, expressing itself in new demands for the consideration of their hereditary costums and their ancient languages. In Belgium within the last month a ministry went out of power on a question between the French language and the ancient Flemish tongue. In Ireland Gaelic is now the official language. In the south of France the ancient and almost forgotten language of Provence, "langue d'oc," has within a few weeks been made compulsory on an equal basis with French in the local schools.

It is as if in America the old German element in Pennsylvania, which has been there for 200 years, should suddenly develop a racial self-consciousness and should demand that "Pennsylvania Dutch," as it is locally called, should be taught in the schools equally with English; or as if the old French element in Louisiana should demand the restoration of their ancient language and all the other attributes of self-determination; or as if the Spaniards in New Mexico should demand the same.

United States of Europe.

Sentimentally and emotionally, we like to see the revival of these old tongues and old flags. You feel that it makes for pride and other good qualities in the individual.

But from the mere material point of view of politics and commerce and—most important of all—from the standpoint of preventing future wars, there can't be much doubt that Europe would be better off if it had, as America has, a single language—a single language and al the forces of unity that attend the possession of a common tongue. Certainly Europe would be better off if it were a single economic unit, with no interior tariff walls. When Wilson used the phrase "self-determination" it did not stand alone. It was one of the 14 points, and another of the 14 was "economic barriers."

For the moment the centrifugal forces in Europe, the forces that make for disintegration, are clearly in the ascendant. Europe since the war has close to the same number of separate nations that America has separate states. It is as if each state in America were wholly independent, with no allegiance whatever to any central government, each with a separate language, a separate currency, a separate tariff.

And yet, while the tendency in Europe since the war has been clearly centrifugal, you see occasional examples of the contrary force. The other day a loan made to Austria was guaranteed by Britain, France, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, Belgium, Sweden, Denmark and Holland. That was an important co-operation. It was done under the auspices of the league of nations.

The best minds of Europe believe that Europe's hope lies in greater and greater co-operation, in federation. They begin to speak of a United States of Europe, analogous to our own federal government. They say that the league of nations must be kept as a world-wide institution, but that within Europe there must be something stronger. The league of nations, while too strong as an institution designed to take in all the continents, is not strong enough for the needs of Europe as a unit.

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Japanese Will Discuss World Wireless Services

Tokio, July 7.—World wireless services, and particularly the development and fight on American rights in the Chinese wireless field, will be discussed by a conference of prominent Japanese in Tokio this month. Premier Kato will head the conference, which will be attended by Viscount Shibusawa, Baron Togo and others who have long been interested in all matters affecting communications with other nations. The international aspect of the Japanese government's wireless policy will be given especial attention, and careful reports will be made of all negotiations affecting the fight of Japan to oust the American Federal Wireless company from the Chinese field.

Fish Have Real Feast Day When Ants Invade Town

Merrill, Wis., July 7.—Fish in the lakes and streams near this city recently enjoyed a day of real feasting when Merrill was "invaded" by an army of giant ants. After residents of the city, aided by hundreds of chickens, ducks and geese, all of the latter enjoying greatly the "invasion," had for two days battled the unwelcome visitors, millions remained.

The ants were of the flying variety and were of a brownish hue. They were about three-quarters of an inch in length. Close observers said they arrived in the city with a train load of pulp wood received from Canada.

"Love Letter" Mail Carrier for 34 Years Will Retire

Oberlin, O., July 7.—After serving continuously for 34 years on the same route, L. P. Chapman, Oberlin's first mail carrier, will retire July 1. Chapman's route took him to most of the cottages housing co-eds at Oberlin college. He delivered most of the love letters and checks from parents received by students.

Married Life of Helen and Warren

Warren Proves a Disgruntled Guide to the "Arty" Lures of Greenwich Village.

"The Zippy Zebra" was the faded black and orange lettering over the cavernous basement. But the door was barred and the dusty window dark and curtainless.

"That animal's defunct," shrugged Warren. "Now where?"

"There's a lot more," Helen consulted her clipping, "Where to Dine in Greenwich Village." "Here's the 'Jazzy Jug—Full of Pep, Patrons and Pippins. An Intriguing Hostess'. That sounds interesting."

"Hope it's not far," complained Mrs. Stanley. "I can't walk much further."

"Just the next street. Doesn't give the number—but it can't be far."

"Hot night for slumming," Mr. Stanley mopped his heated face.

"I thought you wanted to see the village," resented Helen.

"Oh, we do! I'm sure it's most interesting. John's always cross when he's tired," apologized Mrs. Stanley. "And he didn't have his tea today."

"Tea?" scoffed Warren.

"You New Yorkers are too busy for afternoon tea," laughed Mrs. Stanley. "The way you rush over here! It's amazing—your bustling energy."

Having given the whole afternoon to steering their English friends through the sights of New York, Helen resented their covert criticism.

"Well, cheer up, here we are," Warren swung his cane at the "Jazzy Jug" sign just ahead. "Doesn't look much like the Cafe Royale or Piccadilly Grill."

As they drew nearer, Helen's heart sank. The greasy basement of the tumbled house was not alluring. Only a dim light shone from the low doorway.

"We can't eat in this joint, blurted Warren. "Be afraid of the food."

"Why, dear, they play up this old careless atmosphere—that's part of it. Oh, look, it says 'Dinner in the Garden'—that sounds nice and cool."

"What d'you think, Stanley?" queried Warren. "Want to chance it?"

"We'll have to! My feet hurt so," wailed Mrs. Stanley. "I just can't go any further."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," sympathized Helen. "Why didn't you tell us?"

"I'll be all right if I can just sit down," limping through the doorway.

The low, sawdusted room with its red tables and yellow chairs was empty. But following the sound of voices, they came to a small cluttered kitchen.

"How do we get out to that garden?" demanded Warren.

"Right through here," gruffed the gaunt, shirt-sleeved, collarless cook.

Helen, looking straight ahead, tried not to see the soiled dishes and dubious dish towels.

"Why 'garden'?" muttered Warren as they came out into a small undisguised backyard crowded with rough, weather-worn tables and benches.

From a vociferous group in the corner rose the hostess—dark, foreign, a red bandeau around her black oily hair, a purple gown, and barbaric earrings.

"How many? Four?" her voice startingly deep and raucous. "This table?"

"Perhaps we'd better have just a drink," whispered Helen, her courage weakening.

"Best food in the village," vaunted the woman, sensing their reluctance.

"A la carte?" demanded Warren.

"No, just the one dinner—antepasto, soup, and veal with rice."

"Rum dinner for a hot night," was Warren's ungracious comment.

"Oh, let's eat!" Mr. Stanley, not having had his tea, was disgruntled.

"Its quite a famous place," encouraged Helen, as the woman, taking their order for granted, retreated. "Some interesting people may drop in later."

"What are those supposed to be? Trees?" Mrs. Stanley was viewing the weird monstrosities with which some village artist had decorated the fence.

"More like tipsy toad-stools," grunted Warren. "Hello, lamp that icebox!"

The icebox, crowded out of the tiny kitchen into the yard, required the frequent informal appearance of the red-faced brigand cook.

"Those geraniums in those salt boxes! What a curious idea!"

Half a dozen kitchen salt boxes, lettered "Salt," hung from nails along the fence, each holding a discouraged geranium plant.

"A breeze!" Mrs. Stanley ceased fanning with her "Seeing New York" guide.

"It's really much cooler out here than any indoor place," Helen, who felt unhappily responsible, grasped at every alleviating note.

"Don't lean against that fence, John!" Look at your coat."

"No back to these bally benches."

"You'd have enjoyed an uptown restaurant more," regretted Helen.

"Not at all," protested Stanley, politely. "So this is New York's Latin Quarter? It's most unique," gazing around the unsightly backyard.

An old ladder, a flapping clothesline, a rusty wash-boiler contributed to the "undefiled atmosphere." Any pretense at decoration had been scorned. Even candlesticks were tabooed. The candles stuck in old bottles spluttered weirdly.

Through the dejected withered vines that failed to screen the open window, they caught intimate glimpses of the kitchen.

"I'd give five shillings for a pint of stout," offered Mr. Stanley.

"Guess you'd give more than that," grinned Warren.

Their spirits were slightly lifted by a generous plate of sardines, pimentoes, radishes, olives, salami and sliced tomatoes.

The thickish soup served in crude earthenware bowls was surprisingly good.

Their strenuous sight-seeing afternoon had left them undiscriminatingly hungry. Even Helen, always finicky, dispatched her soup with relish.

A chorus of greetings from the group in the corner as another couple entered—a girl in a dizzy batik blouse with a neurotic cadaverous youth.

"How's old Bob? How's he feeling tonight?"

"Putrid," accepting a cigaret.

"How's the play? Got that third act yet?"

"No. I'm stuck. Atrophy of the cerebral sphere."

"Hullo, Bob," the "intriguing hostess" joined them. "Seen anything of Billy Mason? Was he drunk? Well, he is now—celebrating that nude he sold. Got a bun on over at Daffy Dave's—spouted Virgil with a table cloth draped around him. A scream!"

"That girl hasn't any stockings!" whispered Helen. "That design's stenciled on her ankles. I read about it, but I didn't think they really did it."

"What's that?" Mr. Stanley shed his bored apartness.

"Now never mind, John, you finish your soup."

The place was filling up. The girls with half-portioned hair. Tut earrings, vermillion lips and sandals. Everyone knew everyone—an intimate coterie. Most of them having dined, had dropped in to the "Jazzy Jug" for coffee.

In the general buzz Helen caught disconnected phrases.

"Ultra modernist aesthetes . . . bourgeois socialists . . . dilettantish psychoanalysis . . . erotic complex . . . . Freud . . . soul sprit . . . shackle-breaking intelligentsia . . . Sanctum of self-expression . . . kinetic vibrations."

Suddenly a long-shanked vagabond, with a saturnine expression, stood up on his bench and recited. Sonorous, meaningless lines—impassioned vaporings on "A Soul Untrammeled."

After the applauding howls he stepped down and passed his shabby hat.

"Guess that's worth a quarter." Warren thrust his hand into his pocket.

"Kitty, kitty, kitty," Helen flirted with a big gray cat promenading the fence. "Oh, you'd be lovely if you weren't so dirty," when it finally came down to the lure of the veal she could not eat.

"Tough as rubber," Warren was struggling was his portion. "Guess their 'pep patrons' get their chow elsewhere."

The dessert, a mixture of gritty stewed figs, prunes and apricots, was still hot, apparently an emergency dish.

But the thick, rich Turkish coffee was delicious.

"My word, that's topping coffee!" Mr. Stanley's first commendation.

"We should've dined at a regular place and come here just for coffee."

"Why, dear, it wasn't so bad," demurred Helen, still in her protitiatory role. "And it's quite cool out here. We might've done much worse."

"Well, let's move on. Who d'you pay? That pirate in the kitchen?"

"Why, no, I imagine you pay her. There's no menu—I suppose she'll charge whatever she chooses," anxioused Helen.

"Going so early?" the hostess left her table. "Things haven't started yet. Billy Bobson's coming over with his ukulele and Podgy Peter'll be 'round."

But not lured by these attractions, Warren drew out his wallet.

The bill paid, Helen still in apprehensive ignorance of the amount, they made their way back through the stifling cookery, and out to the street.

"It was rather interesting, don't you think?" Helen broke the awkward silence.

"Oh, very," politely assented Mrs. Stanley. "And most unusual!"

"What next? Guess we're all fed up with this flap-doodle," glummed Warren. "Let's get back to civilization. We'll take a taxi."

"The top of a bus is much cooler," suggested Helen, economically. "And you can see so much more. We can get one at Washington Square."

But the warm night had crowded the buses, and there was a constrained, disconcerting 10 minutes' wait before they managed to scramble on.

"Only two on top," shouted the conductor.

"You take those," urged Helen. "We'll go inside."

As the Stanleys climbed up top, Helen, glad of a few moments' relief from the strain of entertaining them, followed Warren inside.

"Oh, I'm almost dead!" dropping wearily into a seat. "We've given them the whole day—and they're so unappreciative! I think he was horrid at dinner!"

"You dragged 'em down here! They didn't want to slum around. Don't expect people from the smartest part of Mayfair to gush over the 'Jazzy Jug,' do you?"

"Why she kept saying they must see Greenwich Village—she'd read so much about it. And she wants to see Chinatown, too—you heard her say that! Dear, do we have to take them there?"

"You bet we don't!" grimly. "If they can't bum around on their own—let 'em hire a guide. Next time anybody comes to New York—they'll stand a fat chance of us trotting 'em around. I'm fed up with sightseeing!" with an irate jab of his cane. "This dose of rubbernecking will last me for some time!"

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Next Week—A String of Amber Beads.

Soviet Regime in Siberia Selling Bonds by Lottery

Vladivostok, July 7.—The commissar of the people's finances has permitted theissue of 20,000,000 robles in new bank notes. The face value of the bank notes will be 1,000, 2,500, and 5,000 robles. These notes will be guaranteed by the gold reserve of the district, and it is hoped that in this way the circulation of the Japanese yen will be curtailed.

The government is trying to raise a new internal loan in gold robles, but so far it has not met with much success. The loan is in the form of a lottery, and prizes will be drawn each year. The prizes will be given from the accumulated interest of the bonds, which bear 6 per cent. In order to sell these bonds the government is offering them on the installment plan.

EAT IN COMFORT
At the Henshaw Cafeteria
It Is the Coolest Cafeteria in Omaha

BEATTY'S
Henshaw Cafeteria
Hotel Henshaw

Rough-Hewn

By Dorothy Canfield

(Continued From Yesterday.)

SYNOPSIS.

Neale Crittenden, 15 years old, is a typical red-blooded American boy living with his parents in Union Hill, a small village near New York City. He has completed three years in preparatory school. Vacation time arrives and, with his mother gone to visit relatives, he and his father debate as to how Neale shall spend his vacation. In France Marise Allen, 11 years old, is living with her American parents in the home of Anna Eleonegary, a French woman. Marise's father is foreign agent for an American business firm. Old Jeanne Amigorena, French peasant woman, is employed by the Allens as a servant. Marise is deeply interested in the study of French and music. During vacation Neale becomes an omnivorous reader and spends much time in his father's library. Vacation over, Neale returns to Hadley preparatory school and finishes his last year. Early the following autumn he passes the entrance examinations to Columbia university. Pending the opening of school he works at his grandfather's sawmill. In France Marise enters a musical contest. In the audience are Madame Garnier, a French lady acquaintance of Marise's mother and her son, Jean-Pierre, who has just returned from two years' study in America. Jean-Pierre is much interested in Marise, whom he had known before going to America.

Something seemed to break and clear away in Jean-Pierre's head, like fumes drifting away from a shattered retort. So this was a school-girl, this solid, unformed lump of human flesh, neither child nor woman, who had lost a child's poetry and had not yet come to woman's seductiveness. He looked coolly at the girl (his mother whispered her name, the younger sister of a lycee friend of his), dissecting her with her eyes, immeasurably relieved. Was it for an amorphous creature like this, too old to kiss on the cheek, too young to kiss on the mouth, that he had suffered? Why, it was nothing; a mere morbid whim of his ignorant boyhood. How right Maman had been in making Papa send him away from it! He had grown to be a man without realizing it, a man of the world, in no danger of losing his head over chits.

The Prelude was finished. The player got to her feet, and bowed self-consciously to the muted thuddings of gloved palms on gloved palms which greated the cessation of her activities. She got herself off the stage, walking heavily in her too-tight slippers. Jean-Pierre, who sat at one side could see a little behind the scenes and observed that as soon as she thought she was out of sight of the audience, she gave way to childish relief that the ordeal was over, and skipped forward, running. He suppressed a supercilious smile of asthetic scorn. Her body, as large and heavy as a woman's, no longer expressed the impulses of the child she still was. She skipped clumsily, with an inelastic energy of gesture like a cow capering in a spring-time pasture. Jean-Pierre felt the keenest pleasure in his ruthless perception of her lack of grace. This was emancipation!

"She plays very nicely," murmured his mother, on the general chance that some member of her family might be sitting within earshot.

"Yes, very agreeably," he concurred.

Neither of them had heard a note of the music.

They continued to sit in decorous silence, looking with vacant faces straight before them, till the next performer appeared. This was Elise Fortier, whom they were both prepared to detest because of her father and mother and brother. They did detest her, everything about her from her thin, dry hair, frizzed out to imitate abundance, to her shifty eyes exactly like her mother's, from her stooping shoulders, to her long bony hands, which clattered out loudly the Schubert Marche Militaire. When she had finished, "Really quite a talent," observed Mme Garnier taking pains to be audible; and, "Remarkable for her age," agreed Jean-Pierre.

He saw that another player was coming forward, a slim tall girl with thick shinning dark hair held back by a white ribbon like the others. She stood for an instant to bow to the audience before sitting down at the piano, and he could look up full into her unconscious face, gazing out over his head impersonally with shy, liquid, dark eyes. She was breathing a little rapidly, her young breast rising and falling under the filmy white of her dress. A timid propitiatory smile curved her sensitive mouth and arched her long, finely-drawn eyebrows.

Not a muscle of Jean-Pierre's face changed; every line of his careless, confident attitude froze taut as it was. And underneath this motionless exterior, he felt his heart hotly, joyfully weeping in a passion of thanksgiving, like a frieghtened lost child who has come into the right way. He lost all sense of connection with his body and yearning, worshiping, clamoring, imperiously calling, humbly beseeching, he gazed out from the bars of his immobile, well-dressed external self at the girl sitting before the piano. Two years, two long years of exile, how could life ever make up to him for those two lost years? How he had starved! His famished eyes fed ravenously on what they saw, the supple, elastic slimness of the young body, the fine, thin ankle and shapely foot, the creamy forearm, the agile, strong, white fingers, so bravely flinging out harmonies beyond the comprehension of the smooth broad brow, inviolate, intact, innocent, ignorant, which bent its full child's curve over the keys.

Jean-Pierre looked and looked, prostrating himself in awe before the revelation of divine, stainless youth. Never till that moment, he told himself, had he understood the meaning of the holy word, virgin.

And he had thought, those two long years, that he had always held her before his eyes! He had remembered nothing, nothing of what she was. Yet, how could he have divined what she was becoming—that mouth, her pure girl's mouth, cleanly drawn in scarlet against the flowerlike flesh perfumed with youth. Would he—would he would he know the first cool touch of those young lips. . .he found that he could see her no more, for a mist before his eyes, and yet he continued to strain his eyes through the mist towards where she sat.

Some one touched him on the arm. It was Maman—Maman who looked at him in tender sympathy. As their glance met, she smiled at him, and nodded her head once, reassuringly. She looked as she had when he was a little boy, and she had yielded at last to some desperately held whim of his. Dearest Maman! It was a promise she gave him silently, a promise to help him towards his happiness. She too had succumbed to Marise. Who would not? He pressed her hand gently, and smiled in return. A calm peace came upon him.

Madame Garnier knew very well beforehand when the little American girl was to come on the program, and after that illbred, over-dressed Yvonne Bredier had wriggled and grinned her way off the stage, she felt an anxious, nervous expectation. Jean-Pierre had no idea what was coming. She could feel that. Although she dared not change her position to look at him, she was acutely aware of the relaxed careless pose of his body, and of the nonchalant turn on the stage.

And then she felt with that sixth sense of her passion for Jean-Pierre that he had been struck, had been pierced, as though a knife had thrust him through and through. Although he had not moved—because he had not moved, had not changed a line of his careless attitude, she divined that he had been stricken into immobility. What was it? Was it the shock of disillusion, of disappointment at prosaic reality for a long, romantic dream? Or did he still find in the girl whatever strange sorcery had so bewitched his boyish fancy?

She herself sat as stiffly motionless as he, suffering so exquisite a torture of suspense that she dared not bring herself to end it by a look at his face.

Some one back of her coughed, and the sound broke the spell. She drew a long breath and resolutely turned her head towards her son.

"Oh, my Jean-Pierre, oh, my little boy! is it so you feel? Oh, my darling, do you want her, do you want anything in the world like that? My little boy, a man! To think that it is my little boy, thus burning with a man's desire! Oh, yes, Jean-Pierre, you shall have her . . . what is your mother for but to help you have what you want? Oh, poor boy, poor boy, to look at any woman so . . . Oh, Jean-Pierre, if you knew women, how they only live to fool men . . . no woman on earth is worth. . ."

She saw now that his flaming young eyes were veiled with tears. She touched his arm, she smiled at him, closer to him than since his early childhood. And he took her hand, he smiled back, he looked at her as he had not once since his infatuation began—like her son, her only son once more letting her into his heart. She held tightly to his hand; now happy and at peace.

Thus together, hand in hand, they were looking up at the stage when the girl struck the final chord, and rising, turned once more towards the front to make her bow in acknowledgment of the applause. The excitement, the effort, had brought a shell-like color into her subtly modeled cheeks. Once more she looked out into the audience impersonally and then, as she turned to go, unconsciously drawn by the intense gaze of the couple in the second row, her dark eyes dropped to them for an instant's glance of friendly recognition. Madame Garnier felt her son draw a sudden, gasping breath through half-open lips and tighten his hold on her hand.

During the rest of the program her thoughts and plans rose in a busy circling swarm. After all, there were advantages. It might be much worse! Impressionable, sensitive, inexperienced as Jean-Pierre was, it might very well have been some mature married woman in search of a new sensation who had thus caught his first young passion. Or even not his passion at all. Even if he himself had felt nothing, any woman could have victimized him by working on that foolish sensibility of his. If she could make him think—and his mother always had a scared sense of how easy that would be—that she was in love with him, he would never know how to retreat, as more brutal men knew so well how to do. She had always been afraid of some such entanglement as that, in which Jean-Pierre's weakness (in her heart she called it plainly that, and not chivalry or sensibility) would make him a helpless victim of a woman either an old fool herself or a calculating sensualist. Heavens! How many dangers there were in the world for one's son! And sons could not be guarded like daughters, by keeping them under your thumb. There were also, for such a romantic, unworldly boy as Jean-Pierre, all the variations on the Camille theme. How easily some shrewd woman of the demimonde could have pulled the wool over his eyes! Madame Garnier had no doubts that Jean-Pierre knew such women. Her son was a man like all other men, for all his poetic, highstrung ideas, and had certainly had his part of an ordinary man's life, especially those last two years away from home, irresponsible and alone. Oh, yes, the more she thought shudderingly of the dangers he had escaped, the more harmless appeared this fancy for a school girl. And if his fancy was to light on a young girl, in some ways it was more convenient to have her a foreigner with no family, so to speak, rather than a girl of Bayonne society, whose family would expect to have much to say about all the arrangements of Jean-Pierre's life.

When the concert was over, she said to Jean-Pierre, "If you like, we will wait till the girls come out, and walk home with Danielle and her classmates." As she spoke she nodded to old Jeanne Amigorena, the cook in the American family, who stood there, also waiting, her young mistress' cloak and hat on her arm. It occurred to her that one of the first things to do would be to eliminate that servant. She probably knew altogether too much about Marise's family. It would not be prudent to have her around a young menage; and anyhow, old servants were an intolerable nuisance with their airs of belonging to the family.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Marise had noticed as she left the stage, that Madame Garnier was there with her son, oh, yes, Danielle had said her brother was back from America. Now he'd be tagging around everywhere, tied to his mother's apron- strings, as papa said all young Frenchmen were. Yes, they were holding hands this minute. How papa would laugh to see that, as much as he did when Frenchmen with beards kissed each other. And now he'd be everlastingly coming in, with his tiresome mother on Maman's days at home, to fidget and stammer and drop his teaspoon. Oh, well, she thought with a superior condescension, he had been hardly more than a boy, just out of the lycee, only 21. He might be better now. Perhaps he had got rid of a little of his shyness in New York; although 23, for a man, was of course no age at all.

The fashion at school just then, was to look down on boys and young men as green and inspid. The ideal of all the girls was an old man of 40, with white hair, and black eye-brows, a little pointed gray beard, and such sad, say eyes! Every girl was waiting for such a chance to devote herself to healing the wounds made by other women, faithless, heartless creatures who had ravaged his youth and destroyed his faith. To prove to him what a woman's fidelity and love could be, and then die in his remorseful arms, of slow consumption brought on by his neglect . . . ! Or, as the pious ones had it, to bring him back to the church, and have him become a monk after your death. Or, perhaps, as some of the more dramatic ones imagined the matter, to find a plot against his life, and to sacrifice yourself to defeat it, throwing back at the last moment the hood of your long dark cloak, and showing a beautiful white satin gown, stained with your heart's blood, as you gasped out, "For you, for you, adored Rene."

The books from which the girls got these ideas, and many others not so harmless, were kept in a hole hidden behind a big loose stone in the end wall of the school garden.

(Confinued Monday in The Morning Bee.)

Man Lying in Minnow Pond Warbles Appropriate Song

East St. Louis, Ill., July 7.—At 3 in the morning police officers heard someone disturbing the peace of the neighborhood with a vocal solo, "Asleep in the Deep."

The disturber was found lying in the waters of a minnow pond, where he was getting inspiration for his words. He had further inspiration from an illicit beverage, police who dragged him from the pond said.

Italy Plans to Honor Mothers of War Heroes

Florence, Italy, July 7.—A project to erect a monument here to commemorate the mothers of world war heroes is gaining momentum. Signor Mussolini's co-operation has been solicited in a nation-wide drive for the necessary funds.

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