

# Rough-Hewn

By Dorothy Canfield

(Continued from Yesterday.)

**SYNOPSIS.** Neale Critchfield, a typical, red-blooded American youth, lives with his parents in a small town near New York City. While attending preparatory school, and while playing tennis, football, and basketball, he is also studying hard and makes progress in his studies. In France, he meets a girl, a young girl, who is the daughter of a French nobleman. Neale, who is a Frenchman's son, is attracted to her. He is much interested in Jeanne, a French girl who has just returned from two years' study in America.

Jeanne came to the door. "Madame is served," she said in a correct tone, standing aside as they came out. She did not look at Marise at all. Marise knew perfectly well that she, too, was wondering about the evening dress and the flower. Marise began to try to invent some plausible explanation for it which she could drop in talk tomorrow as they walked to school.

Marise had lessons to get that evening, lots of them, and hard ones, as usual. After dinner, she went back to her room, opened her history and began. It was very still in the apartment. No sound at all from Maman's room. Of course, Jeanne and Isabelle were both across the landing in the other kitchen, doing work as they always were unless Maman expected callers.

Marise leaned over her table and concentrated with all her might on the role played by Colbert in the economic organization of the 17th century. She was trying to memorize the outline of his introduction of sounder account-keeping in government administration, when all at once there in her mind, instead of Louis XIV and his court, was the picture of Maman standing beside the window looking out. If Marise were now to step quickly into the salon, would she again find Maman?

Marise tossed her head angrily at the possibility of her doing such a sneaky thing as to go to see, and like some nasty idea of Jeanne's that was! She drew her history closer to her, changed her position and went on studying. "Colbert a souvenit repete que c'est par le commerce qu'il paye l'enrichissement."

Although she had not meant to, she started up and went to the window, opening the heavy curtains a tiny crack to look out.

Yes, he was still there, two hours after they had left him. He had not even gone home for dinner. But old Madeleine, the flower seller, must have passed by on her way home, after shutting up her flower stand, for now he had a white rose bud in his hands, looking down at it fondly, turning it about between his fingers, once in a while touching a petal delicately, or holding it up to draw in its fragrance.

Marise pulled the curtain shut, and hurried back to the improvement of the French army from 1680 on. She felt very miserable, as though she'd eaten something she ought not to have. Was it a headache? She had heard ladies talk so much about headaches, and had never had one. Yes, it must be a headache. That was it, her first headache. By thinking about it she felt it very distinctly now in the back of her head—like a great weight there drawing her head back. She tried to think of Colbert; she looked hard at the familiar picture of Colbert rubbing his hands in glee over all the work piled up on his desk, but what she saw was Maman standing at one side of the window looking out. Was that Maman she heard moving about in the salon?

What time was it? Wasn't it time for her to go to bed? The soapy dark green clock on her mantel piece showed only half-past 8. Too early. She started at a sudden sound, her hand beginning to tremble. The door bell rang. Jeanne and Isabelle were both on the other side of the landing and would not hear. She listened, her hands and feet cold, heard Maman go to the door herself and Jean-Pierre Garner's voice asking if Monsieur and Madame and Mademoiselle were at home. Maman laughed and said that monsieur was away on business and mademoiselle was, of course, busy with her lessons, but madame was there!

Marise heard Mme. Garnier's son also laugh nervously and say that he would come in for a moment to pay his respects to madame. They both spoke English, which Jean-Pierre had learned so well in New York. Well, why not? In America anybody might happen to make an evening call at half-past 8. Heavens! How her head ached! She would go to bed anyway, whether it was time or not. She undressed rapidly and getting into bed pulled the covers over her head. It seemed to her that she lay there for ages, her eyes pinched shut in the smothering air under the blankets. Then she pulled them down to breathe and found that she had forgotten to put out her candle, which was guttering low and showing by the clock that her "ages" had been less than an hour. It was 29 minutes past 9.

She blew out her candle, and she decided that Jeanne or no Jeanne, she

must have more air. She was suffocating! She drew the curtain aside and secure in the darkness of the room, opened both sides of the window wide. The fresh air came in like waking up from a nightmare. But she had not waked up, for there on the bench across the street was Mme. Garnier's son again. Had she dreamed that he had come to the door? How strangely he sat now, flung down sideways, his face hidden on his arm. As Marise stared, understanding nothing of what she saw, he started up spasmodically as though some one had struck him from behind. Then he collapsed again, his face buried on his outflung arm. After this he was perfectly motionless, like everything around him, the somber wall of the Chateau d'Or, the sickly light of the street lamp, the bench, the rough paving stones, the vacant, gray shutters of the department store further along the street.

As Marise stood there, shivering in her night gown, staring, she heard Maman's quick light step at the other end of the corridor, and the sound of Maman's voice, humming a little trilling song. She turned her head, and saw the cheerful yellow flicker of a candle coming nearer her open door. Maman was going down to her dressing room to get ready for bed. She thought, of course, that Marise was in bed and asleep by this time and when she came by, looking down at the lighted candle she did not even glance into the dark room where the child stood bewildered. For the instant she was framed in the square of the open door, she was brilliantly painted on the darkness, all the bright colors of her fair hair, her shining eyes, her red lips, softly gleaming in the warm, golden light of the little flame. The picture was printed indelibly on the child's wide eyes, and when she came by, looking down at the shining picture, golden-bright in the quivering, living flame of the candle, the dense waxy petals of the camellia against the vaporous blonde hair, the smiling curved lips, the velvet white of the slender bare neck and arms, the rich sheen of the mauve satin flowing about the quick, light feet.

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She got into bed warmed, comforted. Nothing could be the matter if Maman was smiling so cheerfully. She fell asleep at once, desperately tired, giving up as an unanswerable and no longer very interesting riddle, the question of what was the trouble with Mme. Garnier's son.

But in the night, without knowing how, she found herself once more in the open window—she had been dreaming, she had got up to see about something in her dream—something about why there he was still on the bench, all huddled and stooped together now, his face hidden in both arms crossed on his knees. Perhaps he had dropped asleep there. Or—well, he would be cold when he woke up. How chilly it still was at night! Well, yes, it was evident that she had dreamed it about his ringing at the door. She plunged back under the covers, she heard the long sonorous hum of a steamer going out to sea, and was asleep before it died away.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

### Mrs. Rosella Senderhau Dies at Her Home Here

Mrs. Rosella Senderhau, 67, died suddenly at her home, 1224 South Twenty-eighth street, Friday.

She is survived, in addition to her husband, J. George Senderhau, by two sons, Charles and George, and two daughters, Mrs. George McCann, and Miss Clara Senderhau.

The funeral will be held this morning from the residence to Lady of Our Lord church at 9.

Burial will be in Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

### Woman Married at 16 Files Suit for Divorce

Blanche Hamlin Stevens, who was married to James Stevens, 40, when she was but 16 wants her freedom.

They were married March 8, 1921. The girl charges her husband was cruel and that he failed to support her.

She lives at 3544 Saratoga street.

### Street Named for Koutsky

Joseph Koutsky, commissioner of public improvements, never expects a niche in the hall of fame, but yesterday the council named a short 80-foot lane through the County club grounds, from Military avenue to Maple street, "Koutsky cut-off."

### Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

The Welcome Home Mother Graham Gave Madge.

"Margaret!" My mother-in-law faced me sternly, as Mrs. Ticer, Katherine and I, with Junior clinging to my hand, came into the farmhouse living room. "Didn't you hear me call you when you went past the kitchen on your way to Ticer's?"

I turned to Katherine with an exasperated little gesture.

"So she did call, after all!" I said, sure, and I knew you were in a hurry for me to get to Mrs. Ticer's, so I didn't stop."

The keen eyes of my mother-in-law registered utter disbelief of my ingenuous explanation.

"That may do for some people," she said grimly, "but you can't pull any wool over my eyes that way. You know very well that you had no business taking Richard Second with you, and you naturally didn't want to hear me. Well, I have nothing whatever to say!"

"Only," she went on inconsistently, "if that blessed child gets pneumonia and dies, don't come to me for sympathy. How do you do, Mrs. Ticer? It was good of you to come right over. Now, if you'll come upstairs with me, I'll show you what I want done."

"No, Richard Second," as the child started to follow them, "stay with your mother. I refuse to have the slightest responsibility for you, when my wishes are ridden over roughshod in the way they have been this morning."

She swept out of the room with Mrs. Ticer trailing in her wake, but I knew that as soon as she heard from our neighbors of the escaped bootlegger she would be down again, filled with the excitement which any suggestion of mystery always brings to her melodrama-loving soul. Katherine and I looked at each other blankly.

"Never say those bad words!" "Gather ye roses while ye may," Katherine hummed with a little grimace. "I give her 30 seconds after Mrs. Ticer springs her news."

"Make it 20," I amended, and then, with the uneasiness which any comment upon Junior's health gives me, no matter from what source, I appealed to Katherine.

"Do you think taking him out did him any harm?" I asked.

"If I had thought there was the slightest danger of his taking cold, you know I would have protested his going, myself," she said gravely. "Come here, Junior. Come to Aunt Tattie."

He ran toward her gladly; then, as if reminded of something, stopped and stamped his foot resolutely.

"Never say those bad words, Aunt Tattie said—never!"

Katherine flashed a panic-stricken look at me which I returned. This repetition of his promise which Junior without doubt would repeat in his grandmother's hearing was almost as bad as the original comment on the august lady, his repetition of which we had succeeded in suppressing.

"No use, I suppose, of any further cautioning?" Katherine asked, as she caught the youngster up in her arms.

Not a bit," I returned. "He has a one-track mind. There's but one thing to be done. When the unavoidable explanation comes I shall blacken your reputation by saying that you uttered an unlikable 'damn' with filler, that Junior heard you and repeated the words, and that we made him promise never to say it again."

Katherine reassures Madge. "It sounds plausible," Katherine admitted, reluctantly, "but me soul misgives me. However, it's on the lap of the gods. Let it rest there while I give the youngster a going over."

She felt Junior's pulse, listened to his breathing, felt his wrists and forehead and looked at his tongue.

"There isn't a thing the matter with him," she said. "He may come down before night with everything from smallpox to housemaid's knee, but I'd stake my professional reputation on his good condition now."

"Then going out with us—"

"Don't hurt him a bit. The fresh air was good for him. See how rosy his cheeks are! If he'd had any temperature, of course—but he hadn't. Even Grandmother Graham didn't claim that. Now stop your worrying and let us talk of something else. Tell me about your apartment. I haven't been in a New York apartment in so long I wouldn't know where to find the dumb-waiter."

"There isn't any to find in our place," I returned. "We have to bribe the janitor to spirit our kitchen refuse through the halls. You know, with some truth, Dicky calls our present abode a New York tenement instead of an apartment."

"Dicky is probably talking through his new golf cap," Katherine retorted with an impudent little grimace. "I'll



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Silks and woolsens, well made and attractively fashioned.

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**Gossard, Bein Jolie, Francos, Fancette, Binner**

These are discontinued models and broken sizes. Many were formerly priced as high as \$20.00.  
Not every size in every style, but every size is included.

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