

# Rough-Hewn

Dorothy Canfield

Neale lifted a stein from its hook, poured it full from the pitcher and took a long drink. "Go ahead, Johnny," he said, "sounds lovely—like any other fairy tale."

"Fairy tale?" cried little Robertson. "That's all you know. You've been neglecting your opportunities."

Neale answered sharply, "Puritan be damned! I'm no Earl Hall Christie! I know Swinburne enough to write better than you do."

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

CHAPTER XXIX.

The end of the season was a door slammed in Neale's face forever. He had given four years of his life to foot-ball, hung them joyfully and proudly to feed the sacred flame. Now for the rest of his life, he was to be shut out from the temple of the only religion which had as yet been offered him. For the rest of his life—he was no post-mortem Atkins to hang on to the life of a dead man, but a living man, a man who was to live and to love and to be loved.

CHAPTER XXX.

The two had passed a long evening together. Miss Wentworth's father was attending the annual banquet of the American Philological association and the young people, left to themselves, had dined downtown at the Lafayette. It was their first meal alone together, all the more intimate because of the shifting crowd of strangers about them. How natural it had seemed to look across the table and see Miss Wentworth there! As natural as though he could look forward to an endless succession of days together, yet so tinged with romance that even the banalities of their small talk had vibrated with emotional significance.

When dessert and coffee and Neale's cigar could be dragged out no longer, they had strolled side by side up deserted lower Fifth avenue. Now they were standing silent, watching the periodical rise and fall of the kushing fountain in Madison square. At first the pool lay quiet; then the surface was troubled; then swelling, mounting, the jet of water burst through and shot upward, to sink again, leaving only warning ripples behind it. It made the young man think of a great many things, which were none the less moving and poignant to him because they have moved every thoughtful human being since the beginning of time. As he looked down at the gleaming water, it symbolized to him the rhythm of the universe; the recurrent rhythm of the generations—human life with its one little spurt of youth and glory sinking soon, so fatally soon to the sterile, routine movements of age. But when he spoke, his voice was as casually offhand as ever.

"There's a fountain in Rome," he said, "where, if you throw a coin in, you're sure to come back to it. I wonder if it would work with this one."

"I didn't know you'd ever been in Rome."

"I haven't. I got that out of Crawford's 'Ave Roma'."

"What makes you so anxious to come back to Madison square?"

"I'm not. I'd rather find a fountain that would send me round the world. But there isn't much chance of that, and I thought if you'd throw one in, too—both at the same time, you know—it might fix things so we'd come back together."

She gave him a steady, thoughtful look, took a penny out of her purse. "All ready, go!"

The two coins splashed into the pool. "I hope there will be as lovely a moon then as there is tonight," she said.

"I wonder," thought Neale, "just how much she meant by that."

When Neale got back to his room the gang was not there in full force, only Robertson, the knowing little soph, and Gregg, drinking beer and smoking their pipes. Neale kept back a grimace of distaste at seeing Robertson, his broad boy's face set in its usual expression of solemn, self-conscious wisdom in the ways of the world. The rest of the gang found Robertson comic and enjoyed having him around to laugh at, as many people enjoy a visit to the monkey house in a zoo, and see nothing but the comic in the humanness of simian antics. But he disquieted Neale to his very soul, as another set of people are disquieted and troubled by a visit to the monkey house and see nothing to laugh at in simian antics. One evening of little Robertson and his loud-proclaimed disillusion with the world and the human race moved the rest of the gang to delightful howls of laughter for days afterward, but though Neale laughed with the rest (nobody could help laughing at Robertson, he was such an owl), it rather took the shine off Schopenhauer and Bergson and that was a real privation for a senior.

As he came in, Gregg was quoting: "But sweet as the rind was, the core is!"

Were faint of these still, we are faint, O sanguine and subtle Dolores, Our Lady of Pain."

"It's up to you, kid," Neale ordered Robertson, the Soph, whom they tolerated because his self-importance amused them, "you're the youngest. Beat it to the drug store and bring back as many siphons as you can carry."

After the rickety were mixed, the cheese cut, the cracker-tin set out, the tongues began to clack, and the resounding generalities of the young eyes, dazzled by the brilliance of their explorations into the nature of things. Elliott was saying wisely, "Laws? Everybody knows that laws are a conspiracy among mediocrities to keep the strong from taking too much property. He let this soak in and went on. "And most of the systems are similar conspiracies to prevent monopolies of less tangible things." Elliott delighted in polysyllables, which he did not as yet always handle with entire accuracy. Gregg, who did not like either polysyllables or Elliott, commented on this: "What book did you get that out of?"

"The moral is, that morals are a sham. Man obeys the law only because he is afraid of the herd-majority. But a free spirit doesn't mind the criticism of mediocrities, he glories in it."

"So he feels all right, does he?" asked Gregg, "when he clears out to Canada with the contents of the safe, or his best friend's wife. As a matter of fact, he feels like a dirty dog."

"Oh, but that is just force of habit, a race-superstition, cowardice before convention."

"Shucks! You fellows are on the wrong track," broke in Brown, "all right, really cares about his his three meals a day. That's what makes him go round! When the caveman's wife was stolen, he went on the warpath for the same reason a cowboy lynch a horse thief, because he can't stand to lose valuable property. Now the modern woman is no longer an asset, but a liability."

He paused, so filled with admiration for his own method of attack on the heat of discussion, that he could not go on. Great Caesar's ghost! That wasn't so bad! He'd have to remember that in the next theme he wrote.

Gregg was disposing of him sarcastically, "Oh, yes, we know Brown's soaking up the economic interpretation of history like a sponge. Have a mind of your own, Brown. You don't have to believe all your professor tells you. What do you think, Crit?"

Neale said, "I don't think a little nearer his real thought than he usually ventured, with the casual comment. 'Well, there do seem to be some things a man can't bring himself to believe in.'"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

## STOP ITCHING ECZEMA

Penetrating, Antiseptic Zemo Will Help You.

Never mind how often you have tried and failed, you can stop burning, itching Eczema quickly by applying Zemo furnished by any druggist for 35c. Extra large bottle, \$1.00. Healing begins the moment Zemo is applied. In a short time usually every trace of Eczema, Tetter, Pimples, Rash, Blackheads and similar skin diseases will be removed.

For clearing the skin and making it vigorously healthy, always use Zemo, the penetrating, antiseptic liquid. When others fail it is the one dependable treatment for skin troubles of all kinds.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

Return Service Equally Attractive

For information regarding train schedules and sleeping car accommodations, apply CONSOLIDATED TICKET OFFICES 1416 Dodge Street (Telephone Atlantic 9214) or Union Passenger Station

Effective Monday, July 30th, City Ticket Office will be located at 1413 Farnam St. Tel. Atlantic 7856

Neale lifted a stein from its hook, poured it full from the pitcher and took a long drink. "Go ahead, Johnny," he said, "sounds lovely—like any other fairy tale."

"Fairy tale?" cried little Robertson. "That's all you know. You've been neglecting your opportunities."

Neale answered sharply, "Puritan be damned! I'm no Earl Hall Christie! I know Swinburne enough to write better than you do."

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

## Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

The Appeal Made to Mother Graham's Patience.

The eyes of the little children in the kitchen of the house across the road were suddenly voracious at Katie's description of the food she meant to bring them. It was just a look as one sees in the eyes of hungry puppies, and I turned swiftly to my little maid, who was already at the door.

"Is there any way I can help you, Katie?"

"No, ma'am!" Katie's answer was most emphatic. "You stay right here. Ven I in hurry I vant nobody help, only Jeem to carry tings."

She closed the door on her last words and Katherine, with her eyes on the morning white-faced baby spoke again impatiently.

"These other children can stand it, but this baby needs its mother right away. What are you going to do?"

I turned to the young officer who scratched his head helplessly at Katherine's words. That he was as sorry for the children as we were, I could readily see, but he was too young and inexperienced to have any resourcefulness in the matter.

"Where did the other officer take the woman?" I asked.

"Down the Sag," he answered, "to the J. P. I suppose he sent her and her husband over to the jail."

Katherine looked at me worriedly. "I don't like to take this baby out into the cold air," she said with professional concern. "It hasn't sufficient clothing. But—"

"I'll go after the mother," I said promptly.

"I am sure I can get her home for awhile, even if I have to take her back again."

"I'll talk on you," Katherine said quietly. "And when Katie comes over with the food for these children will you also send me these things?" She enumerated a number of articles which meant comfort for the ailing infant.

"Of course," I promised, and hurried out of the house and back to my own home.

My mother-in-law met me at the door, her eyes angrily snapping with baffled curiosity.

"Whatever is going on over there?" she asked acridly. "I can't get anything out of Katie except 'I feel stew queeck. I got to feez stew awful queeck.'"

My mother-in-law's imitation of Katie's idioms was a fearful and wonderful thing in its unlikeliness to the original, but she evidently much fancied herself in it, and she hurried to say:

"Whom is she going to feed? The bootlegger or the officers? And in the clearing except Mrs. Ticer. She's the only one who hasn't gone crazy, apparently."

Her voice was heavy with sarcasm, but I knew well the most effective piece of artillery to bring up. "Mother, there are six hungry little children over there, and the mother and father have been taken to jail. Katie is preparing a meal for them."

"Little Children Hungry!"

"Little children hungry!" she exclaimed, and I knew that I had sounded the right note. "Why on earth didn't Katie say so, then? I'll go right out and hurry her up."

"But I knew only too well that it would be harrying instead of hurrying to which poor Katie would be subjected, so I interpreted quickly. "Just a second, please! I want your advice. The bootlegger was hidden over there, and got out the window as the troopers rode into the yard. Junior said he saw a man break a window and run across the road, but I thought he was imagining things—"

"If you and Richard had as much sense between you as Richard Second has, you'd be lucky," the young gentleman's adoring grandmother remarked, and I saw that Katie was safe from her interference for some minutes to come.

"To think!" she went on wretchedly, "that nobody with brains enough to know what the blessed child's words meant was anywhere around! We might have had that escaped criminal in custody by now."

"I know it was inexcusable," I said, repressing a desire to laugh. "But it can't be helped now, and I want to ask you what you think about telling Jim to look for the man."

CHAPTER XXX.

The two had passed a long evening together. Miss Wentworth's father was attending the annual banquet of the American Philological association and the young people, left to themselves, had dined downtown at the Lafayette. It was their first meal alone together, all the more intimate because of the shifting crowd of strangers about them. How natural it had seemed to look across the table and see Miss Wentworth there! As natural as though he could look forward to an endless succession of days together, yet so tinged with romance that even the banalities of their small talk had vibrated with emotional significance.

When dessert and coffee and Neale's cigar could be dragged out no longer, they had strolled side by side up deserted lower Fifth avenue. Now they were standing silent, watching the periodical rise and fall of the kushing fountain in Madison square. At first the pool lay quiet; then the surface was troubled; then swelling, mounting, the jet of water burst through and shot upward, to sink again, leaving only warning ripples behind it. It made the young man think of a great many things, which were none the less moving and poignant to him because they have moved every thoughtful human being since the beginning of time. As he looked down at the gleaming water, it symbolized to him the rhythm of the universe; the recurrent rhythm of the generations—human life with its one little spurt of youth and glory sinking soon, so fatally soon to the sterile, routine movements of age. But when he spoke, his voice was as casually offhand as ever.

"There's a fountain in Rome," he said, "where, if you throw a coin in, you're sure to come back to it. I wonder if it would work with this one."

"I didn't know you'd ever been in Rome."

"I haven't. I got that out of Crawford's 'Ave Roma'."

"What makes you so anxious to come back to Madison square?"

"I'm not. I'd rather find a fountain that would send me round the world. But there isn't much chance of that, and I thought if you'd throw one in, too—both at the same time, you know—it might fix things so we'd come back together."

She gave him a steady, thoughtful look, took a penny out of her purse. "All ready, go!"

The two coins splashed into the pool. "I hope there will be as lovely a moon then as there is tonight," she said.

"I wonder," thought Neale, "just how much she meant by that."

When Neale got back to his room the gang was not there in full force, only Robertson, the knowing little soph, and Gregg, drinking beer and smoking their pipes. Neale kept back a grimace of distaste at seeing Robertson, his broad boy's face set in its usual expression of solemn, self-conscious wisdom in the ways of the world. The rest of the gang found Robertson comic and enjoyed having him around to laugh at, as many people enjoy a visit to the monkey house in a zoo, and see nothing but the comic in the humanness of simian antics. But he disquieted Neale to his very soul, as another set of people are disquieted and troubled by a visit to the monkey house and see nothing to laugh at in simian antics. One evening of little Robertson and his loud-proclaimed disillusion with the world and the human race moved the rest of the gang to delightful howls of laughter for days afterward, but though Neale laughed with the rest (nobody could help laughing at Robertson, he was such an owl), it rather took the shine off Schopenhauer and Bergson and that was a real privation for a senior.

As he came in, Gregg was quoting: "But sweet as the rind was, the core is!"

Were faint of these still, we are faint, O sanguine and subtle Dolores, Our Lady of Pain."

CHAPTER XXX.

The two had passed a long evening together. Miss Wentworth's father was attending the annual banquet of the American Philological association and the young people, left to themselves, had dined downtown at the Lafayette. It was their first meal alone together, all the more intimate because of the shifting crowd of strangers about them. How natural it had seemed to look across the table and see Miss Wentworth there! As natural as though he could look forward to an endless succession of days together, yet so tinged with romance that even the banalities of their small talk had vibrated with emotional significance.

When dessert and coffee and Neale's cigar could be dragged out no longer, they had strolled side by side up deserted lower Fifth avenue. Now they were standing silent, watching the periodical rise and fall of the kushing fountain in Madison square. At first the pool lay quiet; then the surface was troubled; then swelling, mounting, the jet of water burst through and shot upward, to sink again, leaving only warning ripples behind it. It made the young man think of a great many things, which were none the less moving and poignant to him because they have moved every thoughtful human being since the beginning of time. As he looked down at the gleaming water, it symbolized to him the rhythm of the universe; the recurrent rhythm of the generations—human life with its one little spurt of youth and glory sinking soon, so fatally soon to the sterile, routine movements of age. But when he spoke, his voice was as casually offhand as ever.

"There's a fountain in Rome," he said, "where, if you throw a coin in, you're sure to come back to it. I wonder if it would work with this one."

"I didn't know you'd ever been in Rome."

"I haven't. I got that out of Crawford's 'Ave Roma'."

"What makes you so anxious to come back to Madison square?"

"I'm not. I'd rather find a fountain that would send me round the world. But there isn't much chance of that, and I thought if you'd throw one in, too—both at the same time, you know—it might fix things so we'd come back together."

She gave him a steady, thoughtful look, took a penny out of her purse. "All ready, go!"

The two coins splashed into the pool. "I hope there will be as lovely a moon then as there is tonight," she said.

"I wonder," thought Neale, "just how much she meant by that."

When Neale got back to his room the gang was not there in full force, only Robertson, the knowing little soph, and Gregg, drinking beer and smoking their pipes. Neale kept back a grimace of distaste at seeing Robertson, his broad boy's face set in its usual expression of solemn, self-conscious wisdom in the ways of the world. The rest of the gang found Robertson comic and enjoyed having him around to laugh at, as many people enjoy a visit to the monkey house in a zoo, and see nothing but the comic in the humanness of simian antics. But he disquieted Neale to his very soul, as another set of people are disquieted and troubled by a visit to the monkey house and see nothing to laugh at in simian antics. One evening of little Robertson and his loud-proclaimed disillusion with the world and the human race moved the rest of the gang to delightful howls of laughter for days afterward, but though Neale laughed with the rest (nobody could help laughing at Robertson, he was such an owl), it rather took the shine off Schopenhauer and Bergson and that was a real privation for a senior.

As he came in, Gregg was quoting: "But sweet as the rind was, the core is!"

Were faint of these still, we are faint, O sanguine and subtle Dolores, Our Lady of Pain."

CHAPTER XXX.

The two had passed a long evening together. Miss Wentworth's father was attending the annual banquet of the American Philological association and the young people, left to themselves, had dined downtown at the Lafayette. It was their first meal alone together, all the more intimate because of the shifting crowd of strangers about them. How natural it had seemed to look across the table and see Miss Wentworth there! As natural as though he could look forward to an endless succession of days together, yet so tinged with romance that even the banalities of their small talk had vibrated with emotional significance.

When dessert and coffee and Neale's cigar could be dragged out no longer, they had strolled side by side up deserted lower Fifth avenue. Now they were standing silent, watching the periodical rise and fall of the kushing fountain in Madison square. At first the pool lay quiet; then the surface was troubled; then swelling, mounting, the jet of water burst through and shot upward, to sink again, leaving only warning ripples behind it. It made the young man think of a great many things, which were none the less moving and poignant to him because they have moved every thoughtful human being since the beginning of time. As he looked down at the gleaming water, it symbolized to him the rhythm of the universe; the recurrent rhythm of the generations—human life with its one little spurt of youth and glory sinking soon, so fatally soon to the sterile, routine movements of age. But when he spoke, his voice was as casually offhand as ever.

"There's a fountain in Rome," he said, "where, if you throw a coin in, you're sure to come back to it. I wonder if it would work with this one."

"I didn't know you'd ever been in Rome."

"I haven't. I got that out of Crawford's 'Ave Roma'."

"What makes you so anxious to come back to Madison square?"

"I'm not. I'd rather find a fountain that would send me round the world. But there isn't much chance of that, and I thought if you'd throw one in, too—both at the same time, you know—it might fix things so we'd come back together."

She gave him a steady, thoughtful look, took a penny out of her purse. "All ready, go!"

The two coins splashed into the pool. "I hope there will be as lovely a moon then as there is tonight," she said.

"I wonder," thought Neale, "just how much she meant by that."

When Neale got back to his room the gang was not there in full force, only Robertson, the knowing little soph, and Gregg, drinking beer and smoking their pipes. Neale kept back a grimace of distaste at seeing Robertson, his broad boy's face set in its usual expression of solemn, self-conscious wisdom in the ways of the world. The rest of the gang found Robertson comic and enjoyed having him around to laugh at, as many people enjoy a visit to the monkey house in a zoo, and see nothing but the comic in the humanness of simian antics. But he disquieted Neale to his very soul, as another set of people are disquieted and troubled by a visit to the monkey house and see nothing to laugh at in simian antics. One evening of little Robertson and his loud-proclaimed disillusion with the world and the human race moved the rest of the gang to delightful howls of laughter for days afterward, but though Neale laughed with the rest (nobody could help laughing at Robertson, he was such an owl), it rather took the shine off Schopenhauer and Bergson and that was a real privation for a senior.

As he came in, Gregg was quoting: "But sweet as the rind was, the core is!"

Were faint of these still, we are faint, O sanguine and subtle Dolores, Our Lady of Pain."

CHAPTER XXX.

The two had passed a long evening together. Miss Wentworth's father was attending the annual banquet of the American Philological association and the young people, left to themselves, had dined downtown at the Lafayette. It was their first meal alone together, all the more intimate because of the shifting crowd of strangers about them. How natural it had seemed to look across the table and see Miss Wentworth there! As natural as though he could look forward to an endless succession of days together, yet so tinged with romance that even the banalities of their small talk had vibrated with emotional significance.

When dessert and coffee and Neale's cigar could be dragged out no longer, they had strolled side by side up deserted lower Fifth avenue. Now they were standing silent, watching the periodical rise and fall of the kushing fountain in Madison square. At first the pool lay quiet; then the surface was troubled; then swelling, mounting, the jet of water burst through and shot upward, to sink again, leaving only warning ripples behind it. It made the young man think of a great many things, which were none the less moving and poignant to him because they have moved every thoughtful human being since the beginning of time. As he looked down at the gleaming water, it symbolized to him the rhythm of the universe; the recurrent rhythm of the generations—human life with its one little spurt of youth and glory sinking soon, so fatally soon to the sterile, routine movements of age. But when he spoke, his voice was as casually offhand as ever.

"There's a fountain in Rome," he said, "where, if you throw a coin in, you're sure to come back to it. I wonder if it would work with this one."

"I didn't know you'd ever been in Rome."

"I haven't. I got that out of Crawford's 'Ave Roma'."

"What makes you so anxious to come back to Madison square?"

"I'm not. I'd rather find a fountain that would send me round the world. But there isn't much chance of that, and I thought if you'd throw one in, too—both at the same time, you know—it might fix things so we'd come back together."

She gave him a steady, thoughtful look, took a penny out of her purse. "All ready, go!"

The two coins splashed into the pool. "I hope there will be as lovely a moon then as there is tonight," she said.

"I wonder," thought Neale, "just how much she meant by that."

When Neale got back to his room the gang was not there in full force, only Robertson, the knowing little soph, and Gregg, drinking beer and smoking their pipes. Neale kept back a grimace of distaste at seeing Robertson, his broad boy's face set in its usual expression of solemn, self-conscious wisdom in the ways of the world. The rest of the gang found Robertson comic and enjoyed having him around to laugh at, as many people enjoy a visit to the monkey house in a zoo, and see nothing but the comic in the humanness of simian antics. But he disquieted Neale to his very soul, as another set of people are disquieted and troubled by a visit to the monkey house and see nothing to laugh at in simian antics. One evening of little Robertson and his loud-proclaimed disillusion with the world and the human race moved the rest of the gang to delightful howls of laughter for days afterward, but though Neale laughed with the rest (nobody could help laughing at Robertson, he was such an owl), it rather took the shine off Schopenhauer and Bergson and that was a real privation for a senior.

As he came in, Gregg was quoting: "But sweet as the rind was, the core is!"

Were faint of these still, we are faint, O sanguine and subtle Dolores, Our Lady of Pain."

CHAPTER XXX.

The two had passed a long evening together. Miss Wentworth's father was attending the annual banquet of the American Philological association and the young people, left to themselves, had dined downtown at the Lafayette. It was their first meal alone together, all the more intimate because of the shifting crowd of strangers about them. How natural it had seemed to look across the table and see Miss Wentworth there! As natural as though he could look forward to an endless succession of days together, yet so tinged with romance that even the banalities of their small talk had vibrated with emotional significance.

When dessert and coffee and Neale's cigar could be dragged out no longer, they had strolled side by side up deserted lower Fifth avenue. Now they were standing silent, watching the periodical rise and fall of the kushing fountain in Madison square. At first the pool lay quiet; then the surface was troubled; then swelling, mounting, the jet of water burst through and shot upward, to sink again, leaving only warning ripples behind it. It made the young man think of a great many things, which were none the less moving and poignant to him because they have moved every thoughtful human being since the beginning of time. As he looked down at the gleaming water, it symbolized to him the rhythm of the universe; the recurrent rhythm of the generations—human life with its one little spurt of youth and glory sinking soon, so fatally soon to the sterile, routine movements of age. But when he spoke, his voice was as casually offhand as ever.

"There's a fountain in Rome," he said, "where, if you throw a coin in, you're sure to come back to it. I wonder if it would work with this one."

"I didn't know you'd ever been in Rome."

"I haven't. I got that out of Crawford's 'Ave Roma'."

"What makes you so anxious to come back to Madison square?"

"I'm not. I'd rather find a fountain that would send me round the world. But there isn't much chance of that, and I thought if you'd throw one in, too—both at the same time, you know—it might fix things so we'd come back together."

She gave him a steady, thoughtful look, took a penny out of her purse. "All ready, go!"

The two coins splashed into the pool. "I hope there will be as lovely a moon then as there is tonight," she said.

"I wonder," thought Neale, "just how much she meant by that."

When Neale got back to his room the gang was not there in full force, only Robertson, the knowing little soph, and Gregg, drinking beer and smoking their pipes. Neale kept back a grimace of distaste at seeing Robertson, his broad boy's face set in its usual expression of solemn, self-conscious wisdom in the ways of the world. The rest of the gang found Robertson comic and enjoyed having him around to laugh at, as many people enjoy a visit to the monkey house in a zoo, and see nothing but the comic in the humanness of simian antics. But he disquieted Neale to his very soul, as another set of people are disquieted and troubled by a visit to the monkey house and see nothing to laugh at in simian antics. One evening of little Robertson and his loud-proclaimed disillusion with the world and the human race moved the rest of the gang to delightful howls of laughter for days afterward, but though Neale laughed with the rest (nobody could help laughing at Robertson, he was such an owl), it rather took the shine off Schopenhauer and Bergson and that was a real privation for a senior.

As he came in, Gregg was quoting: "But sweet as the rind was, the core is!"

Were faint of these still, we are faint, O sanguine and subtle Dolores, Our Lady of Pain."

CHAPTER XXX.

The two had passed a long evening together. Miss Wentworth's father was attending the annual banquet of the American Philological association and the young people, left to themselves, had dined downtown at the Lafayette. It was their first meal alone together, all the more intimate because of the shifting crowd of strangers about them. How natural it had seemed to look across the table and see Miss Wentworth there! As natural as though he could look forward to an endless succession of days together, yet so tinged with romance that even the banalities of their small talk had vibrated with emotional significance.

When dessert and coffee and Neale's cigar could be dragged out no longer, they had strolled side by side up deserted lower Fifth avenue. Now they were standing silent, watching the periodical rise and fall of the kushing fountain in Madison square. At first the pool lay quiet; then the surface was troubled; then swelling, mounting, the jet of water burst through and shot upward, to sink again, leaving only warning ripples behind it. It made the young man think of a great many things, which were none the less moving and poignant to him because they have moved every thoughtful human being since the beginning of time. As he looked down at the gleaming water, it symbolized to him the rhythm of the universe; the recurrent rhythm of the generations—human life with its one little spurt of youth and glory sinking soon, so fatally soon to the sterile, routine movements of age. But when he spoke, his voice was as casually offhand as ever.

"There's a fountain in Rome," he said, "where, if you throw a coin in, you're sure to come back to it. I wonder if it would work with this one."

"I didn't know you'd ever been in Rome."

"I haven't. I got that out of Crawford's 'Ave Roma'."

"What makes you so anxious to come back to Madison square?"

"I'm not. I'd rather find a fountain that would send me round the world. But there isn't much chance of that, and I thought if you'd throw one in, too—both at the same time, you know—it might fix things so we'd come back together."

She gave him a steady, thoughtful look, took a penny out of her purse. "All ready, go!"

The two coins splashed into the pool. "I hope there will be as lovely a moon then as there is tonight," she said.

"I wonder," thought Neale, "just how much she meant by that."

When Neale got back to his room the gang was not there in full force, only Robertson, the knowing little soph, and Gregg, drinking beer and smoking their pipes. Neale kept back a grimace of distaste at seeing Robertson, his broad boy's face set in its usual expression of solemn, self-conscious wisdom in the ways of the world. The rest of the gang found Robertson comic and enjoyed having him around to laugh at, as many people enjoy a visit to the monkey house in a zoo, and see nothing but the comic in the humanness of simian antics. But he disquieted Neale to his very soul, as another set of people are disquieted and troubled by a visit to the monkey house and see nothing to laugh at in simian antics. One evening of little Robertson and his loud-proclaimed disillusion with the world and the human race moved the rest of the gang to delightful howls of laughter for days afterward, but though Neale laughed with the rest (nobody could help laughing at Robertson, he was such an owl), it rather took the shine off Schopenhauer and Bergson and that was a real privation for a senior.

As he came in, Gregg was quoting: "But sweet as the rind was, the core is!"

Were faint of these still, we are faint, O sanguine and subtle Dolores, Our Lady of Pain."

CHAPTER XXX.

The two had passed a long evening together. Miss Wentworth's father was attending the annual banquet of the American Philological association and the young people, left to themselves, had dined downtown at the Lafayette. It was their first meal alone together, all the more intimate because of the shifting crowd of strangers about them. How natural it had seemed to look across the table and see Miss Wentworth there! As natural as though he could look forward to an endless succession of days together, yet so tinged with romance that even the banalities of their small talk had vibrated with emotional significance.

When dessert and coffee and Neale's cigar could be dragged out no longer, they had strolled side by side up deserted lower Fifth avenue. Now they were standing silent, watching the periodical rise and fall of the kushing fountain in Madison square. At first the pool lay quiet; then the surface was troubled; then swelling, mounting, the jet of water burst through and shot upward, to sink again, leaving only warning ripples behind it. It made the young man think of a great many things, which were none the less moving and poignant to him because they have moved every thoughtful human being since the beginning of time. As he looked down at the gleaming water, it symbolized to him the rhythm of the universe; the recurrent rhythm of the generations—human life with its one little spurt of youth and glory sinking soon, so fatally soon to the sterile, routine movements of age. But when he spoke, his voice was as casually offhand as ever.

"There's a fountain in Rome," he said, "where, if you throw a coin in, you're sure to come back to it. I wonder if it would work with this one."

"I didn't know you'd ever been in Rome."

"I haven't. I got that out of Crawford's 'Ave Roma'."

"What makes you so anxious to come back to Madison square?"

"I'm not. I'd rather find a fountain that would send me round the world. But there isn't much chance of that, and I thought if you'd throw one in, too—both at the same time, you know—it might fix things so we'd come back together."

She gave him a steady, thoughtful look, took a penny out of her purse. "All ready, go!"

The two coins splashed into the pool. "I hope there will be as lovely a moon then as there is tonight," she said.

"I wonder," thought Neale, "just how much she meant by that."

When Neale got back to his room the gang was not there in full force, only Robertson, the knowing little soph, and Gregg, drinking beer and smoking their pipes. Neale kept back a grimace of distaste at seeing Robertson, his broad boy's face set in its usual expression of solemn, self-conscious wisdom in the ways of the world. The rest of the gang found Robertson comic and enjoyed having him around to laugh at, as many people enjoy a visit to the monkey house in a zoo, and see nothing but the comic in the humanness of simian antics. But he disquieted Neale to his very soul, as another set of people are disquieted and troubled by a visit to the monkey house and see nothing to laugh at in simian antics. One evening of little Robertson and his loud-proclaimed disillusion with the world and the human race moved the rest of the gang to delightful howls of laughter for days afterward, but though Neale laughed with the rest (nobody could help laughing at Robertson, he was such an owl), it rather took the shine off Schopenhauer and Bergson and that was a real privation for a senior.

As he came in, Gregg was quoting: "But sweet as the rind was, the core is!"

Were faint of these still, we are faint, O sanguine and subtle Dolores, Our Lady of Pain."

# BURGESS-NASH COMPANY.



These are such good values it will pay you to buy several.

In many instances there are but one of a kind; therefore we advise early shopping

## Most Unusual Sale of Dainty SUMMER FROCKS

An extensive stock that does not permit our carrying garments to the end of the season is responsible for this sale that permits one to purchase, at great reduction prices, fresh, crisp frocks in which to look her coolest.

At \$10 At \$15

Figured voiles in every pattern combining black and blue figured patterns with white to complete attractive and serviceable dresses for general wear. Also hand-drawn models in all light shades—high quality fabrics of undisputably late styling.

Lovely voiles, soft in quality and dainty in shade with rows of fine laces—frocks that combine simplicity of styles with added qualities of grace to make them afternoon frocks of charm. Also tailored linens, ever so smart and serviceable.

## July Clearance Sale of Toilet Goods and Drugs

- |   |   |  |   |                                    |   |
|---|---|--|---|------------------------------------|---|
| <b>Creams and Lotions</b>                   | <b>Face Powders, Talcums and Rouges</b>   | <b>Toilet Waters</b>                     | <b>Colgate's Big Bath Soap</b> 95c        | <b>Miscellaneous</b>               | <b>35c Krank's "Lather Kream"</b> 29c                       |
| 50c Stillman's Freckle Cream 33c            | Mary Garden Talcum Powder, 3 for 50c  | \$1.25 Pinard's Lilac Vegetal 89c        | Creole Oil Soap, doz. 69c                 | 35c Quimono, for tired feet 19c    | 35c Woodbury Shaving Stick 24c                              |
| 85c Daggett and Ramsdell's Cold Cream 59c   | Squibb's Talcum Powder, all odors, 3 for 50c  | \$1.00 Trailing Arbutus Toilet Water 69c | Essex Peroxide Soap, cake 6c              | <b>Rubber Goods</b>                | \$1.25 Bath Spray, 79c                                      |
| 25c Tube Daggett and Ramsdell's Cream 19c   | 50c Java Rice Powder 37c  | Vegetable Toilet Water 98c               | Jergen's Boquet soap, 3 for 19c           | 50c Rubber Gloves, 29c             | No. 16 Devil-bills Atomer, complete with two bottles \$1.29 |
| 50c Ingram's Milk Weed Cream 39c            | 50c Djer Kiss Powder 35c  | Lettreffe or Azura Toilet Water \$1.98   | Burgess-Nash Coconut Oil Soap, doz. 50c   | 50c Powder Puff in rubber case 39c | <b>Bathing Caps</b>   |
| 40c Tube Luxuria Cold Cream 29c             | 50c Mavis Face Powder 35c   | \$3.50 Coty's Toilet Water 89c           | 15c Stork Toilet Soap 11c                 | 50c Smooth Hair 39c                | Choice of our entire stock of Bathing Caps 15c              |
| \$1 Krauks Lemon Cream 89c                  | 50c Djer Kiss Powder 35c  | \$1.50 Mary Garden Toilet Water 89c      | 10c Orient Olive Oil Soap, 5 for 19c      | 11c Glacier Clay 69c               | Choice of our entire stock of Bathing Caps 15c              |
| 60c lemon cream, cold or vanishing 39c      | 50c Mavis Face Powder 35c   | \$1.00 Bay Rum, large size 69c           | 25c Vivaduo Imported Bath Soap, 2 for 35c | 50c Mifflin Rubbing Alcohol 39c    | Choice of our entire stock of Bathing Caps 15c              |
| \$1.25 Kremola Special 89c                  | 50c Dorin Rouge 42c   | \$1.00 Bottle Lilac Vegetal 69c          | 50c Palm Olive Shampoo 37c                | 25c Incease Powder, all odors 19c  | Choice of our entire stock of Bathing Caps 15c              |
| 50c Woodbury Facial or Cold Cream 39c       | 60c Pompeian Bloom 39c  | <b>Depilatories, Deodorants</b>          | 50c Wild Root Shampoo 35c                 | 35c Incease Burner 19c             | Choice of our entire stock of Bathing Caps 15c              |
| <b>SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY</b> Sempre Giovine    | 60c Pompeian Face Powder 39c  | 25c Mum Deodorant 19c                    | 50c Mulstified Coconut Oil 39c            | 60c Carbona Cleaning Fluid 39c     | Choice of our entire stock of Bathing Caps 15c              |
| <b>60c Sempray Jovenay 44c</b>              | <b>Face Powder 1/2 Price</b>  | 50c Non Sps 37c                          | <b>Tooth Pastes</b>                       | 50c Glazo Nail Enamel 39c          | Choice of our entire stock of Bathing Caps 15c              |
| <b>45c Creme Eclaya Vanishing Cream 49c</b> | This lot includes powder of imported and domestic manufacture to close out at 1/2 Price | 50c Tube Need Depilatory 39c             | 50c Pebecco Tooth Paste 33c               | 35c Mirror Nail Polish 24c         | Choice of our entire stock of Bathing Caps 15c              |
| <b>50c Eclaya Cold Cream 39c</b>            | Original prices 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00  | 50c Tubers Depilatory 29c                | 35c Cedese Tooth Paste 24c                | <b>Bathing 1/2 Price</b>           | Choice of our entire stock of Bathing Caps 15c              |
| <b>65c Pond's Vanishing Cream 39c</b>       | <b>25c Williams' Talcum Powder 16c</b>  | <  |   |                                    |   |