

PETE INTERFERED.

He Was Not Returned and Healed the Breach.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Evelyn, having returned her engagement ring to Richard Hallam, was collecting her other gifts for the same purpose when it occurred to her that she would like to keep one of them. What should she retain?

Why, Pete.

She caressed his brindled coat, and a strange lump came into her throat as his pink tongue flicked her little, ringless hand. Then she sat up and blinked back the brightness to her eyes and completed her task.

She wondered if Richard would come tonight. No; he would sulk one day, and then tomorrow evening he would come.

The next day Evelyn shopped and lunched and called with exceeding diligence. Late in the afternoon she slipped home to a quiet cup of tea in her own sitting room. There were no letters, no messages, nothing for her.

In the evening Mr. Hallam was announced. Evelyn tried to subdue the wild beating of her heart and dabbed over the adjustment of a rose in her hair. It would be all right after all. Her soul sang with joy; but, coquette that she was, Evelyn schooled her face to proper severity as she entered the drawing room.

"Good evening, Miss Lovell," said Hallam, with grave politeness, taking her hand for an instant and dropping it hastily. "I received your note last evening. I have brought Jones around with me to help carry the stuff away."

"The the stuff?" she stammered, nonplused at his manner and the strangeness of the situation.

"Why, yes," he replied cheerfully; "you wrote that you had some trifles you wanted me to remove from the premises, and here I am."

Evelyn lifted her head haughtily. "Certainly," she said with assumed



"LOOKS LIKE A CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL," HE SAID.

carelessness; "I had forgotten for the moment. I will ring for Martin to bring them."

They sat in silence until Martin's fat white calves staggered into the room

under the weight of an assortment of neatly tied packages. Evelyn stared miserably at the sight. Hallam grinned broadly. "Looks like a Christmas festival," he said, with ill-timed levity.

Martin deposited the packages on the floor and departed. Dick Hallam drew a slip of paper from his pocket.

"I have an inventory here," he remarked, with a businesslike air that was disconcerting. Evelyn felt that she was the victim of some horrible nightmare. It could not be possible that Dick Hallam had been so mean as to keep an account of the gifts he had given on birthdays and at Christmas! Where was the generosity and love that had always characterized loyal Dick?

"Let me see," he continued thoughtfully, scanning the paper in his hand. "I will call off the items, and you may tell me if they are all here. I am sorry to be obliged to trouble you in the matter," he added politely.

"It is no trouble," she said faintly. "All the things are there."

"A jeweled bangle, pearl hatpins, lace fan, clock, books, gold purse—er—er—a picture?" he interrogated her doubtfully.

"Yes," she murmured in a low, distressed tone, "a picture."

"And one dog," he ended sharply, replacing the paper in his letter case. "Oh, no, not Pete!" she cried, with an involuntary gesture of alarm.

"Oh, yes, Pete, of course," he said in a matter-of-fact tone.

"I cannot let him go," she said defiantly.

"I insist that the dog shall be included among the articles."

"I beg you will leave Pete with me. We understand each other. I love him so," she said, with a lump in her throat.

"I regret the necessity, but I cannot leave him," he replied reluctantly.

"I will bring him myself," she said. Twenty minutes passed, and Evelyn did not return. He rang the bell. "Please remind Miss Lovell that I am waiting," he said to Martin.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but Miss Evelyn went out," explained the man. "Where did she go?"

"She didn't say, sir. She had the dog, and she said she might not return tonight."

Hallam smiled enigmatically.

"Just tell my man to call a cab and take those packages around to my rooms," he said to Martin. Then he left the house.

It so happened that Richard Hallam was her vis-a-vis at the Lumley dinner the following night. They greeted one another with frigid politeness, and then Evelyn turned her attention to Percie Goodall, who took her in, while Richard devoted himself to Mary Cameron.

Percie was a dog fancier. He loved dogs, bought dogs, thought dogs, wrote dogs and showed dogs; but, above all, he talked dogs. He was talking dogs now.

"For a good, all-around, companionable dog, one that is affectionate, intelligent and a genuine sport, commend me to a Boston terrier," he said enthusiastically.

Evelyn shot an apprehensive glance across the table. Hallam was discussing an entree with careful attention, but she knew he had heard Goodall's loud, crisp tones.

"Oh, yes," she said carelessly, "dogs are interesting, but I want to hear about that skating rink you are building at Vinecliff, Mr. Goodall."

"But," expostulated Goodall, "I thought you were a dog lover, Miss Lovell. Surely your Pete won't be a blue ribbon?"

"Yes, yes," she interrupted in agonized haste. "Why should he persist in talking about horrible dogs?"

adore them, you know, only I want to hear about the rink now," she added in a low tone.

"Very well," he laughed good-naturedly, "exit the dog and enter the rink! It's a tank 100 feet square; glass roof, with an ice plant concealed in the cellar. When it is completed I shall have a carnival, and I know you will be queen of the festivities! How's that?"

"That will be delightful," she said, with a relieved laugh. Dick was frowning into his plate now, and she felt a little better. It was apparent that Mr. Hallam was experiencing the pangs of jealousy.

After that they went to the play, and Dick Hallam still danced attendance upon Mary Cameron.

"Nice girl, Miss Cameron," ventured Goodall as he helped Evelyn into her cloak after the curtain had rung down for the last time.

"Lovely!" exclaimed Evelyn enthusiastically.

"Engaged to Hallam's cousin, isn't she?" asked Goodall.

"I didn't know," faltered Evelyn. "So they say. Bob Hallam is in the Philippines, you know. The engagement hasn't been announced, although it leaked out at the club."

"Oh," said Evelyn, and it is not on record what Evelyn thought.

Three miserable weeks dragged by, miserable for Evelyn Lovell. Dick saw occasionally, always the same cool, courteous, distant Dick. Nothing more had been said about Pete, and he remained in Evelyn's possession the hostage of her love. Once in the solitude of her room she had attacked the astonished Pete and shaken him forcibly.

"You hateful, horrible dog! If it hadn't been for you I do believe" What she believed Evelyn did not utter, so the aggrieved Pete never knew. One crisp morning she sallied forth with Pete at her heels. She shopped without enthusiasm, and then, overcome by a weariness that was unnatural to her buoyant temperament, she went into a certain smart little tea room and ordered luncheon. Pete sat on a chair beside her loftily indifferent to the tempting sights and smells that surrounded him.

The room was deserted save for herself and a group at another table in a far corner screened with palms. She discussed her salad languidly. Suddenly she raised her eyes and saw that it was Richard Hallam who was seated at the opposite table—and of course the Cameron girl. She lifted her chin with hauteur and bowed coldly. He returned it stiffly. She thought he was looking pale and tired and somewhat bored. It was strange that such a busy lawyer as Hallam could spend time dangling after a creature like the Cameron girl. Oh, everything was strange and so horrid anyway!

Percie sat beside her, his black nostrils twitching and blinking, expectant eyes fastened on Dick Hallam's face. His whole body quivered as if confronted by a multitude of tiny muscles of steel. Suddenly, as if in response to some anticipated signal, he uttered a loud yelp of joy and bounded across the table, leaving disaster in his wake.

Straight as a die he shot toward Hallam, who rose hastily and endeavored to quiet the excited animal.

Evelyn had arisen from her seat. Her face was quite white, and it was evident that he was agitated over the contretemps. Hallam advanced toward her, determination in his manner. "Come and join us, Evelyn," he said authoritatively.

"I cannot," she whispered brokenly. "Nonsense!" he laughed. "Come; my cousin from the Philippines is concealed behind the palms. You must meet him."

She went. There was gladness in her heart in her eyes and in the curves

she vouchsafed the faithless Pete.

"Dick," she said later when they were making all things right between them, "did you call Pete to come to you?"

Hallam laughed happily. "I did," he admitted, "and"—

"And I told him to go," she murmured to the lapel of his coat.

PHILOSOPHY OF A UNION BISHOP.

Satan has had more dealings with God than any other witness summoned. He says God is a tyrant. He has a grudge.

I believe in trade unions. I am a union bricklayer.

Christian charity and brotherly love will go a long way toward winning labor battles if rightly applied.

A country's prosperity depends upon the sterling character of its producing class.

It is an honor to be a wage earner. Jesus was a carpenter. Afterward he was a shepherd. He is one still.

It is one of the sorrows of the age that men have been dropping away from the church. The church is to blame for it.

We can't make the world better by preaching to checks. We want the folks. We are getting them.—Bishop McIntire of St. Paul.

Labor Union Briefs.

Commissary stores have been opened in Chicago for the relief of striking garment workers.

At Barre, Vt., Italian Americans conduct a co-operative store which does a grocery business of \$20,000 yearly.

The sum of \$200 was set aside by the San Francisco Waiters' union for the purpose of having a Christmas dinner for members out of work.

The San Francisco Electrical Workers' union has volunteered the services of its members in restoring the electrical system in the Men's Industrial home.

The Women's Union Label league of San Francisco has decided to urge upon the next legislature to enact a law providing for an eight hour work-day for women and children wage-workers.

The San Francisco Building Trades council has instructed the Mosaic Workers' union to disband. This will be done, the members of the defunct union joining the cement workers, tile setters and marble workers as auxiliaries.

William Brace, member of the British parliament, representing the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, and Ben Turner, president of the General Union of Weavers and Textile Workers of the British Isles, attended the convention of the American Federation of Labor at St. Louis.

Texas Ramsdell, the University of Pennsylvania sprinter and football player, who has contested in big meets in Great Britain this summer, will compete in the A. A. U. championships at New Orleans in October. He has had a fine season and won all of the British sprinting championships, defeating the great Walker in the big races.

The additional wage increase for the members of the book and job branch of Boston Typographical union has gone into effect. It was the second and last raise under the terms of the agreement of last year.