

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDK
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CHAPTER I

It was a December morning—the Missouri December of mild temperatures and saturated skies—and the Chicago & Atton's fast train, dripping from the rush through the wet night, had steamed briskly to its terminal in the Union station at Kansas City.

Two men, one smoking a short pipe and the other mopping the ash from a scented cigarette, stood aloof from the hurrying throngs on the platform looking on with the measured interest of those who are in a melee but not of it.

"More delay," said the cigarette smoker, glancing at his watch. "We are over an hour late now. Do we get any of it back on the run to Denver?"

The pipe smoker shook his head. "Hardly, I should say. The Limited is a pretty heavy train to pick up lost time. But it won't make any particular difference. The western connections all wait for the Limited, and we shall reach the seat of war to-morrow night, according to the Boston itinerary."

Mr. Morton P. Adams flung away the unburned half of his cigarette and inhaled a yawn behind his hand.

"It's no end of a bore, Winton, and that is the plain, unadorned fact," he protested. "I think the governor owes me something. I worried through the Tech because he insisted that I should have a profession, and now I am going in for field work with you in a howling winter wilderness because he insists on a practical demonstration. I shall mostly out there in those mountains."

"It's written in the book," said the pipe smoker, ironically. He was sitting at a neat, clean-cut and vigorous, from the steadfast outlook of the gray eyes and the close clip of the Van Dyke beard to the square jawline of the strong hands, and his smile was of good-natured contempt. "As you say, it is an outrage on fiscal compliance. All the same, with the right-of-way fight in prospect, Quartz Creek canyon may not prove to be such a valley of dry bones. Look out, there!"

The shifting engine had cut a car from the rear of the lately arrived train, and was rattling down the out-of-the-way track by coupling with the Transcontinental Limited. Adams stepped back and let it miss him by a hand's breadth, and as the car was passing, Winton read the name on the paneling.

"The Rosemary," somebody's 20-on-private outfit. That cooks our last chance of making up any lost time between this and to-morrow."

He broke off abruptly. On the square rear-observation platform of the private car were three ladies. One of them was small and blue-eyed, with wavy little tufts of snowy hair peeping out under her dainty widow's cap. Another was small and blue-eyed, with wavy masses of flaxen hair caught up from a face which might have served as a model for the most exquisite blonde figure that ever came out of France. But Winton saw only the third.

She was taller than either of her companions—tall and straight and fitted a charming embodiment of health and strength and beauty; clear-skinned, blue-eyed—a very good-looking young woman, in Winton's instant estimation up of her, and her crown of red-gold hair helped out the simple.

Now thus far in his thirty-year pilgrimages John Winton, man and boy, had lived the intense life of a working hermit so far as the social gods and goddesses were concerned. Yet he had a pang of disappointment or pointed jealousy, or something akin to both—when Adams lifted his hat to this particular goddess, and was rewarded by a little cry of recognition, and stepped up to the platform to be presented to the elder and younger ladies.

"So, as we say, Winton turned and walked away as one left out, feeling one moment as though he had been defrauded of a natural right, and deciding himself the next, as a sensible man should. After a bit he was able to laugh at the "sudden attack," as he phrased it; but later, when he and Adams were settled for the day-long run in the Denver sleeper, and the "limited" was clanking out over the switches, he brought the talk around with a carefully assumed air of lack-interest to the party in the private car.

"She is a friend of yours, then?" he said, when Adams had taken the baited hook on-eyed.

The technician modified the assumption.

"Not quite in your sense of the word, I fancy. I met her a number of times at the houses of mutual friends in Boston. She was studying at the conservatory."

"But she isn't a Bostonian," said Winton, confidently.

"Miss Virginia?—hardly. She is a Carteret of the Carterets, Virginia-born, bred, and named. Stunning girl, isn't she?"

"No," said Winton, shortly, resenting the slang for no reason that he could have set forth in words.

Adams lighted another of the scented cigarettes, and his clean-shaven face wrinkled itself into a slow smile.

"Which means that she has winged you at sight, I suppose, as she does most men." Then he added, calmly: "It's no go."

"What's no go?"

Adams laughed unfeelingly.

"Presently, as I was saying, she would miss the chance of marrying the best man in the world for the sake of taking a rise out of him. Moreover, she comes of old cavalier stock, with an English air about the back of it, and she is inordinately proud of the fact; while you—er—you've given me to understand that you are a man of the people, haven't you?"

Winton nodded absently. It was one of his minor faults to ignore his lineage, which ran decently back to a colonial governor on his father's side, and to assert that he did not know his grandfather's middle name—which was accounted for by the very simple fact that the elder Winton had no middle name.

"Well, that settles it definitely," was the Bostonian's comment. "Miss Carteret is of the same azure. The man who marries her will have to know his grandfather's middle name—and a good bit more besides."

Winton's laugh was mockingly good-natured.

"You have missed your calling by something more than a hand's-breadth, Morty. You should have been a novelist. Give you a spike and a cross-stitch and you'd infer a whole railroad. But you please my curiosity. Where are these American royalties of yours going in the Rosemary?"

"To California. The car belongs to Mr. Somerville Darrah, who is vice president and manager in fact of the Colorado & Grand River road; the 'Rajah,' they call him. He is a relative of the Carterets, and the party is on its way to spend the winter on the Pacific coast."

"And the little lady in the widow's cap, is she Miss Carteret's mother?"

"Miss Beale Carteret's mother and Miss Virginia's aunt. She is the chaperon."

Winton was silent while the "Limited" was roaring through a village on the Kansas side of the river. When he spoke again it was not of the Carterets; it was of the Carterets' kinsman and host.

"I have heard somewhat of the Rajah," he said, half musingly. "In fact, I know him, by sight. He is what the magnanimists are fond of calling an 'industry colonel,' a born leader who has fought his way to the front. If the Quartz Creek row is anything more than a stiff bluff on the part of the C. & G. R. it will be quite as well for us if Mr. Somerville Darrah is safely at the other side of the continent—and well out of reach of the wires."

Adams came to attention with a half-hearted attempt to galvanize an interest in the business talk.

"Tell me more about this mysterious jangle we are heading for," he rejoined. "Have I enlisted for a soldier when I thought I was only going into peaceful exile as an assistant engineer of construction on the Utah Short Line?"

"That remains to be seen," Winton took a leaf from his pocket memorandum and drew a rough outline map. "Here is Denver, and here is Carbonate," he explained. "At present the Utah is running into Carbonate this way over the rails of the C. & G. R. on a joint track agreement which either line may terminate by giving six months' notice of its intention to the other. Got that?"

"To have and to hold," said Adams. "Go on."

"Well, on the first day of September the C. & G. R. people gave the Utah management notice to quit."

"They are blasted monopolists," said Adams, scathingly. "Still, I don't see why there should be any scrapping over the line in Quartz Creek canyon."

"No? You are not up in monopolistic methods. In six months from September 1st the Utah people will be shut out of Carbonate business, which is all that keeps that part of

their line alive. If they want a share of that traffic after March 1st, they will have to have a road of their own to carry it off."

"Precisely," said Adams, stilling a yawn. "They are building one, aren't they?"

"Trying to," Winton amended. "But, unfortunately, the only practical route through the mountains is up Quartz Creek canyon, and the canyon is already occupied by a branch of the Colorado & Grand River."

"Still, I don't see why there should be any scrapping."

"Don't you? If the Rajah's road can keep the new line out of Carbonate till the six months have expired, it will have a monopoly of all the carrying-trade of the camp. By consequence, it can force every shipper in the district to make iron-clad contracts, so that when the Utah line is finally completed it won't be able to secure any freight for a year at least."

"That's the game, is it? I begin to savvy the burro; and that's the proper phrase, isn't it? And what are our chances?"

"We have about one in a hundred, as near as I could make out from Mr. Callowell's statement of the case. The C. & G. R. people are moving heaven and earth to obstruct us in the canyon. If they can delay the work a little longer, the weather will do the rest. With the first heavy snow in the mountains, which usually comes long before this, the Utah will have to put up its tools and wait till next summer."

Adams lighted another cigarette.

"Pardon me if I am inquisitive," he said, "but for the life of me I can't understand what these obstructionists can do. Of course, they can't use force."

Winton's smile was grim. "Can't they? Wait till you get on the ground. But the first move was peaceable enough. They got an injunction from the courts restraining the new line from encroaching on their right of way."

"Which was a thing that nobody wanted to do," said Adams, between inhalations.

"Which was a thing the Utah had to do," corrected Winton. "The canyon is a narrow gorge—a mere slit in parts of it. This is where they have us."

"Oh, well; I suppose we took an appeal and asked to have the injunction set aside?"

"We did, promptly; and that is the present status of the fight. The appeal decision has not yet been handed down; and in the meantime we go on building a railroad, incurring all the penalties for contempt of court with

every shovelful of earth moved. Do you still think you will be in danger of ossifying?"

Adams let the question rest while he asked one of his own.

"How do you come to be mixed up in it, Jack? A week ago some one told me you were going to South America to build a railroad in the Andes. What switched you?"

Winton shook his head. "Fate, I guess; and a wire from President Callowell, of the Utah, offering me this. Chief of Construction Evaris in charge of the work in Quartz Creek canyon, said what you said a few minutes ago—that he had not hired out for a soldier. He resigned, and I'm taking his berth."

Adams rose and buttoned his coat. "By all of which it seems that we two are in for a good bit more than the 'ossifying exile,' he remarked. Are then: 'I'm going back into the Rosemary to pay my respects to Miss Virginia Carteret. Won't you come along?'"

"No," said Winton, more shortly than the invitation warranted; and the technician went his way alone.

CHAPTER II

"Scuse me, sah; private cab, sah." It was the porter's challenge in the vestibule of the Rosemary. Adams found a card.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

Ice Water Really Makes One Warmer—But Drink Water Just Chilled—With Limas Juice Added.

"Nothing could be worse than the quality of ice water, which people drink in the hope of cooling off their temperature. Cold water only chills the stomach," says a southern woman in the New York World. "The reaction makes one warmer. The best drink for the summer is plain cold water, not chilled, but just cold. I drink a great deal of this, but never forget to add to each glass a little lime juice. This gives it the refreshing tart taste and also counteracts the effects of bad drinking water."

"When it gets really hot, there are a few simple ways of cooling off the blood which many people know, but hardly anyone practices. I keep cool by using all these little resources, and when it is very enervating, and I have work to do, I don't hesitate to go about with wet cotton behind my ears. A piece of cotton dipped in cold water and placed behind the ears so that it touches the big artery, will cool one off wonderfully. A drop or two of ammonia may be added to the water in which the cotton is immersed, and will make one feel deliciously refreshed. When the nights are very hot and breathless, the hot water bag filled with cold water and placed at the back of the neck will let the cold water run over one's forehead."

"Of course we southern women wear our flannels and low collars in the house, and you have no idea how we dislike even the shirt waist, with its dainty or lace collar band, not so much for the heat of the material as for the structure around the throat. If it is uncomfortably hot a cold compress around the neck is delicious, and everyone knows that to let the cold water run over one's wrists for any length of time will cool off the warmest individual, and is a restful and soothing device."

"Where it is not possible to take two or more dips during the day, the feet at least should have their proper amount of care and ventilation night and morning. The thinnest kind of straw slippers or mules are best for the feet, and should be worn when possible, as the privacy of one's own stockings should be discarded and the feet allowed a certain amount of freedom after being refreshed by a foot bath."

WHEN COOKING CABBAGE.

Cook in Boiling Water, Slice and Add Sauce Made as Directed—How to Overcome Odor.

Drop the prepared cabbage into enough water (boiling) to completely cover it; if the heads are small, use whole; if large, halve or quarter them. Keep the water boiling briskly for half an hour; then lift into a colander to drain, after which slice finely; season with pepper and salt to taste. While the cabbage is cooking, prepare in another vessel, a sauce made as follows: One teaspoonful of vinegar (if very strong, weaken a little with water), add butter the size of a hen's egg; two tablespoonfuls of sugar; bring to a boil; set off the fire and stir in a well-beaten egg. Pour this over the cabbage, stirring thoroughly with a fork, and serve hot.

The water in which cabbage is boiled should not be poured into the sink unless you wash the drain at once with soap suds, as the odor is so strong and lasting. If you have a garden, the better way is to pour it on the earth. To get the smell out of the kitchen, keep the windows open and roast a few coffee beans on the stove.—The Commoner.

Herring Salad.

Herring salad may make a pleasant change as a supper dish on a warm day. Heat through by boiling, or in the oven, three smoked herrings. Then tear off the heads and pull the skin away; split, take out the backbone and cut up into small bits, or to shred them is better. Put in a salad bowl, add one small chopped onion, two hard-boiled eggs, chopped, and one boiled potato; cut fine with a teaspoonful of chopped parsley; season with a teaspoonful of salt, one of pepper, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar and two of oil; mix well, and if you have it, decorate with a boiled beet.

About Corn Meal.

To prevent corn cakes and bread from having a raw taste, I mix the meal with milk a few hours before baking the bread. When ready to bake it, add the salt, egg, a spoonful of flour and last of all the soda, or if sweet milk be used, add baking powder. Much, however, must be boiled a long time. Having neither time nor inclination to stand by the mush pot, I boil the mush thoroughly, being careful not to make it too thick, then place closely covered in the oven, where it is kept at boiling heat for several hours.

Cabbage Salad.

For one quart of finely chopped cabbage, use a dressing as follows: Boil together one-half cup vinegar, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one-half teaspoon each of salt, and pepper; rub one-fourth cup of butter to a cream with one teaspoonful flour and add it to the boiling vinegar; boil five minutes then stir in one well beaten egg; pour while hot over the cabbage.

Breakfast Chocolate.

Take six tablespoonfuls scraped chocolate, or three of chocolate and three of cocoa, dissolve in a quart of boiling water, rich milk, hot scald, and serve hot. This is enough for six persons.

History of the Bell.

The first bell was invented by Paulinus, bishop of Nola, in Campania in 400. In England, the first bell was used in Croiland abbey, in Lincolnshire, 845. Musical bells are a Belgian invention, dating back to 1407.

Women to Erect Window.

A stained glass window is to be erected in St. Mary's church, Bulphan Essex, England, to be known as the "Mary" window. It will be subscribed for entirely by women bearing the name of Mary.



Boston.—Millionaires are won by beautiful hands, and there never was a millionaire whose wife had ugly fingers. When a man has a million dollars he looks for a nice pair of hands and he will not be happy till he gets them. A hundred instances can be pointed out to prove this assertion and a single case to the contrary is not known. Women who have caught millionaires have in every case had the most charming of hands. Sometimes the hands have been almost perfect in every respect, and what a chance there is for a millionaire upon the third finger.

Perhaps he likes to talk and he enjoys being told a thing or two. In that case the pretty girl with the pretty hands will make a study of using her hands. She will know how to talk with them, and you catch glimpses of her explaining a thing or two to the millionaire. Of course she never argues, she knows better than to argue. And she never discusses, she never takes sides, and she never has views. But she chats, and she gossips, and she banters, and she smiles, and she teases. And she does it all with her hands.

Lady Mary Curzon has the prettiest hands in England; they used to be the prettiest hands in America and for awhile they were the prettiest hands in India. She could have "caught" a hundred millionaires. But she caught just one—a man of millionaire brains. Her hands are of the artistic order—long, slender, smooth, and without a bone showing in them. They are hands to be worshipped.

Fascinated by Hands.

"I wonder if she would let me hold her hand a minute?" breathed an artist at one of the exhibitions. "I would rather touch her hand than gaze upon the hands of any woman in these halls. I must know if they are cold like marble or warm and human."

The duchess of Marlborough has a professional manure to take care of her hands. She cherishes them far too highly to let them be handled by ordinary persons. The flesh is pulled back with bits of cotton wrapped around a tiny stick to keep the white scars from appearing; and there are lotions and polishes, perfumes and unguents, prepared expressly for these hands. And the end justifies the means. They are pink, soft and perfect. No hands were ever so exquisite to gaze upon from a color standpoint, for they are just red enough in the palms to be beautiful, and the flesh is a perfect flesh tone, while the nails almost are ruby.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert has the most expressive hands in the world. One has to see her to appreciate it. But once having seen her, there is little room for doubt.

Mme. Guilbert has a way of making her hands distinctive. When everybody wore short gloves she appeared in long and wrinkled elbow gloves. Now that the elbow glove is common

When Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., caught a millionaire with almost as many millions as her own the comment was: "He fell in love with her hands." They are of the little, pathetic type, white and helpless looking, like the hands of a baby, and almost as plump. They are groomed exquisitely always, and malicious persons have accused Mrs. Vanderbilt of wearing gloves at night. "In no other way could she keep their color so perfect," they say. Her hands would be useless hands were it not for the shape of the fingers, which are heavy where they join the hands. When the fingers are heavy it denotes force of character and also a good disposition.

The girl with beautiful hands should display them. They are her most effective weapons. She should show them off all that is possible, and if she be a wise girl she will cultivate the trick of having a little table or stand or something convenient upon which to rest her arms. It gives one such a chance to show the fingers.

The wise woman wears one ring upon each finger, but never two. One ring sets off the finger and preserves its shape and general appearance.

Will Use Hands for Conquest.

There is a girl in this town who loves a man of millions. She is a shrewd girl and she loves him for himself, not for his money. But she knows that the road will be a hard one. So she is studying up the hand matter. She is going to catch him with her hands and she is willing that he should keep his eyes wide open. When he talks she listens. To do

she wears a pair of white gloves, two-button, with an expanse of plump arm showing above the glove. Her hands are wiry, tapering, and beautifully expressive. She need not say a word. Her hands speak for her.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor has the Philadelphia type of hands—the Quakerish, submissive hands. They have been in her family for 200 years, and her father was famous for them. They are royal hands. They are large and the nails are wide, but the hand itself is folded neatly upon the hip. It is not a sly hand and it is not a hand that picks at things. It is an economical hand, and it is the hand that millionaires like to marry. It is a hand that will not spend too freely. The millionaire's fortune is safe in such hands.

Women Rule the Stage To-Day

By FRANK MCKEE,
Manager of Daly's Theater, New York City.

Women rule the theater, and women cannot be made permanently enthusiastic over anything that is not wholesome and pretty. Women in general have given their approval to musical comedy, but it must be along perfectly

honest and legitimate lines. Midnight supper scenes and show girls with suggestive lingerie in sextets, octets and all the other formations have had their day. The pretty faces are in greater demand than ever, but they must be placed in settings that are nearer to nature as we know it.

Women make the atmosphere of a theater, and when you have established a reputation for a playhouse that is of the kind that Mrs. Grundy can send the girls to with safety you have to be careful not to undo it, which can be done with one matinee; and anyone who has the contract to sustain a theater's reputation and have it make money at the same time welcomes the growth of the fashion to the wholesome and better change that is coming over the theatrical world.

There is no business that is so susceptible to rapid change as the theatrical business, and there is no institution that so reflects the sentiment of a people. Hundreds of plays are rejected every year because while they may be of the best construction and have all the finish of a good work, they contain some idea that everyone of experience knows will be rejected by the public.

A playwright will make a fine play and make the biggest scene touch on religion, which means failure before the thing has been read. Politics is almost as dangerous, and the sex problem play cannot be more than a sporadic success, and then only draws from a class.

We want wholesome plays, say the women, and wholesome plays will have to give them, with music and costumes and other novelties just as attractive and new as in the other kind.