

On the Straight

BY MARY ANGELA DICKENS—Author of "Prisoners of Silence," "Against the Tide," "Some Women's Ways," "On the Edge of a Precipice," etc., etc.

(Copyright, 1902, by S. S. McClure Co.) Gladys Shorter, seated in the far corner of a Waltham Green omnibus, was surveying the world with a vague little smile...

"That's a big commission you've just got from Ceylon, isn't it?" Gladys shook the bag of chocolates and peered interestedly into its depths...

too good a playgoer to press the question at the moment. If he could have seen Gladys' face, as she looked straight before her with contracted brows and started eyes, he would have known that she was hardly aware...

grappled with amazement, the color mounted to his face. "You don't seem to notice that you're paying me a poor compliment," he said...

ernor's mansion, and Mr. Roosevelt and the longshoreman went at it. Unfortunately, the longshoreman had not been trained in the art of self-control...

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HE FELT HER START SUDDENLY AS HE STOPPED SHORT, LETTING HER SENTENCE DIE AWAY ON HER LIPS.

It was a pretty little face behind the veil, a little smile at this moment, but that Gladys' eyes were quite "the thing." The outline was very soft and girlish...

"Mr. Lottie—well, you see, he says he's got enough"—his touch of tender pride made even the little high-pitched voice peep to hear—"and he doesn't see why we should wait. And—and I shouldn't wonder if it was to be somewhere about the spring."

Lottie's face and his expression became unusually keen and businesslike. "You bet I do," he said. "Go ahead, Gladys. The trouble in Gladys' eyes grew deeper."

"I'm afraid I can't tell you," she faltered. "You see, we're not supposed to talk about what goes on in the office."

"Now, look here, Gladys," he said, "it's no use talking like that. I have asked you and I do ask you, and if you won't tell me it's all off between us—so now!"

"I couldn't help it," she said to herself, as she sat there, "but I'm afraid I can't tell you. But, oh, I do wish I was dead!"

Story of a Wee Girl Who Carried Luncheon to Her Father. Tucked in among the secondary press dispatches the other day and thrown into shadow by the narratives of the world's great happenings for twenty-four hours...

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