

Gloria's Romance

Tenth Installment.

A ring on the finger is a badge of slavery that women are generally proud to wear, especially when it is an engagement ring, with a sparkle of diamonds like the price mark of a princess, saying, "See how much I cost!" or "He must love me a lot to have spent so much money on this diamond advertisement."

When Freneau slipped the gleaming circlet on Gloria's finger she had laughed with joy over it, never dreaming that he had bought it on credit and mentioned her name as security, and still less dreaming that he had not yet freed himself from the ringless engagement to Lois.

When Freneau died the gems that had looked to Gloria like jeweled laughter became teardrops of undying grief. She had taken a dismal pleasure in kissing the ring and talking to it as to her lost lover. When her tender heart yielded to the jealousy of her father and to his authority and she surrendered the ring to him her finger seemed to be suddenly naked and ashamed of itself. Her father's delight in his victory became only selfishness and an abuse of parental control.

Her very finger ached to have its ring back and she determined to go to her father and demand it. She went down the stairway to his library with a resolute step. She marched in upon him. He looked lonesome in his big dark room at his game of solitaire. Her mother had been dead for years and the little girl and boy he had raised had outgrown him. David was married and living in another house. Gloria had planned to leave him. She had as it were packed up her heart for departure. In her own loneliness she understood his. The look of determination in her face changed to one of pity. She felt more like her father's mother than like a rebellious daughter. She decided to postpone the quarrel for the ring for a few minutes.

He had not heard her, so she coughed. The look of joy that brightened his eyes when they rested on her filled her with tenderness. He pushed back his cards and opened his arms to her. She ran to him and seated herself on the arm of his chair, embracing him and twisting his white hair into a single spear as she had done from childhood.

"My own little Gloria has come home again!" he groaned in a childish rapture that showed how blue and deserted he had felt. "And you're not going to leave me again, are you?"

"Never, daddy, never!" she sighed. "You poor old widower—you have a little widow for a child. You'll never lose me now."

That did not satisfy him either. "O, yes, I will," he answered. "Your smile will come back and some day a handsome man—"

"Hush," she said, and put her finger across his lips. "Don't say it." It seemed treachery of the basest sort to discuss such a topic. She bent her head in apology to the memory of her lover. Her downcast eyes caught a sparkle in the depth of her father's waistcoat pocket. She knew that it was the ring he had taken from her. He had not yet put it in the safe or thrown it into the river.

Gloria was startled. Her lips parted to speak the demand she had come to make. But her father was staring into the fire with such a contented look that she could not bear to start such a scene as he would be sure to make. He was a great man for getting what he wanted and for keeping it, once it was got.

The diamond blinked at her and seemed to say, "Steal me. He took me by force; take me back by stealth. I belong to you."

Gloria had no previous experience as a pickpocket, but she understood how exciting the profession must be. Her father was unsuspecting and an easy victim. She had only to lay her cheek against his as a blindfold and while her hair got into his eyes and made him squirm she recaptured the ring. She was afraid at once that he would miss it, speak of it, reach for it, and find it gone. She dared not linger.

"Go back to your cards, you old darling," she said, kissed him half a dozen good-nights and left.

She ran up to her room and set the ring in place again on her finger. She rejoiced in it a moment. Then her heart sunk. Her father would not tolerate a combination of disobedience and robbery. The main thing was to keep the ring. She put it on a little chain and fastened it about her neck. And there she wore it until—until her quest was ended and she had learned the truth. Much time and many adventures lay between this night and that day.

Her father went back to his solitaire and did not miss the ring for hours. Then he raised a mighty pothole. He had the old butler on all fours looking everywhere for the ring. He even had the ashes in the fireplace sifted. He suspected everybody but Gloria. She was asleep in a loneliness that was somewhat assuaged by her fidelity and her mission.

The next morning Gloria set about her task with an analytical mind. She read in the morning paper that Frank Mulry, the partner of the late Richard Freneau, had decided to incorporate the firm under the name of Frank Mulry, Inc. It made her angry to think that she realized that, after all, she knew nothing of Mulry and that he must know a great deal about her poor Freneau. He was the first man to visit. She was happy in this determination. Her brother, David, dropped in to say, "Lois and I had a little misunderstanding, but we have made up. We're going to the country house for a new honeymoon. Come along, you two, and have some skating and skiing and toboggan work."

Gloria shook her head. She had other work to do. Her father urged her to make the change of scene. She said she would think it over, but she did not intend to go, as she planned to spend her visits on Frank Mulry. As soon as she could get rid of her father and brother she ordered her own car out for the long voyage downtown.

Frank Mulry was not at his office when she arrived. He had been summoned to Doctor Royce's office by telephone. Thinking that Royce probably wanted a tip on the market, and eager always for a new customer, Mulry lost no time in obeying the summons. He found Royce



"FORGIVE ME, DICK; I BELIEVE YOU IN SPITE OF THE WORLD."

in a grim humor and not at all polite.

"Mr. Mulry," Royce began, every word as sharp as a surgeon's knife. "You know more about Richard Freneau's case than you would like to tell in the open court. Miss Stafford is suspicious of everybody who ever knew Freneau. I imagine that she will look you up. It is the wish of her father and of myself that she shall not find out what a scoundrel the man was. We want to spare her, at least until she grows much stronger and time has healed her wounds a little. It is to your interest as much as ours to keep her in the dark. You know how those letters were mailed and those telegrams sent. You know why Freneau played this horrible trick on the poor girl he was engaged to. I merely wish to warn you that if you see Miss Gloria Stafford coming your way you get out of her sight, no matter how or when. If you don't you'll be mixed up in a murder trial that may prove disastrous to you and your business."

Mulry's usual smile was twisted into a look of terror. He had more reasons than even Royce suspected for wishing to keep the searchlight of the press and the police court out of his office. He was uncertain of the manner of Freneau's death, but the published hints of suicide for financial reasons had put Mulry into new financial difficulties. He had used the money Freneau had borrowed of Gloria's father to save himself from a crash. He was afraid that Stafford would demand it back at any moment, and he could not face such a demand. Furthermore, his part in the writing of the letters and the sending of them and the telegrams from the various cities was one that he could not pleasantly explain. He could think of no good lie to tell, and the last person on earth he wanted to meet was Gloria Stafford.

Fortunately for him he was at Royce's office when Gloria arrived at his. She was received by an impatient young stenographer who seemed unable to spare time from her gum chewing and her appraisal of Gloria's looks and clothes to impart any useful information.

Gloria said she would like to leave a note for Mr. Mulry. The stenographer pointed to a table whereon lay writing materials. Gloria sat down to write. Mr. Mulry called upon her. Now Lois Stafford had also an important errand at this office. Her whole future and reputation lay in the packet of letters that Freneau had promised to return to her. She was sure that they were not on his body, for had they been found the newspapers or the police would have men-

tioned them soon enough. To recover those letters was now her prime purpose in life.

She thought of Mulry as the one most likely to be in possession of Freneau's effects, so she called on Mulry, never dreaming that Freneau had told him of her own interference in his plans to wed Gloria, or the Mulry's collaboration with Freneau in his elaborate scheme to trick both women. Least of all did Lois dream that Gloria herself would be at Mulry's office. The stenographer was more impressed by Lois' clothes than by her attempt to be casual in her inquiry as to Mulry and "the papers of poor Mr. Freneau."

The stenographer murmured at the bookkeeper: "Two swell dames-campin' on Mr. Mulry's trail the same day! Something's goin' on here that ain't gettin' into the letters he dictates to me." She did not tell Lois of Gloria's presence, and Lois went away in a turmoil of anxiety almost as great as that in Gloria's mind when she heard Lois ask about "poor Mr. Freneau."

A knife of jealousy went into Gloria's heart and a hideous intuition that her beloved Dick might have bewitched Lois as he bewitched herself. Those eyes of his had been perhaps a little too winning.

She rebuked herself for allowing the suspicion even to flit through her brain and began her note to Mulry. Her eye fell on the letterhead. The branch offices of the brokerage firm were listed in an upper corner: Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, A new suspicion stabbed Gloria. The telegrams and letters in Dick's writing had been sent from just those cities in just that order! Yet he had been dead when they were sent.

The earliest explanation was the true one, and Gloria guessed it immediately. He could have sent them to the branch offices in advance to be sent to her in order or he could have entrusted them to someone traveling the round of the offices. Her intuition hit on the truth, without knowing it. The very ease of the trick disgusted her. She felt herself in the shadow of some hateful conspiracy. She began to doubt her own memory as to the letters and telegrams.

Crumpling the letter she had begun and thrusting it into her handbag, she left the office, telling the stenographer that she would telephone to Mr. Mulry. The elevator seemed to drop out beneath her as her whole trust in man and love had fallen from under her. She reached her motor and told the driver to make haste for home.

"WE'RE GOING TO THE COUNTRY HOUSE FOR A NEW HONEY-MOON."

lays, maddened her, and when she reached her house at last she was in a frenzy. She ran up to her desk, took from the strong box the letters and telegrams of her lover, and compared them with the letterhead, laying them out date by date. There they were, the same towns in the same order, like a loathsome timetable of deceit. Her love revolted at the very picture of Freneau. She lost all self-control and cried at it:

"Whoever killed you and whatever his reason was, you lied to me, Dick. You never loved me, and I don't love you any more! I won't wear mourning for you any more."

She rang her bell furiously and ordered her startled maid to bring her the brightest gown in her wardrobe. She caught it from the maid's hands and drove the girl but, then flinging the riotous colors about her black gown like a scarf, she broke into a dance, flinging her lithe body into postures of joy and crying out that she was happy and that her heart would never be the fool of love again.

But she was not strong and her hysteria wore out speedily. Her heart swung back to its love again and she fell across the divan sobbing: "Forgive me, Dick. I believe you in spite of the world. I love you in spite of everything and I'll find out the truth—the truth—the truth!"

And now it would have been hard to say whether Gloria's motive was one of loyalty to Freneau or of suspicion

of him. She had to acquit him of worse than murder before the court of her own heart as much as to avenge him. If he was the victim of some conspiracy, she was the victim of his. The riddle maddened her with its uncertainties.

That visit of Lois to Mulry's office seemed to involve her in Freneau's duplicity. Lois had confessed to stealing the photograph of Freneau. She had said that she planned to have a miniature made for Gloria. But this seemed now to be only a hasty excuse, a desperate lie to hide a discovered theft. She decided to question Lois further. But Lois was going to her country home. Gloria had decided not to go. Now she decided that she would. She went to Lois' house to tell her so.

To her amazement Dr. Royce was there. He was saying to Lois that Gloria was on the hunt and warning her to be both a better wife than she had been and a more discreet woman, just such a warning as he had given Mulry.

Mulry had already taken the doctor's advice. He had invited himself to the country home of a friend of his, a home not far from David Stafford's. In eluding Gloria he had set out for the very region which she was about to visit in her investigation of Lois. Gloria did not hear what Dr. Royce was saying to Lois when she was shown into the living room. But she saw that they were talking excitedly and that her appearance disconcerted

Bear the Fire Hazard in Mind When Planning Johnny's Fourth

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

Lincoln, July 1.—(Special).—Fire Commissioner Ridgell is using every effort to prevent fires during the celebration of the coming week and has issued the following instructions which he hopes will tend to keep down much of the trouble. He says:

"Public sentiment is more and more growing in favor of a safe and sane Fourth of July. Every citizen should try and encourage this."

"Wherever Fourth of July celebrations have been tried without the dangerous use of fireworks it has been found most satisfactory. Speeches, picnics, parades, public park entertainments can all be enjoyed without any explosive and death-dealing fireworks."

"Don't, under any circumstances, permit children to have fireworks to fire off themselves. This necessitates their having matches and matches are always a dangerous fire hazard, both to life and property, when in the hands of children."

"City officials and members of regular and volunteer fire departments should be interested and lend every

assistance and encouragement for a safe and sane Fourth. Usually this is a busy day for fire departments, and no one knows better than the fireman what danger lurks in the various fireworks for sale in our cities and towns."

"It is much better to plan for the saving of life and property from destruction before a loss occurs than to mourn and regret it afterward."

"The real progressive cities and towns should pass ordinances prohibiting the use of fireworks in our streets. They are not only dangerous but a nuisance and annoyance to passersby."

"Parents should take an interest in this matter and should not allow their children to spend money on fireworks. They should not allow children to take matches to play with. Many a child has been maimed for life or burned to death because indulgent parents would not deny their children these dangerous playthings."

"We sincerely hope Nebraska will have no destructive fires or no horrible loss of life because of the careless and dangerous use of fireworks on this Fourth of July."

—W. S. RIDGELL.

Whither Fashion Breezes Blow

Dress hats are mostly large. Buckles are being worn on low shoes.

White frocks edged with cerise are charming.

Narrow fancy edged ribbons are in tremendous favor for outing hats. Occasionally one sees the brightest of grass-greens in a summer frock.

Some of the new hats are trimmed with tiny flat baskets of flowers. It takes a woman with perfect profile to wear the close, sleek coiffure. A frock of silk jersey can be effectively trimmed with bands of serge.

Embroidery is used with plain net for some of the smartest lingerie frocks.

Shot taffeta is used a good deal for gowns; it lends itself beautifully to the picturesque fashions.

The close-fitting hat trimmed with wings lying flat against the crown, is ideal for traveling.

Fichus are very fashionable and

they make easy the fashioning of a dainty summer frock.

People who do not wish their jewelry to go out of fashion should buy the heavy decorative kind.

A wide sailor hat may be trimmed with two large quills fastened in the back and sweeping forward.

When high collars are worn they are often open at the throat and high in the back only.

Wedding clothes are picturesque, with very full skirts, pointed bodices and puffed sleeves.

Fichus of lace and shaped collars of muslin are worn over the plain silk corsets of taffeta gowns.

To make the black-and-white checked sports suit chic, add a collar and cuff set of red leather.

The Victorian gowns influence the coiffure—there is a suspicion that the coming coiffure will be fluffy.

Light facings and buttons characterize many gowns, preferably white, however dark the fabric may be.

By Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes

Tangled Threads

Novelized from the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name by George Kistel. FEATURING THE NOTED STAR, MISS BILLIE BURKE. Copyright, 1916, by Adelaide M. Hughes.

them. Gloria was so disconcerted at this that she could hardly explain her errand.

"I just dropped in to say that I will accept David's invitation to go up to the farm with you."

Lois was so reassured by this that she exclaimed with delight:

Royce said to Gloria: "May I come up, too?"

Gloria answered him icily: "It isn't my farm. Good-by, Lois." Then she walked out.

Royce stared at Lois, then at the spot where Gloria had been. Gloria was angry at him. He could not imagine why. He could not permit her to snub him like that. He had some rights as a physician if not as a lover. He bolted from Lois' presence and caught Gloria just as she was getting into her car.

"I'm going to take you home at once," he said.

She answered with more ice: "I'm not going home. I'm going to my father's office. Good-by."

Royce helped her into the car, hesitated a moment, then jumped in after her. Neither of them spoke all the way downtown. She was too angry. He was too bewildered. Arrived at the Equitable building, she put out her hand to bid him good-by, but he shook his head and went in with her. Entering her father's suite, she brushed aside a protesting secretary and penetrated with Royce to the luxurious inner office.

Pierpont Stafford rose in amazement.

"Why, my child, what are you doing down here? You're not strong enough for this." And he looked inquiringly at the doctor.

"I tried to take her home, but she would not listen to me," Royce said helplessly.

Gloria advanced to her father with sudden anger.

"My health is all right, father, but what neither you nor Stephen realizes is that something must be done for my peace of mind." And drawing the photograph from her breast, she pointed to it with flashing eyes, turning to each of them accusingly. "He was not drowned. He was murdered."

You don't care. You only want silence. But I want the truth! I'm going to find it! I'm going to hunt down that man whether you help me or not!"

Royce studied her with uneasy admiration; her father tossed his hands in despair.

Royce thought a moment, then beckoned to Gloria and said: "Come with me."

Gloria followed him out wonderingly.

Entering the corridor of the building, Royce pressed the elevator button, marked "Up." He guided Gloria into a car that stopped for them. It was an express and shot them up to the fortieth floor. Alighting, Royce led her out to the roof. It was surrounded by a high wall, but a carpenter's ladder chanced to be there, and Royce set it up that Gloria might mount and see across the parapet.

Wonderingly, Gloria allowed Royce to help her up. She shuddered as she looked down into the depths of the vast canyons. Then, in great seriousness, Royce spoke. He stood on the ladder with her and pointed in a circle, beginning at the east and turning south, then west, then north, as he spoke:

"You say you saw a man kill Freneau! I say it was delirium. If it were true, you don't know his name, his country, or his motive; you would hardly know his face if you saw him again. No one knows who he is. He may have taken a ship across the ocean yonder. If he is in the city, among those millions, how can you hope to find him? Look!"

The marvelous expanse of the harbor, the rivers and bridges, and finally the enormous city, terrified Gloria, but she pounded her little fist on the parapet and shook it at the infinite sky above her in registration of her vow.

"I'll find him somehow! Somewhere! Sometime!"

Royce stared at her and loved her more than ever, hopelessly. She leaned on the parapet and gazed off into space.

(To Be Continued.)

Army Expert Figures Out What It Takes to Equip Million Men

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

Lincoln, July 1.—(Special).—What it will take to equip an army of 1,000,000 men, should we need that number in Mexico, is shown in the following prepared by an army officer. It will be noticed that the list does not contain anything about the modern automobile as a means of transportation, which would of course cut down to some extent the number of horses and mules needed:

Seven hundred and fifty thousand rifles and bayonets for men to fight with.

Two hundred and sixty-five thousand pistols, little brothers of the rifle.

Eight thousand machine guns, the military scythe.

Two thousand one hundred field guns to batter down attack.

One hundred and sixty-five million cartridges to carry them into their first fight, and as many more for each succeeding fight.

Two million five hundred thousand shells and shrapnel for our field guns for every hour they are in action.

One hundred and ninety-six thousand horses to carry them and pull their gun carriages.

One hundred and twenty-seven thousand mules to haul their supplies and pack their guns.

Eight thousand wagons to transport their supplies and ammunition.

One million cartridge belts for their ammunition.

One million first aid packets to bind up their wounds.

One million pouches to keep them dry.

One million canteens.

One million shelter halves to protect them from the weather.

Two million blankets to keep them warm.

Two million pairs of shoes.

Two million uniform coats, breeches, leggings, suits of underwear.

One million hats.

Two million shirts.

Four million pairs of socks.

One million pounds of meat each day.

One million pounds of bread each day.

Two million pounds of vegetables each day.

Three million pints of coffee or tea each day.

One million cups.

One million plates.

One million knives.

One million forks.

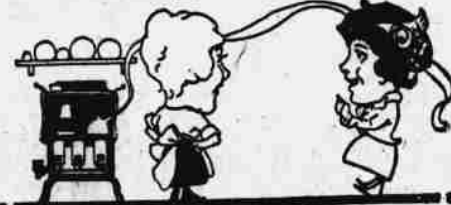
One million spoons.

And all this is aside from the 25,000 trained officers necessary to handle the 1,000,000 and does not take into consideration the army of clerks and officials necessary to handle the recruiting.

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Double - \$4.00 to \$7.00
Parlor, Bedroom and bath, \$10.00 to \$14.00

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