

By Frederic Taber Cooper.

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Mellish sighed involuntarily, and the careworn lines revealed themselves on his thin face. He wished that he shared the ability of this unknown Harry, the ability of the average unimaginative, tranquil husband, to shut domestic cares behind him when he stepped out over his threshold in the morning. He wished that just for one busy, harassed day he might forget that there was such a person as Nora in existence. He knew that it would be better for his peace of mind, better for his business interests, if Nora's face did not hover so often between him and the letters he wrote, the sales he made, the contracts that demanded undivided thought—Nora, with her small, red, continuous mouth, her aureole of hair like spun copper, her childlike appeal, her wide gray eyes, avidious of admiration. He wondered vaguely whether other men, outwardly happily married, had their joys cankered by gnawing suspicious, intangible doubts, insidious as microbes, that found a lodgment in the brain, and survived and bred a fever of unrest.

The wife of the absent-minded Harry, having at last won attention from the box-office, and accepted without protest, as exchange for the ladder row in the balcony, made way for Mellish. With the spasmodic consciousness of natural timidity he demanded the tickets she had just rendered, and somewhat to his surprise, obtained them. They were splendid seats, nine rows from the stage, on the middle aisle; the sort of seats that Nora always expected him to get. It was characteristic of Nora always to expect the best of anything, and usually to end by

From the theatre Mellish turned down Madison Avenue to Twenty-sixth Street, and thence westward along the northern boundary of Madison Square, not because it was a shorter way to his home, but in obedience to a sullen, unreasoning impulse to pass the restaurant where his wife had told him she would be luncheon. At this late hour it was quite possible that he had missed her; yet Nora was one who loved to linger over a lunch table, forgetful of the flight of time. There was still a chance that he might catch a glimpse at her through the windows on the Fifth Avenue side, or even have the luck to meet her just coming out, in all the pride of her new raiment. He knew already how extremely well it became her. It had come home from the dressmaker's only the night before, and had put her in a gracious mood for the whole evening. She had even donated it for his private benefit, and had mocked him gaily because he kept forgetting that the right name of all that gorgeousness was a lizard green moire. How she loved the pleasant, luxuriant things of life: dainty viands, lavish clothes, the glitter of many galleights, the adulation of the passing glance! She was not made for domesticity, she was too exotic—that the initial fault, the source of his unrest. She craved the stimulus of perpetual excitement; the showy, outside life of theatre, restaurant, hotel; the champagne atmosphere of the modern caravanserai. It was in a public restaurant that he first met her, five years ago—a dinner at Sherry's, where he had first listened to those mutinous red lips, first been dazzled by the coppery glint of her hair, first looked into those wide gray eyes, and answered their appeal for flattery. She was little more than a child in years—he had realized that at the time—just a tall, slim thing, with a face that robbed him of his sleep. He could smile now, grimly, remembering how he

Before the solid, unpretentious building on the corner, a landmark of fashion and conviviality to an earlier generation, Mellish paused uncertainly, peering blindly, with near-sighted eyes, wondering whether somewhere behind that broad expanse of spotless window Nora was still there; wondering, indeed, if she had been there at all.

The warm, bright summer afternoon was passing, and still Mellish lingered, staring ineffectually at the doorway, through which he had already ceased to expect her to appear. Suddenly a bevy of women came out together, two, four, yes, six of them. He could not see their faces from across the street. Mrs. Faversham might be there or she might not; but the lizard green moiré was unmistakable, even his poor eyes showed that. He made a reckless plunge in front of a delivery wagon, and narrowly shunned an automobile, because his thoughts, like his gaze, were fastened on that group of women across the way, half hidden behind a hansom cab. Nora had told the truth after all. He thought, with a gladness that was almost pain. But as the automobile moved out of his path, he saw better, to his amazement step into the waiting hansom. A man sprang in after her, a slender man, of medium height, whose face he could not see. The other women had disappeared, melted, vanished in thin air—it scarcely mattered where, if they were not, after all, Mrs. Faversham's luncheon party. He arrived beside the cab; he caught a sideways glimpse of the coppery hair, the soft watery shimmer of the green moiré; he more step and he could have reached out his hand and touched her arm. The driver swung his flexible lash, that snapped like a spiteful cracker with an inch of Mellish's ear.

At any other time, had the question been laid impartially before him, Mr. Mellish would have held that it was an who tried to follow on foot a rapidly retreating hansom cab through the crowded maze of New York streets, during the busy rush of a Saturday afternoon, was in a serious condition, bordering upon lunacy, that the present crisis he did not pause to consider, but simply gathered himself together and sprinted nimbly down the avenue, forgetting for once to be self-conscious, his long thin legs flashing like the long thin spokes of a rapidly turning wheel; his glasses threatened to slip from the bridge of his long, thin nose; his near-sighted eyes straining helplessly after the yellow room, that flashed like a thing of evil, in and out through the endless stream of taxicabs, motor cars, omnibuses and business wagons. At twenty-fifth street the mounted police, stationed there to regulate traffic, waved the third-bound stream of vehicles westward towards Broadway, through the tag end of a city block that was the base of the Worth Monument at Triangle. As they swung in a single file, first right, then left again, the electric car for a moment blocked the procession.

Mellish's first lucid thought was to spring into one of the many vacant hansoms that waited along the curb and bid him follow the yellow roan which this time threatened seriously to elude him. He waved to one spasmodically with his long arm. Then as he promptly responded, he waved it away again. He realized suddenly that he could not bring himself to take a stranger, even an unknown cab driver, so far into his confidence as to bid him follow that other hansom. No, he could not expose his jealousy to a cab driver; already he pictured the ironical curiosity in the fellow's eyes. Instead, he swung himself on to a Broadway open car, that for two blocks shot southward with such speed that he gained once more rapidly upon the fugitives, when at Twenty-third Street he suddenly lost sight of them altogether. He rose from the seat he had just taken in a bewilderment of helpless indecision. But the cab had started once more before he could decide to get off; and the next minute, as it slowed down for passengers at Twenty-second Street, there came the yellow roan, at full tilt, straight across from Fifth

Because, as though intent upon raining down the car he was in, and his with it. With sudden comprehension he remembered that the police regulations would naturally have obliged it to make a circuit of the Madison Building; that was why it had vanished from sight at Twenty-third Street. Now at least he would have a good view of her companion, the man who so insolently appropriated his wife in broad daylight. But three stout women crowding past him at the critical moment, blocked his view as the car swung in once more ahead of the car. He had caught only another fugitive glimpse of the green mottled glint of copper below the green astrich plume, and still more vaguely smooth-shaven, black-haired, enough man beside her. Instantly he cursed his weak, near-sighted eyes, that left him in doubt who the scoundrel was, who brazenly rode there beside Nora, for all Broadway to see. Was it someone whom he knew? Someone who had slapped his hand, partaken of his hospitality, enjoyed his hospitality a score of times? Among the men who came habitually to her evenings at home, or freely dropped in for dinner or tea, there were half a dozen of medium height, smooth-shaven and with darkish hair. It might be any one of these. The names seemed to repeat themselves happily in his ear, in rhythm with the hum of the car wheels—Jackington, Ted Voorhis, Windon Hinkley—Windon Hinkley? The image Mrs. Faversham's brother persisted in recurring to his mind, crowding to the front, elbowing out the way the other vaguer phenomena of his uncertainty. Never before, in all these months of unspoken jealousy, had his suspicions focussed infinitely upon any man. Windon Hinkley! With his foppish dress, his dissipated manner, his indefinable lump of dissipation in his boyish face and keen bold eyes. He had never even tried to like Hinkley. He had jarred upon his sense of fitness to see Nora; with her innate goodness, suffer contact with a nature that it stigmatised as vicious. Yet an antipathy was so intangible that he had never put it into words and had simply left the house, or made that one flimsy excuse, had come out into the winter night; rather than listen to Windon's light, frothy chatter, rather than hear this high-pitched laugh, that seemed to penetrate the furthest corner of the apartment, rather than see Nora's gray and widening mocking, in feigned surprise at his flippant audacity. It was the way he had guarded his home, by taking his hat and going out into the winter night!

at Union Square the cab turned once more. Mallish sprang nimbly from his car, without waiting for it to slow up, and broke a ruin once more, as though this time were spurring him. A hundred vendors with trampled feet could not have stayed him under the impulsion of his certainty. Cutting diagonally across the square, he gained, somehow, on the cab, what was fadging the vista of Fifteenth Street when he finally reached the corner. Luck more played into his hands, in the shape of an open trench where the main was being repaired. The mud wait while a dump cart was hustled up in front of a four-story dwelling, in whose fallen front could be read the history of a transition through successive waves of indigent gentility. It had been converted into a second-bachelor apartment, of the sort that exercised no censorship over the quality or sex of its tenant's presence. The vestibule, with the glittering brass of its speaking-tubes and letter boxes, was the one touch of fineness in the shabby exterior. Mallish, reeling dizzily in pursuit, forced almost apy, was not a foot away when the handsome man stepped. From the ambush of a wagon he saw the couple start, saw the driver touch his acknowledgment of his trespass.

glance apprehensively up the stairs, before gathering the folds of her green skirt, slipping furtively through the doorway. As the man vanished away, Mellish awoke to a consciousness that he was about to lose her. The street door had closed before he could reach it. In haste to gain admission he hurriedly pushed every one of the new brass bells in rapid succession. The automatic latch yielded a responsive staccato, and he rushed into the inner hall, stumbling over the scrub-woman's pail, standing within the dim vestibule, somewhere above him there floated through the gloom of the narrow stairs the sound of a woman's laughter, and through the darkness, the stale odor of cooked mutton. Mellish sprang two steps at a time. The physical strain had told its strength; the throbbing of his heart rang in his ears, and out other sounds, deafening itself. As in a dream he became of softly opening doors and curious heads thrust out, passed successive landings, and as the consequence of his pressure on all those new bells lay way up the third flight in time to see the tall, green man vanish through the doorway of the front apartment. As he managed to cover the distance and thrust his head forward, just as the door closed, he came from laughing. At the close of it he knocked with startled hands. He heard her startled

exclamation at the door was answered by a man whom he had never seen before. "Well, my friend, what do you want?" the man asked sharply. "I want my wife!" Mallin gasped hoarsely, and hunched himself into the room. As he did so, he turned and faced him; a woman with coppery hair and a lizard green dress—but not Nora, thank heaven—not Nora! He roared the thought wonderingly, incredulously: "You are not Nora!" It took a minute or two for the truth to sink in. He had followed the wrong couple through a mile of New York streets, he had tracked them to their lair, he had violently broken in upon them, and all that he could think to say in explanation was just these four enigmastic words, "You are not Nora!" He felt their ludicrous inadequacy, as he uttered them. "Mercy, how he scared me!" said the woman. "I felt sure that it was Sam!"

Mellish suddenly felt strangely shaken, strangely weak. Everything seemed to have grown curiously black, blacker even than the stairs he had just come up, two steps at a time. That was it, he told himself, the stairs and the heat and the excitement. He heard the man's voice saying brusquely, as if from some remote distance, "Well, now that you know it isn't Nora, don't you think you had better be going?" And the woman interposed hastily, "Hm, can't you see that the man is sick? He is going to fall!" Mellish tried to get to the door, tried to frame some words of apology, excuse, protest, all in one. Instead, he collapsed weakly into a chair. It was a new morris chair, with gaudy plush cushions. His last conscious sensation was the stuffy smell of new upholstery.

As the base cleared his eyes, the woman was holding a thick tumbler containing brandy to his lips—the woman who had felt sure that he was Sam, the woman whose hair was so like Nora's, and whose eyes and mouth were so different. As she leaned over him, he noted the cold, bold violet of her eyes; the irregularity of her teeth, one of them badly blackened. In the immensity of his relief he felt his heart expand towards this clandestine couple, who had been so afraid that he was Sam, and who now so plainly wished him to be gone. He owed these two a debt of gratitude for having rescued him, once for all, of his chronic sorrow. With sudden energy he gathered his long, thin limbs together and rose to his feet. As he backed himself out into the dingy street, with a final apology, he felt an honest amusement at the visible relief of this man and woman, the irregularity of whose lives had so nearly touched his.

It was past their dinner hour when Mellish at last reached home. Nora, radiant in her new lizars green, opened the door in person, greeting him enthusiastically, but absorbed herself to notice the disorder of his appearance. Windon was here, he told him, and would stay to dinner. Windon? Well, what of it? the joyous confidence of his new lover, Mellish felt that he could afford to be cordial even to Windon's black-ly. Besides, he thought as he made a hasty toilet, it was at most only for an hour; Nora would have excused herself as soon as coffee was served; if she was going to the theatre with him to-night,

The daily dinner scored the marks that Nora's dinners always scored when they were not dining alone. Nora herself was as usual very comfortably yolked. "How did Mrs. Versham's luncheon go off? Why, there had not been any luncheon. I hoped he had not been so foolish enough to try to meet her. Mrs. Versham had telephoned that it was postponed; her cousin had not come from Buffalo after all." Then, turning suddenly to Hickey, "Tell Windsor, about that mysterious cousin of yours, Cousin Nelly, isn't it?"

Your sister says that you were desperately in love with her once. Is she like?"

"Is she like?" Is she half as much like him?"

As he looked across the dinner table at Nora, dimpling under Hinch's mastery, suddenly Mellish's elbow fell. They had shut him out, the two young congenial spirits; had forgotten he was there, the old familiar spearm gripped his arm. He realized that he was not wanted after all; the wonder was he had not realized it sooner. His blue blunder in following the writing table all through a summer afternoon was no proof of Nora's lunacy. To-night, like every other night, he was powerless to read the lines of a single word that fell from the red, moustache lips; a single word shot from those wide gray eyes, a single thought behind that white brow, with its wonderful crown of shimmering copper. More he bowed his shoulders at the incubus of his unreasonable misery. Long after dinner was over he continued to sit in the dining room; his coffee growing cold before him; his cigar slowly turning to ash where it smouldered in his hand. The clock on the mantelpiece struck nine, when at last he rose and himself and drew from his pocket the theatre tickets that Nora had forgotten to ask about—the old aisle seats that he had bought for himself to show her. At the theatre, the boyish, penetrating laugh echoed down the length of the hall. Thoughtfully he tore the tickets across the middle, dropped them in his saucer and, as the waiter brought the coffee and the ashes, lit a fresh cigar, and, sitting at the parlor door, longed to frame his usual misery, and put on his hat and passed out into the summer night.

NO NEW MOTORS FOR CARS
They Are Likely to Rebel If the Reg-
ulation Call for Different Clothes

It is reported that the Japanese propose to force their own style of dress upon the already rebellious Koreans. Such an attempt would probably be followed by a repetition of the serious and in some cases sanguinary results that arose a few years ago out of the Japanese attempt to force the shaving of the Korean topknot.

It seems to be one of the peculiar twists of the Japanese national character that the first yoke they would impose upon a subject people should be in the nature of summary laws. Although free themselves to borrow from outside civilisation and adapt to their own purposes all that they feel necessary even down to the plug hat of convention, the Japanese insist whenever they have the chance that those whom they rule shall follow their domestic customs, still more

Now the Koreans hate change for change's sake first, and more bitterly will he oppose change when initiated by his implacable enemy from across the Taushima straits. In the matter of his dress the Korean believes that what has been good enough for his ancestors for unnumbered hundreds of years is good enough for him, even though doctors may explain to him that half the deaths in winter come from the ridiculously inadequate linen lawn dress that he wears. The present Korean starched skirt and horsehair hat, shaped in the semblance of a fry screw is set on a butter dish, are just what the Chinese of the Ming dynasty used to wear about four hundred years ago. The skirt and bagged trousers of the Korean, main and brown alike, are white; winter and summer. White is the mourning color all over Manchu territories, and a strange story is told by the Koreans themselves to account for this mourning garb.

It seems that hundreds of years ago there was an epidemic of poisonings among the royal family. Crown princes, royal concubines and heirs of the blood were dying with unpleasant regularity.

Every time there was a death in the royal family all the subjects of his King were forced to wear the mourning color for the space of one year. The ancient Koreans grew so weary of paying forced respect to royal ghosts that they became living ghosts themselves by donning the mourning white for food and all. That is the way this dead land of the Orient became peopled with these white specters that now silently out of the path of the conquering Japanese, wandering in their hell way when fortune will turn and they will be rid of the little brown men. The Koreans will probably continue to pay agonizing taxes to their conquerors, to stand passive while their agrarian and mineral resources are taken from them; but if the men from Japan attempt to trifle with what this spiritless shadow dwells on his back or on his head he will suddenly materialize into quivering militant flesh.

The Best Men.
 "I can get an English coachman place twice as quickly as a German or a Yankee coachman," said employment agent. "Each country I had, is supposed to have out kind of workman of peculiar excellence. Thus England's specialty the stableman, her

France's specialty is the chalet. The cook, too, is a specialty of France.

Scotland is noted for its whisky, and in the field of sports for golf coaches.

The Swiss are considered to be the best watchmakers. It is never a trouble to get a Swiss watch-repairer a job.

The Swedes are the best sail-
Germans are at a premium as
very hands.
Americans are in demand as plan-
workers, a trade wherein they
deserve well.

Thousands of savage blackbirds
fill the city and in some of the
streets they are so bold that they

lept on the jump avoiding them.
on bicycles are sometimes
ed for blocks and potteries
ed on the heads if they happen
trees, where there are nests.
birds usually fight in pairs.
a man with a very white hat
s along they swoop down, beat
their wings and claw it with
age of wounded eagles. Fre-

ly they aim their sharp beaks at the victim's eyes and he has difficulty in defending himself. The continual yelping of cornered canines, the creak of the birds and then the hiss of the flies. — San Francisco Chronicle.

where Hippocrates lectured.
The oldest tree in the world is to
be found in the Isle of Cos on the
west coast of Asia Minor. It is a plane,
the shade of which Hippo-
crates used to sit under. Phy-
sicians cannot
low
years.

the father of medicine, led to his pupils. Now as the time must have been years, the tree, it would seem, considerably over 2,500 years old. It has a circumference of 10 feet and it still bears a leafy canopy. The trunk and principal limbs have to be supported by brick pillars—London

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If you were a young
the neighborhood
your young pastor.
I says to be a doctor, that
especially if you have a
ing appearance, and are
when opportunity offers
doctor in Brooklyn found him
free. He attended
church with a large
and was considered a
vice. As he was
presence aroused rather
among the women
congregation. At the
rises on a recent Sunday, a
who sat in a front pew, suddenly
pit faltered. There was a tall
gesser. The young man rose
his place in a side pew, stalked
emotionally grooving to one
centre aisle, and soon was
terling to the pulpit in his
confessional manner. It was
father in the young doctor's
New York Sun.

457
 Forgiveness of Way.
 A remarkable photograph of a
 dozen porpoises playing under
 the just ahead of the bow of a
 ship travelling at the rate of
 knots an hour, has been supplied
 by a correspondent of *London*
 Mr. C. H. Gale. Mr. Gale com-
 ments to the singular fact that
 porpoises, while usually swimming
 their position ahead of the ship, and
 an appearance that to some
 body, tall or fat. That the
 they were persecuted about
 of water to freshen
 because all animals
 from their food.
 The photograph shows
 bubbles by the water
 some of the animals
 they raised their
 always swimming
 small's children.

Katherine Williams, 11 years old, told her mother, Mrs. Williams, that she had been with a man who had been with her mother and father. She said she had been with him for a long time and that he had been with her mother and father. She said she had been with him for a long time and that he had been with her mother and father. She said she had been with him for a long time and that he had been with her mother and father.

[illegible][illegible]

The above information is contained in the twenty-second chapter of the book. A letter of the same name from the same name, dated 1944, is also contained in the book.

The first thing I
 noticed when I
 stepped out of the
 plane was the
 smell of the
 air. It was
 different from
 the air I was
 used to. It was
 fresh and clean.
 I had never
 felt like this
 before. I was
 in a new place.
 I was in a new
 world. I was
 in a new life.
 I was in a new
 beginning.

the white in which you have
soaked your skin, and
spot of purple, brown or

THE SAVING WOMAN. (The woman
survives and has been
seen for your satisfaction.)

A County Gun
 One of the new County guns, No. 89, and can be fired with
 much less work than
 shells, explosive and other
 things.

working down a German
ally of potatoes and salt
and a no-salt potato
made of water, meat, and
id plenty of pepper.

wichin' startin' down
Montague the house
sh.

Andred persons
re and others

Andred persons
re and others