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up to the table rather violently. Alice Grover lingered a moment to gaze at the figures of the men in the distance. Then she turned slowly and went into the house.

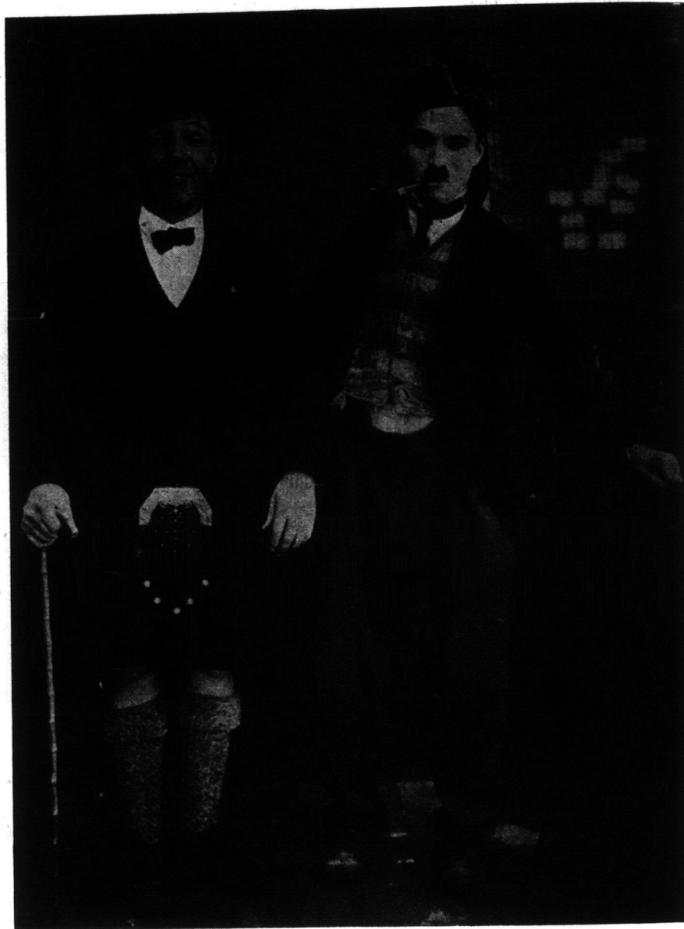
As a matter of necessity Mr. Dalton had engaged rooms at the hotel. All the cottages were either private property, or rented. The publicity of the hotel dinner, however, gave him no concern. When the dinner gong sounded he composedly entered the room, selected one of the smallest tables from which he could obtain a good view of the blue sea, and at the same time watch all the rest of the room. Seating himself he silently held up a dollar bill in full sight. Thus he was not long securing the services of a waiter.

At this juncture who should come bouncing into the room but Mr. Clovertop. In the centre aisle of tables he became transfixed, as it were with his eyeglass. Suddenly he espied Mr. Dalton, and made for him in such sputter-

der yet, but promising; complexion not to be compared to the generality of girls, and such a winning handshake," ran on this chatterer, filling his mouth meanwhile with fish.

"Is this young lady from New England?" enquired Mr. Dalton.

"Born in New York, I believe. Her father was a Southerner; her mother came from Boston. Her father died when she was quite a child, and her mother lived six years longer. Then Alice was left in the care of her Aunt Cutler, who is a good old soul, but vague, very vague. Mrs. Grover was a woman who was very set in her ways, and Grover was a wild sort, but extremely wealthy when she married him. He lost his money later on speculating, and the marriage turned out to be not especially happy. Mrs. Grover seemed to feel that she had made a mistake, and so there was a good deal of dissatisfaction. Miss Alice here is a different sort though. She looks like her mother, but



Another big combination has been formed. It is one of fun this time, instead of business. Two of the world's greatest fun makers have joined forces to make the world laugh, and when Harry Lauder and Charlie Chaplin get together on the screen, you can be mighty sure that every movie fan the world over is going to roar with mirth. Both of them are in the first rank as fun makers and both can get their infectious jollity over to the most

It is difficult to imagine anything as funny as the comedy these men can produce, but you'll soon have an opportunity to gauge their combined abilities, for they have collaborated on a screen play that will be shown the world over for the benefit of the Lauder Five Million Dollar War Relief Fund. Here they are together, having traded hats, canes and smokes, ready to start in to make you laugh for war relief.

ing, but none the less amiable ecstasy, that Mr. Dalton had no choice but to receive him with serenity. He seated himself at the other side of the table, as if he himself was charmed with all about him, and felt himself equally charming.

"My dear Dalton," explained Mr. Clovertop, in the interval between the soup and the fish, "there is a young lady here you really must meet. The most charming girl you ever saw in your life, and she is dying to get acquainted with you, too. We were talking about you this morning. Her name is Miss Grover—Alice Grover. You must have seen her about. She has an old aunt, widow of Jim Cutler, who's dead and gone some years. You remember her, of course?"

"Not from your description," rejoined Mr. Dalton, helping his friend to fish.

"Oh, she is positively the handsomest girl hereabouts. Tall, with wavy brown hair, soft brown eyes, lovely eyes, my dear fellow, figure rather slen-

der yet, but promising; complexion not to be compared to the generality of girls, and such a winning handshake," ran on this chatterer, filling his mouth meanwhile with fish.

"What did you say her mother's maiden name was?"

"Maiden name? Let me see. Oh, yes—no—yes, it was too—Clyde—Alice Clyde."

"Alice Clyde, of Boston. She married Oscar Grover about nineteen years ago. So this Alice Grover is her daughter! I used to be acquainted with the lady. So Alice Clyde is dead! Help yourself, Clovertop. I never eat much at this time of the day."

"You must let me make you acquainted," said Clovertop, between mouthfuls.

"We will see later," responded Dalton, laughing. "You will excuse me if I leave you," said, looking at his watch. "It is later than I thought."

Clovertop did not see Dalton again that day, so the introduction he had so carefully arranged for did not take place.

Next watching sands, s near her encounte gantly o previous "Good compose "I feel p old acqu years ap Dalton."

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