

## The Peacock Screen

Continued from Page 8

"He went about with the La Branches the winter I came out," said Yvette.

"Like him?" asked Whiting carelessly. "By the way, I've asked him to a little dinner I'm having next week—for you."

"A dinner you're having for me?" said Yvette.

"Thought you'd like it—an old friend and all that," said Whiting. He sat back in his chair as the curtain rose.

Yvette heard very little of the music that night.

When she went home, she put the bowl of valley lilies downstairs in the library on the plea that their perfume was too heavy.

"It sickens me," she said, more or less truthfully.

Another thing she did was not so wise. She resurrected from a box in the depths of a clothes-closet a package of letters and read them through deliberately. The dawn came in at the window when she had finished. They were long letters, for the most part, and there were rather a number of them. The last one was enlightening.

tower, and succeeded only in arousing in the maternal breast a small simoon of anxiety.

In herself, Yvette was prey to a variety of emotions. Her nerves wore to fiddle-strings, and her nights were sleepless treadmills. She desired to be loyal to Whiting, but the lure of the first love called her insidiously. Also she said to herself—as does many another beloved one—that matrimony allows one no rain checks, and having purchased a ticket one must willy-nilly sit through the entire performance or go forth into outer darkness with no prospect of returning.

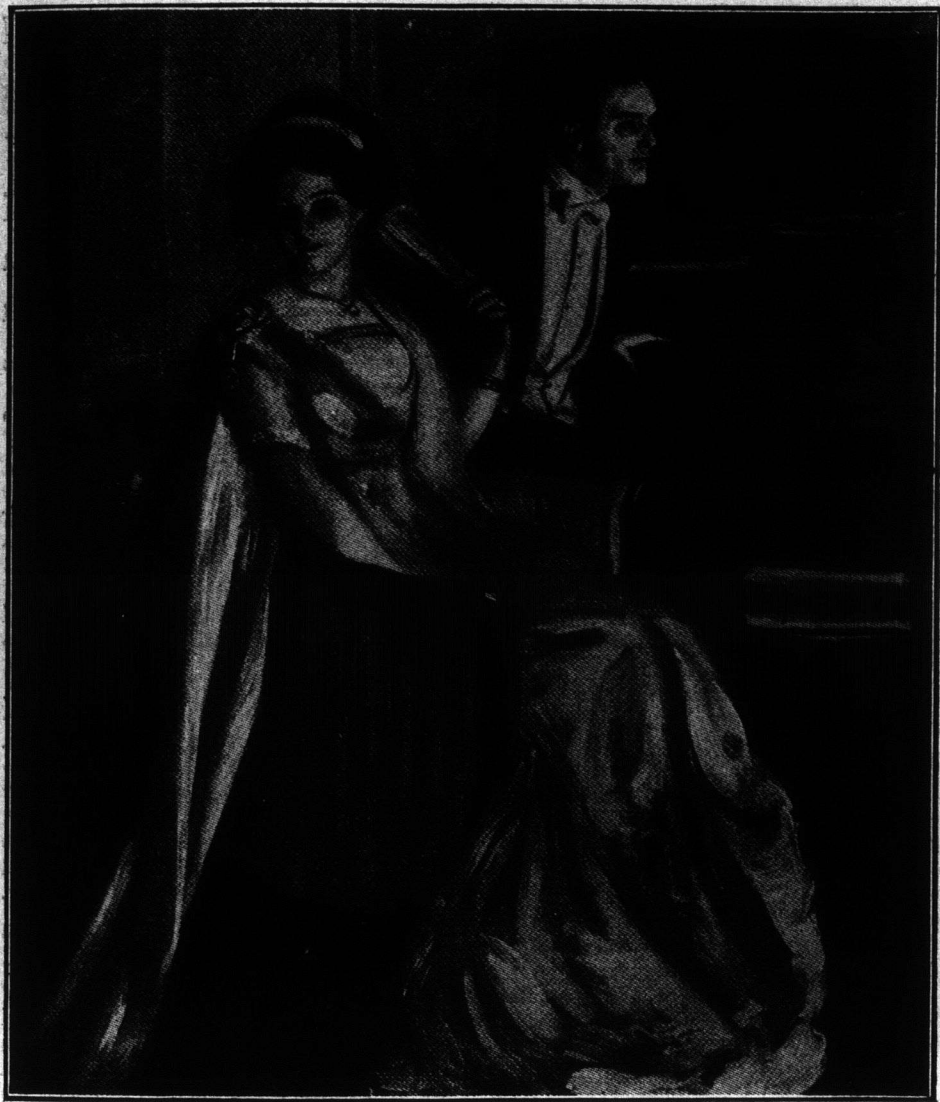
The thing faintly alarmed her—for the first time.

In contradistinction to each other she placed certain reluctant facts.

Whiting was nearing middle age. Hays was in the very prime of youth, daring, denied and dark—three potent D's.

Whiting loved her. Hays might or might not—a fact entirely in his favor by the very beauty of its uncertainty.

Whiting's hair was ebbing and his waistcoat obtained an almost imperceptible prominence. Hays was lithe as an Indian, and his hair thick as leaves at Vallombrosa.



"Do you ask me," said Hays all at once, if you are in the way—is that your question?"

"I accept your decision," it said carefully, "but I can't help believing that this is not the end. Suppose we call it to-morrow's tangle, and trust to Fate to unravel it. You may be right. In any case, there is nothing more now for me to say. You have closed the subject."

"It was a very easy acceptance—of my decision," said Yvette to herself. "He never cared. If he had—"

Without finishing the sentence she went to bed, just as the streets were waking. She did not go to sleep at once, but then when she did she slept till noon, which somewhat recompensed her.

It is not one of the conditions for a successful betrothal that memories return.

Yvette was unhappy.

She endeavored to be natural with Whiting, and succeeded in displaying to his keen, gray eyes an undue effusiveness. She endeavored to be natural with Hays, and by her resultant coldness convinced him easily that she was afraid of the old feeling. She endeavored to be natural with her mother, who had memories of her own concerning Hays and her daughter and was therefore pacing the watch-

Add to this: Whiting had money. Hays had not.

This last line is, of course, an inconsiderable factor. Another obscure line of reasoning is that she had given her word to Whiting; and once, a long four years ago, she had refused it to Hays who had accepted that refusal, as his conduct had instigated it, without enormous regret.

Yvette, as I said, was unhappy.

She saw Hays often, and he made love to her so cleverly that only her wish which was perhaps the paternal progenitor of her thought could have been sure just what he was doing.

Also, she saw Whiting, seven days out of the week, and he made love to her less subtly, at the same time arranging ways by which the other man should have his opportunity.

"I'd like you to see something of Hays, said Whiting on one occasion. "You don't dislike him, do you?"

"On the contrary," said Yvette; but just how much on the contrary she neglected, quite naturally, to add.

Hays himself urged the question with rather more effect. Having come back, he desired to pick up the threads that his

Continued on Page 10



## Fragrance

The unobtrusive fragrance of Ivory Soap is not the usual soap perfume.

It is merely the pleasing, natural odor of Ivory's high-grade ingredients. Its delicacy and refinement are two of the reasons why Ivory Soap is used for toilet and bath in so many homes where good taste and good sense prevail.

## IVORY SOAP



99  $\frac{44}{100}$  % PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

