

# THE BUTTERFLY

## Jack and Madeline Had a Misunderstanding About the Other "Girl"

By PEARL C. B. FOLEY

MADELINE wandered aimlessly along the shore, a very discontented look on her pretty face.

"I do wish something would happen," she said to herself. "The idea of Jack treating me in this manner! When I told him how tedious it was with only old maids and married people around, he only smiled and replied he would be over again in a week."

When her soliloquy had reached this point, she found herself in front of her daily retreat—a rustic bench sheltered and almost hidden by a clump of bushes—and spying in the distance one of the said inquisitive and over zealous old maids, she decided to wait there until the way was clear again.

Nature smiled peacefully all around her, and as the girl gazed out at the sparkling sheet of water spread so smoothly before her a sense of tranquility gradually crept over her. She had just decided philosophically to let the future take care of itself and enjoy the present without her lover, accusing herself of lack of faith, which was, after all, the foundation of love, when she was startled at hearing his name mentioned.

Turning, she saw two men sauntering along, and as fate would have it, they stopped directly in front of her retreat.

"What do you think of the latest surprise he has sprung on us?" exclaimed one, "Jack's the one with the nerve, but believe me, he is doing a risky thing in this case. She is a beauty and appears easy enough to manage—but if I know anything he is undertaking a tough proposition."

"Yes," replied his companion, "Jack Walsh is a darned nice fellow and I'd hate to see him throw his life away on the 'Butterfly.' Miss Craigmere should know. I hear he has been successful so far in keeping her in the dark."

"Is the day set?" asked the other.

"I don't know; he is keeping things pretty quiet. I believe he wants to get away without a send off."

The two men moved on, but Madeline had heard enough. Her face was as white as her dress and her brown eyes had the look of a wounded animal.

Oh, there must be some awful mistake—her Jack in love with a butterfly, while claiming to think only of her. Her imagination worked rapidly and she had solved the whole problem in less than three seconds. She could see it all now—why he had been to see her only once that week. She recalled his constrained manner of talking, his absent-mindedness, at times not even appearing to care whether he listened to her or not. O cruel fate—to be duped like that by the man she loved. But Madeline's indignation overcame sentiment and although her nature was tender and capable of loving deeply, she possessed an indomitable spirit which helped her over the rough place now. Leaning back she let the fresh breeze fan a little color into her cheeks.

Half an hour later she entered the hotel just in time for luncheon—and to her amazement saw Jack seated at the table. Her indignation increased. The audacity of the man—but then, of course, he was not aware she knew of his deception. She must also practise duplicity. Oh how she detested him! All through the meal she talked gaily to a young officer whom she had never deigned to notice before and exulted inwardly as she saw Jack turning puzzled and inquiring eyes in her direction.

At last, when the opportunity came he was beside her and as Madeline looked into the frank young eyes her heart contracted with pain. "Don't look at me like that, how dare you!" she cried.

"Why Madeline," he exclaimed, "what is the matter dear? Are you nervous? Come down to the water; I have something very important to tell you."

She hesitated but decided it would be better to go with him, as she must have this burden off her mind; a heart load was enough to carry.

After leaving the hotel they walked on in silence and Madeline looked at her companion bitterly as she noticed the far away expression on his face.

Suddenly she stopped, and taking her hand abruptly, turned to the wide expanse of water (symbol of power) answering the sun's kisses of congratulation in a broad self satisfied smile.

The young man's face reflected the power and glowed with youthful ambition as he cried—"Madeline, what I am about to tell you, will surprise you and perhaps make you a little angry. I have tried to keep it from you, but at last my heart has conquered my better judgment, as nothing is complete for me now without your dear sympathy."

Madeline felt her self-control leaving her; was he going to make a sister confidante of her? But, steeling herself she said sarcastically, "You can spare yourself the trouble, Jack, if it is about the 'Butterfly,' for someone has been ahead of you with the information."

The man's face reddened and he looked decidedly guilty standing there biting his lips.

Madeline's heart sank as she noted his confusion, and she realized then how she had been cherishing the hope that he would contradict the assertion.

"What do you think of the name?" he inquired hesitatingly. "That was where I certainly felt in need of your assistance; but the first time I saw her up in the air 'Butterfly' suggested itself to my mind."

The girl looked at him with dilated eyes. Had the man suddenly taken leave of his senses? Could it be possible that the worry of his deception had turned his brain? But no, he looked rational enough standing there. Then the words of one of the informants flashed through her mind—"She is a beauty and appears easy enough to manage, but if I knew anything, he is undertaking a tough proposition." So, she thought that is it—a bad temper in the bargain—but aloud she said quite sweetly, "I think the name very appropriate; however," she added maliciously, "perhaps your management is at fault, which is the cause of her flightiness."

"Why she is perfect!" burst in the young man enthusiastically. "I'd like to know who the rummy was that dared to say a word against her. She is as graceful as a bird, but some people are always after the impossible. They will be expecting her to walk next."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Madeline excitedly, "you don't mean to say she's crippled?"

Jack had borne with her patiently thus far, but now his indignation got the better of him and he said hotly, "This is no joking matter to me, Madeline, it is part of my very life. I thought you would be more sympathetic."

But Madeline did not hear him, her head was whirling. How terribly strange things were shaping themselves. For Jack Walsh the great inventor and athlete to tie himself to a maimed girl and that one frivolous and empty headed in the bargain! And this could not be any idle fancy she realized as she



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noted his flushed face and gloomy brown eyes. There was not a spark of feeling in his heart for her now, and as this truth was borne home to her a quivering sigh broke from her lips.

The young man's face softened immediately, and he blamed himself for having been too sharp with her.

"Forgive me, dearest, if I spoke roughly, but, oh, if you knew the hours I have spent puzzling my brain over this thing, you might excuse my impatience."

At the sound of the old caressing tone a lump rose in the girl's throat, and her pride warned her it was time to go.

With her little chin in the air and commanding herself sternly not to be a coward, she started towards the hotel, but Jack stepped in front of her and in a pleading voice said, "But Madeline, won't you even wish me luck, dear?"

Madeline's rage rose again, smothering every tender feeling in her and in a cold scintillating voice she replied, "Oh yes, if there is such a thing in the world, take it all and give it to—your 'Butterfly.'"

Jack was too engrossed in his own thoughts to notice the excitement of the girl and he rashly continued, "Madeline, you will fall in love with her immediately you see her. You are a little angry at my not telling you—but I acted for the best."

This was the last straw. With blazing eyes she turned on him, "Jack Walsh, please leave me this instant. If I become much more disgusted with myself for ever having loved a brute like you, I shall commit suicide. God help the poor 'Butterfly' when she becomes your wife!"

"My what!" the young man shouted, and from the expressions flitting across his face one would have doubted his sanity. "My wife! Why the 'Butterfly'

is my aeroplane, on which I expect to break the world's record and make myself famous for your sake."

With one wild leap joy rushed in, but the collision with misery was too much for poor Madeline. She held out her hands in a dazed fashion and would have fallen but for two eager arms which caught and held her.

To allay any uneasiness of Jack's friends, he did not "throw his life away on the 'Butterfly,' but did a much more sensible thing, which was to bestow his famous name on the "One Girl."

### When Going Abroad

WHETHER it is best to travel second cabin on a large steamer or to take passage on a one-class boat from Montreal depends largely upon your own mental attitude towards ropes of restriction. Would you rather have free access to all of a smaller boat than a prescribed area on a larger one? Of course, the one class on the boats from Montreal is really second-class, though it means better staterooms, if you book early, than second cabin on a larger boat would.

The best staterooms, according to generally accepted ideas, are on the promenade deck or on some steamships the bridge deck corresponds to this. In these rooms your port-holes or windows may be flung wide in almost any weather, as they open on to a sheltered deck, but some people object to the disturbance caused by passersby. I have found saloon deck rooms very satisfactory, and do not at all prefer those higher up on the ship.

I do not consider outside rooms worth the advance in price over inside rooms. Unless the weather is fine the porthole of your outside room must be closed and the inside ones are well equipped with ventilators, which work in all weathers.

The amount of money on which a young woman may spend two months abroad, mainly in London, with a few days in Paris, depends partly on the season chosen and partly on her willingness to be inconvenienced by persistent economies. Traveling second cabin on steamers and third-class on trains in England, second on the continent, as is commonly done, three hundred dollars, or even less, would pay for your trip. To travel first cabin on ocean liners, with the heavier fees involved, would raise this amount by from sixty to eighty dollars. My plan would be to first buy my tickets for all of the trip, then set aside steamer tips for both voyages.

After that I would deduct the amount of any other definite expenditures I could anticipate and divide my remaining money by my number of days ashore. This would leave about three dollars a day for board, bus fares and all sight-seeing expenses, which is really quite a generous allowance if you stay at inexpensive places. If you spend more than that amount one day you can do on less the next, and, above all things, keep an accurate account of each day's expenditure. It is marvellous how much more you can get for your money when you do.

In clothing the first necessity is a good tweed or serge suit, with a tailored blouse of silk or delaine. For the suit a mixed goods shows the dust less than a plain one, but if you wish to dispense with a dinner dress the plain, dark skirt looks better with a dressy waist. Nothing is more satisfactory for carrying about than a lace waist.

If you want to take a dinner gown black net is very serviceable.

A shirtwaist dress of dark silk or delaine is a cool and grateful change from your suit.

One hat, small, and of a color which will not fade or show dust should see you through the trip, excepting for a soft hat or cap to wear on the ship.

Woven and crepe underwear of all sorts can be washed in one's room and other things can be laundered at very short notice.

The contrast between the heavy motor or steamer coat and the dainty footwear beneath its hem is often striking. Women are very fastidious nowadays about their steamer boots—as well they may be for one's feet are ever conspicuous on a breezy deck. With the black and white steamer coats buttoned buckskin boots are fetchingly pretty. Tan calf footwear is also favored for steamer wear, and these boots also have high tops and flat buttons set closely together.

A stunning steamer coat, worn on the homeward voyage from abroad by a woman who goes over every spring to order summer finery, is of white ratine lined throughout with pale yellow broadcloth, the yellow material showing in collar, revers, and cuffs, and in the facing of a square cape collar which is buttoned down on the back of the coat almost at the hip line, with three deep yellow buttons. The sides of the coat are slashed and lapped twelve inches up from the bottom, and fastened with the same deep yellow buttons in a smaller size. This slashing and lapping of the side seams gives a slightly tapering effect at the foot of the coat which is very smart.