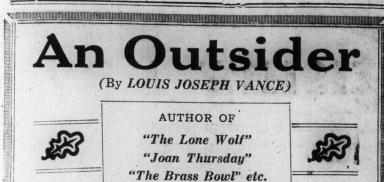
## THE COURIER, BRANTFORD, CANADA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1917.

SEVENTEEN



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(From Friday's Daily.) CHAPTER V. city-secretly, if not openly-and we

Conspiracy "My dear sister!" interposed Mr. avage with an imitation so exact of he woman's tone that he nearly rung a smile even from Sally. "Do is alive and whole exclusively, thanks "My dear sister!" interposed Mr. calm yourself-don't make a scene. to-well, I think you know what I The matter is quite easy to ex- mean."

'But what-" Oh, give us a chance. But, per-

tandish acknowledged her existence "Pardon!" Mr. Savage interrup-With the manner of one whose

of speech, the woman sank mechani- carried all the way to Boston in ically into the chair which Savage ignorance-" (having thoughtfully waved away] "Then, one infers, the eleven ten the hovering waiter) placed beside doesn't normally stop at One Hun-the table, between himself and his dred and Twenty-Fifth street?"

cally gave her no chance to utter reward. more than the first word. "Do hold your tongue," he plead-ed, with a rudeness convincingly

ed, with a rudeness convincingly "Without being downright about Iraternal, "and listen to me. I am it, thereby sparing Miss Manvers any fraternal, "and listen to me. I am it, thereby sparing mas intervention of the should deeply indebted to Miss Manvers— for my very life, in fact. Oh, don't you disapprove, as I'm confident you look so blamed incredulous; I'm per-won't—" ectly sober. Now will you please give me a show?" And, the lady executing a gesture

that matched well her look of blank resignation, her brother addressed nimself to a terse summing up of the Robin Hood's barn?" affair which, while it stressed the gravity of the adventure with the fat burglar, did not seem to extenuate Sally's offense in the least, and so had the agreeable upshot of leaving the sister in a much-placated humor point." and regarding the girl with a far more indulgent countenance than Sally had found any reason at first

to hope for As for that young woman, the cir cumstance that she was inwardly all ashudder didn't in the least hinder her exercise of that feminine trick of mentally photographing, classifying, and cataloguing the other woman's outward aspects in detail, and, at the same time, distilling her more subtle phases of personality'in the re-

tort of instinct and minutely analyzing the precipitate. The result laid the last lingering ghost of suspicion that all was not as it should be between these two--her directly.



Not long ago I was a guest at a half of regret at his going, half of little week-end house party, at relief at the inevitable let down, to which one of the chief indoor diverconversational sauce. Takes the Bloom Off Hospitality sions was discussing and making fun

of the guests of the previous week. It was amusing in a way, for our In a way there is nothing wrong about it if one guards one's tongue hosts were clever mimics and, good and says nothing untruthful or needsatirists. They could pick people to pieces to perfection. One couldn't unkind. And yet I don't like lessly can proceed to consider something I help laughing. But even while one have to suggest with respect to the laughed a cold shiver ran up one's it. It takes the bloom off the flower of hospitality.

In some families the habit of critback-a shiver of premonition as to icism of outsiders, guests and othwhat would happen next week when someone else was the audience. ers, is second nature. The children grow up in this atmosphere of sharp Did Our Grandmothers Do It caustic criticisms, sometimes witty

yourself—don't make a scene. matter is quite easy to ex-"""
""Oh, as for that," said Mrs. Stan-dish absently, "when you turned up h, give us a chance. But, per-ne!" He bowed with his easy t. "Adele, this is Miss Man-miss Manvers, my sister, Mrs. the Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Streat Miss Manvers, my sister, Mrs. the hundred and the matter. I've been all lish. And now"—as Sally half ed from her chair and Mrs. for you—""
Think this habit of talking over guests in front of other guests is one of the unfortunate tricks that people nowadays permit themselves all too often. Perhaps our grandmothers did, too. I don't know. I prefer to think that they didn't, and for that matter that our grandchildren won't. I boe it's just a passing phase of bad manners. Sometimes not. And I call it a very sometimes not. I like books with as much as possible about scenery, in them. Also I infinitely prefer portraits to land-scapes. And one would lose a big interest out of life if one did not I think this habit of talking over sometimes not. And I call it a very bad manners.

Adele!" I wish we talked guests over much discussion, fair, analytical, kind-"Certainly. Why not? You don't mediate families. It is sometimes a ly discussion, is one thing and the amazement has paralyzed her parts imagine I was going to let myself be temptation when one has carried the habit of unamiable criticism is quite guest's bag to the train and picked another. Whch do you have in your up the guest room and drawn a sigh home?

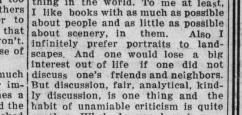
the hovering waiter) placed beside the table, between himself and his guest. But once seated, precisely as if that position were a charm to break the spell that sealed them, promptly her lips reformed the open-ing syllables of "What does this Mr. Savage, however, diplomati-cally gave her no chance to utter hinder-most! All in all, I think "True. But you mentioned some suggestion or other--" Aunt Abby's the most devil-may-care person I've ever met."

person I've ever met." "You're too modest," Mr. Savage commented abstractedly. "Be quiet, Walter. Aunt Abby's

The idea suited Polly, so they

promptly, "on the ground of mixed metaphor." "Objection sustained," his sister conceded. "But do come to the point." "I wish only to remind you of the "I wish only to remind you of the

"I wish only to remind you of the news imparted by our respected aunt in her letter of recent date." The woman frowned slightly, as with mental effort; then a flash of comprehension lightened her blue eyes. Immediately her brows mute-the compared a guession A look high finance, and made such a sick eyes. Immediately her brows mute-ly circumflexed a question. A look of profound but illegible significance passed between the two. Mr. Savage nodded. Mrs. Standish pursed spech-latively her thin, well-made-up lips and visibly took thought, according through a Senatorial inquiry into high finance, and made such a sick witness, and got so deservedly roast-ed by the newspapers—well, now nothing is too good for him. So, you see, the people Aunt Abby insists on entertaining are apt to be a rather dubiave tot. I don't mean seed nick to the habit of her sex, by means of dubious lot. I don't mean she'd pick series of intuitive explosions. Then up with anybody openly immoral, she nodded vigorously and turned you know; but she certainly manages upon Miss Manvers a bewildering smile, for the first time addressing ---with a wild crew of adventurers





'Let's make a teeter," cried Joe as he and Polly played in the gar-

found a board under the barn and won't — ", "This was the woman's turn; she silenced him with a gesture of in-finite ennui. "Why is it," she com-plained, "that you never get anyplaced it across the fence rail. bounce you into the sky!" cried Joe. He jumped on the other end, and

-Polly lost her balance and whizzed through the air. Up, up into the soft clouds Polly

"Where are you taking me " ask-

"Why to Seesawland." answered the beautiful fairy.

Polly sighed and lay quiet. Her head hurt but she didn't mind the MINNIE; OR A throbbing as long as the lovely fairy held her. Before Polly rose a golden towe

that sparkled in the sunlight. Crowds of queer little men stood guard at the base of the tower with guns over their shoulders. The fairy placed her finger on Polly's lips. "Sh-sh-!" whispered the fairy. "In that tower Princess Makebelieve



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passionately fond of two thingscards and what she calls 'interesting

where without talking all around Robin Hood's barn?" her notion of an interesting person "Objection." Mr. Savage offered enough to be noticed by the newspromptly, "on the ground of mixed papers. A bit of a scandal is a sure bait for her regard..."

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