

# PINK GOD AND GREEN DEVIL

## A Story of Symbols

By E. B. JOYCE

**M**ABEL was showing her chum through the newly furnished home.

"Oh, such a cute little dining-room. . . . Just too dear for anything. . . ."

"Yes, Bob says he always did like the Jacobean furniture. Not too fancy, you know, and yet just ornamental enough to relieve it on that bare look."

It was a nice little dining-room, to be sure. A little round table in the centre of the room, five chairs ranged along the walls at intervals, and the "cutest," "sweetest," "dearest," etc., etc., little buffet up in the corner opposite the door.

Everything new, for Bob and Mabel were just beginning married life, had just embarked upon the sea of matrimony, which, so calm and inviting looking near the shore, sometimes becomes rough and stormy as you progress farther upon it.

"But, dearie, whatever are these curious little statues here?"

Lily, the chum, was anxious to know all about everything, for you see, some day soon—but that is another story altogether.

"Oh, those—little—statues." Mabel spoke slowly, a little frown clouding her brow for the moment, "they are Bob's."

"That little one there—the pink one"—a tinge of that colour flooded her cheeks, "is the little Pink God—cupid, you know—the symbol of Love. That other one," the pink in her cheeks disappeared, and her lips formed in a little pout, "is the little Green Devil—Jealousy. Pink for Love, Green for Jealousy. I don't like that one at all, Bob got it in China when he was there two years ago, and he's awfully attached to it."

"He says they go together, that there's a proverb, 'Where there is jealousy there is love, but I don't like it at all, it's horrid. It makes me feel as if something was going to happen—as if it wished something to happen.'"

It was a hideous little statue of dark green stone, with small, red eyes, little round beady eyes that seemed to follow you around the room.

They were like the eyes you sometimes see in pictures which seem to meet yours wherever you are, from whatever angle you look, and the little lips of stone were formed in a cruel little smile—one could

hardly call it a smile, a grin—a perpetual, idiotic, senseless grin. It was something like Billiken, it had his ugliness but not the same cute little smile. Rather it was repulsive.

The little Pink God was of more conventional appearance. A faint half smile illuminated his features, almost, one might think, as if he was afraid to smile outright in the presence of his companion.

"Bob says they are cousins—Love and Jealousy." Lily laughed merrily.

"Cousins, well you know the saying, 'God gave us our relations, but thank God we can choose our friends.'"

**T**HE ship of matrimony had encountered stormy weather, and, in a manner of speaking, had sprung a leak in the heavy going.

"—and furthermore, Robert Johnston, I'm not going to stand any more of it, so there."

Mabel stamped her little number two shoe vigorously, and bit her little pink lips just as vigorously, to keep from crying.

"—and I'm going right home. I won't stay here a moment longer."

"But—"

"—and you needn't try to stop me, either, Mr. Robert Johnston," and the cute little nose, just above those little pink lips, tilted just a little bit more up in the air.

If it hadn't been so dreadfully serious it would have been laughable.

Have YOU ever seen a ninety-eight pound, five foot three piece of femininity, all dressed up in fluffy ruffles, and looking sweet enough to eat, try to appear oh, so awfully dignified and cross?

And didn't it look funny?

Unless, of course, you happened to be the Mr. Robert Johnston in the case.

That person otherwise and generally known as "Bob—dear," was in an "Awful stew, my word," as the English say.

What was it all about? You can search me. What

is the first one generally about, anyway?

Just a mutual agreement to disagree. You can put it down at that and be pretty safe from contradiction.

The Good Ship Matrimony, three weeks out of port, had sprung a leak, or if you do not like that term, then the Captain and Mate had had a disagreement over the course, and when there is nobody else in the crew—well, you can figure it out for yourself.

Silence for a few moments.

"Well?"

"Well?"

"You did so!"

"But I didn't I tell you?"

"You did. You said you had to work late—"

"—and so I did."

"—and then I met you with—"

"I've told you a dozen times already I only met her on the car coming home, and—"

"Oh, don't talk to me, DON'T TALK TO ME, DON'T—"

Mabel ran out of the room.

Mr. Robert Johnston—let's call him BOB, we're not mad with him, Bob looked around.

**T**HE little Green Devil was gazing at him, nay, staring at him, giving him look for look, a little I-told-you-so smile upon his lips.

"Dammit-wat-are-you laughing at, eh?"

Mr. — Bob grabbed a cushion and hurled it at the offensive statue.

There was a crash. The little Pink God fell to the ground, and lay there, in three pieces.

The little Green Devil smiled on.

"Oh, Bob, you—"

He turned. She was standing in the doorway.

"—you've broken him."

"I meant it for the—that little devil," said Bob, doing full justice to the last word.

Together they bent down and picked up the fragments of the little Pink God, and tried to fit them together, but try as they would, they could not get them to fit—at least not the symbol.

"I dropped him in the garbage tin, Mabel, and I'll get another Pink God for you, one as big as both of them together."

# IN MASQUERADE

## A Marriage and a Mystery

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW

**"Y**OU ought to have told me who you were before. You might have given me a hint of the truth."

Clive Warrington spoke in low tones, gazing hard at the girl who sat by his side in an arbour that was trailed with sweet-scented honeysuckle. His young face was very set and pale—his dark eyes full of reproach, but Molly only peeped at him shyly from under her long lashes and played with a big bunch of clove carnations. The spicy scent of the flowers filled the air; far away in the distance could be heard the sound of waves breaking upon the shore—it was an afternoon of golden sunshine.

"What reason had I to tell you my real name? I didn't want anyone staying in this dear sleepy little Devonshire inn to know a word about me—to guess who I was. I suppose Cousin Clara let the cat out of the bag—you've been talking a lot to Cousin Clara lately?"

Molly sniffed at her carnations. She was an extraordinarily pretty creature. Her eyes were as violet and velvety as pansies, her head clustered over with golden curls. Her small face had a curious charm about it; she looked half a wise child—half a woman, but there could be no denying that there was something elusive about her; she was as baffling as she was fascinating.

Clive rose slowly to his feet. He was a tall, thin young fellow, and like so many Devonshire lads, he had a slightly Spanish look, nor was this at all surprising in Clive's case, for one of his forbears had been a Don of Spain, wrecked on the Devon coast the night the Lord moved the waters and shattered the great Armada, and the Spanish blood in his veins gave Clive his olive skin, his dark, passionate eyes, and a cold, somewhat exaggerated pride in his house and his family.

He was the heir to a comfortable inheritance, for Farmouth Court would come to Clive when his aunt died—the aunt who had brought him up ever since the death of his parents, a dear, old-fashioned, old lady, who was hopelessly behind her times.

"You are making a mistake, Molly. Your cousin never revealed the secret of your identity to me, or that you were staying here in masquerade. I—I made the discovery myself—found out the truth this morning."

Clive spoke with somewhat chilly dignity, but Molly stared at him in frank astonishment.

"However could you have found out? You must

be very clever. I am sure I never gave you the least hint—the smallest clue. Oh, you mustn't blame me too much for having adopted masquerade, as you call it. If you only knew how tired I get of being photographed and stared at—whilst as for the newspaper paragraphs—"

Molly shrugged her shoulders. She looked very pretty, very tantalizing, very much a child, and as Clive stared at her he found it more and more difficult to realize that Molly's real name was Coralie Leigh, and that she was the leading lady at the Colony Theatre, the beautiful, baneful Coralie, who had been the cause of an unfortunate man's suicide only two months ago, a tragic occurrence which had filled all the papers at the time, and resulted in a nervous breakdown on Miss Leigh's part, which had compelled her to take a long holiday—not that she was really very much to blame for her would-be admirer's suicide, but the press did not spare her, for the whole affair was excellent copy.

"I think you might have told me the truth about yourself. Wouldn't it have been franker—fairer?"

Clive spoke with all the slow dignity of his Spanish forbear, but Molly sprang impulsively to her feet.

"What nonsense! Why should I take you more into my confidence than anyone else? We certainly made friends very unconventionally on the sands—talking without introduction, and I have been pleased to see you when you have come up to the hotel. I admit that we bathe together in the mornings, and roam about your aunt's woods in the afternoons, and that I have been nice to you—friendly; but as to telling you who I am—why, I saw no reason to do that."

**M**OLLY pressed her lips very tightly together. She had very soft, warm lips, and sometimes she could pout quite adorably, but her little face looked very serious for once; she clenched and unclenched her hands.

A tall, finely built, somewhat limp, woman came slowly down the garden path at that moment; this was Miss Grey, another guest staying at the hotel.

She was obviously on her way down to the beach, for she carried a quantity of books and magazines under her arm, and her maid, who trudged behind,

was heavily loaded with two deck chairs and a big sunshade.

Miss Grey nodded to Molly and walked past the arbour. She certainly could walk and sit down beautifully—it was a pleasure to watch her movements, but the dowdy dress she was wearing, her unbecoming straw hat, and the dull pallor of her face, made her distinctly unattractive; yet as Clive glanced at Miss Grey he vaguely realized that her features and eyes were very good—what she lacked was colour—animation; besides, how badly her hair was done—just knotted in one loose untidy coil on the nape of her neck—and as for her figure—well, she had plainly discarded her corsets.

"Going down to the sands to laze?"

Molly waved her hand to Miss Grey, who nodded her head in assent and walked on.

**"T**HAT woman's just like a sleepy cat," Molly turned abruptly to Clive. "She does nothing but eat and lie on the sands. I don't believe she reads any of the books she's always dragging about with her. She's frightfully boring; I wish for poor Cousin Clara's sake there were some other ladies staying at the Inn—Miss Grey's no use to anyone."

Molly paused abruptly and frowned at Clive. "You're not attending in the very least to what I am saying. I was informing you that we find Miss Grey very dull."

"I was thinking of something rather more important than Miss Grey. I was telling myself how madly I loved you."

Clive flushed and rose from his seat in the arbour. He towered above Molly as he stood by her side, then he suddenly caught her in his arms and kissed her.

She glanced at him triumphantly.

"So you do love me; I was so afraid you wouldn't admit that you did—that you'd just be proud and selfish and silly—that was why I was so cross that you'd found out who I really was; but now that you've said you love me nothing matters."

She sighed contentedly, but Clive's face hardened in the sunshine—hardened and worked.

"Nothing matters as far as you and I are concerned—that's true enough, Molly; what's happened has happened. We love each other and we are not going to allow anything to part us—divide us; but I don't know what my poor old aunt will do when

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