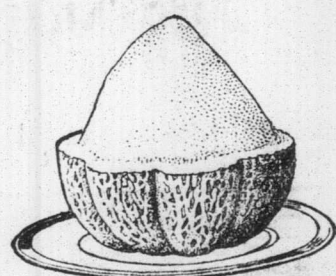


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LORD & TAYLOR NEW YORK

## MASQUERADER

By Katherine Cecil Thurston,  
Author of "The Circle," Etc.

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Still she hesitated. Then her decision was made for her. With a new boldness she touched her arm, drawing her forward gently but decisively toward Chilote's room.

In the study a fire burned brightly, the desk was laden with papers, the lights were nicely adjusted, even the chairs were in their accustomed places. Loder's senses responded to each suggestion. It seemed but a day since he had seen it last. It was precisely as he had left it—the niche needing but the man.

To hide his emotion he crossed the floor quickly and drew a chair forward. In less than six hours he had run up and down the scale of emotions. He had looked despair in the face, the sudden sight of Chilote had lifted him to the skies; since then surprise had assailed him in its strongest form; he had known the full meaning of the word "risk," and from every contingency he had come out conqueror. He bent over the chair as he pulled it forward to hide the expression in his eyes.

"Sit down," he said gently. "Eve moved toward him. She moved slowly, as if half afraid. Many emotions stirred her—distrust, uncertainty and a curious half dominant, half suppressed questioning that it was difficult to define. Loder remembered her shivering coldness, her reluctant tolerance on the night of his first coming, and his individuality, his certainty of power, kindled afresh. Never had he been so vehemently himself; never had Chilote seemed so complete a shadow.

As Eve seated herself he moved forward and leaned over the back of her chair. The impulse that had filled him in his interview with Renwick, that had goaded him as he drove to the reception, was dominant again.

"I tried to say something as we drove to the Bramfells' tonight," he began. Like many men who possess eloquence for an impersonal cause, he was brusque, even blunt, in the stating of his own case. "May I hark back, and go on from where I broke off?"

Eve half turned. Her face was still puzzled and questioning. "Of course." She sat forward again, clasping her hands.

He looked thoughtfully at the back of her head, at the slim outline of her shoulders, the glitter of the diamonds about her neck.

"Do you remember the day, three weeks ago, that we talked together in this room—the day a great many things seemed possible?"

This time she did not look round. She kept her gaze upon the fire.

"Do you remember?" he persisted quietly. In his college days men who heard that tone of quiet persistence had been wont to lose heart. Eve heard it now for the first time and, without being aware, answered to it.

"Yes, I remember," she said.

"On that day you believed in me."

In his earnestness he no longer simulated Chilote; he spoke with his own steady reliance. He saw Eve stir, unclasp and clasp her hands, but he went steadily on. "On that day you saw me in a new light. You acknowledged me."

He emphasized the slight peculiar word. "But since that day your feelings have changed, your faith in me has fallen away."

He watched her closely, but she made no sign, save to lean still nearer to the fire. He crossed his arms over the back of her chair. "You were justified," he said suddenly. "I've not said myself since that day."

At the words his coolness forsook him slightly. He loathed the necessary lie, yet his egotism clamored for vindication. "All men have their lapses," he went on. "There are times—there are days and weeks when I—when my—"

The word "nerves" touched his tongue, hung upon it, then died away unspoken.

Very quietly, almost without a sound, Eve had risen and turned toward him. She was standing very straight, her face a little pale, the hand that rested on the arm of her chair trembling slightly.

"John," she said quickly, "don't say that word! Don't say that hideous word 'nerves'! I don't feel that I can hear it tonight—not just tonight. Can you understand?"

Loder stepped back. Without comprehending, he felt suddenly and strangely at a loss. Something in her face struck him silent and perplexed. It seemed that without preparation he had stepped upon dangerous ground. With an undefined apprehension, he waited, looking at her.

"I can't explain it," she went on with nervous haste. "I can't give any reasons, but quite suddenly the—fear has grown unbearable. I used not to think—used not even to care—but suddenly things have changed—or I have changed."

She paused, confused and distressed. "Why should it be? Why should things change?" She asked the question sharply, as if in appeal against her own incredulity.

Loder turned aside. He was afraid of the triumph, volcanic and irresistible, that her admission roused.

"Why?" she said again.

He turned slowly back. "You forget that I'm not a magician," he said gently. "I hardly know what you are speaking of."

For a moment she was silent, but in that moment her eyes spoke. Pain,

distress, pride, all strove for expression; then at last her lips parted. "Do you say that in seriousness?" she asked.

It was no moment for fencing, and Loder knew it. "In seriousness," he replied shortly.

"Then I shall speak seriously too."

Her voice shook slightly, but the color came back into her face, but the hand on the arm of the chair ceased to tremble.

"For more than four years I have known that you take drugs—for more than four years I have acquiesced in your deceptions, in your meannesses."

"There was an instant's silence. Then Loder stepped forward."

"You knew—four years?" he said, very slowly. "For the first time that night he remembered Chilote and forgot himself."

Eve lifted her head with a quick gesture, as if, in flinging off discretion and silence, she appreciated to the full the relief of speech.

"Yes, I knew. Perhaps I should have spoken when I first surprised the secret, but it's all so past that it's useless to speculate now. It was fate, I suppose. I was very young, you were very unapproachable, and—we had no love to make the way easy."

For a second her glance faltered and she looked away. "A woman's—a girl's—disillusioning is a very sad comedy—it should never have an audience."

She laughed a little bitterly as she looked back again. "I saw all the deceptions, all the subtleties, all the lies."

She said the word deliberately, meeting his eyes.

Again he thought of Chilote, but his face paled. "I lived with it all till I grew hard and indifferent—till I acquiesced in your 'nerves' as readily as the rest of the world that hadn't suspected and didn't know."

Again she laughed nervously. "And I thought the indifference would last forever. If one lives in a groove for years, one gets frozen up. I never felt more frozen than on the night Mr. Fraide spoke to me of you—asked me to use my influence; then, on that night—"

"Yes, on that night?" Loder's voice was tense.

But her excitement had suddenly fallen. Whether his glance had quelled it, or whether the force of her feelings had worked itself out, it was impossible to say, but her eyes had lost their resolution. She stood hesitating for a moment, then she turned and moved to the mantelpiece.

"That night you found me changed?" Loder was insistent.

"Changed—and yet not changed."

She spoke reluctantly, with averted head.

"And what did you think?"

Again she was silent. Then again a faint excitement tinged her cheeks.

"I thought"—she began. "It seemed—"

—Once more she paused, hampered by her own uncertainty, her own sense of puzzling incongruity. "I don't know why I speak like this," she went on at last, as if in justification of herself, "or why I want to speak. But a feeling—an extraordinary, incomprehensible feeling seems to urge me on. The same feeling that came to me on the day we had tea together—the feeling that made me—that almost made me believe—"

"Believe what?" The words escaped him without volition.

At sound of his voice she turned. "Believe that a miracle happened," she said; "that you had found strength, had freed yourself."

"From morphia?"

"From morphia."

In the silence that followed Loder lived through a century of suggestion and indecision. His first feeling was for himself, but his first clear thought was for Chilote and their compact.

He stood, metaphorically, on a stone in the middle of a stream, balancing on one foot, then on the other; looking to the right bank, then to the left. At last, as it always did, inspiration came to him slowly. He realized that by one plunge he might save both Chilote and himself.

He crossed quickly to the fireplace and stood by Eve. "You were right in your belief," he said. "For all that time, from the night you spoke to me of Fraide to the day you had tea in this room, I never touched a drug."

She moved suddenly, and he saw her face. "John," she said unsteadily, "you—I—I have known you to lie to me about other things."

With a hasty movement he averted his head. The doubt, the appeal in her words, shocked him. The whole isolation of her life seemed summed up in the one short sentence. For the instant he forgot Chilote. With a reaction of feeling he turned to her again.

"Look at me!" he said brusquely. She raised her eyes.

"Do you believe I'm speaking the truth?"

She searched his eyes intently, the doubt and hesitancy still struggling in her face.

"But the last three weeks?" she said reluctantly. "How can you ask me to believe?"

He had expected this and he met it steadily enough. Nevertheless his courage faltered. To deceive this woman, even to justify himself, had in the last half hour become something sacrilegious.

(To be continued.)

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## Woman's World

President of Association For Erection of Washington Memorial.



MRS. HENRY P. DIMOCK.

A building is to be erected at Washington which is to be a veritable people's forum. There is an association called the George Washington Memorial association, of which Mrs. Dimock is president, which has been authorized by congress to raise \$2,500,000 for the construction and maintenance of this building. A site has been set apart by the Sixty-second congress next to the new National museum and near Pennsylvania avenue, which is valued at \$500,000.

The memorial is to contain rooms for various state exhibits, offices for patriotic, educational, scientific and public welfare organizations of national scope; many small and average size halls, a banquet room, reception room, etc., and a large hall to seat not less than 6,000 persons.

This auditorium, with the small halls adjoining, will afford ample accommodations for great world congresses such as have heretofore met in the capital cities of Europe. Diplomatic functions and the inaugural reception may be held there also.

This unique and serviceable memorial, when completed, will be under the care and administration of the board of regents of the Smithsonian institution.

EMBROIDERED PINCUSHION.

Attractive Accessory For the Dressing Table of Yellow Satin.

The attractive pincushion shown in the illustration is made of yellow satin and is matched by a tray for pins with

FOR MILADY'S BOUDOIR.

a glass to fit over the embroidery. Daisies of white are done in outline stitch and have yellow centers of French knots.

Make Your Days Joyous.

Here is a general warning to elderly women: Never permit yourself to live in the past. This trick, more than anything else, will age you. So often we hear women say: "Life holds nothing for me now save memories. I live with my loved ones in the past."

That speech and crows' feet are boon companions. Naturally the woman of fifty or more finds herself dropping into reminiscences, but do not indulge in this habit even if it gives you a melancholy sort of pleasure. Find pleasure in those around you. Force yourself to be interested in their interests. Think of the future. Never permit yourself to think that your usefulness is ended or your capacity for enjoyment dulled. If you cannot play tennis you certainly can take brisk walks in the fresh morning air—and play bridge later in the day, if your conscience permits. And there is no law against your playing golf.

Do not dress in what is known as a kitchenish fashion, but do not think that because years are overtaking you you must wear dim colored raiment. Do not brush your hair back severely from your face and don an uncompromising touque. Fluff your hair on either side if you part it, and under no circumstances wear a severe pompadour unless you have classic features and a stately carriage.

Do not curl your hair with the iron, as this has a tendency to break hairs which you cannot afford to lose. Better far to use soft rags or patent curlers overnight, and right here let us speak of the nightcap, which is enjoying a decided revival. Make this of very thin china silk, interlined with fine sheer wadding in which you strew sweet powder. This gives a charming perfume to the hair and wards off dangers from drafts if you sleep near an open window.

PURITY FLOUR is not a so-called bargain. But it is cheapest in the end and bakes-day success is assured.

## Old World Notes

The "Lancet" announces that a committee, under the presidency of the Director-General of the Army Medical Service, has been formed to provide the necessary co-ordinating authority for the compilation of an adequate medical history of the war.

The exportation of anthracite is prohibited, by an Order-in-Council, to all foreign ports in Europe and on the Mediterranean and Black Seas, other than those of France, Russia (except Baltic ports), Spain, and Portugal.

At an inquest at Swansea on an old woman of eighty-two, death was found to have been caused by asphyxia due to gas escaping through rats eating a hole in a gas pipe.

"Lord Kitchener," a beautifully formed daffodil of a delicate yellow tint, attracted much attention at the spring show of the Royal Horticultural Society, London.

The Albert Medal of the Royal Society of Arts has been presented to Senator Guglielmo Marconi for his services in the development and practical application of wireless telegraphy. Owing to the absence in Canada of the President, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, the presentation was made by Colonel Sir Thomas H. Holdich.

The Port of London authority has given notice that an increase of from twenty to twenty-five per cent, will be made in the port rates on goods imported into and exported from the port. The additional revenue thus yielded is required to meet the increase in cost of material and wages in connection with the extensive works of the port improvement which are now in progress.

Rates of Postage to the front is a topic of considerable discussion in Great Britain just now. A correspondent who complained of the rate of postage for parcels to soldiers at the front has received a reply from the General Post Office that the Postmaster General has discussed the possibility of a reduction with the military authorities, but "he is informed—"



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ed by the Army Council that the serious increase in the number of parcels which would certainly follow such a step would create grave difficulties in regard to transport in the field, and that, in their opinion, it is undesirable to alter the existing rates.

Lord Charles Beresford suggests that steps should be taken to confiscate a German or Austrian ship at present interned for every British merchant ship sunk by a German submarine. The President of the British Shipowners' Association has made a similar suggestion to the French Naval Minister, who has replied, says Reuter, that he was considering the plan, but that arrangements must be made with the British Government before it could be put into execution.

A novel proposal has been made with a view to providing for the fitting celebration of the King's fiftieth birthday. It is suggested that a sum of one million pounds shall be raised and given to His Majesty on the morning of his birthday, the money to be applied by him in the manner he thinks best for the benefit of sailors and soldiers and those dependent upon them. It is understood that the idea would meet with the hearty approval of the King.

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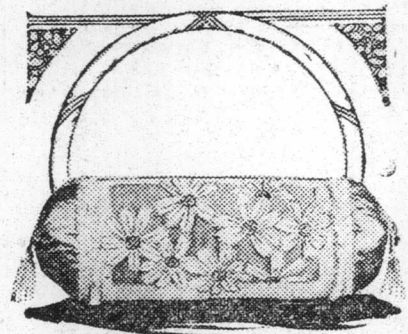
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Below will be found 4 sets of mixed letters. Can you arrange these 4 sets of letters in such order that the set will spell the name of a well known wild animal? It is no easy task, but by patience and perseverance you can find them. By sending a proper arrangement you can win Cash Prize. That may require a little of your time but if you think there is ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS AND NUMBER OF VALUABLE PREMIUMS GIVEN, that is worth paying attention to. Remember all you have to do is to write these names (plainly and neatly) with your name and address in full, as in case of tie both neatness and writing will be considered factors in this contest. To partake in this contest we do not require the spending of any of YOUR MONEY.

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Send your answer at once, we will reply by return mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have received Several Thousand dollars in Cash Prizes and lovely Premiums from us, and full particulars of a simple condition to be fulfilled. (This contest does not involve the spending of any of your money). The winners in our last competition have not the privilege of competing in this contest. This contest will be judged by well-known business men whose honesty is incontestable. Who are strangers to our Company and their decision will be accepted as final. Send your answer immediately.

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a glass to fit over the embroidery. Daisies of white are done in outline stitch and have yellow centers of French knots.

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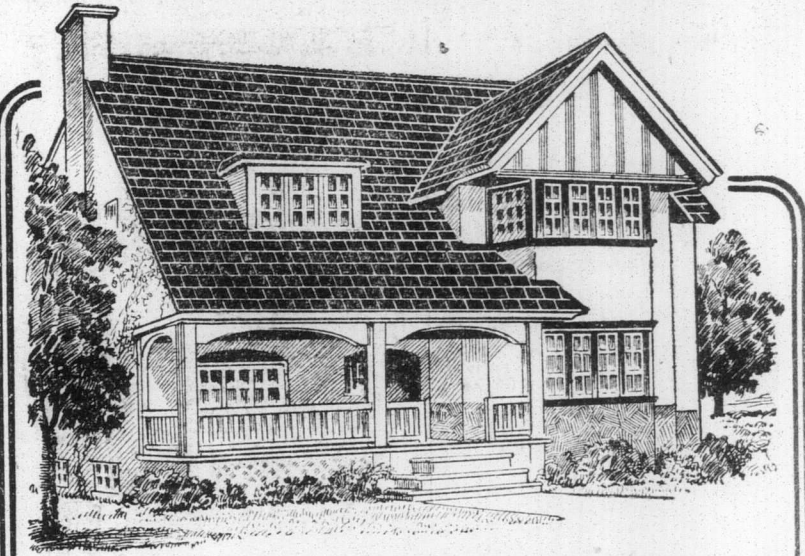
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