SUNDAY MORNING

ny story in a way to make the af-

ove. "I wanted to tell you that I read that ist story of yours," said Millie, soci-bly, when I had strolled over to her ownter, "and I liked it, all but the

oine. She had an 'adorable oat' and hair that 'waved away

om her white brow', and eyes that ow were blue and now gray.' Say,

y don't you write a story about an

"My land!" protested I. "It's bad mough trying to make them accept y stories as it is. That last heroe was a raving beauty, but she came ck eleven times before the editor of

Makely's succumbed to her charms." Millie's fingers were busy straight-

unger

ble Bes

TITS

le From

strings. It appeals by the force of its the that will never dia. oths of heart interest

annen anter Maniekanter in un euser beren can't stop the trees f

Stay Right Here in

the Roses"

& COMPANY

CEICAGO iful Illustrated Catalog

s sold -

TORONTO.



Mille Whitcomb, of the fancy goods with your brown hair and all." tions, beckoned me with her I had been standing at Kate And we end by deciding on the

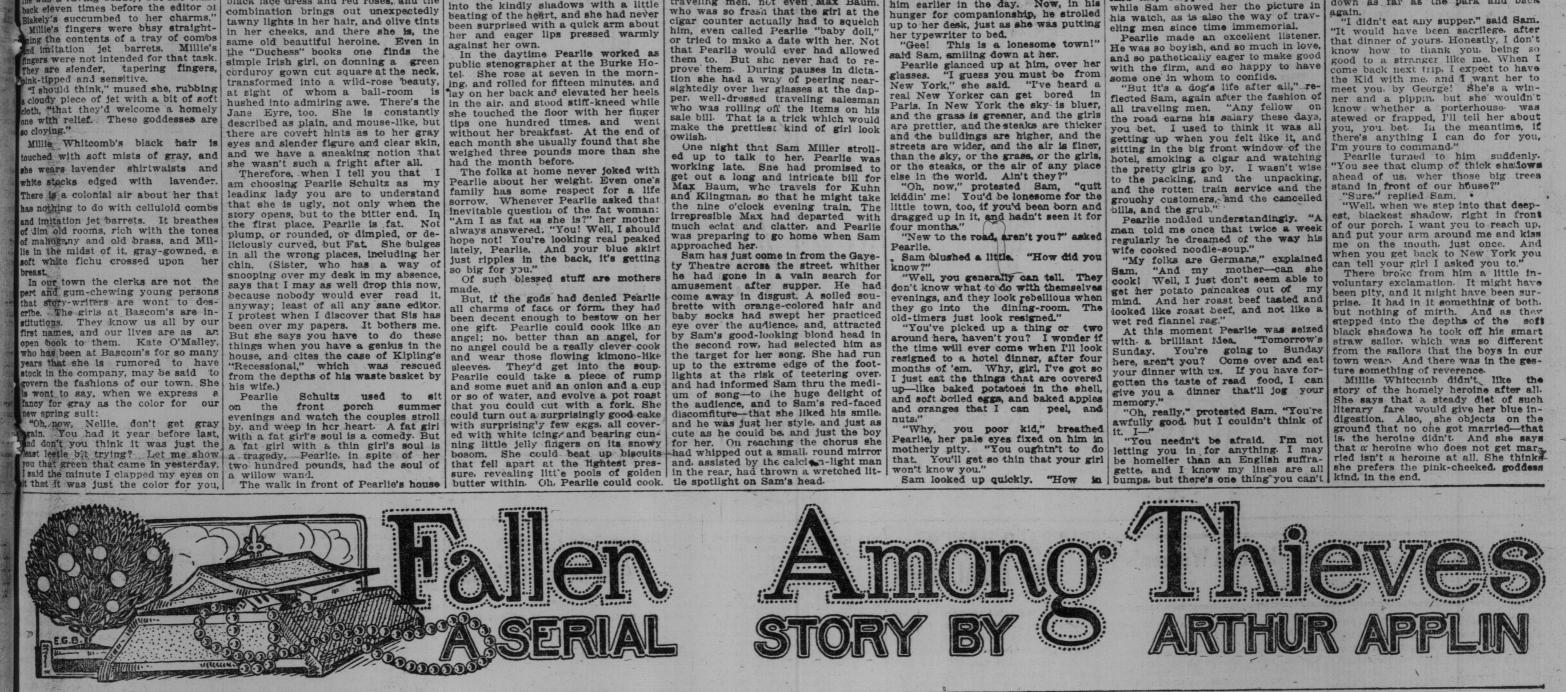
Malley's counter, pretending to ad-re.her new basket-weave suitings, The girls at Bascom's are not gosut in reality reveling in her droll ac-Chicago, Mrs. Judge Porterfield

ad worn the negro porter's overcoat er her chilly shoulders in mistake for re husband's. Kate O'Malley can tell a non-dinner pleasantries of a Washing-n-dinner pleasantries of a Washing-n diplomat sound like the clumsy sis told around the village grocery

The girls at Bascom's are not gos-sips-they are too busy for that-but they may be said to be delightfully well informed. How could they be our welding dresses and party favors and baby flannels. There is news at Bascom's that our dally paper never hears of, and wouldn't dare print if it did. So when Millie Whitcomb, of the fancy goods and notions, expressed her hunger for a homely heroine, I did not resent the suggestion. On the con-trary, it sent me home in thoughtful mood, for Millie Whitcomb had ac-quired a knowledge of human nature in the dispensing of her fancy goods and potions. It set me casting about for a really homely heroine. There never has been a really ugly heroine in fiction. Authors have started bravely out to write of an un-lovely woman, but they never have had the courage to allow her to remain plain. On page 237 she puts on a black lace dress and red roses, and the combination brings out unexpectedly tawny lights in her hair, and olive tints to her cheeks, and there she is, the combination brings out unexpectedly tawny lights in her hair, and olive time the combination brings out unexpectedly tawny lights in her hair, and olive time the combination brings out unexpectedly tawny lights in her hair, and olive time the combination brings out unexpectedly tawny lights in her hair, and olive time the combination brings out unexpectedly tawny lights in her hair, and olive time the combination brings out unexpectedly tawny lights in her hair, and olive time the combination brings out unexpectedly tawny lights in her hair, and olive time the combination brings out unexpectedly tawny lights in her hair, and olive time the combination brings out unexpectedly tawny lights in her hair, and olive time the back date are lips pressed warmly here her and eager lips pressed warmly tawny lights in her hair, and olive tints in her cheeks, and there she is, the been surprised with a quick arm about her and eager lips pressed warmly

The Homely Heroine

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> thunderation did you know-?" Pearlie was pinning on her hat, and she spoke succinctly, her hatpins be-tween her teeth: "You've been here two days now, and 1 notice you dic-tate all your letters except the longest



<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> ad linds on returning that the myster-bus girl has disappeared, also a leter and mali package containing a present for ady Heatherington. Lady Heathering-on's father, Major Rawton, calls on her with the object of borrowing money and hows keen anxiety at the prospect of her marrying Stopford. Miss Mimosa Varles, a distant connection, also calls with the same object in view. When Stopford Arrives later he has difficulty in con-cealing his surprise on finding Lady Heatherington wearing his intended present. They go to the opera and Stop-ford leaves for a short time, presumably on business, but in reality, to go to Char-ing Cross and learn more of the myster-licu, girl of the cab. Hereturas hater in the evening in a very nervous frame of mind, and Major Rawton, draws their attention to a diamond earring pinned to Stopford's coat. The ornament is identical to a pair owned by Lady Heatherington, but which she has left at home, locked in her jewel box. They part later in the evening, both greativ affected by the mysterious happenings of of the past few hours. Stopford is awax-ened next morning by the jangling of the phone and a summons by Major Rawton to come immediately to Lady Heathering-tor's apartments, where he learns that

hibition): "What's the

ficer. a's no end of sand and eplied the mess orderly. here," said the officer to camp to grumble country? come to serve my coun-ot to eat it."

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QUALITY

He did not know for certain, Stop-

ford told himself. But he had only to gaze thru the plate-glass window of the door, or enter the building, to

phone and a summons by Major Rawton to come immediately to Lady Heathering-ton's apartments, where he learns that her lewet box has been robbed of its en-tire contents. Suspicion rests on Stopford and to help Lady Heatherington in her distress and also to gain time he proposes and is accepted. Meanwhile Mimosa Varles journeys to Monte Carlo, with the jeweis and is met by her uncle, an adventurer, who seems to have a beenliar influence over her and who with the ald of a drug forces her to execute outrageous commissions. Varles disposes

oment he had forgotten the scraps of Lady Hetherington's letter conlained there. ns. Varles disposes ry to Clio de Fon-ides to follow Mi-

Supposing she knew?

CHAPTER. XV.

acquaintance of Clio The following tally meets Mi-t their conver-

CHAPTER. XV. Some of the shops were already be-ginning to put up their shutters and close their doors. Stopford glanced at his watch and realized the day was nearly at an end In an hour or two it would be night. He was half inclined to run away. He had been anxious to know, now that knowledge was within his grasp he was frightened. And his voice was like his hands—the voice of a man accustomed to bully-ing. And his voice was like his hands—the voice of a man accustomed to bully-ing. And his voice was like his hands—the voice of a man accustomed to bully-ing. And his voice was like his hands—the voice of a man accustomed to bully-ing. And his voice was like his hands—the voice of a man accustomed to bully-ing. And his voice was like his hands—the voice of a man accustomed to bully-ing. And Stopford coanted them. Four ings, a brooch, a comb for the hair-then the fut fingers closed over an-other little jewel. "This is no good without its fellow." the Jewe cried. "A single ear-ring, mon Dieu! Has Madame only on ear?" And his voice was like his hands—the shands—the shands—the hair-the had been anxious to know, now he was frightened. And his voice was like his hands—the shands—the shands—the hair-then the fut fingers closed over an-other little jewel. "This is no good without its fellow." the Jewe cried. "A single ear-ring, mon Dieu! Has Madame only on ear?" And his voice was like his hands—the shands—the hair amount. absolutely certain, what was he going across She offered no resistance, scarcely showed any surprise, until they were walking across the turf, Then she gently released herself and again looked at him. And against susplicions, even facts, right up to the last mo-and asked for five hundred francs on it. The Jew offered him less than half that amount. And again the start and a pose, a cloak with which to cover 15. but their conver-its, but their conver-his wife. Believing ef and the wife of a r, Stopford, who has a love, is more than unravel the mystery He becomes acbecomes ac

He becomes ac-n Smith, a strangely in, who has brought in, who has brought in that knowledge was within his grasp in who has brought in the was frightened. Not more than a minute passed, tho to him it seemed an age, while he on meeting Clio de is her to show him Later Clio discovers shows resentment to baying Mimosa mark-Pity: Usury and pity seldom go paying Mimosa markreceives a mysterious together.

that he might throw it on the gaming tables of Monte Carlo. And if she failed to get the requisite amount, he could imagine Varles that he had kept his word with Mary: swearing at her. Perhaps he would bast her. Stopford clenched his fists and every muscle in his body grew that he had source form all possible sus-and every muscle in his body grew that he had source form all possible sus-the continually reminded himself that he had kept his word with Mary: that he had found her jewels, and he had cleared himself from all possible sus-that he had source form all possible sus-that he had source for the prom-ontory at Monaco-the on this third occasion she had not seemed quite so far away, so ethereal-as if her body the man and source for the possible sus-

make sure. He stepped forward, then stopped. He was sure of her guilt—yet, un-til he had absolute proof he might persuade himself she was innocent. If she were guilty he would have to re-turn to London and tell Mary. Instinctively he slipped his hand into the breast pocket of his coat
and every muscle in his body grew suddenly taut. One step nearer and he could see the glitter of stones on the counter. A ring or two, a brooch, a jewelled hair-turn to London and tell Mary. Instinctively he slipped his hand into the breast pocket of his coat
and every muscle in his body grew suddenly taut. One step nearer and he could see the glitter of stones on the counter. A ring or two, a brooch, a jewelled hair-turn to London and tell Mary. Instinctively he slipped his hand into the breast pocket of his coat
and every muscle in his body grew suddenly taut. One step nearer and he could see the glitter of stones on the counter. A ring or two, a brooch, a jewelled hair-turn to London and tell Mary. Instinctively he slipped his hand into the breast pocket of his coat
b to recognize it, even had he been able
b to recognize it, even had he been able

turn to London and tell Mary. Instinctively he slipped his hand into the breast pocket of his coat and fingered his pocket-book. For the

still unable to see the Frenchman's face, it was hidden by a partition and Mimosa's black hat. But his hands Mimosa's black hat. But his hands were visible-very large, coarse, on one the glitter of a big diamond ring. And his voice was like his hands-the

Before he left the pawnbroker's he

turned away without a word, and was would see the single ear-ring Mimosa had pawned. He would make abso-of the motor traffic which dashed, doubt. And then the old question—were he absolutely certain, what was he going to do?" lutely certain, beyond a shadow of a reckless of all the rules of the road, up

ready lost enough.'

"It's his amusement." "To lose?"

ning. It's like life; one lives as long as there's a chance of-"

The delicate nostrils quivered; sur-"I should have thought he had alprise fought with vacancy in her eyes. "How can you be my friend? I have no friends. It's impossible."

"As long as he has a chance of win-(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

