

ciated how lonely he must have felt. It's weird—that's what it is. And I believe I feel a little bit scared. But that's foolish, in broad daylight and in a house that the family has just stepped out of. Perhaps there was a fire near by, and they all ran off to see it. I believe I'll go downstairs and telephone to some neighbor or somebody. That is, if they have a telephone—I didn't notice any."

Dorothy Crusoe ran downstairs, and looked all about for a telephone, only to be disappointed. She could see none,



"Dorothy walked toward the piano, and then stood suddenly stock-still."

and she even went outdoors to look for the wires, but there weren't any.

And there was no house in sight. Three miles from the Maplewood station, the Glens place was large and isolated. There were hammocks under the trees; chairs, settees, and even a tea-table made the veranda cozy and attractive, but the entire absence of other humanity made Dorothy shudder with loneliness, and she sat down on the front stairs in despair.

"It's ghastly," she thought. "At first it seemed funny and interesting, but now it's horrid. If it's a practical joke, they're carrying it to far, and in any case, they're certainly very rude!"

But after a few minutes her equanimity returned, and she concluded the only thing to do was to make the best of the situation and await developments. So she went in the house again and went towards the kitchen.

"I'm certainly Dorothy Crusoe," she thought, "and I may as well imitate my prototype, Robinson, and reconnoitre as to my visible means of support. Since the Glens are not here to offer me any hospitable cheer, I'll have to take it myself."

In the pantry was a supply of what was beyond all doubt that morning's milk, and this fact cheered Dorothy, as corroborating her theories that the family would soon return. She helped herself to a glassful, and seating herself at the open piano she began to play. The gay music lightened her spirits, and soon she was laughing at her ridiculous predicament.

"I know what I'll do," she suddenly declared to herself, "I'll go up in Helen's room and take a nap. I hardly slept any last night in that old sleeping-car, and I'm awfully tired. Then, if Helen comes in and finds me there, it will be like Goldilocks and the Three Bears."

Pleased with this practical plan, Dorothy went up to Helen's room, took off her hat and jacket, and made herself generally at home.

She even slipped off her crisp white shirt-waist, and donned the blue kimono that looked so inviting.

Then, throwing herself on the couch, she drew an afghan over her, and was soon sound asleep.

Later, she awoke. How much later, she did not know, but on going in to look at Mrs. Glenn's watch, she found it was high noon. She went into the hall and hung over the bannister. Not a sound could be heard, and, with a

sigh, she realized that the Glens had not yet appeared.

"And so, Miss Dorothy Crusoe," she said to herself, "you'll have to go down and prepare your own luncheon if you expect to have any. That is, if you can find anything to eat, and I've no doubt you can."

Deciding that there could be no objection to wearing Helen's kimono down-stairs, since there was no one to see her, Dorothy ran down and went to the dining-room.

She was getting a little used to silence, and tried to look on the day's proceedings as a humorous experience. And she succeeded fairly, especially when she discovered a well-stocked larder, with cold chicken, fresh lettuce and apple-pie in stock.

"I won't cook anything," she concluded, "but I'll make me a cup of tea. And while the kettle is boiling, I'll play 'Just One Girl,' or something appropriate like that."

Dorothy filled the kettle and put it on the range, where a moderate fire was burning.

"Of course they'll be back soon," she thought, as she did so; "they've left the fire so it won't either burn out or go out before night. But it's a queer picnic where they take the cook and waitress both with them."

Going to the parlor, Dorothy walked towards the piano, and then suddenly stood stock still. Her big brown eyes grew bigger with amazement, her cheeks turned pale and then red, and a shiver of fear was quickly followed by a grin of amusement. For on the piano-stool lay a man's hat.

It couldn't have been there when I was playing this morning," she thought, "for, of course, I couldn't have sat on it without noticing it, and even if I had, it would have been flattened out, instead of properly and most correctly creased."

She went to the hall and listened again, but there was only the same silence.

"It's magic," she thought, "how could that hat get here all by itself? I'm not scared, because it isn't a burglar's hat I'm sure. No burglar ever wore a swager hat like that."

She picked up the hat and studied it. It was a soft light-gray felt, with a brim rather broader than most men wear, and which to Dorothy's sophisticated judgment betokened a literary man or an artist.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "sometimes I think I have the detective instinct, but here's a chance to exercise it, and I'm all at sea. If Sherlock Holmes looked at this hat, he'd tell at once the man's age, height and weight, and what his grandmother's name was, and what he'd had for dinner. And I can only deduce a punctilious gentleman of erratic tastes. But I don't care for deductions; I'd rather see the man himself—even if he is a burglar."

"It's the queerest thing," her thoughts continued, as she still stood staring at the hat on the piano-stool; "the hat is there, and somebody must have put it there. It's just like when Robinson Crusoe discovered a footprint in the sand."

"Well, I said I was Dorothy Crusoe, and now I've discovered a footprint—or rather a head-print. And I think that it was by means of that footprint that Robinson Crusoe found his man Friday. To-day is Friday, and if there is an owner to that hat anywhere about, I wish he'd appear and be my Man Friday, for I'd like somebody to speak to—"

At that moment Dorothy heard a door opened and closed.

The sound were followed by quick steps down the stairs, and what was unmistakably a man's voice whistling "Hiawatha."

Suddenly conscious of the blue kimono, Dorothy turned a blushing face toward the hall door.

She saw a big, happy-looking young man, whose frank face wore an expression of utter bewilderment.

"What the Dickens!" he began, but after an instant's pause continued, "I beg your pardon; you are a guest of the house?"

"I'm not exactly," said Dorothy, bravely trying to ignore her uncon-

ventional, if becoming costume. "That is—I expected to be, but I find I'm only a castaway on a desert island. Is your name Friday?"

"It is," said the young man, with quick comprehension. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Miss Crusoe?"

"Yes, Miss Dorothy Crusoe. I saw your footprint on the piano-stool, and—where are the Glens?"

But the young man had his own notions of the requirements of a dramatic situation, and replied, with a vague look of enquiry:

"Glens?"

"Yes," said Dorothy, a bit impatiently. "Where is all the family, and who are you? Don't you know anything?"

"I'm but a Man Friday, and no self-respecting Man Friday ever knows anything save what his Crusoe teaches him."

"Then," said Dorothy, rising to the occasion, "you are at my orders?"

"Absolutely, Miss Crusoe."

"Then I command you to sit in that chair, and not to budge for ten minutes."

"Your command shall be obeyed."

The big young man crossed the room with a careless swinging step, and deposited himself in the chair indicated. Dorothy flew upstairs to Helen's room, and flinging aside the blue kimono, donned her correct white shirt-waist and dainty tie. With a more conventional costume, her courage returned, and she began to appreciate the fun of the situation.

"He must be the man guest," she thought, "the one with the shoe-trees in his room. And now that I've seen the man, I don't wonder at the size of the trees."

Her equilibrium entirely restored, Dorothy went downstairs again, and with an added touch of dignity to her manner, she approached the young man, and holding out her hand with a formal gesture, she said:

"Good morning; now please drop nonsense, and tell me all about it."

He rose quickly, shook hands, and offered her a chair with graceful courtesy.

"I am Hugh Masterton," he said, "and very much at your service. I am a guest of the elusive Glens."

"And I thought I was to be," interrupted the girl. "I am Dorothy Latimer, and they expected me to-day. Where are they all?"

"Oh," said Masterton, a light breaking upon him, "now I understand. They telegraphed you, Miss Lorimer, not to come till day after to-morrow."

"I didn't get the message. Why did they send it?"

"Well, you see, all the servants left at once. The cook, waitress and coachman, who were all of one family, being a man and his wife and daughter, were found wanting in the somewhat necessary virtue of honesty, and Mrs. Glenn was obliged to dismiss the trio. They departed early this morning, and immediately after we all started off in the automobile to bring new servants from the city. I was with the party, but when we stopped at the village post-office for the mail, I found a letter asking me for some sketches as yet unfinished, so I gave up the outing, and dutifully returned to the house to do my work. We had locked up the house before we started, but the Glens gave me the latchkey, and I let myself in. Then I had to go to the village again for some materials, and I rode Fred's horse down. You must have come during my absence."

"Yes," said Dorothy, "I suppose I did. I arrived, and after ringing a number of times, I tried the front door and found it opened."

"Very careless of me," commented Masterton. "I left it unfastened when I went away, without thinking about it."

"So then I came in," went on Dorothy, "and I went all over the house and I couldn't find anybody, and as I had a wakeful night in the sleeper, I went to Helen's room and took a nap."

"Ah, that explains it. When I returned, I heard no one, and the house was apparently just as I had left it, so I sat down here for a moment, and looked over the morning paper, then I

went directly to my room, where I've been busily working ever since."

"And you left your hat here," exclaimed Dorothy, "and when I woke up I came down and saw it, and I knew it wasn't a burglar's hat, and I was so mystified! When will the Glens be back?"

"Not till four or five o'clock this afternoon. You see, they telegraphed you to postpone your coming till the day after to-morrow, and they expect to bring a new force of servants back with them. Or at least a cook, anyway, and let the others come by train."

"Then said Dorothy, looking thoughtful, "you and I will be here alone till late this afternoon."

"That is for you to say," replied Masterton, quickly. "If you wish, I will go away at once."

"No, don't!" cried Dorothy. "It was awful to be all alone in this big house. I'd much rather have you than nobody. Much!"

"Thank you, said Masterton, gravely. "That makes it too formal and serious. the afternoon here, you can decide upon our mutual relations. Will you be the hostess, and considering the Glenn's house your own, allow me to be your favored guest, or shall I, by right of prior occupancy, consider myself the host, and look upon you as a welcome and honored visitor."

"Neither," said Dorothy, promptly. "That makes it too formal and serious. We'll stick to my original idea, and I am Dorothy Crusoe, this house is my desert island, and you are my Man Friday, entirely under my despot rule."

"So be it, Miss Crusoe. Figuratively speaking, your foot is on my neck; I live but to serve you, and I shall not so much as breathe save in accordance with your expressed instructions."

"That's nice," said Dorothy, with a nonchalant air of satisfaction; "and now, my Man Friday, I will confess to you that I am most exceedingly hungry."

"So am I," remarked Masterton. "Let us explore our island and forage for food."

"I've already done that, admitted Dorothy. "You see—"

"And you found cold chicken and apple pie," interrupted Masterton. "Mrs. Glenn told me they were in the pantry, when she found that I was obliged to come back here and work. She bade me help myself."

"And your work?" said Dorothy, with sudden compunction, "is it finished? Am I keeping you from it?"

"I never work at meal times," replied Hugh, "and in order that I may



"You run along, Man Friday, and attend to your work, and I'll attend to my own department."

get back to my work, let us go and do our foraging at once."

"Let's!" cried the girl, "and, oh, I quite forgot, I put the kettle on to boil. I fear the water will be overdone."

But it wasn't, it was just at the right stage of puffing steam, and Dorothy gleefully made the tea.

"I had expected," remarked Hugh,