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It will cure the worst case. If your complexion or skin or scalp or hair is not just what you would have it, write for our free booklet "W". Write fully and confidentially of your trouble and we will advise you—without charge.

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## THE SHADOW HAND

(Continued from page 6.)

particular point the master had taught, only to feel a sort of shame in her success; more, to feel that she had diverted something to useless purpose which should have turned directly toward helping Gerald.

But, looking at the paper on her lap, that morning in the park, an idea occurred to her. "Perhaps—"

She rushed home, worked feverishly while Gerald was out, and, before he came in, she had five sketches posted and on their way to Toronto. Within the next two weeks she had not only drawn other "types," but had sold them.

"They are not faultless, by any means," commented the Art Editor, squinting at them after the manner of artists, "but you have the imagination, madame. This fellow at the cafe—ah, he looks drinking!"

Toronto also approved, and the sketches of "John Gerald" took the form of a mild epidemic.

SO it came about that for five years Jeanette Lacy had more than she could do, but because it was all for Gerald, she did it! And he? He still leaned upon her without knowing it, and he bullied her in his old-time tolerantly affectionate way. Indeed, in some inexplicable manner, he had come to look upon himself as her prop and mainstay.

"It makes a fellow feel like a stone pergola with ivy crawling over it, the way my mother depends on me," he said one night to a group of his intimate friends. "It's an awful responsibility," he went on, a little vaguely, "in fact, it's a sort of handicap."

"Name of a dog," jeered one of them. "He lives at a grand hotel, has some one to mend his purple and fine linen, provide him with three-four-five meals a day, smooth his pillow when he is ill, and smooth his temper when he is cross! And he talks about stone pergolas and responsibilities. It is to laugh!"

Gerald stiffened. "Each of us has problems," he said.

"La, la," laughed another. "What knows my friend of handicaps? Come down in the Quartier with us, live in a garret on a franc a week when thou hast it; eat to-day and not again till some one invites you to a meal—truly an answer to prayer—then talk to us of handicaps!"

"Bear hardships, and thou wilt paint better, and sell better, petit Gerald," spoke Duval, the eldest of the velvet-jacketed crowd. "Thou has been too carefully nurtured to feel the prickings of imagination. One cannot create on an over-full stomach."

"So," thought Gerald later, "they think I can't create!" He was in the depths of indescribable depression. "They probably make fun of my work behind my back. I'll sell socks and ties in a haberdasher's!" But immediately following this inconsequential threat came the comforting assurance that his success, according to them, depended only upon environment and a little dieting.

"If I lived in the Quarter—but certainly I could paint. There is where I shall find congenial atmosphere. Madre might have thought of that!"

HE broached the subject of moving, with characteristic frankness.

"Look here, Madre, don't you think all this rather unnecessary?"

Mrs. Lacy looked up from the toaster, puzzled.

"This, darling?"

Gerald waved a comprehensive hand over the apartment.

"Of course, I'm not blaming you," he conceded magnificently, "and of course you must not be made unnecessarily uncomfortable. But, after all, we came to Paris to make an artist of me, didn't we? And if I can't be made an artist in this place, why we ought to move—don't you think? Beside," he went on, "consider the money we could save by living in the Latin Quarter! You have been wickedly extravagant, old Madre of mine; but I'll forgive you this time, if you don't keep up the hideous expenditure," he added playfully, hardly realizing that he did not in the least know what the "hideous expenditure" was.

"I'll look for a place to-day," murmured Mrs. Lacy, hoping that her acquiescence was not too ready.

While Gerald was at his class, his mother affected the moving. He never could endure confusion, and he came to the new studio to find everything in place, even to a half tube of Chinese white, which he kept for some inexplicable reason in his collar-button box. Then he sat down to receive an inspiration.

What he really received was assistance from that Shadow Hand always so ready

to give him help, but the success of an exceptionally well painted picture he attributed solely to his novel environment. "We ought to have been here all along," he complained.

This conviction gained mightily in strength when he met Miriam. Miriam lived on the floor above and said she thought she was a writer, the emphasis denoting a difference of opinion on the part of several purblind editors. Still, she was doing very well. She had positive genius for discovering jewels in the Dustbin of Life, and she surrounded them with a unique setting of her own which was destined some day to make her famous. Gerald looked upon this radiant young woman with a species of awe, which sensation soon intermingled with one much tenderer and more chivalrous. He liked to feel that he was a help to her in her work, and it was only after months of association that he was made to realize that she more frequently provided his copy—in their rambles along the Boul' Miché, for example—than the other way round.

To this day of awakening Jeanette Lacy looked forward with anxiety. Gerald never had accompanied any one's solo. She even ventured a timid remonstrance to the girl.

"Suppose he does see what a help I am to him," she laughed, growing pink to her ears, "he will only like me more and need me more. Hurt him? Well, why not? Who is Gerald Lacy that he should be wrapped in sweet-scented cotton wool all his life and never be scratched? He must realize sooner or later that he is only an atom in the Scheme of Life—he is not the Scheme itself. I am going to give him a severe shock."

THE shock he received came not through Miriam, however, but curiously through a suggestion made by his mother.

"Why don't you try some illustrations, darling?" she asked, after a discouraging season, marked with utter paucity of ideas. "Of course, they would only be pot-boilers, but I understand there is quite a lot of money in the work." She thought guiltily of "John Gerald," and blushed. But he did not notice.

"Illustrations?" he repeated, as though she had uttered a foul oath in his presence. "Me?"

"And why not?" taunted Miriam, who happened to be present. "If you really do good ones, perhaps I will let you illustrate some of my second best stories. And anyway, Gerald," she said, more seriously, "you have got to make some money. I won't go out to dinner with you any more—on Mrs. Lacy's treat. So there!"

Indignant, but vanquished, Gerald flung himself into the studio and banged the door. He refused to show his mother or Miriam the result of a couple of hours' work, and took his sketches to an editor almost before the ink was dry. By a strange coincidence, he chose the same magazine in which the work of "John Gerald" appeared with unfailing regularity, and the editor, who promised to make an immediate decision, was the same with whom "John Gerald" dealt.

Miriam rescued the rejected drawings from the conceirge and laid them in his hand. She was rather sorry for him, in spite of telling herself that he needed unwrapping from his sweet-scented cotton wool.

"Well, I hope you are satisfied," he cried, flinging the letter rudely at his mother. There were tears of rage and humiliation in his eyes and voice.

Mrs. Lacy, white to the lips, read:

"Dear Sir,  
We return the sketches you were good enough to submit, feeling that there is not just the originality in them we desire, for our pages; they are distinctly 'after John Gerald,' who has endeared himself to our readers and upon whose preserves we do not care to encroach. We should be glad to see anything else of yours, however, for we appreciate the correctness of your lines, and we beg to remain,  
Yours truly,  
THE EDITORS."

MRS. LACY watched him dumbly as he tramped about the room. She was too miserable to speak. The situation was the height of ironic tragedy—Gerald's sketches were refused because they were "after" those which had been made solely to help him reach a pinnacle of success she had never dreamed of attaining. Beside, there was the humiliation she had unwittingly caused him. It was as though she, his mother, were competing—successfully competing—against him and flaunting her superiority in his face.

Impulse prompted her to put her

(Concluded on page 33).



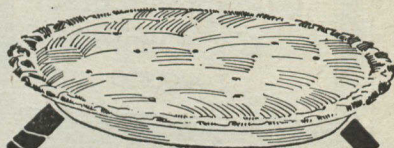
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