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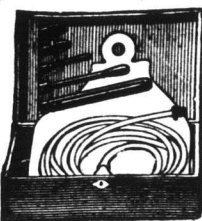
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bearing age stamped on them, old ivory,
and here and there a piece of Sevres china.
She had been told that the owner of
the shop was no ordinary pawnbroker;
he only dealt in antiquities; an artist, a
passionate lover of old things. She looked
up at the name "J. Cohen", pushed open
the door and walked in.

It was a little dark and very old, this
shop peopled with shadows, but full of
cherished treasures. One saw they were
treasures, one felt that they were cherished.
"What can I do for you, madam?"

She started and looked up from the
frail Dresden china shepherdess she had
been examining. "How exquisite!" she
murmured involuntarily.

"It is one of the first things made in the
Copenhagen factory. It illustrates Hans
Handersen's story of the sweep and the
china shepherdess. See, there is the
sweep. I put them close together in
sympathy.



Little Helen Smythe who was rescued from the sea
when the Lusitania was torpedoed, by Ernest
Cowper, a journalist of Toronto. She is un-
aware of the fate of her father, mother, sister,
brother and aunt who were aboard the ill-fated
ship with her, when torpedoed.

She looked at him sharply. A tall,
curiously virile, attractive young man,
very keen, very wide awake, with crisp
curly black hair and blue pleasant eyes.
"I—I want to—to pawn this ring."

He took it from her, noting her embar-
rassment and she wondered at the strength
and beauty of his hands, as he examined
it.

"I understand you wish me to tell you,
what I would advance on it madam."

"Yes."

She leant a little wearily against the
counter; her small oval face was pale, and
her hair beneath her shabby hat was the
warmest brown; her eyes and pretty little
mouth were weary and saddened.

Then suddenly the Dresden china figure
pirouetted to meet her, the grandfather
clock swayed down upon her—then restful
velvety darkness.

She came to on an old divan before a
roaring log fire. Here too she was con-
scious of absolute peace; then she looked
up into the keen, worried blue eyes of
J. Cohen.

"I'm—I'm—How foolish of me!" she
said.

On a silver salver he was holding a
beautiful long stemmed glass of amber
colored liquid, and beside it biscuits on an
old Sevres plate.

"Please," he commanded. "Oh but I
insist! It is to be taken as medicine."

She obeyed meekly, and the refreshment
put new strength into her, and she
struggled to her feet. "It is very good
of you," she said. "I expect it was the
cold and —"

She paused, a growing amazement in
her large brown eyes, for this back parlor
was assuredly the loveliest room she had
ever been in. The walls plain sapphire
blue, and against them old furniture of
the Queen Anne period. A Queen Anne
dresser filled with old blue china, there
was a wonderful desk, and the low divan
upon which she had been lying covered
with exquisite fuchsia and sapphire
tapestry of weird design.

"How beautiful!" she said involuntarily.

"I did not think —"

His gentle, amused blue eyes betrayed
no resentment.

"You did not expect it in a pawnbroker's
back parlor?" he said pleasantly.

"Oh I didn't mean that!" She turned
her pretty distressed eyes on him in real
dismay.

"I don't resent it," he smiled. "I am
a pawnbroker but I love beautiful things."

Then he became the courteous salesman.

"I can advance you twenty pounds on
your ring, madam."

He held open the door, and she passed
into the shop again.

She gave a little gasp.

"I—I don't think after all, that I will—"

She glanced out of the glass doors into
the street. It was sleeting and miserable.

"Thank you!" she said with a little
gulp, and—took the money

The memory of J. Cohen went with her
out into the rain. There came back too
with curious persistence the memory of his
perfect room, his pleasant, cultivated voice

"You did not expect it in a pawnbroker's
back parlor?"

And when she had gone, J. Cohen
smiled and slipped the ring on his finger.

It fitted exactly.

The shop door opened and his partner
came in from lunch.

"Hello, old chap! Got your ring back?"

"Yes."

"Quick work. How much did the
finder sting you for it?"

"I paid twenty pounds."

"My stars!"

Cohen looked down at his hand and
smiled. "It was cheap," he said.

It may have been that the pendulum of
Fate needed but a touch to restore the
balance, for from now on Ivy's luck
changed.

She sold four pictures for five pounds
each, secured illustrating work from an
impressionable young Irish editor, who
drew her pretty face very passably on his
blotting pad to the joy of his office boy.

Then she got twenty pounds for a badly
drawn but effective poster, advertising
some special brand of soap.

The caretaker once more touched his
cap. She was once more decently fed and
clothed, and a respectable member of
society—outwardly.

Her personal opinion of the matter was
adequately expressed in long sleepless
nights, in fierce fights with the accusing
memory of those straight honest ancestors
of hers. She grew to reverence them.

She called herself "thief" out loud, and
winced and quivered at the sound of it.

By irony of fate she went in for a draw-
ing competition and won a thirty-pound
prize.

Then Sally Warner mercifully returned
and came to see her. Sally had a studio
on the next floor to Ivy. They had been
at the schools together, and Sally had done
things. Her people were large dyers, and
nothing would cure Sally of the loyal
unswerving conviction that trade was the
whole thing.

"I can't see it, girls. Trade's the thing.
Where would our art be if it wasn't for
the canvas, paint and brushes? Who
cares about art or books if it comes to a
strike? Who would care if the picture
galleries were looted, if the food supply
gave out? Dairies and groceries are the
things that count. As for dyeing it's a
greater mission than art. It restores the
joy of good color to the genteel little
house —"

And how they had all laughed!

Sally came to see her, full of Italy, but
found time to ask: "Know the man at
number three—Julius Cowan?"

"No! Oh no."

"His grandfather on his mother's side
was a Jew. His father called himself
Cowan, so does Julius of course. He was

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