

THE GUEST OF QUESNAY

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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CHAPTER II

SWINGING out to pass us and then sweeping in upon the reverse curve to clear the narrow arch of the culvert were too much for the white car. In the middle of the road, ten feet from the culvert, the old woman struggled frantically to get her car out of the way. The howl of the siren frightened her perhaps, for she went to the wrong side. Then the shriek of the machine drowned the human scream as the automobile struck.

The great machine left the road for the fields on the right, reared, fell, leaped against the stone side of the culvert, apparently trying to climb it, stood straight on end, whirled backward in a half somersault, crashed over on its side, flashed with flame and explosion and lay hidden under a cloud of dust and smoke.

The peasant's cart, tossed into a clump of weeds, rested on its side. A pair of woman's goggles crunched beneath my foot as I sprang out of Ward's car, and a big brass lamp had fallen in the middle of the road, crumpled like waste paper. Beside it lay a gold rose box.

The old woman had somehow saved herself, or perhaps her saint had helped her, for she was sitting in the grass by the roadside, wailing hysterically and quite unharmed. The body of a man lay in a heap beneath the stone archway, and from his clothes I guessed that he had been the driver of the white car. I say "had been" because there were reasons for needing no second glance to comprehend that the man was dead.

Ward meanwhile was dragging a woman out of the wreck, and after a moment I went to help him carry her into the fresh air. She pushed our hands angrily aside and completed the untangling herself, revealing the scratched and smeared face of Mariana, the dancer.

"Oh, the pain!" she cried. "That imbecile! If he has let me break my leg! A pretty dancer I should be! I hope he is killed!"

Another automobile had already come up, and the occupants were hastily alighting. Ward shouted to the foremost to go for a doctor.

"I am a doctor," the man answered, advancing and kneeling quickly by the dancer. "And you—you may be of help, comrade."

We turned toward the ruined car, where Ward's driver was shouting for us.

"What is it?" called Ward as we ran toward him.

"The driver," he replied, "there is some one under the tonneau here!"

From beneath the overturned tonneau projected the lower part of a man's leg clad in a brown puttee and a russet shoe. Ward's driver had brought his tools, had jacked up the car as high as possible, but was still unable to release the imprisoned body.

After considerable effort we rescued the imprisoned body, which stirred in pain.

I found that I was looking almost straight down into the upturned face of Larrabee Harman, and I cannot better express what this man had come to be and what the degradation of his life had written upon him than by saying that the dreadful thing I looked upon now was no more horrible a sight than the face I had seen, fresh from the violet and smiling in ugly pride at the stables, as he passed the terrace of Larue on the day before the Grand Prix.

We helped to carry him to the doctor's car and to lift the dancer into Wagon and to get both of them out again at the hospital at Versailles, where they were taken.

"Did it seem to you," said George faintly, "that a man so frightfully injured could have any chance of getting well?"

"No," I answered. "I thought he was dying as we carried him into the hospital."

"So did I. The top of his head seemed all crushed in. Whew!" After a pause he added thoughtfully, "It will be a great thing for Louise."

Louise was the name of his second cousin, the girl who had done battle with all her family and then run away from them to be Larrabee Harman's wife. Remembering the stir that her application for divorce had made, I did not understand how Harman's death could benefit her, unless George had some reason to believe that he had made a will in her favor. However, the remark had been made more to himself than to me, and I did not respond.

How to Purify the Blood

Fifteen to thirty drops of Extract of Roots, commonly called Mother Selge's Curative Syrup, may be taken in water with meals and at bedtime, for the cure of indigestion, constipation and bad blood. Persistence in this treatment will effect a cure in nearly every case. Get the genuine at druggists.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

The morning papers flared once more with the name of Larrabee Harman, and we read that he was lingering. And the dancer had been right. One of her legs was badly broken. She would never dance again.

A great many people keep their friends in mind by writing to them, but more do not, and Ward and I belong to the majority. After my departure from Paris I had but one missive from him, a short note written at the request of his sister, asking me to be on the lookout for Italian earrings to add to her collection of old jewels. So from time to time I sent her what I could find about Capri or in Naples, and she responded with neat little letters of acknowledgment.

Two years I stayed on Capri, eating the lotus which grows on that happy island and painting very little. But even on Capri people sometimes hear the call of Paris, so there came at last a fine day when I, knowing that the horse chestnuts were in bloom along the Champs Elysees, threw my rope-soled shoes to a beggar, packed a rusty trunk and was off for the banks of the Seine.

At the end of a fortnight I went over into Normandy and deposited that rusty trunk of mine in a corner of the summer pavilion in the courtyard of Mme. Brossard's inn, Les Trois Pigeons, in a woodland neighborhood that is there. Here I had painted through a hazy summer of my youth, and I was glad to find, as I had hoped, nothing changed, for the place was dear to me. Mme. Brossard, dark, thin, demure as of yore, a fine looking woman with a fine manner and much the favor of old Norman portraits) gave me a pleasant welcome, remembering me readily, but without surprise, while Amedee, the antique servant, cackled over me and was as proud of my advent as if I had been a new egg and he had laid me. The simile is grotesque, but Amedee is the most henlike waiter in France.

He is a white haired, fat old fellow, always well shaved, as neat as a billiard ball. In the daytime, when he is partly porter, he wears a black tie, a gray waistcoat broadly striped with scarlet, and from waist to feet a white apron, like a skirt and so competently concealing that his trousers are of mere conventionality and no real necessity, but after 6 o'clock (becoming altogether a maitre d'hotel) he is clad as any other formal gentleman.

Amedee's suggestions as to my repast were deferential, but insistent. His manner was that of a prime minister who goes through the form of convincing the sovereign. He greeted each of his own decisions with a very loud "Bian" as if startled by the brilliancy of my selections, and the menu being concluded, exploded a whole volley of "Bians" and set off violently to instruct old Gaston, the cook.

The inn itself is gray with age, the roof sagging pleasantly here and there, and an old wooden gallery runs the length of each wing, the guest chambers of the upper story opening upon it like the deck rooms of a steamer, with boxes of tulips and hyacinths along the gallery railings and window ledges for the gayest of border lines.

In the course of time and well within the bright twilight Amedee spread the crisp white cloth and served me at a table on my pavilion porch. He feigned anxiety lest I should find certain dishes (those which he knew were most delectable) not to my taste, but was obviously so distended with fatuous pride over the whole meal that it became a temptation to denounce at least some trifling sauce or garnishment. Nevertheless so much mendacity proved beyond me, and I spared him and my own conscience. The salad prepared and the water bubbling in the coffee machine, he favored me with a discourse on the decline in glory of Les Trois Pigeons.

"Monsieur, it is the automobiles. They have done it. Formerly, as when monsieur was here, the painters came from Paris. What busy times and what drolleries! Ah, it was gay in those days! Monsieur remembers well. Ha, ha! But now, I think, the automobiles have frightened away the painters."

"I should have said that we should be happier if we had many like monsieur," went on Amedee. "But it is early in the season to despair. Then, too, our best suit is already engaged."

"By whom?"

"Two men of science who arrive next week. One is a great man, Mme. Brossard is pleased that he is coming to Les Trois Pigeons, but I tell her it is only natural. He comes now for the first time because he likes the quiet."

"Who is the great man, Amedee?"

"Ah! A distinguished professor of science, truly. He is a member of the institute. Monsieur must have heard of that great Professor Keredec?"

"The name is known. Who is the other?"

"A friend of his. I do not know. All the upper floor of the east wing they have taken—the grand suite—those two and their valet de chambre. That is truly the way in modern times—the philosophers are rich men."

"Yes," I sighed. "Only the painters are poor nowadays." Amedee laughed cunningly. "It was always easy to see that monsieur amuses himself only with his painting."

"Thank you, Amedee," I responded. "I have amused other people with it, too, I fear."

"Monsieur remembers the Chateau de Quesnay, at the crest of the hill on the road north of Dives?"

"I remember."

"It is occupied this season by some rich Americans."

"How do you know they are rich?"

"Dieu de Dieu! The old fellow appeared to heaven. 'But they are Americans!'"

"And therefore millionaires. Perfectly, Amedee."

"Perfectly, monsieur. Perhaps monsieur knows them."

"Yes, I know them."

"Truly!" He affected dejection. "And poor Mme. Brossard thought monsieur had returned to our old hotel because he liked it and remembered our wine of Beauce and the good beds and old Gaston's cooking!"

"Do not weep, Amedee," I said. "I have come to paint, not because I know the people who have taken Quesnay." And I added, "I may not see them at all."

Miss Elizabeth had mentioned in one of her notes that Ward had leased Quesnay, but I had not sought quarters at Les Trois Pigeons because it stood within walking distance of the chateau. In my industrious frame of mind that circumstance seemed almost a drawback. Miss Elizabeth, ever hospitable to those whom she noticed at all, would be doubly so in the country, and I wanted all my time to myself since my time was not conceivably of value to any one else. I thought it wise to leave any encounter with the lady to chance. George himself had just sailed on a business trip to America, and until his return I should put in all my time at painting and nothing else, though I liked his sister, as I have said, and thought of her often.

Amedee laughed incredulously. "But monsieur will call at the chateau in the morning," the complacent valet prophesied. "Monsieur is not at all an old man—no, not yet. Even if he were—aha—no one could possess the friendship of that wonderful Mme. d'Armand and remain away from the chateau."

"Mme. d'Armand?" I said. "That is not the name. You mean Mlle. Ward."

"No, no!" His fat cheeks bulged with a smile. "Mlle. Ward"—he pronounced it "Ware"—"is magnificent. Every one must fly to obey when she opens her mouth. It needs only a glance to perceive that Mlle. Ward is a great lady, but Mme. d'Armand—ah!" He rolled his round eyes to an effect of unpeppable admiration. "But monsieur knows very well for himself."

"We were speaking of the present chateleine of Quesnay, Mlle. Ward. I have never heard of Mme. d'Armand."

"Monsieur is serious?"

"Truly!" I answered, making bold to quote his shibboleth.

"Then monsieur has truly much to live for. Truly!" he chuckled openly. He had cleared the table.

"Amedee," I said, "who is Mme. d'Armand?"

"A guest of Mlle. Ward at Quesnay. In fact, she is in charge of the chateau, since Mlle. Ward is, for the time, away."

"Is she a Frenchwoman?"

"It seems not. In fact, she is an American, though she dresses with so much of taste. Ah, Mme. Brossard admires it, and Mme. Brossard knows the art of dressing."

"Mme. d'Armand's name is French," I observed.

"Yes; that is true," said Amedee thoughtfully. "No one can deny it; it is a French name." He rested the tray upon a stamp near by and scratched his head. "I do not understand how that can be," he continued slowly.

"Jean Ferret, who is chief gardener at the chateau, is an acquaintance of mine, and Jean Ferret has told me that she is an American."

"I believe," said I, "that if I struggled a few days over this puzzle I might come to the conclusion that Mme. d'Armand is an American lady who has married a Frenchman."

"The old man uttered an exclamation of triumph."

"Ha! Without doubt! Truly she must be an American lady who has married a Frenchman. Monsieur has already solved the puzzle. Truly, truly!" And he betook himself across the darkness to emerge in the light of the open door of the kitchen with the word still rumbling in his throat.

I rose from the chair on my little porch to go to bed, but I was reminded of something and called to him.

"Monsieur!" his voice came briskly.

"How often do you see your friend, Jean Ferret, the gardener of Quesnay?"

"Frequently, monsieur. Tomorrow morning I could easily carry a message if—"

"That is precisely what I do not wish. And you may as well not mention me at all when you meet him."

"It is understood—perfectly."

"If it is well understood there will be a beautiful present for a good maitre d'hotel some day."

"Thank you, monsieur."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Vast Issues Depend Upon the Welfare of Our Men!



Cheer Up and Thank God for the Y.M.C.A.

War Work Summary

- There are:
-96 branches of Canadian Y.M.C.A. in France.
-79 branches in England.
-Dozens of Y.M.C.A. dug-outs in forward trenches under fire.
-Over 120 Military Secretaries overseas.
-300,000 letters a day written in Y.M.C.A. overseas buildings.
-\$133,000 needed for athletic equipment. (Helps morale of soldiers.)
-Y.M.C.A. saved hundreds of lives at Vimy Ridge by caring for walking wounded.
-Over 100 planes in England and France, also 300 gramophones and 27 moving picture machines.
-Y.M.C.A. helps boys in hospitals.
-More than 60,000 cups of hot tea and coffee distributed daily in France—free. Estimated cost for 8 months, \$48,000.
-150,000 magazines distributed free every month. (Estimated cost \$15,000.)
-\$125,000 used in 1917 to build huts in France.
-Concerts, sing-songs, good-night services and personal interviews energetically conducted. Concerts, lectures, etc., cost \$5,000 a month.
-Thousands of soldiers decide for the better life.
-Y.M.C.A. sells many needful things to soldiers for their convenience. Profits, if any, all spent for benefit of soldiers.
-Service to boys in Camp hospitals.
-Red Triangle Clubs for soldiers in Toronto, St. John and Montreal. Centres in Paris and London for men on leave.
-Out of Red Triangle Fund, \$75,000 to be contributed to the War Work of the Y.W.C.A.

TRY to picture yourself in the muddy cold trenches after exciting days and long nights of mortal danger and intense nervous strain. Rushing "whiz-bangs" and screaming "coal boxes" are no respecters of persons. You are hit! But despite shock and pain you still can face the long weary trudge back to dressing station. Weary, overwrought and depressed, you are prey to wild imaginings of that other coming ordeal with the surgeon. There are other "walking wounded," too! You must wait, wait, wait. And then—

Up comes a cheery Y.M.C.A. man, the ever-present "big brother" to the soldier, with words of manly encouragement. Close beside the dressing station the good generous folks at home have enabled him to set up a canteen. He hands you biscuits, and chocolate or coffee.

YMCA Red Triangle Fund \$2,250,000, May 7, 8, 9 Canada-Wide Appeal

"In thousands of cases," writes an officer, "it was that first hot cup of coffee that dragged the man back to life and sanity."

The tremendous helpfulness of the Y.M.C.A. as an aid to the "morale" or fighting spirit, of the soldiers is everywhere praised. No wonder the Germans make every effort to smash the Y.M.C.A. huts out of existence.

The Y.M.C.A. is everywhere. You first met the helpful, manly Y.M.C.A. worker in camp, then on train and boat, at camp in England and in France, close to the firing line. Often he risks his life to reach you in the trenches. He has won the warmest praise from military authorities, statesmen—the King! Have you a precious boy at the front? You cannot be "over there" to guide him away from fierce temptations of camp and city. You cannot comfort him in his supreme hour of trial. Your parcels to him are necessarily few. But the Y.M.C.A., thank God, is "over there," going where you cannot go—doing the very things you long to do—doing it for you and for him. Will you help? This vast organization of helpfulness needs at least \$2,250,000 from Canada for 1918. For your boy's sake be GENEROUS!!

National Council, Young Men's Christian Association Campaign Directors for Maritime Provinces New Brunswick: Eber H. Turnbull, 64 Prince William St., St. John, N.B. Nova Scotia: D. G. Cook, Chronicle Bldg., Halifax, N.S. P. E. Island: Lieut. Ulric Dawson, Headquarters Y.M.C.A., Charlottetown.

Boys!

Here's your chance to do a fine stroke in the big war! Help the Y.M.C.A. to help your big brothers overseas by joining in the

"Earn and Give Campaign"

Six thousand Canadian older boys are invited to earn and give at least Ten Dollars (\$10) to the Red Triangle Fund. That means \$60,000 in all! Splendid! Five thousand dollars will be used for boys' work in India and China; another \$5,000 for the National Boys' Work of Canada, and \$50,000 to help big brothers in Khaki. Ask your local Y.M.C.A. representative for information and pledge card. When you have subscribed one or more units of Ten Dollars, you will receive a beautifully engraved certificate.

STORY OF RECRUIT FROM NEW-BRUNSWICK

The Saturday Evening Post tells this story: "In August, 1914, the first lot of soldiers left Woodstock, N. B., for Valcartier. Among them, and towering over his comrades as the company marched to the station, was a stalwart negro named Miles Diamond. Now, in those days it was thought by the unthoughtful that the war would soon be over, and some very uncomplimentary remarks were made about the negro soldier by certain youths who should have been beside him. The customary snaphot was taken of the marching company, and Miles stood out in bold relief. He soon became one of the noble 37,000 and survived all the mud and mark—of Salisbury Plain, and in due season went across the Channel. But before leaving Salisbury Plain there was more notoriety coming to Miles. A photographer of the Illustrated London News happened to take a photograph of some Canadians passing on horseback along the flooded streets in Salisbury, and our good Miles was easily recognized as one of the number. When he got to France he wrote back that his first experience under fire was that the "bullet passed him and then he passed the bullet." However, he made a first-class fighting man. The other day there blew into the town a fine, well set colored man, looking more like a Spaniard than a negro, and it was our old friend Miles. Come back he had with most honorable leave. 'Never even asked for it, but was called to headquarters and given three months off with his way paid

as a reward for his faithful service. He has all the badges which go to show that he served in the main Canadian actions, and that he has not been out of France since he went in. He wears two honorable wounds and a noticeable scar which where he had unpleasant contact with barbed wire. Asked if he wanted to go back, this manly negro said: 'Why not? It's no use 'leaving a job half finished.' And there is not much cheap laughing at Miles to-day. The 'white men' take off their hats to him, and the others, who are very few, don't say anything. It wouldn't go if they did."

St. Andrews people will recognize in Miles an old time St. Andrews boy. Miles, with his people, moved away from St. Andrews when he was about 15 years old. While here they lived in the house now occupied by Herbert Greenlaw.—Ed. BEACON.

THE CALL

THE air around was trembling-bright And full of dancing specks of light, While butterflies were dancing too Between the shining green and blue; I might not watch, I might not stay, I ran along the meadow way. The straggling brambles caught my feet, The clover field was oh! so sweet; I heard a singing in the sky And busy things went buzzing by. How this could be I cannot tell, But all the hedges sang as well. Along the clover-field I ran To where the little wood began, And there I understood at last Why I had come so far, so fast— On every leaf of every tree A fairy sat and smiled at me! ROSE FYLEMAN, in Punch.

MOVEMENT TO STAMP OUT GERMANISM IN CUBA

Havana, April 26—A Committee of Public Safety has undertaken a nation-wide campaign to stamp out "Germanism" in Cuba. It is composed of twenty prominent citizens under the chairmanship of Col. Jose d'Estrampes, and was organized at a meeting last night in the House of Representatives. President Menocal is honorary president, and the Allied Ministers at Havana are honorary members. Dr. Henry de Penalosa, secretary of the committee, announces that a campaign of education will be carried on, and steps taken to stamp out every kind of German propaganda in Cuba. All German firms, he says, as well as German sympathizers will be boycotted.

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