THE UNION ADVOCATE, WEDNESDAY MARCH 31, 1915

The LAPSE of ENOCH WENTWORL EF ISABEL GORDON CURTIS Author of "The Woman from Wolvertons" ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG-COPYRIGHT, 1914 BY F.G. BROWNE & CO.

First there had been his mouner, thei

TREMENDOUS SURPRISE

Enoch Wentworth the Coming Drama tist.

While Dorcas watched, her heart

He did not answer or lift his head

"Miss Dorcas," he did not turn to

"Weak!" The man repeated the

word as if trying to comprehend its

"it was such a mistake."

(Continued) Merry dropped into a chair. He ror years he had leaned upon Enoch's strength and friendship. When he was the good things of life was pure sensu-for redress as for understanding and sight of a daintily set table, the ra-diance of a coal fire, the glow of redsympathy. "Miss Dorcas, I will begin at the haded lights, and the storm shut out loors brought a tingling pleasure which seemed like mere animal grati-of Enoch's disloyalty to her. "Miss fication. He shivered for a moment as he listened to the storm. He won-dered what had made it possible for him to brave homelessness and hun-ger and squalor. Looking back on it he realized he had borne it as a man lives through pain under the power of an anesthetic. The misery of his mind he realized he had borne it as a man lives through pain under the power of an anesthetic. The misery of his mind had dulled the sordid wretchedness of mere existence. Set the the the had lines words fairly leaped at Merry.

To Merry that supper was a festival, not wholly because it was the satisfying of ravenous appetite, but because it was the crisis if his life. Dorcas sensed that if her own hunger was real. Merry would not feel that she

was feeding a famished outcast, Jason beamed upon them in sheer enjoyment when he brought in full dishes and carried away empty ones. Dorcas was tight-bearted and gay, as happy as they had been during their first ac-quaintance at the shore. For a mounintance at the ends. For a no-ment, while Merry drank his coffee, the memory of a few horrible weeks intruded on the present. "Miss Dorcas," he began abruptly. "Why did you."

Why did you-She stretched out her hand appeal-

ingly. "Don't bring in whys-now. We are so comfortable. I don't ask for an ex-planation-I don't want to give any. ached for him. It was hard to hold in check the soothing touch she would have given to a woman or to a child. "Oh!" she said in a piteous whisper, Can't you see I'm in Happy Valley for a little while? I am so glad to have you here again.' Merry smiled into her eyes. "I'll

bey you, bless your gentle heart!" The girl rose and reached to a shelf from his hands. "I pleaded with Enoch. I told him it was all wrong, terribly wrong, for behind her for a box of cigars. Merry lit one, lounged back in a cushloned him hs well as for you; that when you returned he must set things straight. chair, and puffed rings of smoke towards the red fire. They sat in silence after Jason had carried away I told him it was not even collaboration; it was wholly and distinctly your the dishes. Their quiet was broken when the clock struck one. The man the dishes. play, yours alone—" "Collaboration?" repeated Merry

perplexedly, raising his eyes. "He told me everything," cried the started. 'Miss Dorcas, you wanted me here to talk. I cannot rob you of a night's

"I am as wide awake as a cricket. I

slept all the afternoon." "First of all," Merry asked gravely, "how did you find me? Scores of men credulously. "Yes, everything. Oh! if you had come back only two or three days ago, things would have been different." He rose abruptly and crossed to the credulously. and women passed me day after day, people I have known for years. Not

one of them recognized me." "They were not searching for you." window 'You were?'

look at her, "what was the worst thought you had of me when Enoch Dorcas nodded. "How did you find me?" he persisted.

"Last night on my way home from the theater with Mr. Oswald our cab stopped in a block, and it was opposite where—that line of men stood. I was looking at them when I saw you pull down your hat. When Mr. Oswald left

me here I drove back to Tenth street, but the line had dispersed. I went again tonight—just hoping." "Who is Mr. Oswald?" asked Merry abruptly. abruptly reading the papers? Mr. Oswald is the man who is putting on your play." "My play?" Andrew dropert to

"My play?" Andrew dropped his Nerry

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Merry waited in silence.

weak.

meaning.

Her eyes shoke" rith erangel?"""" want to play 'Cordella.' Mr. Oswald has offered me the part. I have studied t. I could play it tomorrow if you would be my teacher." Merry turned with a quick gesture

Merry turned with a quick gesture as if to push temptation away from him. "Don't!" he cried. "Ah, Miss Dorcas, don't go into stage life!" "I shall go into it sooner or later." She spoke with quiet determinnation. "I feel sure I can play 'Cordella;' be-sides, it would be so much easier to make a beginning with Enoch and Mr. Oswald and you." Oswald and you."

make a beginning with Enoch and Mr. Oswald and you." Merry rose and paced for a few minutes about the room, then turned to the window and gazed out at the deserted city. The sleet of midnight had changed to a raging storm. The wind drove the snow in sudden flur-ries, piling it in drifts across the equare. "Miss Dorcas," he said, "come here." The girl crossed the room. "Why," she crited, "it is a fearful night!" "Yest. It's a fearful night for the borr-diss. Do you know where might have found shelter tonight fit had not been for you? Perhaps there's a hal:way somew."" the source in different. There is Merry. could have slipped into, and for an

Dordas shivered. "If I had known during these weeks what I am driving at?" that anybody cared—or believed in me—perhaps I should not have gone

me perhaps I should not have dare so far down the hill. I did not dare even to hope that you thought of me shape before my eyes, Zilla Paget He read on down through the col umn. Fellow journalists had banded together to give Enoch a royal intro-

duction. Merry's name was not mentioned, though there was frequent ref-erence to a famous star, who had the leading part in consideration. Oswald for. Girls at the convent used to come to me in all sorts of difficulties; the ones I loved best were the ones "Tm not as merciless as that! Let was referred to as a newcomer in the was referred to as a newcomer in the ranks of New York managers. His lavish production of Wentworth's drama was described in figures ap-proaching prodigality. Merry read it through to the last sentence, then the paper fell to the floor and he buried his face in his hands. While Decreas watched her heart who needed me most. They called me 'Little Mother.'" "'Little Mother,'" repeated Merry;

then he laughed huskily. If the girl had known men she would have seen absolute famine for love, for sympathy and human understanding in the eyes that were bent upon her.

being no place for you. Women like you are needed there." "Thank you," she said with a happy

smile. "Won't you come back? Such an opportunity is wailing for you. Besides, I could never play 'Cordelia' with anyone but you, and you must be my teacher. Merry did not answer immediately. Dorcas had grown accustomed to the

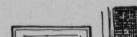
long pauses in their conversation and waited quietly. When he looked up their eyes mct—his pleaded with her girl hurriedly. She was trying to save him the full confession of his down-fall. She did not wish to listen to it. sibilities and failures. "Miss Dorcas," he said, "when a man "Everything!" repeated Merry in-

has lost hope, ambition, his faith in human nature and everything that makes life worth while, if he has gone down into the depths and still has the desire come to take up life again, is there any quality left that will help him? "Yes," Dorcas moved as if by a sud-

den impulse and laid her fingers upon the man's arm; "he has honor. So long as one is a man of honor, there told you-what happened?" The girl paused for a minute before she answered. "I thought you wereis no end of a chance.'

"A man of honor!" As he repeated the words his face paled suddenly. It was the same attribute which Enoch had accorded to him. Dorcas watched him intently, her

eyes full of eager anticipation. She could see him undergo some strange mental struggle. When he looked at her his face had changed. Instead of



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ful your play is, I want to suggest a "Sho'll do," sal? Eñoch heartily, touch that will make it stronger." "Only." he added after a moment's "What?"

"What?" "Understand, this is not criticism. If you don't think well of it well never mention it again." Oswald ap-proached the subject diplomatically. He had begun to discover a strangely uneven temper in Enoch. There were days when he stood upon the heights a of triumphant anticipation, then came intervals when everything and every. "What did you think of changing." and "What did you think of changing." "What did you think of changing." "If he fails it puts me in a nasty inght with the public—producing a play simply to exploit my sister." Enoch's tone was curt. "" Owwald spoke with she had returned and was ready to begin rehearsals. It still exaperated him when he remembered how stubbornly she had returned details of Andrew's tone was curt. "" Owwald spoke with

If we except tragedy, I believe he could portray any character from gay-est comedy to intense emotion. I pre-dict for your sister's 'Cordelia' a suc-cess that will stir New York to enthucould nave slipped into, and tor an hour or two the police would have left me undisturbed. I might have found an empty bench on a ferryboat, or— the Bowery missions are open; only before one can make up his mint to seek a lodging there, they are filled to suffocation." would fail in the part of a false, un-

"I think I do." "When you read your play to me

"Andrew," said the girl, "I care so much that I cannot tell you. Some queer strain in my nature males me happiest when I have some one to care for. Girls at the convert word to a fiend incare

enough for her." "I'm not as merciless as that! Let

me tell you what I judge her by. Sea-son after season she was cast in Lon-don companies for women of the lower type or of bad morals. Sometimes she was a cold-blooded, scheming adventuress, or a creature so cruel, so heartless and unwomanly that she that were bent upon her. "I take back what I said a few min-utes ago, Miss Dorcas, about the stage being no place for you. Women like herself when an idiotic manager cast her as a sweet, refined, home-loving woman. I never sat through such a pitiful failure. She played it for two nights, then she was thrown aside. She had a long run of hard luck. Managers forgot how remarkably she had played bad woman. The failure as a good woman was laid up against her." "I thought she had a tremendous

success last winter." "She had. She came in, after drifting through the provinces in small

during one speechless moment for all parts, and chance threw in her way one of the most dastardly female parts so real that, blase old theater goer as I am, I lorered to throttle her. night I happened to meet her socially. Zilla Paget assured me that in one case at least my theory was right. She was everything she portrayed on the stage, and beyond this, she was absolutely drunken with vanity."

"Are you sure she is so bad?" Enoch spoke coldly. "She is one of the most beautiful women I ever saw in my life."

"That makes her more dangerous. have actually doubted whether I did right when I brought her to a new country and put her among decent

"Have you anything against the woman except-theories "Merely scraps of her history, which are authentic. She came from the low-est stratum of factory life in Leeds

and married above her. The young husband was devoted to her. A baby came, a little boy who was blind. To that sort of woman neither child nor She broke loo a year or two after her marriage, and lost any self-respect she had ever had. The husband shot himself, she abaned the child and left for London Then she went on the stage.

"She won't fall." Gawald spoke with quiet assurance. "Think over my sug-gestion about 'Mrs. Esterbrook's' part. It is there where 'Cordelia' leaves her —the mother knows the daughter well



"Are You Sure She Is So Bad?"

enough to realize it is good-by forever that you want to cut out every spark of motherly feeling. Once or twice she almost pulls on the audience for sympathy. When 'Cordelia' shows her contempt for the mother and shatters her every ambition, there could not be a solitary throb of pity, remorse or love—it is not in her." Oswald dropped the subject. Went-

worth began to twist his hands nerv-ously, a habit he had when **disturbed**. The Englishman sat back in silence, watching the rehearsal intently. Mer ry stood leaning against a stucco pil lar. In this act he did not appear, but occasionally, against the sharp com-mands of the stage manager, his voice rang out in brief, concise suggestions. "What a remarkable conception Mer-"What a remarkable conception Mer-ry has of every character," whispered Oswald. Enoch did not speak. "Gil-bert resents my orders—in a fashion." continued the Englishman. "I told him to act on any suggestion that Mer-ry offered. Gilbert would not say a word if you went back and threw in an idea here and there: a stage manager idea here and there; a stage manager expects that from the author. I should think you would do it occasionally." "It isn't in my line." Wentworth

"Every move is put spoke sullenly. into the manuscript as plain as a pike staff.'

"Yes, but-" Oswald glanced at his companion curiously, then he dropped the subject. "It strikes me Merry has changed. The night I spoke to him on the L he was like a boy with some grand secret up his sleeve. Today he takes nothing but a half-languid in-terest in the whole thing. He is going give a remarkable portrayal o

class steak done rare," he ordered

"Only," he added after a moment" "Cook it carefully. alistiation, "how does Dorcas strike you? Is she strong enough? It doesn't r seem to me as if she saw all the pos-sibilities of 'Cordelia." "Wentworth, your sister is going to y surprise you. Take my word for it. the She is nervous now, but—" "T's a devil of a risk. 'Cordella's as e such a big part and Dorcas has had y no training." "She does not need training—the "She does not need training—the "She does not need training—the "Cook it carefully." He was alone in the small room. It was quiet except for the shrill voices of children on the sidewalk. He had not known a moment of peace or soli-tude for months. All his life he had scoffed at nerves as a delusion. He wondered if he had been wrong, whether nerves might not be a stern His mind went flashing over the events of the past fortnight, since the night, when, weary, harassed, and hopeless.

she had refused details of Andrew's home-coming. All he learned was that the actor had seen Oswald and was re-

hearsing from morning till night. A few days later, in the fover of the Gotham, when he came face to fac with Merry, the plan of their futur intercourse was determined instantly Wentworth had been in a mood t welcome reconciliation and friend ship; Andrew was cold, courteous, and singularly unapproachable. Enoch's warmth was chilled and his pride aroused. He plunged fiercely into work, scarcely snatching time to ea work, scarcely snatching time to eat or sleep. More than once Oswald had remonstrated: he could see that the man was working beyond the limit of human capacity. Work was the only thing that would whip retrospection from his mind. Drink had never been a temptation to Wentworth—it was nothing but a side issue to sociability as he did not take to it now. Ho -so he did not take to it now. He realized he was losing old friends; he had tossed one of them aside today. The intuition which is bred by a guilty conscience began to play strange pranks with him. He felt as if Os-wald had guessed his secret and was driving him into a corner by the sug gestion that he remodel the play. He saw Dorcas each day grow colder and more suspicious. Merry at one glance had thrust him outside the pale of acquaintanceship. Within ten days "The House of Esterbrook" would have

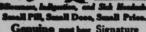
its first production. its first production. Enoch shivered with apprehension as he thought of it. A queer thing had loomed up in his mind during the past few days. A decade ago a club friend with a fad for palmistry had insisted on reading his hand. The man prophe-sied a physical and moral downfall in the course of 12 years. the course of 12 years. Wentworth laughed at the idea, forgot it completely, then one night the memory of it came to him like a shot. He would It came to him like a shot. He would have given all he possessed to return to the morning when Merry burst in upon him full of gaiety and hope. He could not go back; it was like un-

snarling a tangle of string when one



Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Thed-Out of Serts-Base as Appetin. CARTER'SLITTLE will put you tight in a four days. They do



Hood

As Enoch entered he felt a throb o As Enoch entered he feit a throb of longing for the old warm friendship. Andrew's face paled for a moment as he looked up at his visitor. He nodded but did not speak Kelly, who acted as Merry's valet during his prosperous Beasons, lifted a heap of garments from a chair and set it before Enoch, who took it in silence. Andrew sat staring into a mirror while he exstaring into a mirror while he ex-perimented with a make-up for the broken-down convict in the third act. He dashed line after line into his face, blending each lightly into the grease blending each lightly into the grease paint. Nobody spoke—even Kelly seemed to have fallen under the spell of quiet. He knelt on the floor polish-ing shoes with stolid industry. Enoch wondered curiously what the keen old Irishman was thinking. He had known nothing between them but a most fra-ternal friendship. The silence became oppressive. At last Wentworth spoke. "Are you going to be alone soon. Merry? I want to have a talk with you Merry? I want to have a talk with you

about business." Andrew did not look up while he answered carelessly, "I'll be alone in a few minutes. Kelly has an errand to do at the tailor's. You may go now, he added, nodding to the valet; "there no hurry about the shoes.

When the old man shut the door be-hind him Andrew did not turn his gaze from the mirror. The reflection of Wentworth's face was close beside his own. He could see that his visitor

was ill at ease. "Well?" he said interrogatively. "Can't you turn round and face me while we talk?" asked the elder man

impatiently. Andrew wheeled about and his eyes met Wentworth's calmly. "Certainly,

I can face you." The red surged into Enoch's face,

then hard lines wrinkled about his mouth. His mood had changed. He spoke with brutal consciseness. "Oswald and I have decided that there ought to be a few changes made

in the text of-the play." "Of your play," corrected Merry. "There is one weak point in it," Enoch went on deliberately. "'Mrs. Esterbrook' draws on the sympathy

of the audience for a few moments when 'Cordclia' leaves her. A woman of that chilber could have no such feel-

"No." Wentworth repeated the word imost furiously. He began to twist alme his hands. "I suppose that act ought to be re-

written.

to his feet shaken by a sudden impul

of rage. "That's a nice question to ask

"It has never seemed to me there

was anything particularly nice in the whole situation." Andrew's tones

were on a calm level. "We'll leave that out of the question

-altogether," growled Wentworth. " should never have intruded upon yo

out for this reason. You can see the

exigencies of the case. You've got to

"I will not lay a pen to the play."

Andrew turned as if the conversatio

were at an end and began to pencil

careworn wrinkles on his cheeks. Enoch tipped his chair back against

the wall, put his feet on the rungs, and

began to think. Nobody knew so well as he that one faced a barricade with

Merry in a doggedly obstinate mood. Inwardly he was at white heat; the

blind groping hope for reconciliation was at an end; still he knew if he

ever needed diplomacy it was now. If

he were to precipitate a storm, Mer-ry was capable of flinging over his

"Let me explain," began Wentworth

'Have you mentioned to Mr. Merry

"We were discussing it when yo

"What do you think of it. Merry?"

"I really have not had time to give

engagement at the last mo

'Why don't you do it?

retouch the play.

"Not rewritten, simply elaborated "Why don't I do it?" Enoch jumped

half-smoked cigar on the table.

"Your play," repeated Dorcas in a quiet tone. "They have been searchng everywhere for you to play 'John Enoch is in Montreal Esterbrook.' now, looking for you." Merry laughed harab erry laughed harshly.

The girl clasped her hands together. Mr. Merry, tell me, are you and noch no longer friends?"

Andrew picked up his cigar and puffed it until the red spark revived. Then he laughed again. "We are not Then he laughed again. exactly friends. Has he told you any-

"Yes, he told me-only it seemed so strange, so hard to believe after our talk that day at the point, that somehow I cannot understand it." Merry watched her keenly. He was

throttling a temptation to tell every-thing that had come between him and throttling the sunshine of existence. He felt of the girl's sympathy; he knew

She Pointed to the Bold Headlines

id understand. He had begun

his own dependent patiene.

Merry waited in silence. "Things must come right, even if this lie has been told." She pointed at the paper which lay at her feet. "There is one way. You can play the convict so wonderfully that people must realize that you yourself created the part."

Jar ... "I shall never play the convict. Merry's voice was slow and resolute. "Oh!" cried Dorcas, "who can? Why, I thought your heart was set A -1 - T - 1 - 1 - 1 on the character." "It was—once."

"I cannot understand."

The man did not attempt an expl nation

"Andrew Merry," she hesitated as if searching for words which would not wrong her brother, "did Enoch do you

any—any injustice?" She waited for an answer during an infinitely long silence, so it seemed to her. Then the actor spoke abruptly.

"No. As I look back on it now, I went into it with my eyes open. I sim-ply learned that there is no way to ge human nature."

Again there was a silence. Dorcas was trying to understand, trying to be loyal to her brother, even while her heart, aching with unspoken sympathy turned to Merry.

Why don't you want to play 'John Esterb ook?"" she asked quietly:

"I don't suppose I have a decent rea-son, except that when I—gave up the play I lost all interest in it. 'John Esterbrook' is no more to me today than 'Silas Bagg.'"

"Oh!" cried the girl aghast. "How

you have altered! "I have." Merry spoke in a non-whisper. He returned to his chair by the fire and bent to warm his fingers There was another long by the blaze. There was another silence. Dorcas was the first to break

"Even if it were against your inclinething to

nations, would you to something to make some one very happy, some one who believes in you-who cares a great deal for you and about your fu-

Merry spoke gently. "Miss Dorcas I'm afraid you are mistaken. There is nobody in the world to care."

She rose to her feet and, leaning on the mantel, glanced down at him with eyes from which embarrassment had

ddenly fied. "One person-cares very much.

do. I have set my heart on your suc-cess. You have a great future won't you work for 117. Ecalder man solfich "

1.5 (C) T "I Promise to Stand by You." Whispered.

anathy there were lines of grim deterination about his mouth. woman as she moved slowly across the "Miss Dorcas," he said slowly, stage. She dropped into a chair and

"make 'Cordelia' the woman you are yourself. I am weak and broken now, 'John Esterbrook' was; still a ance came to him at the end. I will do the best I can-if you stand

> a caressing touch she swept the lock from his forehead. "I promise to stand by you," she whispered. "Good

night." CHAPTER X.

Zilla Paget. "Do you mind if I am

frank with you?" It was Grant Oswald who spoke och Wentworth and he sat far back in the darkened orchestra at the Goth-am, watching a rehearsal. Wentworth nodded, but turned a

startled glance upon the man

ly because I know how

"There was nothing then actually criminal in her career?" asked Wentworth. He was conscious of a certain absurd irritation

hesitated. "Not actually criminal, I suppose. The law has not made so fine a point as to indict a woman when she drives a man to sul-

"What do you think of changing in her part?" brusquely. asked Wentwo from under the seat

"I was going to suggest you make "I was going to suggest you make 'Mrs. Esterbrook' coarser, more flam-boyant, more heartless. Do not give her a solitary trait of motherhood. She is the very opposite of 'Cordelia,' with her love and tenderness for a broken father.

"How do you account for a woman of that sort having such a child?

"Really now, Wentworth, that's up to you; both of them are your crea-

"Yes, certainly," Enoch laughed rimly. "Still it is an anomaly you lon't-often see in real life." "It is," assented Oswald. "Here's grimly.

Miss Paget-watch her in the scene I've mentioned."

ad been pleasant companionship with The eves of both men followed the him in the old days. The old days seemed ages ago, further back than the galety of childhood. waited for her cue. She did not look the traditional adventuress. She had He left Broadway, walking with

quick, nervous strides until he founa curiously pale, transparent skin, into himself far over on the East side which, during excited moment wandering aimlessly through wretche blood flushed rosfly. Masses of yellow streets, populated by the drift from silky hair were brushed back in sim-

Dorcas stooped for a second. With ple waves from her forehead. used little make-up or artifice of any sort. Her eyes were intensely blue. There was a lovely cleft dimple in her

chin. Although well along in the thir-ties she retained her girlish face and

figure. Wentworth turned to Oswald with a flush of irritation. "It doesn't seem fair deep in slush. Suddenly the odor of hot bread was wafted to him from a to make a degenerate of such a wom-

an; she doesn't look it." "That's where the mischief lies," answered Oswald quietly.

walk. He remembered he had eaten The rehearsal went on. Miss Paget no breakfast, and it aroused a suide the steps. The small dining room was remarkably clean. He sat down with a sense of satisfaction which seemed The renearest went on mass raget took her cue. Both men watched her critically. Wentworth drew a long breath when the scene with "Cordelia" in the scene act was over The wom-an certainly could sat!

alien to such a place. "Bring me coffee and a steak. a first-

glar

turned a corner he found his was blockaded by a huge safe that was '

little restaurant cavern below the side

'John Esterbrook,' but when he is no acting he seems to have no interest in life. What do you lay it to?" TOMG

"Don't ask me," mumured Went orth. "He's a man of moods, I gave

sh in my mind."

Merry Stood Leaning Against a Stud up trying to understand him years co Pillar. Even when it came to the question

found no visible end where the task of salary he didn't show any interest He wouldn't set a figure. I don't know yet if he thinks the price I named was could be commenced

He was aroused by a clatter dishes. The waiter set the breakfast ight. He closed with my first offer, signed the contract, then walked out." before him, As he ate he laid a mor "He'll prove himself worth every happenny of it." 'It's the biggest wad he ever drew. ing paper on the table and began to read; there had been no chance earlier in the day to glance at it. The first Wentworth rose and pulled his hat thing his eye fell upon was a column

"Don't you want to see the rehearsal about "The House of Esterbrook." out?" asked Oswald suddenly. "No, I'm going home. I may put your suggestion into shape while it is duction with unusual anticipation Merry had the enthusiastic following which is so often bestowed upon an erratic, lovable genius. Wentworth's Enoch paused in the theater to light fame as a journalist was of long standa cigar. A newspaper man, who was an old friend, approached, full of eager was, bad already won friends among nquiry about the progress of the play Ventworth brushed him aside quickl newspaper men. Wentworth read it quickly, then he turned to the news of and strode out to the street. A moment Nothing interested him-the the day. ater he felt a twinge of remorse. The

sparkle had gone out of life as the bead dies on champagne. He drank a man's congratulations had been heart felt. He could not shake off the mem second, then a third cup of strong col ory of a startled astonishment that came into his face at the brusque refee, which acted upon him as whisky does on some men. eption. He was a good fellow, there

laboriously. A tap at the door inter-rupted him. It was opened and Os-wald stepped in. He seated himself When he climbed the uneven steps of the sidewalk the world had grown on the edge of a trunk.

sunnier; there was a future before him, fame, riches, and the applause of millions. He reached Third avenue, the suggestion I made about the sec-ond act?" he asked, turning to Wentran up the stairs to the elevated, and. puffing slowly at a cigar, gazed on the rush of life below. He was deliberat-ing how it was best to approach Merry on the subject of changing that sec nations. The sidewalks were thronged with children. Occasionally Encel act. Oswald was a keen critic, and it a thought." Andrew looked unin-Enoch had seen the necessity of it him-self; it was the one weak spot in the swore beneath his breath as he es caped tumbling over them during hi play. From the moment when he burned the labor of half a lifetime h when he hurried, headlong progress. When he realized his own incapacity for playwriting. He himself could do nothing to the drama, but he felt a chill of ing hoisted into a warehouse. He terror at the thought of speaking to ced at the street, it was ankle

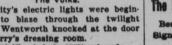
CHAPTER XI.

The Volks. A city's electric lights were beginning to blaze through the twilight when Wentworth knocked at the door of Merry's dressing room. "Come!" oried the actor sharoly

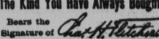
Merry on the subject.

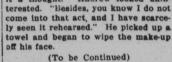
worth.

came in











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