

tation. But if he knew it as a temptation it was in a benumbed, hypnotised fashion.

Coming of New England stock, and having risen to his position slowly and toilsomely and by much economy, Mr. Ware told himself that the investment in Winter terrace had been for a long time bad business. Here was a chance to put it on a paying basis. He felt certain that Thomas O'Shea was able to do what he promised, and that he would keep his word. Then, just now, the rent he offered would be especially valuable. At no time is the master of all evil more irresistible than when he seems 'reasonable'—to have 'sound sense' on his side.

If Mr. Martin Ware now lived in a residence of pressed brick on the Sheridan Drive his life in Chicago had begun in a modest little board Venetian cottage of six rooms, so far down in South Chicago that the courage of the most sanguine real estate man had not carried him beyond board walks, and coal oil street lamps. The Venetian cottage was a cellarless concession to the oozy soil. The parlor was upstairs, and one just reached the front door by a long flight of steps. Mrs. Ware did all of the work and cared for little John Elliot. Every Sunday, unless the water stood too deep all about the little plank box of the meeting-house, Mr. and Mrs. Ware were in attendance at all the services. They took John Elliot in his cab, and were spoken of by the pastor as 'pillars.'

At that period the highest ambition in Martin's head was to achieve a house and lot of his own, and a modest competence. He hoped, too, to send John Elliot and such other sons as he might have, to Bostwick, the little western college where his father, Dr. John Ware, had studied and where he afterwards sent him by dint of painful economies. If Bostwick was small, its work was of the best. The faculty kept in close touch with the students, and there was an atmosphere of high refinement and austerity that Martin had always liked to remember.

But fifteen years had wrought transformation in more than the financial condition of Martin Ware. He had not only a pressed brick residence in place of a rented six-roomed board cottage to live in, but he had become senior partner in the firm he had once served as clerk. He had of course identified himself with a church in the neighborhood of his home, an aristocratic connection, given to good works of a sort to keep the beneficiary at a safe distance, and if he was not 'a pillar' as he had once been, he was a deacon and solemnly assisted at the plate passing on Sunday. As became his increased income, he had gone twice with his wife to Europe, and had begun to listen to her ideas in educational values. John Elliot was now sixteen. The twin girls were fourteen. Mrs. Ware became a notable club woman, and efficient lady patroness to all sorts of select social functions, had now strong convictions upon the superiority of all things eastern. 'John Elliot must graduate from either Harvard or Yale,' she declared. 'It isn't simply what he learns, but that he gets in with the right set.'

John Elliot himself had said nothing. A disappointing lad he was in some ways, showing no taste for business, and even less for his grandfather's profession, which he spoke of to that gentleman, now a member of the family, as 'doping' and 'bonesetting.' If he had any special ambition John Elliott kept it to himself. Silence and an abnormal cleverness with the pencil were his only pronounced characteristics, but when the time came next autumn he would be ready for a college somewhere, that much was certain. If

it was to be an eastern institution there must be a doubling or trebling of expense, and somehow, he could not just tell where or how, every need of life had expanded until the income Martin Ware had once thought of as beyond spending, had become barely enough to make an easy circle about the year.

It was November. A keen wind was whistling down the canon-like streets, bringing with it stinging little points of snow. Though it was just past four, and the ways were all blocked with vehicles, it was already dark when Mr. Ware left his office for the elevated station and home. A note to Mr. Thomas O'Shea was in his pocket. He would post it himself, he decided. Jack Vane, the boy, was son of his own cousin and sharp as nails. Jack seemed to know everything. He was going to make a wonderful broker one of these days. The wind was so biting that he involuntarily drew his head down and he forged straight on the block and a half to the nearest station.

He noted the young fellows passing him. John Elliot should have all the chance there was for him. He wished the boy took to business like Jack, or like Billy Middleton, his partner's boy, took to medicine. He had not seen much of him of late, and suddenly remembered that he had been coming in at ten or later. If there wasn't anything evil in the immediate vicinity of his home, it was easy enough to go where there was. But John Elliot was no end chummy with his grandfather, so there could be nothing wrong even if he had been somewhat neglected by his busy parents.

Taking refuge in the funnel-like opening of the stairway, Mr. Ware fumbled for that note addressed to Mr. Thomas O'Shea. It was pleasant to be where snow did not sting his eyelids, and he glanced out and down the street. The corner was a blaze of light, for the shop occupying it had sides of glass on which in gold surrounded with scrolls and garlands was the legend, 'The Cosmopolitan.' Screens of carved mahogany and plate glass hid the interior, but from where he stood Mr. Ware could see a painting that made his middle-aged cheeks burn. Even as he looked two young figures passed into the light on the pavement before him. 'No, thank you, Jack; don't drink,' said one, and lifting his hat passed on, while the other entered the Cosmopolitan, the noiseless door closing upon him like a trap.

To the amazed watcher peering out in the smudgy glow, that young shape had strangely suggested John Elliot. Was it John Elliot? Should he enter that place and make sure? At last he heavily mounted the long steps and took a north bound car. He would meet his first born, his one son at home.

Very pale and haggard he was when he entered his own luxurious hall half an hour later, but no one noted it, each was too full of wonderful news. The twins fell upon him with it.

'Daddy, John E.'s got a prize! It's been a great secret between him and grandpa. It's for original design, and he's going to build capitol, and oh, palaces perhaps. Aren't you proud, Daddy Ware?'

This from Ethel and Edith in a sort of silvery chime, while their mother smiled over their heads, and Dr. Ware smiled over John Elliot's brown tousled mop standing above him on the stairs. Very modest, even sheepish, was John Elliot over his doings which were nothing to his swelling young ambition, but his success made him voice one of his secret preferences.

It was after dinner, and his father somewhat flushed, but looking supremely happy,

had come up from the furnace room, a place he had not visited before in a year, and to which he had really gone to burn a sealed and stamped note, though he had quite another excuse ready had one seemed demanded.

'If you don't mind, father dear,' began the reticent John Elliot, 'I'd rather go to Bostwick. They do good work in drawing up there. Then, I'd like to set my name after yours and grandfather's on the roll. If I need what the east has to offer, as no doubt I will, there's time.'

Martin Ware put his hand to his eyes, then he nodded. He longed to rise and cry out his gladness in the mercy and goodness of God, but for very humility and gladness he was dumb.

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The Country Poorer—English Papers.  
The Country Election—The 'Standard,' London.  
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