

IN THE MATTER OF OTYO — — — by C. R. Greeney.

step. Economy may mean why these sta-
 blishments in the past
 the revenue of the govern-
 ment how to spend it.
 ped the secretary of
 cess upon, his col-
 of using some of the
 aving stations. The
 set Canada's ex-
 mter. After every
 Reports of men, often
 taken out of work-
 States coast by the
 on insisted that there
 vestigation into the
 marine department.
 setown. With a ves-
 broken in two parts,
 on each, being swept
 and dropping into the
 four and their bodies
 people on the beach,
 e to render aid, the
 had refused to for-
 ment surf boat from
 ed thought the gov-
 condemnation for an
 act in tying the hands
 they could not act in
 twilight said that
 he not any other de-
 government ever had
 on which could be
 bidding its officers to
 cretion in such an ex-
 treme case.
 The general system of
 life suggested by Sen-
 ator, engage the atten-
 tion of a department.
 Including a had a coat
 line of
 and miles. The cost
 whole probably would
 be at once undertaken,
 ny life saving stations
 immediately desirable
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 MacDonald understood
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Regnault followed the porter through
 the swarming, banner-decked streets
 to the hotel. All around him, pulsing
 with life and color, the panorama of
 Oriental life swept its tang of unreal-
 ity into his very being, and the glamor
 grew. As the days drifted by he lost
 himself in tea gardens where small
 people come and go among its dwarfed
 pinnae to search out carved shrines be-
 side the cool lakes. There were the
 iris, straight and tall, guards materi-
 al of old Japan and life is a drama-
 tization of the scenes on a Japanese fan.
 At the hotel he forgot the world
 the fetsam and jetsam of nations that
 make Tokio its headquarters, and
 among them an Englishman, the Hon.
 Dunstan Brown, who had lived in
 Tokio for years and had its language
 and customs at his finger ends. He
 maintained an establishment, native
 fashion, outside of the foreign quar-
 ters, and he had a special note of
 it. It came about quite naturally
 that Regnault took over the manage-
 ment. If Brown mentioned Otyo,
 he did it quite casually, and the other
 in his ignorance took no special note
 of it. The transfer of the property
 dragged until the last day, when the
 sale was hurriedly closed and Regnault
 saw Brown off before he had oppor-
 tunity to inspect his purchase. Then
 he went out to take possession.
 The sea wind beat up against the

found out much in regard to Brown.
 Also that what Brown had done was
 quite the usual thing in Japan, and
 that it merely remained for him to ac-
 cept the situation.
 At the weeks went on in the little
 house among the cherry trees he be-
 came a note a change in Otyo. He
 went for a long tramp and thought
 matters over. He was alone, no man
 more so, yet his healthy American in-
 stinct was revolting against the life of
 the Orientalized white man. But the
 days wore on, and he realized that it
 was slowly slipping away from him,
 that the call of the Occident was grow-
 ing fainter with each lotus-laden hour,
 and his future was beginning to rest
 upon the dictum of bare chance. Reg-
 nault laughed grimly at the thought
 of it, and drawing a penny from his
 pocket he tossed it in the air. "Tails
 I win." It missed his palm and went
 scattering among the things on his
 dressing table. As he reached for it
 a small brass bound box balanced off,
 bursting open as it struck the floor,
 and out rolled the silver case that had
 lain against his heart in the days be-
 fore Rod Lockhart's gossiping tongue
 had said his sentence. He picked it up
 reverently; was months since he had
 flung it there.
 She is Grimshaw's wife now,
 and— He stopped as the lock-
 et came open in his heart and Esther's

eyes glared back at him. Then,
 lost in dreams, he sat a long time gaz-
 ing at her face. The deep, drawing
 look in those soft eyes broke the spell
 and glamor of the lotus dreams, and
 placing the silver case gently in his
 pocket, he went his way to the con-
 sulate.
 There were certain forms to be com-
 pleted with in transferring the house
 among the cherry trees to Otyo, but
 after the first few sentences in which
 Regnault blundered out his intentions
 the consul's brow cleared. He was an
 old-fashioned man, a little of a mis-
 sionary in a quiet way, and altogether
 intolerant of Brown and his ilk. There-
 fore he went to work with a will, and
 Regnault removed his luggage to the
 hotel, with the intention of leaving To-
 kio the morrow.
 A name on the register started up at
 him, the stylish, angular characters
 strangely familiar—"Miss Esther Cler-
 mont." Regnault rubbed his eyes and
 looked again. Then he wheeled and
 started for the door, only to meet the
 owner face to face. "Todd! Teddy
 Regnault! No, no, and the out-
 stretched hands dropped as quickly as
 they had been extended. Over her face
 the color went flashing to the line of
 red-brown hair. She turned instantly
 and was gone.
 Regnault stood rooted in the door-
 way, staring blankly after the white

cloud figure. "She was glad, surprised,
 and then something came to her, some-
 thing she has heard," he said to him-
 self. What was the meaning of the
 scorn that filled her eyes? Could he
 dare approach her? No! There was
 nothing to do but wait, and he set his
 feet doggedly to the task. The sight
 of the "Miss Esther Clermont" just
 at that propitious moment had opened
 a vista of hope above and beyond the
 present mystery, and a new light came
 back to the tired gray eyes as he took
 his seat in the shadow of the garden
 palms.
 "They tell me he has been going the
 pace out here—drink, cards and a na-
 tive establishment to boot." Reg-
 nault sat up. It was the voice of Cler-
 mont pere in the cluster of palms at
 his right.
 "Who told you that rot?" came the
 low drawl of the consul.
 "Who told me?—oh, yes. General
 Byrnes mentioned it when aboard ship.
 It seems he fell in with an Eng-
 lishman—Brown, I think, was the
 name—who had seen quite a good deal
 of Regnault."
 The consul pushed back his chair.
 "That beastly cur! Look here, Cler-
 mont, I happen to know the straight-
 outh of this. Brown had a little Japanese
 in his house—you know how these
 curdy arrangements exist. But here?
 It amused him for a time, but he got

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THE CAUSE FOR THANKS — — — By Cecily Allen.

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Honest, if I had a figure like yours,
 and such a peachy complexion, I'd
 make a good match. Now, of course,
 you've got nice hair and eyes, but a fig-
 ure counts so much these days. It just
 sets off your clothes and makes you
 look like you were the real thing, don't
 you know? I couldn't help noticing
 that you were a good deal better than
 the other girls in the class. Of course,
 of course, I ain't saying that I haven't
 my own good points, but with that
 figure, you ought to do something for
 yourself."
 The good-natured head of stock, who
 had managed to include the new sales-
 girl in the glove department in the
 pleasant little luncheon just concluded,
 patted her pompadour, gave her four-
 in-hand tie a twitch and swept out of
 the dressing room.
 The new salesgirl, otherwise Nellie
 Hunter, lingered before the glass and
 with an appreciative glance over her
 shoulder drew down her girlish in the
 front-to-lengthen already strong Gib-
 son-sleeved lines. Yes, she had a straight,
 slender, graceful figure which some-
 made all her knees set well, and above
 it was a rather pretty, girlish and in-
 genious face.
 Tom Willis thought it the loveliest
 face in the world, and he was forever
 telling her so. Perhaps that was why
 when Tom made his mistake, Nellie
 had always felt so sure of him. And

usually, but these flowers are for my
 wife and, by gory, I'm going to get
 'em home safe if I have to fight for
 'em."
 Nellie looked at him in surprise. His
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THE GIRL IN BLACK, — — — By C. D'Archy Mackay.

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 life and death ten blocks away. I
 used to get so nervous some nights I'd
 go and walk up and down in front of
 the hospital where I could watch the
 light in her ward. So I thought we'd
 celebrate special this year, and I
 bought her some flowers, real flowers
 out of a real store, not those bargain
 bunches on the corner. And I got
 my maid hair fern, steady of the Boston
 kind. She always did love maiden
 hair. And I got her a new dish, too,
 one of those bonnet dishes women are
 crazy about. It's glass with gold
 grapes on it, just as tiny and fine! I
 got it at a good store, too, and I bet

usually, but these flowers are for my
 wife and, by gory, I'm going to get
 'em home safe if I have to fight for
 'em."
 Nellie looked at him in surprise. His
 hands were work-worn, his clothes
 clean but well worn, his tie distinctly
 rusty. But his happiness was in-
 fectionous.
 "Tomorrow's our wedding anniver-
 sary. Ain't it fine that it comes on
 Thanksgiving Day this year? I tell you
 it makes me think how much more
 than ordinary I have to be thankful
 for. My wife's just back from the
 hospital, safe and well, thank God, and
 we're celebrating double tomorrow. I
 tell you, young woman, it's sure to
 live three weeks alone with the woman
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