

When You Try "SALADA" TEA

you will realize the difference between "Salada" and "just tea."

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command, From minds the egeest counsellings depart."

CHAPTER XII.

The arrival of Carrie Egan caused a happy shudder throughout the Mimosa Palace. Mrs. Egan was of the stuff upon which hotel gossips feed and fatten. Colonel Derwent, the doyen of the English element, who had been to some pains to search for "Major Carnay, deceased," in the Army Lists, and discovered that there was no such person, forgot Jean and his deduction that she was divorced. The colonel's bosom friend, Count Praga—the Anglo-Polish banker—who from altruistic motives had insisted upon playing Cupid to the whole hotel, ceased his match-making activities abruptly and became both introspective and retiring. Count Praga had run into Mrs. Egan a couple of seasons ago at Pau, and he knew that wherever she was there also was the home address of trouble. The knitting brigade clicked and clattered, the English rather shocked by their unconventional country-woman, the French ladies mildly amused, and the Italians—as usual—wholly unconcerned with anything but their own personal and family affairs.

If Mrs. Egan was scandalous, it was merely because she declined to run on the iron rails of strict convention, preferring—as it were—her swift silver car and its resounding Klaxon horn. She wore no hat—it was said she did not own such a thing—and most of her dresses were sleeveless, and she went down to bathe from the rocky Cap Ampeglio, where there were neither huts nor tents to minimize publicity. Mrs. Egan disrobed in her own apartments and drove down in the protection afforded by her Roman striped cloak. It became the fashion to stroll past the Cap about eleven o'clock and see her head bobbing against the waves half a mile out; to stroll casually back again, wondering if she would return safely or be dashed to pieces against the rocks.

She frightened and fascinated the entire hotel before she had been there twenty-four hours. Inside of a week a few daring spirits among the younger set were feebly emulating her example and being scolded for it. Fair-complexioned girls got horrible cases of sunburn through leaving off their hats, and an Oxford undergraduate—a swimming man—was nearly drowned by following Mrs. Egan's capricious course through the rocky coast sentinels. She wore a sort of fishnet cap to confine her bushy hair at tennis, and in consequence the Lengien bandeau went into temporary eclipse. Rope sandals became the popular footwear for mountain climbs although so far no one but Mrs. Egan had abandoned the respectable and useful stocking. Two girls tried it surreptitiously while out by themselves on a lonely trail, but they got their legs badly scratched in the underbrush, and the adventure was not repeated.

WRIGLEYS After every meal

A pleasant and agreeable sweet and a 1-a-s-t-i-n-g benefit as well. Good for teeth, breath and digestion. Makes the next cigar taste better.



Sealed in its Purity Package

Who—everybody asked—is Mrs. Egan? It was Colonel Derwent who supplied the more technical items of information. Mrs. Anthony Egan, said the colonel, was the widow of a well-to-do broker or "City man" who had been shot by his partner in a business quarrel. Didn't they remember the Smarle case, famous in its day? Well, Mrs. Egan was the heroine of the Smarle case. The defence had at first tried to prove that she had been present when her husband was killed and knew a great deal more about the matter than she admitted, but afterwards with the Court's permission—to Hugo Smarle's plea of not guilty was added that of insanity, and the jury had brought in a verdict of Guilty, but Insane.

Some people did remember the Smarle Case, or professed to do so, and were thrilled accordingly. But it was much more interesting to learn that two years ago at Pau Mrs. Egan had driven a young man of somewhat slender intellect to suicide, and a little later on nearly got herself horse-whipped by reason of her flirtation with the young husband of an elderly English schoolmistress who objected to the affair, and made of her objection a really delightful scandal.

The ladies of the Mimosa Palace Hotel began—in so far as they were able—to draw in their menfolk, and the more discreet among the men themselves, notably Count Praga and Colonel Derwent, walked softly and circumspectly, casting eyes upon the houri from a distance.

It became apparent quite soon that Dr. Ardeyne was an old friend of hers. How do such things leak out? Nobody, unless it were Mrs. Egan's Italian maid, ever saw them together; nobody, except the concierge, knew that he had made enquiries concerning the locality of her rooms. Yet the whole hotel breathed in the knowledge, and quite suddenly people—good-looking, middle-aged women with a taste for youngish men—those who had been a little jealous and resentful of Alice Carnay, began to be sorry for her. They predicted for Dr. Ardeyne a swift fall; for his fiancée, unhappiness.

And all the time, in the very centre of this buzzing hive, lived Jean and Hugo Smarle, in sublime ignorance of Mrs. Egan's presence here.

Jean had brought her husband back in the heat of the day, when the hotel appeared to be deserted. "My brother, Mr. Baliss," was given a room next to hers, and promptly collapsed into his comfort and privacy. It was a large room and he had his own balcony. He had caught a chill on the train, and he was weak and nervous, so Jean called in a local doctor and permitted Alice to see "Uncle John" only once or twice from the doorway. Because of Hugo's indisposition Jean had her own meals upstairs. She rather encouraged Hugo to take things easily, dreading the moment of his first public appearance.

Would she ever be able to break him, she wondered, of babbling about Broadmoor?—or, as he called it, "That Place." To her, he talked of nothing else, recounting over and over again foolish and irritating experiences with his fellow-prisoners, their various idiosyncrasies, their petty habits, the loathsomeness of one who was caught cheating at cards, the bad table manners of another, the unpleasant characteristics of their guards and keepers. So it went on for long hours while Jean forced herself to listen patiently, and the precious holiday moved day by day towards its close.

But she comforted herself with the assurance that Alice was happy and having a good time. She would not let Alice come near "Uncle John" for fear of infection. Influenza was raging through the town and the doctor said Hugo was suffering from a mild form of it. Jean took risks herself, but she didn't intend that Alice should lose any of those golden hours by being laid up with "flu."

In the natural course of things Hugo grew better. Towards the end of the week he was well enough to sit up for his meals, and Jean left him alone one afternoon while she and Alice went down into the town to do a little shopping.

The doors all communicating, Hugo was given the run of their now extensive suite, and eventually found his way to the sitting-room, which he had not entered before. He was half-dressed, with a faded old bathrobe over his shirt and trousers, and badly needed a shave. A stubby white haze disgraced his chin and he wore no collar. He looked a weak but somewhat ruffianly person as he ambled about making himself acquainted with these new surroundings.

The sitting-room, as usual, overflowed with the flowers which Hector Gaunt sent down regularly.

Hugo looked them over with suspicion. There were two small framed photographs of Alice, one on the mantel and one on the writing-table, and these he also inspected. Then he picked up a bronze paper-cutter and playfully jabbed a hole in the lace curtain with it, hurriedly putting it down again and drawing the curtain well back so that the hole didn't show. After this he went out on to the balcony and, looking down, discerned the heads of some people having tea on the verandah far below him. One woman wore a large hat bobbing with yellow flowers. What would happen if he should fill his bath sponge with water and let it suddenly rain on them?

With this amusing idea taking form in his mind, he stepped back into the room just as someone knocked at the door.

His heart began to beat fast. It had always been like this at That Place—whenever he thought of anything really jolly, some intrusive person seemed to read his mind and forestall him. In fact, of late, he had almost given up practical joking on that account.

"Come in," he said sullenly. The door opened and, to Hugo's utter amazement, there entered a man who was more familiar to him than his own brother. He clapped a hand to his forehead and gave a faint cry. Was he back in That Place?

The newcomer, clad in tennis flannels, stared at him with widening eyes and dropped jaw.

Hugo Smarle began to whimper. "I won't go back—you can't make me. I won't go. This is Italy. You can't take me back if I say I won't go."

Philip Ardeyne shut the door, then—as an afterthought—locked it. "I'm not going to take you anywhere," he said. "But, of course, you can't stay in this room. How did you get here? Does your balcony adjoin this one?"

Hugo, with a trembling hand, pointed through the line of open doors. "That's my room."

The doctor looked and saw that the door on the other side of Mrs. Carnay's bedroom was open.

"Oh," he said, "that's your room, is it. Well, you'd better get back to it, old chap. The ladies who occupy these rooms might be alarmed if they came in and found a stranger here."

Hugo grinned feebly. "I'm not a stranger," he said. "I belong here. I'm—I'm my wife's brother, you understand. My name isn't Smarle. You thought it was, didn't you, doctor? But that was just another little mistake they made at That Place. My name is John Baliss; and my wife's name isn't Mrs. Smarle at all. Her name is Mrs. Carnay. She's not my wife; she's my sister. And I'm not Alice's father. I'm her Uncle John. Perhaps you'd better tell me what you mean by coming into these rooms? I've been very ill—a little light-headed with 'flu'—but I've already got a doctor. My wife saw to that. I don't want anything to do with you, Ardeyne—or with anybody else from That Place."

Hugo stopped from sheer lack of breath and sank down into a chair, exhausted and trembling. (To be continued.)



And Was Occupying a Sleeper, Too. Reggie—"Oh—aw—I beg pardon, Miss Sharpe—I didn't hear. I'd gotten into a train of thought, dautcher know."

Miss Sharpe (sweetly)—"And you'd settled down so comfortably in a sleeper, hadn't you, Mr. Sapp?"

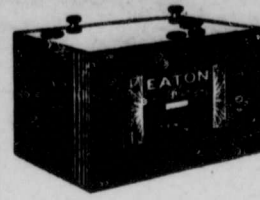
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London Traffic Weakens St. Paul's Cathedral.

St. Paul's Cathedral, which for several centuries has lorded it over all London from the peak of Ludgate Hill, is showing signs of fatigue. Its stones, blackened by the fog and soot of bygone ages, are getting weary from the constant vibrations caused by the roaring traffic that swirls all around the structure, and the unrelenting pull of the Thames upon its foundations.

The south transept has begun to lean toward the river and the southwest tower has dropped several inches from the perpendicular. Something must be done soon to preserve this crowning achievement of Sir Christopher Wren. Mervyn McCartney, architectural adviser in the dean, says a large sum of money will have to be spent on the Cathedral before very long, and the Board of Commissioners at present is considering several proposals for its preservation.

An American firm which underlined some of New York's great skyscrapers has examined St. Paul's and recommended underpinning as a cure for its architectural maladies, but the commissioners are set against such a method.

In the eighteenth century iron straps were put around the cornices of the transepts to hold the building together and since then it has been necessary to make other repairs to the mal-alignments caused by the movement of the Cathedral. Twenty years ago it was discovered that the roof under the western pediment had dropped a few inches, and within the present decade it has been necessary to repair two of the piers. It is expected that repairs to the other six piers, some of the masonry of which has rotted, will require 30 years to complete.

Meanwhile, the stream of buses and motor lorries which flows past the building becomes larger and larger, with consequent increase in the devastating vibration.

MY ROASTING PANS.

To save labor in washing the roasting pans, I grease them just as I grease an earthen or glass baking dish before putting in the food and placing the pan in the oven. Rubbing the inside with a piece of suet is excellent for any metal roasting pan, as the grease helps to keep the food from burning onto the pan.—N. D. F.

HAND BAGS MADE NEW.

When I want to make an old black leather hand bag look like new I rub it with the fat side of a bacon rind. This will shine up any kind of leather. Of course, rub afterwards with a piece of cloth so that all fat will be removed.—K. W.

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In Epping Forest there are 114 cricket pitches, 244 football grounds, and 139 tennis courts for the use of the public. Epping Forest is maintained by the City of London.

Golf is becoming popular with the rank and file of the British Army. They are now allowed to wear fatigues dress when playing.

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