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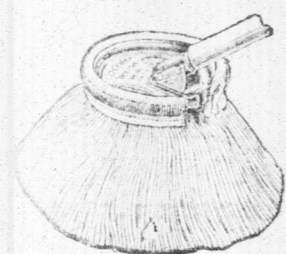
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**The MASQUERADER**

By Katherine Cecil Thurston,  
 Author of "The Circle," Etc.  
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 Brothers

He took a step toward her. "Look  
 at me," he said quietly and involun-  
 tarily. In the sharp desire to estab-  
 lish himself in her regard he forgot  
 that her eyes had never left his face.  
 But the incongruity of the words did  
 not strike her. "Oh," she exclaimed,  
 "I believe I knew directly I saw  
 you here." The quick ring of life vi-  
 brating in her tone surprised him. But  
 he had other thoughts more urgent  
 than surprise.

In the five days of banishment just  
 lived through the need for a readjust-  
 ment of his position with regard to  
 her had come to him forcibly. The  
 memory of the night when weakness  
 and he had been at perilously close  
 quarters had returned to him persist-  
 ently and uncomfortably, spoiling the  
 remembrance of his triumph. It had  
 been well enough to smother the  
 thought of that night in days of work.  
 But had the ignoring of it blotted out  
 the weakness? Had it not rather  
 thrown it into bolder relief? A man  
 strong in his own strength does not  
 turn his back upon temptation. He  
 faces and quells it. In the solitary days  
 in Clifford's inn, in the solitary night  
 hours spent in tramping the city  
 streets, this had been the conviction  
 that had returned again and again, this  
 the problem to which, after much con-  
 sideration, he had found a solution, sat-  
 isfactory at least to himself. When  
 next Chilcote called him—It was nota-  
 ble that he had used the word "when"  
 and not "if." When next Chilcote called  
 him he would make a new departure. He  
 would no longer avoid Eve. He would  
 successfully prove to himself that one  
 interest and one alone filled his mind—  
 the pursuit of Chilcote's political  
 career. So does man satisfactorily con-  
 vince himself against himself. He had  
 his intention fully in mind as he came  
 forward now.

"Well," he said slowly, "has it been  
 very hard to have faith these last five  
 days?" It was not precisely the tone  
 he had meant to adopt, but one must  
 begin.

Eve turned at his words. Her eyes  
 were brimming with life, her cheeks  
 still touched to a deep, soft color by  
 the keenness of the windy air.

"No," she answered, with a shy, re-  
 sponsive touch of confidence. "I seem-  
 ed to keep on believing. You know  
 converts make the best devotees." She  
 laughed with slight embarrassment  
 and glanced up at him. Something in  
 the blue of her eyes reminded him un-  
 expectedly of spring skies—full of youth  
 and promise.

He moved abruptly and crossed the  
 room toward the window. "Eve," he  
 said, without looking around, "I want  
 your help."

He heard the faint rustling of her  
 dress as she turned toward him, and  
 he knew that he had struck the right  
 chord. All true women respond to an  
 appeal for aid as steel answers to the  
 magnet. He could feel her expectancy  
 in the silence.

"You know—we all know—that the  
 present moment is very vital. That it's  
 impossible to deny the crisis in the air.

"Big enough for a tombstone," he  
 said below his breath as his eyes rest-  
 ed on a large blue cross. Then he  
 smiled again and held the book to the  
 light.

"Dine 23 Cadogan gardens, 8 o'clock.  
 Talk with L., he read, still speaking  
 softly to himself.

He stood for a moment pondering on  
 the entry, then once more his glance  
 reverted to the cross.

"Evidently meant it to be seen," he  
 mused. "But why the deuce isn't he  
 more explicit?" As he spoke a look of  
 comprehension suddenly crossed his  
 face and the puzzled frown between  
 his eyebrows cleared away.

With a feeling of satisfaction he re-  
 membered Lakeley's frequent and  
 pressing suggestion that he should dine  
 with him at Cadogan gardens and dis-  
 cuss the political outlook.

Lakeley must have written during  
 his absence, and Chilcote, having mark-  
 ed the engagement, felt no further re-  
 sponsibility. The invitation could  
 scarcely have been verbal, as Chilcote,  
 he knew, had lain very low in the five  
 days of his return home.

So he argued as he stood with the  
 book still open in his hands, the blue  
 cross staring imperatively from the  
 white paper. And from the argument  
 rose thoughts and suggestions that  
 seethed in his mind long after the lights  
 had been switched off, long after the  
 fire had died down, and he had been  
 left wrapped in darkness in the great  
 canopied bed.

"Eve," he said, "I want your help."  
 Nobody feels it more than I do. No-  
 body is more exorbitantly keen to have  
 a share, a part, when the real fight  
 comes"—He stopped; then he turned  
 slowly and their eyes met. "If a man  
 is to succeed in such a desire," he went  
 on deliberately, "he must exclude all  
 others. He must have one purpose,  
 one interest, one thought. He must for-  
 get that!"

Eve lifted her head quickly—"that  
 he has a wife," she finished gently. "I  
 think I understand."

There was no annoyance in her face  
 or voice, no suggestion of selfishness  
 or of hurt vanity. She had read his  
 meaning with disconcerting clearness  
 and responded with disconcerting gen-  
 erosity. A sudden and very human dis-  
 satisfaction with his readjustment  
 scheme fell upon Loder. Opposition is  
 the whip to action; a too ready acqui-  
 escence the slackened rein.

"Did I say that?" he asked quickly.  
 The tone was almost Chilcote's.  
 She glanced up; then a sudden, in-  
 comprehensible smile lighted up her  
 face.

"You didn't say, but you thought,"  
 she answered gravely. "Thoughts are  
 the same words to a woman. That's  
 why we are so unreasonable." Again  
 she smiled. Some idea, baffling and in-  
 comprehensible to Loder, was stirring  
 in her mind.

Conscious of the impression, he moved  
 still nearer. "You jump to conclu-  
 sions," he said abruptly. "What I  
 meant to imply"

"—was precisely what I've under-  
 stood." Again she finished his sen-  
 tence. Then she laughed softly. "How  
 very wise, but how very, very foolish  
 men are! You come to the conclusion  
 that because a woman is interested  
 in you she is going to hamper you in  
 some direction, and after infinite pains  
 you summon all your tact and you set  
 about saving the situation." There was  
 interest, even a touch of amusement,  
 in her tone; her eyes were still fixed  
 upon his in an indefinable glance. "You  
 think you are being very diplomatic,"  
 she went on quietly, "but in reality  
 you are being very transparent. The  
 woman reads the whole of your mean-  
 ing in your very first sentence—if she  
 hasn't known it before you began to  
 speak."

Again Loder made an interruption,  
 but again she silenced him.

"No," she said, still smiling. "You  
 should never attempt such a task.  
 Shall I tell you why?"

He stood silent, puzzled and inter-  
 ested.

"Because," she said quickly, "when  
 a woman really is interested, the man's  
 career ranks infinitely higher in her  
 eyes than any personal desire for  
 power."

For a moment their eyes met; then  
 abruptly Loder looked away. She had  
 gauged his intentions incorrectly, yet  
 with disconcerting insight. Again the  
 suggestion of an unusual personality  
 below the serenity of her manner re-  
 turned to his imagination.

With an impulse altogether foreign  
 to him he lifted his head and again  
 met her glance. Then at last he spoke,  
 but only two words. "Forgive me!" he  
 said, with simple direct sincerity.

**CHAPTER XXII.**  
**AFTER** his interview with Eve,  
 Loder retired to the study and  
 spent the remaining hours of  
 the day and the whole span of  
 the evening in work. At 1 o'clock, still  
 feeling fresh in mind and body, he dis-  
 missed his valet and passed into Chil-  
 cote's bedroom. The interview with  
 Eve, though widely different from the  
 one he had anticipated, had left him  
 stimulated and alert. In the hours that  
 followed it there had been an added  
 anxiety to put his mind into harness,  
 an added gratification in finding it  
 answer to the rein.

A pleasant sense of retrospection  
 settled upon him as he slowly un-  
 dressed, and a pleasant sense of inter-  
 est touched him as, crossing to the  
 dressing table, he caught sight of Chil-  
 cote's engagement book, taken with  
 other things from the suit he had  
 changed at dinner time and carefully  
 laid aside by Renwick.

He picked it up and slowly turned  
 the pages. It always held the sugges-  
 tion of a lottery, this dipping into an-  
 other man's engagements and drawing  
 a prize or a blank. It was a sensa-  
 tion that even custom had not dulled.

At first he turned the pages slowly,  
 then by degrees his fingers quickened.  
 Beyond the fact that this present  
 evening was free he knew nothing of  
 his promised movements. The abrupt-  
 ness of Chilcote's arrival at Clifford's  
 inn in the afternoon had left no time  
 for superfluous questions. He skim-  
 med the writing with a touch of inter-  
 ested haste, then all at once he paused  
 and smiled.

"Big enough for a tombstone," he  
 said below his breath as his eyes rest-  
 ed on a large blue cross. Then he  
 smiled again and held the book to the  
 light.

"Dine 23 Cadogan gardens, 8 o'clock.  
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 face.

**NEW BRASSIERE.**  
 Made of Cluny Lace, Embroid-  
 ered Linen and Ribbon Bows.



**PRETTY UNDERWEIST.**  
 Nothing is more desired by the fem-  
 inine heart in the springtime than  
 handsome new "undies," as our Eng-  
 lish cousins call them. One depart-  
 ment of underwear which the spring  
 maid and matron cannot supply too  
 lavishly is the brassiere department.  
 One handsome illustration of these  
 very necessary adjuncts to a lady's  
 toilet is shown in the illustration.  
 Hand embroidered linen with real  
 cluny lace is used in its development,  
 and ribbon bows are used to further  
 beautify it. A feature of this waist is  
 the neatly beveled seams, which do  
 away with the usual bulk where a  
 seam occurs.

**HER SHOES.**  
 What the Woman Who is Well Dressed  
 Will Not Do.

The woman who is really well dressed  
 does not wear a smart frock and a  
 becoming hat and then ruin her whole  
 appearance by clothing her feet in a  
 pair of shoddy shoes, run down at the  
 heel and perhaps unpolished. And yet  
 many women who are fastidious as to  
 their appearance, who would not think  
 of going out of the house without their  
 suits being well pressed, their blouses  
 being fresh and dainty, their veils ad-  
 justed in just the right way, will for-  
 get entirely to look at the condition of  
 their shoes. Perhaps these will be  
 worn and dusty and will be made still  
 uglier by being worn with a pair of  
 soiled and crumpled spats.

There is nothing prettier than well  
 shod feet, nothing uglier than a pair  
 of neglected, rundown, soiled shoes.  
 And now that abbreviated skirts are  
 fashionable the girl who wants to be  
 well dressed will take great pains in  
 selecting her shoes, and once she has  
 purchased an appropriate and pretty  
 pair she will take still greater pains  
 to keep them in good condition.

Never take off a pair of shoes with-  
 out putting a pair of trees in them im-  
 mediately. This will help them to keep  
 their shape and also will help to pro-  
 long the life of the boots. When there  
 is the least suspicion of the heels be-  
 coming run down send them to the  
 bootmaker's immediately and have  
 them straightened. Nothing looks so  
 shabby as a pair of crooked heels.

Now as to some of the novelties to  
 be seen this spring. In the first place  
 the light top boot, which has made  
 such a favorable impression this win-  
 ter, remains in vogue for spring, all  
 the smartest shoes having either light  
 tan or light gray uppers. Gun metal  
 leather and dark gray tops are also  
 considered smart, while a tan shoe  
 with a tan upper is very chic.

**Common Sense Creed.**  
 Almost twenty-five years ago, when  
 life was less strenuous than it is now,  
 the following "common sense creed"  
 was formulated. If its need was felt  
 then how much more will it be appre-  
 ciated today!

Don't worry.  
 Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as  
 tardy as too slow."  
 Simplify, simplify, simplify!  
 Don't overeat. Don't starve. Let  
 your moderation be known to all men.  
 Court the fresh air day and night.  
 "Oh, if you knew what is in the air!"  
 Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is  
 nature's benediction.  
 Spend less nervous energy each day  
 than you make.  
 Be cheerful. "A light heart lives  
 long."  
 Think only beautiful thoughts. "As  
 a man thinketh in his heart so is he."  
 Work like a man, but don't be work-  
 ed to death.  
 Avoid passion and excitement. A  
 moment's anger may be fatal.  
 Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal  
 disease."  
 "If ye know these things, happy are  
 ye if ye do them."

**Three Excellent Hints.**  
 If boiled frosting has been cooked  
 too long it may be rendered smooth  
 again by adding a piece of butter the  
 size of a walnut before beating it.  
 A fine bit of emery board, such as  
 comes for manfearing, makes a good  
 substitute for an eraser when you  
 make an ink spot on paper.  
 When one buys a child's dress, oth-  
 erwise good, but with poor machine  
 scallops on it, one can regard the scal-  
 lops as padding and work over them  
 with excellent effect.

War veterans of Evansville, Ind.,  
 sank a model of the Lusitania in the  
 Ohio during a memorial service to  
 the American dead.

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