

Terry's Burglar

By JANE OSBORN

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When Terry Brewster took a four-room apartment in the Harrington Arms apartment house she described herself as a "business woman," by which she meant to indicate that she used her apartment for little more than a comfortable roosting place, a place to eat breakfast and to keep her clothes. She did not take the trouble to indicate to the real estate agent that she was not a business woman in the ordinary sense. Her business was that of a daily bread. Her business was that of drinking in as much of city life in one short year as she could—going to as many concerts and theaters, attending as many exhibitions and as many "shows" of various sorts, lunching at as many "interesting places," and in general seeing as many of the sights of the city as she conveniently could without knowing many persons in the city or wishing to know more. She seldom went about in the evening. She felt somehow that her security in living alone at her age—for Terry, though adequate to the task of taking care of herself in almost any circumstances, was only twenty-four—depended in a measure on her not being seen out after dark. The evenings in her little apartment she spent either in mending and "pottering" over the clothes that she wore in the day time or in reading accounts of things that were to be seen or books of description of the great city. Terry's life in the small southern town where she was brought up had been decidedly circumscribed. She had gradually slipped into the position of being housewife for her older brother in the old homestead, and the only reason she was "excused" from those duties now was because of her brother's year's voluntary work in Washington.

Terry kept no maid but, like the other business women in the apartment, she was "taken care of" by Mrs. Gray, who had the key to the apartments in her care and with lightning-like rapidity tidied them and washed the breakfast dishes and made them ready for the return of their tenants. Terry had met Mrs. Gray the day she negotiated with her for her services, and she needed no further guarantee of her perfect honesty than her small, pale face. She knew, too, that she could dust the dainties of her brass-plate and wash the dustiest of lace-trimmed dresses and that she left for that purpose in her

apartment when she went out in the morning because it was quite clear to anyone who saw Mrs. Gray that she was a woman who, had circumstances been different from what they actually were, might have been wearing the dainty laces and treading the most delicate of Oriental rugs herself.

Surely Terry trusted her—that is until the day that she came home unexpectedly at noon in order to get some matinee tickets that she had forgotten to take with her in the morning. On that day she chanced to be looking out toward the windows of her own rooms, when she saw there in her own bedroom, not the figure of Mrs. Gray, but the figure of a man. Terry was not terrified at the idea of having a burglar in her house, but she did not relish the idea of entering that apartment when she might encounter him. Her first thought was to report the incident to the nearest policeman, and it was with this idea in mind that she turned about and started around the block in search of such a dignitary. She thought better of her idea and decided to go alone to her apartment—but by the time she reached home the burglar was gone. The apartment had apparently been visited by Mrs. Gray earlier in the day, for it was immaculate and there was a fresh scent of soap and water about and the floor looked as if it had just been wiped up from it.

Terry made a thorough search of her possessions, she counted her silver spoons and knives and forks and she counted the butter spreaders, but she missed nothing was taken, nor did she miss anything as time went on. She looked under her bed and lounge and in each of the closets, but no one did she find. A strange burglar, indeed, that would take nothing with him.

Then came the day when she actually ran into the strange young man when she was coming unexpectedly to change her hat because what gave promise of being a rainy day had turned out to be fair. She let herself in with her latch key and there really was no way for him to escape—he was at the front door. Being at bay the young man looked as if nothing at all extraordinary had happened and his excuse was believable enough.

"I came in to examine the radiators," he said. "That—that's my speciality," and then going to get his hat and a couple of books that lay with it from a chair in the living room he made a hasty exit. In the apartment that day there was the same very fresh smell of soap and water and it seemed to Terry that the young man's hands had looked water-soaked when she encountered him. And she examined the silver and counted the spoons and knives and butter spreaders. Nothing was missing.

One day she crept in stealthily and encountered the young man on his

knees scrubbing the kitchen floor.

"I thought you were a business woman," she confronted him, standing up with dripping hands and revealing a ticking apron tied about his manly young form. "You see, I thought all these people were business people. I didn't know they kept dropping in unexpectedly."

"Where is Mrs. Gray?" said Terry, trying to appear very calm, although she had a dreadful feeling that this strange young man had spirited Mrs. Gray away and was hiding his guilt by continuing her work.

"Well, I'm as much Mrs. Gray as any one is," he said. "What difference is it to you?" Then apologetically: "Pardon me, please, I didn't mean that—but you see, I've been doing this for quite a while and I have never been caught before. I just couldn't see her do it any more. We didn't want any one to know much about us."

"I think when I find a strange man in my apartment two days and see him in the window another I have a right to know all about it," said Terry, with some asperity. And then somehow they went into the little living room and seated there in one of Terry's comfortable chairs, he told her all about it.

"You see, my father died just when I was finishing high school. He left hardly anything—he'd lost it all in a Wall street panic just before he died. Mother and he had set their hearts on having me be a lawyer and I had, too. Of course, I wanted to quit school and go to work for her, but she wouldn't let me. She wanted to see me through college and law course. You know how it used to be with women of her generation—they just weren't taught any money-making trade and the only thing she could do that would bring in enough money was to take care of apartments like this. She could attend to the house at home first and then come over here and do these apartments. Well, she did that and I worked after school. I couldn't endure to see her do this, but I was bent on finishing law school, because I knew that then I'd be able to give her the things she deserved. This winter it was too much for me to see her doing this work, yet this sort of work brought in more than I could possibly earn at stray tutoring or any of the usual things students do. So I just did her work for her whenever I had a few hours off at law school. That way I bring in enough to keep us both going. I don't mind your finding out that I do the scrubbing, but she'd be heart-broken. It is a funny pride she has—she wouldn't mind doing it herself, but she couldn't endure to have me do it."

Terry came over to the young man. He rose beside her, and she laid two small hands on his arms. "I think you are the most splendid young man I have ever met, and your mother, I

know, is very proud of it. I'll never tell anyone your secret, and I know some day you will win for your mother all the things she deserves."

The next day Terry purposely arranged to be home when the young man—Bob Gray—came. "I've got something to ask you," she told him. "I'm dreadfully lonely here, and I don't like the idea of living alone, and I want you to let me have your mother here with me—to be a sort of mother to me. She can potter around the apartment if she wants to, just the way my own mother might, and what that will be worth to me, of course, she will have, and that will be as much as you need to get from the apartment tending."

Of course, Bob Gray remonstrated at first, but before a week had passed Mrs. Gray was installed as Terry's "adopted mother," and a real mother could have been no more congenial.

Bob had but a few months more to spend at the law school, and the very day of his graduation he told Terry that he loved her and begged her to marry him.

"I couldn't do this," he said. "If it weren't for what has happened, I couldn't ever hope to be your husband if I weren't sure that I would succeed. I am sure, just as every man must be sure when he knows that the profession he has chosen is the right choice. And today I received word from the firm of Hewes & Tuttle that they would take me in as soon as I pass my bar examinations next week at a salary to start of two thousand. I was fortunate enough to have the help and friendship of one of our best professors, and the appointment came through him. I am still unworthy of you, Terry, but with something in the way of prospects I have nerve enough to ask you."

Terry took his outstretched hand in both of hers and held it reassuringly. "Bob, I'm surer of your success than you are yourself. I know you'd succeed when I saw the way you scrubbed the floors and kept at that drudgery to save your mother."

George Elliot seldom read. He was a writer almost omnipotent in her power to charm at once the great multitude and the austere critic of her time.

She was taken more seriously than any writer of today ever has been or ever will be taken.

Yet to the great bulk of educated criticism of today George Elliot has become a writer unreadable in herself and negligible as a critical illustration.

Her character drawing appears to be singularly wooden, her books without any form, her style entirely pedestrian and her solemnity intolerable. And it is probable that it was this very solemnity that gave to her works all the qualities that make them to men in touch with the life of today so

entirely unreadable, so empty and so many heavy cakes.

George Elliot was, in fact, a figure. She was great enough to pose herself upon her day; she possibly never sought, though she certainly found, the popularity of sensationalism.

NEW LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC IS SWORN IN

Quebec, Oct. 23.—Sir Charles Fitzpatrick was sworn in to-day Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec province. The ceremony took place in the legislative council room. His Excellency the Governor-General, the Duke of Devonshire, presided at the ceremony.

The formula of the swearing in was read by the Duke in French.

Sir Charles and Lady Fitzpatrick will reside in Ottawa for a while yet, before taking up residence at Spencer Wood.

Freemen Buy Bonds. Slaves Wear Them!

Newspaper Waits

"She says she'd rather be miserable with me than happy with anybody else." "Married life is frequently lived on that basis, my friend."—*Judge*.

First Private (over there at a rest station) "There's a bishop coming to preach to us at nine in the morning and a vaudeville star to dance for us at ten." Second Private—"Wake me up at ten."—*Life*.

"Bliggins says he's going to break into the army for fear of being a non-essential." "But," protested Miss Cayenne; "won't he be just as non-essential in the army as he is anywhere else?"—*Washington Star*.

Mrs. Digs—John, what is an absolute vacuum? Digs—An absolute vacuum, my dear, is something that exists only in your mind.—*Boston Transcript*.

Owner of car—What does that sign "Detour" mean? Chaffeur—It means that I must take the car off the regular road. Owner of car—Well, you've been doing that ever since we started.—*Judge*.

"She says she prefers to do her marketing by telephone." "Why so?" "Says she can't bear to see how little she is getting for the money."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Nell—"Isn't it a shame about our summer furs?" Belle—"Yes, indeed; it doesn't look stylish any more, for it has been cool enough to wear them."—*Baltimore American*.

CARE OF HIGHWAYS

Road Supervisors in very many parts of the Province who have taken great pains to make ditches and otherwise to follow out the drainage instructions for the benefits of the trunk and branch roads are complaining bitterly of the carelessness of very many of the residents in their districts who evidently think that a road ditch is only made to be obstructed, for instead of building small pole bridges across the ditches so as to get into their fields, they level up the road by throwing a lot of poles or stones or brush into the newly-made ditch. The Supervisors say that if they are asked to remove the obstruction, in many cases they either refuse to do so or else say they will attend to it and never get round to it. The result is somewhat discouraging, for the very heavy rains of the past month have caused an unusual flow of water in the road ditches, and whenever this meets with such an obstruction as described above, the water invariably gushes out the new roadway and does, in some cases, hundreds of dollars worth of damage. There is a section of the Highway Act of 1918 which says that no person shall under the penalty not exceeding \$20, with costs of prosecution, or imprisonment for thirty days—pile any wood, logs, lumber, or stone or refuse within the limits of the right-of-way of any highway and leave the same within the limits of the said right-of-way for a longer period than twenty-four hours.

"Any person who shall continue any encroachment or obstruction on any highway or ditch after a notice verbally or in writing by the Supervisor requiring him to discontinue or remove the same, shall be deemed to have encroached on or obstructed such highway or ditch within the meaning of this section."

The Highway Act further says that any person who by obstructing a highway, causes injury to the same, shall be liable to repair such injury under the instructions and to the satisfaction of the Supervisor, and in case he does not after being notified by the Supervisor, the same shall make such repairs and may recover the cost thereof together with costs of suit.

The Act therefore is very plain about obstructions in the ditches or roads, but no doubt is not very generally understood to be so by those who disregard the public interests and upkeep of the roads by placing obstructions in the ditches. The Road Engineers and Supervisors all consider it of the utmost importance that particularly during the fall and spring, residents should exercise the very greatest care in keeping the ditches clean and assist to perfect the drainage of the road system, without which good roads are impossible.

WE HAVE THE GOODS!

The merchants of Canada and the United States stand face to face with a scarcity of merchandise for Fall and Holiday selling, which is without precedent. In the thick of a situation which daily grows more acute, it is our good fortune to make this ANNOUNCEMENT, meaning all that it implies. "WE HAVE THE GOODS." Our stock room is jammed with merchandise, all ready in stock, ready for you. Buyers who come early may rely on getting what they want, and all they want. The market will not get any better this season, it will get worse. For your own protection, come and buy now, and mark you—We have the goods on our shelves.

WE SPECIALIZE IN COATS
AND IN A CLASS BY OURSELVES

Our best Coats, Satin lined Broadcloths, Burella Cloth, Heavy English Chinchilla Cloth, Pompadour, Velour and Tweeds. Some are Fur Trimmed, some have Fur Collars and some Chinchin style. Best setting colors—Nigger head, Taupe, Green, and Dark Gray.

Some astonishing bargains in
PLUSH COATS

They are the BEST value that money can buy

WASH SATINS, CHIFFON TAFFETAS AND SILK POPLINS

We are the largest importers in New Brunswick for Silks, and carry the largest stock. New Fall Shades—Java, Poilu, Balsam, Hemlock, Walnut, Rose Taupe and all other shades. Silks have advanced to \$2.00 and \$2.50 per yard. Our best \$1.50 and \$1.75 per yard. 36 inches wide.

SILK AND ALL WOOL SERGE DRESSES

This past week we have placed in stock, all the latest and best in Silk and Wool Serge Dresses. Some would look cheap at \$25.00. Our price is only \$15.00 and the very best \$20.00.

WOMEN'S KNITTED UNDERWEAR IN COMBINATIONS AND SEPARATE GARMENTS

In most cases we are quoting prices lower than manufacturers. Fleece Combinations, \$1.00, \$1.25, and \$1.50. In Silk and Wool Combinations, \$2.75, all sizes.

300 PAIRS CANADIAN COTTON BLANKETS

Large size, White and Grey, \$2.75. Fancy Plaid, Blankets, very nice, \$4.50 per pair.

200 DOZEN BOYS' HEAVY WOOL RIBBED STOCKINGS

Very Scarce at any price. Our price 65c, sizes 7 to 10 1-2.

GIRLS' CASHMERE HOSE

Just arrived, 50 to 75c.

20 DOZEN LADIES' SPECIAL WOOL HOSE

A leader, 50c per pair. Can't last long at that price.

LADIES' SWEATERS. GIRLS' SWEATERS

We are the only dealer who bought ahead this Fall. We have the goods.

LADIES' SILK MUFFLERS

For the Xmas trade, now in. Wide and long, with Silk fringe ends. Beautiful combination of colorings.

DRESS GOODS BY THE YARD

We have all Wool Serges and Poplins at very little advance, owing to large purchases two years ago.

FURS

FURS

IN BLACK AND TAUPE SETS

Perhaps not the largest variety, but the best value.

Pay your Bills Promptly Each Month and We Can Always Have the Goods For You.

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