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THE SEVENTH NOON

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT,
Author of "The Web of the Golden Spider."

Donaldson gingerly passed his fingers over the dog's hair. He was curiously unconvinced. There was no responsive lift of the head, no contented wagging of the tail, but that was the only difference. A moment ago the dog had been asleep for an hour; now he was asleep for an eternity. That was the only difference.

"Well," reflected Barstow, "Sandy had his week; beefsteak, bread and milk, all he could eat."

"Isn't that better than being still alive—hungry in the gutters?"

"God knows," answered Barstow solemnly, as he picked up the body and carried it into the next room. "You see what is left."

As Barstow went out Donaldson crossed to the chemist's desk. He fumbled nervously among the bottles until he found the little vial Barstow had pointed out. He had just time to thrust this into his pocket and reseat himself before Barstow returned. At the same moment there was a firm but decidedly feminine knock upon the outer door. The chemist seemed to recognize it, for instead of his usual impatient shout he went to the door and opened it. And yet, when the feeble light revealed his visitor, he evinced surprise.

"What, you, Miss Arsdal?"

"Yes, professor," she answered, slightly out of breath. "I thought that if I hurried I might possibly find you here. I am all out of my brother's medicine, and I did not dare wait until tomorrow."

"I'm glad you didn't," he responded heartily. "If you will sit down I will prepare it."

Donaldson glanced up, irritated to think he had not left earlier and so escaped the inevitable introduction. He saw a young woman of perhaps twenty-two or three, and then—the young woman's eyes. They were dark, but not black, a sort of silver black, like gunmetal. They were, he noted instantly, apparently more mature than the rest of her features, as is sometimes true when the soul grows out of proportion to the years. Her hair was of a reddish brown, brown in the shadows, a golden red as she stood beneath the gas jet. She was a little below medium height, rather slight, and was dressed in a dark blue pongee suit, the coat of which reached to her ankles. One might expect almost anything of her, thought Donaldson, child or woman. It would no more surprise one to see her in tears over a trifle than standing firm in a crisis; bending over a wisp of embroidery or driving a sixty-horsepower automobile. Of one thing Donaldson thought he could be sure; that whatever she did she would do with all her heart.

These and many other fugitive thoughts passed through Donaldson's brain during the few minutes he was left there alone with her. What was said he could not remember a minute afterwards; something of the night, something of the brilliant reflections of the gas light in the vari-colored bottles, something of the approaching summer. Her thoughts seemed to be as far removed from this small room as his own.

"Your patient is better?" Barstow inquired, when he returned with the package.

Her face lightened instantly.

"Yes," she answered, "much better."

"Good." He added: "I shouldn't think it safe for you to be out alone at night. Haven't there been a good many highway robberies recently in your neighborhood?"

"You have heard?"

"It would be difficult to listen to the newsboys and not hear that. The last one, a week ago, made the fourth, didn't it?"

"I don't know. I seldom read the papers. They are too horrible."

"I will gladly escort you, if——"

"I couldn't think of troubling you," she protested, starting at once for the door. "I'm in the machine, so I'm quite safe. Good-night."

With a nod and smile to both men she went out.

Donaldson himself prepared to go at once.

"Well, old man," he apologized nervously to the chemist, "pardon me for boring you so long. It is bad taste, I know, for a man to air such views as mine, but it has done me good."

"Take my advice and forget them yourself. Go into the country. Loaf a little in the sunshine. Stay a week. I'm going off for a while myself."

"You leave——?"

"Within a few days, possibly. I can't tell."

"Well, s'long, and a pleasant trip to you."

Donaldson gripped the older man's hand. The latter gazed at him affectionately, apprehensively.

"See here, Peter," he broke out earnestly. "There is one thing even better for you than the country, a thing that includes the sunshine and everything else worth while in life. I have hesitated about mentioning it, but this girl who was here made me think of it again. You know I'm not a sentimental man, Peter?"

"Unless you have changed. But your panacea?"

"Love."

"That's a generic term."

"Just plain human love, love for a woman like the one who was here. I wish you knew her. She'd be good for you; she'd give your present self-centred life a broader meaning."

Donaldson turned away.

"Barstow," he replied, uneasily, "you're good—good clear through, but we move in different worlds. It isn't in me to love as you mean. I'm too critical, which is to say, too selfish."

"I think you are selfish, Peter," Barstow agreed frankly, "but I don't think it's your nature. You've got into the Slough of Despond, and the only thing that will drag you out of that is love, love of something outside yourself. Try it."

Donaldson shook his head.

"You're as good as gold," he declared, "but the things which content you and me are not the same. Good night."

"Good night. Be sure to drop in again when I get back."

Donaldson went out. He groped his way down the stairs into the street. Once he swung abruptly on his heel and stared at the pavement behind him. He thought he heard at his heels the scratching, padded tread of the pup.

CHAPTER II.

Donaldson pressed his way along the lighted streets, clutching the vial in his pocket with the thrill of a man holding the key of fretting shackles. One week of life with the future eliminated; one week with no reckoning to be made at the end; one week with every human fetter struck off; one week in which to ignore every curbing law of futurity and abandon himself to the joy of the present! The future—even the narrow bounds of an earthly future—holds men prisoners. A few careless dogs, to be sure, live their day, blind to the years to come, but that is brute stupidity. A few brave souls stagger through their prime with some bravado, knowing the final cost, but willing to pay it by installments through the dribbling years which follow; but the usury of time makes that folly. The wise choke such gypsy impulses—admit the mortgage of the Present to the Future—and surrender the brisk liberty of youth to the limping freedom of old age. But Donaldson was too thoughtful a man to belong to either the first or second class, and yet of too lusty stuff to join the third.

There were now just two doubtful points which checked him in his first impulse to swallow the deadly elixir at once—two questions needing further thought before he could have a clear conscience about it; he must convince himself a trifle more clearly that he shifted nothing to the load of those he left behind, and he must make sure that no element of fear entered into his act. That phrase of Barstow's, "It's quitting not to stay," smarted a bit.

In spite of these vital problems, Donaldson was keenly conscious, even with his wild freedom still nothing but a conception, of sharpened senses which responded keenly to the lights and sounds about him. This bottle which he held made him feel like some old time king's messenger, who carried a warrant making him exempt from local laws. He mixed among people whose perplexed thoughts wandered restlessly down the everlasting vista of the days ahead, and he alone of them all knew the secret of being untroubled beyond the week. The world had not for ten years appeared so gay to him. He felt the exhilarating sting of life as he had when it first surged in upon him at twenty. The very fact that he held even a temporary solution to his barren days was enough. In the joy of his almost august scorn of circumstances he forgot the minor difficulties which still lay before him.

He turned aside from the direct course to his room into Broadway. It was the last day of May, and early evening. The month revealed itself in the warm night sky and the buoyant spirits of those below its velvet richness. Spring was in the air—a stimulation as of etherialized champagne. The spirit of adventure, the spirit of renaissance, the spirit of creation was abroad once more. Not a cranny in even this sprawling section of denaturalized earth but thrilled for the time being with budding hopes, sap-swollen courage and bright, colorful dreams. Walking beneath the splitting glare of the arc lights, through the golden mist flooding from the store windows, Donaldson hazily saw again the careless unburdened world of his early youth. He caught the spirit of Broadway, and all Broadway means in the spring. It was a marionette world where marionettes dance their gayest. Yesterday this would have been to him nothing but a dead bioscope picture; now, though he still sat an onlooker in the pit, it was a living human drama at which he gazed.

(To be continued.)

Of Interest To Women

DAILY MENU

MENU FOR A DAY.

BREAKFAST.
Blackberry Mush.
Spanish Omelet. Baked Potatoes.
Muffins. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Corn Entree.
Fruit. Cocoa.

DINNER.
Vegetable Soup.
Baked Blue Fish. Hollandaise Sauce.
Sliced Cucumbers.
New Potatoes. Cauliflower.
Beet and Pepper Salad.
Wafers. Cheese.
Raspberry Cream.
Coffee.

Scrambled Eggs With Peppers.

Break the desired number of eggs into a bowl; a proportion of three for every two persons being the best. Allow a tablespoonful of cream or water (not milk) to each egg and season to taste. Put butter in the frying pan and when it is hot turn in the eggs, stirring gently as they being to set. Pour in two sweet green peppers; chop fine, first removing the seeds, and stir as the eggs are setting. Serve on toast.

Veal Salad.

Take a cup and a half of finely-minced cold veal, add some finely chopped celery and cut lettuce. Season highly and mix well with a heavy mayonnaise. Cold lamb may be used in the same way in an emergency rush.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE FASHIONS

The steamer coats that are now being worn show the trend of fashions for the fall and winter seasons. These coats are almost without exception made up of double-faced materials.

Sometimes it is in two different colors, then again the one side is plain and the other checked. These coats require no lining and collar; revers and cuffs are simply turnovers displaying the contrasting material.

Some favorite combinations are gray and purple, navy blue and deep orange, navy and emerald green, violet and rose, and then the black with the various black and white combinations. These coats will be very popular next season.

White satin waists are again coming into favor. A new model shown in these is a blouse made up in the semi-tailored style. When worn with a white serge suit, as they will be, the effect is decidedly smart, and by fall the white satin blouse will be the correct thing to wear with any colored suit.

The newest raincoats have large, round or preferably the pointed, collars. High-class garments in this line have the graceful shoulder capes, and this graceful coat will no doubt prove very popular.

New advance models in shoes show the long vamp which is now a strong vogue in Paris. In tops the seven-inch height find preference, and these have from 14 to 16 buttons. One smart boot with a seven and one-half inch top has 18 buttons.

There is a noticeable increase in the use of bright blues in combination, both in costumes and dress accessories, but especially in millinery. In fact, it is quite safe to say that it is the leading color just now, but probably the other brilliant coronation shades will soon prove strong rivals for first place.

ADVERTISER PATTERNS

BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.

No. 8994 — A Dainty Combination — Corset Cover and Drawers in Princess Combination.

Sheer nainsook, with Valenciennes lace and insertion, produced pleasing results in this garment. It may also be made of nainsook, with hand-worked scallops on the ruffle and neck, and armseye edges finished in the same way. The model is made on princess lines, and is comfortable and up-to-date. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 4 1-4 yards of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name .....

Street Address .....

Town .....

Province .....

Measurement—Bust..... Waist.....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only charge 10c, or whatever it may be. When it is waist measure, 12, 20, or whatever it may be, is a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "bust" or "waist." Patterns cannot reach you if less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

IN FASHION'S REALM

Next in importance to the present rage for shot taffeta for the dressy tailor-made costumes, is the preference for stripes, and for summer wear white is used either in the stripe or the body of the material. All-white silk serge costumes, with white crochet or Venise lace over-collars on black chiffon, are exquisite. Next in choice are those of indigo blue and white, garnished with large white revers of mousseline, crepe, satin, or moire—and even of white suede. Sometimes the revers form a part of a deep sailor collar of plain satin inlaid with white Venise lace, and having an overlapping hem of the plain satin.

Such tempting and picturesque productions in the way of tea gowns and negligees are now being offered in the shops that one must be a feminine stoic to resist their beauty and chic. A positive novelty this season is the three-quarter length dressing sack, which is a distinct change from the short ones customarily fashioned. These are made of messaline, crepe de chine, flowered taffeta, crepe cloth, or plain habutai, and are elaborately trimmed with lace and pretty ribbons. Worn with a silk petticoat of matching tone, they are cool and pleasant for negligee purposes, being wide as to sleeves, and usually unseamed below the arms' eyes.

Plain tailor-made linen costumes are always with us, and the conventional two-piece costume of former years has apparently returned with new life and vigor, but the smartest linen frocks are now very dressy affairs, being covered with embroidery, reticella drawn work, insets of heavy lace, and most bewildering decorations of all sorts. Color on white linen gowns is not encouraged, although one sees a lot of it on the blouses worn with them. Black velvet, however, is featured in collar and buttons.

Correspondence

Edited by Cynthia Grey.

Dear Miss Grey: 1 How does one clean black Panama hats? 2. What do you think of a girl who goes out driving after 10 p. m. with a young man? 3. Give recipe for face lotion. 4. What will keep the hair from falling out?

A READER.

A.—1. Use alcohol. Brush hat with old toothbrush dipped in the alcohol, and go over it thoroughly. 2. She is indiscreet, to say the least. 3. Lactic acid, 2 drachms, glycerine, ½ ounce, 1½ drachms essence of white rose, 1 drachm tincture of benzoin, and enough water to fill a 6-ounce bottle. Mix the acid and glycerine with the water, and add the rose and benzoin which have been previously mixed. Apply daily. 4. Pure vaseline rubbed into the scalp once a day stimulates the growth of the hair. Shampoo frequently to keep hair from becoming too oily.

Dear Miss Grey: I am a girl of 18. My ears always have been prominent and they are a great humiliation to me as I am called "donkey," "flop-ears" and such names. I've read that this deformity can be cured. Do you think this is true? MISS N.

A.—It's too bad you are so sensitive about this. If people are so heartless as to comment on your appearance—why, drop them from your list of acquaintances. They are not worth the friendship of any self-respecting person. Is there any fault of appearance that would be half as bad as a nature so cruel as to criticise one who is (in her own mind) unfortunate? Don't worry. Try dressing your hair so that your ears are not so noticeable. That's easy to do in this day of fluffy hair.

PATTERN BAG.

To the woman who does her own sewing a pattern bag is a necessary article. A simple and commodious one is made of green denim or other firm material. There are two rows of pockets of the same material and deep enough to conceal the pattern well. The edges may be bound with tape of a deeper shade and tape hangers or rings stitched at each corner allow it to be hung on the door or wall space. The contents of each pocket are made known by the name being embroidered thereon—coat, kimono, lingerie, shirtwaist, skirt or fancy articles.

WOMAN TO WOMAN.

The woman who for any reason cannot get on with women is preparing for herself a lonely old age. She may be beautiful, witty, a favorite with the men, yet there are times when she realizes that in one sense she is a failure. She asks herself whether one of the most tangible forms of success is not to get on with people. And the greater success—as she also begins to observe—is to get on with women. To get on with men is much less distinguished, for the odds are all in her favor. Men are not critical in their attitude toward her, and respond quickly to attention or kindness, seldom questioning the motives underlying either, as members of her own sex are prone to do, says "Woman's Life." It seems impossible for a certain class of women to be fair to women; ergo, it is equally impossible for them to get on with other women.

BLACK CHIFFON COLLARS.

The idea of wearing shapely collars of black hemstitched chiffon cloth is attractive. The collars are put on white blouses, on light-colored marquisette gowns, on black frocks when they are overlaid with a shallow collar of white Irish lace or white chiffon cloth; also hemstitched.

These collars are not always in strict sailor shape. They vary considerably. The points may run out to the sleeves and the back and front, cut off in straight lines. Again, the collar may be as deep as a bib in the back and sharpened off to points in front. One can buy them in the shops, but it is better to buy the hemstitched materials by the yard and cut them according to the desire of the wearer.

.... JULY ....

CLEARANCE SALE

Clearing all Cotton Foulards at.....20¢

Embroidered Handkerchiefs, hemstitched and scalloped edges. Regular 25c each. Clearing at .....3 for 25¢

Gloria Silk Parasols, 12-inch handles, mission wood, inlaid in pearl and German silver. Regular $3.00 value. Clearing at....$1.69

Counter-Tossed Fine Embroidery Underskirts, deep flounce, tucks and insertions, finished with dust frill.

$3.00 VALUES, CLEARING AT...$2.25
$5.00 VALUES, CLEARING AT...$2.89

Stripe, Motor and Duck Suitings, 27-inch and 36-inch widths. Regular 15c and 20c. Clearing at .....9½¢

White Embroidered Linen Wash Belts, with buckle. Special at, each.....25¢

Allover Embroidery Kimono Waists, trimmed with guipure lace. Very special value at $2.25

Black Voile Skirts, handsomely trimmed with braiding, plaited or plain styles. Special values at.....$8.50 and $10.00

Mill End Table Linens, bleached and unbleached, clearing at very low prices.

STORE CLOSES AT FIVE O'CLOCK (EXCEPT SATURDAYS).

GRAY & PARKER

150 DUNDAS STREET. PHONE 1182

SCOUTS SEE O'TOOLE IN $20,000 CONTEST

St. Paul Prize Twirler Humbles Brewers as Major Agents Watch.

VICTORY IN LATE ROUNDS

Much-Sought Flinger Pulled Out of Hole By Swatting Teammates.

Milwaukee, July 15.—A king's ransom was at stake in the game today between Milwaukee and St. Paul, with O'Toole and Kelly, the Saints' battery, the prize. Pitching and catching before an assembly of major league scouts the star battery were trying to impress upon the multitude that they were worth $20,000, which the industrious press agents have claimed to have been the bid for the pair.

The latest offer in the field was from Barney Dreyfuss, of the Pittsburg Club, who sent an appealing telegram to the management of the St. Paul Club, asking that no deal be closed until it hears from him. President Comiskey, of the White Sox; President Murphy, of the Cubs, and Manager Bresnahan, of the St. Louis Cardinals, are all credited with having made fabulous offers for the two.

Scouts on Hand.

Among the wise men on hand today to watch them at work were Manager Duffy, of the Chicago American League Club and President Murphy of the Chicago National League Club and scouts for the Detroit and Cleveland teams.

As luck would have it O'Toole pitched the Saints to victory even after the Brewers had tied up the score in the fourth inning. His teammates pulled him out of the hole in the eighth inning by batting in two more runs and an extra tally in the ninth made it 6 to 3 in favor of St. Paul.

EASTERN LEAGUE.

Saturday.

At Baltimore (first game)—	R.	H.	E.
Newark .....2 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0—	4	12	2
Baltimore ....2 1 0 2 1 0 6 1 0—13	17	2	

Batteries—McGinnity, Shontz, Vowinkle and McCarty; Frock and Egan. Umpires—Wright and Halligan.

At Baltimore (second game)—	R.	H.	E.
Newark .....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1	0	2	
Baltimore ....1 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0—3	10	1	

Batteries—Boyce and Cady; Dygert and Egan. Umpires—Halligan and Wright.

At Providence—	R.	H.	E.
Jersey City ...4 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0—6	10	1	
Providence ...0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—2	10	4	

Batteries—Jones and Tonneman; Pierce and Fitzgerald. Umpires—Killian and Murray.

At Buffalo (first game)—	R.	H.	E.
Rochester ....0 0 1 0 5 0 0 0 1—7	10	2	
Buffalo .....3 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 1—6	9	3	

Batteries—Dessau, Holmes and Mitchell; Brennan, Merritt and McAllister. Umpires—Byron and Doyle.

At Buffalo (second game)—	R.	H.	E.
Rochester ....0 1 0 1 0 0 3 0 0—4	10	0	
Buffalo .....2 0 8 0 1 0 0 1 0—12	13	2	

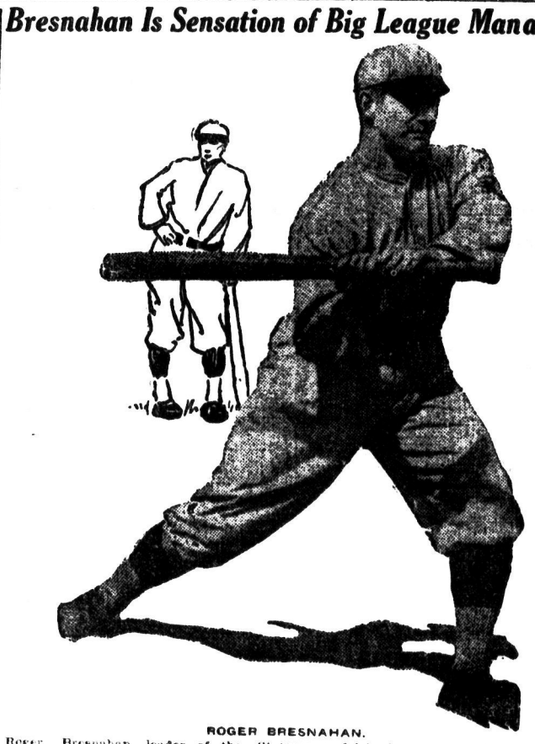
Batteries—Geiser and Jacklitsch; Stroud and Killifer. Umpires—Byron and Doyle.

Do Your feet burn or perspire?
Do they ache or swell?
Do they smart or blister?
Have they a bad odor?

FOOT ELM

Will give you prompt relief.
15 powders in box, package of Foot Bath Tablets with every box, at Taylor's Market Drug Store, Talbot street.

Bresnahan Is Sensation of Big League Managers



ROGER BRESNAHAN.

Roger Bresnahan leader of the St. Louis National League club, is the sensation of the National League this year. With a team picked to finish about seventh, he has forced the pace and has his Cardinals camped at the head of the second division with a lead of more than 100 points. Bresnahan is a graduate of the McGraw school; he is an aggressive, resourceful leader, and with but mediocre material is making every team step to win. His men admire his fighting spirit and seem imbued with it. Even if the Cardinals get no higher than they are at present, Bresnahan will have earned his salary, and his performance in landing them as high as fifth will be met with acclamations by the Mound City fans and baseball sharks everywhere.

BOSTON PLAYERS REFUSE TO PLAY

Herzog and Miller Declare They Will Quit Baseball Unless Demands Are Heeded.

THE FORMER FINED $300

For Alleged Indifferent Playing—Latter Wants More Salary.

Boston, July 16.—Charley Herzog, shortstop, and "Doc" Miller, right fielder of the Boston National League baseball team, went on strike last night, and declare they will quit baseball unless the management yields to their demands. Herzog is disgruntled because of a fine of $300 inflicted upon him for alleged indifferent playing and Miller refuses to continue on the job unless he gets additional pay. Both men have been putting up a great game here since the team returned from its last trip, and are among the leading batsmen of the league. Manager Tenney refuses to talk and President Russell, in a statement tonight, says he will not trade Herzog, remit his fine or raise his pay. In regard to Miller, Russell says he will trade him, but that he will not yield to his demand for more money and that discipline must be enforced.

Miller Demands It.

From St. Louis Miller wrote to Russell asking for more money, saying he would quit when the team reached Boston unless his demand was granted. Miller says Russell agreed verbally to give him $300 bonus at the end of the season. When the team was paid off in New [illegible] July 1, Herzog found in his cash [illegible] slope a note from Tenney saying [illegible] of $300 had been imposed upon [illegible] for indifferent playing and when the shortstop made inquiries Tenney said that if he played good ball he might remit the fine. Yesterday when the pay envelopes were passed around Herzog found he was still $300 out, and, believing that he had been playing good baseball during the past two weeks, he decided to quit the game and retire to his farm in Maryland.

PROGRESS OF WIRELESS.

By the law of the land no vessel carrying 50 or more persons, including passengers and crew, may leave any port in the United States on a voyage of more than 200 miles after July 1 unless it is equipped with wireless telegraph apparatus capable of transmitting and receiving messages over a distance of at least 100 miles, day or night, in charge of a competent operator.

Even without the strong encouragement, of the law, without any influence whatever beyond the cold logic of achievement, the world's installation of wireless telegraph apparatus had grown to a grand total of 1,520 stations on ship and shore, exclusive of foreign warships' amateur outfits up to Oct. 1, 1910, according to a directory compiled by the United States navy department. Of this total 821 stations were on steamships, yachts and tugs throughout the world. Of the shore stations the United States had 206, of which 88 were on the Atlantic and gulf coasts, 48 were on the great lakes, 51 on the Pacific coast, 16 in Alaska and three in the interior. The United States navy had 344 ship and 47 shore stations, the army 30 shore and 16 ship stations.

In 1909 the Marconi Company transmitted between ship and shore messages aggregating 519,000 words. The transatlantic business ranges from 50,000 to 75,000 words a week. The British postoffice department reported that in the three months ending Oct. 1, 1910, twice as many wireless messages were sent and received as in any other corresponding period. As the first step toward establishing a rang of wireless stations completely encircling the United Kingdom, the Government has bought the stations already in operation. The New Zealand Government recently asked for bids for erecting five wireless stations, while 15 new wireless stations now being constructed along the Amazon and Paraguay Rivers in Brazil will be in operation before the end of the year.