MERTONILY

to spot him surely and mark him down said; and again we let him alone.

four-room flat two stories above the little grocery heads rush out to blow themselves off with a .38upon a cabinet photograph of Clarence Q. Dooby, grief.

which leaned back passively in the garish clinch of a gilded metal frame. She no longer allowed her row and, man-fashion, we watched over him caresteady gray-blue eyes to sweep across and beyond tilly, thinking swiftly of how to keep him away are, through the patch of windowed day- from revolvers. light and into the blind land of her dreams. Mrs. Doeby had, at one stroke, deprived herself of all sitting on the center table and picking up the these things. To put it blankfy—and that is the vapid photograph.

way it came upon Clarence Q.—Mrs. Dooby had fied.

First it was a Tragedy; then it elongated itself twenty-eight.

into a Bore; then it flattened itself out into a Burlesque. I am not referring to the effect which with a glance out the window where Mrs. Dooby Olarence Q. had upon Mrs. Dooby—though doubt—had so often sat.

less she ran the gamut of exactly that trio of sen—Another sob crystallized into "Thirty." sations. I am speaking of the effect which the We murmured vague words of consolation. "She bereft husband had upon us at the office.

It was four days before Thanksgiving. The gentleman who gave advice to the lovelorn was on the city desk, while the regular city editor covered an honest political convention. He was arguing, with a short and peculiarly vicious pipe between his teeth. He was arguing with the chief taking to husband an eighteen-year-old Clarence Q. of the engraving department . . . a mere mat presents subtleties. I intimated as much, only deli-

by you can gauge a man, and one way and he stared at me. "This will pass," our eyes

is to observe his wife's pleasures.

It was Mrs. Dooby's pleasure to sit for long hours looking out of a window.

Let us go back and start over. Mrs. Dooby had wonder was why Dooby should still himself. Great wondered and polynomial processing the provided by the provided and polynomial processing to the provential pillow. Mrs. Dooby had left—for I knew Dooby—but my wonder was why Dooby should still himself. Great polynomial processing the provided and processing the forsaken that pleasure. She no longer tidied up the grief poisons our heads, I argued, and poisoned store. She no longer sat with pensive eyes fixed but the grief of Clarence Q. was not that sort of a

He are many infallible tests where— I'll get a gun and Mill myself." I stared at Dixie sent me two dellars and a half a week. You can anyway. She told me it was my temperament."

You can gauge a man, and one way and he stared at me. "This will pass," our eyes live cheap at that school, in the boarding club."

"Hm," said Dixie Mike, lighting a cigarette, "And I had a consuming curiosity about Mrs. Dooby. did this go on for ten years?" "How much salary did she get?" I asked. It was

brutal, but-we were all three reporters. "Fifteen dollars a month and her board around." He continued: "She'd been sent down into the "White Oaks' district. . . . That's poor white trash, you know . . . and they don't pay much, those school boards down there. Well, anyhow, I got through my juntor year and got a job on a little daily. He, he! That daily! One o' the printers said he could walk outside its circulation in five had had enough of partners.

fully, thinking swiftly of how to keep him away cles—in Dooby. He rambled a bit, giving us his and much heart in the partnership. Now, mind from revolvers.

"How long had you been married?" asked Dixie, sitting on the center table and picking up the oliverness in editorial phraseology, how he turned then was a brow and a neat dress and a chin—and sitting on the center table and picking up the over neat "paragraphs" in his head at breakfast (instead of talking home talk to his wife), how he acter, so I dragged the conversation back by the the secret that they murmured. Ten years of Doc-

He was getting ten dollars a week in a tewn of two thousand head, and he wanted to quit goins to school. (Clever editorials and politics.) But Em wouldn't hear of it. She used to sit and held his head in her lap and tell him to stick to it. She same sort which it would have done a woman good to hear-or not to hear, just as you look at it. He

same sort which it would have done a woman good to hear—or not to hear, just as you look at it. He was to be a great man, her great man.

He wrote three sonnets which, out of a possible hundred or thousand submitted, had been accepted by one of the great magazines in New York. The editor of this periodical was a far-famed sonneteer himself. He wrote Dooby a letter saying that the three sonnets "approacher" Keats in their "pagan wealth of imagery." Mrs. Dooby framed the letter. The verses were each given a full-page flustration when published. And Mrs. Dooby framed them. The other reporter-copy boy-editor-ad hustler went around town saying Dooby got "fifty dollars apiece for his poetry." And Mrs. Dooby let him. As a matter of fact the price was eight dollars per sonnet, and Dooby wrote, thought, dreamed nothing but sonnets and abbe rhyme schemes for six months, and talked of nothing but sestets to his wife when he should have been talking her how sweet she holded. But at the end of the six months he soid another sonnet, and his heart was on fire. At this time he was nineteen and babbled in his sleep of Keats and of Gabriel Rossetti, writer of the most perfect sestet in the singlish tongue.

She told him he was to theil the world with his poems. "Keep studying; that's all you need to do. I'll stay out and work. Maybe I can go to summer school." Dooby explained that they held summer school at his university for the tenders who have

ter of ornament. He objected to a star in the hair cately, out of respect for the—I almost said "dead," of a dark-eyed eighteen-year-old heauty, and wanted but I miss my guess if Mrs. Dooby was not, on the

it removed ere the picture, which the engraving department had lifted from a Buropean magazine, should be placed at the top of his column and isbeied "Dixie Davenport, Friend of the Loved and Leveless." The star, he deposed, was esotered.

Dooby looked at us solemnly. "Ten years," he ed. Then he made a sudden and unlooked for remark; "And now, she's gone off with another.

Measure it all up according to Clarence Q.'s standards, and that must have been her reason. But somehow I didn't think Mrs. Dooby had sloped with another partner. Somehow I fancied Mrs. Dooby

She would have been a good partner for a ten-But humor in Dooby was as rare as forearm mus- year-old boy, and there would have been horse sense then was a brow and a neat dress and a chin—a: two eyes. But these things spoke as a tree spea (instead of talking home talk to his wife), how he —she was the kind of woman that never would piddled in politics. But it was thirsting for char- have talked talky-talk, anyway—and I think I heard



by with the barometer of Hope going steadily down year by year. This I considered thoughtfully when he spoke of "another man." Also, there are things gone from a woman's heart in ten years, things lost which "another man" would demand. I shall never forget the time I heard a woman tell a man that he had shimmed the cream of her life when he preempted the years between twenty and thirty. There was something about the desperate ring of her vivid voice as she said it—"years that you ner any one, not even God, can give back to me."—that pierces the random confusion of blowing time school." Dooby explained that they held summer school at his university for the teachers who have to work all winter. Such students were scoffed at —"summer gogs" they were prettily called—by the lords of the long winter term.

Em did get a little more schooling the summer after Dooby—new studying the Greek Ode—graduated. When she came up for Commencement she rented his Commencement gown for him. Paid

tle whimpers and gulps—and she saw it. She did not refer to it. She merely leaned over the table and made one remark. It was said in quite a matter-of-fact tone of voice. "You are a very miserable little man, aren't you? Ve-e-ery miserable, and vecery little." That was all she said. Quite all.

And he told it to us just that way.

When the heart of love files, come to the humor. We took Clarence Q. down and we coddled and assuaged him all that night and the next day. There were exhortations to "be a man"; and Clarence Q. was dumb in the face of the urging. He stuck, heavily. Every time he threatened wearily to take his ewn life, we purchased him whiskyfor men are animal, and sentiment is oddly appeased in newspaper offices. His conversation was
tethered to that mournful and unanswerable "why?" and every time his brain plodded around

in the circle to that word again he obtained more strong drink. For this was Tragedy.

But there is an end to benefits. After thirtysix incessant, sodden hours it became a Bore. Dizie, as his City Editor pro tem., tried the anodyne of piling much work on the shoulders—and legs—of the bereft. No use. His spine had walked away from him, argued Dixie, when Mrs. Dooby made her escape. In another day it became a Burlesque; Clarence Q. was going fretfully about the hound that ran away with his wife," he said, and body. However, his method was quite obvious and crass. So, instead of giving him a Smith & Wesson, Dixie, with the poetical cruelty of a city editor, gave him the job of writing the Thanksgiving "story." And Dooby, instead, wrote a poem to his

arrival of Dooby with thirteen cents in his outside coat pocket.

In the silence of the night we bundled him aboard the last train, the pink ticket clutched in his little right hand. Then we looked at one another, and treated, and saw that it was good.

His name wandered on men's lips and the days passed unresponsive, until on the seventh thereafter a postal card came, signed "C. Q. D." It read:

"If the little woman comes back tell her there is a little home and a little man waiting for hes here."



Ecveless." The star, he deposed, was asserted. The engraving department called his column to the tevelorn a viler name; and withdrew triumphant.

And it was then that Clarence Q. Dooby came ever from his typewriter and asked Dixie if he was his friend. Dixie laid down his pipe, and, with "It happened at college—University of Missouri —my sophomore year; that's when him and I sot a voice that was modulated out of a long expen-sace with sundry small loans, tentatively admitted thought I was going to be a great poet; so did Em.

Or—well—If not that, something of the kind. That's
how I came to get a job on a newspaper." (Dixle
and I now began to understand why he had been
such a frost as a reporter.) "Well, as I say, we Dooby looked at him a moment intently. Then his chin gave in and he waited: "Mike"—that was Miss Davenport's real name—"Mibs, my wife has left me!" He fumbled with a paper-weight for a got married. My folks didn't like it—said I could have done better, and ought to've waited, and all that. But they were wrong. Em's the best woman I could have got." She undoubtedly was. "She E, too, had nothing to do for two hours, and so I went along; and so this story came to be written.

On the way up, Doody was morose. His thoughts were monetonous. His words were a dreary, chillwouldn't go near my folks after that, she said. Her folks-er-they didn't say anything. She was ing variation of the one theme: "Why has she one of a big family, you see. I suppose she was gone?"... "Why did she do it?"... "Why has my poor little Emma left me?"... "Oh, why?" kind o' lost sight of by them." He stopped.

peevishly. 'I don't know why I'm telling you this,
unless it's because she's gone away from me." ... "Why?" ... "Why?" And Dixie and I, out of More sobs. But I promised not to put them in. The rooms were tidy to a fleck; neat as a bird's "And then?" urged the sentimental compounder teathers. The rigid photograph of the stricken man of Dixie Davenpert's column of love advice. He stuck firmly to its accustomed pose and place; the was getting some raw material here, and I could

center table was a shiny disk; the windows see that the fever was on him.
"We had hard sledding of it during my junior flounced and accurate; the sharp little clock snipyear and my senior year. My folks wouldn't have much to do with me after I'd married. Em used strangely vacant. It was forlorn, as if recently to make extra money around the school, workin' on the life had gone out of the air there and left it maps in the geology department and fixing up little dinner cards and cotilion favors. She could paint faccid. The little husband looked around with a wrimper in his throat. "She's gone," he quavered a little-could've painted mighty well, the art instructor said, if she could've gone on with the work. But she had to stop. She tried it till Christmas and then she quit and got a job teach-Then be caught sight of a pair of her old shoes -the only negligent articles in the room-and this brought on a sobbing incoherence. "Fellows, I can't ing. She said I was the one that was goin' to be stand it"-and he looked it-"I tell you, I just simgreat, anyway, and that she'd be satisfied to work ely can't. I'll kill myself . . . that's what I'll do. if I only got ahead. So she taught school and

three dollars and a half for it. Dooby was full of edes—the Pindaric, the classic Cowley, the elephant footed labors of Ben Jonson—strophes, antistrophes, epodes. He despised Wordsworth; he adored Reats. And Em had for them eighty-seven dollars and six cents in the bank. Tears came Dooby was lazy or finicky or trying. None of these. He was simply unsatisfactory when viewed in the light of a possible three-score-and-ten years. Dooby was lazy or finicky or trying. None of these. He was simply unsatisfactory when viewed in the light of a possible three-score-and-ten years. Dooby was lazy or finicky or trying. None of these. He was simply unsatisfactory when viewed in the light of a possible three-score-and-ten years. Dooby was lazy or finicky or trying. None of these. dollars and six cents in the bank. Tears came could believe it—when he received his diploma. the baccalaureate speaker was saying those things about the graduates going out to conquer the world she just knew he was talking about her Clare. "She always did think I was going to conquer

the world. She said so time and time again after

that. She was the only one I had to go to for an-

down her cheeks—so Clarence Q. affirmed, and we was dreadfully important about the unimportant could believe it—when he received his diploma. things; a busy little soul, like a cockreach in a Afterwards she confided to him that all the time glass bettle. Mrs. Dooby had tried; she had broken the bottle, which only resulted in the consequent bewilderment of Clarence Q. So, carefully sweep-ing up the sherds of glass, Mrs. Dooby had strolled

By the way, how she had broken that bottle might be of interest. It happened one morning at breakfast. They ate late. Dooby was seedy and watery and trembly. He had been drinking—not as a strong man drinks, with gusto, but with lit-

"Come on up to the house with me."

Mike got up and said: "Sure."

respect for his grief; let him alone.

ped off the seconds with a clean, precise ticking

... and yet somehow the small, cozy flat seemed

"Wike, my wife has left me."

HEAW DRINKER CURED

| Find it all you claim it to be. I never think of taking or using strong drink in and uscessful use by physicians and not speak too highly of your won-full crawings of drink, and whose first thought is to help others, howes the spring of drink, and whose first thought is to help others, howes the spring of the season will independ and philanthropy. Read his letter:

"The Samaria Remedy Co., Toronto, Ont. "Will you please send me book on will be commanded to hand these to a first, you will remember that I have fashed you will remember that

couragement. She cheered me up whenever I lost a job . . . somehow I was always losing my job. But—then—you know how a newspaper man drifts.