Sitting By the Fleshpots — By Rita Weiman of mist, enveloped her. Her supple form floated in the midst of it like not him thirty. A resentment seized her each time thought a from floated in the midst of it like not him to the form floated in the midst of it like not him to the form floated in the midst of it like not him to the form floated in the midst of it like not him to the form floated in the midst of it like not him to the form floated in the midst of it like not him to the form floated in the midst of it like not him to the form floated in the midst of it like not him to the form floated in the midst of it like not him to the form floated in the midst of it like not him to the form floated in the midst of it like not him to the form floated in the midst of it like not him to the floated in the midst of it like not him to the form floated in the midst of it like not him to the floated in the midst

A Girl Is Accused By Her Lover of Being a Seeker After the Fleshpots-She Marries the Other Man, Who Gives Every Evidence of Being Wealthy-Then Fate Takes a Hand With Strange Result.

HEY had driven from the country club, utter silence between them—that thick. hard silence /hich can separate two you got back." who have never before been at a loss for words. The road leaped ahead was thin and empty. of them, speeding from their onrush like some live thing eager to escape. The gleam of wetness on its smooth surface, reflecting the green of over-The gleam of wetness on its smooth the coat of a serpent.

The eyes of the girl in the car had something of that wet greenness. They
were very cool—quite different from
"What do you propose to do the man's; his were burning.

The car spun up the driveway to helped the girl, without looking at for that."

"Tommy,"-she held to the hand a terrified breath, that would have dropped from hers, you can learn to be. We'll have to I don't want you to go from me with clear out of town for a while. I bitterness-"

He cut short the soft-spoken words. "What I feel is of no consequence. You've proved that."

"There-you see! You are .conthat. Tom-please. This is the last you. Hale's promised me that." demning me. And I can't let you do favor I'll ever ask of you." As if further discussion were too

the hall, into the library at one side, where a coal fire burned under the dulled marble mantel. The girl unwound the grey veil

lifted the hat, tossing it on a chair. for us. His friendship for you that misted from her motor hat. She and ran long, fine fingers through her burnished hair. There was such a mass of it that her head drooped, as if its weight were too heavy to carry. Her figure was so frail, so quite above the average, was start-

She started to pull a spindle-legged armchair toward the fireplace. The arm came off in her hand. She stuck it back into place with a jerk viciously resentful.

out knowing each other pretty thor- be so abrupt." oughly. Why, I can't remember the

"It came overnight. They've been in debt!"

Stringing along ever since I went "I do know! That was my sole to suffer through this break."

He laughed. He turned on her then I've been keeping them on their feet right to marry you until I could pull you'll get what you want and that not question. hadn't been for Moore's boy. He got security. My mistake consisted in want." us into a tight place—and skipped, thinking you cared enough to wait It's taken every penny I could lay too." hands on to stave off the police investigation."

"How is it - I didn't know a word?" "You were off in China, and I ounted on vour not seeing Didn't want the blow to strike until

"That was nice of you." Her voice

Not a Good Gambler

hanging branches, might have been Her husband! The man whose future she had promised to cherish as her own! Gropingly she brought a

"What do you propose to do?" "Try to pull something out of it and start again. I've made and lost age, and pulled up at the steps in an more than one fortune in my life. A abrupt halt. The man stepped down, good gambler has to be prepared

"I-I'm not a good gambler." It was

Long Island and have it renovated." "You want me to bear that humiliation, too! Bankruptcy-disgrace -Her voice broke sharply. "There will be no disgrace, I told

Like an electric flash, a zigzag of

much for him, he followed her into lightning, the name shocked across her consciousness. "Hale?" she repeated. "Yes. He's been appointed receiver.

I know he can be depended upon to settle things the best way possible Her whole being suddenly galvanized, charged with fury.

"His friendship! Do you know what you did? You took me away from his love-the love I've always naddelicate in outline, that her height, made be sell myself to you! And now year. I want to have a perfect de-taken off his topcoat—and went to vessel in which flesh is cooked; visit to Lake Placid, where she had you've cheated me-robbed me of bauch of extravagance, of buying the door. everything worth having!" veins on his face a sharper blue.

Evelyn's Confession

HE last words were barely came on the heels of a sharp laugh. wonder. His gaze centered on the un-"You think I'm hard and calculating, changing firelight as if to question it. Tommy, But I'm merely honest. Other girls would make all sorts of excuses with each other. You don't really "I's

oughly. Why, I can't remember the time I haven't known you—loved you."

"Gone—to the wall?" she mumbled.

"He moved to the other side of the room, stood staring out the window at the trees bright with early autumn.

"Look at that lawn, Tommy!" She in fact—I'd rather not, Evelyn. I've the wall?" what's a Fleshnot? "Gone—to the wall?" she mumbled.
"In other words—I'm broke."
She stood for a second without moving, staring down at the man of this whole house. We're a wreck moving, staring down at the man of this whole house. We're a wreck found the one woman. Let's gently line to be desired. Therefore he moving staring down at the man of this whole house, were a found the one woman. It ing to be desired. Therefore he close the book of poems—and open systematically set about winning her.

were wabbly-and I didn't know it. drag along. I didn't think I had the -we'd have kept going, too, if it you out of this hole into a sense of when you get it, it will be all you

> "I did care-I do! But dear-I got so that I hated living. I'm sick of of making clothes do from year to



Evelyn's maid started to unpack her bags. "Send her away," Sam said abruptly.

verything worth having!"

His small eyes grew smaller, the reins on his face a sharper blue.

batch of extravagance, or only a sharper of things I was made for and never things I was made for an only a sharper blue.

spoken. In them was a kind of you want! We all want them at one You can't build a new house out of closed the book. time or another. In one form or an- wreckage, good bargain in selling ourselves for as fastidious as he was fat. That is

Evelyn. Two people—a man and a tent or quality of my affection. The woman—couldn't be as close as fact remains—you don't want it."

about the way I tent toward into Any when he took one of the show places other girl would. But he knows I had known the Crosby Grosvenors don't love him, and frankly I don't for generations. He had selected the

pelling quality of his gaze.

"Don't Go Like That"

gether. There had never been that hardening of muscles—and siany proposal-Tom Hale had never actually asked her to be his wife. lence! It had been an accepted fact, almost since the days when two reddish pigtails had swung out behind her as as it catapulted down the drive. She they raced along the roads. Evelyn could almost feel the grip of hi Grosvenor had not been beautiful hand on the wheel, that grasp which then. Long and lanky, would have could be tender, or hard as iron-described her—slightly freckled, with forceful or sympathetic, but always

had always been lovely.

said at last. "I know I seem heart- the wisest course. less. But I couldn't go through in In a torrential wave, the vision of my married life what I've gone her life during the twenty-five year through all these years as a girl. of it swept over her. As far back We'd both be terribly unhappy. And as she could remember, there had I don't want to be blamed for your been bickering behind aristocratic unhappiness as well as my own."

other would. This is just your ing short of vulgar!

curt laugh.

He clipped short the sentence, his voice haggard as his eyes.

"Pride-eh? Well, suppose we let t go at that! Marriage, I dare say, is a question of economics, not ethics -to a woman. And you appear to be working out your problems sat- tionably as did Tom Hale, had look isfactorily. So we'll let mine go by ed up into Evelyn's weeping eye

A slight sob came into her voice.

"At least, the man I'm going to you feel that anyone he cares for will marry is more generous than you. I never be-alone." told him I'd cared for you ever since we were children. He knows had murmured. that in giving you up, I'm making a great sacrifice. We understand each other perfectly. He wants a wife who's decorative to lavish his money on-that's just what I'm giving him. Tom, can't we go on being friends? What's to prevent it?"

For answer he looked down at the slender hand. He looked up at the foundation for stone walls," was the greenish eyes with moisture touching their lashes, with something that suggested visions in their depths. He sands, aren't they?" looked from the halo of gold down the entire ethereal length of her to fensive note in Peggy's soft voice. She the tips of her grey slippered foot moved toward the dusty bookthat made no sound as she walked. shelves. She scanned the seldom Stuff of dreams! His dreams! And touched volumes. Then the long

He picked up his cap-he had not

dulgence."

self-denial, I guess. But I've got to ed in the doorway—"there is one have them; that's all!"

ed in the doorway—"there is one the fleshpots and...did eat bread to didn't seem as plain as Evelyn had

to say, he was quite willing to pay I Love!" and the church was dim Evelyn dress for a costume dinner for what I'm doing. I'm telling you the truth."

"Td have seen through excuses,"

"Suppose we don't discuss the extention of the structure of woman—couldn't be as close as fact remains—you don't want it."
we've been for so many years with"That's not fair: And please—don't believe he loves me."

don't love him, and frankly I don't for generations. He had selected the believe he loves me." She noted the wincing pain that purpose he had achieved—the acqui-He moved to the other side of the shot across his face, making muscles sition of a wife whose exquisite

debt! If you knew how deep we're "That's boostly of you! You're Without the slightest pretense of acting as if you were the only one sentiment, he had allowed the silent of the church sat two dim figures. With that puzzled measurement. The world began to "All I wish you, Evelyn, is that questioningly at Tom. Only Tom did

More than once Evelyn wished he would-it might have paved the way She could not stir from the com- for the break she knew was coming And it had come. With no outward emotion from him-just a hard, dry gasp in every word he spoke, as of "Has it—has it been in the papers?" aristocratic rags, Tommy! I'm sick THEY had planned so much to- something beaten to death and struggling to live. A stunned look,

> Watching him from the window now her moist gaze followed the car understanding. She sighed. Better But to the boy who loved her she that she and Tom should part whil love was still a dream! For his sak "I know I've hurt you, Tom," she as well as her own, she had chosen

portals. Mother, hard-lipped and "No-of course not!" He gave a fine-lined, abused and explanatoryconstantly at each other's throats "You mean-I'm responsible for it and always about money! Scrimpin now. But this won't last-and the and starving in a way that was noth-

> Her father, too lazy to move when he could escape it, had gonflabbily to sleep in a frayed armchair and remained there.

The day following his death, Peggy Craven, the girl who in lesser degree adored her as blindly, as unqueswith her longing dark ones.

"You've got Tom, Evvy dear. He'l Her fine fingers interlaced nervous- be like some great stone wall between you and trouble. Somehow he make "Tom's desperately poor," Evelyn

"But of course he won't always

'What exquisite optimism!" Evelyn ad observed with a sigh. "If you love him, how can you help elieving in him?" was Peggy's simple philosophy. "Poverty is a desperately sandy

"Well, the pyramids are built of She had been shocked at the de-

slowly turned its pages. "'Fleshpot,'" she read, "'-a pot or lyn moved forward.

plenty; high living. Any sensual in- gone for the winter sports. There

"In the land of Egypt...we sat by The blood delicately tinted ner skin She frowned in puzzlement and always known her to be.

"O Perfect Love!"

THE organ chanted "O Perfect dropped in to tea, staying on to watch

The air was weighted with just the amount of solemn suspense suited to the occasion, ready to be roused to animation at the appearance of the "BE honest, Peg! Don't you resent my happiness—a little bit?"

"You think I wanted you to be "Prosperity agrees with you, Evelyn," he said. "You've put on weight, and it gives you a look of reality that and it gives you a look of reality that and it gives you a look of reality that are the personal routh she wanted to see in them. ethereal bride.

Outside on the wet avenue, pushing close to the red-and-white awning, surged the sort of crowd that sill stand hours in the rain for a glimpse of the woman whose trousseau they have been reading about for weeks past. Policemen rigidly maintained the dignity of authority. magnificently staged.

feels about me-now?" cal—a blankness assumed, a mask to Evvy? You cut him out of your for six months Evelyn had tried to live according to strict regime. Walkcover thought. The man's eyes did reckoning a year and a half ago."

The man's eyes did reckoning a year and a half ago."

One never cuts old friends out of live according to strict regime. Walking instead of driving, a canter in the id not move from him.

"Man is an odd animal," he said him as I ever was—in a different eyes searching the more to himself than to her. "Won- way; that's all."

n't run away and hide." "No, curiosity, rather! I didn't be- discovered that he was too valuable to make excuses to herself for sideieve she'd go through with it." to let go."

The girl reached over a small hand, ouched his clenched one.

"Splendid!" remarked Evelyn—then casually: "Have you been seeouched his clenched one. "Tom-I wish I could do something, ing much of him?"

I—I've suffered too. I think it's "Not much—hopody it's take two weeks off to come to Placid. "No-it's wisdom, Peg. It's the We had great skating and skiing." thing she wants—and she's grabbing t. Dare say each one of us has Evelyn.

something we'd about sell our souls or. Mine is success—now. What's work seems to agree with him." "Not to be lonely," was whisper- French fingers of her maid with a gesture of impatience.

"Lonely?" He swung about, leoked own at the plain little face, the ensitive lips that were not quite hands dropped.

"You think that's a poor sort of mbition, don't you? You see," she added, "a girl like me gets her joy of the filmy pegnoir slide from iving from reflected glory. I wasn't white shoulders and stretched ber orn to be popular or sought after or arms outwar !.

"Evelyn," he supplied.

"Maybe that's why I love beauty breathed Eeggy Craven. " More beautiful than ever, since you've -because I haven't it. When I see taken on a little weigh." -in any form-something just "Taken on weight? What do you hokes me. And I'd give anything in mean?" he world for some one at that monent to share that vague something pounds heavier than when you came that hasn't any real name." "Yes, it has-romance."

"Maybe that's it. I've adored Eve- "Absurd! How can you imagine yn so-because she was everything such a thing:" couldn't be. Why, your happiness, Evelyn studied the long lines of your romance, if you like-was al- her lissome figure as the maid most my own. That's why-this-is draped it in delicate gauze and such a terrific, horrible blow!" The tones of the organ swelled And a little catty!

ouder, a pean of glory. A dove- She returned to Peggy with a grey limousine slid close to the curb. scintillant smile-for the first time From it stepped a white-sandaled in their long association, a smile of foot. The crowd held its breath, patronage. Evelyn Grosvenor's limpid eyes "My dear, it's sweet of you to draw parely glanced at it; then the lashes my attention to it. But I don't think I shall have to diet-just yet."

Her brother fairly lifted her across he wet space, up the steps, through rising as if Evelyn had told ber to the wide arched doorway. She drop- go. "I said you were lovelier than ped the cloak, loosely held, into the ever." arms of her maid. Her mother ran a hand over the filmy folds of veil, then lightly kissed Evelyn's cheek BECAUSE Evelyn did not believe Peggy Crayer, she forget the and disappeared on the arm of an

A Contented Bride

THE organ sent forth the trishe was going to marry Sam Par- white fingers drew forth one and umphant strains of the wedding road to success! A pity it had taken march from "Lohengrin," and Eve- him so long to prove himse ! Sh-

those assembled.

passed between them.

cuying clothes.

over. She was absolutely content.

"You act sometines, Peg," she

Taking on Weight

"Madame-pardon!"

Meeting Tom Again

did not stop to consider the fact that,

to overlook.

"Undine!" murmured one.

succeed without her.

"Great Scott," exclaimed a bosom friend of the groom, "is she real?"

For several months she struggled with the inclination to test him out. "Well," observed his companion, It never occurred to her to test her-"every man to his fancy, but hanged self. She was quite secure! It was curiosity that eventually prompted Up the aisle on her brother's arm, a note asking him to drop in to with eyes downcast Evelyn glided, luncheon the following Sunday. She thrilling, consciousof the stir she was wanted a bit of a talk with him Sam creating, of the stir she would always was away on business-quite by create now that she had come into chance, of course-and they would

be alone. The twelve ushers separated, six His reply was as brief as it was on either side of the aisle. Evelyn non-illuminating. His sincere regrets, but he was golfing Sunday. She did It had all been carefully rehearsed, not hesitate to give him an alternaand it went off smooth as magic.
"-to love and to charish," signed week? She was tired and a .ireside chat with an old friend would Samuel repeated the words-then so welcome. She would call bin: to morrow to find out what night would Back in the dimness of a rear pew suit him. It was couched in most

two faces turned from the altar, casual, most impersonal terms. If he Their eyes met, And though neither refused under these terms, it must one of them knew it, their hands be because he was afraid of her. But his voice next lay was firm Sam Partridge took his bride to the and quiet as he asked if to morrow

Pacific coast, thence on a trip round night would suit her. the world. Rather, they tripped She had put on white for him-through the Orient, stopping long Tom had always loved her in white enough to buy embroideries and —and pearls round her white throat. jades in Japan and China, and jew-She entered the drawing-room, both enough to buy embroideries and jades in Japan and China, and jew-els in India. Both were eager to get hands swept out to him. He took one the tiny elevator, then to her room. to the fashionable resorts of Europe. of them, shook it heartily, dropped Her maid started to unpack her At Aix, Evelyn took the town by it.

storm while Sam took the waters. In Paris, Evelyn tangoed to nome tunes while Sam hobarbboed with home cronies. And of course an im- She led the way toward the double

mense amount of time was consumed doors at the far end. "The library is cosier. Shall we try Evelyn landed in New York with it?"

twenty-five trunks, twelve jewel-boxes and a look of alls-well-with the-world.

They sat before an intimate fire until dinner was announced, it was served in the breakfast-room at an The fragile Mrs. Samuel Partridge intimate little table. In the atmos promptly became the material with which society editors padded lean all save Tom's attitude. There was columns. Her life of luxury was about that a friendly impersonality complete, her cup of comfort brimmed most disarming.

She congratulated him on his new Of Tom Hale she saw nothing. Her affiliation with his old firm.

"It was rather sudden, wasn't it?" ews of him came through Peggy Craven, who occasionally accepted she inquired. "No. I've been specializing in the invitations to her parties, but who seemed to have drifted from her since bankruptcy end of the game for added her marriage. Peggy was just as full several years." "You never mentioned it."
"Didn't I?" caught in her eyes a look of puzzled

Trouble Ahead

T was a noncommittal question observed, "as if you thought I hadn't the right to be so happy." "How did you find out now?" Peggy had just returned from a "Peggy told me." "Good old Peg!" he smiled.

"Do you see much of her?" "I don't see much of anyone. I'm eyes, and more light in their look something of a slave, but I like it."

"The law is your mistress?" she didn't seem as plain as Evelyn had put suggestively. "The law is my master," he cor-

rected.
"Must you go?" head under the hands of the French head under the hands of the French maid and stared at Peg. She had deepend in to the desired at Peg. She had morning at eight." It was exactly as if he had yawned.

bers. He stood looking into it a mothat, any way you look at it. Let's ment, then at her, and his eyes held face facts—we'll have to, from now the personal touch she wanted to see on.

unhappy?" the swift question an- makes you a very stunning woman."

said it as he shook her hand irritated her worse—and this is our chance to

the reckoning. I'm as interested in park every morning-not dancing until she almost fainted from more to himself than to her. "Wonder why I've come."

"Pride," she answered softly.

"You're a soldier, Tom. You would"You're a soldier, Tom. You wouldhim a partnership. He was going to home of the partnership. He was going to home out for himself, and they

branch out for himself, and they But only for a time! She began stepping the thorny path. The truth

Tulle shot with crystal, like a veil after all, Tom wasn't much mort floated up the aisle in misty tulle than thirty.

Torm floated in the midst of it like A resentment seized her each time "For heaven's sake, why don't you

And more than once Evelyn turned the sense that he had no right to to him, the dreams gone from her green eyes, and blazed:
"If anyone needs that advice, I

should say take a look at Sam Par-"I'm Broke"

tridge!"

T HEY weren't pretty, those scenes, and Evelyn hated them scenes, and Evelyn hated them -so much so, that she began to hate the man whose name she bore.
She went to Newport. She went abroad. She went to the coast and

thence to the Orient.

Meanwhile her husband played round New York and the vicinity. At

tensive. On Evelyn's return from the Orient her husband met her at the Grand-Central and she noticed instantly a change in his appearance. He was disheveled. He had the peculiar look of lack of concern that marks the appearance of those whose minds are

"What's wrong?" she asked, as soon as soon as she had sunk into the cushions of her car.
He said nothing.

"Sam," she prompted, this time more anxiously, "for heaven's sake, what's happened?" "Better wait till we get home," was

bags. "Send her away," he said abruptly. When the girl had gone, Evelyn tossed her hat and coat on a chair,

and dropped on the chaise-longue.
"You might have let her get me out of these things," she said petu-"Might as well learn to get out of them alone," was his answer.

She looked up quickly. "What do you mean?" "Just what I said. Things have cannened since you left-deuced uncomfortable things!"

He strode the room's length and

back without looking at her. Because of the moment's tensity, he began with more or less of a triviality. "I didn't write you—but I've sold the cars—except the one that brought us up, and that will probably have to

go soon. We're getting rid of this house, and the Newport one, too," he added. "I've been waiting for you to get back to close the deal. Your signature is needed, and the new own-ers want to take possession of both the first of the year."
"Sam!" She was on her feet, breathless.

"It's got to be done-sorry!-and quick. My cash is all tied up in Moore & Company—and Moore & Company have gone to the wall. "Cheated you, eh? And you me a square deal, I suppose? married me for my money—I knew that. I wanted you—and I was wil-ling to pay. But what did I buy? An

to-day?" He indicated the pier-

She did not turn her head. Her voice was strangled. "I didn't know —you could be so—vulgar."
"If I buy a thoroughbred," he came back, "I don't look for a truck-horse. Our proposition wasn't different from

Her head with its gleaming crown

went higher.
"I might have gone through with this—like the thoroughbred you bought me for," she returned with the voice of judgment. "But you've made that impossible. I can't live with two you longer and keep my self re-

"Has Tom ever told you how he her.

The moment he had gone, she excited now—upset! Better t Peggy met the urgent eyes, again with that puzzled measurement.

"Why should that interest you, Evyvy? You cut him out of your."

The moment ne had gone, she excited now—upset! Better think it glanced up and down the length of her figure. A sudden, chilling wave of horror seized her. He was right!

The moment ne had gone, she excited now—upset! Better think it over."

He went to her desk, brought her a letter from the top of the pile that

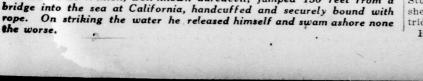
> he remarked irrelevantly. On by one, the words smiled up at er as if with curling lips: Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Craven daughter, Margaret Ruth

"This was addressed to us both,"

Mr. Thomas Porter Hale On Thursday, November the twenty-third, Nineteen hundred and



Charlot's far-famed London Revue, a collection of England's prettiest girls, recently arrived on this continent for its first invasion. Photograph shows a group of members of the famous chorus.



Albert de Winton, well-known daredevil, jumped 150 feet from a