

a good deal, as well it might.

"May I sit beside you again?" he asked, when they boarded the Lexington car. Without waiting for a reply, he put himself on the side opposed to the feather.

"Well," she said, in a tone that indicated that she had given up some sort of struggle with herself, "inasmuch as we seem doomed to travel to the Pacific Coast together, and as the rest of the world seems to avoid us as if we were a leper colony—" Her eye fell on the gilt letters that proclaimed the ownership of the card case he was just opening. "Are you Robert Ardsley?" she demanded.

"Yes."

She jumped and then shrank away from him. "Good heavens, I'm glad I found that out." She added with a stiffness, "I'm Barbara Bennett. That's why you looked so familiar. I've

seen dozens of pictures of you taken with Dick."

"Barbara Bennett!" He stared open-mouthed. "Of course! That picture of you and Rhoda hung in our room in college for two years."

SHE straightened herself up, and her face, turned directly to him, was freezing in its look. "And of course as Rhoda Wrentham's best friend, I must refuse—absolutely—to have anything to say to the man who is responsible for her unhappiness."

"I—responsible for her! I don't know what you're talking about, Miss Bennett. I had nothing to do with their broken engagement. Dick talked the matter over with me—the way a man talks things over with his chum—and I gave him my advice when he asked it. But as

for being responsible for their broken engagement—you're quite mistaken! Upon my word you are, Miss Bennett."

"Unfortunately," the lady's tone had all the clearness and coldness of an icy mountain stream, "Dick happened to quote to Rhoda some of the things you said. She came straight to me with them. I heard the whole story in silence. But of course when she got down on her bended knees and asked my advice, I couldn't withhold it from her."

"So I understand. Dick is strongly under the impression that if Miss Wrentham had not been tampered with—by outside forces—"

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning you, if you wish—that their engagement would never have been broken."

"Of all things! Why, I maintained so judicial an attitude through it all that I nearly exploded. And all the time I was simply dying to tell Rhoda just what I thought of Dick Yerrington. A man who while he is engaged to one girl goes off automobiling in a party that contains another girl to whom he has been markedly attentive in the past, and to simply load that girl with attentions until everybody in the party was talking about it and coming home and hinting and alluding to Rhoda—and pitying her. Well, I've my opinion of him."

"Miss Bennett, that's simply ridiculous. You know that Dick would never have gone off with that party if Rhoda—if Miss Wrentham had not gone to the Ryders' week-end when Bob Harmon was a member of the party. Everybody knows that Bob Harmon was desperately in love with her, and that he said he never would give her up until she was married to Dick. No man wants his girl skylarking with a man like Harmon."

"Oh, indeed," said Miss Bennett, hotly. "Well, when people think they know so well what is good for other people, and the other people know they are perfectly competent to take care of themselves, and the people keep restricting the other people's liberty by their silly, offensive, and unmanly jealousy, and the other people are as patient, forbearing, and decent as they can be—and still other people keep interfering with the people and the other people—it's about time, I say, for the people to break their engagement with the other people."

With a corrugated brow Mr. Ardsley considered this for an instant. Then he roared. "What's the answer?" he asked, finally.

She turned from him with a movement full of the rage that she was trying to repress. "It's not necessary for me to say again, I hope, that I absolutely decline the honor of your acquaintance."

His face grew serious. "Certainly not!" he said, with emphasis. Lifting his hat he strode down the car to a seat in the corner. There, hunched against the window, he stared out at the approaching scenery.

THE gale had by no means gone down—rather it had increased. The car was going at top speed. It bounced up and down the tracks, jerked around corners, and seemed occasionally to vault the crossings. Doors rattled and windows shook. Miss Bennett and Mr. Ardsley continued to occupy it in frigid silence and isolation. Because of his superior weight, he was able to present a dignified appearance, but the girl was thrown back and forth in her seat. The fresh Massachusetts country slid by like a moving-picture show. The trees, mere green blurs, marched with the flying car. The hills seemed to be playing a dizzy game that confused the background. Memorials to American patriotism slipped into the picture and were lost out of it.

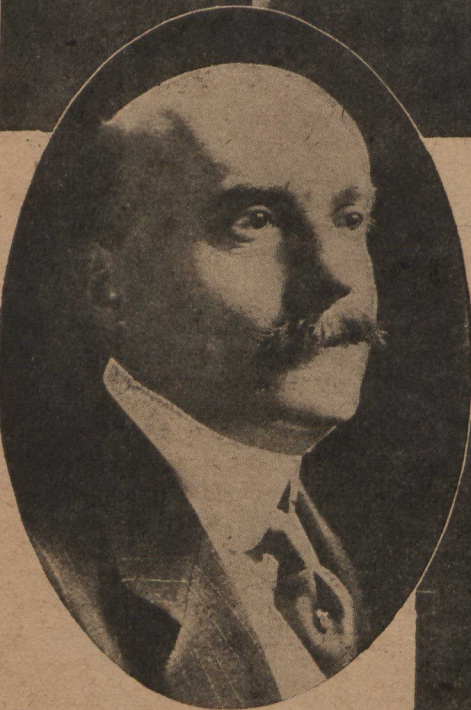
Suddenly Ardsley jumped. "I think I ought to tell you, Miss Bennett," he called over the hubbub, "that I'm going out to the Paul Revere House in Concord to meet Dick Yerrington. He came on unexpectedly for a day or two and he invited me out for a game of golf. I thought

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Just Naturally—Want to Know Them



HIS Excellency the Duke at the furthest north point of his itinerary, photographed at Edmonton; Lieut.-Governor Brett of Alberta; next to him, Her Worship Magistrate Murphy (Janey Canuck) of the Women's Police Court; to the right, Mrs. M. Macdonald, C.O. Women's Volunteer Corps, Edmonton.



BOLOISM is supposed to have an able prop in Joseph Caillaux, ex-Premier of France, named in the French Chamber of Deputies in connection with the German underground system radiating from Geneva. It was Mme. Caillaux who some years ago shot Gustus Calmette, editor of Le Figaro.

AT once you note her as a woman of great force of character, serenity and kindness—coupled with first-class ability. She is the highest-rank woman officer in the British Army; Mrs. Chalmers Watson, M.D., chief controller of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps of 4,000 workers. Besides—in the matter of ability—sister of Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the Admiralty.

