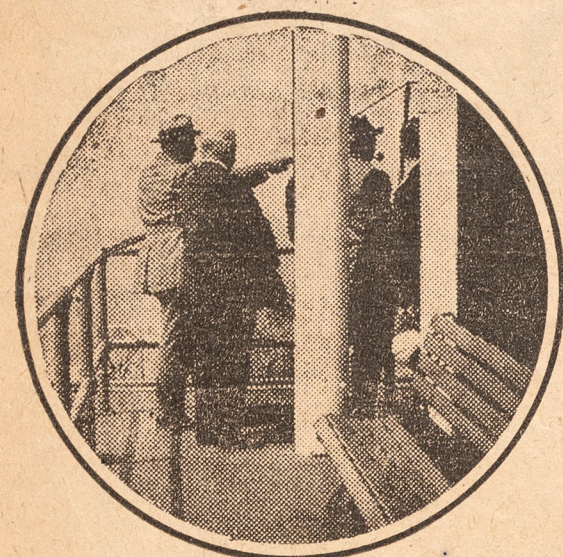
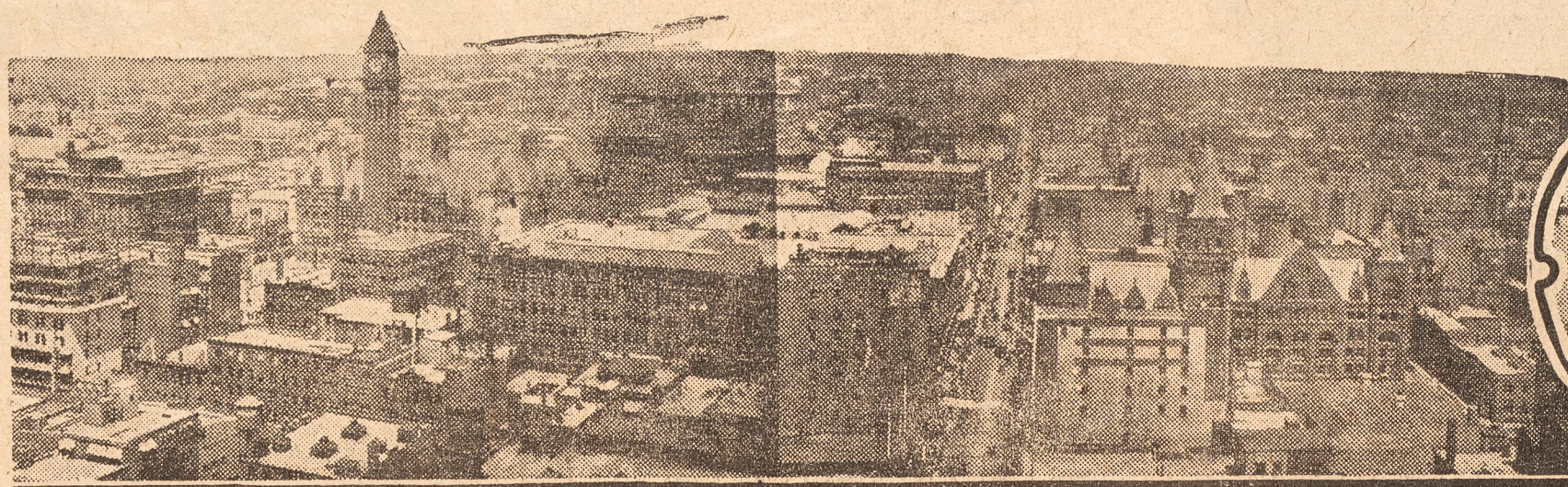


VACANT ACREAGE DOWNTOWN--BUT IT'S ON THE ROOFS



View from Board of Trade promenade, top of Royal Bank Building.



How Toronto looks from top of Royal Bank Building.



Relaxation in roof garden on top of a downtown Toronto store.

Large Areas With Cool Breezes and Lots of Light Available But Toronto Has Not Yet Seen Necessity For New York's Expedient of Bungalow Building on Top of Skyscrapers

By A. K.

WHY send your children to the country for the Summer? Why not send them up on the roof, where they'll be quite as cool and safe from mosquitoes and poison ivy?

These are the questions city-dwellers will be asking themselves in a few years, if the growing craze for living on the roof continues to grow at its present pace. It originated in big American cities—this craze, where roofs are high and broad and many. And it has gone so far in the last little while that in New York people are actually building honest-to-goodness, year-round bungalows on the tops of office buildings.

THIS custom has not yet reached Toronto. Investigation by a Sunday World writer revealed the reassuring fact that Torontonians still live in Toronto—not above it. We are a conservative people. We find it hard enough to go down two flights of stairs to fix the furnace on a Winter's night, without negotiating fifteen flights. One might take it for granted, almost, that in good old Toronto, roofs are still used to keep the rain out—and yet—"and yet I don't know," as the song goes.

Perhaps Toronto isn't so far behind the times as some people think it is. There may be surprising things upon Toronto's roofs that nobody ever heard of. In any event, two young Torontonians started in to explore their home city in a decidedly new way. While visitors from afar were content to gaze humbly at the fronts of our edifices, they

NERVOUS DEPRESSION

Why People Are Low Spirited and Depressed.

Nearly all women and most men suffer at times from fits of depression and low spirits. Everything seems a burden; then come periods of nervous irritability, headaches and weariness. People who suffer this way lack vitality because their blood is poor and nerves are starved in consequence.

The only way the nerves can be reached is through the blood. By enriching the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the starved nerves are supplied with just the elements they need. This is proved by the experience of Mrs. J. E. Davidson, 12th Ave. East, Vancouver, B.C., who says:—"About three years ago I became very weak and nervous. I had pains in my side and back, and also suffered from frequent pains in the back of my head and neck. I was hardly able to do anything about the house. I would wake with a start in the night and my heart would flutter so that it almost choked me. I tried much doctor's medicine, but it did me no permanent good. One day I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to give them a trial. These pills produced such a beneficial change in a short time that I kept taking them until I had used a dozen boxes. By this time there was such an improvement in my condition that friends would ask me what I was taking, and of course I was only too pleased to tell them it was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I am now feeling like a new person and am doing my own housework. We would not now be without Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the house."

You can get these pills from your druggist, or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

decided to explore the roofs. They did, and this story is the result of the exploration.

OUR aeroplane slipped and slid in the currents of hot air above the City Hall.

"A close shave that time," we yelled to the pilot, above the roar of our engine. He nodded, and did a neat turn that took us away from those fiendish tentacles of vapor.

Below us, the roofs of Toronto swung round with majestic speed. We straightened, and they scudded beneath us. Great, flat, arid roofs. Some of them shot out and above their fellows as if they would have reached up and clubbed us. Great, sunbaked roofs, covered with little pebbles, swept by the cool lake breezes.

"What a waste of space," roared the pilot.

"What a waste of breeze," was the answering roar. The pilot yawned.

We started. Fifty yards from us, and many more from the street level, a row of prominent business men were sitting behind a tremendously strong railing. We knew they were business men because they were pleasantly sleek in appearance and were smoking cigars. Now what on earth were they doing there? Then we remembered. It was the Board of Trade, of course. They had just eaten, and were sitting in a row—some of them anyway—upon their little cast-steel porch atop the Royal Bank. That was a good starter for us. Here was one near-roof being put to a good use.

A WAY up Yonge Street we spied another. It looked promising. It was on a much lower level. The machine flashed over the traffic cop's diminutive head. (It was a white spot, so he must have been looking up at us). And there, below, was a lovely green roof, shaped like a tent roof but not so steep. A few red spots (geraniums) were peeping up at us and a flutter—just a tiny flutter—of white showed around the edge, away, way down below. We would be obliged if the girl who waved that handkerchief would communicate with us.

Here, there and everywhere we saw little suspicious things on roofs—little things that looked as if they might be interesting upon closer scrutiny. For example, there was a skeleton of iron pipes atop a department store. The pilot jerked his head towards it. (We were doing a steep bank). He knew what it was. His mother had often left him there to play when those pipes were covered with canvas, and the floor was covered with kids'—a play-house, right next door to Toy-land!

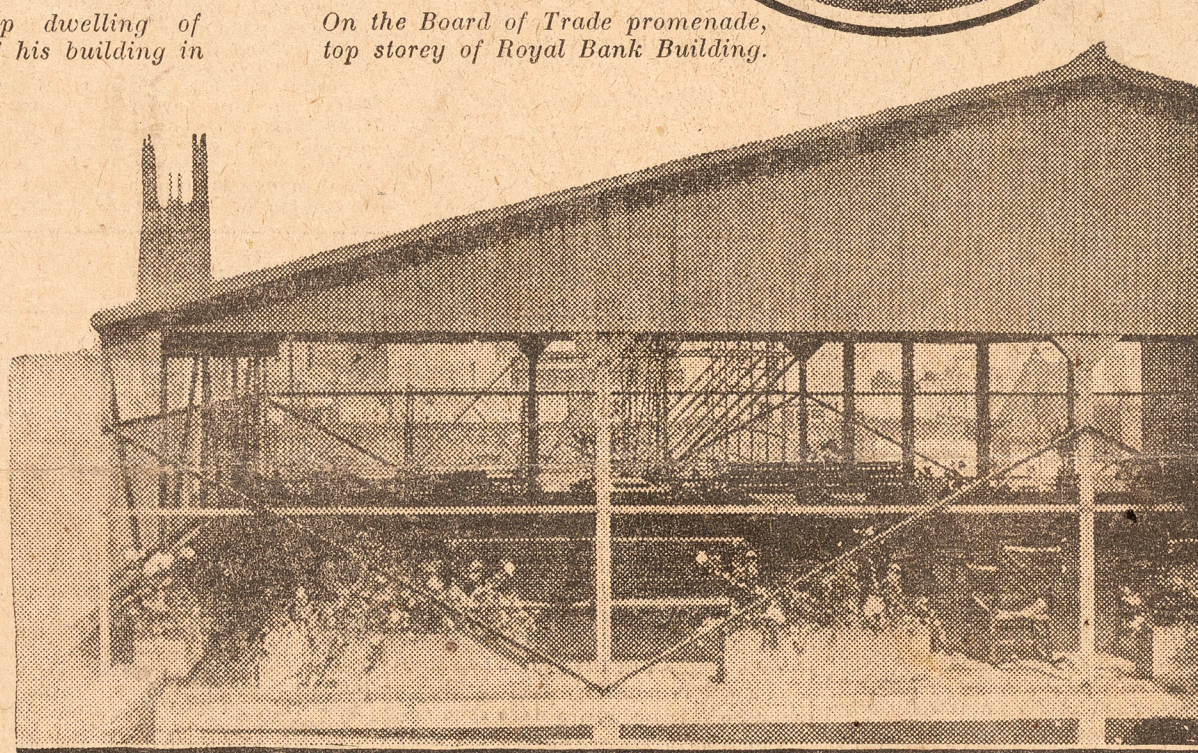
As soon as we reached the earth again we hurried to this store.

"What has happened to the roof-garden where I used to play?" the manager was asked, breathlessly. His composure was unruined.

"N—th floor," he remarked, pleasantly. "Toys, dolls and games; take the elevator."

"It's under the roof, then?" "Of course, take the elevator." But we didn't. We sighed instead and thought sadly of the genially flapping canvas of yesteryear.

ALAS, few of us appreciate Toronto's roofs and their tremendous potentialities. At a big hotel the tremendous information was given that soon



Glimpse of roof garden on top of downtown store. Large areas with cool breezes and lots of light.

after its tallest turrets had been built, the dance-floor right under the roof had been opened out into a roof garden of sorts. There had been palms and music and the soft sighing of the hotel manager, but nought availed. In fact the sighings of the manager grew less soft and more audible as days passed and the crowd that usually ate on that floor began to stay away. Perhaps they feared chills. Perhaps they missed the home-like cloudbank of cheese-thick cigar smoke. But, anyway, the roof-garden wasn't a success. The regular patrons stayed away until they shut the windows again.

On top of the General Hospital are most intriguing little houses of glass. Anything might happen in those little glass houses, so long as the inhabitants refrained from casting stones. Nothing does. They are pent-houses, and contain ventilators and machinery and other prosaic things. There are no inhabitants, and the stones, little ones, all lie on the roof. But there was a gleam of hope here.

On still, hot nights, doctors in night-shirts steal out upon the roof (this is unofficial, tell it not abroad), they steal out in their ghostly night-shirts and drag little truckle beds up into the central tower that sits up above the place with professional air. There they snore in state, far above the din of the surrounding Toronto. And there they greet the sun that rises in splendor over Ashbridge's Bay. Whether or not the milkman has ever seen that night-shirt parade stealing back in again is a matter of knowledge that he does not divulge. Of course, our informant told us ALL the doctors don't go out there. It wouldn't hold them all. But the young and the daring sometimes essay it.

ADVERTISEMENT

Keep Hair in Curl On Hot, Wet or Windy Days

Here's a hair curling secret that is decidedly "worth while." Just apply a little liquid silmerine before doing up the hair, using a clean tooth brush for the purpose, and you will have as beautiful curls and waves as you could wish for. The waviness will look so natural no one will guess it was artificially acquired. And it will last ever so long, regardless of heat, wind or dampness. You can obtain liquid silmerine at any drug store at not to exceed twenty cents an ounce. It is neither sticky nor greasy. It serves also as a beneficial dressing, keeping the hair soft, silky and lustrous. It's fine for both long and bobbed hair.

ONE real roof garden was found. It was that green-roofed place with the geraniums and the fluttering handkerchief. It sits on top of a downtown retail store, and it is for the exclusive use of employees. It is cool and shady, well furnished with verandah chairs and park benches, two or three substantial tables, a drinking fountain, and a photograph. It is not very high, but it is really delightful. The employees eat their lunches and spend their "reliefs" there.

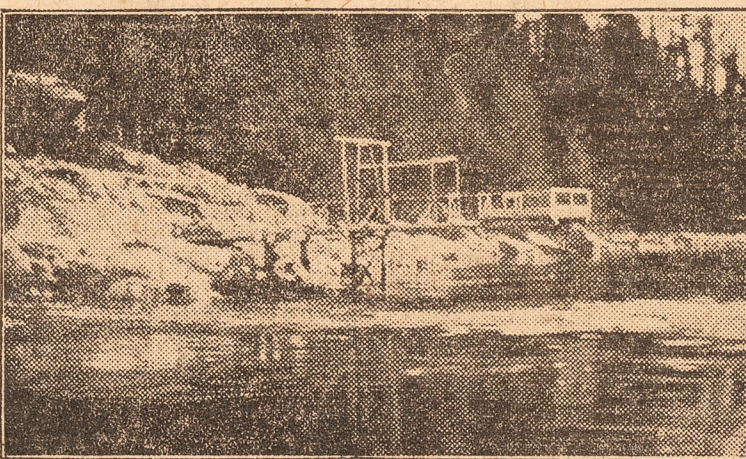
In the east the Metropolitan Church piles toward heaven. Its chimneys charm and soothe the frayed nerves of the shop-worn human beings. Another outstanding piece of architecture is a net-

work of iron pipes knitted into the air on Yonge Street. It is used to support a sign whereby somebody advertised his cigars. Now it looks like a monument to a defunct master plumber. It represents a use for roofs from which Toronto is, mercifully, almost free. Our White Way may not be great, but it is at least nearly white!

ACROSS the street from this nice little roof-garden is another large department store, whose roof is bleached. For a long time, plans have nestled in pigeonholes for an elaborate roof-structure of glass and steel and concrete. So far it has come to naught.

The Board of Trade, mentioned above, has really an up-to-date

Fish From Platform in Rapids Which Are Teeming With Game



By FRANCIS DICKIE.

HEREWITH is shown one of the oddest fishing rigs in the world. This platform is built in the Yucolta Rapids, in the coastal waters of British Columbia over a big whirlpool. The rapids are formed by a narrow passage between two islands, through which the whole force of the water of the Strait of Georgia pours with the changing of the tides. The vast volume thus forced into the narrow channel causes wonderful whirlpools, boils and eddies. The whirls are so large that great trees are carried down out of sight, and even big coasting steamers do not attempt the passage except at fairly slack water.

These swift, cold waters are the delight of the coho and spring salmon, game fish in the world. In the water in the whirl below where the platform is built is a particularly good spot for salmon. By dropping the baited spoon from the platform the salmon can be fished in safety from the rushing rapids. At certain quieter times of the changing tides a boat can be fastened below the platform and fish taken with a rod and reel, giving more sport than fishing from above, where only a hand line can be used. Last year a 75-pound salmon was taken here. The photograph was taken from midstream at a time of slack water, when the rapids are fairly quiet.

arrangement. For some years they have occupied their quarters on top of the Royal Bank building. The dining-room and the big sitting rooms, fronted in glass, look out upon a generously wide promenade that extends half-way around the building. This spacious room is floored with square tiles and carefully fenced in by massive railings of steel. True, it is under the roof proper, but to all intents and purposes it is a roof-garden.

So, who knows? Toronto may well follow where its Board of Trade has led the way, and we may soon be eating our dinners and sunning our babies up where breezes blow on their restless way to the great open spaces.

EVIDENCE of the popularity of the roof as a place to live is found in the "To rent" columns of the New York papers. There are many advertisements telling of the wonders of living high above the noise of the busy streets. One large real estate firm admits an increasing demand for roof dwellings and a growing supply. The agent shows no surprise when asked whether he "knows of any vacant bungalow on top of a skyscraper."

"You mean a penthouse apartment," he replies with a smile, politely calling attention to the technical term. "Certainly. In what neighborhood do you prefer to live?" And, fingering his index cards, he proceeds to extract any number. "Here is one on the fourteenth floor (what he really means

is the roof above the thirteenth floor); four rooms at \$5,000. Or would you prefer something not quite so high?" The visitor explains that the height of the building is not disconcerting, but the loftiness of the price—"How about this one at \$3,000? Could you wait a few months? There is one in construction now—" And he produces a blueprint.

There is no penthouse apartment without its terrace, and many have little nooks where miniature gardens thrive.

A BIT of outdoor loveliness has been created by Charles K. Eagle on the roof of the building of which he is the owner, at 171 West Fifty-seventh Street.

"My wife and I," said Mr. Eagle "have always loved the country and growing things, flowers and birds. When we were last in California we dreamed a dream. Why should we have to leave town in search of happiness? Why could we not find a means of bringing them to us. I consulted with engineers and gardeners and found that with a sufficient amount of steel reinforcement a roof could be made to support not only the house I wanted to build on it but also the three feet of soil which I was told was necessary for the garden I wished to plant.

"People are apt to think that such a venture as mine is a great extravagance. It is not the case. My house and garden stand on a

surface covering 10,000 square feet in one of the sections of town where real estate is valued at a high price. Its actual cost to me was \$10,000. The additional amount of steel needed to support the weight of the roof was worth \$8,000 and for the earth I paid \$2,000. I am saying this simply because I want those who have never tried this experiment to know that not only has it an esthetic but it has also an economic value. There is no waste space in a building where the roof is utilized. I pay no rent, nor am I as would be the case if I did not have my 'solarium,' as I call it, obliged to take up space in my own building.

"The average roof, with its chimney pots, penthouses and clothes-lines is an ugly thing to look down upon. There is no reason why it should not be made beautiful."

MR. Eagle's house was built two years ago. He has found it so practical and enjoyable that he hardly cares to leave it. The moisture of the earth and the growing things tend to keep the air about his house cool and fresh during the Summer heat; on the other hand, the warmth of the house below helps to counteract the cold of the Winter.

"The grass stayed green throughout almost the entire year, and the first helped to give the illusion that we were in California," he said.

FREE...mail coupon below to Ellen J. Buckland, Graduate Nurse

Advice from One Woman to Another on a very important hygienic subject

Immaculacy, charm, exquisiteness under circumstances which most women find exceedingly trying

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse



Charm, Exquisiteness, Immaculacy, under all and every condition EVERY day! Yet, under old methods the average woman spent at least 1-6th of her time in a state of discomfort, uncertainty—and frequently embarrassment.

THIS is a subject which only a woman can understand, and on which only an expert can advise with authority. I speak as both.

I, too, experienced the handicap which confronts women in social, business or professional life. As a practicing nurse I know how to lighten it.

For science has now perfected a product which helps women live an active life without interruption. Its convenience and efficiency are amazing, for it solves a special problem in a very simple way.

THIS NEW PRODUCT IS CALLED "KOTEX"

It was perfected during the war to provide a softer, more absorbent surgical dressing. Kotex is five times more absorbent than cotton.

After the war its makers felt that Kotex would be of infinite value to women—that it would effectually solve their greatest problem. And it has.

Women have only to hear of Kotex to appreciate what it means in comfort, convenience and relief from embarrassment. It is being adopted everywhere.

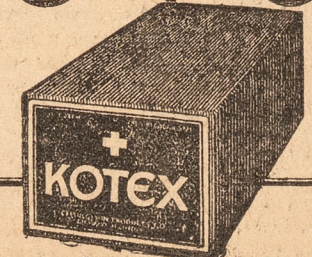
A SAMPLE—FREE

You can secure Kotex at practically all drug and department stores, but I want to send you a sample. It will come wrapped in a perfectly plain package. All you have to do is to fill out and mail the coupon.

Don't do yourself the injustice of overlooking this offer, which is so easy to accept. All you have to do is to tear out coupon, fill it out and mail it to me.

Kotex is on sale at all drug and department stores. Two sizes: Kotex regular and Kotex-Super.

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ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, G. N.
Care of Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited
10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont.
I want to accept free trial offer made by you, with the understanding that it is absolutely confidential.
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Address
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Toronto World, 7-6-24.

Curious Crimes Recalled in Aged Lawyer's Memoirs



Sir Harry Poland from caricature by the famous cartoonist "Spy".

HERE is a lot of crime to be seen in the course of three-score years and ten in the criminal courts of Great Britain, much sorrow and suffering, hatred, avarice and degeneracy. Probably you will say that no man ever enjoyed a legal career that covered so many years as that, and it must be admitted that Sir Harry Poland, the noted British criminal lawyer, has established a record in this regard. Probably no other lawyer has served as long or been associated with as many notable cases as Sir Harry. For nearly three-quarters of a century he was a familiar figure in British legal circles, and his biography, written by Ernest Bowen-Rowlands, and published under the title "Seventy-two Years at the Bar," might be described as a survey of the most notable English crimes in the period between 1848 and 1920—surely an interval that not many lawyers will match in a hurry.

Harry Bodkin Poland was born in London in 1829, and educated in that city. Twelve years after Queen Victoria came to the throne he was admitted to the Inner Temple, and began his long career that lasted through her reign, and through that of her son and grand-son. There is not much to be told about this man except the things that he did in the courts, for like Sir Henry Hawkins, better known in certain circles as 'Anding' 'Awkins, he lived in the law. Sir Harry had no other outside 'fad or hobby. He steeped himself in crime and criminals, and he was acquainted with them all.

Naturally in the Memoir, you will find accounts of such famous trials as the case of the Tichborne claimant and of the murderer Dr. Crippen, but most readers are already familiar with these stories. More interesting, therefore, are the crimes that are not so widely known, but which possess unique features that make them stand out from the ordinary sordid acts of passion or greed.

The Case of Constance Kent

ONE of the most extraordinary cases in the history of crime is that of Constance Kent. Even though the murderess confessed, it is difficult to credit her story, especially as we cannot use the one possible explanation, that of insanity. No other action of Constance Kent showed her mind to be badly balanced. Yet here was a young woman of gentle birth, living in the best possible surroundings, who murdered her baby brother with practically no motive at all, and then succeeded in evading detection. The case of Constance Kent makes one think of the crime of the two young millionaire murderers in Chicago.

The father of Constance Kent lived at a place called Road in Wiltshire. He had been married twice, and had three daughters and a son by his first wife and two daughters and a son by his second wife. They were well-to-do people, and Kent could afford to permit his wife three maid-servants. At the time of the crime, Constance was sixteen years of age, and her little half-brother just two months short of his fourth birthday.

On the evening of June 28th, 1860, the baby boy was put to bed in his cot in the nurse's room, but the next morning he was missing. When the maid got up at 5 a.m., the child was gone. Mr. Kent immediately ordered the premises to be searched while he set off to inform the police. While he was absent, one of the searchers found the dead body of the baby in a closet, into which he had been thrown, wrapped in a nursery blanket, with his throat cut in the most shocking manner. The doctor said that the little boy had been dead for hours.

SUSPICION fell upon every individual who had slept in the house that night. No one could have entered and committed the crime, as all the doors and windows were bolted. The nurse was

twice arrested and twice released, as there was no evidence against her. The father was suspected, as many persons thought that he made his hasty departure to the neighboring town to get the police for no other purpose than to rid himself of some traces of guilt. A London detective named Wicher worked on the case, and he seemed to have more intuition than Conan Doyle would give us to expect in Scotland Yard. He suspected Constance Kent of the murder, and caused her arrest, but the magistrates disagreed with Wicher and the young woman was released.

It is true that Wicher's clue was a very slight one. It was that one of her night-dresses was missing. It seemed that she had three of these garments, and the housemaid gave evidence that when on the Monday after the murder, she collected the linen to be sent to the laundry, she received from Constance Kent the nightdress she had worn the previous week. She put it in the basket, and the two other nightdresses which Constance owned were aired by the maid for use. After the maid had packed the basket, Constance sent her downstairs for a glass of water. When she returned, the clothes-basket had no appearance of having been interfered with, and it was delivered to the laundress that same morning. When the laundress examined the clothes, the nightdress was not among them. Further, it was never seen again.

But there had been nothing suspicious about the conduct of Constance Kent beyond the incident of the nightdress, and the public preferred to regard her father as the guilty party. Only Wicher, the private detective, reported to Scotland Yard that he still believed that the young girl had committed the crime.

THE murder remained an unsolved mystery until April 25th, 1865, five years later, when Constance Kent was conducted by two Inspectors of Police to the private room of Sir Thomas Henry, the Police Magistrate, at Bow Street. She was dressed in deep mourning

and heavily veiled. She was accompanied by the Lady Superior of St. Mary's Hospital, Brighton, where she had been a "visitor" for the preceding two years, and by the Rev. A. D. Wagner of St. Paul's, Brighton, to whom she had confessed that it was she who had murdered her baby brother. Mr. Wagner told the magistrate that Constance Kent had voluntarily confessed to him, and had asked him to have it made known publicly. He said that he understood that the confession had been made to save the memory of her father, who had died in the meantime, borne down by the weight of disgrace and grief.

At her trial, where she pleaded guilty, Constance Kent asked her lawyer to make this statement, "First, solemnly, in the presence of Almighty God, as a person who values her own soul, she desires to say that the guilt is hers alone, that her father and others who have so long suffered most unjust and cruel suspicions are wholly and absolutely innocent. Next, she desires me to say that she was not driven to this act, as has been asserted, by any unkind treatment of her step-mother. She met with nothing at home but tender and forbearing love."

CONSTANCE KENT was sentenced to penal servitude for life. But the authorities released her four years later, and she changed her name and went "to the colonies." It is to be hoped that Canada was not the favored "colony."

It was the general belief of all who had anything to do with Constance Kent that she was not insane. Yet the only motive for the crime seems to have been an inadequate one. She had heard her step-mother make some slurring remarks about the family of her

Inner History of Remarkable Trials Made Public in Reminiscences of Sir Harry Poland, Celebrated Veteran of British Bar.

sed considerable wealth, and was enjoying an excellent reputation as a citizen.

When placed under arrest, Tawell said that he knew nobody in Slough and had never been there. Later he admitted that he knew Sarah Hart. He said she had been his servant at one time, and that she had been pestering him to support her children. After he had been convicted, and before his execution, he confessed that Sarah Hart had been his mistress in his

unregenerate days. When he became respected, he married a woman whose good opinion he valued, but he lived in constant fear that Sarah Hart would make herself known to Mrs. Tawell. It seems that Sarah Hart had borne him several children, and threatened to make their existence known to his legal wife. Tawell had made one unsuccessful attempt to poison his ex-mistress. Finally, in desperation, he went down to Slough and forced her to swallow a dose of prussic acid. But for the accidental arrival of the neighbor, he might have carried the bold crime through successfully. Tawell has been described as possessing "a respected garb, a sedate demeanour and outward benevolence."

THERE was rather an interesting episode connected with the trial of John Tawell. Sir Fitzroy Kelly defended the prisoner. During the trial one of the witnesses for the Crown made the statement that apple-pips contained a small amount of prussic acid, and Kelly commented on the statement in his address to the jury. After the trial, the speech of Sir Fitzroy Kelly was twisted and misrepresented. He was charged with having tried to argue that Sarah Hart died of prussic acid poisoning as the result of having eaten too many apple pips. He was widely derided for this "throw-away the core" defence, which he never made.

However, Sir Fitzroy Kelly found out how hard it is to overtake that sort of a misstatement once it gets circulated. He was known for a generation in the English courts by the undignified nickname of "Apple-pip Kelly."

Some Super-Swindlers

MEN who can defraud the Bank of England out of something like half a million dollars may truly be described as super-swindlers. Four such men were Austin Bidwell, George Macdonnell, George Bidwell and Edward Noyes, who contrived a plot which enabled them to get at least £100,000 from the Bank of England by means of extensive forgeries. Sir Harry Poland was counsel for the Old Lady of Thread-needle Street at the time when the crime was detected.

The four swindlers were sons of Unice Sam. They crossed from the United States to England with capital of about \$35,000, and their operations were started on May 4th, 1872, when Austin Bidwell opened an account, under the name of E. A. Warren, with the West end branch of the Bank of England in Burlington Gardens. Their method was most ingenious. Bidwell pretended to be carrying on a great business in connection with Pullman cars, and in the course of his so-called business he paid into the bank some genuine bills of exchange which he had bought, and which were duly honored on presentation.

This he continued to do so as to establish confidence in the mind of the bank manager. He and his confederates used the genuine bills as models for their forgeries, and soon began to pour in forged bills. Bill after bill was paid into the account from the 4th of May until the 17th of January, 1873. Some of these were genuine and others forged. Later on, he got thinking of the days when she was confirmed, and these recollections drove her to confession.

In the meantime, Austin Bidwell had gone to the Continental Bank and opened an account under the name of Horton. Into this account the money obtained from the Bank of England on the discounted forged bills, handled by Bidwell under the name of Warren, was paid. Later on "Horton" purchased American bonds with the money lying to his account in the Continental Bank.

When the conspirators had defrauded the Bank of England out of over £100,000, they felt that it was not safe to linger any longer, so they separated. Austin Bidwell, alias Warren, alias Horton, left England in February and went to Havana. Macdonnell returned to his native New York, and George Bidwell went to Scotland. Noyes remained in London to deal with cheques drawn by Warren on the Bank of England, and to pay in and draw out the money on Horton's account in the Continental Bank.

A Society Scandal

ANOTHER swindler, in whose conviction Sir Harry had a hand, more picturesque and daring than those who operated in the Bank of England case, was the notorious charlatan, Sarah Rachel Leverston, better known as Madame Rachel, whose operations caused no little sensation in London society in the 70's of the last century. Few criminals have ever been more discussed in the smart drawing rooms of the English capital.

Madame Rachel pursued a business which might be described as a combination of "Confidence Trick," "Blackmail," "Procura-

It was a well-conceived fraud, but it was defeated by a small oversight. The men had timed everything so that the whole business would be closed up before the forged bills would be presented and discovered. They expected to be far away when the search for "Warren" and "Horton" was started. But by some oversight, one of the bills, which was payable so many days after sight, had upon it no date of sighting. The Bank thereupon took it to the alleged assessor and asked him to date it. He repudiated his signature at once and that of course burst the whole fraud.

Noyes was arrested. He protested that he was merely a clerk carrying out orders given him by his departed superiors, and that he knew nothing about the nature of the business. Enquiries were made. The evidence of the engravers who had prepared the plates for the gang was obtained. That helped up to a certain point, but it was three deceived and angry women who put the men behind bars.

All four men had women living with them during their operations in England, but Austin Bidwell was the only one who had a wife, George Bidwell, Macdonnell and Noyes lived in a showy manner with mistresses, the cleverest one of whom was Ellen Vernon, the mistress of George Bidwell. These women did not expect to be deserted as soon as the men were wealthy enough to depart. They were quite willing to share the joy of spending the half million. Then one bright day, they found that they had been left high and dry. You know what the poet says about a woman scorned. With the police discovered Ellen Vernon, and the other two mid-Victorian gold-diggers, they told everything they knew, after the manner of their kind. In this manner, they furnished all the information that was necessary for the prosecution.

George Bidwell and Macdonnell were arrested, and after some difficulty Austin Bidwell as well. The names were in Havana, and no Extradition Treaty existed that covered the Spanish colonies. However, the difficulty was solved in the simple way by the authorities in Havana, who seized Bidwell and placed him on board a British gunboat that called in the port. It was high-handed, perhaps to deal with an American citizen in that manner, but it did not precipitate a Spanish-American war.

The four men were convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life. Their scheme was a clever one, a capital instance of misapplied genius.

she endeavored to establish herself with them sufficiently strong to inveigle them into a compromising position. When she got these fluttering society dames into her power, and reputations were frail things in those mid-Victorian days, she bled them with blackmail. Occasionally she was beaten at her own game, and on one occasion the plucky wife of a British admiral almost succeeded in driving her out of London. But in most cases she proved herself to be one of the most pernicious and dangerous pests that ever existed in London.

WHEN Madame Rachel was at the zenith of her career, she had an establishment in Maddox Street, London, and there, ostensibly, was carrying on the business of a "Perfumer and Dealer in Cosmetics." She advertised a great deal, and in various papers she set forth that she had the power of making women "beautiful for ever." A widow lady of great wealth and social position named Mrs. Borradaile saw the advertisements, and went to consult Madame Rachel about her complexion. Madame Rachel promptly undertook to cure certain defects in the skin and to make her customer "beautiful for ever." Incidentally, she promised to supply her with a suitable husband. Mrs. Borradaile was much impressed and agreed to undergo the treatment, for which she was to pay £1,000.

During the course of the treatment at Madame Rachel's shop or studio as it would now be called—Mrs. Borradaile was introduced to Lord Ranelagh, and subsequently met him outside on several occasions. Lord Ranelagh made no declaration of love, or indeed of anything more than passing civility, but Madame Rachel told her customer that he was madly in love with her and wished to marry her. However, he felt Borradaile that he wished her to undergo an extra process of beautification before going through the ceremony. Although she had no sort of ground—other than Madame Rachel's word—for believing that her, the hopeful widow consented to undergo the process, sold out stock and authorized her solicitor to pay out the proceeds, £800, to Madame Rachel. This done, she received a "receipt for £800, being balance of the £1,000 received from me for bath preparations, spices, powders, sponges, perfumes and attendance, to be continued until Mrs. Borradaile am finished by the process."

THEN Madame Rachel told Mrs. Borradaile a most extraordinary story. She informed her that Lord Ranelagh had peeped into the room where the widow was receiving treatment and seen her in her bath. Because of that, she was, under some obscure law, married to Lord Ranelagh, though the two must be married by proxy and by means of letters that would be exchanged between the parties. Evidently Mrs. Borradaile was a most gullible person, quite unfit to be allowed free with a fortune at her disposal. She believed the story of Madame Rachel, and began to receive some most extraordinary letters. It afterwards came out that these letters were dictated by Madame Rachel to a male scribe.

The letters to her were signed "William," although Lord Ranelagh's Christian name was "Thomas." They contained such phrases as "I shall be at your feet, those pretty feet I love, and you may kick your ugly old donkey," and

"I was at Randall's Saturday night, a dirty corn-cutter." As there was no disparity in point of birth and upbringing between Mrs. Borradaile and Lord Ranelagh, it is difficult to understand how the silly woman believed, even for a moment, that the letters came from Lord Ranelagh. Let it be remembered also that she had been introduced to Lord Ranelagh, and he had acknowledged her bow on other occasions.

Mrs. Borradaile appears to have been an extraordinary combination of fatuity and vanity. However that may be, she believed everything that Madame Rachel told her, and in order to complete the realization of her two-fold object—permanent beauty and marriage to a title—she kept on handing out large sums of money, including a sum of £2,000 in specie, £600 worth of jewelry and a bond over property for £600. Apparently, Madame Rachel found Mrs. Borradaile so easy that she came to the conclusion that she possessed no friends to advise or help her. Anyway, the beautifier ended up by doing a thing that was bold to the point of recklessness. When all of Mrs. Borradaile's available money had run out, and it was a considerable fortune, Madame Rachel had her arrested and imprisoned in Whitecross Street Prison on a charge of failing to complete certain pecuniary obligations for which she had made herself liable.

When the outrage became known, Mrs. Borradaile's friends appeared upon the scene. Enquiries were made, and as a result Madame Rachel was arrested for having defrauded Mrs. Borradaile out of £30,000.

At the trial, Lord Ranelagh went into the witness box and denied all knowledge of the allegations made against him. He explained that he went to Madame Rachel's originally out of curiosity to see what sort of woman she was. He had heard of her notoriety and her crafty methods, and wished a little first-hand knowledge, like other society gossips, of her personal appearance and her business. He did not remember having been introduced to Mrs. Borradaile while in the shop, although he had naturally acknowledged her bow when they met in public afterwards. A Lord-about-town is known to many whom he cannot place.

MADAME RACHEL was convicted and sentenced to five years penal servitude, though she fought her case hard on several clever technical grounds. When she came out she returned to her former practices, and on April 11th, 1878, she was convicted a second time of fraud. The Mrs. Pearce, whom she victimized, had believed Madame Rachel's assurance that she could improve her face by washes and enamels, and had submitted to the treatment. However, unlike the case of Mrs. Borradaile, the treatment proved to be not only fraudulent, but noxious. It caused an eruption on Mrs. Pearce's face, and then the true genius of Madame Rachel asserted itself. She demanded a fee of £1,000 to cure the skin disease that she had caused.

Once again Madame Rachel went to prison for five years, and Baron Huddleston, the trial judge, who evidently knew her reputation for other things besides fake beautifiers, expressed his regret that it was not within his power to pass a heavier sentence upon her.

And so Madame Rachel passed again into prison, where she died.

What Was the Funniest Thing I Saw Last Week?

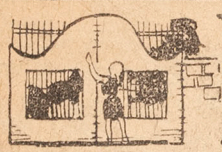


How good are your eyes, and how keen are your powers of observation? When you pass through crowded streets or country districts do you see the thousand-and-one bits of by-play that give life its color? Day by day, bits of real-life comedy are being enacted—unconsciously for the most part—all around us. Some of us see these things—most of us miss them.

How do YOU use your eyes? Do they see the humor in life, or just the inanimate surroundings? Do they see facial expressions, or just faces? What do you find funny? The Sunday World wants to know. And this is how The Sunday World proposes to find out.

It wants you to describe simply, in not more than 20 words, the funniest thing you saw last week. Whatever it was, and wherever it happened, tell us about it so that we may pass it on for others to enjoy.

Send your letter to the Editor, Observation Contest, Toronto Sunday World, in time to be delivered before midnight next Saturday, July 12. Beginning July 20 The Sunday World will publish the three best letters, and will give a prize of \$3 for the first and \$1 each for the second and third, or others it may be deemed desirable to publish. Each letter must bear name and address of sender, but if you do not wish this published it will be necessary to add a pen name.



ELAINE at the GATES

By
W. S. Maxwell

THE STORY THUS FAR.

Elaine Fletcher is the central figure in the story. At ten she is left an orphan by the death of her father. A distant relative takes her into her home, the beautiful Nuns' House at Tudor Green, and there Elaine grows into beautiful young womanhood amidst comfort, luxury and love. At twenty-four she seems to be a self-possessed, rather hard and cynical young person, but in reality she is full of a diffidence that is as great as her pride; full of longings for high ideals and of yearning compassions. Ever since she can remember she has been in love with

Arnold Thorne. He is the last of an old and important family of Tudor Green. For a year after the war young Thorne seemed to have degenerated from the promising boy who entered the fight with enthusiasm, and Elaine has heard many dark rumors and bits of gossip about him, but she has never lost her faith in him. He tells Elaine he loves her and asks her to become his wife.

Mrs. Castleton, Elaine's guardian, has one other interest in life besides her love for Elaine, and that is her devotion to

The Reverend Mark Awdrey, rector of the fashionable church of All Saints at Tudor Green, and for whom Elaine feels a personal aversion. He is a constant visitor at the Nuns' house, and when he suddenly announces to Elaine and Mrs. Castleton that he is leaving Tudor Green on a mission to the Argentine Republic, Mrs. Castleton is overcome with grief at the prospect of the separation. Elaine warns her guardian that her evident affection for the rector has been a subject of gossip throughout the suburb. Mrs. Castleton asks Elaine to accompany her to Southampton to see Mark Awdrey embark. Against her will Elaine goes with her aunt. On the way back Mrs. Castleton becomes ill and dies the next day. Elaine is overcome with grief at her loss. Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Castleton's solicitor, tells Elaine that because of a faulty will she will not inherit her aunt's property, and also informs her that Mrs. Castleton had married Mark Awdrey the day before he sailed. Elaine goes to live with her uncle and aunt.

Mr. and Mrs. March, who also live at Tudor Green. They are Elaine's only other relatives. They are poor and live in a little house near

The Esdailes, a noisy, vulgar family that have deteriorated. They had once been genteel. Pearl Esdaile is carrying on a flirtation with Arnold Thorne.

INSTALMENT VI. Her Hour Sounds.

"REALLY—I cannot approve of—Elaine, dear, this strikes me as far from wise. Not judicious at all." Uncle William had stopped short; his voice betrayed perturbation as well as surprise. "To take a step of that sort—really, it is just the kind of thing I would have liked Gertrude to advise on." "No. You said I might confide in you and you would not say a word." "I will not. Only, remember that she, being a woman, and so much nearer your own age—you see, Elaine, my doubt is whether it can be quite correct for a young lady to issue such an invitation to a gentleman." And Uncle William added that, in this case, when the gentleman to be invited had such an unfortunate reputation he thought one should be especially hesitant and careful. "Why, this very summer—", and he reminded Elaine of a regrettable incident and the damaging criticism that it evoked.

"You don't understand, said Elaine, more eagerly than before, almost breathlessly. "That was foolishness—and no more. Besides, Arnold and I are old friends. We were children together."

"Yes, I understand that part of it, dear." "And I want you to go, not from me, but as if it was of your own accord, and ask him—if he is there—ask him to come, not from me, but from you yourself. Say that I am a little wounded at his not coming—and that you yourself are sure I would like to say him."

"O, really, Elaine—", "And if he is not there—and he may not be—find out if he has been there lately—and ask them where he is. Get his address for me. Uncle William, I have trusted you. I have told you what is on my mind. It is on my mind—dreadfully. I don't care what you think or guess, dear Uncle William, but—but I couldn't bear it if, anyone else—", and the eager, rapid words ceased with a jerk.

"My dear Elaine—", "You asked me to trust you," she said again, brokenly. "Don't—don't go back on me."

"No, dear, I will not go back on you. Certainly not. It shall be as you wish."

They turned from the parade, and Uncle William went on his errand, parting from her at the top of St. Luke's Road. She said she would wait outside their own house till he returned.

He found her there half an hour later, walking rapidly to and fro. "Mr. Thorne is not here," he said, gravely, even solemnly, yet with the uncomfortable manner of one who has been lured into a course of action that must occasion subsequent regret and self-questioning, "and they are not expecting him, Elaine. He was here last week, for one night. They will forward letters to him. They refuse to give his address."

EYES EXAMINED
AND GLASSES GROUND TO FIT
MARKER OPTICIAN TWO STORES
36 RONGE ST. (West Side at King)
392 DANFORTH (North Side at Pape)
Glasses \$2.50 up. Examination No Charge.

"Thank you, Uncle William," she said, in a quiet, toneless voice, and then went slowly up the steps to their front door. "Please tell Aunt Gertrude I don't want any supper. I am rather tired."

An hour or so after this, when Mr. and Mrs. March had had their frugal meal, and were sitting in the front room, they heard the hall door open and shut.

"O, what is that?" said Mrs. March, startled and putting down the large piece of coarse needlework at which she had been laboring. "It must be Elizabeth. But what can possibly take Elizabeth out so late as this?" While she spoke she made her way to the sitting room door. "O, is that you, Elizabeth?" Elizabeth had come up from the dingy basement and was in the hall. "I thought I heard you going out."

"No, ma'am. I heard somebody myself. It must have been Miss Elaine."

"It must have been Elaine," said Mrs. March, returning to the room.

"Yes, it must have been Elaine," said Mr. March. "But you told me she had gone to bed."

"No, dear, I did not say so. I told you she was tired. I said no more than that. If I conveyed anything more by implication, it was unintentional. As far as I remember, I had the impression that she herself intended to go to bed."

"And now she has gone out," said Mrs. March. "Alone, too—at this time of night."

"I should have been quite willing to go with her."

UNCLE William spoke uncomfortably, almost guiltily. In his transparent candor and goodness it was painful to him even to approach what could possibly seem the practice of deception—above all, it was against custom to withhold information from his true and devoted Gertrude. He felt for a moment or two as if Elaine had got behind him and pushed him into a labyrinth of falsehood—a sort of maze, in which the path led one out again to truth and concealed by innumerable wrong turnings.

"I will tell Elizabeth," he said, "to leave the door on the latch—not put up the chain, you know." And he went to give these instructions, perhaps glad to withdraw his wrinkled face from the scrutiny of Gertrude's brown, intent eyes.

Then, after a word or two with the servant, he resumed his chair, put on his spectacles, and read a leading article in a religious newspaper.

"It is odd," said Mrs. March. "And on the whole I do not like it." She, too, had sat down again, and she continued her needlework, emitting occasional yawns and ejaculations as time passed.

"William," she said at last, sharply, "what is to be done? Do you realize that it is after midnight?"

"Yes, I heard the cuckoo clock striking in the kitchen—but I fancy it is a little fast."

Then the front door opened and shut again. They both went out into the hall, but Elaine was already halfway up the stairs.

"Elaine," said Mrs. March, with the same sharpness of tone, "where have you been? What have you been doing?"

Elaine, after going a little higher on the staircase, looked down at her aunt and said quietly and calmly that she had sent off a letter and then walked about.

"Walked about? Walked about? Do you mean by yourself?" "O, yes, Aunt Gertrude, by myself. Have I kept you up? I'm sorry. Good-night."



They sat under a tree in the meadow near the river.

no, am I quite forgotten? Why did you not come to see me when you were here? I asked you not to at first, but, of course, I have wanted to see you since then. I thought you would come. Elaine."

After the funeral he had tried to see her; he had written to her several times; in his long letters, sent to her when he learned of the collapse of her material fortunes, he used charmingly sympathetic phrases, and, although he made no allusion to the existence of any engagement between them, she felt sustained by what seemed a tacit assurance of his love.

He wrote once more, saying that he hoped they would meet before long. Then gradually the fear came that he did not mean to continue their engagement, and, generously but with aching pain, she thought he would be justified in abandoning it. She reminded herself that in strict truth there was no engagement. She had refused one, firmly, telling him to come back in the autumn and ask her again. Only, after that sober discussion, a few minutes later, he had held her in his arms and she had given him a thousand affirmative answers with one clinging kiss.

"That will be very nice," said Mrs. March. "Uncle William," said Elaine abruptly, "what can I do to earn a living?"

They both brightened perceptibly, and looked at her with beams of affection. "Ah, my dear, that's the good spirit at last," said Uncle William, rubbing his hands.

"Not that we want to part with you," growled Aunt Gertrude. "What can I do?" repeated Elaine. "Well, you can do a dozen different things."

"Tell me one, Uncle William."

"To begin with, you are unusually well educated."

"Be a governess? No, Uncle William, I'm afraid my education is just a smattering of everything with no solid basis. If it came to real teaching, I doubt if I'm competent to teach a child of five."

"But there are backward children, Elaine," said Uncle William hopefully. "Besides, you are clever with your needle," said Aunt Gertrude.

"Yes, dear. That is, you only need constant practice to make yourself really efficient."

"Am I to have some practice, will you, Aunt Gertrude?" "Indeed I will—gladly, O, so gladly."

"I'd like to start at once. Let me help you with what you're always doing—those sheets."

"These are pillow cases, dear—for the little folk at St. Luke's orphanage. Come to the window, you dear child," and Mrs. March patted her niece on the shoulders and arms.

THE material of the pillow cases was so stiff that the needles soon grew blunt. Elaine's fingers ached; her heart ached; but she sat stitching half the morning, till her head ached too. Then she went out in the autumn sunlight, boldly facing old friends and acquaintances, even letting them talk to her, and meekly thanking them for their compassionate condolences. She went down to the public library, to that institution for humble and homeless people known in the past as the place to which were sent superfluous volumes from the crowded shelves at the Nuns' House and whence came a ceremoniously grateful letter acknowledging the gift. She sat now at a table with other unfortunate, the raffish of Tudor Green, and did what some of them were doing—studied the advertisement columns of daily newspapers and made penciled notes of vacant situations. Then she went home and wrote half a dozen letters offering herself to as many strangers for hire at a meagre wage.

She received one reply—a postcard informing her that the situation had been filled.

Uncle William's forecast proved correct, for there came now the marvelous days of full summer, days that seemed to taunt one with their ease. It was to mock one with an illusion of impossible things. On the third of these brilliant, warm afternoons Elaine suffered from a dreadful lassitude, a nostalgic longing for open spaces and extended prospects, a despairing sense of being caged or imprisoned for an eternity of time. She and Mrs. March were resolutely stitching in the window, while Mr. March sat dozing by the table.

The sunlight fell upon the fronts of the houses on the other side of

the road; soiled sun blinds had been let down at some of the windows; a girl in a white summer frock went up the steps of a house and came down again presently with two other girls in summer mauve and orange. They were carrying hot cushions and a tea basket, they chatted and laughed and vanished—three spots of flaming color, three young human creatures that vibrated with irrepressible life. Then a motor car came rushing down the road, making a cloud of dust in which fallen leaves flew round catching the sunlight.

"Far too fast," murmured old Mr. March drowsily. "Much beyond the speed limit. Very reckless."

A water car approached and passed clatteringly in the dusty roadway. With the fire of truncated rainbows dancing amid the thin white spray, it gave one a vague sensation of coolness and then left behind it a sudden penetrating smell of wet earth.

Elaine, who had glanced back at the shadowy room, turned again to the window, and it was as if the sunlight out there had blinded her. She made a movement, and all her work tumbled to the floor.

Arnold Thorne had come in at the rusty garden gate, and was mounting the front steps of their house. He called to her through the window.

"Elaine!"

HE CAME into the room itself, filling it with sunlight, with splendor. In a moment it had become beautiful and spacious, rich with color and soft fire, a room of impossible gladness, of miraculous adventure—an unknown room, changed as the whole world must change for her when on any spot of it she unexpectedly encountered this one tall young man in his quite ordinary blue suit, well polished brown boots, and unstarred white collar.

"Yes, I have come straight up from the station."

He was delightfully easy and pleasant with Mr. and Mrs. March while smiling at her and making her heart beat.

"Elaine, come out and talk," and before she could answer he spoke again to the others. "May I take her out?"

"For a little walk?" said Mrs. March.

"Or a long one," and he laughed. Mr. and Mrs. March were troubled. Apart from Mr. March's doubts about the young man himself and his immediate

diate repugnance towards the notice of unchaperoned promenade in any circumstances, he felt badly worried by the fact that dear Gertrude had been kept in ignorance of events that would have assisted her judgment in deciding whether they could properly permit a walk or not. No, Gertrude was not in a position to judge. It devolved upon him—

"I'll get my hat, Arnold," said Elaine.

"O, really. One moment, dear," said Mr. March.

"I have such heaps—such heaps of things to tell you, Elaine. But all of it good news. Come on. Let's go into the Chase, away from everybody."

That was what she wanted—just that to be alone with him, far from other people, now and for ever. They were walking fast through the sunlight, and already, in a minute of time since they left the house, she had come to life again. Fear and fear had gone, childlike, perfect faith had returned. He was good and true, not mean and calculating. The brightness of his face, the tone of his voice when he called her name, his first radiant life-giving smile, had told her all the good news. He could only supply her with mere details in any further communication.

"There. Sit down a minute," and he pointed to an empty bench as they hurried along the Parade.

She obeyed with a new sense of rapture evoked by his tone of command. He sat beside her, not touching her and yet seeming to wrap her round with the enveloping contact of the highest and strongest form of love. The words flowed from him, rapid, convincing.

She listened with her ears, with her very soul, while he poured out those heaps of things that explained both his previous strange silence and his present triumphant eagerness; yet nevertheless she was acutely conscious of the wide view before her eyes—the golden foliage, the flash of the river showing through the trees, the immense flat valley, and the distant hills.

ARNOLD told her he had been put on trial by that friend of his, Griffiths, the engineer. "And I have made good, Elaine." He said this with the air of a schoolboy who has won a prize. "They are going to give me a real job."

He said, too, at once, it was the loss of her fortune that had tied his tongue, and made him hesitate—not, of course, on his account, but on her account. He could not at first believe the money was really gone, that Aunt Edith and her advisers had made such an "amazing mess up." Then when Mr. Evans and his own lawyers both informed him that Elaine had little or nothing to expect, it had seemed a plain duty to leave her in freedom, and never to ask her to be his wife until such time as he should be at least able to provide a wife with food and shelter.

But he had hoped, he had prayed that the time might come soon. And it had come now.

"So there!"

He moved away from her on the bench as if in order to say her better; and she looked at him, her dark eyes glowing softly, her lips trembling.

"So there you are, Elaine. It really seems to me—", and he laughed boyishly. "But I mustn't keep back the brutal facts of the situation. Eight hundred a year they're going to give me. And I still have, well, say, three hundred of my own. Say eleven hundred—no, say a thousand, to be on the safe side. Can we do on it?"

"Of course, we can."

"It's poverty—grinding poverty—by the modern measure of money. It will mean the tightest of tight fits. Sure you're not afraid?"

"I'm not afraid of anything—with you, Arnold. Why should I be afraid?"

He laughed again and, moving a few inches farther from her, looked

at her fondly. "Because you're an expensive sort of young lady who has been brought up with extravagant, reckless habits—not at all the type of hereditarily belated old drama of love in a cottage."

"Nonsense. What about you?" And she spoke with piteous gravity. "It will be easy enough for me, Arnold, you said that you waited until you felt justified. But are you really and truly justified now? Shant I be a dreadful burden?"

"Yes, dreadful."

"Don't laugh. Wouldn't you be wiser—wouldn't it be wiser if you didn't have a wife at all—any wife?"

"Elaine, what's the meaning of this?" He drew nearer to her and spoke with a smiling pretence of anger. "Are you wandering in your mind?"

"No, I'm trying to be sensible—trying to think for you as well as for myself. Now that you have proved you will be still fond of me—now that I know it—I believe I could be unselfish enough to give you up—and not be too unhappy about it. It would be better for you. Or I could wait now indefinitely."

"Thank you for nothing. If you can wait, I can't. A wedding-vow on the cheapest scale—is an upsetting thing in a man's career. It's the first time it has happened to me. I would like to get it over and then settle down comfortably as soon as possible."

"Arnold, you will joke, but I'm desperately serious."

"Then I don't like your seriousness. It's almost insulting. Take it all back at once. Do you hear? Take it back!"

"Very well. Then, for the last time of asking, Captain Arnold Thorne! You're sure that you really and truly want me?"

"I want you. I want you so much that—as I think I told you last time we talked about it—I can't wait without you. Now get up and come on."

She obeyed him, and, walking faster than before, they made their way into the Chase—into the sunshine, more beauty—into fairyland.

There was no further seriousness now for a long while. Joy was with them. As they walked by the familiar paths, beneath the colored foliage, through thickets of hawthorn and out into the lawns, opening, they were not so much lovers as happy companions. Like two children, they chattered gaily and foolishly, and indeed Elaine had no finer time of her life than that afternoon, because for her to-day and all the years of her life had become one in the fulfillment of her greatest wish. At a word of his she could be again quite a little girl, following him in such a ramble as this on a smaller scale, and about the grounds of this Thorne's house or among Aunt Edith's flower borders; she could be fifteen, shyly worshipping him; she could be any age that he cared to make her.

Elaine, do you remember what happened over there?" And he pointed through a gap in the trees to a gravel road down which motor cars were descending sharply into an invisible dell.

"Yes, I side slipped and fell off my bicycle."

Of course, she remembered it.

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"Yes, I side slipped and fell off my bicycle."

Of course, she remembered it.

Now while they spoke it was all happening again. She was twelve years old, dressed in a blue serge frock, with a red leather belt, and her hair tied in a black ribbon that kept coming loose.

"Whose fault was it, Elaine—the accident?"

"Mine, Arnold. You told me to get off and wheel my bicycle because the road was slippery, and I wouldn't. I went on ahead and I was bursting with pride and singlory, till all at once—crash, bang!"

"Well, then, never do it again. Trust me, Elaine. Be guided by me in everything," and he laughed. "Of course, I know you won't be—your're really as headstrong and obstinate as ever."

"I am not, O, my dear, I have learned all my lesson. You'll have a sheep for a wife."

"Not much."

They left the Chase and went across the Common, through gorse and bramble where school children in white aprons were picking blackberries, where birds were singing and reawakened bees feebly buzzing. He could not walk too fast or too far for her. Strength as well as life was hers now. She who had moved so languidly dragging herself over the pavement of St. Luke's road, shunning the daylight, now would never feel tired again, would never have to shade her eyes even in the full glare of the sun. She had found her companion.

It was true—as she had said to herself, it was true—she was a woman, a woman who loved best the man she knows best, and perhaps of all women this was most true of herself. It was true—as she had said to herself, it was true—she was a woman, a woman who loved best the man she knows best, and perhaps of all women this was most true of herself. It was true—as she had said to herself, it was true—she was a woman, a woman who loved best the man she knows best, and perhaps of all women this was most true of herself.

Now that their union was to be accomplished, the sisterly feeling was still here; beneath this warm flood of joy it was stronger than it had ever been, and joined to it was a new feeling that seemed almost that of a mother. When they were passing through a narrow footpath that belonged to a private park, he was once a little way ahead of her, and as she looked at him then this new feeling came upon her in such a wave that it was as though she was being drowned in tenderness.

Although he was so tall and grand, so splendid in his gracious, adorable manliness, it seemed to her he was in truth only a boy—quite pathetically boylike, infantile—needing some one to take care of him, to guard him from every pain and every unsuspected danger. And in the moment of his turning, of his showing her his frank, beautiful face, of his giving her another transcendent smile, she vowed to herself to be more than a mother to him—a protectress, a shield against every pain or ugliness of life.

They sat under a tree in a meadow near the river, and he was boylike again, throwing his straw hat a few yards away in the long grass and then bombarding it with pebbles or morsels of dry earth that burst, as if they had been shells, in tiny clouds. These three miraculous days of fierce sunshine had made the ground as hard and dry as it had been at the height of summer. There was not a drop of moisture in the grass, and the red and yellow leaves that lay about them cracked and crumbled as one picked a them up.

HE went on talking while he bumbled; and presently Elaine, after glancing in all directions to make sure that they were entirely unobserved, put her hand upon his head as he stooped for further ammunition, and gently smoothed his hair. It was an odd caress in its mingled shyness and decision—as though she were touching him and stroking him to prove that he was solid, real, and not a creation of her own mind, a dream personage who might melt and vanish if touched. There had been no kisses, no embraces, in the Chase, although brief solitudes and unfrequented groves had given opportunity. Without looking round he took her hand, drew it over his shoulder, and kissed it many times, murmuring her name, "Elaine—your little Elaine."

The blood flew to her face, and she closed her eyes, as his lips brushed the palm of her hand, the extended fingers, and then the palm again, it seemed to her as if he was kissing her all over her body; as if by these nerve currents that she had set flowing inward from every external part of her he was proving how completely she belonged to him. Then, to thank him for letting her have you at last—a long last, Arnold," and she sighed contentedly.

"That's not fair," he said gravely. "Not that last bit. You have had me always, Elaine. I told you so."

"I know you did," she said meekly. "And I believe it—wonderful and incredible as it is."

They had tea in a small garden between the two bridges, with the sound of the river, faint voices of boatmen on the landing stages, and the rattle of traffic on the old stone bridge coming to them pleasantly and vaguely. In the garden itself there was noise at first. A party of trippers was finishing their meal at a long wooden table, and as they finally trooped out they stared at Elaine admiringly.

But Arnold had observed the complimentary almost awestruck scrutiny of the trippers, and he, too, was admiring her.

"Elaine, you are beautiful," he murmured.

"Why do you say that? To make me ashamed? I only wish I was beautiful for you."

"You are. I say it because it's the truth."

"If I am all right in your eyes—not altogether repulsive, as you once said—then I ask for no more."

The waiter brought his laden tray and set it on the table.

"I'm fearfully hungry," said Arnold. "I had no lunch."

"O, you poor darling. Why was that? You used to have something solid now."

BUT he said no; this quick bread and butter, these queer cakes, were sufficient. She poured out tea for him, watched him eat, and again that overwhelming, that quite maternal tenderness flooded through her and over her. He ate as a child eats, so little really and yet with great appetite—but nicely, cleanly, not greedily. Although the place was becoming shadowy, she could still see the color of his candid blue eyes, the smooth turn of his smooth, hard cheeks; she could feel his size, his strength, his complete manliness; and yet nevertheless he was only a little boy, a tiny little chap, seated on a high chair at the table demurely nibbling the morsel of cake that she had given to him. And she was his nurse or governess, his guardian—his mother, nothing less, watching him, yearning over him.