

# High Art and Hairpins

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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"Mr. Asquith is out by himself yet," said the tailor who had his shop on the ground floor of the Washington square. He held the door half open, and Helena paused with one foot on the narrow flight of stairs leading to the studio. She was frankly disappointed to have come so far for nothing. She hesitated, glancing back dubiously at the waiting cab.

"Did he say when he would be back?"

"He never says when," answered the tailor positively, with sweeping Hungarian assertion. "He goes, then he comes again. The door is open."

"Then I think that I shall wait," Helena smiled with sudden pleasure. "I am sure he will come soon. He must have expected me and left the door open."

"Sure he must," agreed the tailor cordially. "It was entirely probable. If there had been the slightest chance of

long time, two seasons, and she had met him every winter at dinners and swell dances. But this summer it had been different. Asquith said it was fate. Helena thought it the most delicious bit of maneuvering love had ever managed.

"The rest of the family had gone to Europe. Helena had hesitated. Between an automobile tour of Brittany and the Baltic coast and a quiet summer with her mother and sister at Larchmont she had chosen Larchmont. Asquith was a member of the yacht club at Larchmont. Every morning from the broad veranda of his roomy cottage she could see him out on the rocks, sketching before sunrise.

They were splendid rocks, huge, gray and gray; they rose roggely from the water at low tide, like the bodies of some submerged sea monsters. One could walk to them easily, stepping over little pools left by the water. They were strewn all over the morning. Helena walked to them, slim and sweet and fresh as the dawn in her white dress and white low shoes. It was the shoes that did it. When Asquith turned at her call for help he found her standing in one of the pools, and the white shoes were ruined.

Helena glanced up at the wall. A little white hook hung near her, some gray rucks in a rose lined case with a little salt marsh in the foreground. She smiled at it happily. They had sat up there together that morning, and she had taken her shoes and stockings—the precious ruined shoes and stockings—and that had been all.

And Asquith had said it was fate. She laughed again. He was such a boy, after all. She stopped to pick up her gloves and stopped short to look at something lying on the floor at her feet. It was merely a hairpin. She picked it up and looked at it curiously. Her own hairpins were brown tortoise shell ones to match her hair. This one was gold, a small, insidious gold wire affair, very cheap and very dainty.

The laugh was gone from her lips. In its place was a look of wonderment, of almost fear. There had been a woman in Hugh's studio, a woman with blond hair, who wore gold wire hairpins, who dropped gold wire hairpins around promiscuously. And Hugh had told her he never painted the figure. More than that, he had told her that no one knew of his den in the attic except herself and a few close friends. He had no patrons, no buyers of pictures, because as yet he had never sold any. All of his relatives were in Europe too. If the hairpin did not belong to a model, whom did it belong to?

With a sudden fierce impulse, she threw the hairpin away from her. It fell with a tiny clink against the wall. Almost instantly she had recognized. After all, it was purely a personal affair with Hugh, in which she had no part. He had not expected her to visit his studio. She had had a right to enter any room she liked, but it was not necessary that they should have had that matched gold hairpin?

She arose and crossed the room to where the hairpin had fallen. For a moment she held it in her hand, irresolute. Then slowly she laid it on his table, and beside it she left the now solitary ring. It would be enough. She knew that he would understand. As she turned to the door her eyes fell on a sudden rush of blinding tears, and as she felt for the latch it lifted and the door opened.

It was not on the landing outside stood a girl, plump, rosy checked and red haired, holding up her skirts in one hand and a pall of scrub water in the other.

"What a lovely Mr. Asquith was home," she said apologetically. "I just cleaned up his place, ma'am. I just guess I lost one of my hairpins. It's a little nice one, but I need it to keep my hair up tight."

"Had it on the table," said Helena gently. The girl set the pall down on the stairs and secured the hairpin, fastening up her tambling red curls with it dexterity.

"Thank you, ma'am," she called as she went downstairs, and Helena went back to the table and slipped the ring in its old place just as Asquith came up the stairs.

man. Why should not Helen care for him?"

"She doesn't. It isn't her own doing. You are sacrificing her."

"As though I could make Helen marry me. As though I did not wish to?" returned Mrs. Palmer, with a low laugh.

"Dear boy, if you feel like that, pray go away until you come to your senses."

"I shall not go away until I have seen Helen," he said dogmatically.

"What a beg of you?"

"Why are you so flowering at each other like Kilkenny cats?" cried a fresh young voice from the doorway. "How are you, Tommy?" and Helen Palmer, slender, dark eyed, clad all in soft shimmering gray, entered all the room and held out her hand in smiling greeting.

"Now that the moment had arrived, which she felt, she called to the man again. "Have you come to proffer your congratulations in person?" she asked shyly.

"No, not quite," he said. "Still I suppose it is bound for say something about the clever bargain you have made. That you of all people should prefer money to love?"

"Why should I? I am a member of the family you are privileged to be as agreeable as you like?"

"I suppose your love is a costly disagreeable," he returned moodily.

Mrs. Palmer had slipped from the room, and they were both too intent to bear other words.

"The man came nearer up the gravel walk, up the steps, and was muffled by the heavy rugs on the porch outside.

"Loving me! How perfectly absurd! Why don't you say so before? And not come here now?"

"I came to save you from sacrificing yourself to a loveless marriage," he returned grandly.

"Oh, Tommy, say so funny," she laughed softly. She raised her eyes and looked steadily into his weak, good looking face.

"Tommy," she said gently, "you must not think that I have any feeling for the honest looking Jim for Corey. I respect him—I care for him."

"Of course, he is a very rich man. I understand."

"He is at all events the very best man I have ever met," she returned indignantly. "Of course he has been awfully good about father's troubles, but I should have loved him just the same." She went on with quick conviction. "He is so good, so kind, so just."

"Why don't you say that he has money and can shower that on you?"

"I wish you to understand," she said coolly. "That, while I appreciate Mr. Corey's money, I love him for himself."

Suddenly her mouth opened and two large tears rolled down her cheeks. "I am so worried about all this," she said unsteadily. "Every one tells me to care for his money. Will no one believe me?"

The curtains at the long open window suddenly parted.

"I believe it. Do I count?" said James Wyle, who entered the room. "After all, fate sometimes consents to interfere benignly, even in a mercenary affair."

"A Mercenary Affair"

By EDITH M. DOANE

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When Mrs. Palmer announced the engagement of her daughter Helen to James Corey, every one wondered why on earth Helen had not chosen a younger man.

In almost the same breath it leaked out that Mr. Palmer, who was always trading on tips and going back in the market, had plumped once too often—had indeed been face to face with bankruptcy until James Corey came to his rescue.

Then the world, as represented by so many of the young people, congratulated and smiled discreetly. Of course if the Palmers accepted James Corey's money, they must accept its giver too.

The Park was apt to assemble informally at the Country club for 5 o'clock tea. There was something pleasantly cozy in gathering around the low rhina laden table on the wide clubhouse porch. But now chocolate cooled, forgotten, lay bodily quietly away, while their possessors eagerly discussed the marriage of convenience in their midst.

"The poor girl is deliberately sacrificing herself," declared Mrs. Lawrence, tragically waving a tea cake.

"And she is so pretty," put in little Mrs. Brooks irreverently.

"Her youth has been bartered for gold," said Mrs. Ella, who had a fondness for light jest.

"And he is so much older."

"Money isn't everything."

"Perhaps even yet she may be saved from it," faltered little Mrs. Brooks hopefully.

"Why save her?" briskly interrupted Mrs. Wyle, joining the group and taking the cup of fragrant tea offered her.

"Mr. Corey is honorable, charitable, rich—a good man in every respect. She



"What's this you've done?" he demanded vehemently.

"I ought to be proud of him. I'm sure I can't imagine what more she could want."

Five pairs of eyes confronted Mrs. Wyle in shocked surprise.

"Well, I'm sure I hope she takes your view of it," said Mrs. Lawrence gloomily.

"If he only were younger. He's as old as my father Abraham."

"Oh, if Mr. Palmer had not been in such a strait."

"Still, it is lucky to be able to cling to one's faith in humane nature as you do."

"I'm clinging to nothing," said Mrs. Wyle authoritatively. "But, for my part, I think she's a very lucky girl."

"Oh, of course everybody respects him."

"And he is a very rich man."

"But it is so evident that she did it to save her father."

"Besides, there is her cousin, Tom Brewster," said Mrs. Brooks softly.

Tom Brewster was an ordinary sort of a fellow—fairly good looking, fairly clever—in fact, he did not amount to much one way or the other, but he happened to imagine himself very much in love with Helen, and when her engagement was announced burst in on his aunt in a storm of indignation.

"What's this you've done?" he demanded vehemently. "Why was I kept in ignorance all this time?"

"I don't understand you," returned Mrs. Palmer coolly.

"Don't you?" he went on ruthlessly. "Then I'll explain. You have engaged Helen to a man for whom she has not the smallest spark of affection. To save yourselves—for the sake of mere money, more worldly position—and her father have consented to sacrifice that poor girl, body and soul."

"You must be insane to talk to me like this," returned his aunt lell.

"There is no reason why Helen should not marry Mr. Corey or any one else she chooses."

"Let us confine ourselves to Mr. Corey," she said with a cold smile at all events.

"No?" said she. "And why?"

"Because a loveless marriage can never be a blessing."

"But he is right. I don't love a match!" she went on, forgetting her anger in her desire to convince him of the futility of interfering with Helen's engagement. "Mr. Corey is a charming

# Flashed From a Fan

By COLIN S. COLLINS

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"That the junior partner did not like Miss Coddington was a self-evident fact. The senior partner and the manager approved her work, and once the manager had even praised it, but letters never went into Frank Spaulding's room that they were not returned for correction—usually just before closing time.

Only Ruth Coddington and Harry Jackson knew why Spaulding disliked her, for it was Jackson, working late over his books, who had come at her call when the junior partner had tried to kiss her as she brought in to him some late work.

It had marked them down as the victims of Spaulding's wrath, but it had also established between them a bond of sympathy that had ripened into love. Spaulding could not very well have them dismissed without explaining why he wanted it done, so he took his revenge in making things about the office as unpleasant for them as he could.

But they did not care for his petty meanness so long as they were together. Jackson had been given the promise of a raise in the fall, and together they would have enough to make a comfortable home. There would be a quiet marriage, and they would wait for their honeymoon for the following year.

Then suddenly the firm began to lose money. Until Spaulding had been taken in as a partner Gordon Nixon had conducted a conservative brokerage business. With the coming of the younger man they had taken to speculating on their own account. Now in some mysterious fashion the market invariably went against them.

Nixon worried much over the situation. The fever of gambling is in the



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ed Spaulding, "that I thought she should be turned off, though I had no idea that she was as good as this."

"I don't like it," he said even now," said Nixon. "Even in spite of what I have seen I cannot believe it of her."

Yet he summoned Ruth to his office and in a few minutes told her that she would have to go. He was not disposed to explain for a moment, but she was tearfully persistent, and finally the whole story came out.

Spaulding looked reluctantly toward her, as she came out of the office and as soon as the door closed came toward her. Brokenly she told him of the charge that had been made and of her inability to refute it.

"I have used my mirror a lot," she confessed. "Any girl in an office would want to look neat. But you know, Harry, that I would not do such a thing."

"I know," he admitted. "But there must be something to it or Mr. Nixon would not have been convinced. There is a mystery here somewhere."

"Now it's all spoiled," she sobbed. "our marriage and my career—everything."

"Not if I know it," he said savagely. "Don't you worry. I'll find something out."

A little later he slipped from the office. He had been gone several minutes when the telephone bell rang. Nixon had come out into the office to see the bookkeeper, and he picked up the receiver.

"It's Jackson talking," he said after a moment. "He wants you to turn off that fan, Miss Coddington."

She turned on the electric fan that was whirring over her head and went on with her writing. A moment later Jackson dashed into the office.

"If you will come to see me," he said to his employer, "I'll show you the real explanation of those flashes. Please come."

He stopped a moment at Ruth's desk, then led Nixon out into the hall. Like Spaulding, he went to the empty office on the other side of the building. The heliograph flashes were still sending their mute signals, but in a moment they stopped. Presently they began again, and again ceased. This was repeated several times when Harry turned to his companion.

"You know that fan over Miss Coddington's desk? It's one of the sort that swings back and forth to keep the air moving. That flash is caused by the back of the fan. There's a brass screw that catches the sun and makes the flash when it comes into the sunlight. I've taken down the fan. The rest, I mean around the building, because this place was built before the idea of inferior conduits for wires was developed. They all run around the building under the roof, and then they join the cable that runs down to the street conduit. All the Henning's people had to do was to tap your private wire to the exchange and get your messages. They got some outside man to do the tapping. Every message you send to the street comes in here."

"Nixon bawled out and verified the fact. Then he turned to Harry.

"I think," he said, "that by sending false messages over the wire for a few days we can reconnoiter lines. Then we will have Henning arrested. It's a criminal offense, I believe."

He turned and led the way back to his own office. Ruth looked up anxiously as they entered.

"My dear Miss Coddington," he said, with a bowing courtesy. "I have to beg your pardon for ever suspecting you." He clasped her hand warmly and turned to the bookkeeper.

"Miss Coddington and Mr. Jackson are going to take next week and the week after for their honeymoon trip," he said. "Please make them out a check for a thousand as a wedding present from the firm. No, don't thank me, he went out the front spring forward. Send a big piece of the wedding cake; that's all."

# ADJUDICATION NOTICE.

Public Notice is hereby given that the Subscriber, Administrator of the Estate of Antone Prometusch deceased will attend the County Court of Lake County, at a term thereof to be held at the Courthouse in Wauegan, in said County, on the first Monday of January next, 1907 when and where all persons having claims against said Estate are notified and requested to present the same to said Court for adjudication. EIDSON F. HARNDEN, Administrator.

Wauegan, Ill., Oct. 27, 1906.

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