

The White Sepulchre

The Tale of a Pelee

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Here was another issue of Nemesis, the curse of another life through his coming back from the edge of the water. In the crush of self-hate, he smiled at the woman.

"I have been thinking a great deal since yesterday. I found that I couldn't do what I tried at least, without seeing you again, Soronia. Haven't you spoken yet?"

"I have wanted for you so long, my maker of pictures," she whispered.

"You have not wanted long, sir," Breen answered. "It was just an instant ago that I had the honor of hearing of your daughter's lips."

"It is an honor I do not deserve, sir," the daughter of a country woman of Josephine and a soldier of France," said Breen, grateful that one of his utterances contained no error.

"The bow from the veteran was a graceful thing. He held a glass to the lips of his daughter."

"I do not need it now, father," Soronia said softly.

There was a knock at the door. The maid hastened to her room, and Pere Habaut, once more the master of the shop, greeted a gasping patron.

"Nicholas Stembrieger, repeat! this is your wedding day," he muttered. "What a time you've had down the years! You have lived long and free, taking what you saw and doing consequences and putting like a hammer's stroke on our spirits."

And yet he smiled at the perfection of the pride-handling trap the Fates had laid for him this day; smiled at the words he had uttered to Soronia and her father, who had bristled into a soldier of France.

"Come in, sir," said Uncle Joey. His tone was repressed as he added: "Had I

known your address, I should have sent you effects to you."

"I wasn't thinking about that, but looking for Mr. Constable," Breen declared.

"You are Nicholas Stembrieger?"

"The elder man stared at him savagely. 'Don't you think you have done enough damage?'"

"More than enough, Mr. Wall; but there remains, from my point of view, an unfinished sentence."

"Then I need trouble you no further," Breen had not the heart that instant to ask to see the ladies.

"The morning which broke through the defenses of Breen, and crumpled the dearest purpose of Constable, also drew Miss Stansbury into the vortex of intense misadventure."

"As a girl, it had not occurred to Lara to exert an authority over her mother's. When she became a young woman she carefully avoided any extremity which might lead to the breaking of either her own or the more visible will of the house."

"Now, in the midst of painful developments, it was borne home to Lara that she had progressed too far in the way of amiability."

"The chief of the acts she regretted had to do with the morning itself. What manner of 'friendship' was this which accepted as authoritative the testimony of a newspaper's reporter?"

"She sought her own room when the tumultuous moment to the point of rage. Presently she went to the door and looked it for the inevitable thought had come. What did the name of Peter Constable mean to her?"

"The image smiled at her conservatism. 'You deserve to suffer. You sent him away without a title of your trust, without a morsel of your mercy.'"

few who fled to Fort de France. Lara bent her head toward the priest. 'An' who do you think of this man, father?' she questioned suddenly.

"The old man's mild gaze fell before the glowing eyes of the girl. 'I did not think when I first met him that he was gifted with such zeal,' he answered weakly."

"Where is he now, Father Damien?" "That I cannot tell, dear. We have not seen him since morning. Some say that he has gone to Morne Rouge; others that he has ascended to the crater of Pelee."

"She sprang up, but repressed the exclamation upon her lips. Her mother had enjoined."

"Good morning, Father Damien," Mrs. Stansbury said pleasantly. "Is Lara rehearsing private theatricals for you?"

"The priest made haste to depart, saying that he had been to the crater of Pelee with the money Constable had given to make the refugees there as comfortable as possible."

"I hope it may be a false rumor that your friend has sought the crater of Pelee. Such services as his we cannot afford to do without. There is power in the man."

"I think I have felt it, father," the girl answered quietly.

"What does this mean, this talk of 'friend' in connection with the confere of a thief?" Mrs. Stansbury asked.

"I did not quibble in the use of the word."

"Do you count as a friend one who would try to put you aboard a ship which bears the name of the Madame de Stael?—one who would bring to our house the notorious Nicholas Stembrieger?"

"You were also invited to go, remember."

"My dear child, you are overwrought. I cannot believe that you are appealed to by this sudden interest of his in your welfare; nor that you dreamed of accepting terms that would have frightened our Bomprey saint who braved wars."

AMUSEMENTS

AT THE CHICAGO THEATERS.

SANS SOUCI PARK.

Creator and his great band are the leading features this week at beautiful Sans Souci Park. The Crystal Casino with its seating capacity of 10,000 people, is taxed to its utmost limit.

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PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

LESS IDEAS AND MORE IDEALS.

By Mayor McClellan.

The crying need of the day is fewer men with ideas and more men with ideals. One of the most difficult problems of the great trust which I occupy is to get the right men for public office.

There are very few Americans who will not willingly and cheerfully give their lives for the flag; there are very few who will give their time, or any part of it, for the State.

Moreover, our journalistic and political ethics are such that the honest man who accepts office in this country must expect from the beginning to the end of his term to wage one insistent struggle to do his duty.

Considering that we have to spend the whole of our lives in this human machine, we really devote to it little attention. When I say "the human machine" I mean the brain and the body—and chiefly the brain.

See this man who regularly studies every evening of his life! He has genuinely understood the nature of poetry, and his taste is admirable.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

Cycle Fitch is out for fun and nothing more in "Girls," the comedy in three acts, which is now in its fifth successful week at the Chicago Opera House.

Mabel Barrison and Joseph Howard are now in the sixth week of their very prosperous run in "The Flower of the Ranch" at the Garrick.

Dr. Watts Revised.

How doth the little busy bee Improve his shining time And gather honey, as we see, With industry sublime!

He dives into the flower's cup And scrapes and digs the sweet, Then hurries off and stores it up For other folks to eat.

will tolerate? It was not written in the book of fate that he should complain, and worry, and sulk, and suffer. My aim is to direct a man's attention to himself as a whole, considered as a machine, complex and capable of quite extraordinary efficiency for traveling through this world smoothly, in any desired manner, with satisfaction not only to himself but to the people he meets en route and the people who are overtaking him and whom he is overtaking.

Sensationalism has no rights of any kind in a university. Yet we must have learned that it is not to be kept out by the saying, Novelty of theme or of statement, suited to exploitation and to personal notoriety, is as repugnant to the traditions, the philippic basis, the moral sense, and the freedom of a university as illiteracy is a menace to government in a democratic state, or as greed is repugnant to fellowship in a philanthropic guild.

I have no valid objection to a professor being a free trader. I cannot object to his telling students the reason why. But I have abundant reason for objecting to his hiding from the students the arguments which support the policy of protection, and to his enforcing his partisan view against mere youth with the ponderous solemnity of a military execution.

My Americans have had some illustrations of late that our firm American belief that we have a fine system of college efficiency and modesty may not be infallible. Our critics are declaring that our educational systems are not training men properly, and point to Germany, France, and England as doing better, as having something better. They say our bankers are not bankers, but promoters.

This much is true, at least, that in the last two decades we have not been good borrowers—not nearly as good as Germany and Japan. It is a truism that the next best thing to being able to do a thing well yourself is to become a good borrower of a better method than your own.

"Hang it, she isn't so bad!" But also he said, "I don't go away in the summer."

"I have always said," she cried, delightedly, "that there is no place in the summer like the city. No, sir! No where! And we'll have one of those piano players, dear, and a collection of the best old classics, and, oh, what happy, happy hours will spend together! Bach! Beethoven! Strada! Ah, I feel so happy!"

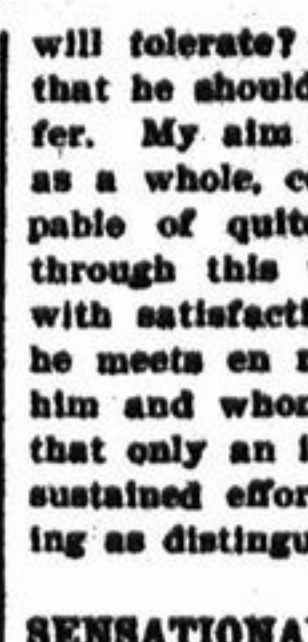
Swinging his hand and pressing it with affection the while, she began—

Diana ask me if I love you, Truth, I dream tell—

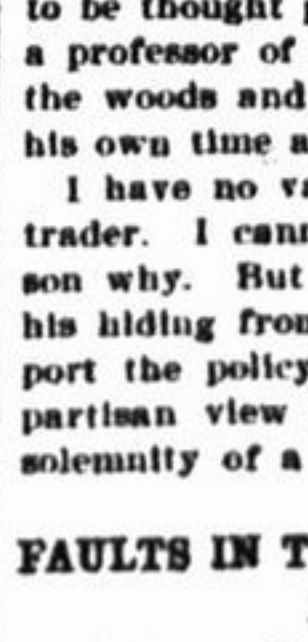
And then not only did she swing her hand, but she swung her feet, and instead of avoiding her glance and setting his face in the cast of stones, he looked at her right sweet—in the eye and thought her wondrous fair.

"But look here, girl," he said, "I don't get \$18 a week, and those piano players and concerts and operas and things—"

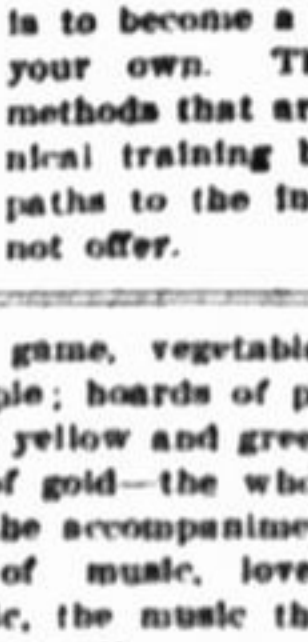
"Well," she whispered, her eyes shining as she lifted her tiny little lips to be kissed. "Well, * * * Aren't those canaries?"—Evening Sun.



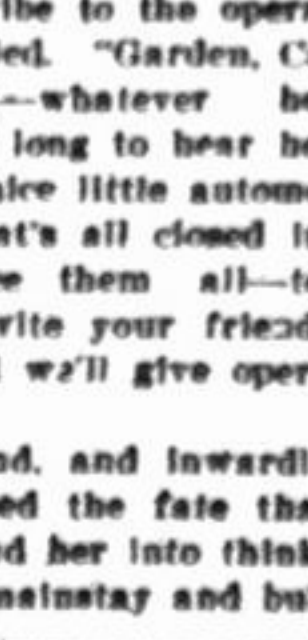
MAYOR McCLELLAN.



By Arnold Bennett.



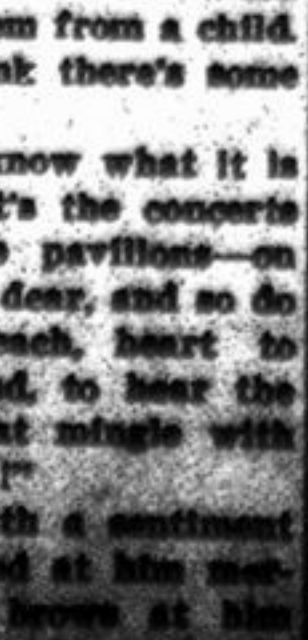
By President Henry Smith Pritchett.



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