Money Makes Money;

Or, A Strange Stipulation.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued).

"Pleased!" said Julian Bryant. "You've got queer notions of what is likely to please me. I must say!"

So Enid never went back to the man who had given her such hope, and the little old piano remained shut.

They stayed on through the winter, and the early part of spring. Little Mrs. Bryant rarely laughed now; indeed, gradually there fell upon the two young people a silence. They walked together, they sat together; they were always together; but the misery of their position never let them be together really.

When the anniversary of their wedding day came round, Julian Bryant found himself literally without a shilling in his pocket.

He went out in the usual way, kissing his wife gravely and saying nothing; and suddenly there came upon him the impulse to go to Rachel Marnock.

"If I humble myself, if I give her the satisfaction of letting her know that she was right, perhaps she may do something for me; at least I shall know whether she is working against me, and if she is, I won't spare her!"

But when he called at the well-remembered office the porter gave him the information that Mrs. Marnock was not there.

"She don't come often now, sir," he said. "She has been ailing a bit this winter, and is abroad somewhere in foreign parts; leastways, that is what I hear."

Bryant thanked the man and gave him a smile. He remembered the last time he had entered the office, and how beautiful life had seemed to him then.

He had only gone a few yards down the street when the porter ran after him.

"Oh, sir, I beg your pardon, sir," he said; "but I've just heard as Mrs. Marnock's come back. She is in London. You know where she lives, don't you?"

"Yes," said Julian Bryant.

Again acting on impulse, he hailed a 'bus and was carried westwards.

There was something new beating in his heart, something that dispelled for a little while the wretchedness. It was hope. For if she were ill and suffering, then perhaps this would be the moment in which to approach her. She had been good to him, she had shown him kindness more than any other person in those days when everything had been taken from him so suddenly; he only wanted work, not favors, only the means of earning a life for himself and for one dependent on him.

He made his way by degrees to her house; she lived in one of the most fashionable quarters; he had dined at this house twice in the old days, that had been when her husband had been alive, and he had been summoned there to discuss his future.

The luxury, the beauty, the wealth contained in this house had said very little to him then because to a certain extent he had been accustomed to such things; but now, as he stood on the doorstep, the remembrance of this woman and her power mocked him anad he almost turned away.

Necessity was however so pressing that he set his lips and put his heel on his pride. He was not destined, however, to see Mrs. Marnock, as he was given the information that she was not well enough to receive anyone. She was confined to her room.

"Will you give me a message, sir? Would you like to write a note?"

Julian Bryant said "No" at first, and then he changed his mind.

"Yes, I'll write."

He sat down at the table in the wide, spacious hall, so charmingly arranged, having treasures on the walls; it was scented with flowers, a glimpse of another world. He did not choose his words, he wrote like a man distracted.

"I want you to help me; I've tried everything and everything has gone against me. You were once very good to me and I disappointed you. I'm sorry, but just because you were good to me once I want you to give me another chance. I've come to my last penny. God knows what will happen if I don't get something to do. I don't ask you to take me back into your office, but a word from you would give me work somewhere else. I ask you to speak that word."

He signed it with his full name, and his hand trembled as he inscribed her's on the envelope.

He hardly knew where he walked when he left the house; he was agitated, nervous, unhappy. Now that he had written to her he felt as if he had done wrong, and yet—and yet, a drowning man will clutch at a straw, and unless he had help, he, too, would go under, perhaps never to come to the top again.

He found himself after awhile in Piccadilly, and gave a great start when someone hit him on the shoulder. Turning, he faced a man he knew well, a former chum, one of his old regiment just home from India on leave.

"You are the first of our fellows I've struck, Bryant. What are you doing?—nothing? Well, come along, we'll have a 'peg' first and then we'll have lunch. How nice it is to be back in the old country!"

In a dazed sort of way Julian followed the other man into a club. It was like a glimpse of old days to sit at a well-appointed table, to hear regimental "shop," to talk over old times and old friends; and out of this there came a suggestion.

The man home from India was too tactful to express the sympathy he felt for Bryant; neither could he offer assistance, at least not the assistance which he felt pretty surely was what the other man needed; but the shabby look of his former chum, the misery in Julian's eyes hurt him dreadfully, and he would not let his guest go till they had talked things over and he had made Julian promise to meet him in a couple of day's time.

The next day he wrote saying that he had backed a winner and that his chum was standing in with him, and with the cheque he enclosed came the suggestion.

"Why don't you learn all there is to know about a car," he wrote; and then he added, "I may be on to a good thing again next week at Kempton and if so I shan't forget you. Don't be stuffy about this, old chap; you know we must stand by one another; and you were good to me in many ways when I first joined."

That night Julian Bryant told his wife that things were changed, and that he was going to serve an apprenticeship at some motor works.

"With just a little luck, I'll be able to turn in something before long," he said.

"You mean you are going to learn to drive a cab?" asked Enid, with a little catch in her voice; and her husband nodded his head.

"Yes," and then he added grimly; "if I get the chance."

"If you drive a car, why can't I play in public?"

And Julian Bryant caught his breath as he answered her:

"Because I won't let my wife work."

He kissed her and held her very tightly in his arms.

"Please God, we are going to get through with our bad times very soon now, darling," he said.

After that he was out of the house all the time and Enid worked again incessantly on the old piano.

"Some day he will change his mind and let me share the work," she said to herself; and though she loved him because of his proud resolution, she only permitted his will to sway her for a time longer.

The duties at the works kept Julian out till very late, he put in at least fourteen hours a day at the start; there were no more pretty little dinners, no more invented delicacies. The tired man just swallowed his food and got to bed in haste to snatch what sleep he could before dawn and duty came again.

There were no more walks, no more dreamy, happy discussions, no more plans for the future; poverty had worked a blight on the happiness of these two young people, the sordid ugliness of a life destitute of charm had come between them. Enid cherished her hope and her faith in the sunshine to come, but it was no easy task, for Julian was so changed.

When the work had come his wife had felt that this heavy cloud that rested so tangibly upon them would surely be lifted, but Julian's spirit had seemingly lost the trick of catching hope; he was not merely physically tired; the man was morose, cynical, cruelly hard at times, and Enid could never have guessed the real cause of this change in her husband. Rachael Marnock's silence, that humiliating silence, did more than disappoint, it burned.

The fact that he had humbled himself to write and solicit her help embittered Bryant; hundred times a day he tortured himself with the recollection of that letter. He did not hesitate to curse the woman to whom it had been addressed.

And then one day the papers put out in large letters the news that Mrs. Marnock was dead: her millions gave her a place of importance; her death was a fact of public interest.

Juliant Bryant read the news and a quick pang of regret shot through him; it was followed by a strange sense of relief. The humiliation was lifted from him. Her silence was now explained. She must have been too ill to write. He was sorry he had misjudged her. Death is the great leveller.

Neither he nor his wife spoke of the dead woman when they met that night nor did they ever discuss her death. The very name of Rachael Marnock had power to stab them both. The young wife had never known exactly what words had been spoken in that most remarkable interview; but she had a quick imagination. She could guess. And many and many a time of late Enid had forced herself to confess that Mrs. Marnock's fierce denunciation of their marriage had at least the merit of common sense to recommend it. At any rate, she always shrank from the mere recollection of Rachael Marnock. Enid had no time nor chance to read the papers, so was ignorant of the fact that everybody was talking about Mrs. Marnock and the money she had left. The will had made a sensation; there was so much money. The wonderful bequests to charity, the almost ironical disposition of her fortune was the theme of the moment.

Unlike his wife, Julian Bryant knew of all this, and that his heart would be sore with envy as he read the names of those whom this death had enriched was only natural. Her relations, her secretaries, her servants, all those who had worked for Rachel Marnock had been remembered, even some of his own kith and kin (people connected with the dead woman through her marriage) were mentioned as benefitting by the will.

Although he was doing splendidly in his new work, and the promise of earning a steady wage was drawing daily nearer, the bitterness that had crept into Julian Bryant's heart still poisoned him; he was always sullen now; his wife saw less and less of him, he even forgot at times to kiss her when he went out and came in. And little by little there stole into Enid's mind the suspicion that there was an element of mystery underlying her husband's changed manner.

She grieved for her lost happiness, but there was a touch of natural resentment in her sorrow. She did not understand why Julian should treat her so unkindly, unless indeed he had lost all love for her, and she would not let herself think this yet; still, their life was so different. Ther seemed to be nothing she could do for Julian. He put her aside so completely. She knew nothing of his work or of his prospects. He seemed to have a god deal of business about which she knew nothing.

Letters came frequently, but he put them in his pocket unopened to be read when he was alone.

Once as she was looking at him noting with a pang at her heart how tired he was, and how his good looks had faded, their eyes met. There was such an agonized expression in the man's face that Enid's lips trembled. She rose, and going across, she kissed him tenderly.

"You are worrying about something," she said. "Dearest, my dearest, won't you tell me what it is?"

"Don't imagine things," Julian answered, and he spoke roughly; but he caught her to him and kissed her as he had not kissed her for a long time, and a flame of happiness ran through her, radiating all that was dark for just a little while.

"I want you only to remember that I am here," she whispered to him unsteadily—"that I love you . . . that I would do anything for you, Julian, anything, my dear one, anything!"

His voice was not steady, as he answered her—

"I know it," he said, and his voice was strange and hard. She drew away from him, and all was dark once again, for it seemed to her as if her loving words had carried hurt to him instead of comfort.

That night he told her he was going to the country on the morrow to be tested in his driving; he might be absent all day.

Enid was up to give him his breakfast, and she sent him to his work with a loving kiss, and a blessing, felt if not spoken, and then she went back to bed again, for it was very early, and she cried a little while; she was so unhappy.

She yearned over the man she had married just as a mother yearns over a child.

She felt her courage fading slowly away. She was beset with anxiety.

What could she do? How could she help him? How bring back a semblance of their lost happiness?

After she had risen and dressed she roused herself. The little home had to be cleaned, and there was mending to be done, for Julian's work played great havoc with his clothes.

And while Enid swept, dusted, and even scrubbed, her heart was with him. She determined to meet him with a smiling face and planned to give him something nice for his supper. Once again she set herself to look optimistically to the future. Perhaps to-day would be a turning-point in their lives, if he did well to-day he might soon be in regular work. That the work would be in a sense menial had ceased to vex her tender spirit. They had tested so many degrees of suffering that there remained not a glimmer of snobbery to either of them. To drive a motor-cab would be hard work, but it was a man's work, and a man with brains could rise even in this profession. Indeed, Enid found it possible to rejoice that her beloved one should have a life lived out in the open air; no close office drudgery.

As she settled herself finally with her needles and cottons and a coat of his (in which there was a big rent) in her lap, something happened. A letter slipped out of one of the pockets of the coat and fell on the floor.

As Enid Bryant stooped to pick up this letter and replace it, she paused suddenly. A certain name inscribed caught her eyes.

A flame of color rushed into her face, and her heart beat hurriedly. She hesitated, looked again at the letter, put it aside; then once more she hesitated, and then her decision was taken.

Pushing aside the coat, she spread out the paper on the table in front of her. It was a communication from a firm of solicitors, was dated a week previously, and headed "Re the late Mrs. Marnock," and was evidently one of numerous letters: those mysterious letters which he had never opened in her presence. Enid read carefully through this lawyer's letter, and when she had done so she sat and covered her face with her hands. She was trembling from the effect of a great, a dreadful shock. For this letter recapitulated in curt legal terms certain facts which had already been communicated to her husband; and these facts dealt with a bequest made by the late Mrs. Marnock to Julian Bryant.

The amount of this bequest was so large that the figures danced before Enid's eyes.

The lawyers had written apparently to repeat once again that there had been no mistake, nor was there any possibility of compromise; their duty was to pay over this money to Mr. Bryant only if he fulfilled the condition attached to the bequest.

And what was this condition?

If he agreed to live his life apart from the girl he had married, then Julian Bryant would be a rich man, a man with an assured position, a man with power! If he refused to fall in with this condition, then not a penny would pass into his possession.

Julian Bryant's wife sat she hardly knew how long with her trembling hands pressed to her hot eyes. She thought she had gone through as much suffering in the last few months as a woman's heart can bear; but nothing that had gone was as bad as this. To feel that she stood a tangible barrier in his path! That she, who loved him, who would have given her life for him if it had been demanded of her, should he recognized as a bar to all that was worth having in life, was a tragedy in its way, it destroyed so much! Now was explained to her so much; the irritability, the restlessness, the unspoken trouble; all those things that had drawn her husband so surely away from her!

She knew him so well. She could read into his heart and follow almost every phase of the torture which this unusual and most cruel proposition must have signified to him, and when the first hot resentful misery had passed, her thought was of fullest pity for the man.

She longed to comfort him, to put her arms about him and to kiss him, and to hold his tired head on her breast; for she knew the poison of this strange bequest. Love for herself (that wonderful love!) was fighting now, not merely against ugly necessity but against the grimmest determination.

"He will never do it!" she said to herself, "never! never!"

She rose, and picking up the letter she slipped it back into the coat pocket, and then she stood a moment with closed eyes, lifting the coat in her arms and pressing her lips to it as though it were sentient and responsive; then she brushed the tears away and sat down and thought deliberately. Happily, Julian was not coming back till late, there were so many hours in which to think and act!

(To be continued.)

NORMAN ANGELL IN FRANCE.

Tells of His Experience in That Sorely-Tried Country.

Norman Angell, the world's peace propagandist of London, has been here in France, where he has been shut off from the outside world in a small village. Of his experiences he said:

"Soldiers, soldiers everywhere. It was impossible to get away from them. I was living cheek by jowl with them occasionally sharing their food, sitting round the camp fires and discussing the war and politics. The contrast between England and France as regards the situation is striking.

"In France there is not a family that has not suffered privation, ruin, or loss of a member, mostly the breadwinner. The checks of wealthy persons remain uncashed. Someone goes to Paris with the intention of returning home the next day, and is swallowed up. A week passes, and nothing is heard of him. We are told that the train service is still excellent, which means that a four hours' journey is accomplished with luck in 16 or 20 hours."

Angell recited some of the rumors current daily.

"Your local paper tells," he said, "quite seriously that the Russians have entered Berlin and that Potsdam Palace is in ruins. Then you get dark hints that whole French regiments are demoralized and that officers and men have been executed by scores with a distinguished general thrown in.

"German spies are arrested everywhere. Advertisements are being ruthlessly pulled down by the town officials on the ground that they contain some subtle form of German espionage.

"Yet the soldiers with whom you hobnob are models of good humor and kindliness. Sometimes they are the most unmilitary of militaires, good, honest, bourgeois, running to fat and a partiality for sleep after meals. But the moment they hear of German barbarities they become inflamed and pray for a chance to avenge them."

Take Notice.

A specialist claims to be able to make hair grow on a bald head by rubbing it frequently with a Turkish towel. It is barely possible that fuzz off the towel has given him false encouragement.

Paw Didn't Know.

Willie—Paw, are a man and his wife one?

Paw—Yes, my son.

Willie—Then how many was Solomon?

Paw—You go to bed, young man.

A Three Year Old.

"Mother," said a three-year-old girl, "I don't think you know much about bringing up children, do you?" "What makes you think that, dear?" "Because you always send me to bed when I'm not a bit sleepy, and make me get up when I am."

The Ideal.

"Would you forgive me if I kissed you?"

"How can I tell beforehand?"

Every girl on earth imagines that she would make an ideal wife.

NIETZSCHE, THE MAD MAN.

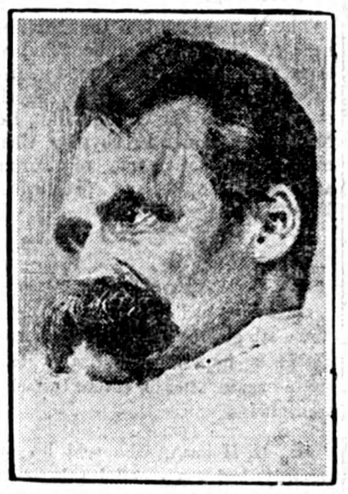
The German Author Who Has Poisoned His Country's Ideals.

Nietzsche's philosophy is said to have had great influence on the mind of Germany, and in the production of the present state of affairs there. Rather than being an active influence upon Germany, Nietzsche might better be called the first one to express a philosophy, or a rational sentiment, that was growing in Germany. That sentiment, fed by her swifter-flying factory wheels, her broadening commercial lines, is simply the sentiment that has tinged her morals, her philosophy, her very life—materialism, commercialism, progress.

How Nietzsche can be identified with that sentiment has been hard to see until now, when everything German—the soul of Germany—has been laid bare by the war. Nietzsche, known to us as a mad, diseased, rhapsodic blasphemer, simply idealized the "material progress" religion of Germany! Idealized it, put it on four corners of philosophy, bound it up in argument, and—as far as we can see—did it unwittingly, thought he was a philosopher, when in reality, he was only an instrument thrust ahead of his Time, to cry in a strange voice about a Superman who was to come after—and that we should prepare for his coming!

Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche was born of Polish blood long settled in Germany, at Roecken, in Saxony, 1844. He was brought up in a most religious home atmosphere and studied at Liepzig, later becoming a professor at Basel University, in Switzerland. As a camp steward in the Franco-Prussian War he contracted a nervous disease, and from youth to his death he was a nervous wreck, dyspeptic, addicted to drugs. He died in 1900 insane.

His books, which caused a genuine sensation in Germany, were published between 1872 and 1888. He has long been an accepted figure in



Frederich Wilhelm Nietzsche.

Germany. His works are read by all students. But in England and America, where his books have crept in as if by stealth, he is not taken seriously.

Christianity Greater Folly.

In a word, Nietzsche believed that Christianity and Democracy, the pillars of our life, were the greatest of human follies. Both systems held the average man, the humble man, the modest man, as the ideal type, and so put the brakes on progress. Both Christianity and Democracy preserved the weak and forced the strong to give of their strength to the weak. Nietzsche's ideal social arrangement was one in which there would be a huge, moral, helpless slave class mastered by a small, active, progressive class, which did not aim at the equality of all classes, but at the ultimate production, at the top, of Superman! All this based upon an amendment to Schopenhauer, which Nietzsche called "the will to power."

The idea took at once in Germany, where, as a matter of fact, a huge mass is under the heel of a master class—the militarists. Professors, eager to adopt anything so flattering to the class as Nietzsche's philosophy, began teaching it. And this great mass, who can pass legislation only under the censorship of the Kaiser, in spite of their vaunted Socialistic strength, has grown up to fancy itself "super." For the beauty of Nietzsche is that he inveighed against monarchy just enough to allow this mass of which he spoke so witheringly to imagine itself capable of getting into the running in the Superman stakes.

Anglo-Saxon minds, in the last fifteen years, have weighed Nietzsche, and while they put up a protective barrier by claiming he was a product of his time, they admit he was honest, that his search for truth was genuine. In short, we have at last pictured him as a wild, mad man, who, armed with a broom, has fiercely attacked the great edifice of human life, to smash it to pieces; but that his broom has only swept away a lot of dust and grime and the cobwebs of misconception and error, leaving the vast pillars, the massive masonry, shining brighter than ever. For that we have given him credit. He has been a good house-cleaner!

Books Not Readable.

Nietzsche's books, the greatest of which is probably "Thus Spake Zoroaster," are not very readable. He deals in generalities mostly, and he sticks to no set plan, wandering about from idea to idea, and using a roaring, bellowing, jumbled style that occasionally permits a passage of real beauty to crop up.

Of peculiar significance are same of his sayings just now. For instance:

"It is characteristic of an unphilosophical race to hold on firmly to Christianity—they need its discipline for moralizing—and humanizing. The Englishman, more gloomy, sensual, headstrong, and brutal than the German, is for that reason, as the baser of the two, also the more pious; he has all the more need of Christianity."

That passage has a terrible humor about it, just now!

Then again—

"Every elevation of the type man has hitherto been the work of an aristocratic society—and so will it always be—a society believing in a long scale of gradations of rank and differences of worth among human beings, and requiring slavery in some form or other."

"Soldiers and their leaders have always a much higher mode of comportment towards one another than workmen and their employers. At present, at least, all militarily established civilization still stands high above all so-called industrial civilization; the latter, in its present form, is in general the meanest mode of existence that has ever been."

It is just possible that the Devil has released Nietzsche's soul from the mild torment of fire, to take him over the fields of Belgium, to see his countrymen believing what he believed; and to look on the scarred towns, where a few weeks ago there flourished "that meanest form of existence."

NOTABLE WALKING STICKS.

Late King Edward Collected Over Three Thousand.

The collecting of walking-sticks was his late Majesty's favorite hobby, his most treasured stick being one which was regularly carried by Queen Victoria. This remarkable stick was fashioned from a branch of the Boscobel oak which once concealed Charles II. when escaping from Cromwell's soldiers. Queen Victoria had it altered somewhat, and a little idol from Seringapatam was inserted as a knob.

King Edward's collection of walking-sticks, of course, included all sorts of designs. It was a fact, however, that he preferred as a rule an ordinary crook shape. Indeed, his fondness for this particular design gave not a little impetus to its popularity.

Talking of famous walking-sticks and their owners, Messrs. Henry Howell & Co., who are probably the largest stick makers in the world, recall a curious story of the ominous trick which Charle's I.'s walking-stick played on that unhappy monarch, for during the famous trial at Westminster Hall the head of the stick fell off.

Bygone monarchs were very fond of walking-sticks, and Queen Elizabeth put hers to an unpleasant use, for the merry Queen Bess employed them for beating her maids of honor.

In the club-room of the Royal College of Physicians there is preserved the gold-headed cane once the symbol of the doctor's profession, which was used by the celebrated Dr. John Radcliffe, who attended Queen Mary, and afterward by four other eminent physicians.

At Kensington Museum, too, may be seen Goldsmith's malacca cane, which has some charming gold mounts. One of the most remarkable sticks in existence is owned by a seaman on his Majesty's ship Glory, and was made out of love letters placed on a steel spike.

Shop girls in New York city number over 100,000.

An egotist is a man who expects a woman to marry him for himself alone.

Once in a while a man has so much money that he feels he can afford to be honest.

Pen Perfection

Waterman's Ideals write with unequalled ease and last a lifetime. Cleanly to use and safe to carry. Be sure you buy the genuine: with the Spoon Feed. Look for the word "Ideal" in globe. Regular, Safety and Self-Filling Types. $2.50 to $50.00.

At Your Nearest Dealers.

L. E. Waterman Company Limited, Montreal

Waterman's Ideal FountainPen

A Good Lamp Burns Its Own Smoke

The Rayo Lamp mixes air and oil in just the right proportions, so that you get a clear, bright light without a trace of smell or smoke.

Rayo LAMPS

Rayo lamps are easy on the eyes—soft and steady—light up a whole room.

Made of solid brass, nickel plated—handsome, made to last. Easy to clean and rewick.

Dealers everywhere carry Rayo lamps—various styles and sizes.

ROYALITE OIL is best for all uses

THE IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited

Toronto Quebec Halifax Montreal
St. John Winnipeg Vancouver

Redpath

Extra Granulated Sugar

is put up at the Refinery in

10 Pound, 20 Pound, 50 Pound and 100 Pound Cloth Bags, and in 2 Pound and 5 Pound Sealed Cartons

When you buy Redpath Extra Granulated Sugar in any of these original packages you are sure of getting the genuine Redpath, Canada's finest sugar, pure and clean as when it left the Refinery.

It's worth while to insist on the Original Packages.

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, . . MONTREAL.