Money Makes Money;

Or, A Strange Stipulation.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued).

This, however, was just what Miss Jackson did do. She happened, fortunately, to be at home when Enid arrived, and she gave the girl a genuinely hearty welcome.

"You know you weren't looking too jolly when we met the other day, although you declared you were so happy," she said; "and I've thought about you an awful lot, Enid. Oh! what stupid fools girls are to go rushing into marriage with the first man they meet. Now, what has happened? Tell me all about it!"

"If you don't mind, Sybil dear, I'd rather not talk to-night. I just want you to understand that—that I am very unhappy, and that I was simply obliged to separate from my husband. I shan't stay with you more than a few days; but I didn't know where else to go."

"You can stay with me as long as you like," said Sybil Jackson; although she was really full of curiosity, she saw that Enid Bryant was in no condition to be questioned: in fact, the other girl's white, tired face and rather forlorn look awoke her pity.

Miss Jackson was an ardent advocate of Woman's Suffrage, and she saw in Enid a forcible example of the disastrous results of what she called "man-made laws." It gratified her pride to feel that Enid had turned to her. She was of a domineering nature and loved to realize she was of importance.

"I don't suppose,' she said to herself, "that he'll come worrying here, because I suppose he is only too glad to get rid of his wife; but if he should come it will give me a good deal of pleasure to talk to him!"

Of course Enid was full of plans.

"I want to earn some money," she said as they sat at breakfast two mornings later. "I don't care how I do it, but I've got to live."

"Well, I'll give you one straight tip," said Miss Jackson. "Don't take to teaching. There are far too many of us as it is; and if I hadn't a little allowance from my people I should have had to give it up months ago. Besides," she added, "teaching is practically of little value, at least with people like you and me. I'm not speaking of those who have made a name for themselves, then it's quite a different matter, and teaching is not only a splendid thing, but it becomes a duty! But, my dear Enid, to get one's living by lessons is fearfully hard work."

Enid shrugged her shoulders a little hopelessly.

"I don't want to teach," she said. "I want to learn, I want to study. You knew after I met you the other day, Sybil, I went to see that agent you were speaking about. I played to him—and he was very encouraging."

"Was he?" said Sybil Jackson. "Come, that's good, for if Gerstein is encouraging one is practically launched. I advise you to go to him right away; and look here, Enid, I hope you'll stay with me till you get on to sure ground. What does for one will do for two; and I daresay you'll be able to help me some way or other; in fact, I can give you some work to do for me this morning. I want you to write out this report and post it to these addresses."

Some color flashed into Enid's face. She was so glad to feel that she could be helpful; but, as she read through the papers, her expression changed.

"Oh!" she said. "Are you a suffragette, Sybil?"

"Yes, my dear," said Miss Jackson. "I am; and it's a splendid thing to be. Before I'm through with you, I shall try and make you see things from my point of view; but I'll tell you what you have got to do first—sit down and write to Gerstein, say that you are staying with me, and ask him to give you a start of any sort, you don't care what it is."

Mr. Gerstein replied almost immediately to Enid's letter, but he had to regret that he saw no immediate opening. He advised her to come and see him in the course of the next few days.

It was Miss Jackson who solved the problem of the immediate moment.

When she got back one afternoon a day or so later she had some news.

"I believe I've got a chance for, Enid," she said. "Do you remember Manon Laurie, who was at the Academy just when you joined?"

"I remember her very well," said Enid. "She had a lovely voice."

"Yes, she doesn't sing badly," said Miss Jackson. "Well, I met her sister this afternoon, and she tells me that Manon is out in the country with a little concert party and that the pianist has cracked up ill, and Manon had telegraphed to her sister to try and get some one to fill his place. I proposed you. They can't give very much; but still, it's a beginning; and they'll pay your expenses for joining them. Will you go?"

"Yes," said Enid in a low voice. "That's—that's just what I should like. I am so anxious to be doing something."

"Well, there is no doubt about it, you're jolly lucky," said Miss Jackson frankly. "It's just a fluke, you know. "You mustn't run away with the idea that you are going to tumble into good things just whenever you want them. I promised to ring up Lucie Laurie as soon as I had seen you. There is a telephone at their flat, I'll just run round to the call office. You had better put a few things together, because you'll have to leave here to-night by eight o'clock."

"Oh! I am glad! I am glad!" Enid said to herself as her friend bustled out and she was left quite alone. She hardly dared to confess to herself how much it cost her to be in London and not to approach her husband.

She had been living in a curious kind of dream ever since the moment when she had closed the door of her little home behind her, and had turned to step forward into a world unknown, untried.

All through the first day that had followed on her arrival at Sybil Jackson's flat, her heart had fluttered nervously, apprehensively, excitedly, for the conviction was strong upon her that almost at any moment Julian would come and demand an explanation from her, insisting upon her returning; but that day passed and was followed by another, and still another, and yet Julian did not come. Then Enid Bryant realized to the full what she had done. With her own little hands she had cut herself adrift from the one creature to whom she had a right to cling. And she wanted him! Never before had she felt the need of him and of his dear protecting presence so strongly as in these first days of her self-elected separation from him! Indeed, she hardly knew how she lived through the long, torturing hours.

She began to heap reproaches upon herself: she confessed that she had done Julian a wrong, the mere fact that the man had fought so resolutely, had gone so valiantly through the fire of temptation, proved to her that she was something more to him than all else in the world.

The arguments that she had brought to bear on herself that day when she had learnt that Rachael Marnock had bequeathed a fortune to her husband seemed to have lost their value now. They were man and wife, bound by vows to stand to one another; not even her yearning desire to give back to him something of what had once been in his life should ever have permitted her to make these vows.

There were times when her self-sacrifice seemed to her not only foolish, but wicked. And yet now there was no going back.

Julian was lost to her, for if he had wanted her, surely he would not have rested till he had found her!

She was afraid of shedding tears in Sybil Jackson's presence, and though she appreciated far more than she could express the ready hospitality extended to her, the fact that she had to let her husband remain under a false impression, that she had to listen to abuse of him, and that of course Miss Jackson took a wrong view of their separation, was becoming almost unbearable. Now that she realized he would not come, she wanted to get away, far away from everything that reminded her of their life together.

As she travelled up swiftly to the north that night Enid Bryant cried till she had reduced herself almost to a state of exhaustion. She was very unhappy, and it was all so strange to find herself as she did towards midnight in a little hotel room, cut away from everything that was dearest to her.

She looked very tired, and white and ill the next day, and the members of the little concert party shrugged their shoulders.

"I hope you won't break down, too," said Manon Laurie to her. She was strong and splendid looking, and she emphasised Enid's fragile look.

"I am only a little tired," Enid said hurriedly. "I shan't disappoint you. I'm really very strong." In fact so interested was she in the rehearsal, in adapting herself to the requirements of the work, that by lunch-time she looked another being.

They were just a number of young people, students for the most part, who had formed themselves into this little party and who, with Miss Laurie as their great attraction, had been meeting with quite fair success.

The money offered to Enid seemed to her more than adequate when she remembered how little she and Julian had managed to live on, but she quickly found that she had many expenses.

Manon Laurie went back to her little room and examined her wardrobe. She was a kind-hearted young woman, and therefore she put the matter as delicately as she could; but Enid realized that she would have to furbish up some sort of gown in which to appear on the platform.

"I think you ought to go in for the picturesque style," said Manon Laurie. "Look here, that little grey frock, if you put some lace on it like a fichu, I think that will do, at least for to-night. You have got such sweet hair, and you are very interesting looking, you know; and, my dear, you do know how to play accompaniments. My songs never went better than they did this morning."

It was just the word of appreciation which Enid needed; it gave her courage and it strengthened her.

Naturally she was nervous, and she resolutely set herself to get a little rest before the evening.

When the time came to dress she handled the little grey gown tenderly. It was one of the dresses that she had worn in Venice, just a simple little frock, made by an unfashionable dressmaker; but in Julian's eyes it had been lovely. She could hear his voice now whispering tender words in her ears, she could feel his arm about her. It was impossible for her to realize in such a moment that she and Julian were separated, separated perhaps actually never to meet again!

"If only he had written me one word, if only he had let me know that he cared," she said to herself brokenly.

She kept back the tears with a great effort; she had done well in the morning; but she had to do better at night; and now perhaps for the first time she understood that she really did face the world alone, and would have to fight her life's battles entirely on her own efforts.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Tenderten was a man with certain ambitions; he was resolved to have money, not a small and modest income, but real, solid money, and he was infected also with the very common complaint of desiring to mingle intimately with those who moved in a higher social sphere to his own.

He was a self-made man. The son of a small tradesman in a Midland town, it had been open to him to follow in his father's footsteps, to live as his father had done, and to marry as his father had done, and to be comfortably provided for. But he had turned his back on the little Midland town, and the small shop; had articled himself to a lawyer, who had done business with his father from time to time, and had planned out in his mind to read for the bar.

This idea, however, he relinquished when he was old enough to estimate shrewdly his own limitations; he was far better suited at a lawyer's office, than to the more exacting duties of the bar. He worked on steadily, losing no opportunity till chance had given him a place in the well-known firm of Pleydell and Cozens.

This chance had cost him a very fair amount of the money he had put together, but he had regarded it as a good speculation.

Pleydell and Cozens was a very old and a very established firm, patronized by clients of wealth and social importance; and Mr. Tenderten intended to lose no opportunity of ingratiating himself with such clients.

In a very little while he found himself constantly in request. Certain people always preferred to deal with Mr. Pleydell (the late Mrs. Marnock had been one of these), but others found Mr. Tenderten very useful, very obliging, and very prompt.

Among these latter was Lady Ellen Crooper, a pretty and charming young woman who lived in a small house in the neighborhood of Berkeley Square. Lady Ellen was the widow of a certain sporting baronet who had druuk himself to death in a conveniently short time, not, however, till he had managed to squander all his money, and a good deal of what had belonged to his wife.

Lady Ellen was in constant pecuniary difficulties. Mr. Pleydell had been very straightforward with her, and had told her some time before that she was living considerably beyond her income, a fact of which Lady Ellen was perfectly well aware.

"What you have to do, my dear Mr. Pleydell," she had said, "is to show me the way of getting some money! No, it's no use at all my approaching my father; he has practically washed his hands of me; none of Charle's family will do anything for me." Lady Ellen had laughed here. "I suppose I didn't play the game," she said. "If I had made up to them and gone to stay at their deadly dull week-end parties, and bored myself stiff, they might have made me an allowance; but life's far too short to be bored, you know, Mr. Pleydell."

Mr. Pleydell had found himself singularly out of sympathy with Lady Ellen Crooper, and when his younger partner had suggested that he should handle Lady Ellen's affairs he had quite willingly passed over this portion of his business to the other man.

The change was all for the better where Lady Ellen was concerned; almost at once Mr. Tenderten began to see possibilities, to make suggestions; for instance, there were certain stocks and shares which she had regarded as useless which were so manipulated by him as to realize quite a decent sum of money.

Lady Ellen was singularly ignorant as regards the workings of the Stock Exchange; all she knew about money was the unpleasant fact that when she got a certainly-worded letter from the bank she knew that she would not be able to draw any cheques till she had straightened out her over-draft; and this same overdraft was such a stupid, silly thing! It always had to be straightened out somehow or other! Therefore the coming of Mr. Tenderten into the financial side of her life was a matter of great rejoicing to Lady Ellen.

She was impulsive and generous.

"You must come and dine with me," she had said almost at once; and Mr. Tenderten dined frequently, on an average once a week.

Lady Ellen was not very sure that she liked him, but he talked amusingly, and was always well stocked with society gossip and scandal.

Needless to say, Mr. Tenderten clung to this intimacy with the tenacity of a limpit.

He meant to use Lady Ellen; she should be the means through which he would enter into that world in which it was his ambition to move as a person of importance; already he had met many delightful people at her house; though she called herself a pauper, she managed to keep an extremely good cook and gave charming dinners; in fact, everything about her was charming; she was pretty, fascinating, and dressed to perfection.

There was something half boyish about her slim figure, and in the frank happy look of her eyes.

Of course, Lady Ellen had innumerable admirers; but always declared she never intended to marry again.

"I know you don't believe me," she cried on one occasion to a certain man who paid her very rare visits, but who was always welcome whenever he did come.

"I don't disbelieve you, my dear," the man said; "because no doubt you imagine that you are in earnest. It is always a woman's privilege to change her mind, you know."

"I wish you wouldn't call me a woman," said Lady Ellen restlessly.

"Well, what are you—a camel?"

She laughed and flung a flower at him.

"I hate to be considered one of a class," she said. "I like to be something apart—myself. You mustn't deny me my individuality."

"I will deny you nothing," said Adrian Dawney; he got up as she spoke and stood to his full height; he was very tall and splendidly built. He had been a soldier and a useful one, as the empty sleeve pinned to the breast of his coat testified. Though he was young, not yet forty, his hair was grey, and he had a serious look, that look which comes into the faces of most men who have stared at death and many ugly things.

Adrian Dawney was a cousin by marriage only of Lady Ellen's; and perhaps the man hardly realized himself how warm was the place he had in this dainty creature's regard.

Lady Ellen was tall too; but he dwarfed her; and her hand seemed ridiculously small when she slipped it into his strong brown right one.

"And now you are going back to the country, to your hens and your pigs and all the rest of your farmyard; and I shall never see you again, Adrian!"

The man laughed.

"Oh! yes, you will. I have to come up as a matter of fact, to see Pleydell about some business of my mother's. I thought I should have found him to-day; but he hasn't come back from his holiday yet."

"Why don't you see Mr. Tenderten?" said Lady Ellen. "I gave up Mr. Pleydell some time ago; he's too respectable for me, a dear, dull, stick-in-the-mud old man."

"I don't quite like Tenderten," said Colonel Dawney. "He is a bit too pushing and perky for my taste."

"Well, it was awfully good of you to come, Adrian. I always make a red mark on my calendar when you have been to see me, because it is such an important event."

"What are you doing in town just now, anyhow?" Dawney asked, as she took her hand away from his and moved across to the window.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I too had to be in town for some business," she said; "and then—oh! well, you don't know how fed up I get with everything sometimes, Adrian! I've just come back from staying with Carrie Sunshawe. I used to be amused with Carrie once; now, well—" She shrugged her shoulders, adding almost immediately, "I am not quite sure that you haven't got the best of it, Adrian. There are such a lot of beastly people in the world. I believe real pigs must be much nicer!"

The man looked at her with a strange expression in his eyes, and the slightest of slight sighs escaped his lips. Then he smiled faintly.

"Why don't you come down and stay with me, Nell, for a little while?" he suggested. "You shall have the most charming bedroom imaginable, looking out over the old gardens and the orchards, right down to where the river winds away to the sea."

"What on earth should I do at a farm?" asked Lady Ellen; but her beautiful eyes had a sudden eager look in them.

"Come and see," Colonel Dawney answered. He said "Good-bye" a second time, and then with another smile that swept aside for an instant the gravity of his expression, he turned and went away.

(To be continued.)

Indian Lancer Outposts in France—Indian Cavalry on the Actual Fighting Front.

THE GERMAN MILITARY SOCK.

An Experience Gained in the Franco-Prussian War.

The famous field marshal, von Moltke, once said that the Anglo-Saxons are a warlike people, but that the Germans are a military people. The Anglo-Saxon fights to the death when war comes, careless of his previous preparation; after the war is over, he drops his arms, dismisses all thoughts of war from his mind, and returns to his civil pursuits. The German, on the other hand, feels in time of peace as keen an interest in war as he does in the midst of a conflict. He takes note of his errors in one war, and when peace comes devotes himself to remedying these errors.

A German officer who was visiting America spoke of the way in which his people addressed themselves to war problems in time of peace.

"Here is an excellent illustration," he said, and lifting his foot, he took off his shoe. From about his foot he then took, not the ordinary sock that men wear elsewhere, but a sort of napkin or handkerchief, which was carefully folded about it.

"This," he said, "is the German military sock. It is the result of years of study and experiment by the best minds, not only in the German army, but in German science and medicine. During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, when our armies were making forced marches round Metz and on to Sedan, our infantry was much impeded by sore feet. When it came to having a certain number of men at a certain point at a certain time for a decisive stroke, we were usually from ten to thirty per cent. short, because so many men had fallen out of the ranks from sore feet.

"We got through the war all right, for our enemies were as badly off in that respect as we were; but as soon as the war was over, the government ordered every man in the service to turn his attention to contriving a form of footwear that would be more serviceable to the man of peace when suddenly called to war. It was years before the present sock was adopted. Thousands of dollars were spent in experimenting. Thousands of soldiers marched in all kinds of footgear, tested every possible kind of sock and stocking. After years of trial, this form was chosen. Here are some of the ways in which it can be worn."

Thereupon the officer took the napkin, which was about eighteen or twenty inches square, made of cotton and linen, and folded it about his foot with the deftness of a turk winding his turban about his head. Then, unwrapping it he folded it about his foot in a different manner, and then in still a third way.

"There are about thirty different ways of folding this sock about the foot," he said, "and during his three years in the army, the soldier is taught to become expert in using them all. Each manner of folding it has a different purpose. One will relieve a soreness of the heel; another, a weariness of the instep; a third will protect an irritated corn; and a fourth will relieve the inflamed ball of the foot. At the same time that the soldier is taught these different methods of wrapping the sock, he also learns the anatomy of the foot, and just why the different wrappings relieve the different foot ailments.

"After serving his two years in the army," continued the officer, "the soldier goes back to civil life, and becomes, let us say, a clerk at a desk. For ten years he doesn't walk a mile a day. At the end of that time, war breaks out, and he is called to the colors. He goes to the depot of his regiment, and there finds, among his other accoutrements, two pairs of these military socks.

"Next morning he starts to march with his regiment. At the end of an hour, when he has tramped two or three miles over a country road, he is allowed ten minutes for rest. Now, the chances are that the soldier has a pair of very sore feet. He sits down, takes off his shoe, diagnoses his sore places, and, recalling his early training, folds his sock back on his foot so as to give immediate relief. When, a few minutes later, he falls into line, he has virtually a new pair of feet. And this he does just as often as new foot troubles appear.

"The tremendous advantage that an army thus equipped has over one that wears the old-fashioned sock is obvious. If 'getting there with the most men first' is the science of war, the army with the German sock is at least one-third more effective than the other."

AT THE END OF THE WAR.

Will Be the Beginning of a New Creation.

The final issue is plain enough. When Great Britain undertook the cause of her allies, Belgium and France, the defeat of Germany became certain and beyond question, writes Dr. James R. Day, Chancellor of Syracuse University, in Leslie's Magazine. Germany might win some battles but she would not win the last one. With Russia closing in from the east it became madness for Germany to fire a gun. It meant that Germany would lose her colonies, her commerce, her industries and the flower of her young manhood and that the reigning dynasty would lose its throne. Great Britain has the greatest territorial extent, the greatest population, the greatest taxable wealth and the greatest income of any nation. The result will be the return of Lorraine and Alsace to France, the repair of all damages and the payment of expenses to Belgium, a great war indemnity to Great Britain, France and Russia, and a great revolution in Germany that will send William II. to join Napoleon III. Emperors and kings will not make war any more. This is the last war among great Christian nations for the arbitrament of contentions among rulers. War and peace will be placed in the hands of the people, who will rule with constitutions, written or unwritten, respected by their rulers. The kings that remain will be of the harmless and helpful character of the King of Great Britain. This hope is the only thing with which we can justify this terrible war and get any comfort from it. There should be only one throne in the world and that is the throne of God. No man ever was great enough to rule over other men.

When the work of this great war is consummated in the overthrow of the absolutism of militarism at its only source of danger, we shall emerge into a millennial epoch—the beginning of a new creation.

MANY WOMEN SPIES SHOT.

Germany's "Secret Service" Very Active in Battle Zone.

According to a despatch from the north of France, received in Paris, no lists or even figures are officially disclosed, but the shooting of batches of spies takes place daily in the towns of the district from which the message comes, and there have been nearly as many women shot as men. It is most hard for the veteran who loathes the task of shooting women, but, according to the laws of war, it must be done. They are lined up with men, often young girls or women of refinement, at the zenith of their charm and beauty, and so, according to their lights, they give their lives for their country, and meet their death as bravely as any man.

It is claimed that no German tongue can ever pronounce certain French words without betraying their Teuton origin. It is failure to pass tests of this kind which condemn. The despatch adds:

"I saw a woman challenged in the street, seized and haled to the gendarmerie. She was well dressed, and the last type which the ordinary home-staying British people would suspect of espionage, apparently a prosperous widow of about thirty, leading a little boy by the hand, but I have heard since that it proved a clear case. She had evaded the war regulation of the local authorities, that strangers must not remain more than 24 hours in any town in this part of France without reporting personally to the police, by changing her lodgings literally every day of the week."

Two officers in British uniform recently brought to a halt the motors belonging to an ammunition convoy as it was proceeding to the British lines of Armentieres with supplies. "Halt, you are running right into German trenches," was the command given to the convoy. The captain spoke to the two officers, who were driving a British automobile. After a few words passed the captain noted that the men who had issued the order spoke with a slight accent, whereupon he drew his revolver and shot both his supposed comrades. At the same moment a squadron of German cavalry appeared a short distance away. The British captain then ordered the truck drivers, most of whom were London motor-bus chauffeurs, to dismount with their rifles and take a position in a ditch beside the road in order to defend the convoy. The Germans were about to charge and a detachment of German infantry had arrived on the scene, but from the other side a French battalion appeared and the Germans retired with heavy losses.

Paris dressmakers are now busily engaged in making hospital garments.

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