THE LAPSE OF ENOCH WENTWORTH

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS,

Author of "The Woman from Wolvertons"

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd).

When he climbed the uneven steps of the sidewalk the world had grown sunnier; there was a future before him, fame, riches, and the applause of millions. He reached Third Avenue, ran up the stairs to the elevated, and, puffing slowly at a cigar, gazed on the rush of life below. He was deliberating how it was to approach Merry on the subject of changing that second act. Oswald was a keen critic, and Enoch had seen the necessity of it himself; it was the one weak spot in the play. From the moment when he burned the labor of half a lifetime he realized his own incapacity for playwriting. He himself could do nothing to the drama, but he felt a chill of terror at the thought of speaking to Merry on the subject.

CHAPTER XI.

A city's electric lights were beginning to blaze through the twlight when Wentworth knocked at the door of Merry's dressing room.

"Come!" cried the actor sharply.

As Enoch entered he felt a throb of longing for the old warm friendship. Andrew's face paled for a moment as he looked up at his visitor. He nodded but did not speak. Kelly, who acted as Merry's valet during his prosperous seasons, lifted a heap of garments from a chair and set it before Enoch, who took it in silence. Andrew sat staring into a mirror while he experimented with a make-up for the broken-down convict in the third act. He dashed line after line into his face, blending each lightly into the grease paint. Nobody spoke—even Kelly seemed to have fallen under the spell of quiet. He knelt on the floor polishing shoes with stolid industry. Enoch wondered curiously what the keen old Irishman was thinking. He had known nothing between them but a most fraternal friendship.The silence became oppdessive. At last Wentworth spoke

"Are you going to be alone soon, Merry? I want to have a talk with you about business."

Andrew did not look up while he answered carelessly, "I'll be alone in a few minutes. Kelly has an errand to do at the tailor's. You may go now," he added, nodding to the valet; "there's no hurry about the shoes."

When the old man shut the door behind him Andrew did not turn his gaze from the mirror. The reflection of Wentworth's face was close beside his own. He could see that his visitor was ill at ease.

"Well?" he said interrogatively.

"Can't you turn round and face me while we talk?" asked the elder man impatiently.

Andrew wheeled about and his eyes met Wentworth's calmly. "Certainly I can face you."

The red surged into Enoch's face, then hard lines wrinkled about his mouth. His mood had changed. He spoke with brutal consciseness.

"Oswald and I have decided that there ought to be a few changes made in the text of—the play."

"Of your play," corrected Merry.

"There is one weak point in it," Enoch went on deliberately. "'Mrs. Esterbrook' draws on the sympathy of the audience for a few moments when 'Cordelia' leaves her. A woman of that caliber could have no such feeling."

"No?"

"No." Wentworth repeated the word almost furiously. He began to twist his hands.

"I suppose that act ought to be rewritten."

"Not rewritten, simply elaborated. Strike out some lines, put in others."

"Why don't you do it?"

"Why don't I do it?" Enoch jumped pulse of rage. "That's a nice question to his feet shaken by a sudden im- to ask me."

"It has never seemed to me there was anything particularly nice in the whole situation." Andrew's tones were on a calm level.

"We'll leave that out of the question—altogether," growled Wentworth. "I should nover have intruded upon you but for this reason. You can see the exigencies of the case. You've got to retouch the play."

"I will not lay a pen to the play." Andrew turned as if the conversation were at an end and began to pencil careworn wrinkles on his cheeks.

Enoch tipped his chair back against the wall, put his feet on the rungs, and began to think. Nobody knew so well as he that one faced a barricade with Merry in a doggedly obstinate mood. Inwardly he was at white heat; the blind groping hope for reconciliation was at an end; still he knew if he were to precipitate a storm, Merry was capable of flinging over his engagement at the last moment.

"Let me explain," began Wentworth laboriously. A tap at the door interrupted him. It was opened and Oswald stepped in. He seated himself on the edge of a trunk.

"Have you mentioned to Mr. Merry the suggestion I made about the second act?" he asked, turning to Wentworth.

"We were discussing it when you came in."

"What do you think of it, Merry?"

"I really have not had time to give it a thought." Andrew looked uninterested. "Besides, you ynow I do not come into that act, and I have scarcely seen it rehearsed." He picked up a towel and began to wipe the make-up off his face

"It is simply this. 'Mrs. Esterbrook' is an utterly heartless woman. Dead to conscience as she is at the beginning, she comes out of her life's tragedy, calloused beyond all redemption. It strikes a false note to have her repent for even a second. She does not know what mother-love or love of any sort means. With her last exit she ought to leave an audience hating and despising her. Now one feels a sudden touch of sympathy. She must be irredeemably bad. Then, too, it is not only true to the woman's character, but 'Cordelia' shines whiter against it."

Merry nodded. "You're right, I fancy, Wentworth has only to change a few lines to throw the whole thing plumb. You can do it in half an hour, old chap."

When Oswald turned to Wentworth he caught a look on the man's face that puzzled him, a flash of importent rage, hate, and apprehension. Enoch realized he had revealed his soul for a moment. He picked up his hat and spoke brusquely. "You two finish talking it over, I have a thousand things to tend to."

"Is Wentworth—is he touchy? Did he feel that I was criticizing his play?" asked Oswald anxiously when the door closed with a hasty rap.

"I don't think it's that." Merry spoke slowly, then he dashed to another subject. "I want to consult you about changing one of the people in the cast, little Katie Durham."

"Oh, the child in the first act?"

"She's a bright enough youngster. She tells me she once got a hundred dollars a week in vaudeville as a toe dancer." Merry laughed. "A toe dancer scarcely fills the bill for the small 'Cordelia'."

"She struck me in rehearsal this morning as lacking in something."

"She is lacking in everything. She's a stilted, grown-up, little brat; there's nothing childlike about her. When she clings to my neck shrieking, 'Father,' in that ear-splitting baby pipe of hers, she jars every nerve in my body."

"Let her go. Only it is a problem where to find a sweet, natural stage child."

I can lay my hands on one immeddiately," said Merry quietly. "It's a youngster who has never been behind the footlights in her life."

"Could you do anything with her in ten days?"

"I should like to try. She's a gentle, refined, sweet-voiced little girl; besides, she has dramatic blood in her—that always tells. Do you remember George Volk?"

"George Volk! Why, of course," cried Oswald after a moment's hesitation. "What ever became of the man? Did he die?"

"Nobody knows." Merry's voice had a bitter tone in it. "Better for some people if he had died. This little Julie I want a chance for is his child."

"Where is Volk?"

"I can't tell you. If he's alive he must be far down by this time. He was a wretched sot when I saw him last."

"By Jove! what an impetuous stage lover he did make! I saw him in a big production the first time I came to America, then in London. He was the handsomest man that ever stepped on the stage."

"A handsome piece of beef! Ten years ago he married one of the sweetest, most loyal women I ever knew. She was on the stage, but she never won much notice. Her work was so quiet and delicate that she appealed to the few. She was in a company with me for two seasons. How Volk made her suffer! The beast!"

"Is she alive?"

"Yes. I hadn't heard of the Volks for years. I was going home last night when a woman touched me on the arm. She was lame and looked ill. A little girl clung to her. I did not know her. 'I'm Alice Volk,' she said. I put them in a cab and took them up to Harlem, to the best old woman in the world."

"Are they in want-" asked Oswald.

"They were starving, in rags and shoeless. The child pulled at my heart string. She isn't quite seven and small for her age, but the way she cares for the poor, crippled little mother—" Andrew laid a gray wig upon his knee and began to brush it vigorously. "I don't want to throw this Durham youngster out of a job, though simply because I can't endure her. She's common as dirt, but she can't help it. Have you seen the mother?"

"Yes," said Oswald gravely.

"What feazes me is how we could delude an audience into believing that this sharp-nosed. uncanny-looking shrill-tongued little ape could develop into Miss Wentworth's 'Cordelia.' They're different breeds entirely."

"You're right." Oswald's voice was emphatic. "I don't know why I did not see it. Perhaps because the child has little to do except to follow her father about."

"It's that following the father about which I mean to make the strongest point in the first act."

"Engage the child emmediately."

"I'll have to do diplomatic work to get her."

"How?"

"Alice Volk would rather starve than let her child go on the stage. She has been hoping we might find a small part for herself which she could play—crippled."

"Poor soul."

"I hinted that we might give the little Julie a chance. She snatched the child away as if she thought I meant to kidnap her. When a woman has seen the seamy side of life as she has—you understand."

Oswald nodded gravely. "We must find a way to get around her."

Merry sat writing a letter in the manager's office the next afternoon when Oswald entered, accompanied by Dorcas.

"I want you to tell Miss Wentworth about the little Volk girl," said the Englishman. "I have enlisted her sympathy. If the mother felt that some woman here would be interested in the child she might change her mind."

"I'll do anything I can," said Dorcas heartily. I am glad you are making a change. It will improve the first act wonderfully to have the child sweet and real. Then the girl laughed in a half-embarrassed way, "did you ever look at a picture of yourself when you were at the tadpole age and wonder if it could have possibly been you? That has been my frame of mind since I laid eyes on the little 'Cordelia'."

(To be continued).

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TORN FROM THEIR HOMES.

Inhabitants of Northern France Deported to Germany.

Poignant deails of the deportation at an hour and a half's notice of 25,000 citizens from the French towns of Lille, Roubaix and Tourcoing by the Germans last Easter, are given in a French Yellow Book.

The Germans' orders were for the people in certain districts of these towns to assemble in readiness for departure at their front doors, and none was to leave the house before 8 a.m. The orders stated that "all protests will be useless and any one trying to evade deportation will be pitilessly punished."

The victims in all cases were chosen arbitrarily by the officer in charge of the deporting party.

The Yellow Book continues:

"The measure caused the greatest anguish and despair among the population of the notified districts, while in some cases it led to madness.

"Men especially suffered torture at seeing their wives daughters and children of both sexes over the age of fourteen led away.

"The protests of mayors and other officials went unheeded.

"At Roubaix the Prussian Guard refused to participate in the raids and the work had to be done by the Sixty-Fourth Regiment from Verdun.

"A large proportion of the young women taken belonged to the servant class. When those deported were conveyed to the railway station and loaded into the cattle trucks they kept crying: 'Vive la France,' and singing the 'Marseillaise.'"

The Paris Temps affirms in substance that it is now up to the neutrals to insist upon the observance of the conventions signed by them and by the belligerents.

Many a girl has given up an easy job at a good salary for the sake of working all the rest of her life for her board and clothes.

The average amount of milk supplied to calves at this season is by no means enough to quench their thirst. See that they get water besides.

ON THE FARM

Spraying Stables.

Even in Summer there is a certain amount of disease in herds of cattle, and oftentimes contagious diseases have to be overcome, which renders it essential that stables be sterilized. To secure reliable results, the work must be done throughly, as half measures are of no use. The following method, given in the Cape Times (S. A.), should prove effective in most cases:—

In the first place, remove all manure, litter, loose, rotten boards and other things, and scrape the floor clean. Sweep the ceilings and boards and walls free from cobwebs, dust and dirt. Wash the feed boxes, maugers, bails and partitions with hot water containing enough lye or washing powder to move the dirt. Scrub all these places vigorously with a stiff brush.

Then spray the walls, ceilings and floors with bichloride of mercury solution (1-1,000) or 5 per cent. carbolic solution (not crude). Flush the floors with a saturated solution of iron sulphate or a solution of chloride of lime (1 lb. to 3 gallons of water).

Spray the interior of the feed boxes, mangers, bails and partitions with the 5 per cent. solution of carbolic acid. This is done for the reason that there is danger of poisoning the animal if the bichloride of mercury is used for a spray upon those structures which the animals can lick with their tongues. The carbolic acid is absolutely harmless if used in a 5 per cent. solution.

A whitewash applied to walls, ceilings and partitions, will add to the cleanliness of the shed. To make a 5 per cent. solution of carbolic acid use one part by weight of pure carbolic acid to 20 parts of water. Add the carbolic acid to a gallon of moderately warm water, stir vigorously, then, add enough more warm water to make up the amount. The solution can be applied by spray pumps, sprinkling cans, or with a brush.

In the mixing and application of bichloride of mercury, it must be remembered that this disinfectant is extremely poisonous when taken internally, not only to cattle, but also to man. All of the buckets, tubs, pumps, etc., which have been used in applying the solution should be thoroughly scrubbed with soap and rinsed with clean water before being used for any other purpose.

The mercury solution must be used with caution about the feed boxes, mangers and stanchions for fear of the cattle contracting mercurial poisoning by licking the spots covered with it. For this reason it is advisable to use the carbolic acid solution on the feed boxes and mangers and the bichloride of mercury for the walls and ceilings.

To make up the bichloride of mercury solution (1-1,000) use one-eigth of an ounce of corrosive sublimate to a gallon of water, or one-half ounce to four gallons. The addition of a small amount of sal-ammonias will cause the corrosive sublimate to about one gallon of moderate sublimate to dissolve more easily. It is advisable also to add the corrosive sublimate to about one gallon of moderately warm water containing the sal-ammonaic. Stir thoroughly, and after all the particles have been dissolved, add enough clear water to make the required amount.

To make a saturated solution of iron sulphate, as much of the sulphate should be dissolved in the water as possible. The copperas should be put in a barrel or some such thing, the water poured on and the solution allowed to stand for a day. The liquid above the sulphate of iron will be the saturated solution, which is to be used on the floors and gutters.

Chloride of lime solution is used in the proportion of one pound of lime to three gallons of water. It is a very good disinfectant for floors, gutters and partitions and can be applied with a brush, sprinkling can or bucket.

Win Against the Hessian Fly

TO Escape the Main Attack of the Fly —sow your wheat late. The early brood is most destructive to young wheat and provides for future broods. Your own Experiment Station will tell you this.

THE Best Wheat Yields come from plants that enter the winter strong and vigorous. Your own experience will tell you this.

TO Win Against the Fly, seed late, feed the crop with available fertilizers which will hasten growth to overcome the late start, and secure vigor with consequent resistance to later broods. Use 200 to 400 pounds per acre containing at least 2 per cent. of ammonia. Acid phosphate alone does not give the necessary quick growth and resistance to the fly.

In Farmers' Bulletin No. 640, U. S. Department of Agriculture, fertilizers are recommended to give vigor to late sown crops and resistance to the Hessian Fly.

Write for our map showing best dates for sowing wheat in your locality; also our Bulletin, "WHEAT PRODUCTION," both mailed free.

Soil Improvement Committee

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Directions for Using Pepsin.

Two drachms of Soluble powdered Pepsin (1 to 3,000 test) are sufficient to coagulate 1,000 pounds of milk. Dissolve the pepsin in water in the proportion of three ounces of water for each two drachms of pepsin, using preferably a round-bottomed cup or bowl as a container. The water must be at a temperature of 105 degrees F. When the water is added it must be stirred immediately and continuously, or it will become a sticky mass, very difficult to dissolve. After being thoroughly stirred it is well to pour the liquid from one vessel to another to se that there is no undissolved pepsin adhering to the vessel. It is a good plan to add at first only enough of the water to make a creamy paste. Stir until smooth and then add the full amount of water. A few drops of hydrochloric acid added to the water helps to dissolve the pepsin.

Dilute the above in the same quantity of water as is used with rennet extract before adding it to the milk. It is advisable to dissolve the pepsin at least half an hour before using. The acidity and temperature of the milk should be the same as when rennet extract is used. If rennet extract is available it is recommended to use half the usual quantity with half the above quantity of pepsin, mixing the pepsin before diluting with water.

Scale Pepsin of the same strength (1 to 3,000) may be used according to these directions, and in the same proportion. If either Soluble Powdered Pepsin or Scale Pepsin is of different strength the quantity used must be varied accordingly. For instance, if the strength is 1 to 6,000, only half the quantity should be used.

Great care must be observed to keep the stock of pepsin from the slightest dampness. Store in a dry place and keep tightly covered. If it gets damp it will cake and become insoluble and useless.—Dairy Division, Ottawa.

Live Stock Notes.

If you want to make porkcheaply make use of plenty of clover, alfalfa, rape, or some other form of green feed.

Beef raising has come back to its own and the dairyman is not the only man who can show a profit from his farming operations.

This is an opportune time to keep all the good females for breeding purposes. The outlook for live-stock husbandry never was brighter.

The man, or group of men, not showing enough interest in good stock to purchase and look after a good pure-bred sire will not likely make the best of a sire given to them for nothing.

Where sufficient-feed is assured for winter it might be better to keep the stock up in condition by pasturing the second crop of clover on one field rather than let them down to save the crop for later use.

USEFUL PRESERVING HINTS

Here's the Way to Succeed in Jam or Jelly Making.

1o—Use ripe — but not over-ripe fruit.

2o—Buy St. Lawrence Red Diamond Extra Granulated Sugar. It is guaranteed pure Sugar Cane Sugar, and free from foreign substances which might prevent jellies from setting and later on cause preserves to ferment.

3o—Cook well.

4o—Clean, and then by boiling at least 10 minutes, sterilize your jars perfectly before pouring in the preserves or jelly.

Success will surely follow the use of all these hints.

We advise purchasing the Red Diamond Extra Granulated in the 100 lb. bags which as a rule is the most economical way and assures absolutely correct weight.

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