THE LAPSE OF ENOCH WENTWORTH

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS,

Author of "The Woman from Wolvertons"

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd).

The singer sank in a chair exhausted, then she rose and pushed her way down from the balcony. Dorcas watched her with a pitiful gaze. Perspiration was washing white streaks through the patches of rouge on her cheeks.

"Who is the woman?" she asked.

"Twenty-five years ago her name was famous from one end of Italy to the other. When she went to Genoa to fill an engagement the whole town turned out to meet her, the shops closed, and it was a public holiday. The people pelted her with flowers and screamed themselves hoarse in a welcome. She was the star of the Bellini in Naples. She sang in Paris and London. She came here, grew sick and could not fill her engagements. A manager went back on her, she lost what money she had, friends deserted her, she came down to—this."

"Oh, the poor soul!" Dorcas' voice was a whisper.

"Her's was an unusual case,' 'said Merry, "She is only fifty-three now, so I've heard. It makes you realize into what a short bit of our lives fame is crowded—if fame comes to us. The has-beens in our profession are an army a pitiful army. Unless one has a home and some one in it to cherish and love, the lonely days of old age are—" Andrew laughed cheerlessly. "Well, I never think of them."

He stretched out his hand to intercept a boy who wandered between the tables with a tray full of crimson roses. He laid a bunch of them before Dorcas. She buried her face in the cool petals.

"Shall we go?" asked Merry.

As they pushed their way through the maze of crowded tables they passed a woman who sat dining alone. She wore an orange velvet gown, and a shabby lace scarf covered her naked shoulders. Dorcas paused for a moment, laid her hand upon the woman's arm, and spoke a few words in Italian. The singer looked up and put a grimy, ring-bedizened hand upon the girl's fingers. Merry stood watching them. The woman looked very old and faded under th ewhite glare of the electricity, but her face grew eager and tremulous while she poured out her soul in her own language. Dorcas took one rose from the cluster in her arms and laid the rest of the fragrant blossoms beside the singer's plate.

"You'll forgive me for parting with your flowers?" she whispered as she rejoined Merry.

"I'm glad you did it. Once upon a time stage bouquets were a worn-out sensation for that woman; to-day I guess she is showered with roses about once in a blue moon."

Dorcas paused near the door to nod good-by to the singer, who sat gazing after them with her chin buried in the red roses. Suddenly Dorcas turned to Merry. Her face had grown white, and she put her arm within his. He clasped it with a strong grip, but neither of them spoke. At the same moment they had caught sight of Enoch Wentworth. He was seated in an alcove at a small table hedged about with palms. Zilla Paget sat facing him. Enoch's hands clasped one of hers which lay upon the table. They were engrossed in each other.

Dorcas stopped abruptly when they reached the foot of the steps. "Oh!" she whispered appealingly. "Andrew save Enoch from that woman!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Wentworth sat in a small room at the theatre, which he had appropriated as his own. It led directly off the box office. He was glancing over a heap of press clippings when the door opened and Merry walked in.

"Good morning," There was a surprised glance on Enoch's face while he spoke.

Andrew nodded a response, then he drew a package of manuscript from his pocket. Wentworth's eyes turned on him curiously while he flattened it out on the table before him. No unnecessary courtesies passed between them.

"I rewrote the scene as you suggested," said Andrew carelessly.

"That was good of you." In his surprise Wentworth showed an impulsive friendliness. He stretched out his hand for the manuscript.

There was no cordiality in Merry's face. He glanced quietly through the written sheets.

"You count this change in the play a necessity?" he asked brusquely.

"I guess that's what it might be called." Wentworth's voice was impatient, and a frown chased across his face. "Oswald's been asking for it this morning. When a quiet fellow like him makes up his mind to have a thing, he's apt to be confoundedly insistent."

"Then you want it?"

"Certainly."

"I sat up until daylight to write this It's an improvement on the other act: I can see that myself. Oswald will tell you, I think, that it carries out his ideas exactly. Before I hand it over I want to make a dicker with you."

Wentworth stared at him blankly. "A dicker?" he repeated. "Is it money?"

"Money!" Andrew's face grew harsh with scorn.

"What is it then?"

"I was dining last night at Colgaxzi's. I——"

Wentworth's face grew suddenly scarlet, then it whitened.

"I saw you there." Merry's voice was relentless. "I don't know a blessed thing about the Paget woman, for or against her. I do know this, though: every man who has lived among good women knows she is not fit company for—your sister for instance."

"Who said she was?" snarled Wentworth. "I had not thought of throwing her into my sister's society. Dorcas would not have to tolerate even a passing acquaintance with her behind the scenes if I had my way."

"She is not fit to be seen with a decent man."

"You give me the credit then of being—a decent man?" sneered Enoch.

"To a certain limit—I do."

"Well, what do you want?" Wentworth turned an apprehensive glance upon him.

"I want you to promise, before I turn over this manuscript, that you will have nothing to do with Zilla Paget except in a business way."

"Why, are you interested in her yourself?"

"My God, Enoch!" Andrew stuffed the roll of paper in his pocket and jumped to his feet.

"Here, sitdown. I want this affair straightened out—now."

Merry did not answer. He walked across the office and stood beside a table where a litter of photographs lay. He picked one up carelessly and glanced at it. It was an exquisite portrait of Dorcas. Her eyes gazed into his with a straightforward look which was characteristic of the girl.

"Will you tell me," there was stern demand in Wentworth's voice, "will you explain why you are so concerned about my morals?"

"I don't care a damn about your morals." answered Merry contemptuously. "I was thinking about your sister. I am still fool enough to believe that you have some decency left. I will hand over this act, rewritten as you want it, when you promise to have nothing to do with Zilla Paget."

When Merry stopped speaking he took a seat opposite Enoch and waited for a reply.

A visiting card lay on the table. Wentworth picked it up and tore it into halves. He sat tearing and retearing it in perfect silence. When it was reduced to fragments, he gathered them into the hollow of his hand and dropped them in the waste basket; then he looked across at Merry.

"That was Miss Paget's card," he said harshly. "Im through with her."

Merry took the manuscript from his pocket, laid it on the table before Enoch, and walked out.

A few minutes later Enoch opened the door which led into the boxo ffice. A young man sat beside the window.

"Dingley," he said, "I have locked the outside door. Don't let a soul in on me. I can't see Mr. Oswald, even Tell him I am busy, writing."

Wentworth locked the door of the office, sat down in his big chair, and picked up the manuscript. He read it rapidly, slipped a blank sheet of paper into a typewriter, and began to copy it with slow deliberation. When it was fifinished he read each typed page carefully, He tacked them together and rose to his feet. He began to search the office rapidly with his eyes, then he turned to a washbowl in the corner. He crushed into a loose bunch each of the sheets which held Merry's writing and touched the paper with a match. It leaped into a red blaze. He watched it carefully, poking the sheets over with a paper knife until each one fell away into a shivering back ash. When every spark had died he turned on a faucet, and the light ashes were swept down the waste pipe. He rubbed a speck of grime from his hands and opened the box office door. Oswald sat on a high stool beside the window.

"Here is the second act," said Wentworth brusquely. "I imagine it will suit you. The changes are exactly what you suggested.'

"Oh, splendid!" Oswald's voice was cordial. "I'm ever so glad you felt like it. You will say yourself it is an improvement."

"I hope so." Enoch spoke listlessly. "And, Dingley, while I think of it send a message back to Miss Paget. Ask if I can see her now, in her dressing room for a few minutes." He turned to Oswald. "I must explain to her the change we're making. Better have the part copied at once; it must be put into quick rehearsal."

CHAPTER XIV

Dorcas stood motionless in the wings, with Merry beside her, leaning against a table. The curtain had fallen on the third act of "The House of Esterbrook." The girl's body throbbed from head to foot, and she felt as if the emotions of a lifetime had been crowded into that single hour. There was a babel of noise behind the scenes; in front the applause sounded like a tempest. At intervals the handclaps died away as from weariness, only to begin again with tremendous vigor.

"Come," said Merry; "we must go out again."

"Again?" whispered the girl.

"Yes" Merry smiled; "this time the two of us alone."

"The two of us?"

"The two of us—alone." There was a low, tender thrill in Merry's voice.

He took her hand and led her out upon the empty stage. The curtain was lifting slowly. From where she stood she saw Enoch standing in the wings. His face was flushed with excitement. The audience looked to the girl like a blur of color and human forms. The people swayed forward eagerly, and the applause became uproarious. A voice cried. "Speech! Speech!" It began to come insistently from the back of the house. The cry was taken up by men and women everywhere in the audience. Dorcas turned to Merry, Oswald was beckoning to him from the wings, but the actor shook his head.

"I could not make a speech to-night if my life depended on it," he whispered, and the curtain descended slowly.

A new cry came from the clamorous house. Some one was shouting author. Dorcas laid her hand upon Merry's arm.

"They want you," she cried.

He smiled and shook his head.

She heard Oswald urge Enoch to go in front of the curtain. The noise in front grew louder. The girl flew acvross the stage and put her hand upon her brother's shoulder.

"Enoch," she pleaded in a whisper, "take Merry with you and explain."

Wentworth left her without a word. Oswald and the stage manager backoned to him from the wings. She took a few flying steps as if to hold him back, then stopped. Merry had called her. She paused, staring into his eyes with terror.

(To be continued).

JERUSALEM IN WAR TIMES.

Dumping Ground for Young Germans of High Family.

To Western minds the idea of the Holy City serving as a base for modern military operations must be full of incongruities. And, as a matter of fact, it was an amazing thing to see the streets packed with khaki clad soldiers and hear the brooding silence of ancient walls shattered by the crash of steel shod army boots. Here, for the first time, I saw the German officers—quantities of them, says Alexander Aaronsohn in the Atlantic Monthly. Strangely out of place they looked, with their pink and whiteness that no amount of hot sunshine could quite burn off. They wore the regular German officer's uniform, except that the pickelhaube was replaced by a khaki sun helmet. I was struck by the youthfulness of them; many were nothing but boys, and there were weak, dissolute faces in plenty—a fact that was later explained when I heard that Palestine had been made the dumping ground for young men of high family whose parents were anxious to have them as far removed as possible from the danger zone. Fast's Hotel was the great meeting place in Jerusalem for these young bloods.

Every evening thirty or forty would foregather there to drink and talk women and strategy. I well remember the evening when one of them a slender young Prussian with no back to his head, braceletted and monocled—rose and announced in the decisive tones that go with a certain stage of intoxication:

"What we ought to do is to hand over the organization of this campaign to Thomas Cook & Sons."

The running track at the Canadian National Exhibition is one of the few on the continent giving a 220 yards course straight-away. Many records have been equalled or broken on Athletic Day in past years.

SOME FORGOTTEN TREASURES.

Studying Life of Ancient Egypt From Cast Away Papyrus.

It is a strange story that reads more like a romance than cold fact, how the most intimate thoughts and emotions of two thousand and more years ago lay buried in the rubbish of ancient cities to come to light in our day. Papyrus was the writing material of ancient Egypt, used in official and private correspondence, in business transactions, in legal actions. When it had served its purpose it was thrown away.

Much of it also was used to wind the embalmed bodies of the dead. Fragments of it passed westward in the early part of the last century without attracting much attention, says the Christian Herald. The scholars of those days were interested in classical lore and literary remains, and could not foresee the infinite possibilities for studying the life of a past age from its private correspondence.

Within the last decades, however, interest changed completely. Exploration parties were sent out to go over every inch of ground and gather the remains. A host of scholars set themselves the task of deciphering and interpreting the documents. But still an immense amount of material is stored away in Oxford, the British Museum, Berlin, Paris and other places.

In a group recently examined there are three letters from recruits, young men who had passed the military examination and were taken from simple home surroundings to the cosmopolitan Roman army. The first is a letter from a youth in Alexandria to his mother. He writes:

"Send me two hundred drachmæ. I have nothing any more. When brother Gemellus came I still had four hundred drachmæ. They are all gone. I bought a team of mules. Send me monthly allowance soon. When I was with you you promised to send my brother before I came to the garrison. But you sent nothing. You left me to go as I stood, nothing in the pocket. Also my father on his visit gave me not a penny. All laugh at me and say: 'Your father is a soldier himself and still he sends you nothing.' My father tells me when he gets home he will send me everything. But you sent nothing. Why? There is the mother of Valerius; she sent him a pair of abdominal bandages and a cruse of oil, a basket of meats, and two hundred drachmæ. Send quickly. I already went and borrowed from a comrade. Also brother Gemellus sent me a pair of trousers."

TITLES OFTEN DUPLICATED.

Various Lords Greys, Two Lords Morley, Two Earls of Mar, Etc.

Sir Edward Grey will probably be known by the title of Earl Grey of Falloden. The peerage is already well-stocked with peers of this name. There is, of course, Earl Grey, formerly Governor-General of Canada, who is himself Baron Grey of Howick. Neither of these must be confused with Lord Grey of Ruthyn, nor with Lord Grey of Wilton, the eldest son of the Earl of Wilton, nor with Lord Grey of Groby, eldest son of the Earl of Stamford. And all these are quite distinct from Earl de Grey, who succeeded to his father's Marquessate of Ripton in 1909.

There is really no copyright in titles. There are two Lords Morley, an Earl and Viscount. There are two Barons Monteagle, voting as such in the Lords, though one is known as the Marquess of Sligo and now Earl of Clanricarde in the Irish Peerage. Scottish Representatives Peers include the Earl of Mar and the Earl of Mar and Kellie. There are Baron Clifford and Baron de Clifford (a minor); while two other titles which are often confounded because of the spelling are Viscount Midleton and Baron Middleton and the Earls of Desart and Dysart. Lord Midleton sits as Baron Broderick in the Peerage of the United Kingdom.

Giving up smoking brings one great compensation with it—the joy of beginning again. This is not to be despised.

COMPILING THE CASUALTY LISTS.

An official British photograph taken "somewhere" along the region of the English drive showing a British company lined up for roll-call in one of the advanced trenches after the gruelling battle of July 14th.

Important to Wheat Growers.

This is important to you because it means dollars to you. In a short time you will be preparing for the seeding of your fall wheat, and it is necessary to keep in mind the danger of loss from Smut. Especially last year, Smut was very general in Ontario. Grain dealers advise me that that it has meant a difference of as much as 10c. per bushel for the grain delivered at elevators, aside altogether from making some of the wheat unmarketable. This means a loss of $3 to $5 per acre, while the cost of treating to prevent smut and prevent this loss is only a few cents per acre. Be sure this year and treat your seed for smut.

The method usually adopted is as follows:—Mix one pint of formalin with 40 gallons of water, or two tablespoonfuls to one pail of water. Place the grain to be treated in a heap on clean canvas or floor. Sprinkle the formalin solution over the grain, then shovel. Repeat this until every grain is moistened by the solution; then cover the pile with sacking and leave for three or four hours. At the end of this time spread the grain out thinly to dry; shovelling it over three or four times will hasten the drying. Forty gallons of the formalin solution is sufficient to sprinkle thirty or forty bushels of grain; smaller amounts in proportion. Bags, machinery, or anything with which grain comes in contact before being put in the ground should be thoroughly treated.

Immersing the grain in a bag is sometimes practised and is equally effective.

Of course smut is not as prevalent some years as others, being influenced to some extent by weather conditions, Treatment, however, is a form of insurance. You do not expect to have your barn burned down every year because you pay the insurance every year, and it is equally important to keep up your insurance on your wheat crop. This is important at the present time, not only on your own account, but on account of the Empire, which requires the maximum supply of high quality foodstuffs. The shipping of smutty wheat not only gives this Province a bad name but reduces the price you receive for your wheat.

Further information on the subject may be secured for the asking, either from the local office of this Department in your County or from th eundersigned.—Hon. Jas. S. Duff, Minister of Agriculture, Toronto.

Cost of Raising Dairy Heifers.

One of the important things for the farmer to know is the cost of the thing he produces, wheher it be a crop or an animal. Profits are governed as much by the cost of production as the price for which the product sells. One of the questions often discussed is the cost of raising young stock. Several of the United States Experiment Stations have taken up the question of finding out what it costs to raise a heifer calf. The question is an important one and should interest Canadian dairymen. We would also be glad to have the experience of any of our readers as to the cost of raising heifer calves for the dairy herd.

hTe Ohio station has just concluded such an investigation. The figures given are the averages of the records kept on 51 heifers—29 Jerseys and 22 Holsteins. This involves large enough numbers to merit consideration.

The items other than feed are as follows: Value at birth $5, labor $11.50, bedding $4.50, service fee $1.50 tools, etc., $1.50, shelter $4, interest and taxes $4.68, or a total of $32.86. Nine dollars is credited for manure, leaving the net cost $23.68. To this must be added the feed cost. The total cost of raising the Jersey heifers to two years of age was $78.19, and the Holsteins $81.80, the difference being due to the larger animals eating more feed. They were charged 30 cents a month for pasture the first year, and 90 cents the second. The pasture had to be supplemented with grain in order to keep the heifers growing properly.

The heifers were bred to calves at twenty-six and one-half month of age, and at calving time the cost averaged $91.39.

The high cost of heifers as brought out by these different studies, clearly shows the folly of raising inferior individuals. It costs just as much to feed a heifer sired by an inferior bull as one sired by a high class bull. The figures also show why dairymen are justified in asking good prices for well-bred dairy stock. As a dairy farmer recently stated, they cannot afford to sell really good heifers for $60 or $70. The dairymen who insist on buying only cheap stock will get only culls, and would be better off without them. They must expect to pay good prices for well-bred heifers that have been properly grown and developed.

The economical thing for the dairyman who is just getting a start, is to give the most careful attention to the feeding of his heifer calves, saving only those having the right kind of parents. Even though the cost of bringing a heifer up to calving time does seem high, it is the safest and most reliable way of adding to the herd and is cheaper in the long run than to depend on buying. Those who are just making a start must of course buy their foundation stock, and it is important that these be selected with care. A bunch of culls is not avery good start in the building up of a dairy herd.

This Ohio report also shows that fall calves can be raised more cheaply than can spring calves. This should fit in well with dairying on the general farm, for there is always more time to devote to the cows and calves during the fall and winter months than during the busy season when the crops are demanding a great deal of labor.

Pure Milk For Butter-Making.

It is most essential to use only pure uncontaminated milk for the production of butter when the finished product is to be of prime quality. In a great many cases where butter has an objectionable flavor it is due to the milk employed being badly contaminated with undesirable bacteria.

Cream is ripened by bacteria, and it is only when the right species of germs predominate in the cream that it will ripen properly. The germs which produce lactic acid, and thus ripen cream, have the power of overcoming other species of bacteria unless the cream is very badly contaminated, in which case the cream-ripening organisms could not perform their functions.

Why Milk Sours.

Bacteria cause the souring of milk. Bacteria usually get into milk in dirt and the bacteria develop fast when the milk is warm. To keep the bacteria out, keep dirt out of the milk. This means care in milking and care to have the milk utensils clean. Keeping the milk cool will retard the development of the bacteria, that do get into the milk. Cans or vessels that have had milk in them should be rinsed in cool water first, as hot water hardens the albumen of the milk and makes it hard to remove.—W. C. P., North Dakota Experiment Station.

Grain for the Skim-Milk Calf.

Calves are usually fed whole milk for two to three weeks, then gradually changed to skim-milk. About the time of changing, begin to feed a little grain, but do not think that it is necessary to use oil-meal or any other high-priced feed high in protein or fat, or both. Experience at the Missouri Agricultural Experiment Station shows that a mixture of two parts corn and one part oats, by weight, gives as good results as oil-meal and ready-mixed calf-meals often purchased at much higher prices. Bran is not especially good for the young calf because it is too laxative. The grain mixture should be fed immediately after the milk, and neither should be fed too liberally, or scours may result.

STORMS HIS MOTHER'S HOME.

Son Knew Germans Had Driven His Parent From It.

The Chateau La Maisonette, France, so often named in recent bulletins on the Somme fighting, is the property of Mme. Fernet who has lived there for many years. The property is close to Biaches and Peronne. The owner was there in August, 1914, when Von Kluck's forces passed through during their rush upon Paris. She remained in her house and for months afterward no news was heard of her. One of her sons, Victor Fernet, son-in-law of Gen. Boisdeffre, although free from military obligations, volunteered at the beginning of the war, and the hazards of war sent him recently to the Somme front, where he has shared in all the attacks made.

A letter from Germany had informed him that his mother, who had remained until a short time ago at La Maisonnette, had been sent away with almost all her aged servants, so that he was able to take part in an attack which meant the destruction of his home without the fear that his mother was still there.

The Germans made six desperate efforts to retake La Maisonnette between 11 p.m. Sunday (July 16) and Monday afternoon. Each was made by at least a battalion, but each was defeated.

3000 SHIPS UNDER JELLICOE.

Tightness of the Blockade Surpasses Expectations.

In an article in the current number of "Cassell's Magazine of Fiction" on British effort on land and sea, Mr. Frederick Palmer, the well-known American journalist and war correspondent, tells that "including the regular naval and the auxiliary vessels, some 3000 ships are under Sir John Jellicoe's command. Success in keeping tight the blockade between Iceland and the North Sea surpasses expectations. It was feared that a number of raiders might get by, and, considering that the fog in the North Sea is often so thick that a man can hardly see his own hand held out before him, it is amazing that only one raider has got through at the time of writing. The fuss made over that single one is proof of the pudding to naval experts, who realize the diffucilties if the layman does not. It was as unusual as in the case of the man biting the dog."