The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

Meanwhile Kempton Rosslaer had hailed a taxicab and was already whirling on his way to an address in Chelsea.

The cab presently slowed down at the curb immediately adjacent to a narrow wooden door in a high wall. Upon it was a big brass knocker, very carefully polished; beyond one could just catch a glimpse of a covered glass way leading up to the front door of the house.

Kempton paid the driver and dismissed him; then for a moment or two he stood hesitating before the door in the wall. Finally, with a half sigh, he knocked.

An old woman answered him, and smiled respectful recognition.

Mr. Trask isn't in, sir," she told him, as she stood aside for him to enter, "but Miss Araby is in the studio, if you will go straight up."

"Thank you." Kempton returned the smile, gave his hat and stick into her hands and, walking up the covered way, entered the house.

It was a quaint, old-fashioned building, creeper-covered and surrounded by a garden which might well have belonged to a country cottage. Garden and house were in sad need of repair and attention, yet there was a mellow beauty about both which was very appealing.

The house was not large and was furnished very simply, yet with excellent taste. It was oak-panelled, and the hall was a thing of beauty. Kempton glanced about him, and some of the strain went out of his face. It grew warm with a new, unexpected tenderness and eager with expectation.

Whenever he entered this house—mellowed with age, a little shabby, unpretentious—he felt eased, comforted in mind as well as body. It seemed so remote from the hustling, hastening world without.

Now he made his way leisurely and with the familiarity of long habit up the shallow oaken stairs, turned along a corridor to the left and knocked lightly upon a door at the end before opening it.

As he entered a girl who had been standing at the further end of the long room, before an easel, turned quickly.

She was a very young girl, not more than twenty at the most, and in the high lights of the studio she stood forth vivid, arresting.

She was clad in a drab, paint-smeared overall, which she began hastily to pull off as she advanced toward her visitor. Her hair was bobbed and curled in thick masses of red-gold loveliness all over her small, shapely head, while her eyes were deeply violet, black-lashed and very wide, like the eyes of a child.

Kempton drew a deep breath as she reached his side, and took both her hands into his, holding them fast for a moment before drawing her close to him.

"You lovely thing!" he whispered as his arms went about her, and with a little shy laugh and a quick warm blush she lifted her lips for his kiss.

"How dear of you to come!" she cried, as, after an interval, he released her. "I did not expect you to-day. And I was prepared to be lonely. Dad's out, and I've been muddling about here all the morning. What brought you?"

"What a question!"

Kempton laughed whole-heartedly. For the moment his depression and restlessness had left him. He was himself again, and at peace with the world.

He threw himself down into a low cane chair and stretched out a hand toward her. She gave hers into it, but as he was about to pull her down onto his knee she held away and for an instant her brilliant face shadowed.

"Don't!" she said, rather low. Then, as he looked his surprise: "Oh, Kemp, somehow I can't help feling that it isn't right for us to act like that. I suppose I am silly, only——"

She broke off, frowning. Her face was troubled, her eyes shadowed, and with a quick movement the man got to his feet again. He laid both hands upon her shoulders, turning her about to face him and looking down at her with grave eyes.

"Only what?" he asked. Then: "Araby, you're not regretting, are you? You're not——"

"Ah, no, no!" She caught at his wrists hastily, her red lips quivering. "You know I am not! Only I can't help wishing that we could be more open about everything."

Kempton stirred, murmuring something, but she went on quickly——

"It doesn't seem right, somehow, for us to go on like this, without father, at any rate, knowing. Kemp, if you love me—really want me—why shouldn't the world know what we are to each other?"

CHAPTER V.

Araby Trask's eyes were very wistful, and Kempton turned his own away from them for a moment. His handsome face had settled into grave lines again. The boyishness had gone out of it.

"You know why!" he said at last. "Araby, I have already explained to you that my father is a somewhat old-fashioned individual, with old-fashioned ideas. Bohemians are folks with whom he has never come in contact; he can't realize that they're human, like himself, and that more than half of them are as well born. Artists, actors, models—he places them all in the same category."

"But I am not a model. At least, I have never sat for anyone but father. He would not allow it, even if I wished to."

She spoke quickly, flushed and bright-eyed. The pressure of Kempton's hands upon her shoulders grew greater.

"I know; and when it came to my father's ears that I was paying you attention and he taxed me with it, I told him all that. But he would not even listen, and he made it very plain that not only was he averse to any strengthening of our friendship, but fully determined to take drastic measures if I persisted in what he was pleased to call my 'infatuation.' Oh, sweetheart, it is very hard for me to say this to you. It makes me feel all sorts of a bounder; but I have to make you understand—see the situation clearly."

"I do. You love me, and I love you, but Lord Rosslaer objects. And"—there was the sound of tears now in her voice—"and I don't wonder, Kemp. I'm not like the women you're in the habit of knowing. I don't belong to your world at all. I'm just a little nobody, while you—one day you will be Lord Rosslaer. Sometimes I wish that I had never been weak enough to yield to you."

"Araby!"

She looked up at the hurt in his voice, and on a sudden impulse slid her arm up round his neck. Her cheeks were flushed, a sudden hot passion glowed for a minute in her soft eyes.

"I did not mean quite that!" she said. "I have learned to love you too well, to need you too much for that! Oh, Kemp, you're my very world to me, my dear! Without you life would be a sorry thing indeed! What I should have said is, sometimes I wonder if you will ever wish that there was no bond between us!"

"Araby!" He cried again, and now there was anger as well as pain in his voice. She nestled closer, smiling a little sadly.

"I know. It sounds horrid. But I'm right. And sometimes I'm afraid you will regret, afraid that you will come to care less. No, no, I don't mean to be cruel, to hurt you. But I have to think of you as well as myself. The future holds so much for you. You will bear a title as you already bear a great name. And I—"

"You are the one and only woman in all the world for me!"

Kempton took her almost with fierce passion into his arms as he spoke, pressing his lips hotly against hers. And for a minute she lay quiet. Then she released herself and stood back a little smiling at him, still wistfully.

"Shall I always be so, I wonder?" she wsispered. "Oh, Kemp, you see so much more of the world than I do. You know so many women and girls who are richer, prettier, and infinitely more attractive than I can possibly be. And one day"—

"Don't!" He took her hands again, holding them fast. He was frowning, and his eyes had darkened. "Araby, what sort of a mood are you in today? Have you been listening to gossip concerning my previous flirtations, and is this your unkind way of punishing me? Because, if so, it is an unkind way, and undeserved. Such flirtations as I have indulget in, my dear, have been mild and innocent enough. No one would have taken the trouble to notice them, had I been someone else! And oh, Araby, sweetheart, you are the only woman I have ever loved—whom I ever shall love."

His voice shook a little, and instantly her mood changed.

"Forgive me!" she whispered. "Kemp, I didn't mean to be cruel. Only sometimes I could not help feeling a little hurt that you are not willing to tell everyone of our marriage. The deception—hurts."

"It is not that I am unwilling!" he broke in. "I mean, not that I am not proud and honored at having won your love. Iit is only because of the pater that I want to keep it secret just a little longer, Araby, I've been an idler all my life, dependent on my father for roof and clothes and wealth—if you can call it wealth! I'd make a poor worker, I'm thinking. I wasn't cut out for it. And there is you to think of now. When my father dies I shall only inherit such money as goes with the titles and estates. And if he knew of our marriage he would be furious enough to wash his hands of me entirely. He has docked my allowance already, and I'm in a pretty bad hole in consequence"—

He broke off, turning to stare moodily out of the window. Instantly the girl was all sympathy.

"Oh, my dear, I'm sorry!" she cried, her little hands locked around his arm. "I'm sorry! Is anything specially wrong?"

He turned and smiled at her.

"Only money," he returned. "Or, rather, the lack of it. I've been a reckless fool always. I've got deeper and deeper into debt without realizing it. And now my father has an extra drain upon his resources. He allows me less. He will leave me less. If he should come to know you are my wife he would leave me nothing! Many of the people I owe money to are beginning to worry me for payment. And to save my life I don't know where to turn to find enough to meet my debts. There are moments when I feel just a little desperate, Araby!"

He made the confession grimly, and the girl tightened her hold upon his arm.

"Don't!" she wishpered, with a quick frightened look in her eyes. "Don't talk like that, dear. Things will come right—they must!"

But she spoke without conviction, and meeting her troubled eyes he took her close into his arms again.

"Don't look like that, sweet-heart!" he said. "I'm a brute to worry that lovely little head of yours with my troubles. Only I wanted you to understand why it is I don't want to make the pater any angrier with me than he is already. You do understand, don't you!"

She smiled at him somewhat mistily.

"Of course, I understand!" she returned. "And I won't say another word about it!" But she spoke with the tiniest sigh. And long after he had left her she stood staring down into the odd, old garden, turning about in her fingers a little gold ring that swung from a slender chain, about her white throat, hidden beneath her blouse. And the shadow deepened in her eyes.

(To be continued.)

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The Malaprop's Little Boy.

"Pa," said Johnny, looking up from his composition, "is 'waterworks' all one word, or do you spell it with a hydrant?"

Use Minard's Liniment for the Flu.

Spring Sewing for the Children.

What housewife is not beaming with pleasure when she can announce, early in the spring, that her household is "sewed up for the summer."

To help make this statement possible for many mothers, let us start now, to plan for the little folk's summer wardrobes.

The child's health and comfort should be our first consideration; our second, the ease of making and caring for the little garments.

The most essential requirement of spring clothing is that it be warm enough to cope with the raw spring winds. That of the summer, is that it be as light, loose and cool as possible. This means the provision of garments of different weight that can be worn over each other and shed or donned, one at a time, as the weather changes. Since the little one's delicate skin must be kept healthy and unirritated, garments should always be light in weight and of a porous weave to permit of abundant ventilation.

A growing child's clothes should be loose to permit perfect circulation of the blood and the full development and sturdy growth of the little bodies. The nervous system must be free from strain and irritation and the work of the digestive organs must be unimpaired. Elastics that bind at the knees and around the waist, though they be easier to insert than bands and buttonholes are to make, are injurious to the health of any growing child. Poorly fitted garments that bind and pull with every movement of the child at play, are not only most uncomfortable and annoying, but usually have a strong influence in the marring of an otherwise happy disposition. A "cross" child has something the matter with it that should be looked into.

As little children must learn the lesson of cleanliness by example, their little garments must be kept sweet and fresh. Therefore they should be simple in construction to make ironing easy, fast in color to insure against fading, and of durable material to stand the strain of rough-and-tumble play as well as many tubbings.

A child early observes design as well as color. Good taste can be cultivated if care is taken that only right lines, becoming colors and harmonious combinations are used in the selection of a child's wardrobe. Poor taste may be as easily developed by thoughtless selection.

With these requirements for the child in mind, let us now consider some of the little patterns we shall soon be needing.

For underwear, the one-piece garment is the more desirable from a health standpoint. The pull comes entirely upon the shoulders and does not impair the workings of the digestive organs in any way. The separate waist, with panties and skirts, permits a more frequent change of the latter, than of the waist, which is sometimes necessary. Some mothers prefer to launder smaller pieces. In this case, care should be taken that the waist bands are not tight—not even snug; and that the buttons and buttonholes are close enough together to hold the garments closely together so as not to expose the little body to an uneven protection.

Simple patterns with few seams are time-savers. Sometimes a pattern with more seams will cut to better advantage if one is using remnants or making over, but the simpler garment is always to be preferred if it can be used.

Greater satisfaction will be obtained from the garment if the material is shrunk and the color set before making it up.

Use remnants as much as possible for the little garments and utilize all pieces left from bigger articles. Many pretty combinations can be worked out and an economy realized by using the plain material for the foundation of one dress and a check plaid or figure for the foundation of another and using the scraps of each to trim the other.

Black blanket and outline stitches are very effective trimmings and often give character to otherwise plain clothes. The applique figures are still popular and attractive. Black sateen and unbleached muslin combine very effectively in this manner for service and stylishness.

Teach the child early to be self-respecting by clothing it neatly, simply and tastefully, but do not make the mistake of overdressing it and making it too mindful of its appearance. A comfortably dressed youngster soon forgets its clothing and is not self-conscious. An uncomfortably dressed child may suffer agonies of self-consciousness as well as physical discomfort. Appropriativeness of dress and simplicity of material and design will guard against any possibility of vanity or prudishness. We owe it to the little ones to be as careful in the selection of their wardrobes as we would be of our own. Some day they will be thankful to us.

Almond Apples.

A rich delicious conserve the almond apples will be found, looking like a porcupine. To eight apples use one and one-half cupfuls of sugar and one and one-half cupfuls of water. Use a deep saucepan and boil sugar and water together for eight minutes. Drop the peeled and cored apples into this syrup and cook gently until the apples are soft, skimming the syrup occasionally. Remove the fruit and drain off the syrup.

When cool fill the core with a tart jelly, preserved ginger or other fruit. Press blanched almonds into the apples and serve with whipped cream. A dish to set before the king!

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