The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

The Beginning of the Story.

Marcia Halstead, secretary to Mrs. Alden, is entrusted with some jewels while her employer goes out to luncheon with Kempton Rosslaer, his stepmother Lady Rosslaer and her son Gordon Ruthven. Marcia puts the jewels in the safe but fails to find the duplicate key. She consults a noted physician who tells her she cannot live longer than six months; then answers the call of a solicitor to find that she is heir to a large fortune on condition that she marries before she is twenty-one. Returning to Mrs. Alden's she finds Kempton Rosslaer (who is secretly married to Araby Trask) replacing the gems which his step-brother had stolen. Believing him to be the thief, Marcia promises silence if he will marry her within two days.

CHAPTER X.

There fell a sudden silence. From beyond the closed windows came the muffled sound of the busy streets, the hum of living, throbbing London. And, looking at the girl, Kempton Rosslaer was conscious that the room had grown a little chill.

Her words had struck upon his senses almost like a blow. His glance swept her rapidly—the tired whiteness of her face, the droop of her over-slender figure—and into it there crept a fleeting, horrified pity.

Only six months to live! And yet she was little more than the merest girl, vivid, charming, with a warm beauty which, he felt, would have been very real had she not looked so ill.

"It is not a very long time," she said, and again there was a catch in her voice. "And I've never known what it is to enjoy myself—to have a really good time.

"Six months will be all too short for that, but I shan't grumble if I can use this chance of gaining possession of that wealth which otherwise I must lose. I shall have known six months of luxury, you see, while I shall be at peace concerning my mother."

She looked at Rosslaer, and a little sigh quivered from her lips.

"Well?" She breathed the word so low that he only just caught it, yet he started as though it had been a cry. Involuntarily he recoiled.

"It's impossible!" he said hoarsely. As he spoke Araby's face rose before him. "Impossible!" he repeated. "Utterly impossible!"

Very slowly Marcia turned away. In a corner of the room, upon a small table, was the telephone. Without looking back at him she reached out her hand to the receiver. But before she could put it to her ear he was at her side.

"For heaven's sake," he implored. There was a hard, hot drumming in his ears. Above it he seemed to hear again her words of a moment before:

"Only six months to live!" A mad, bewildering temptation assailed him. Only six months! And after that freedom would be his again. Unconsciously he caught at her sleeve. Slowly she turned and looked at him. Then:

"Have you changed your mind?" she asked; and, very slowly, looking her straight in the eyes, Rosslaer bent his head.

"I have no choice," he said. "I will go through the marriage ceremony with you."

CHAPTER XI.

Kempton Rosslaer left Marcia feeling bruised and numb, mentally and physically. For hours afterward he paced the streets, heedless of where his steps led him, conscious only of a desperate desire to fight down the despair and self-scorn which had possession of him.

Already he was horrified at what he had done; already he writhed inwardly at his weakness in yielding to the amazing temptation which had assailed him. And yet that temptation had been well-nigh irresistible. He had been so utterly helpless, so completely in Marcia's hands.

She, too, had been desperate. He had sensed that; had understood it. As his brain began to clear a little he found himself looking upon the situation from her point of view. And, under the passion of resentment which surged in his against her there was something, too, of compassion—a faint, vague sympathy.

She was so young; she had so much of charm, and of an elusive, alluring loveliness. He remembered her clear pallor, the unnatural largeness of her soft eyes—the shrinking that had been in them even as she had uttered her monstrous proposition. And, while he writhed anew at the recollection he could feel pity for her; a genuine pity beneath which all else was submerged for a little while.

Fate had indeed played a sorry jest with her. Had forced her to face a hard world, to fight for a living for herself and for a mother whom she adored, and, in a wanton mood had deliberately opened for her the doorway to fortune, while in almost the same moment it had put up unbreakable bars between her and all hope of a future.

The gods had made a mockery of the very gifts they had showered upon her so lavishly. She had just six months in which to enjoy those gifts, to sip the sweet waters of the well of life, to know those comforts and luxuries and delights for which most surely her girl's heart had yearned. Just six months. And, after that—oblivion.

Thinking upon it Rosslaer shuddered, momentarily forgetting himself. The culminating cruelty had lain in the condition of her uncle's will. Under ordinary circumstances she would have been powerless to fulfill it; would have had to stand by and see her fortune slip from her reach—that fortune with the help of which she could make such of life as remained to her beautiful; that fortune which was to mean so much to her helpless mother after she was gone.

And then, upon her discovery of himself at Mrs. Alden's safe, with her jewels in his possession, Marcia had found the skirts of an amazing opportunity close to her hand. Was there any wonder that she had grasped them and clung to them? Was there any wonder that she had shut her mind to everything but this one miraculous chance which had come her way?

Bitter as he might feel toward her, Rosslaer could not blame her. The temptation had been so great; and this night he had learned for himself that even the strongest man knows one hour in his life when temptation becomes a foe impossible to worst. Yet, while he found the thought that he had capitulated utterly intolerable, he knew that there had been nothing else for him to do. As he had told Marcia, he had had no choice. He was powerless to clear himself in her eyes, or in the eyes of the world unless he had made known the part his young step-brother had played. And it was characteristic of the man that such an alternative had never occurred to him.

Now, contemplating that solution of the difficulty his lips twisted rather grimly. Instinct and an intimate knowledge of his step-brother's character, told him that it was more than possible the youngster would deliberately deny the accusation were he to make it. In any case the scandal and shame of discovery and publicity would strike his father's death-knell.

For the old man's sake, for the sake of the honor of their untarnished name, he must go through with this sacrifice, keep to the path that he had chosen so unwillingly; must yield without effort or protest to Marcia's bewildering demands, and must keep to the bargain he had made with her.

Yet, time and again during that interminable night he told himself he could not go on with it; that to keep to such a bargain was out of the question—the whole thing impossible!

Time and again Araby's face rose before him, and he recoiled in fresh horror from the contemplation of the gross deception he had decided, in his desperation, to practice upon her; and not only upon her, but upon Marcia Halstead as well.

For while he had forced himself to agree to the mad marriage which was to be the price of her silence, he could never make Marcia Halstead his wife. The marriage would be a mockery, the whole ceremony a farce. Every vow he uttered would be meaningless; every promise a conscious and deliberate lie.

He knew an instant's rush of relief, followed by a violent mental recoil. He felt suddenly sick to the soul of him and infinitely weary. Blindly he turned his steps homeward.

And, as he went, there went with him the insidious whisper that no one need ever know—that it was only for six months—that he would be offering Araby no affront, since this other woman's claim upon him would be of the scantest, and since she was as willing for secrecy as he would be desirous of it. It was only for six months—six little, swiftly passing months.

Making his way to his own room he passed Lady Rosslaer's door. An instant he hesitated, and in that instant the door opened softly. Lady Rosslaer stood upon the threshold, looking at him out of burning, eager eyes.

Behind her he caught a glimpse of young Ruthven's figure, slouched slackly in a chair. He was gray-faced and his eyes were bloodshot. A siphon and glass stood at his elbow; his collar was crumpled, his tie loose.

Ruth Rosslaer spoke in a thick, hoarse voice, utterly unlike her own: "Well?" One hand flashed out and closed upon his wrist. It was burning hot. "Why have you been so long? What has happened? My God! Can't you speak?"

Kempton met her eyes and looked away from them to the boy, huddled and unheeding. For a moment he did not answer. A fierce battle was raging within him, a battle between his passionate desire to shake himself free of the shackles with which Fate would burden him—to take back his rashly given word to Marcia, and repudiate the bargain he had made with her—and those obligations he owed to his father and to those whom his father had made his kin.

It was as brief as it was bitter. Araby's face rose before him—Marcia's—and faded. Grimly he took hold of himself, forced himself to face, for once and for all, the need of making a definite decision.

He brought his glance from young Ruthven and met Lady Rosslaer's eyes. His own were cold, without expression; his voice, when he spoke, was oddly flat.

"The jewels have been returned. They—were not missed. There is nothing at all to worry about."

He waited for a moment; then turned abruptly upon his heel. In those words he had uttered his decision. He would keep to the path upon which he had set his feet. The bargain he had made with Marcia Halstead he would abide by whatever the cost.

CHAPTER XII.

For Marcia, too, that night was sleepless. Like Kempton Rosslaer's, her thoughts were chaotic. Her mind was in a turmoil; a feverish excitement possessed her.

The scene between Rosslaer and herself, and its result, was the culminating amazement of an amazing day. Long after he had gone from her she sat in the little, darkening room, staring straight before her, his promise to consent to her demands ringing in her ears, her breath coming in short, uneven gasps.

She felt limp, exhausted. Yet, too, she was conscious of a throbbing sense of triumph that was almost exultation. She had fought more desperately than even she herself, at the time, had been aware—and she had won!

Now that it was all over she was amazed, aghast at her own temerity. She wondered a little dazedly how she had dared to put into words the wild, fantastic idea that had leaped to her brain, how she had ever had the courage to seize upon this one unlooked and unhoped for solution of her difficulty.

(To be continued.)

You Can't Walk Straight.

Everyone has heard or read of travellers lost in the wilds who, after hours of frantic walking, have discovered that they have been moving all the time in circles, returning again and again to their starting point

Without a path to act as a guide, or a point upon which to fix the eyes, it is almost impossible to walk straight.

Start on the left side of a wide road, or the right side if you are left-handed, and walk with your eyes shut. In a few minutes you will stumble against the opposite kerb! The right-handed man circles to the right, and the left-handed man in the opposite direction.

Ninety-nine men in a hundred use the right hand more than the left, with the result that not only the hand itself, but also the corresponding foot, and, in fact, the whole of the right half of the body, become better developed than the limbs and trunk of the other side.

As you walk, the stronger half of the body exerts a pressure upon the other and drags you little by little into a path that curves towards the right. In left-handed people, of course, the result is exactly opposite.

Women Can Dye Old Faded Things New in Diamond Dyes

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her worn, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything, even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Films That Talk.

For many years inventors have been trying to produce speaking films, and it is hoped that a solution of the problem will be found in the use of a crystal known as antimonite, which is found in Japan and Borneo.

Scientists have succeeded in photographing sounds such as the voices of film actors, but they have had great difficulty in reconverting these film records into speech or song.

Recently experiments have been carried out with solenium, a metal which is so sensitive to light that, as the photographs of sound are passed over it, the variations in their density cause electrical variations in the selenium. These operate a loud-speaking telephone, thus reproducing the sounds.

The disadvantages of solenium is that it gets exhausted long before the time required for an ordinary film to be shown. Antimonite lasts longer and is said to respond to the changes of light with extraordinary speed.

Horse-riding, as a circus performance, is stated to have lost its popularity. Audiences, used to dodging motor-cars, call for something more exciting.

Use Minard's Liniment for the Flu.

Missing Link in Rhodesia

What seems to be a missing link between man and the gorilla has been found—some of his bones, that is to say—in a cave in Rhodesia, South Africa

The cave is, or rather was, in the side of a hill sixty feet high. Recent mining operations removed the hill, disclosing to view an immense accumulation of fossil bones of elephants, rhinoceroses, lions, leopards and other animals. How the bones got there nobody knows, unless human beings killed the animals and used the cave as kitchen and dining-room. But the important point is that parts of the skeleton of a very ancient man were dug out of the mass of osseous debris.

The man's skull somewhat resembled that of a gorilla, with heavy bony ridges over the eyes and a massive jaw. His leg bones were so shaped as to indicate that he walked erect, whereas the early folk of Neanderthal type, who inhavited Europe during the last Ice Age, stooped, as does a gorilla, bearing a portion of the body's weight on the hand, using the long arms almost as a man does crutches.

Several skeletons of those Neanderthal people (one of them that of a woman) have been dug up. They do not seem to have been ancestors of ours, though apparently they were the first human inhabitants of Europe, where they dwelt for a long time, only to be replaced by a superior race presumably of Asiatic origin.

Recently some anthropologists have inclined to the belief that mankind originated not in Asia, but in Africa, migrating to Europe before there was any Mediterranean. The finding of the gorilla-man in Rhodesia will doubtless strengthen their theory.

Woman's Sphere

Taking the Easiest Way.

I have a friend who leaves the punishment of her children to their father. No matter how big or how little the misdeed, no action is taken until "father" comes into the house. Then follows a recital of Tommy's disobedience or Nellie's impudence. Generally father does what is expected of him—scolds severely or wields the arm of authority in the administration of corporal punishment.

Why, I have often asked myself, does not their mother take the punishment of the children into her own hands? The answer, I finally concluded, was that it was easier to turn the naughty children over to their father than to take them in charge herself. She merely took the easiest way.

I know other mothers who never get beyond threats in the matter of punishment. They know that their threats are lightly treated, they realize that they are making little progress toward correcting their children's faults, but they talk and talk, because they find this easier than devising suitable punishments.

A great many mothers have discovered that the quickest way to "bring a child to terms," is to slap or whip or spank him. It is likewise the easiest. Generally the child has been allowed to go to the limit, so far as naughty actions are concerned. He has been spoken to again and again, and has merely grown naughtier all the time. At length the mother's patience is exhausted, she is angered by his disobedience, and in that mood it affords her unbounded relief to administer a sound whipping or spanking. She works off her anger by raining blows on the body of the child and then, flushed and excited, returns to her other duties, quieting her conscience with an oft-repeated: "Well, I guess that will teach him a lesson! He won't think he can walk over me again. She does not stop to consider whether physical punishment is just what the child needs, but resorts to this mode of punishment, because in her angered mood it is the easiest one to apply.

All children—more's the pity!—have to be punished at times. They come into the world little untrained things, and there is a long, hard road to travel before they emerge into manhood or womanhood. The second year of life has always seemed to me the hardest. During the first year not a great deal has been desired by the child: it is comparatively easy for a mother to be firm and for her baby to be "good." But beginning with the second year, when the child begins to toddle about and wants to play with and handle things and find out about this and that, a struggle begins. Mother's desires and baby's desires continually clash. One kind of mother, at that stage, will grant almost anything in order to forestall the cry that is almost certain to ensue when something is denied. The other kind will be firm and patient despite howls of protest. The first mother will follow the easier course; the second will take the more trying, but in the end, the far better way.

It may be true that sometimes a physical hurt is needed to make a child behave—but I can not believe it. Children are of a higher order than puppies and colts and kittens. If one is willing to hunt earnestly enough and to work patiently enough, surely some better method of punishment can be found for every offence than corporal punishment. Of course, the other methods are likely to take more time than that required for a whipping, but mothers who seek to bring their children up in the best manner possible are not interested in the "easiest way," but rather in the most effective way of handling their children.

Why hurt the body of a child because he says "naughty words" or talks back to you or calls you names? It will take a little longer to wash out the naughty little mouth with a clean cloth or very soapy water, or to seal the rosy lips together with court plaster or adhesive tape; but, if the child be endowed with his full measure of reasoning power, such a punishment will mean far more to him than a whipping.

If little hands continually slap, is it not more of a punishment if they are tied rather than if they are also slapped? The same method of punishment applies equally well with kicking feet. A child takes it to heart keenly if he is caught in disgrace. Any amount of effort would be exerted to "be good" rather than have any one outside the family see him with hands or feet tied, or mouth sealed.

Misbehaving at table is another naughty trick. How many times have I seen children cuffed and slapped, and heard them scolded for "acting up" at meal-time! Yet how seldom have I seen effective punishment for those misdemeanors. If severe enough, the punishment may compel obedience for the remainder of that meal, but as soon as the next meal begins, the child is ready and willing to run the risk of a few slaps and cuffs for the sake of "acting funny."

But I have seen children who behaved badly at the family table compelled to eat their meals alone and out of range of the meal-time conversation. Sometimes they were deprived of all the good things which appeared on the table, and forced to make a meal of bread and milk, and I have seen just one such punishment break a child of upsetting the calm of the dinner-table.

Boys soon acquire an Indian-like attitude towards physical punishment. They often boast of the "lickings" they can take without shedding a tear. If such a method of punishment is resorted to, as a child grows older the blows will have to be more and more severe in order to hurt the child enough to make him penitent. Even so, penitence is not always gained by such means and stubborness and sulkiness alone result.

What does a child learn from physical punishment? In the main he learns not to do certain things for fear of being hurt by someone stronger than he. His actions are governed not by the desire to do right, but by the fear of being caught doing wrong.

When mother-cat considers it time to wean her kittens, she spits at them, cuffs them, sends them flying right and left when they continue to annoy her. But a cat lacks the reasoning power of man, and her kittens the reasoning power of children. The kittens eventually learn not to bother the old cat; but even though they do, should it be necessary for mothers and fathers to treat their children as the cat does, in order to teach them certain lessons? It is instinctive for the cat to exact obedience by striking, it is likewise instinctive for man to punish in the self-same manner. But many things which are instinctive in man, have been, as man has advanced and developed, pushed aside for the use of better methods which his reason has prompted.

When we act instinctively, we act immediately; when we use reason, we must take time. Seldom is corporal punishment inflicted without anger on the part of the parent, and when one is angry, his words can have no good lasting effect upon the child. But when one has decided upon a punishment that fits the misdeed, and goes about its execution in a calm, deliberate manner, albeit a firm, determined one, words of correction or advice will usually make a deep impression upon the child. It is by no means the easier way, but, judging by the results obtained by those who have faithfully studied the faults of childhood and their correction, it is by far the better method.

Take time and thought before correcting the faults and errors of childhood, choosing the punishment which your intelligence tells you is best and avoid traveling along the line of least resistance.

A Success and Happiness Maker.

There is no such protection against all sorts of attacks, no such character insurance as a clean record. How often in our courts the bad record of a prisoner has told against him; has proved the turning point with the jury when a clean record would have saved him from imprisonment. Many a time the sentence of a youth in a criminal court is due largely to his bad record. The mere fact that he was known to be a member of a certain gang when the crime of which he is accused was committed and that he had a bad reputation behind him, has turned the scale against him.

On the other hand, time and again, when circumstantial evidence has pointed to a man's guilt, his clean record, his reputation for honesty and square dealing has saved him, because nobody believed he could do such a thing as was charged against him. It did not tally with his record.

"Keep your record clean," was John B. Gough's constant advice to young men. There is no greater aid to happiness and success than a good reputation.

Motor Notes.

She—"Tom's just bought a Ford—what's yours?"

He—"Oh, Mine's a Rolls-Royce!"

She—"Ah! That's a good car, too, isn't it?"

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The World's Oldest Clocks.

Primitive man did not worry much about the time. He rose when daylight woke him, and went to bed at dark. For the rest he was content to know that the sun's highest point meant that the middle of the day had come, and that when it was sinking towards the horizon it was time for him to seek his cave.

Later he watched the moving shadow of his spear standing upright in the soil. From this shadow he conceived the idea of the oldest of all clocks, the sundial. But it had one serious disadvantage: it marked only the sunny hours, taking no account of those that passed by night.

His next idea was the water-clock, which has been in use among the peoples of the East for more than four thousand years. This consisted of a vessel filled with water upon whose surface was a float provided with a long peg. A hole in the bottom of the vessel allowed the water to escape gradually, lowering the peg as its level sank. The peg was marked off into divisions, each of which showed the distance fallen in one hour. A glance at the height of the peg above the rim of the vessel showed the exact time by day or night.

Next came the hour-glass, one form of which is still used to measure the three and a half minutes needed for boiling an egg. This was followed by the hour-candle, a "dip" divided into rings, each of which represented an hour's burning.

The mechanical clock was suggested by the human pulse. If you know the rate of your pulse you can measure off a minute quite easily. Make an instrument that will swing, beat, or tick in the same consistent way, and the clock comes into being.

The problem was solved when someone got the idea of the pendulum by watching the rhythmic swing of a mason's plumb-line.

A Powerful Preacher.

Very soon after a Congregational chapel had been planted in a small Scotch community, an incident occurred which showed that the powers of its minister were appreciated in certain quarters. A boy named Johnny Fordyce had been indiscreet enough to put a sixpence in his mouth, and accidentally swallowed it. Mrs. Fordyce, concerned both for her boy and the sixpence, tried every means for its recovery, consulted her neighbors, and finally in despair called in a doctor, but without result. As a last resort, a woman present suggested that they should send for the Congregationalist "meenister." "The meenister!" chorused mother and neighbors. "Ay, the meenister," rejoined the old dame; "od's if there's any money in him, he'll sune draw it out of 'm!"

An excellent way to determine the value of an employee is to give him a lot of spare time and then to observe what he does with it.

Theodore Roosevelt said, "The surest way to wealth is thrift."

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