No Waste-more Taste.
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# 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. To shield his father's name and in consideration of release within six months, Kempton consents. At a restaurant Marcia faints and is assisted by three strangers, Araby Trask, her father, who is an artist, and a wealthy young man, Jasper Waldron. After the secret marriage ceremony Rosslaer and Marcia go their several ways; her improved mode of living benefits Marcia's health; she attracts the admiration of her new friends and the love of Waldron. He pays a large sum for Marcia's portrait, painted by Trask. Lady Rosslaer claims relationship with Mrs. Halstead and insists upon a visit from Marcia which angers Kempton. The young heiress discovers that she loves Waldron but keeps him at a distance. Rosslaer no longer avoids Marcia.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(Cont'd.)

Only Rosslaer's visits to the big Chelsea studio overlooking the old world tangled garden had not been quite so frequent as in the old days. Still, they were more frequent than in the immediate past, and some of the wistfulness died out of Araby's eyes. A little of the inconsequent glad gaiety returned to her manner.

At the same time she continued to notice a certain change in Kempton's attitude toward her. It bewildered her, while yet she could find no name for it. She began to realize, with a faint sense of shock, that it was most marked after any chance encounter with Marcia Halstead.

To-night she had noted the faint deepening of color in Marcia's face as she had given Kempton her hand; had seen the nervousness in his own greeting and had wondered afresh.

A shadow had fallen upon her face, but it lifted as, after a few moments' idle chatter with the others, Rosslaer gave his attention entirely to her. The warmth crept back to her eyes, the color to her cheeks, the smiles to her lips. Love irradiated her; it revealed itself quite unconsciously.

Kempton saw, and felt the blood rush to his head. His pulses quickened, his eyes brightened—under the spell of her light little laugh, half shy enchantment, he forgot that which had been; that which was. He remembered only that they loved—and the new sternness and taciturnity dropped from him like a cloak.

He was his boyish self again, inconsequent, reckless of all save the light that lay in his lady's eyes—the love that beat high in his heart.

Trask watched and locked furtively from the two to Marcia. She was looking at them under lowered lashes, her head slightly bent. Waldron, noting the unusual piercing quality of the little man's glance, followed it. But neither he nor Trask could fathom the expression that was upon Marcia's face. It was utterly baffling; yet each man was troubled by it.

A wistful questioning was there; trouble—sadness, too. As Audrey spoke to her she shook herself together with an effort. But more than once her glance strayed back to those two so deeply absorbed in each other. And always it held that baffling quality of distress.

Later, as they rose, she found Waldron at her side.

"I'm going to see you home," he said, as he slipped her cloak about her. She looked at him quickly, half hesitated, then turned to Audrey, smiling a refusal of that little lady's demand that they should join Araby and her father for a chat at Arliss Mansions.

"I'm tired!" she pleaded, and at something in her eyes Mrs. Alden said no more. But there was a warm little light in her eyes as she watched the two figures moving down the long room.

Then she drew a long breath, planted her dimpled elbows on the table and nodded triumphantly.

"I suppose," she said, "that I can't claim the credit of having brought that about. But I'm just as pleased as if I had! I don't think I've ever seen two people so absolutely suited to each other."

Michael Trask looked up quickly and blinked.

"As whom?" he demanded, and blinked again as she waved airily after Marcia and her companion. "Miss Halstead and Waldron! My dear lady! But—but surely——"

He broke off. There was a little tinkling sound as Rosslaer's sharply nervous movement sent a wine glass to the floor. He was staring at Audrey blankly, an odd white line about his lips.

"Good God!" he exclaimed involuntarily, so harshly that Mrs. Alden stared. "It's—it's impossible!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

The short drive to Marcia's flat was very silent. The girl's vivid gayety seemed to have dropped from her like a cloak. She leaned back in her corner looking tired and a little white. Jasper Waldron looked at her once or twice with swift searching and vague dissatisfaction.

But he, too, was disinclined for talk. The thought of parting from her, even for only a short time, weighed upon him. He had scarcely realized until now how much a part of his life she had become—how deep was his feeling for her. He wished irritably that he had not to go; wished, too, that he had not left telling Marcia of his impending departure until to-night.

At the door of the flat she hesitated and looked up at him. He took her gently by the elbow, smiling down at her.

"I'm coming in just for a moment," he said. "There's something I want to say to you—I won't keep you long. Judging by the way you're looking bed's the most suitable place for you!"

She passed in with a little, half nervous laugh. The touch of his hand on her arm was like a caress. Her lip quivered for an instant. He went on as he took her cloak from her:

"You're overdoing it, Marcia—one way and the other! I told you so a little while ago. You'll break down if you go on like this—you want to take things easier. Even enjoyment is apt to be exhausting, you know."

He still smiled, that wide, straight, rather boyish smile of his, but his eyes were grave. She met them, flushed, and made a quick little gesture of her hands.

"I know. But there's such a lot of time to make up—and such a little time to do it in——"

She broke off. Waldron stared, then laughed outright.

"You child! Your life's before you—you'll get tired of pleasure if you go on like this!"

Again she laughed nervously, still agitated at her unconscious slip. Then she looked at him a shade wistfully.

"I wonder," she said, "if deep down in your heart you think I'm selfish? I wonder if I seem to you to live only for myself—to take all the good things of life that my wealth can buy? Perhaps I am selfish, but I don't mean to be; don't mean to be! It hurts me, sometimes, to realize how much I've got, and how little other folks have—especially some."

Waldron's smile took a quick tenderness. He watched her with a growing warmth in his eyes as she moved across the room and stood leaning one long white arm the length of the mantelpiece.

Her neck was bent, the smooth shoulders gleamed white through the half veiling meshes of her gown. She looked very young, very sweet and he was moved by an almost uncontrollable impulse to catch her close in his arms.

She went on without looking back at him.

"Of course, I do what I can, and very often get scolded severely by my friends in consequence! I distribute indiscriminate largesse to beggars—I buy little ragged kiddies sweets and toys—I tip tired waiters and waitresses extravagantly—I subscribe to various charities, and whenever I happen to come across any needy person who will accept money I give it to her—it's always a 'her' you know"—with a sudden flash of whimsical humor. "Generally a very earnest and aspiring art student, or a young and enthusiastic actress still looking for work!"

She let her arm fall and turned and faced him.

"It makes me happy. But it isn't enough. There are other people—people whose need is really great—only they are people one couldn't offer that kind of help to."

She paused. Waldron had gone close to her. His sleeve brushed her shoulder. He watched the slow color tint her cheeks at the contact as he asked:

"You mean?"

Marcia made a wide gesture.

"I mean people like Araby—like—Mr. Trask—and—and like Kempton Rosslaer!"

She bit her lip, then went on hurriedly.

"I've helped Mr. Trask, perhaps, a little. You bought that picture of me, and I commissioned another to give to mother. He—he did them well; they are both good—people are beginning to say nice things about his work. That is very nice—very satisfactory. But Araby——"

She paused, half frowning, then went on:

"I can give her sweets—cakes—cigarettes of a finer quality than she has ever been able to afford. I can give her pleasure — amusement — suppers and theatres and lunches! But I can't pay her bills, or give her clothes—or—or so many other things she lacks because of the lack of money!"

Waldron stretched out a big hand and laid it for a moment over hers.

"If Trask is getting more notice it will be thanks to you—and will mean an easier time for Araby. My dear, I think in a little time you've accomplished quite a good deal. Except, of course, as regards Kemp! To confess the truth, you surprise me when you say that he is among the 'needy' ones! I thought he was having the usual aimless but moderately easy time that a man of his upbringing generally has!"

Marcia looked at him quickly.

"And I thought," she retorted, "that you told me you were his friend?"

"I am! I always have been. I'd do more for Kemp than for any man I've ever met or known—than for anyone else in all this world—save you! But it's some years since we were together much, and lately it has seemed to me that he has wanted to avoid me. I've seen practically nothing of him since I've been home. And I very seldom hear gossip. So I'm a bit in the dark. Is Kemp hard up?"

"Horribly!" Marcia spoke impulsively; again she bit her lip. "At least, so I—who, woman like—do listen to gossip—have been led to understand. I—I've heard Audrey Alden, you know—they are great friends; Audrey's as fond of him as if he were her brother. His father's marriage made a lot of difference to his prospects, of course—and he's heavily in debt."

She stopped. She was remembering Kempton's face as she had seen it tonight, older, sterner, a little haggard, a little lined—as she had seen it presently while he was talking to Araby.

And again she was conscious of a quick uprising of sympathy for him—of regret—and of a very real desire to make things easier for him. As always, she was nervous—ill at ease—when mentioning his name, or hearing it.

She could not shut her mind entirely to what had been; that that unguessed-at bond that was between herself and Rosslaer; and it agitated her to remember it. She met Waldron's eyes now with something of an effort.

He was frowning, but he smiled a moment later.

"I had no idea of this," he told her, and added, quietly, "I'm glad you told me." He was silent a moment, then he turned upon her abruptly. As she looked, half startled, he laid his hands lightly but firmly on her shoulders.

"But," he said quickly, "we were talking of you. Do you know, Marcia, you're looking almost like you did that first night I met you. And—I can't have it."

There was a sudden warm note of possessive tenderness in his voice. He drew her suddenly closer, bending his face to hers.

"You belong to me, now, remember!" he finished, and for an instant the hot passion he had been so careful to suppress leaped up anew in his eyes like a flame.

"You belong to me!"

(To be continued.)

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**The Dainty Girl's Charm List.**

She is not at all the girl with the perfect features, dreamy eyes, long glossy lashes, Cupid's bow mouth—you know the girl we all like to dream about and wish we might be.

Yet——

She is the envy of all the girls, they copy her style and her mode of hairdress, they run to her for ideas and the boys!—well, they are simply baffled by her indescribable charm.

This girl of whom we are talking, knows something of the secret of personal daintiness and has attained a degree of artistry in appearing lovely.

Her careful toilet for the day really begins the evening before. Hanging by her dressing table, in plain sight, is her Charm List and what a gay time she does have checking off each item.

First there is a thorough scrubbing of teeth, and the prescribed twenty strokes in brushing the hair. (They tell us that girls in "the 60's" made it 100 strokes!) Next, a nice warm bath with a delicately perfumed bath soap which is refreshing and such a joy! After the bath, a sprinkling of talcum on shoulders, neck and arms. This gives you such a velvety comfortable feeling and then you are all ready for the fresh sweet nightie and to cuddle down (like a contented kittne by the fire for a refreshing slumber of at least eight hours.

Each garment for the morrow is all arranged, buttons, hooks and eyes on, necessary mending done and everything nice and clean. No wonder she sleeps a "beauty sleep!"

Our Dainty Girl revels, once a week, in a sudsy ceremony that calls for a washbowl of beautiful frothy suds into which go her frilliest bits of underwear, dainty collars and cuffs, sheer blouses and dresses, and best stockings.

She also has discovered that her stocking bill is reduced almost in proportion to the frequency of the washings, so after each day's wear, they are treated to a dip in suds or clear warm water. The voice of thrift prevails even when they are brand new and it is such a temptation to put them on in all their freshness from the box for their first wear. They last longer, too, if introduced to the wash bowl before their first wear.

On down the list is the weekly manicure when her nails are filed, cuticle removed and the buffer gives just the mere suggestion of a shine.

Very important is the matter of removal of all perspiration odor, which sometimes persists in spite of perfect cleanliness. A special toilet preparation, used about once a week after the bath, overcomes this difficulty.

And you should see the Dainty Girl's tiny little brush, much smaller than a tooth brush, which she uses just for her eyebrows, for she knows that her eyebrows must be brushed quite as religiously as her hair.

And the matter of perfumery? One of the newest ideas is to select one's fragrance according to one's type. Who could think of the quaint girl, who suggests hoop skirts and brocades, without thinking of the fragrance of lavender buds? The retiring, shy girl chooses the scent of the "modest" violet. Surely many types of girls may use the fragrance of the rose. The Dainty Girl gathers the petals in rose season, carefully dries them and fills attractive bags for her dressing-table drawers and shirt-waist box.

Here is her Charm List:

**Evening beautifiers**—Brush teeth; brush hair (twenty strokes); teeth; brush hair (twenty strokes); warm bath; thorough rub down; a sprinkle of talcum; a fresh nightie; apply cold cream when needed; apply hand lotion, garments ready for tomorrow; complete relaxation (at least eight hours' sleep).

**Morning toilet**—Exercise before open window; brush teeth; drink glass of water; wash hands; press back cuticle of nails; splash of cold water on face; dash of powder on nose to remove shine; brush eyebrows; dress hair becomingly.

**Once-a-week aids to loveliness**—Manicure nails; clear skin with cold cream; wash-bowl laundry, special care of feet; weekly mending.

**Every two weeks**—Shampoo hair.

**A Progressive Party.**

If you would have a pleasant and economical variation from the usual kind of summer party and would give a "sociable" that all of your friends—the girls who are in business as well as those who are keeping house—will enjoy, join with two of your friends and send out an invitation something like this:

You are invited to take part in an all-day summer frolic on Saturday, July ——. Breakfast at the home of Miss—— at 7 a.m., luncheon at Miss ——'s home at 12.30, supper with Miss —— at her home at 6 p.m. Be prompt. Wear tramping clothes.

Of course you will decide with your friends who of you will entertain at breakfast and who at the other two meals, and will write those names in the invitation. In planning for the food do not attempt elaborate menus. Have simple, wholesome dishes and see that the three meals are well balanced—that they make up an appetizing and nutritious whole. Use as little china as possible. Paper cups and dishes, and paper napkins, of course, will simplify the cleaning up.

The chief charm about breakfast will lie in getting abroad in the fresh, early morning air and in making that usually hurried meal an occasion for social pleasure. Serve the meal informally. The best plan is to set everything on one big table and let everyone help herself. Afterwards, when those who have work to do have gone to it, round up the others and take them for a tramp in the woods and fields to gather flowers, grasses and foliage until it is time to go to the home of the friend who will serve luncheon.

Use some of your flowers and leaves to decorate the luncheon tables (several small tables will make a pleasant change from a large one) and put the rest in water until the afternoon. Then take the company out of doors and let them work the blossoms and the foliage into baskets, tokens and bouquets to be used for dinner favors.

If possible, serve dinner out of doors. It should be a more substantial meal than the others, for everyone will have time to enjoy it fully and at leisure.

Close the day with old-fashioned games, feats and forfeits, story-telling and singing.

Of course, since not a little of the fun of such a "sociable" is in keeping the guests doing things out of doors for the better part of a long summer day, you must postpone the party if the weather is unfavorable.

**A Summer Dish.**

The most popular dish of the summer—ice cream—when flavored with raisins, is not only a cooling confection, but one that helps to take away the listlessness caused by warm weather. The cooling qualities of ice cream are but a temporary relief, it is pointed out; combined with the delicious flavor of raisins, it is truly a delightful, healthful dish.

The sugar in raisins is in practically predigested form, and is turned into energy almost immediately. This re-vitalizing quality of the raisin makes this fruit-food a boon to warm weather fatigue and listlessness.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

**Quite True.**

The work of a choir director is hard, but it is not wholly without humor.

Recently a man was telling of his experiences with the boy choir of an English cathedral. "I was teaching them," he said, "to chant the Litany and flattered myself that we were getting along unusually well when I noticed the words they were chanting for the response. Every last one of them was saying, Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable singers!' Surely it was true enough of most of them."

The earliest records of Korea go back to 1122 B.C.

**He Probably Got His Wish.**

Tommy, though very young—he is only four—has a precocious appreciation of the pleasures of the table. His sister, who is a few years older, has recently been suffering from one of the common maladies of childhood, and as she became convalescent, Tommy frequently observed the most tempting delicacies being carried into the sick room, from which he was still excluded. He decided to put in a word for himself. The next time he saw his mother bearing a tray of especially appetizing food to the invalid's door he made his plea.

"Mother," he said, "may I have the measles when Violet's finished with them?"

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