Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN

"Love gives itself and is not bought."—Longfellow.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Cont'd.)

"I've chucked that bounder and baby, Donaldson, and I'm looking into things. Fact is, Miss Dempster, one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives. I'm not trying to excuse myself, mind! I haven't the right, for I've been right down there in my time, too, and I ought to have known."

"You have been abroad though for a long time," said Jean, on the spur of the moment, and then colored, remembering that she was encroaching on personal ground.

"Yes; I've been out of New York City just fifteen months. But I'm stopping here for a bit now, and I'll spend the most of it on the East Side. I find that work tastes sweet after a while of play. It's what we were born for, Miss Dempster, and the moment we stop work, rest—the devil steps in and has his innings."

Jean smiled her grave, kind smile, which had comforted many.

"We are certainly happier working," she admitted. "The difficulty is to apportion it fairly."

"How long have you been out? You sound," he added with a smile, "as if you might have left the Broomielaw yesterday!"

"I've been here just on four years."

"All your people here, I suppose?"

"None of them. I live at a boarding-house on Forty-second Street. It was there I met Mr. Rankine. A man he met on the boat brought him to the house. But, of course, he couldn't be at home in a Forty-second Street boarding-house!"

"He's had to be a home in a lot of queer places, I guess! But he'll do all right out West. I hope he'll find the man I've sent him to. I cabled that he was coming."

"How good of you! But then the Scotch don't leave anything to chance," said Jean, with a smile. "Wouldn't you call at the Holland House, Mr. Fordyce, and see Miss Rankine?"

"I can't do that. I don't want her thanks. I'll pay me back. Actually made me take my fare! And I took it, too. Here's the address."

He took a card from his pocket-case and wrote the words on it, then passed it over to her.

"Well, I suppose our business is at an end. I'm glad I came. And if I hear anything of Rankine I'll ring you up or come on and see you if I may. Do you live with them?" he asked, glancing keenly round the home.

"Oh, hardly! I've no complain of. I'm very happy, thanks, and well paid, and my employers are—"

"You're at your back?" Is there an Ass-man now. She's working and lives in Jersey City."

"Well, good day. I'm glad to have met you. Perhaps we'll come across each again. Engaged! Miss Tenterden! No wonder I was in a hurry to get quit before she saw him! The beggar hadn't a chance! Just left, and very fond of the other sort! Funny one, put in Jean, "because he told me—"

"You don't say so! Wish I'd known but there he wasn't the sort you could present with a wardrobe. Good-bye, and thank you again. It's pleasant to hear the old brogue! I haven't been in Scotland since I was a boy, but my old mother came from Cumnock, and she spoke its lingo till the day of her death, though she died in Fifth Avenue."

He went out with that, and Jean was left with a pleasant sense that somehow life had become enriched. Yet, twenty-four hours before, had she been asked she would very probably have declined Harry Fordyce's acquaintance!

Her day was not over yet, nor had she heard the last of the extraordinary story with which she had come in touch.

About four o'clock, as she was drinking her tea in her office, Miss Tenterden was announced. Jean sprang up, flushing all over her face, for it was no ordinary happening to have such a well-known figure call there in quite a friendly manner.

"Oh, good afternoon!" she said as she hastened to set a chair for the elegant figure in its enveloping seal-skin wrap, at the same time thinking that she had never seen anything so beautiful or fascinating in her life. "How good of you to come. You are quite alone? I suppose Miss Rankine told you about me? She was here yesterday."

"She did. May I shake hands with you, Miss Dempster, and say 'Thank you'? I don't know all you have done, but I'm quite sure, now that I see you, that it is a great deal more than we shall ever be able to acknowledge or repay."

"No, no!" said Jean confusedly. "I have done just nothing; only spoken a friendly word now and again to Mr. Rankine. Of course I saw at once that he was not in the set at the boarding-house, and that he belonged to a different world from mine. But he was Scotch—and lonely—and that was all. I should like to have done a great deal more, only, you understand, it was not possible. But won't you sit down? I am so pleased to see you, and of course it is a very great honor, and I'll never forget it as long as I live."

Carlotta drew off her gloves and lifted a deprecating hand.

"Don't talk like that. I can't listen! I had to manœuvre to get to you alone this afternoon, Miss Dempster. But I felt I must see you without Miss Rankine. She told me part of what you told her yesterday, and I've come to hear the rest."

She sat down quietly, opened her coat, and threw it back so that the delicate white satin lining showed against the cheek which was quite as fair.

Jean's color fluttered in her face. She had had many grey days in that Broadway office—days in which life seemed stale, flat, and unprofitable; but surely this one recompensed!

"What did she tell you?" she asked, sitting forward with her eyes fixed intently on Carlotta's beautiful face. Her heart was sore over the relentless fate that had parted Alan Rankine from a creature so rare and desirable.

"Why, just that he had had very hard times here, and that we had been too late to see him. Did he actually only leave the city last night?"

"Only last night, by the midnight train. I have had Mr. Fordyce here to-day to confirm that."

"Mr. Fordyce? Oh yes, Judy did mention his name. The man who sent him West, wasn't he?"

"The same—a Scotsman—and an understanding Scotsman too. One who has painted New York pretty red more than once, if one is to believe all one hears. But I come to the conclusion to-day that probably the biggest half of the stories about him were lies. He's very straight, and he's unhappy too—if I'm any good at reading faces."

"You are wonderful, I think! The women people trust instinctively. It's one of the greatest gifts in the world," said Carlotta.

"Oh, no!" cried Jean, shrinking back. "How can you say that when you know what your own gifts are? I was at the theatre again last night. I've seen a lot of actresses, most of the great ones here, and some who have come with distinguished records from Europe, but I've never seen anybody like you."

"In what way?"

"Oh, the way you grip people. You simply have hold of them. I don't wonder he couldn't bear to look at you, knowing you were parted for the time being."

"What are you talking about?" asked Carlotta rather sharply.

"Why, Mr. Rankine, of course! Didn't Miss Rankine tell you he was in the theatre last night, and that directly he saw you on the stage he simply rose and fled?"

Carlotta's face flamed.

"No, she did not tell me. He was there last night, you say! How didn't I know? Oh, what a cruel shame! And now he is far away. He really did go on that train, you think?"

"I'm afraid there isn't a doubt about it. Mr. Fordyce told me he had all the tickets, and now he is at least six hundred miles away."

Carlotta dropped her cheek on her hand and her face became strangely old and sad.

"It is all a frightful tragedy. How did it happen that he was in the Manhattan last night? Surely it was the irony of fate. From what Judy told me I should not have imagined that he had any money to spare for theatre tickets."

"He hadn't," answered Jean promptly. "The tickets were mine, given me by a business client who couldn't use them. He only came because I urged him, and because I thought it might be a little bit of cheer for him to remember his last night in New York."

"You said a good deal of him, didn't you, Miss Dempster? He often spoke of you in his letters."

"I saw a good deal of him at the beginning, but not latterly. I was feeling anxious about him just before he turned up the night before last to say good-bye."

"He had sad times, had he not? Much harder than he allowed us at home to know about."

"I'm afraid so," answered Jean, realizing that nothing could be gained by hiding things, and that Miss Tenterden had come determined to know the truth. "But one thing you may be glad and proud about, Miss Tenterden—right through he never lost grit nor that fine sense of honor which made him different from the usual run of men one meets. And I'm sure he'll come out on top yet. I'm most frightfully sorry for you. Of course, I'm only a humble working woman, and I know I haven't the right to speak to you like this, but I see your heart is in your mouth. I've been through a lot, Miss Tenterden—far more than you can have any idea of, and God forbid that you should ever sample my particular brand of suffering. I gave away all I had to a bad man, and I'm left stranded here, so far from home! Now you, in spite of what you are, and though you have a world at your feet, can be sure that whatever Alan Rankine may be doing, or what the upshot may be, he will never be unworthy of your love, nor of any woman's."

Carlotta rose a trifle unsteadily to her feet.

"Thank you, dear woman—thank you very much! You have suffered a lot, you say? Have you seen things even up then in life? Do you think—do you think this horrible tangle will ever come right?"

"Sure thing," said Jean cheerfully. "God's in His heaven—all's right with the world."

"You feel it all so frightfully," Carlotta went on nervously as she fumbled with the fastening of her coat, "because it was through me he lost his home and his place in Scotland. Some day perhaps—some happier day—I will tell you. And yet—and yet—I would lay down my life cheerfully for him; and all I have accomplished is to make him a wanderer on the face of the earth, and to send him to the uttermost ends."

"But he'll come back from the uttermost ends," maintained Jean, and her kind face positively shone. "Just you wait and see!"

Her homely speech, the hearty confidence with which she spoke, put some odd kind of courage into Carlotta's troubled heart.

"This morning I thought everything was dark, and even Miss Rankine, who is the best friend I have in the world, could not make me feel any better! I even felt that I must get away from her for a while, for—for—well, there are wheels within wheels."

"There must be," assented Jean. "It's the most extraordinary and the most fascinating story I ever heard tell of."

"And nobody knows what the end will be," said Carlotta, with a wan little smile. "I suppose you wonder why I should come here and ask all these questions?"

"I don't wonder in the least, for, you see, Miss Rankine told me that you are engaged to her brother."

"Engaged," repeated Carlotta, looking straight into Jean's kind eyes, "I'm his wife!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE HAVEN.

The days wore on, and March threatened in spring to New York, in a blaze of unstamped splendor. But it found little response in the hearts of the two women from Scotland, who, with each dawn, hoped for news of the wanderer on whom they had staked so many of their hopes.

The success of his brief season at the Manhattan had far surpassed the hopes of Graham Madox. While fully aware of his own powers, which had won him recognition on the other side, Madox was eager to acknowledge that it was Carlotta who had conquered New York.

In Judy's estimation he was too ready to acknowledge it. Her sharp eyes discovered when she had the opportunity of seeing them in one another's company often, that it was other than an artist's pride and affection Madox felt for his beautiful colleague.

"That man is in love with you, Carlotta," she said, rather shortly, one day. "The simplest way out of the difficulty would be for you to marry him and be done with it."

Sometimes poor Judy was sharp of tongue and bitter of look. But consider her position! A pensioner on Carlotta's bounty, compelled to stop in New York until the end of her season, without active occupation or object in life, with little to do but brood; every allowance must be made for her. Even the most perfect friendship in the world is bound to feel such a strain.

Carlotta's patience and loving-kindness were infinite; but at length she began to feel some fret of the spirit.

No letters had come from Alberta, and cables had merely elicited the information that nothing had been seen or heard of Alan Rankine there.

He had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him; and in her darker moods, Judy inclined to the idea of suicide. Carlotta, more optimistic because more wise, did her best to cheer her.

"I had already refused Graham Madox three times before you and I ever met, child," she answered, calmly enough, though she was hurt both by the words and by Judy's tone.

"But he can ask you a fourth time! I see it in his eyes!" answered Judy ruthlessly. "And nobody could blame you if you accepted him. Why, it would be just an ideal arrangement!"

(To be continued.)

Temperament.

Some want a heaven with streets of gold
And mansions facing seas of glass,
Nor crave a blossom to unfold,
A bird to sing a sunrise mass.

Some keep their God enthroned high
Mid cherubim and seraphim,
Nor dare to touch His robe or try
To walk earth, hand in hand, with Him.

We dream of Heaven and like to plan
A radiant Place, where life will shine,
Forgetting that a Superman
Has made earth's common round divine!

—Anne M. Robinson.

A Poem for Critics.

I wanted to write poetry when I was very young;
My heart was full of little songs, just begging to be sung.
But someone, very old and wise, remarked to me one day:
"You need to have experience; what can you have to say?"
I laid aside my pencil then and started on my quest
To sought experience through the world; I found it, east and west.
It's time to write my verses now, since I'm no longer young—
But in my heart the little songs are begging to be sung.

—Margaret King Moore.

Japan to Extend Drills.

Military training of all students in Japan, which is embodied in the proposed national military training system, was commenced recently in the normal schools of the empire. It is planned to extend the system to students of middle and other schools of higher grade next year.

Estimated cost of inaugurating the program in the lower and higher grades has been estimated at 6,000,000 yen. It is hoped the new system will be in operation in 1928.

Military authorities will be asked to supply 300,000 rifles to the different schools and young men's associations.

Ways and Means.

Mr. Splash—"Have we paid for our piano now?"

Mrs. Splash—"Yes, dear. And we only have one installment left on the bed."

Mr. Splash—"Have we paid for the gas stove?"

Mrs. Splash—"Yes, dear. Only five payments left on the flivver, too."

Vanity, All is Vanity.

"How do you like that new mare of yours?"

"Oh, fairly well. But I wish I had bought a horse. She's always stopping to look at herself in the puddles."

BRITAIN'S YOUNGEST "BABY"

Cyprus is our latest established Crown Colony, for it received full Colonial status just three months ago.

Yet even though it is our youngest colony, it is actually one of the oldest of civilized lands, its known history beginning more than three thousand years ago.

The Assyrians and the Persians ruled it, and the Phoenicians worked its copper mines and traded in its timber. Cyprus, by the way, is Greek for copper.

Later on, the Greeks captured Cyprus, but the Romans took it from them.

The next ruler, strange to say, was an Englishman—Kink Richard I., who captured Cyprus on his way to the Holy Land in the Third Crusade. From that time the island remained a British possession until Richard sold it to a Guy de Lusignan.

For 300 years this man's descendants ruled the land, and Cyprus prospered, and became a country of vast wealth.

Later on still Cyprus was captured by the Turks, and it steadily declined. But in 1878 Great Britain occupied it, paying £92,800 a year to Turkey. Two years after this the administration was transferred from the Foreign to the Colonial office, and in 1914 Cyprus was formally annexed to the British Empire. It received full Colonial status this May.

Years ago Cyprus was, of course, famous for its forests, but these have sadly diminished, owing to bad usage. Two things still tend to destroy the forests. Goats are allowed to browse on the twigs and shoots, and the goatherds, a wild, lawless tribe, have a strange habit, when annoyed by anything, of setting them on fire!

In consequence, the British Government started a special force of forest-police and had fire-paths cut through the woods, along which the police could patrol.

The Clyriotes themselves are remarkably primitive in many ways. They still plough with oxen, and carry their goods on camels and donkeys.

Cyprus silk is very fine indeed, and to encourage its manufacture, Queen Mary, in 1923, ordered Cyprus cocoons to be used in the manufacture of silk for the redecorations of Buckingham Palace.

With its fine climate, Cyprus produces all manner of fruits in profusion. Yet there is no grass in Cyprus, so barley is grown as fodder for the cattle instead.

To-day, besides copper, the chief mineral mined is asbestos, from which the inhabitants make not only packing and building materials, but oil, water-pipes and furniture.

The Vial of Perfume.

There they lay, ready to be packed, some carefully selected gifts for the missionary far away on the other side of the world. The lady who was sending them reached across her desk, and suddenly, the room was filled with a strangely sweet perfume. It was as if a gentle breeze had stolen in at the window across a garden of roses—yet it was winter, and outside the ground was covered with snow. In stretching her hand the lady had overturned a vial of delicious perfume, a little of which poured out upon the gifts that were to be sent on their mission.

In far-away China a tired little missionary opened a package from America, and a strange sweet fragrance greeted her like a breath from a rose garden at home. It brought her an added joy that the gifts alone could not have given.

We are always giving; sometimes because we delight in giving, sometimes because we see the need and feel a sense of duty; but all the time close beside our gifts stands an unopened vial, and when we pour out some of its contents upon our gifts it increases the value tenfold.

Oh, the vials of love and cheerfulness unopened in our hearts! Let us keep them sealed no longer, but pour out their contents upon our gifts, whether they are for loved one or the stranger. How wonderfully the presence of a loving spirit enriches even the noblest of gifts!

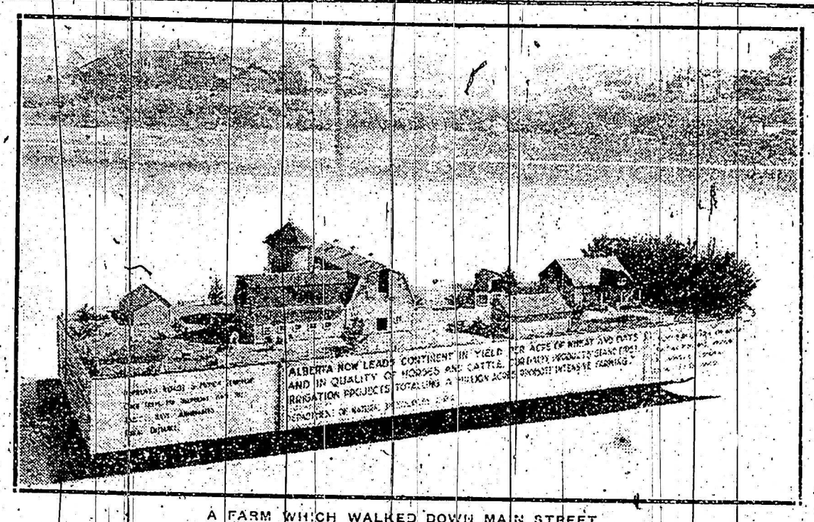
What a Cynic!

Tired Business Man—"I'd like to go where I'd be entirely cut off from the world."

Friend—"Why don't you try a telephone booth, old man?"

Encouragement.

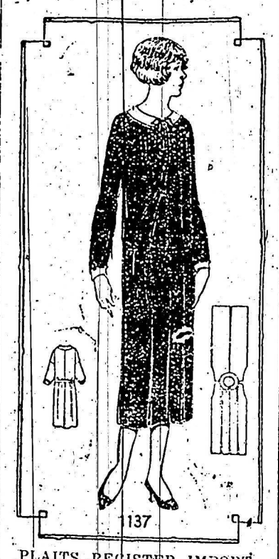
She (as train toots at grade crossing)—"George, you go right ahead. Don't let that big brute bully you."



A FARM WHICH WALKED DOWN MAIN STREET

Above is one of the Canadian Pacific floats which took part recently in a procession at the Calgary stampede and was regarded as the most unique feature of the parade. It is a complete model of a farm and beside the usual buildings and livestock, shows such details as a radio aerial stretching from the barn to the farm-house, an automobile in the garage, farm implements and all the paraphernalia customarily associated with modern farm life. The float was prepared and contributed by the Department of Natural Resources of the Canadian Pacific Ry.

ECLIPSE FASHIONS
Exclusive Patterns
by Sheila Bryan



PLAITS REGISTER IMPORTANTLY.

Box and kick plaits form a very pleasant deviation from the straight-line frocks. Inverted plaits are given a place on the model pictured above, and start at the collar and reach to the hemline, being held in place by stitching over the hips, and released to give fulness to the skirt front. The new back flare is deftly handled, by the plait at the centre back. Buttons strike a smart trimming note, while the sleeves are long and the neck is finished with a round collar, which is a universal favorite. No. 1137 is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 3⅝ yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material. Price 20 cents.

Many styles of smart apparel may be found in our new Fashion Book. Our designers originate their patterns in the heart of the style centres, and their creations are those of tested popularity, brought within the means of the average woman. Price of the book 10 cents the copy. Each copy includes one coupon good for five cents in the purchase of any pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Curing Sick Goldfish.

Goldfish are not as hardy as is generally supposed, and many fine specimens are lost because of ignorance on the owner's part. When these fish are kept in aquariums they are liable to suffer from a curious disease known as fungus growth. This takes the form of a spreading white deposit. As the growth increases the fish becomes listless and disinclined to swim. It will certainly die unless curative measures are taken as soon as the white coating is noticed.

Give the fish a salt bath—this is one of the best ways for combatting fungus growth. Prepare a rather strong solution of common salt and water, allowing a heaped tablespoon of salt to each pint of water. When the salt has all dissolved, put the mixture into a bowl.

Now catch the fish, using a net if he evades your hand. Handling the "patient" very gently, put it in the bowl of salt water and leave it there for about three minutes. Then put it into a bowl of fresh water, and make this change several times—allowing from two to three minutes in each bowl.

When the fish is replaced in the aquarium it will almost immediately show improvement, more life and activity, and will continue to gain—the white coat disappearing meantime. If any of the growth remains stubbornly, or threatens to return after it has gone, a second bath should be given in the same way. The treatment should not be repeated too frequently, however, as it then becomes injurious to the goldfish.

To be ignorant of what happened in the world before you were born is to be all your life a child.

Young Tender Leaves
and tips used in
"SALADA"
GREEN TEA
are sealed in air-tight aluminum foil.
Their fresh flavor is finer than any Japan or Gunpowder. Try SALADA.

Surnames and Their Origin

MORLEY.

Variation — Marlay, Marley, Marle, Mehrle, Merle, Merley, Merly, Verley.

Racial Origin—Irish.

Source—A given name.

Few of the variations in this group of family names would be pointed regarded as Irish. Yet they are.

If persons bearing these names to-day were to spell them in true Gaelic fashion, it would be Mcarlaoigh," but the pronunciation wouldn't be materially different, having those certain twists to the vowels and the fain guttural which you sometimes hear in the speech of the man and the Highlander and variously a "brogue" or a "burr." The form of Marley comes a little closer this pronunciation than Marley, the latter of the two Anglicized forms is the more common spelling.

This clan took its name about A.D., from a chieftain named "Mac Loch." The meaning of this name is "quick-warrior."

The form Varley, not often met in this country, is a variation carrying a Gaelic twist, for in certain combinations the Gaelic letter "m" the sound of "v." The letter though not the sound, is absent the Irish language.

BALDWIN.

Racial Origin—English.

Source—A given name.

It was given to people who [illegible] which the [illegible] the other, provide [illegible] that the name [illegible] William conqueror [illegible] brought into [illegible] conquerors [illegible] and were [illegible] retained their [illegible] even after [illegible] their own language [illegible] France [illegible] roughly [illegible] invaded [illegible] among the [illegible] the time when [illegible] here [illegible] simple [illegible] Teutonic words [illegible] many [illegible] "bald" meant [illegible] "win" meant [illegible] modern word [illegible] come from [illegible]

Faith.

This much I know.
God does not wrong us here,
Though oft His judgments severe
And reason falters 'neath the blow;
Some day we'll learn 'twas better so.

So oft I've erred
In trifling matters of my own concern;
So oft I've blundered at the starting turn,
Chosen the false path or the foolish sword
That what I call my judgment proved absurd.

My puny reason cries
Against the bitter and the cruel blows
Measuring the large world by what inch it knows,
Seeing all joy and pain through reason's eyes,
Not knowing hurt and suffering be wise.

But I have come to see,
So vast God's love, so infinite His plan
That it is well, it was not left to man
To alter or to say what is to be.
When reason failed, faith also would flee.

God knoweth best!
Through the black night and against of grief
Faith whispers low: "Hold fast to your belief!
In time His purpose He shall manifest
Then shall you learn how greatly you were blest."

—Egdar A. Guest.

She—"Why do women find the jack-knife dive so hard?"

He—"It is so hard for a woman to shut up, I suppose."

Borrowing Again.

It was the day of the school concert and the audience consisted mainly of mothers, proud or envious according to the parts that their children were playing.

One small boy came on to the platform. Striking a bold attitude, he began:

"Friends, Romans countrymen, lend me your ears."

Whereupon one of the mothers turned to her companion:

"There, that's the Jonesas' boy," she said, tartly. "He wouldn't be his mother's son if he weren't trying to borrow something."

Don't Worry.

Doctors have been gathering statistics on nervous diseases and the tendency to shorten life, and have issued a remarkable bulletin against worrying.

"So far as is known," the bulletin says, "no bird ever tried to build more than its neighbor; no fox ever fretted because he had only one hole in which to hide; no squirrel ever died of anxiety for fear he should not lay enough nuts for two winters instead of one; and no dog ever lost any sleep over the fact that he did not have enough bones laid aside for his declining years."

Canadian orchards produce fruit worth $4,000,000 a year.

Polishing Hurts Apples.

Russian apples intended for the keeping qualities. The full bloom of apples is not definitely but generally, it affords [illegible] is associated with life [illegible] the fruit either [illegible] or less accidental [illegible] with these natural [illegible] as and [illegible] breaks [illegible] a volume [illegible] was [illegible] carefully [illegible] the other went into storage [illegible] The polished [illegible] prepared [illegible] 24 per cent. of [illegible] taking down [illegible] polished fruit [illegible] rapidly [illegible] and [illegible] of weight by the [illegible] period [illegible] was noticeable from [illegible] there is no indication [illegible] this fruit [illegible] varied [illegible] losses from the unpolished [illegible]

Of particular practical significance is the fact that by December [illegible] after storage, the polished apples of this particular lot had [illegible] that they were [illegible] marketable, while the [illegible] was in good [illegible] condition.

Father of Hungary.

Centuries ago the general belief [illegible] known as "The Scourge of God" was not the founder of Hungary but a barbarian swept over that [illegible] in 443 A.D. with a great horde of mounted warriors armed [illegible] bows and arrows and established [illegible] dazed. He had a wooden throne, and wore [illegible] drinking cups. He [illegible]

The real Magyar founder was Arpad [illegible] in the tenth century [illegible] "the Father of His Country." Magyars he is [illegible] Washington, to whom [illegible] erected a life-size statue [illegible] back in Budapest.

Real Realism.

"This is my latest [illegible] world." It's very [illegible] they are not [illegible] that's realism."

"Hello Daddy—don't forget my Wrigley's"
Slip a package in your pocket when you go home to-night.
Give the youngsters this wholesome long-lasting sweet—for pleasure and benefit.
WRIGLEY'S
PEPPERMINT
SPEARMINT
FRUIT
CLUMP
CLEAT
GUM
1984.