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The Dictator Who Was Misunderstood

BY BERTRAM LEIGH.

PART II.

"I hate the obsequiousness of that fellow Hayward," said the downright ing crowd broke into Philistinian Joyce. "No self-respecting man would mirth bow and scrape to another. Why "It is all very well for you to independent than women. It's dread-John. But I suppose you had so much do without it."

"I certainly had a lot of it out Besides I had a certain official dignity to keep up, and a certain amount of discipline to maintain. But, upon my soul, I think you wrong poor old Hayward; he genuinely loves me, you know-and love is apt to be hyperbolical."

"Dignity! Discipline! I don't believe in either. They are only other names for conceit and tyranny You were a tyrant in Romario, John, you he has done, don't we, Mr. Sloane?" "I am afraid Sloane is a poor diploknow you were!"

"I frankly admit it, dear. I had to be. But there are tyrants and tyrants," said Malleson with a smile.

"All tyranny is immoral!"

servative," said Malleson, dubiously sidered that the tension had been suf- better on a tub." servatism of the young nation, the ette case from his pocket. with a twinkle in his eyes, "your ingly in his hand.

body.

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a good thing

toremember

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shined your

shoes today?

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MOTICH

conservatism was positively aboriginal!"

The Mannering twins and the Heul-

should any man call another even laugh," said Joyce, whose cheeks were 'sir'? It only shows that men are less flushed with an inward anger scarcely repressible, "but wit is a self-conful to hear it. I wonder you allow it, demned argument against truth. And the truth is, John," she flashed out, of it in Romario that now you can't looking him steadily between the eyes, "that while you were in Romario you were the utter personification of every- squeamish on your behalf." there, but then they are a florid lot. thing in political ideals I most abominate and despise, and I don't care who knows it!"

"Joyce!" protested Mrs. Falloden. "How can you speak like that? The whole world is ringing with John's

"Then it is all to the good that he because of-" He hesitated. should learn that the world isn't unanimous. We Socialists just hate all Sloane nodded.

sorry, but I am afraid we do."

friends, the revolutionists, were the Without hesitation she took one and with you." biggest conservatives of all. Their he carefully lighted it for her in silaround. Finally it came to Sloane. from a Greek.

Ronald Sloane upon a bicycle.

his horse. "I was coming to look you ashamed of myself." up later on. I hear from Miss Falloden that you wish to see me."

Both men dismounted. Malleson hitched his reins over his arm, and Sloane, wheeling his bicycle, kept pace with him along the honeysuckled coun-

ing on Monday."

"And what has your meeting on Where the days pass one by one, Monday to do with me?"

"To be quite candid," he began, "I have reason to believe that during the meeting a resolution is to be passed protesting against your being invited to become our prospective candidate for Congress, on the ground that your administration in Romario was detri- When the eager heart can say, mental to the cause of democracy."

Congress?" "It is common knowledge, Mr. Mal- In the service of the showers,

leson, that you are to be asked to stand." "And that I shall accept the invi-

tation?"

"That is the general belief." "Well, what of it? And how does this meeting affect the matter?" "Since Miss Falloden is to be pres-

ent, I assumed that such a resolution would be one she would be embarrassed to hear put."
"Well?"

"It need not be put, Mr. Malleson." "I don't understand you." They stopped as if in mutual accord

and stood facing one another. Malleson's horse tossed his great head and the bridle jingled pleasantly.

"If I have your authority to inform the chairman privately beforehand that you would in any case refuse such an invitation you may be assured that the resolution would not be put," answered Sloane.

"Why should I give you any author-"I think you would be well advised

to do so, Mr. Malleson." "Why?" "I presume you have not forgotten

what happened at Quilaxo," said Sloane, his eyes glittering. "No, I have a very good memory, Mr. Sloane. Well?"

"It has never been made public in the States, I believe. It would greatly damage your reputation, Mr. Malle-

"That would depend on how the facts were put."

"They would be put at Monday's meeting in a very bad light, I think. Private and unpublished revelations are in the hands of the chairman. But,

as I have indicated, no reference to you at all need be made on Monday." "Tell me, Mr. Sloane, why do you make this proposition to me?" asked Malleson, stroking his horse's neck.

"Partly because of Miss Fallodenwhom I so greatly respect and whom of the domestic beechnut crop. It is I wish to spare any annoyance-and partly because your personal influence would undoubtedly win you the seat, but, with you out of the running, we believe we could get our man elected, and that man-to be perfectly frank 000 to 400,000 kilos of oil may be ob--is myself."

Malleson, still stroking his horse's the Netherlands. neck. "But double motives generally bring a man to the ground, Mr. Sloane. Your proposition is very like blackmail."

"Not at all," responded the other

with a touch of insolence. "Strategical or not, it is a tactical blunder, my friend. Well, I'm glad to have had this little talk with you. I Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds now know how I stand with regard to you. We are enemies. Permit me to remind you, Mr. Sloane, that my enemies usually have a rotten time. As for your resolution-pass it and be damned to you!"

• A little over a mile further on he came up with Joyce, returning homeward from a tennis party at the Heulings'. Once more dismounting, he put his arm within hers, letting the trained, docile animal-his battle horse, Childe Harold—this time follow at his

"I have just seen Sloane," he said. "Did he tell you about the resolution they intend passing at Monday's meeting?" she asked. "So you know all about that, do

you? I gathered that you didn't." "Yes. I know all about that, Johnand I thoroughly agree with it, I fear."

"Then your friend Sloane was too

"He intimated," replied Malleson with a whimsical smile, "that, in order to save you embarrassment at the meeting, the resolution need not lo put if I tactfully proclaim beforehand Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts my intention not to stand for Congress at the next election-tactfully, "Quilaxo?"

matist! He gives away too much to trait of application. "Yes, Mr. Malleson," said he. "I am win his own hand even. Or perhaps he only thought of your public embar-When Malleson, in his imperturb- rassment, knowing that privately you been wont to judge the psychological all. Yes, he'll be a failure in Con-

rubbing his chin. "But it is the con- ficiently prolonged, he drew his cigar- "What do you mean by my not being embarrassed privately. I may as away wrath. In fact," he continued, white cork-tipped cigarettes, tempt- cerned, I am exceedingly embarrassed, Nicholas St., Toronto. John-embarrassed every hour I am

"I thought something was between ence. Then he handed his case us, something more than a mere divergence in political views. There's no "Thanks," said he, and took a gift time like the present. Let us have it out, here and now. What is it?"

Three days later Malleson, out rid- "Need you ask? You know what ing in the early evening, met with happened at Quilaxo as well as I do' "Apparently not half so well, since "Hello, Sloane!" he said, reining in you are ashamed of me and I am not

Possibly it was the singular glow of that evening's sunset which gave his face so unnatural a color. (To be continued.)

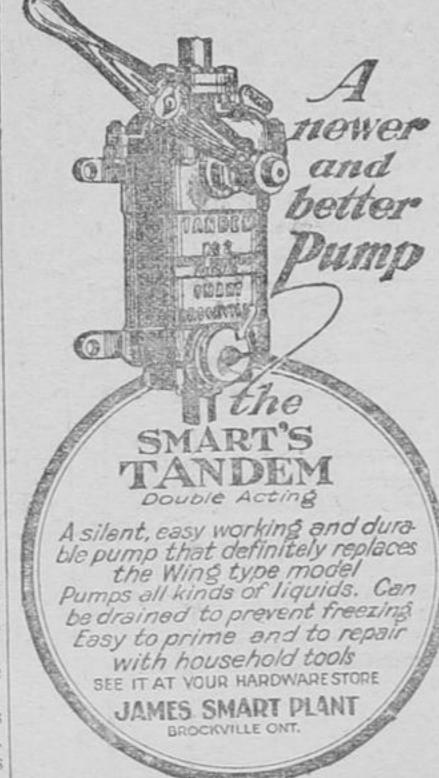
Where is Heaven?

Where is Heaven? Is it not "Yes, Mr. Malleson, about the meet- Just a friendly garden plot, Walled with stone and roofed with sun Not too fast and not too slow, Looking backward as they go At the beauties left behind To transport the pensive mind.

Does not Heaven begin that day Surely God is in this place, "Who says I am going to stand for I have seen him face to face In the loveliness of flowers, And His voice has talked to me In the sunlit apple tree.

-Bliss Carmen.

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Not long ago measures were taken by the Minister of Agriculture in Holland to increase the supply of edible oils in that country by making full use estimated that between 2,000 and 2,500 metric tons of these nuts may be collected if every effort be made, and that from this amount of raw nuts 300,tained. This would afford a valuable "A double motive-I see," answered addition to the stocks of edible oils in

Owners of private lands from which beechnuts are gathered receive compensation at the rate of 5 per cent. of the sums paid to the gatherers, and calmly. "It is a question of strategy they also enjoy the right to purchase -a point of view that should appeal cattle cake, prepared from the pulp of to the successful general," he added the nuts from their property at 50 florins per 100 kilos.



Often the Cause.

Goss-"In a quarrel with her fellow last night Mayme Manybeaux was terribly burnt when the powder she had about her exploded!"

Sipp-"Awful! What caused it?" Goss-"So much friction, of course."

Every day we see men of only average talent passing their brothers on "That, too?" said Malleson quietly. the road to success, simply because they are possessed of that blessed

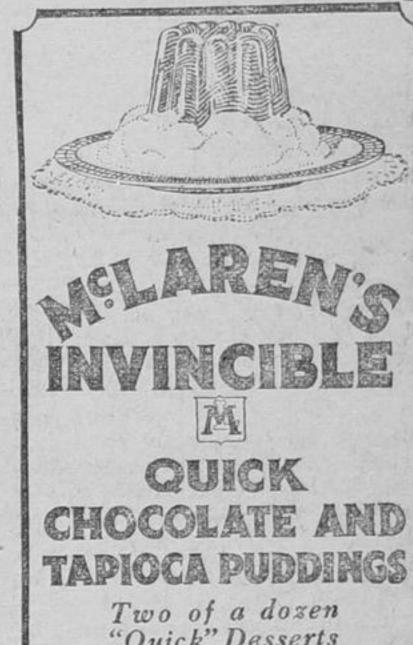
While no hunting may be done in able coolness-the coolness which had are not embarrassed in the matter at the Canadian National parks the areas adjacent to their boundaries are "Romario certainly is rather con- moments of battles to a nicety-con- gress, if he ever gets there. He'd do among the best big game districts on the continent.

conservatism of high spirits, the con- "These are your favorites, Joyce," well tell you that I'm both astonished DO YOU WANT A BOY? servatism that puts more faith in a resaid, and leaned over his chair, his and deeply troubled over that awful Homes required for Babies to be gun than in a soft word for turning open case, with its neat double row of Quilaxo affair. So far as that is con- adopted. Infants' Home, 68 St.

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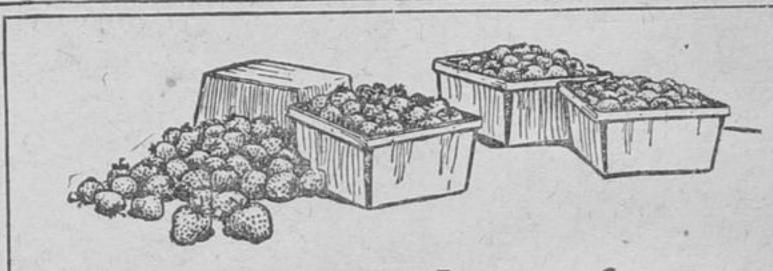
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