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The Vital Flame

A Stirring Serial of Primitive Passions

by May Christie

CHAPTER XL

It was irritating to Leonie that Miles should be so much more interested in swallowing his oysters than in a recital of his fiancée's conquests.

She turned to her neighbour on the right, leaving the defaulter to Lady Warrington, and engaged in a very airy perisfrage for the next half hour.

"You drink too much champagne! I wouldn't take any more, were I you," Miles touched her arm, speaking low, so that nobody could hear.

Leonie tossed her head.

Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes sparkling behind her made-up lashes.

"Don't be a kill-joy! We're headed for the land of prohibition, so we might as well enjoy ourselves while we can."

He said no more, but excused himself immediately after dinner, and went off to the smoke-room to play cards.

"He's not such an immaculate angel himself," said Leonie to Lady Warrington, as they took the elevator up to the lounge where the latest thing in New York bands was playing. "He has his game of poker every night, and he's lost a good bit, I believe."

"You can cure him of that, once you're married," rejoined Lady Warrington good-naturedly.

But Leonie had begun to wonder. Her influence with Miles was not a potent one. He was invariably polite and nice. Yet there was something lacking, somewhere.

She sat in a low chair beside the dance-floor in the big lounge, with antelopes about her, and sipped a green liquor.

Presently she danced, first with a rich Englishman, then with an even richer American, and thirdly with the Mr. Sturtevant who was the donor of the orchids.

One or two impetuous boys she snubbed. Leonie did not intend to waste her time on anything in-eligible.

This is a perfectly gorgeous ship, isn't it? One would never dream one was a float!" observed the young woman to her elderly admirer.

Her glance quested round the great saloon with its high, curtained windows, and myriad little tables and sofas set about the dance-floor.

Deft, well-trained stewards moved noiselessly on the thick carpets, bringing coffee, wines and cigarettes.

A young lady as charming as yourself should always be in a gorgeous setting. That is only right," said Mr. Sturtevant, with a killing ogle.

Yes, Leonie enjoyed herself!

It was too bad that Miles wasn't here to see her triumph!

"I don't know about the gorgeous settings, in the future," she contrived a rather plaintive air. "I'm engaged to a young sculptor, and fame and money don't always go together, do they?"

She supped with Mr. Sturtevant and party in the Ritz-Carlton restaurant, after midnight.

It was expensive and the haunt of millionaires, film-stars, actors, im-prosarios, and the like.

Here, one consumed out-of-season delicacies, and the more expensive a dish or a wine was, the more popular it became.

An orchestra discoursed sweet music from behind the palms. Great banks of flowers and hanging plants and tall, pink-shaded lamps might have led one to believe one was in some great metropolitan hotel, except for an occasional faint vibration in the floor.

"Ah! here comes my handsome cavalier," announced Miss Leonie, as a very slim, dark young man entered the restaurant and languidly made his way to her table. "I must ask the orchestra to play the tango, and he and I will give a demonstration."

The slender, foreign young man was very attentive to Miss Leonie. He contrived to get her to himself, after a time, and the pair strolled out on the deck, and leant over the side, watching the phosphorescence on the water.

"I shall hope to see something of you in New York," said the young man in his very soft, rather crooning voice. "I have so many friends, so rich. And I could entertain you well."

He was in the tobacco business, and enormously wealthy, Leonie understood. He belonged to all the exclusive clubs and kept a string of polo ponies. And he had a rancho in the Argentine.

To talked eloquently of plans for her diversion. She was immensely flattered.

"I can't think why you are so kind," she murmured.

His hand closed over hers on the rail of the ship.

"Because I find you fascinating—and beautiful. I would do much for you," he added, as though it were an after-thought.

"Will you do one little thing for me, Miss Leonie?"

She raised coquettish eyes to his.

"You have been so wonderful," she murmured. "Try me and see."

"It is nothing much. A difficulty of lending. The customs people are so troublesome, and I have with me cigarettes and bird-of-paradise and osprey—packed in a small box. They are forbidden to be brought into the United States. But you—you are so fascinating—the customs men would not make such a strict examination in your case."

Leonie drew back. She had heard about those laws, and the penalties for their contravention.

"But why did you bring them with you?"

He thought that she was jealous.

"An elderly lady—an old family friend—who has been kind to me for years—desired them. Any little return that I could do for her—"

Leonie's face cleared.

"I could carry the little box under my cloak, I suppose? And if they did catch me with it, they'd only take the stuff away? Isn't that so, Mr. Da Costa?"

He nodded, giving her arm a little pressure.

"Please call me Jose. I want to be your friend—more than a friend."

Intrigue delighted Leonie. And handsome Jose certainly was in love with her. They stayed out on the deck, talking, for a long time.

She was rather disconcerted when a footfall sounded near them. Miles appeared, siepped up close, looking rather grim.

(To Be Continued.)

THE FISHERMEN'S LUCK

Is Much Better Now Than a Month Ago, Says a Report.

Fishermen report that during the past month fishing has improved greatly. While few are complaining themselves on getting bass to tip the scales at eight to ten pounds, they are very much pleased with their catch. A large number of bass, weighing in the neighborhood of four pounds, have been landed.

This is the season of the year when fishermen from all parts are doing their best to win prize money offered by some of the large city newspapers.

The local issuers of angling licenses have issued more so far this season than last year.

The railroads have been authorized by Congress to carry any totally blind person, accompanied by a guide, at the fare charged for one person, under such reasonable regulations as may have been established by the carrier.

Stratford Public Utilities Commission decided to abolish the office of manager of the Hydro shop and allow the shop to run itself under the direction of the secretary treasurer.

Only human beings and certain kinds of apes have flat nails on their fingers and toes.

RADIO

- TUESDAY, AUGUST 10.
- KDKA (309.1) Pittsburgh.
2.30 p.m.—Baseball scores half-hourly.
3.20—Stockman-Farmer report.
5.30—Dinner concert.
6.15—Baseball scores.
7.45—Stockman-Farmer report.
8—Sacred Concert.
9.55—Baseball scores.
10.35—Grand Theater concert.
- WEAF (402) New York City.
8 p.m.—Salon concert.
8.30—Gold Dust Twins.
10—Moment Musicale.
10.30 to 11.30—Farrell's orchestra.
- 11.30 to 12 p.m.—Albin's orchestra.
- WLWL (288.3) New York.
9 p.m.—Alice Jones, soprano.
9.15—Manuel Compiansky, violinist.
- 9.30—Premier Male Quartette.
9.45—William Flusk, tenor.
10—Giovanni Lettino, cellist.
10.15—Premier Male Quartette.
- WJZ (455) New York.
12 p.m.—Pennsylvania music.
3.40 p.m.—Tenor.
6.20—Waldorf Orchestra.
7—Tenor and contralto.
7.30—Deliah hour.
8—Pennsylvania railroad hour.
9—Cooks Cruise.
9.30—Milton Cross, tenor.
9.45—Olsen's orchestra.
- WGY (879.5) Schenectady, N.Y.
6.30 p.m.—"Wonder Story of Steinmetz."
6.45—Agricultural programme.
7.30—Deliah half-hour.
8—Pennsylvania railroad hour.
9 to 9.30—Cook's Cruise.
- WBAL (246) Baltimore, M.D.
6 to 6.30 p.m.—Sandman Circle.
6.30 to 7.30—Dinner Orchestra.
8 to 8.30—Mandolin Orchestra.
8 to 9—Staff Concert.
9 to 10—Municipal band.
- WBZ (333.1) Springfield, Mass.
8 p.m.—Maude Erickson, soprano.
8.30—Copley Plaza orchestra.
9—Eric Tesche, tenor.
9.30—Musical programme.
- WTAM (380.4) Cleveland, O.
12.30 p.m.—Collegian Serenaders.
6—State Theater vaudeville.
7 to 10—Concerts.
11—Euclid Beach Orchestra.
- WSAI (326) Cincinnati, O.
7 p.m.—Salon concert.
7.30—Accordion soloist and baritone.
9—Maids of melody.
- WLW (422.2) Cincinnati, O.
12.10 p.m.—Eryin Sobek, organist.
7.30—Music from Castle Farm.
8.15—Crosley Burnt Corkers.
9—Formica orchestra.
- KYW (536) Chicago, Ill.
5.30 p.m.—Congress Hotel concert

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ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

by Olive Roberts Barto

The next night when Johnny Jump Up took the Twins to the magic garden, the titmouse was waiting.

"Let me see your tickets to France," he demanded. "Are they pink?"

"Pink with a blue stripe across and the date in yellow," said Johnny Jump Up. "They are the very latest style, for the pansy fairy brought them to us from France herself."

"All right then, I'll punch them," said the titmouse. "Hop on, everybody."

So Johnny Jump Up and Nancy and Nick jumped on his little brown back, and giving his little black conductor's cap a hard pat so it wouldn't come off, the titmouse flew away to France.

"Goodbye!" called the man-in-the-moon.

"Goodbye!" called the glow-worms and lightning bugs and beetles and crickets and grasshoppers. "Goodbye!"

The ocean would take you and me a week to cross, my dears, in a very big fast boat. But it took the Twins and Johnny Jump Up only a whisk and a puff to get there.

"Where shall we go first?" asked the titmouse.

"To Paris," said Johnny Jump Up. "I want the Twins to see the highest tower in the world."

So to Paris they went, and the titmouse flew right to the top of a tower built entirely of iron, and so high that it nearly touched the clouds.

(To Be Continued.)



FAMED CENTENARIAN

General Sir George Higginson and one of his great-grandchildren at Lady Clayton's garden party given in honor of his one-hundredth birthday.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Alek's Nightmare!

OH, HORACE! HERE COMES THE SUPER-INTENDENT!

AW, FER TH' LOVA!

HORACE

HE MUST'ND FIND YOU HERE—YOU'D GET FIRED, MESSER—

BY GOLLY, THAT'S RIGHT—I'D BETTER BEAT IT

YAIN'T SEEN THAT HORACE AROUND HERE AROUND HERE AROUND HERE AROUND HERE BOOTS?

WHY—WHY I HAVEN'T BEEN HERE BUT JUST A FEW MINUTES—

S'DERN FUNNY I'D A SWORN I SEEN IM UP HERE ON THE BEACH, OH WELL—I GUESS I'LL JUST SIT DOWN HERE AN' WAIT FOR 'IM, HE'S BOUND TO SHOW UP—

By Blosser