After Ten Years

BY MARION RUBINCAM

Chapter 47

Millie triumphed for sometime. She went over and over the story.

"So I just walked into the bank and asked to see the president, and they ushered me into his office as soon as I gave my name", this was a useless formality, for everyone of course knew the Buchanan's and Millie, since Humphrey's disappearance, had been the town's pet attraction.

"I told him I had to have money, and thought my future was in the East. I said, of course, that Humphrey had left me without any resources but the house, which was in my name and which he couldn't touch and I wanted to sell it.

"He said a forced sale never was a good thing, but I said I didn't think I'd ever need money as much as now, so he agreed to see what he could do. Of course, everyone knows we've got one of the best houses in town"

Millie was going to make a clean sweep while she was about it. The announcement of the sale of the house brought a flock of newly interested friends about at once.

"You're not going to leave us?" Cora exclaimed genuine concern in her tones. "Why Millie, you've always lived here, what shall we do without you?"

"Oh, forget me!" Millie answered airly, very busy at her desk sorting and throwing away papers.

"But, we've known each other since we were three years old!" Cora almost wept. "People don't forget friends as old as that."

"Well, I'll come back when I've made my fortune. Patty will be sure to marry someone fine, with her looks and her talent." Millie rattled on.

Proof of her better feelings was that she had discarded her dull clothes and was dressed now in a blue silk she had always adored an had held back as "best."

It was Millie who began selling of furniture right and left to friends and acquaintances. It was Mrs. Munn in New York who, when she heard Patty's family were coming, wired that she had taken a tiny apartment for them. And it was Patty who found out the cost of shipping household goods, and decided that it was cheaper to send things than to buy new.

Out of the chaos of moving, packing and planning, a little order gradually came. Goods were shipped off, Mrs. Parke went to visit a sister living in another country, having decided in her fatalistic mind that she had "pulled up stakes" forever and there was never any coming back.

"But I don't complain," she repeated. "My daughters are my daughters and my duty is to look after them. I'm an old woman and I don't like change. I'm going where there's not a familiar face"

Indeed, she was grieving for all her world was within the limits of the little town that, in the days of her youth, had been a tiny village.

"Why are you going?" Cora asked one afternoon. It was a few days before their departure, and they were living at Cora's since their own home has been emptied of goods. "I'll miss you so."

"I just can't go on here," Millie said. "Everyone has been so kind and good and sympathetic, but they all know I'm a deserted woman, they all know my husband's left me"

"Poor Millie," Cora sympathized. "You've had a hard time of it."

"And I don't know whether Humphrey is alive or dead. He's never let me know, he's never tried once to relieve my anxiety. And I've just come to feel that I can't stand the sight of familiar objects anymore, the house we lived in so happily for so many years"

It was a fascinating subject and Millie enlarged upon it at length. She found suddenly that to play the loving and despairing wife was a new and delightful pastime. She did miss Humphrey sometimes too, and she was honestly worried about him. So she began capitalizing on this.

Then Patsy came in one afternoon with a letter.

"This is good news," she said and her face was radiant. "This is from Humphrey."

Eager faces greeted her.

"He says he's found a place in a big timber camp, and is feeling splendid." Patty announced, glancing through the letter and translating Humphrey's, jubilant slangy phrases. "He took those suitcases and says he's the only man in camp with real sheets and white blankets, and the envy of all of them. He says the fact that we packed everything he needs made him decided to go that night, that he'd thought about it a lot before, and that he's lost five pounds cutting timber, and has a coat of tan."

"Doesn't seem to miss me much," Millie commented acidly.

"And he says that as soon as he gets more money there and a cabin to himself, he'll send for you," Patty said joyfully.

"To live in a forest and no one around" Millie exclaimed. "Not much! Me for the big town! And why didn't he write to me? Why didn't he let me know sooner.

But her despairing effect was spoiled.

ON THE WAY

Chapter 48

Cora laughed at Millie, even while she sincerely sympathized. In a little town, people see so much of each other that any sort of deception is almost impossible. Besides, Cora, Maude and Millie had played together as babies and seen each other nearly every day during the process of education, falling in love, marrying and settling down.

Cora saw through all Millie's little pretenses, into the real and likeable woman beneath. The only time she was deceived was when Paul came, and Millie began a puzzling change. And she never, even to the end, connected it with the young man from New York.

She saw instantly, though, that Humphrey's letter, while it was evidently a relief, also spoiled Millie's present little attitude.

"Do you think she really cares for him?" Maude said late that day as the two women sat for a moment on the little kitchen porch.

"Yes," Cora answered emphatically. "Don't you?"

"No." Maude was equally certain. She really enjoyed posing as a forlorn widow, or deserted wife, or whatever it as she thought herself. She can't do that any more. As things stand now, Humphrey did nothing worse than go away without telling her beforehand, in order to make a living for her. She made an interesting and appealing picture. She can't do that any more, and she'll never forgive him for it."

Cora felt she should have been shocked at this frank and rather unfriendly summing up of Millie. But she had a remarkable logical mind for a woman and she had to admit it was true.

"At the same time," she defended Millie, "she's awfully fond of him. If you could have seen her face how relieved"

"I could, wasn't I there?"

"I don't believe you like Millie".

"Yes, I do, I'll miss her awfully," Maude answered.

Mrs. Werner, feeling that the social duties of the town had to be kept up by her, gave Mrs. Parke, Millie and Patty a farewell party. And at the end of it they turned out and escorted the three guests of honor to the station and stood about "seeing them off". They were to take one of the big through trains from the Coast which stopped on signal at the station.

It was after midnigh, as the last view of Wissakeagan was the irregularly lighted station, the crowd of people waving caps and handkerchiefs, and far over, on the left, the black shadows where Humphrey's big lumber yard was, and the sheen of the river where the water caught the red or green of an occasional railway light.

"What a crazy way for people to sleep, on a shelf, like bottles of jam," Mrs. Parke commented when she first saw her berth in the sleeper. "I don't intend to undress, suppose something happened to the train we'd all go hopping about in our nightclothes."

"Well, we'd have plenty of company, anyway," Millie answered calmly. She was going to go in for all the newness of the experience. She had even made up a dark wrapper from an old silk dress. She called it her "travelling robe" and adorned it with festive rose running in a row down the front.

"It was just like being a wedding party," she observed complacently to Millie, thinking of the sincerity and kindliness of their friends in the town behind them.

Millie felt very proud and happy over the send-off. And the editor of the local paper felt even more grateful than she, for he lacked a "leader" that week, and this departure of the two families plus an elaborate description of the party and the names of everyone present, was good for more than a column of space, especially when decked out with adjectives and headlines.

"I only hope we find friends half as good where we're going, wherever that is" Mrs. Parke commented lugubriously.

And Patty, who said little, was touched too. After all, it was a farewell to her home and her old playmates. But every click of the wheels running over the road bed sang a little exultant song to her. For Paul was in New York, and she would be near him, though she never expected to see him.

Like a faithful little traveling companion, she managed the tickets so they could stop off long enough to see one or two of the big cities, and to rest in hotels at night.

And she managed it so they reached New York in the afternoon. She wanted these two to see the city in the way that it first thrilled her. She managed so they ended in a station on the Jersey side, and took a ferry up the North River, past the great mass of buildings that jostle and nudge each other and tower among streets that seem like cracks in a granite wall. She listened with pleasure to their comments of awe or admiration.

"Well, we're here," Millie said finally enthusiastically.

"Yes, we're here," Mrs. Parke's tones were very doubtful.

"We're here!" Patty said to herself, breathing it out towards the buildings of the great city that held her fate and her future.

BEGINNINGS

Chapter 49

Mrs. Munn had found them a flat as she wrote, a tiny place which she said had two virtues, "the first being its cheap rent and the second that it is very near me, so I shall see you often."

Patty knew exactly how to get there, and as they had only hand luggage with them, she piloted her family into a subway and took them within walking distance of the house.

Mrs. Munn lived on Seventy-seventh Street, near Fifth Avenue. Seventy-seventh Street's claim to magnificence is brief. It ends almost where it begins, a mere cluster of charming homes, one of which Patty already knew very well. Then it travels eastwards, it goes through gentility to shabby gentility and then to shabbiness pure and simple. The flat Mrs. Munn had chosen for them was about half way between the two latter conditions.

It was reached by a two flight climb stairs lighted by gas only, day and night.

"Such halls, such positive filth," Mrs. Parke said. "Oh we can't live here, we'll move." She looked scornfully at the worn but really perfectly clean carpets.

A very fat janitress was preceding them up the stairs. She had a slight amount of grayish hair, and a very red face with a nose shaped like a button. At this comment she turned as far around as her bulk permitted to give Mrs. Parke a malignant glance from her water colored eyes.

But inside the apartment they found everything different from their expectations. For Mrs. Munn herself had sent movers for the furniture, and had it unpacked and put into the tiny flat. When Patty walked into the tiny living room, she found Mrs. Munn's parlour maid to greet her.

"We put the heavier pieces where we thought you'd like them, Miss Patty" she said. "The little bedroom is only large enough for the single bed, so the bigger one had to go here." She opened a door into the "large" bedroom, a space so tiny that Mrs. Parke thought it was nothing but a good sized closet.

Patty, fortunately, had insisted that only small pieces be sent. She wondered now what Millie's double bed would have looked like even if they could have gotten it in the door.

Mrs. Munn had suggested a cot disguised as a couch for the front room so one of the sisters could sleep there. She had also had the old paper torn off and new cream yellow paper put on, giving an effect of sunlight, on even a dull winter day. The oak woodwork, imitation of course, she had done over with white enamel, and the floors had been stained and polished.

"As she thought I might make curtains for the windows Miss Patty, as yours would be sure not to fits here,' the girl went on.

Patty looked gratefully at the polished windows, veiled with fresh white voile. Her dear friend had thought of everything!

"Your mother might like to see the kitchen," the maid suggested, and they followed her to a room that, after Mrs. Parke's spacious idea about kitchens, was so small as to be insignificant.

"Is this all?" Millie asked, when the tour of inspection was over. "A sitting room, two bedrooms and a kitchenette, well, I never thought I'd come to live in such a bandbox."

"Mrs Munn has fixed it so beautifully I know we'll love it," Patty threw in with quick tact.

The maid had unpacked their china and linen, and now, while they took off their coats, she appeared in the living room with a tray and cups and a pot of fresh tea.

"I thought you might be tired and like this," she said. And as they had their tea she slipped on a coat over her uniform and went out. There was a note for Patty on the tray.

"She certainly has been lovely," Millie said in gratitude to Mrs. Munn.

"Yes" Mrs. Parke agreed, for once whole heartedly in favor of another woman. "She has. Of course, with all her servants, it was easy for her to order all this work downe, but it was nice, just the same. Is that note from her?"

"Yes", Patty answered.

"I expect she wants us to come to dinner tonight." Mrs. Parke went on.

But she didn't. The note said:

"You'll all be tired and want to rest, so I've taken the liberty of having beds put up and made and some pieces of furniture, put around, you can alter to suit your own taste later. There are several inexpensive restaurants around the corner from you for dinner this evening. I'll be home alone at 8, dear; if you aren't too tired, run in and we'll chat for half an hour.

"Oh, didn't she ask us?" Mrs. Parke said when Patty read her the note. "You would think, wouldn't you, that she'd come in to say how-do-you-do herself, since we've come here, instead of ordering you around to see her!"

Patty forsaw another trouble in this sudden jealousy of her mother.

NEW WORK

Chapter 50

Patty went around to Mrs. Munn's house, although she felt the jealous disapproval of her mother follow her the entire distance. She felt at home the moment she crossed into the other house. She loved the low, wide hallway, and the tiny oval room by the door, where Mills, the butler, helped her off with her coat.

"It's like old times to see you again, Miss Parke," she told her.

"It's like old times to be back, Mills," she answered. Mrs. Munn had the rare ability of making friends of her servants. She was the despair and envy of all the women who knew her, and who changed maids, as one said, "every new moon". Mills had been with her 30 years.

Mrs. Munn had made one room of her first floor, which, after the manner of New York houses, was raised high above the street. At the far end Patty found her on a sofa before a fireplace, with a lamp on the sofa table at her elbow, and some magazines and novels scattered about within reach.

"It isn't quite cold enough for a fire yet," she said, after she had kissed Patty and drawn her down to a comfortable seat on the couch. "I never feel a room lives unless the windows open into the outdoors, or else a fire is going."

"How dead most rooms are then!" Patty answered. Her eyes travelled around, looking with pleasure at the simplicity and beauty and hominess of the place.

"Yes, like their owners. My dear, I can't tell you how glad I am to have you near me, for I've been getting dead too. Yes, don't look protesting, I have. I've let myself sit here, and think, oh not necessarily gloomy thoughts, for Mary's life was so beautiful that her death must be beautiful too"

Patty's hand went out, and they sat holding to each other for an instant. Then:

"I've let myself get out of touch with young people, I think that must be it."

"But all your friends have daughters."

"Dear me yes, and granddaughters being introduced into society, and driving high powered cars all over the country! You see, while Mary lived, I had her companionship and her friends were always around the house. Naturally they've dropped off. I see them when I see their mothers, my dear, I'm too old for the younger generation and too young for the older ones These girls' mothers tell me I'm a Radical, that's because I made a speech at a labor meeting last week."

Patty laughed.

"Is that to be my work, going to labor meetings?"

"No, that brings up to the point, doesn't it? Of course you know all about the work of the Civic Society. Well, we've a special committee to work in this part of the city. We are trying to put in reform of one sort and another. I've hired a set of offices in what was once a negligee shop, my dear, when you see their interior decorations! Cubism and Futurism carried to the ultimate degree. But that's the point. Your work will be"

She went on, outlining the new duties, which seemed simple enough. Someone with intelligence and a nice personality had to be in the office from 10 until 5.30 to answer the phone, keep the records and write letters.

"You won't really need shorthand, and with practice you'll be able to typewrite fast enough, there'll be little of that anyway. You must help us with publicity, and do the hundred odd jobs that come up in any such organization. My dear, the chief thing is to have tact. You'll overhear a lot, women you know"

"To have eyes and see not, ears and hear not," Patty quoted.

"Exactly. You'll start tomorrow." She gave her the address, and arranged to be there to show her what was expected.

"Of course, you can't do it and pay for that apartment, which is $40, and buy clothes and food for three," she said. "But Mullicent has money, hasn't she, and I suppose she'll find something to do"

"Oh, yes," Patty answered.

But that was a new problem.

She knew that she could not find a place much cheaper that the little apartment they had, without going either in a neighborhood so shabby they would be unhappy, or so far uptown that she would have to join the daily mob that fought their way to the trains in an overcrowded subway.

Of couse, they had Millie's money, but then they paid for the trip, shipping the furniture, and other expenses at home, a lot had been used up.

But she wasn't going to worry about it yet. Of course they would manage and Humphrey would send for Millie as soon as he was able. He hadn't given them his address so they could not write, but the post office at home would send on any letters.

She walked home along the quiet street, tired, a little worried, but still with that feeling of exultation.

NEW EVENTS

Chapter 551

Patty found her work easy, amusing, and annoying. The actual labor in the little office amounted to very little; it was mostly answering the telephone keeping a very simple book record of dues and expenses, and carrying on a small correspondence. In her leisure she practised typewriting; and in time obtained a fair speed and accuracy.

Little by little she began enlarging her own work. She began to handle their publicity, taking it out of the hands of an earnest but incompetent young woman. She kept track of messages from one member for another, did much of their investigating, made out reports and found a hundred ways to be useful.

Millie meantime, was exploring the city, and shopping and going to theatres. In the process of getting settled, many pieces of furniture had to go, many had to be bought. At last, they possessed a charming, if very tiny home.

Millie found herself free, as she called it, for the first time in her life. When her mother would go with her, which was rarely, she gladly took her along. Otherwise, she went alone, except when Patty accompanied her to the theatre.

"My clothes are all wrong," was one of her first comments.

That week she shopped, at first astonished at the high prices, later fascinated by the clothes in the cheaper stores.

"They're just as fashionable and don't cost much," she said producing an embroidered suit at $16.68 value (?) $35, and a dress of thin satin covered with gaudy beads.

This continued until Millie had a wardrobe of what she called really smart garments. Everything she saw on the streets she wanted. She revelled in an exaggeration of the mode. She copied every shop girl or chorus girl she saw, and began doing her hair with great puffs over either ear and wearing dresses that clung to her with shameless fidelity.

"You look shabby beside me," she complained to Patty. "Do go and get a fall suit."

Patty realized that her gray tweed was showing the wear and travel too much to be really good. So she bought a suit of a rough dark green that made her pale gold hair shine like concentrated sunlight, and a snug little turban of what Millie derisively termed roster feathers, whose irridiscent blue black and green set off her complexion in a way envied by everyone of the Civic Committee.

Millie, at first scoffing at what she called Patty's "old maid taste" began to see, after a few months that Patty was right and she was wrong. Besides her cheap clothes lost their piquancy of line, and the cotton backs showed through the silk surfaces.

"I'm going to throw them all away and get new" she announced.

"We can't afford it," Mrs. Parke objected.

"Well, when my money goes I'll get a job" Millie answered. So far she had been much too busy to think of working.

And the first wardrobe went to the janitress, whose 18-year-old daughter was delighted. The second wardrobe was better in quality, if not in kind.

But that was late in the winter.

One of the first activities in which Paty worked was a benefit for a hospital that the Civic Committee mothered. One member secured a real grand opera star, another a very good violinist, another paid a well known dancer whose commercial sense was stronger than her charitable one.

A group of young girls, whose dances and parties filled the society columns of the Sunday papers agreed to appear in a ballet, and Patty found her greatest work keeping them up to the mark, making them reach rehearsals on time, making and breaking engagements for them when these social affairs interfered with the rehearsing. She worked in the evening as well as the day, but she loved the big downtown theatre that had been hired and enjoyed being back of the scenes, and seeing the real artists who were to appear.

That was how she met Paul again.

The club rooms were over a smart little catering shop. The old show window, which once displayed a few pieces of georgette lingerie were covered with piala scrim curtains now, and Patty at her desk could see without being seen.

A dark green car filled with boxes drew up outside the shop, and presently the club room door opened. Paul appeared, auto cap in hand.

"I beg pardon I was told Mrs. Munn might be, oh, why hello" And his formal tone gave way to astonishment.

As for Patty, she held her desk with one tense white hand before she had her fluttering scattered senses under control.

"What are you doing here, Miss er—" plainly he had forgotten her name! So far had she faded from his memory!

"Parke" she supplied and held out her hand and tried to smile casually.

"I know, really, I thought of you as Miss Patty, you see, your name is Patricia, isnt it" He was anxious to make up for his apparent lapse of memory. So he did remember her first name Her heart sang. Had he perhaps thought of her as Patty all this time? Plainly, he hadn't thought about her once, as his conversation later showed.

Patty brought things down to business at once in that way she could keep her voice unemotional.

(Continued on Page 2)

THE TREATY FIGHT

WASHINGTON, Jan 19—Informal conferences are being held constantly among opponents of the four powers treaty in the senate. Altogether, the treaty opposition figures today it has twenty-six votes. It must have thirty-three to block ratification. This narrows the treaty fight in the senate down to the practical question as to whether the opposition can gain seven votes.

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The flavor produced by "Beaver Flour" is that rare, nutlike "home-made" taste, so much sought after by all who enjoy good things to eat.

"Beaver Flour" will improve your bakings. Try it! Sold by your grocer.

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The T.H.TAYLOR Co. Limited, Chatham, Ont.

THIN, FLAT HAIR GROWS LONG, THICK AND ABUNDANT

"Danderine costs only 35 cents a bottle. One application ends all dandruff, stops itching and falling hair, and in a few moments, you have doubled the beauty of your hair. It will appear a mass, so soft, lustrous and easy to do up. But what will please you most will be after a few weeks use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first, yes, but really new hair growing all over the scalp. "Danderine" is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. This delightful, stimulating tonic helps thin, lifeless, faded hair to grow long, thick, heavy and luxuriant.

Strength

Strength of muscle does not indicate strength of nerves. On this account many people who look healthy enough suffer from nervous troubles and cannot understand what is ailing them. Sleeplessness and irritability are among the early symptoms. Indigestion and tired feelings soon follow.

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"I had been troubled for quite a while with indigestion. At times there would be a twinkling of the nerves of my stomach, and I also found it difficult to get a good night's sleep. I am a moulder, and owing to the nature of my work my system became run-down. I took a treatment of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and found great benefit from this medicine. They did me a great deal of good. I have not been bothered at all with indigestion since, and can sleep much better. I have recommended Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to many of my friends, as I think it splendid for anyone run-down and needing a tonic."

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