

The Younger Set

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS,

Author of "The Fighting Chance," Etc.

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"All right, dear. I'll—it's awfully generous of you—so I'll pay you a visit for a little while. You are very kind, Ninette." He sat partly turned from her, staring at the sunny window. Presently he laid his hand back along the bed covers until it touched and tightened over hers. And in silence she raised it to her lips.

They remained so for awhile, he still partly turned from her, his perplexed and narrowing gaze fixed on the window, she pressing his clinched hand to her lips, thoughtful and silent.

"Before Austin comes," he said at length, "let's get the thing over and buried as long as it will stay buried."

"Alice is here," she said gently. "Did you know it?"

He nodded.

"You know, of course, that she's married Jack Ruthven?"

He nodded again.

"Are you on leave, Phil, or have you really resigned?"

"Resigned."

"I knew it," she sighed.

He said: "As I did not defend the suit I couldn't remain in the service. There's too much said about us anyway—about us who are appointed from civil life. And then to have that happen!"

"Phil, do you still care for her?"

"I am sorry for her."

After a painful silence his sister said, "Could you tell me how it began, Phil?"

"How it began? I don't know that either. When Rannard's command took the field I went with the scouts. Alice remained in Manila. Ruthven was there for Fane, Harmon & Co. That's how it began, I suppose, and it's a rotten climate for morals, and that's how it began."

"Only that?"

"We had had differences. It's been one misunderstanding after another. If you mean was I mixed up with another woman—No. She knew that."

"She was very young, Phil."

He nodded. "I don't blame her."

"Couldn't anything have been done?"

"If it could, neither she nor I did it. I knew how to do it, I suppose. It went wrong from the beginning. It was founded on froth. She had been engaged to Harmon, and she threw him over for Boots Lansing. Then I came along. Boots behaved like a thoroughbred. That is all there is to it—impudence, romance, trouble. She couldn't stand me, she couldn't stand the life, the climate, the inconveniences, the absence of what she was accustomed to. She was dead tired of it all. I can understand that. And we went under, that's all—fighting each other heart and soul to the end. Is she happy with Ruthven? I never knew him and never cared to, I suppose they go about in town among the yellow set. Do they?"

"Yes. I've met Alice once or twice. She was perfectly composed, formal, but unembarrassed. She has shifted her milieu somewhat. It began with the influx of Ruthven's friends from the 'yellow' section of the younger married set—the Orchids, Fanes, Minsters and Delmour-Carnes. By the way, I'm dipping into the younger set myself tonight on Eileen's account. I brought her out Thursday, and I'm giving a dinner for her tonight."

"Who's Eileen?" he asked.

"Eileen? Why, don't you—why, of course you don't know yet that I've taken Eileen for my own. Eileen is Molly Erroll's daughter, and the courts appointed Austin and me guardians for her and for her brother Gerald."

"Oh?"

"Now is it clear to you?"

"Yes," he said, thinking of the tragedy which had left the child so utterly alone in the world save for her brother and a distant kinship by marriage with the Gerards.

For awhile he sat brooding, arms loosely folded, immersed once more in his own troubles.

"It seems a shame," he said, "that a family like ours, whose name has always spelled decency, should find themselves entangled in the very things their race has always hated and managed to avoid. And through me too."

"But no disgrace touches you, dear," she said tremulously.

"I've been all over that, too," he said, with quiet bitterness. "You are partly right; nobody cares in this town. Even though I did not defend the suit, nobody cares. And there's no disgrace. I suppose, if nobody cares enough even to condone. Divorce is no longer no good; it is a matter of ordinary occurrence, a matter of routine in some sets. Who cares except decent folk? And they only think it's a pity and wouldn't do it themselves. If Alice found that she cared for Ruthven I don't blame her. Laws and statutes can't govern such matters. If she found she no longer cared for me, I couldn't blame her. But two people misnamed have only one chance in this world—to live their tragedy through with dignity. That is absolutely all

life holds for them; beyond that, outside of that dead line, treachery to self and race and civilization! That is my conclusion after a year's experience in hell." He rose and began to pace the floor, fingers worrying his mustache. "Law? Can a law which I do not accept let me loose risk it all again with another woman?"

She said slowly, her hands folded in her lap: "It is well you've come to me at last. You've been turning round and round in that wheeled cage until you think you've made enormous progress, and you haven't. Dear, listen to me. What you honestly believe to be unselfish and high minded adherence to principle is nothing but the circling reasoning of a hurt mind—an intelligence still numbed from shock, a mental and physical life forced by sheer courage into mechanical routine. I tell you your life is not finished. It is not yet begun! You need new duties, new faces, new scenes, new problems. You shall have them. Dear, believe me, few men as young as you, as attractive, as human, as lovable, as affectionate as you, willfully ruin their lives because of a hurt, pride which they mistake for conscience. You will understand that when you become convalescent. Now kiss me and tell me you're much obliged, for I hear Austin's voice on the stairs."

"Well, we've buried it now," breathed Selwyn. "You're all right, Nina, from your own standpoint, and I'm not going to make a stalking nuisance of myself. No fear, little sister. Hello—turning swiftly—here's that preposterous husband of yours."

They exchanged a firm hand clasp, Austin Gerard, big, smooth shaven, humorously inclined toward the ruddy heaviness of successful middle age; Selwyn, lean, bronzed, erect and direct in all the powerful symmetry and perfect health of a man within sight of maturity.

"Nina's good enough to want me for a few days," began Selwyn, but his big brother-in-law laughed scornfully. "A few days! We've got you now! And to his wife: 'Nina, I suppose I'm due to lean over those infernal kids before I can have a minute with your brother. Are they in bed yet? All right, Phil. We'll be down in a minute. There's tea and things in the library. Make Eileen give you some.'"

When brooding. And as he stood there a sound at the door aroused him, and he turned to confront a young girl in hat, veil and furs, who was leisurely advancing toward him, stripping the gloves from a pair of very white hands.

"How do you do, Captain Selwyn?" she said. "I am Eileen Erroll, and I am commissioned to give you some tea. Nina and Austin are in the nursery telling bedtime stories and hearing assorted prayers. The children seem to be quite crazy about you. I congratulate you on your popularity."

"Did you see me in the nursery on all fours?" inquired Selwyn, recognizing Selwyn, recognizing her bronze red hair. "Unfeigned laughter was his answer. He laughed, too, not very heartily."

"My first glimpse of our legendary nursery warrior was certainly astonishing," she said, looking around at him with frank malice. Then, quickly: "But you don't mind, do you?"

"Of course," he agreed with good grace; "no use to pretend dignity here; you all see through me in a few moments."

She had given him his tea. Now she sat upright in her chair, smiling, distraught, her hat casting a luminous shadow across her eyes; the fluffy furs, fallen from throat and shoulder, settled loosely around her waist.

Glancing up from her short reverie she encountered his curious gaze.

"Tonight is to be my first dinner dance, you know," she said. Paint tints of excitement stained her white skin; the vivid scarlet contrast of her mouth was almost startling. "On Thursday I was introduced," she explained, "and now I'm to have the gayest winter I ever dreamed of. And

(To be continued.)

Chapter 2

ANDS clasped behind his back, Selwyn stood in the center of the library, considering his environment with the grave, absent air habitual to him when brooding. And as he stood there a sound at the door aroused him, and he turned to confront a young girl in hat, veil and furs, who was leisurely advancing toward him, stripping the gloves from a pair of very white hands.

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PIONEER WOMAN IS CALLED BY DEATH

(Anacostia Standard)

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Churchill, one of the pioneer women of Butte and widely known, died suddenly yesterday afternoon, at the home of her sons at 409 West Granite street. Mrs. Churchill had been in ill health for several months. Two days ago she took to her bed. Her condition was thought not to be serious, but she suffered a relapse. Mrs. Churchill was 75 years of age.

Born in New Brunswick, Canada, Mrs. Churchill came to Butte with her husband, the late Samuel L. Churchill, about 25 years ago and had resided in Butte continuously. She was active in a social way and was a well-known church worker.

Three sons survive, Frank E. Churchill, manager of the men's department of the Hennessy store; Guy N., an employee of the Hennessy store, and G. B. Churchill of Los Angeles. A son, Charles H. Churchill, died suddenly a year ago. No arrangements will be made for the funeral until word is received from the son in Los Angeles.

PROBLEM FOR THE EDITOR

It has been asked whether stepping on a man's corns is sufficient provocation for swearing. The editor advises, keep your toes clear of corns by using Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, always best, painless, and prompt. Sold by druggists, price 25c.

The hatpin is still doing its vicious work. The time may come when it will be necessary to compel wearers of the villainous invention to protect the points with potatoes, as in the case of oil cans.

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(To be continued.)

New Operation Record at Surgical Congress

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—More than 800 operations and demonstrations were held at 175 clinics yesterday in connection with the third annual clinical congress of the surgeons of North America, now holding its sessions in this city. The record yesterday said to never have been surpassed at any gathering of medical men. Upwards of 2,000 surgeons are attending the congress.

The demonstrations at the various clinics comprise the most difficult as well as the most ordinary operations. Several were of a most remarkable nature.

At the Polyclinic Hospital W. Arbuthnot Lane, F. R. C. S., of London, England, and Dr. William Seamore, Bainbridge illustrated Dr. Lane's method of treating fractures of the long bones by use of metal plates. Dr. Lane performed several operations, including one for intestinal stasis, commonly known as Lane's kink. Instead of treating fractures of the bones by the usual splint and extension methods, he cut down to the seat of the fracture, bored holes in the ends of the bones and applied plates of vanadium steel known as Lane's plates, and screwed them to the bones. He then closed the wound, applied a dressing and put on the customary plaster cast. Sometimes these plates are left in place indefinitely, but often it becomes necessary to remove them.

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ARRIVALS—12:00 noon From Fredericton via Gibson Branch. 12:10 p. m. From St. John, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Boston, Montreal, Houlton.

12:31 p. m. From Aroostook Junction. 5:33 p. m. From Edmundston, Grand Falls, Presque Isle, etc. 8:40 p. m. From Fredericton via Gibson. 10:30 p. m. From Houlton, Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Boston, etc. W. B. HOWARD, D. P. A. Station N

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