THE GUEST OF QUESNAY

By Booth Tarkington

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"The Guest of Quesnay" tells the story of a pure woman's love and sacrifice for a debased, misled, pleasure loving man; it tells in captivating vein of picturesque Paris, too - of the cosmopolitan life of the famous capital. Its character sketches of continental society as well as peasantry are unmistakable in their picturing, and its romance, its mystery and its refreshing comedy give the same qualities to the novel that placed the author's "Monsieur Beaucaire" among the masterpieces of contemporaneous fiction.

CHAPTER I.

THERE are old Parisians who will tell you pompously that the boulevards, like the political cafes, have ceased to exist, but this means only that the boulevards no longer gossip of Louis Napoleon, the return of the Bourbons or of General Boulanger, for these highways are always too busily stirring with present movements not to be forgetful of their yesterdays. In the shade of the buildings and awnings the loungers, the lookers-on in Paris, the audience of the boulevard, sit at little tables, sipping coffee from long glasses, drinking absinth or bright colored sirups and gazing over the heads of throngs afoot at others borne along through the sunshine of the street in carriages, in cabs, in glittering automobiles or high on the tops of omnibuses.

From all the continents the multitudes come to join in that procession—Americans tagged with race cards and intending hilarious disturbances, puzzled Americans worn with guidebook plodding, Chinese princes in silk, queer Antillean dandies of swarthy origin and fortune, ruddy English thinking of nothing, pallid English with upper teeth bared and eyes hungrily searching for signboards of tea rooms, over-Europeanized Japanese unpleasantly immaculate, burnoosed sheiks from the desert and red fezzed Semitic peddlers, Italian nobles in English tweeds, Sudanese negroes swaggering in frock coats, slim Spaniards, squat Turks, travelers, idlers, exiles, fugitives, sportsmen. All the tribes and kinds of men are tributary here to the Parisian stream, which on a fair day in spring already overflows the banks with its own much mingled waters soberly clad burgesses, bearded, amiable and in no fatal hurry; well kept men of the world swirling by in miraculous limousines, legless cripples dopping on hands and leather pads, thin whiskered students in velveteen, walrus mustached veterans in broadcloths, keen faced old prelates, shabby young priests, cavalrymen in casque and cuirass, workingmen turned horse and harnessed to carts, sidewalk jesters, itinerant venders of questionable wares, shady loafers dressed to resemble gold showering America, motor cyclists in leather, hairy musicians, blue gendarmes, baggy red zouaves, purple faced, glazed hatted, scarlet waistcoated, cigarette smoking cabmen, calling one another "onions," "camels" and names even more terrible. Women are prevalent over all the concourse—fair women, dark women, pretty women, gilded women, haughty women, indifferent women, friendly women, merry women, fine women in fine clothes, rich women in fine clothes, poor women in fine clothes, worldly old women reclining befurred in electric landaulets, wordy old women boldenishly trundling carts full of flowers, wonderful automobile women, quick glimpsed, in multiple veils of white and brown and sea green; women in rags and tags and women draped, coifed and befrilled in the delirium of maddened poet-milliners and the hasheesh dreams of ladies' tailors.

So if you sit at the little tables often enough—that is, if you become an amateur boulevardier—you begin to recognize the transient stars of the pageant, those to whom the boulevard allows a dubious and fugitive role of celebrity and whom it greets with a slight flutter, the turning of heads, a murmur of comment and the incredulous boulevard smile, which seems to say: "You see—madame and monsieur passing there. Evidently they think we still believe in them."

This flutter heralded and followed the passing of a white touring car with the procession one afternoon just before the Grand Prix, though it needed no boulevard celebrity to make the man who lolled in the tonneau conspicuous. Simply for that, notoriety was superfluous; so were the remarkable size and power of his car; so was the elaborate touring costume of flannels and pongee he wore; so was even the enameled presence of the dancer who sat beside him. His face would have done it without accessories.

My old friend George Ward and I had met for our aperitif at the Terrace Larue, by the Madeleine, when the white automobile came snaking its way craftily through the traffic. Turning in to pass a victoria on the wrong side, it was forced down to a snail's pace near the curb and not far from our table, where it paused, checked by a blockade at the next corner. I heard Ward utter a half suppressed guttural of what I took to be amazement, and I did not wonder.

The face of the man in the tonneau detached him to the spectator's gaze and singled him out of the concourse with an effect almost ludicrous in its incongruity. The hair was dark, lustrous and thick, the forehead broad and finely modeled and certain other ruinous vestiges of youth and good looks remained, but whatever the features might once have shown of honor, worth or kindly semblance had disappeared beyond all tracing in a blurred distortion. The lids of one eye were discolored and swollen almost together. Other traces of a recent battering were not lacking, nor was cosmetic evidence of a heroic struggle on the part of some valet of infinite pains to efface them. The nose lost outline in the discolorations of the puffed cheeks. The chin, tufted with a small imperial, trembled beneath a sagging gray lip.

The figure was fat, but loose and sprawling, seemingly without the will to hold itself together. In truth, the man appeared to be almost in a semi-stupor, and, contrasted with this powdered Silenus, even the woman beside him gained something of human dignity. At least, she was thoroughly alive, bold, predatory and, in spite of the gross embonpoint that threatened her, still savagely graceful. A purple veil dotted with gold floated about her hat, from which green dyed ostrich plumes cascaded down across a cheek enameled dead white. Her hair was plastered in blue-black waves, parted low on the forehead. Her lips were splashed a startling carmine, the eyelids painted blue, and from between lashes gummed into little spikes of blacking she favored her companion with a glance of carelessly simulated tenderness—a look all too vividly suggesting the ghastly calculations of a cook wheedling a chicken nearer the kitchen door.

"Who is it?" I asked, staring at the man in the automobile and not turning toward Ward.

"That is Mariana—la bella Mariana la Mursiana," George answered—"one of those women who come to Paris from the tropics to form themselves on the legend of the one great famous and infamous Spanish dancer who died a long while ago. Mariana did very well for a time. I've heard that the revolutionary societies intend striking medals in her honor. She's done worse things to royalty than all the anarchists in Europe! She danced at the Folie Rouge last week."

"That is Mariana—la bella Mariana la Mursiana."

"Thank you, George," I said gratefully. "I hope you'll point out the Louvre and the Eiffel tower to me some day. I didn't mean Mariana."

"What did you mean?"

What I had meant was so obvious that I turned to my friend in surprise. "I meant the man with her," I said.

"Oh!" He laughed sourly. "That carrion?"

"You seem to be an acquaintance."

"Everybody on the boulevard knows who he is," said Ward curtly, paused and laughed again with very little mirth. "So do you," he continued, "and as for my acquaintance with him—yes, I had once the distinction of being his rival in a small way, a way so small, in fact, that it ended in his becoming a connection of mine by marriage. He's Larrabee Harman."

That was a name somewhat familiar to readers of American newspapers even before its bearer was fairly out of college. But frolic degenerated into brawl and debauch. What had been scrapes for the boy became scandals for the man, and he gathered a more and more unsavory reputation until its like was not to be found outside a penitentiary. The crux of his career in his own country was reached during a midnight quarrel in Chicago, when he shot a Negro gambler. Harman's wife left him, and the papers recorded her application for a divorce. She was George Ward's second cousin, the daughter of a Baltimore clergyman; a belle in a season and town of belles and a delightful headstrong creature from all accounts. She had made a runaway match of it with Harman three years before, their affair having been earnestly opposed by all her relatives, especially by poor George, who came over to Paris just after the wedding in a miserable frame of mind.

Harman next began a trip round the world with an orgy which continued from San Francisco to Bangkok, where, in the company of some congenial fellow travelers, he interfered in a native ceremonial with the result that one of his companions was drowned. In Rome he was rescued with difficulty from a street mob that unreasonably refused to accept intoxication as an excuse for his riding down a child on his way to the hunt. Later we had been hearing from Monte Carlo of his disastrous plunges at roulette.

I still take three home newspapers, trying to follow the people I knew and the things that happen, and the ubiquity of so worthless a creature as Larrabee Harman in the columns I dredged for real news had long been a point of irritation to this present exile. Not only that. He had usurped space in the continental papers, and of late my favorite Parisian journal had served him to me with my morning coffee, only hinting his name, but offering him with that gracious satire characteristic of the Gallic journalist writing of anything American. And so this grotesque wreck of a man was well known to the boulevard—one of its sights. That was to be perceived by the flutter he caused, by the turning of heads in his direction and the low laughter of the people at the little tables. Three or four in the rear ranks had risen to their feet.

Some one behind us chuckled aloud, "They say Mariana beats him."

"Evidently!"

The dancer was aware of the flutter and called Harman's attention to it with a touch upon his arm and a laugh and a nod of her violent plumage.

At that he seemed to rouse himself somewhat. His head rolled heavily over upon his shoulder, the lids lifted a little from the red shot eyes, showing a strange pride when his gaze fell upon the many staring faces.

Ward pulled my sleeve.

"Come," he said, "let us go over to the Luxembourg gardens where the air is cleaner."

Ward is a portrait painter, and in the matter of vogue there seem to be no pinnacles left for him to surmount.

He has painted most of the very rich women of fashion who have come to Paris of late years, and he has become so prosperous, has such a polite celebrity and his opinions upon art are so conclusively quoted that the friendship of some of us who started with him has been dangerously strained.

His sister, Miss Elizabeth, looks after him now. She came with him when he returned to Paris after his disappointment in the unfortunate Harman affair, and she took charge of all his business as well as his social arrangements (she has been accused of a theory that the two things may be happily combined), making him lease a house in an expensively modish quarter near the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Miss Elizabeth is an instinctively fashionable woman, practical withal, and to her mind success should be not only respectable, but "smart."

It was George's habit to come often to see me. He always really liked the sort of society his sister had brought about him, but now and then there were intervals when it wore on him a little, I think. Sometimes he came for me in his automobile, and we would make a mild excursion to breakfast in the country, and that is what happened one morning about three weeks after the day when we had sought pure air in the Luxembourg gardens.

We drove out through the Bois and by Suresnes, striking into a roundabout road to Versailles beyond St. Cloud. It was June, a dustless and balmy noon, the air thinly gilded by a faint haze, and I know few things pleasanter than that road on a fair day of the early summer, and no sweerer way to course it than in an open car.

"After all," said George, with a placid wave of the hand, "I sometimes wish that the landscape had called me. You outdoor men have all the health and pleasure of living in the open, and as for the work—oh, you fellows think you work, but you don't know what it means."

He indicated the white road running before us between open fields to a curve, where it descended to pass beneath an old stone culvert. Beyond stood a thick grove with a clear sky flickering among the branches. An old peasant woman was pushing a heavy cart round the curve, a scarlet handkerchief knotted about her head.

"You think it's easy?" I asked.

"Easy! Two hours ought to do it as well as it could be done—at least, the way you fellows do it!"

He was interrupted by an outrageous uproar, the grisly scream of a siren and the cannonade of a powerful exhaust, as a great white touring car swung round us from behind at a speed that sickened me to see and, snorting thunder, passed us.

"Seventy miles an hour!" gasped George. "Those are the— Oh, Lord! There they go!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Vast Issues Depend Upon the Welfare of Our Men!

Cheer Up and Thank God for the Y.M.C.A.

TRY to picture yourself in the muddy cold trenches after exciting days and long nights of mortal danger and intense nervous strain. Rushing "whiz-bangs" and screaming "coal boxes" are no respecters of persons. You are hit! But despite shock and pain you still can face the long weary trudge back to dressing station. Weary, overwrought and depressed, you are prey to wild imaginings of that other coming ordeal with the surgeon. There are other "walking wounded," too! You must wait, wait, wait. And then—

Up comes a cheery Y.M.C.A. man, the ever-present "big brother" to the soldier, with words of manly encouragement. Close beside the dressing station the good generous folks at home have enabled him to set up a canteen. He hands you biscuits, and chocolate or coffee.

Y.M.C.A.
Red Triangle Fund
$2,250,000, May 7, 8, 9
Canada-Wide Appeal

"In thousands of cases," writes an officer, "it was that first hot cup of coffee that dragged the man back to life and sanity."

The tremendous helpfulness of the Y.M.C.A. as an aid to the "morale," or fighting spirit, of the soldiers is everywhere praised. No wonder the Germans make every effort to smash the Y.M.C.A. huts out of existence.

The Y.M.C.A. is **everywhere.** You first met the helpful, manly Y.M.C.A. worker in camp, then on train and boat, at camp in England and in France, close to the firing line. Often he risks his life to reach you in the trenches. He has won the warmest praise from military authorities, statesmen—the King!

Have you a precious boy at the front? You cannot be "over there" to guide him away from fierce temptations of camp and city. You cannot comfert him in his supreme hour of trial. Your parcels to him are necessarily few. But the Y.M.C.A., thank God, is "over there," going where you cannot go—doing the very things you long to do—doing it **for you and for him.**

Will you help? This vast organization of helpfulness needs at least $2,250,000 from Canada for 1918. For your boy's sake be GENEROUS!!

War Work Summary

There are:

—96 branches of Canadian Y.M.C.A. in France.
—79 branches in England.
—Dozens of Y.M.C.A. dug-outs in forward trenches under fire.
—Over 120 Military Secretaries overseas.
—300,000 letters a day written in Y.M.C.A. overseas buildings.
—$183,000 needed for athletic equipment. (Helps morale of soldiers.)
—Y.M.C.A. saved hundreds of lives at Vimy Ridge by caring for walking wounded.
—Over 100 pianos in England and France, also 300 gramophones and 27 moving picture machines.
—Y. M. C. A. helps boys in hospitals.
—More than 60,000 cups of hot tea and coffee distributed daily in France—free. Estimated cost for 8 months, $48,000.
—150,000 magazines distributed free every month. (Estimated cost $15,000.)
—$125,000 used in 1917 to build huts in France.
—Concerts, sing-songs, good-night services and personal interviews energetically conducted. Concerts, lectures, etc., cost $5,000 a month.
—Thousands of soldiers decide for the better life.
—Y.M.C.A. sells many needful things to soldiers for their convenience. Profits, if any, all spent for benefit of soldiers.
—Service to boys in Camp hospitals.
—Red Triangle Clubs for soldiers in Toronto, St. John and Montreal. Centres in Paris and London for men on leave.
—Out of Red Triangle Fund, $75,000 to be contributed to the War Work of the Y.W.C.A.

Boys!

Here's your chance to do a fine stroke in the big war! Help the Y.M.C.A. to help your big brothers overseas by joining in the

"Earn and Give Campaign"

Six thousand Canadian older boys are invited to earn and give at least Ten Dollars ($10) to the Red Triangle Fund. That means $60,000 in all! Splendid! Five thousand dollars will be used for boys' work in India and China; another $5,000 for the National Boys' Work of Canada, and $50,000 to help big brothers in Khaki. Ask your local Y.M.C.A. representative for information and pledge card. When you have subscribed one or more units of Ten Dollars, you will receive a beautifully engraved certificate.

National Council, Young Men's Christian Association

Campaign Directors for Maritime Provinces

New Brunswick: Eber H. Turnbull, 64 Prince William St., St. John, N.B.
Nova Scotia: D. G. Cock, Chronicle Bldg., Halifax, N.S.
P. E. Island: Lieut. Ulric Dawson, Headquarters Y.M.C.A., Charlottetown.

12

SHOWING THE GOODS

Peace by August as a result of the present offensive, which would cost Germany 400,000 lives, was the latest promise of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, made when he was confronted by the threats of the Socialist party that its members would not vote any further supplies of money if the war did not end this summer.—[London Cable.]

"NOW, here's something neat," Von Hindenburg said,
To the Socialists over the Rhine.
"A durable peace by August," he said,
"And costing, say, four hundred thonsand of dead,
But really an excellent line.

"If you care to go higher," Von Hindenburg said,
To the Socialists over the Rhine,
"If the flesh and blood cost is no object," he said,
"Here is something in June I might give you instead—
Price? Eight hundred thousand, or nine.

"And I've cheaper peace, also," Von Hindenburg said,
To the Socialists over the Rhine;
"One hundred thousand and up," he said;
"Autumn delivery, under that head—
But nothing especially fine.

"The best is the cheapest," Von Hindenburg said,
To the Socialists over the Rhine;
"The matter of lives is a trifle," he said,
"For what are a couple of million of dead,
If peace be of German design?"

F.

—*The New York Evening Post.*

TWO CALIFORNIA TOWNS HIT BY EARTHQUAKE

Los Angeles, Calif., April 22—More than one-third of the business district of San Jacinto and a smaller proportion of that of Hewet, both in Riverside County, about seventy miles east of here, were in ruins today and scores of residences in the two towns were wrecked by series of earthquake shocks, which caused all of Southern California to tremble late yesterday afternoon. The property damage is estimated at from $100,000 to $150,000 in the two places. Half-a-dozen other towns and and cities, including Los Angeles, suffered minor damage, confined mainly to plate glass windows and shattered cornices.

Biggins spends all his time playing golf." "Yes. He says he hasn't much chance to make valuable business acquaintances simply by sitting in his office."—*Washington Star.*

How to Cure Biliousness

Doctors warn against remedies containing powerful drugs and alcohol. "The Extract of Roots, long known as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, has no dope or strong ingredients; it cures indigestion, biliousness and constipation. Can be had at any drug store." Get the genuine. 50c. and $1.00 Bottles. 3

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

MINISTERS A LA MODE

LORD Wombat and Lord Wallaby
Were two tremendous peers;
Their riches far exceeded
The treasures of De Beers;
Their fame was known through ev'ry zone
Of both the hemispheres.

Lord Wombat and Lord Wallaby
Upon the self-same date
Were both promoted to the charge
Of Ministries of State,
With power to do and carry through
Things strange and new and great.

Lord Wombat was appointed
Head of the Wireless Board;
Lord Wallaby was chosen
To be First Crisis Lord;
And simple men remarked, "The pen
Is mightier than the sword."

Who summoned them to fill these posts
None seemed to know or care;
Some said it was the PREMIER,
But nobody could swear;
We rack our brains, the fact remains
That both of them are there.

The news of their appointments,
We readily confess,
Enraptured all the Wallaby
And all the Wombat Press,
But caused elsewhere a sort of scare
And deep uneasiness.

For though these wondrous creatures,
Compact of fire and zeal,
Are harmless when the Ship of State
Rides on an even keel;
When storms arise it is not wise
To trust them with the wheel.

—*Punch.*