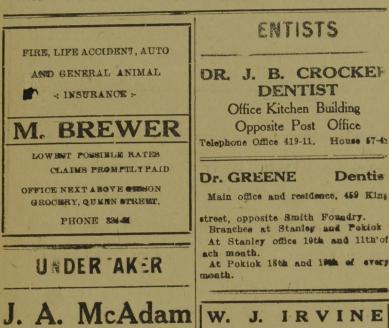


A bright cheery home makes cheer people

Any furniture of the right sort helps to make a home a home.

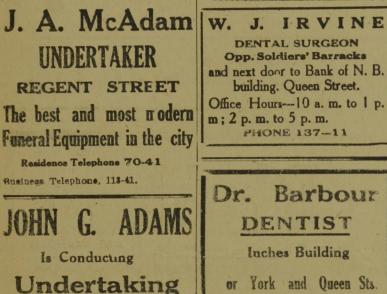
Let us get together on this house furnishing question.

#### **Complete House** Howard Rogers Furnisher



1

M.



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**BE CHEERFUL** Napoleon is said to have lost a

battle on account of Dyspepsia. If Napoleon had only carried a bottle of

Ohe APSE ISABEL GORDO BY Author of "The Woman from Wolvertons" ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

COPYRIGHT, 1914 BY F.G. BROWNE & CO.

clang of bells and thunder of vehicles "Dorcas, I'm off to bed. I haven't "I ran across him when I was doing | shut an eye for 24 bours.' dramatics on the Pittsburgh Union He was a genial lad, but there wasn' CHAPTER II. much for him to tell an interviewer He had been born and raised in a The Measure of a Man. western town and then apprenticed to a country bank. He hated figures an loved the stage. He stuck to the ledgers for a while because he was al

0 62.02 0

Dentis

gested Dorcas.

man-wink."

girl eagerly.

the dumps.'

away from him."

eyes followed.

"Partly."

"I gave Merry all the space next

morning instead of the dancer, and he wrote me a grateful letter. I didn'

see him again until two years later,

when I came to New York. I found his name in the cast of a light opera

company on Broadway. He was pretty

far down the list, but before the thing

had run two weeks he was moved up

to second place. His work was un-usual. He's the funniest Merry An-

drew I ever saw, yet once in a while there's a touch of whimsical, tearful

pathos in his antics that makes a

"Take me to see him," cried the

"We'll go tomorrow. It's his closing

night in 'The King at Large.' He's a

bigger favorite than several of the big

stars, yet-it's the queerest thing-in

all these years he's never taken the

step that would bring him to the top.' "Why?"

"The Lord knows. One manager

died, another went under. It's the un-

"And his mother?" asked Dorcas.

focl usher gave Merry the telegram in

went off the stage. He dropped as if he'd been shot. They rang down the curtain until the understudy could get

into his togs. He didn't act for two months. I thought he would never brace up. I had him here half the win-

ter trying to cheer him. He gave ma

"I roused him through his pride. He hadn't a cent to his name, so I

shamed him into going back to work.

He earns lots of money, but it gets

Wentworth's gaze turned to the lit-ter of chips on the table. His sister's

The girl rose to her feet. She put her hands on her brother's shoulders

"Enoch," she said hesitatingly,

"Poor fellow," cried Dorcas.

"Is it that?" she asked.

and gazed down into his face.

'She died suddenly last season. A

certainty of stage life."

A week later Wentworth and his sister left town for a vacation. They had discovered an old-fashioned farm house on a quiet stretch of shore, and his mother had. I guess she worshiped settled down contentedly to a simple rutdoor life. One moruing a telegram "How did he happen to go on the broke their sclitude.

stage?" "Came on to New York, as they al "I have half an hour to catch a train to the city," said Enoch, as he tumbled do sooner or later, and began with a turn in a vaudeville house. He hao out of a hammock. "You may drive ched : salary of fifty a week. H was perfectly happy except for of hing-he couldn't get the mother's me to the depot if you wish, Dorcas."

"You're not called back to that hot office," she cried wistfully, "after a vacation of only three days?" concliness out of his mind. They wrote "I think I should like him," sug-

"It isn't the paper, Dereas; it's Merry. Get into the buggy; I'll tell you about it on our way to the station. You may drive." He leaned back comfortably in the wide seat. "You

like driving, I don't." "Whai's the matter with Mr. Merry?" Doress asked. "Is he ill?" "Not that, but he's in danger of killing his career. He's going up the state to a little one-horse town to play lead ing roles in a ten, twenty, thirty stock company.' "Why does he do that?"

"I guess he's broke. I can't tel until I see him. I'll be back tonight, or tomorrow at the latest." I'll wire you what train. You'll meet me, won't

you?" "Of course," she promised. Next morning the two men stood on he platform of the smoker on a shore accommodation train, which sauntered from one small station to the next, skirting the water for miles.

Andrew Merry toesed a half-smoked cigar into a swamp b side the track where the thin, green blades of cat tails were whipped by the breeze.

"I don't believe I want to mix odors this morning," he said. "It is great ozone." Wentworth



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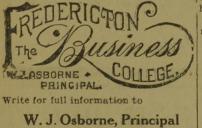
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ooms

### your friend if you would turn over a new leaf yourself.

"We both swore off tonight for good and all, little Lirl.' her hands between his own and looked into her eyes with a resolute look. want you to help both of us-Merry and me. The evil of the world was never whispered inside convent walls You've lot a quiet, simple life-for a very different world. There's more mission work waiting you right here than if you had taken the veil."

"Enoch," the girl's face was grave and earnest, "Ehoch, nothing would ever make me take the veil. I have only one ampition-1 want to go on the stage "Good Lord!" cried Wentworth, "I

never dreamed of such a future-for

You don't know stage life as I do," he communed seriously. There are women-and men for that matterwho go into the profession clean skinned, clean souled. They spend their lives in it and come out clean; but there are experiences they never forget."

'is life as bad as that?" the girl asked simply.

"Lize is as bad," her brother answered slowly, "and yet I would as willingly see you go on the stage as into society-I mean fashionable society, as I know it here in New York. A newspaper man sees the under side of life."

"It would not hurt me." The girl tossed back a heavy braid of hair which fell over her shoulder, and knelt at Wentworth's knee.

"I have you always to turn to, bij brother," sne whispered. She laid her cheek foudly against his hand. "Don't you remember that used to be the only name I had for you? You were so big so strong, so wise and so-old. I used to sit on the gatepost, waiting for you to come home. Don't you remember our Saturday tramps, how we used to play 'I spy' in the orchard, and went bird's-nesting, picnicking and fishing, or playing h. • a camp on the island?" Enoch clasped her hands tightly. "I remember, little Dorry. They were the happiest days in my life."

"Let us get out of the city," cried the girl. Their eyes turned to the sunlit square below. The morning rush 22 New York life had begun, with its

In a Half-Dazed Fashion He Hands. head. "There's the little station now

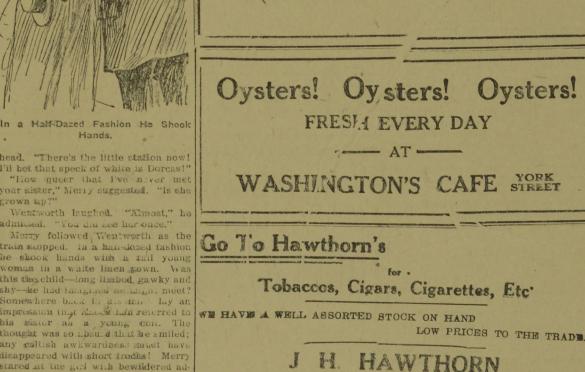
I'll bet that speck of white is Dorcas! "How queer that I've a ver your sister," Meny suggested. "Is she grown up

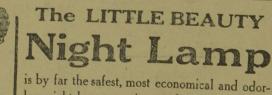
Wentworth laughod he admitted. You dru see har once Merry followed, Wentworth as train scopped. In a hundaged fashion

he shook hands with a tail young woman in a white linen sown. this the child-long limbed gawky and shy-de had imagand in Somewhere back in LLIKE: C lav ar

his sister as a young thought was so absuid that he smiled any collish awkwardness muust disappeared with short frocks! Merry stared at the girl with bewildered at miration, wondering now why he had never felt the mildest curiosity about Wentworth's sister. He became con scious that he was making a mental analysis; she had black-fringed gray eyes; warmth and dancing blood glowed in her face, for she had the coloring of a Jack rose; a mass of auburn hair was coiled in a loose knot at the back of her head; she wore no hat; a band of dull-blue weivet was tied about her head and fell in a boost bow over her ear, but strands of hair which glowed like copper in the sur shine, had escaped and blew about he face; she had the tender month of child. In the straightforward eyes was sweet womanliness, gentle deter mination, and a lack of teminin

miny which Merry had saldom see in the face of a beautiful woman. even forgot to drop her hand while he gaved into her face, balf admiringly baif perplexedly.





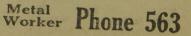
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