

LLINGHAST inclined forward from the waist in a conventional bow and impressively raised his hat to the Frenchy little woman just entering the Astor. She looked him full in the eyes with an impudent stare and brushed past.

"I say, that's cool now," drawled young Tillinghast, turning to his companion.

"Who is she? It would hurt less to be cut by a more plain looking person," admitted the other, watching the trim little form as it disappeared through the massive

"Mademoiselle Flora Flaubert," said Tillinghast, with a flourish of his slender Piccadilly stick.

"Oh, she's the complexion person from Paris, who's been taking in society at the Plaza the past six months. Tyson has been glowing of her for a month. I hope Papa Tyson learns of it in time to keep Tommy from doing anything silly."

"Tommy better look out for Flaubert," Tillinghast smiled wearily, as he paused on the corner. "Well, I'll feel an outcast if I meet my

sister's milliner and she cuts me," laughed Tillinghast, crossing alone on Forty-second to Fifth Avenue and going leisurely to the smoking room of the Van Rensselaer Club, where he cocked his feet on the fender before the celebrated jade fireplace, helped himself to some "V. R." punch his fathers before him had drunk, and idly fingered over the morning Herald, though it was full afternoon.

He struck an item and read it several times, some of his languor leaving him. A friend dropped into a seat beside him, noted his interest, and queried: "Reading the President's message, Tillinghast?" "Oh, hello," drawled Tillinghast, looking

up and allowing the paper to slip idly through his longish fingers.

"I presume reading the fashions is more in your line?"

"No," said Tillinghast with an annoyed frown. "My tailor takes care of that. Really I can't bother my head about cravats and waistcoats; it's quite bad enough to have to carry them about."

"Newspapers are deadly dull, aren't they?" said the other, switching back. "It's really work to read the news, but one must keep up in these commercial times, you know.

"I seldom read anything but the 'Personals," admitted Tillinghast idly. "One finds such queer things.

"Now look at this, for instance." easy stoop and pointed to the following advertisement:

"WANTED-Information as to the whereabouts of Mme. Flora Flaubert, complexion specialist, formerly at the Plaza. Address Miss McArthur, 244 West 35th St., City."

"Flora Flaubert!" cried Tillinghast's companion. "Why, isn't that the woman that young Tyson has been mushing about he might come in. and frothing at the mouth over, for the past month?" "Yes, I presume so," answered Tilling-

hast indifferently. "But what's she been getting into?"

"Oh, nothing, I suppose. This advertisement was probably inserted by some frantic customer who found that Flaubert had moved away, and didn't know she could be located at the Astor."

"You aren't following her goings and comings, too?" asked the other, raising his eyebrows.

Tillinghast smiled faintly and shook his head. The other man reread the advertisement and shuddered: "Brazen! Isn't it? Now, if a woman wants her features curried or remodeled why can't she get one of those simple home beautifiers, with anadjustable handle, in a splendid Japanned box, or go quietly to Doctor Woodbury? Think of signing one's name to such a deliciously frank advertisement!"

"Yes," mused Tillinghast, "Flaubert wouldn't wish it known that she has a customer in the west Two hundreds on Thirtyfifth Street. It's all cheap theatrical fluff over there. That's hardly Flaubert's class of trade."

"You know, Tillinghast," said the other thoughtfully, "those advertisements are often traps. You aren't thinking of doing anything? Your manner's always so blest mysterious, and you seem to be the god of that cheap theatrical lot."

"Oh, no. I'm just wondering about this thing," Tillinghast's lips curled curiously. "I wish there were something in it. I'd like to stumble on to anything unusual. Maybe that's why I read the 'Personals."

"It's only the evidence of a morbid mind." the other assured him quickly. "You'll be taking to the obituary column next."

What would you have me do; sit before the fire here until my feet get so accustomed to the heat I'll have to wear overshoes to bed—or have chilblains for breakfast?" he dealt largely in after-thoughts.

"Tillinghast, you ought to open an office down-town and do something," said the other seriously, for he dabbled in business three months of the year.

"I'd rather open a bottle up town and do nothing," was the abrupt reply, as Tillinghast rose, dusted the ashes from his immaculate afternoon trousers and bade his friend a curt good-by.

Tillinghast was a horrible example even in the Van Rensselaer Club, where wealthy idlers were the rule. It was said that he would sit up all night rather than take his shoes off alone if his man were not there to put the trees in them. Some pitied him for having absolutely no ambition, further than that of spending his hundred thousand dollar a year income.

He stepped into his limousine at the door and sat for several minutes, wondering vaguely what to do with the afternoon.

Oh, I ought to pick out some place-cards for the dinner to-morrow," he sighed guiltily. "No, I'll not! It's quite too tedious." Through the speaking tube he abruptly ordered his driver to take him to 244 West Thirty-fifth Street.

Sinking back comfortably on the cushions he pressed the button at his side and out slid a little gold cigarette box, the cover open. Tillinghast idly selected a cigarette and puffed it meditatively until the car came to a stop before his number.

He threw the stump away reluctantly and sauntered up the steps to the dingy, brown-stone front, as though bent on an afternoon call. A down-at-the-heels woman, with brilliant eyes and a complexion to match, which showed the ravages of time and pigment, answered his ring. "May I see Miss McArthur?" he asked.

The woman looked at him, her face twisted into an uneasy smile. "You ain't a reporter or anything like

that?" she queried. "No," answered Tillinghast, "I'm afraid I couldn't qualify. If you will tell Miss McArthur I believe I can give her some information concerning the lady she is

advertising for, I think she will see me." "She hasn't been seein' anybody for a week or two, sir." "Not ill, I hope?"

"No, but she's not seein' anybody. I'll tell her you're here, though."

She disappeared and in a moment returned to direct Tillinghast to the parlor floor room.

"Nothing cheap about Miss McArthur," observed Tillinghast, as he rapped at the high panelled door. It glided open some three inches and he caught a glimpse of a bold brass bed within, and flaring curtains of red silk at the window. He could see nothing more, but easily imagined the rest. It was a typical room of a burlesque star, a second woman with musical comedy, or a hundred dollar woman in vaudeville. Somethi quite above the Thespian average in rooms, but somewhat below the real thing.

"You have information about Mme. Flaubert?" came a charmingly modulated voice from within.

Marvelling at its freshness and wishing for a glimpse of the occupant of the room. Tillinghast replied that he did know something of the lady in question, and asked if

"I would prefer you didn't," there was a slight pained catch in the splendid voice. "Can't you tell me through the door?"

"A key-hole conversation is seldom satisfactory," answered Tillinghast, consuming curiosity wearing through the thin glaze of his accustomed lassitude. "What is the great mystery? Are you a veiled lady of the Orient—or a lately landed mermaid?"
"Nooo-o—neither," the voice answered,
"but I wish—Oh! You may come in."

At that moment the door opened abruptly and Tillinghast stepped into the spacious back parlor room. The woman had backed toward one of the windows; her profile was lost as she looked through the pane, turning her face almost completely from him. But the poise of her head, adapted so well to the grace of her figure, made a charming picture. The flush on her cheek, heightened by the glowing reflection from the red silk curtains. and the rich curve to her lips; the refinement in every line, took Tillinghast's breath.

He had expected to find a commoner type. "I'm sure," he gasped, "you are much better without the veil-or the tail." She snatched the curtain back with a

tragic jerk and the unsoftened light from the window illuminated the other side of her face with ghastly cruelty. A red scar smeared across the well-formed cheek, the skin seemed sallow in comparison, even the nose appeared humped, and her lips surely drooped to a trembling pout on that side.
She looked a horrid hag, and Tillinghast

clutched his stick nervously.

"That side's my own!" she exclaimed bitterly. "Now can you see why I'm anx-

ious to find Mme. Flora Flaubert?" "Did she leave you like that?" cried

Tillinghast, quite unnerved by the sight of the female Jason. "Yes, she fixed one side all right, burned

the scar on the other, and then left it the way you see it. It's the comparison that makes it so bad. Oh, I wish I'd never gone to her. My face was really all right before." "But what did Flaubert leave you like

iously. Tillinghast, having put the man-agement under obligations to him by a series of splendid dinner parties, had no "Spite, I guess," she replied with a pitiful hopeless gesture. "Three days ago I went to the Plaza veiled, to get the other side

fixed up to match the finished side, and the bird had flown. Then I advertised."

"Did Flaubert have anything against From the baggageman it was learned you? Did you know her before? Have that her several trunks had been checked you learned anything about her?" queried Tillinghast.

"I've learned lots," she said in a low tone. "One thing in particular—" she drew closer to Tillinghast and said several quick sentences emphatically. He seemed surprised at the information and asked

"Who was your backer? Who sent you

"Tyson!" cried Tillinghast. "Of course

She flashed a keen look at him and re-

"Yes. But I can't understand why

"Don't ask me, Maybe she was jealous."

"Were you and Tyson-did you know

'He used to come and watch me from a

"And you think Flaubert was jealous of

"I heard she was strong for him. But

do you know where Flaubert is? Several

people have answered my ad. and given

me information, but they can't tell exactly

where she is right now. That's what I

want to know. She must finish the job.

She said it was necessary to take the skin

off, and she fixed the other side so well I

hast. "How long since you've seen Tyson?"

week I was waiting for Flaubert to fix this

thing up. Of course, I couldn't see him

with such a face, and pretty soon he gave

up coming. He hasn't been here for four

days now. I wouldn't let him see me. He'd

refuse to pay the bill after a look at my face,

you be so good as to wait here until you

into his eyes shrewdly as she put out her

hand in good-by.
"You aren't Tillinghast? Who helped

out Mamie Monroe?" she asked hesitat-

"That's my name. But I didn't seem

"Drive to the Astor," he ordered his

chauffeur. Then he dropped back in the tonneau and smiled: "This looks inter-

esting. Flaubert always was a peppery

sort. McArthur's story is unique; I never imagined that Flaubert was—" he twisted up his lips whimsically. "Well, she has her nerve right with her. Wonder what

her game is? Funny she'd leave the girl's

face like that; still, it can't be as serious as

At the Astor he inspected the register, but found no trace of Flaubert. He went

to the manager and asked about her anx-

trouble in learning that Flaubert had regis-

tered there under an assumed name, and

she thinks—and looks."

to do Mamie much good;" he did not wait

for her reply, but took one glance at the

anomaly of her face, and closed the door

behind him.

hear from me? You have a phone?"

"I see," said Tillinghast abruptly. "Will

She gave him her number and looked

"I know where she is," answered Tilling-

"He came here several times during the

box every night during my last engage-

Flaubert should leave you in the lurch like

"A Johnny! Young Tyson, son of the sugar trust man."

he doesn't know what you just told

to Flaubert?" he changed his question.

plied, "No. Do you know him?"

Tyson well?" queried the man.

ment with the Boston Broilers."

trusted her. I must find her."

and I haven't money enough."

this. Why, do it for?"

his attentions?"

"You're sure of it?" "Certain," she replied.

to the Grand Central Station.

"The plot thickens," smiled Tillinghast, as he ordered his driver to take him to the Grand Central. "Hope it doesn't keep me from dinner."

With the aid of a five-dollar bill, Tillinghast learned that the trunks had been rechecked from there to a certain point, the mention of which caused him to drop his languor altogether and rush for a telephone.

He called the club and asked if Tyson

"Not since morning, sir," answered the

"Have you heard that he is going out of

Tillinghast jerked out his watch.

mention my two-faced friend."

I've been so busy, and it's too late to dress

now, but I can't overlook the dinner al-

ready ordered at Delmonico's, Tyson or no

Tyson, Flaubert or no Flaubert-not to

Dropping back at once to his accustomed

to appear at dinner in his afternoon clothes,

affairs he had taken such sudden interest.

suggested that they go to the opera.

ment?

anyway."

that young Tyson had paid her bill when a ten dollar bill into his nervous palm, and

plied the other.

Dawdling over his demi-tasse, his friend

"It tempts me greatly, but it is impossi-

ble, besides, I'm not dressed for evening,"

always puts something before his enjoy-

"I didn't know you ever did, Till," re-

"Oh, I've such a horrible lot of duties,"

responded Tillinghast. "I've got to tear

myself away right now, just when I am beginning to be comfortable, and go and

pull a young fellow out of the Hudson."

"Oh, nothing; only circumstances will drag me into things that don't in the least concern me." With that he rose reluct-

antly and threw away his after dinner cigar

as he entered the waiting auto and started

for the Blue Star docks, the point to which

"It seems small to go into hiding like a

cheap detective," smiled Tillinghast, the

moment he had reached a dark corner of

the dock-house, where only a few long-

shoremen were busy with the baggage at

that hour. "I suppose I'm too late

A moment later a tall young man,

wrapped in an Inverness cape, walked to

the gangplank. Tillinghast made quite

sure that it was young Tyson.

Then Tillinghast entered a saloon across

the street and called up Miss McArthur.

"Take a taxi at once," he directed.

'drive to the Blue Star docks and tell the

Fourth Officer on the Angleterre you are waiting for me. Then wait!"

Tillinghast slipped back to the boat.

Hunting up his officer acquaintance, Tillinghast said a few hurried words, slipped

Flaubert's trunks had been rechecked.

"What do you mean?"

had been there.

flunkey in attendance.

town, or anything?"

she had departed at five o'clock that after- dived down into the saloon, where he sat in a dimly lighted corner and waited.

Twenty minutes later he heard the tramp of feet coming down the stairs from the upper deck and peered through the door just in time to see Tyson pause before the door to one of the most elegant suites on

Tyson and his small companion step into

of his mouth, Tillinghast dropped his hat The smile was very cynical, and the resultand stick in a corner and sauntered down to the door.

He turned the knob and flung open the door.

Inside the state-room his gaze was fixed solemnly on a tableau. Evidently he was expressive hand. just in time.

her handsome face tense and her hands replied firmly: clenched; she was glaring at him, her mouth open as though an angry flow of speech had been suddenly shocked back. Tyson cowered beside her, while his little companion stood before them, holding a book and looking from one to the other, a worried frown furrowed through his forehead. On a heavily upholstered lounge spread a large coarse Frenchwoman, as though she had been dropped there, her mouth open and

up with beseeching eyes and turned to on her striking face. Flaubert for an answer. "Yes, he is!" the Frenchwoman cried huddled together, as though for protection, shrilly. At the same time the door at "I say," gasped Tyson, reaching out a

poundings from the surprised guard. "Your family doesn't object, I suppose?" queried Tillinghast, in a very tired tone, as though complaining of the weather.

"It doesn't matter any who objects!" screamed Flaubert. "He's of ace."
"Yes," smiled Tillinghast. "I should

say you were both of age." Flaubert caught in her breath in a sharp something was up when you refused to hiss; her passion heightened her color and made her all the more charming, as she turned to the old drab of a Frenchwoman, frozen on the lounge, and her tongue tripped

lightly over a mouthful of voluble French. "Oh, don't mind giving my pedigree to your collapsed friend," said Tillinghast; adding, "Cologne would be more serviceable

'I overheard, sir, that he was going for

a fortnight to one of his shooting lodges in reviving her."

"I say, Tillinghast," drawled young
Tillinghast rang off at once and called Tyson, rallying under this show of courthe Tyson home on Fifth Avenue. There age, "you know, my dear fellow, a man is the news was corroborated. Young Tyson really his own master; and if you wouldn't mind stepping outside, we would like to had left alone that morning for two weeks' complete this little personal affair."

"Surely," said Tillinghast suavely, "but "Seven-thirty!" he exclaimed. "Well, you can't object to my witnessing your

> "Oh, if you put it on that ground, you are quite welcome," replied the other, pruning himself as though he had said something very clever.

Then go ahead," commanded Flaubert, turning to the presiding shrimp, who seemed bored manner, he rode to Delmonico's and idled through the courses, tête-à-tête with a worried over the pounding at the door,

which had gradually lessened.

Tillinghast watched as the man brought friend, after apologizing for being forced indulging in naught but chit-chat and not out again the worn little book, which he had once mentioning the curious trio in whose furtively replaced in his pocket, and began reading the short marriage form in use

The answers came in confident monosyllables and Flaubert could not help looking up exultingly as the Justice of the Peace paused before saying, "I now pronounce you man and wife." said Tillinghast musingly. "La Gioconda would make my blood stir. Why is it one

among Justices of the Peace.

At that instant Tillinghast stepped forward and raised his hand. The blood seemed suddenly squeezed from Flaubert's face, her eyes went wide, and she moistened her lips as Tillinghast interrupted in a lazy drawl:

"I say, this thing has gone about far enough, you know." He looked directly at the man officiating. "Why? What's the matter?" cried the

flustered Justice in a panicky tone, looking up with his weak, fishy eyes to meet Tillinghast's direct gaze. "Mme. Flora Flaubert is already mar-

ried," said Tillinghast in as casual a tone as though he had troubled someone for a "Menteur! Chien hargneux!" screamed the fair Frenchwoman, and her florid com-

panion jumped to her feet, shook her finger before Tillinghast's nose, and hurled torrent of vile French expletives at him.
"Your charming French does not alter the fact," smiled Tillinghast, "and I'm tiring your finger use-

quite sure you are tiring your finger use-He stepped to a little white push button

in the wall and held his finger on it for fully half a minute, while all eyes in the room were fixed on his. "I say, now," blurted Tyson, "you're sure of this? How can you prove that she

has been married before?" "I'll have proof here in a minute," answered Tillinghast, as a knock came at the

"Is that a steward?" queried Tillinghast. Receiving a satisfactory answer, he went on: footing the bill for it."

"Request the Fourth Officer to send down the lady who is waiting for Mr. Tillinghast." Mme. Flora Flaubert, outraged, was holding an animated conversation with the frowsy Frenchwoman, and Tyson was talking to the Justice of the Peace.

In a minute there came a double knock on the door and Tillinghast opened it to Tillinghast rose quickly and waited in the admit a veiled lady, and announce, with doorway to the dining saloon as he saw an introductory gesture: "Miss McArthur."

The woman threw her veil back and With a curious twitching at the corners smiled first to Tyson and then to Flaubert. ant expressions, as her botched face came to view, showed surprise, horror and pain

"Tell these good people what you have learned concerning Mme. Flora Flaubert," said Tillinghast, with another sweep of his

Miss McArthur turned and fixeher even Mme. Flaubert was in the foreground, coldly on the glaring orbs of Flaubert and

"Flaubert was convicted of theft in Rheims. She is the wife of Jacques Pierre. a French pantomime artist. She married him in Paris last year and ran away from him to America. A Frenchwoman who answered my advertisement told me the whole story."

"But, I say, where's your proof?" queried young Tyson. "There!" answered Tillinghast, pointing

her awed eyes staring.

"Hello, Tyson!" called Tillinghast in an even tone. "Getting married?"

Tyson, his flabby face gone pale, looked

dramatically to the two French women, who had caught in their breath sharply and were staring at each other, Flaubert trembling visibly and guilt plainly written Tyson collapsed. The Frenchwomen

shrilly. At the same time the door at Tillinghast's back vibrated with emphatic wavering hand which met Tillinghast's 'you know, it was ever so good of you. I never imagined it. You have pulled me out of a beastly hole, old man."
"Thank Miss McArthur," replied Til-

linghast, stepping over to Flaubert and remarking in a low tone, which could not be heard by the others:

"Flaubert, you're a criminal. I thought recognize me at the Astor to-day. You've just missed adding bigamy to your other crimes. You ruined Miss McArthur's face in the bargain."

"It is not finished. I made a mistake. I put on oxalic acid by mistake. I can fix it in a minute," cried Flaubert, white with terror, clasping her hands and trying

to appeal to him with her eyes.
"You want to leave America?" Tillinghast asked idly.

"Yes," she breathed anxiously. I could think of nothing better for America," he smiled. "Supposing you repair the damage to Miss McArthur's face at once. Complete your work and you can go."

She flew to a trunk and pulled out a little work box. Miss McArthur sat on the lounge and Flaubert worked over her earnestly for fifteen minutes, repairing the damage skilfully. Meanwhile Tyson paid and dismissed the Justice of the Peace and his two detectives and Tillinghast watched Flaubert's work narrowly.

"It is finished," she exclaimed suddenly, throwing down a chamois skin. "A little treatment by any specialist and it will now Tillinghast opened the door and Tyson

followed Miss McArthur out. Neither said a word to Flaubert, who had crumpled in a corner. When they reached the dock Tillinghast

queried: "Are you seeing Miss McArthur home, Tyson?

"I should be pleased to," answered the young fellow feelingly, for it was quite evident that he had swung back to his admiration of the actress, now that her face presented a more normal appearance. "Not if I know it," exclaimed Miss McArthur. "I've had enough of you. You're a Johnny and you always will be a Johnny," she turned on Tyson savagely, "and it would have served you right it."

Flaubert had married you." Tillinghast shook Tyson's hand in parting

and put Miss McArthur in a taxi, stopping just long enough to assure her that he would be responsible for the bill to finish the work on her face. 

Next night at the club, the same man he had talked with before the fireplace on the preceding day came up and smiled to Tillinghast:

"I see Flaubert sailed to-day, heaping maledictions on the heads of all Americans, calling us crude, and saying we had no chivalry and were ignorant of all sporting instinct.'

"Yes, that's what they all say," replied Tillinghast in his usual weary tone, "and I guess it's more or less true."

'I suppose that poor woman whose advertisement you showed me among the 'Personals' will never see Flaubert

"Probably not," replied Tillinghast, "but then, she'll doubtless find somebody else to do the work. She is probably an actress with some Johnny, like young Tyson,

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