

# Secretary of Frivolous Affairs

by **MAY TUTRELLE**

COPYRIGHT 1911  
BORBS-MERRILL COMPANY

Illustrations by  
**V.L. BARNES**



### SYNOPSIS.

Jo Codman and her sister Loulie are left orphans. Their property has been swept away by the death of their father and they are compelled to cast about for some means to earn a living. Loulie answers an advertisement of an invalid who wants a companion. She declines the position. Loulie advertises for a position as companion, and Mrs. Hazard replies. She offers Loulie a position as secretary of frivolous affairs. Her chief work is to steer Mrs. Hazard's son and daughter in the right matrimonial path. Loulie takes baseball to Hap Hazard and also gains the confidence of Laura Hazard. The Duc de Trouville is believed to be interested in Laura. Mrs. Hazard gives a big reception and Loulie meets many people high in the social world. Natalie Agazzi, to whom Hap has been paying attention, loses an emerald bracelet during the reception. She declares there is not another like it in the world. It develops that Natalie has lost several pieces of jewelry under similar circumstances. Hap takes Loulie to the baseball game. He tells her he is not engaged to Natalie and has been sure of his infatuation. The scene changes to the Hazard country place, where many notables have been invited for the summer. Loulie and Laura visit the farm of Winthrop Abbott, an author, in whom Laura takes considerable interest. Duc de Trouville arrives at the Hazard place. Loulie hears Winthrop's motor boat out late at night. Next morning the papers announce the robbery of several nearby homes.

### CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Do you know the Duc d'Aubigny, Your Grace?" I asked.  
He looked at the picture again before he answered. I felt rather shaky after the question was out.  
"Ah, mademoiselle," he replied, "the mark he bears is not the claw of a lion such as you see in the picture, but a saber cut most ignominious, one scandal. He is my friend. I am ashamed for him." And when I tried to look surprised: "Mademoiselle, you have not heard? He is a thief."  
"A thief!" I echoed, to gather my senses and wonder what I would say next; I felt rather foolish having said anything about the Duc d'Aubigny after he answered so readily. "He is noble, Your Grace. I can not comprehend."  
"Noblemen may be thieves, mademoiselle." He smiled, a quick, flashing smile, then, characteristically French, he was sad again. "It makes my heart ache. He was never trustworthy, but ah, he was most lovable. Is it not, mademoiselle?"  
"I do not know," I replied. "I do not know him."  
I had gained nothing except the knowledge that he knew the Duc d'Aubigny, and I had saddened the poor little duke by the mention of an irritating friend. I hastily spoke of other things, the pictures, places we both knew and loved in his beloved France.  
We were there an hour, much to my amazement, a long, most interesting hour, and I wondered that I'd ever been guilty of suspecting him of anything but being a splendid little French duke who couldn't help it if he had an ancient title, and all the heiresses wanted to marry him. I hated to think that Natalie—but then that wasn't any of my business.  
There was an end to my happiness when I was back down-stairs again. Lydia Abercrombie was deserting her bridge game, and as the others, Mrs. Higginson, Jane Bliss, and especially Natalie, wanted to keep on playing, Natalie beckoned to me and I, perforce, must come.  
"Perhaps we won't be so unfortunate this time," she drawled as I dropped down into the chair opposite her. "We've had splendid cards, Lydia and I."  
But at the end of an hour, when Mrs. Higginson and Jane Bliss cried quits, Natalie totaled up her score and found she was two hundred dollars loser. I'm sure she didn't care about the money; she cared about losing. She looked at me sweetly in her droopy way.  
"Will you allow me to give you some points?" she cooed. "Not that I am an authority, but perhaps then we can better understand each other."  
"I'll be most grateful," I murmured, wishing that she and her silly bridge were at the bottom of the sea, or some such noble thought.  
"If you'll come to my room, say, in half an hour," she drawled, "I'll be glad to show you my queer way of playing bridge."  
I smiled sweetly, getting control of myself and ignoring the accented slam in the last of her speech. I was beginning to hate her, positively hate her, and I was highly pleased with myself over the discovery; I never thought I was capable of hating any one.  
At the end of half an hour, always punctual—thanks to Jo's pounding it into me—I was about to knock on Natalie's door when Mrs. Hazard appeared and asked me to come with her. Hap had come home with a proposition for a crowd of '99's over the holiday—the next day was a holiday—and there was no room for them. But he would go in with John Crowninshield, and if I would share Laura's suite, we could bunk them all easily and it would be awfully jolly.  
"Why, of course," I agreed.  
In two minutes Mrs. Hazard's master mind was behind the arrangements. I was to keep my sitting-

room, but I had to move my clothes. I rang for Celie.  
It was some time later when I happened to think of Natalie and our appointment. I gave Celie instructions about the gowns, just what could be left to be moved the following morning, and rushed to Natalie's room.  
"I said half an hour, dear," she cooed, when, somewhat flushed and embarrassed, I stood before her.  
"I know; I'm awfully sorry. I had some unforeseen duties," I apologized. I didn't choose to explain to her.  
"I'm afraid I haven't time now." She consulted the clock. "I'm going into my bath and my massage. It takes me so long to dress. But if you will wait, perhaps while Minette is doing my hair—?" She raised her eyebrows questioningly. I always wondered why the action didn't draw up her eyelids.  
"I'll be glad to wait," I replied, a blessed hypocrite, and I couldn't see for a minute that it was tact. I had a great many things to do and no time to be waiting for Natalie. The door of the dressing-room closed upon her and Minette and I was alone. I always shudder when I think of it. I sat down to wait and rest, for the day had tired me. The rain had ceased and the sky was clearing, and a salty tang in the air came in through the open windows. I thought once I heard Laura calling my name, and presently Celie knocked on Natalie's door. Mrs. Hazard wanted me, and I went, expecting to be back before Natalie emerged from her bath, but in the rush of other things that came up I was delayed; one of the other things being the appearance of Mrs. Cutler, with a telegram, wanting to know if she could have a car to go into town.  
Then the unexpected happened! Natalie, pale and charmingly negligee, rushed—I never knew she could do such a thing—into Mrs. Hazard's presence.  
"I have been robbed!" she exclaimed without preliminary. Her voice had lost its usual bored drawl and her dark eyes were alive. "Miss Codman has taken my pendant—the large ruby!"  
Mrs. Hazard came to her feet as quickly as her short legs allowed—both my doors and hers across the corridor were standing open—and Laura, who was beside my window, wheeled suddenly and started in there. I caught her arm and held her.  
"Impossible!" Mrs. Hazard snapped. "Natalie, are you crazy?"  
"I am not crazy," Natalie replied. "I am sure of what I say."  
"You do not mince words, certainly," Mrs. Hazard said. "On what authority do you accuse Miss Codman of such a thing?"  
"The pendant was on my dressing table when I went into my bath," Natalie explained. "I left Miss Codman there alone; she was to wait for me. When I came back she was gone."  
"I sent for her," interrupted Mrs. Hazard.  
"And the ruby is missing," Natalie pursued.  
"Nothing else is missing?"  
"Nothing else," admitted Natalie. "The ruby is sufficient."  
There was a momentary silence at-

ter that, Mrs. Hazard evidently not knowing what more to say, and Natalie having said quite enough. I couldn't hold back Laura any longer, so I decided to go in first. But when I was face to face with Natalie and dear Mrs. Hazard I stood there tragically silent, with an odd ache in my throat.  
"Miss Codman will speak for herself," Mrs. Hazard said in her direct way.  
I shook my head finally. Words just wouldn't come.  
"She seems not to be able to speak for herself," Natalie drawled, in that awfully civil tone of hers.  
"I should say not," Laura broke in. "You've quite knocked her speechless."

"I don't doubt it," retorted Natalie, losing her admirable temper.  
And really I don't know where the scene would have ended if, at that moment, Hap hadn't appeared in the doorway.  
"Great Lord, what's the matter?" he exclaimed.  
Natalie, evidently realizing her negligee, started out, but Laura blocked the way. I sat down; my knees refused to support me any longer.  
"Natalie says Loulie has stolen her ruby pendant," Laura answered him frankly.  
He blinked as if he hadn't quite heard, and his face settled into the most comically surprised expression I have ever seen. He reached a hand to his forehead and brushed aside the forelock. I suddenly shivered, and was calm; my throat relaxed. I was thinking of that advice Jo had given me.  
"I didn't take the pendant," I said. "I didn't see it. I was only there a moment when Celie came for me. If you want to make sure you may search me!"  
"What are you people trying to do? Josh me?" Hap demanded.  
"I think we're all daft," Mrs. Hazard snapped—Laura was the only absolutely cool person there—Mrs. Hazard patted my shoulder, and the touch of her dear, fat hand was wonderfully sweet to me. "I don't think you need searching, my dear child," she went on. "I don't want anything but your word. I shall send for a detective to look after us as long as Natalie insists upon keeping her jewels. This disappearing one by one is most peculiar. Hap, will you call long distance, please, and see if you can get John?"  
Natalie drew herself up regally—regal even in a kimono, with her hair just looped up.  
"Then Miss Codman is quite above reproach?" she inquired, lifting her eyebrows.  
"Miss Codman is quite above reproach, Natalie," Mrs. Hazard said positively. "I think you are mistaken, my dear girl, and I think you are careless. Why didn't you take your jewels with you?"  
"Into my bath?" Natalie exclaimed.  
"Into your bath," Mrs. Hazard repeated, "where you could keep your eyes on them. I should think you had had warning enough."  
"I wish you'd search me," I said wearily, "and let me go away; go home to my sister."  
"Oh, gracious, Loulie, we are not going to let you run away," Laura objected. "We'll just find out who took Natalie's ruby and those other things." I knew she was thinking of Winthrop.  
"We seem to be getting away from my original statement," Natalie cut in sharply. "Do you refuse to believe me when I say—?"  
"I do," interrupted Mrs. Hazard, "but I shall have a detective here tomorrow if possible. Hap, is Central asleep?"  
Natalie was dismissed; she knew it. She floated away with only fifty minutes to dress, and Mrs. Hazard was rather insistent about her dinner hour. I arose stiffly. I wasn't sure just what I should do or say; everything was muddled and queer. Mrs. Hazard caught John just as he was leaving the office and began talking to him about a detective, and Hap stood by the window, with his hands dug deep into his trousers pockets. Laura was searching a local telephone book for a number. I waited painfully, and when Mrs. Hazard released the wire Laura called Winthrop.  
"I want to know if he's at home," she explained to us. "Of course he couldn't have been here without some one of us seeing him, but I want to make sure."  
Winthrop himself answered her, and a minute later, after a foolish question, she hung up the receiver satisfied. My mind flew to the duke, but, as if in contradiction of my thought, I saw him coming from the beach with Jane Bliss. Against me this time was the silly circumstantial evidence.  
"Does any one here believe I took that ruby?" I asked brookly.  
"You silly Loulie!" Laura exclaimed affectionately.  
"My dear child,"—Mrs. Hazard came to me and took my hand in her own seriously and impressively—"I've never yet made a mistake in estimating a person. I was sure of you that first day I talked to you. I know you now, and I am more sure, even if I forget that you are Joshua Codman's daughter. There's something queer about all this—something we don't understand. Natalie began to lose her jewels one by one before she ever saw you. She's sure of her maid—"  
"Besides, Minette wasn't at the reception," Laura interrupted.  
"But we're going to find out who has taken those jewels, and I shall see that the rest are put in a safety vault if I have to do it myself. I can't ask her to leave."  
"If I could only see Jo," I pleaded, and I began to cry on Mrs. Hazard's bosom, with my tears splashing the lavender silk of her gown.  
"Why not send for her?" she asked.  
"Why, of course you want your sister. I'll ask her to come. There, don't cry. Give me the address again, dear. I'll telephone, if you don't think it will frighten her. She can come Wednesday. Shall I say a week? Wednesday, get on your hat and go for a walk, or take the runabout if you wish. There! The trouble's all over. Don't think of it any more."



"Miss Codman Has Taken My Pendant."

CHAPTER XII.  
The Same Old Story.  
I ran across the lawn to the beach. I didn't want the runabout. I wanted to be away from everybody and every-

thing and try to think. I felt terribly helpless. The roar of the waves smashing against the rocks brought me peace. Clouds were scurrying northward before a brisk wind, and the sun came bulging through.  
I was nearly to the steps which led down from the rocks above to the sand before I realized that Hap was with me; he was panting, his face red from exertion.  
"How do you do run!" he complained. "You'd make Diana go hide her head in a sack. Wait for a fellow, won't you?"  
I clattered down the steps and collapsed on the lower one. I couldn't speak, for I was all out of wind myself. We both sat looking out over the water, breathing hard.  
"Do you believe that awful thing?" I managed to ask at last.  
I wasn't in the least prepared for what happened. He seized me in his arms, and for the first time in my life a man's lips were pressed against my own.  
"That's what I believe," he said, "and that—and that!"  
In the first shock of my surprise I let his lips rest against mine for a moment, then I gasped and put out my two hands and pushed. It was as if I were pushing against the Chinese Wall. I forgot to remember that he was the best tackle Harvard ever had. He was smiling at me, and his lips threatened again; two tears brimmed from my eyes and splashed over.  
"You poor little girl!" he exclaimed. "I frightened you. Please don't cry."  
"How dare you?" I sobbed.  
"Why, I forgot to tell you." He tried to kiss me again, but I pressed my face against his shoulder in desperation. "I love you. Put your arms around my neck, dear; there's not a soul in sight. Now whisper something to me—darling!"  
I brought my head up suddenly.

mean, if I could only tell you. Do you remember how my mother said: 'This is Miss Codman!' You smiled at me and I grinned back at you. I wouldn't have missed that luncheon for all the Peabodys in the world. I was hard hit, sweetheart. We talked baseball when I wanted to tell you how beautiful your eyes were, and how I loved the light on your hair, the curve of your lips when you smiled—Loulie, I read that, but it's what I mean. I've been loving you every blessed minute since I've almost told you a thousand times. Haven't you guessed it?"  
I brushed aside the forelock over his eyes—how weak women are!—and just that touch upon his forehead was my undoing. I leaned forward to surrender my lips to him, to kiss the fingers that held mine, when suddenly I remembered I must not. Frantically I tried to get my hands away from him.  
"Let me go, Hap," I pleaded. "Let me go! Let me go! And don't—if you love me, ever speak of these things again."  
He twisted around upon his knees. "Look at me, dear! I'm afraid I don't understand. Why are you not listening?"  
"That awful accusation—" I began. I could not go on.  
"Oh, piffle!"  
"How do you know it isn't true?" I cried brokenly. "I was there, the ruby is missing—how do you know it isn't true?"  
"How do I know the skies will not fall, my sweetheart? Because they won't. That's how I know Natalie's accusation isn't true—because it isn't." He smiled at me, wonderfully pleased with his silly argument.  
"Your mother—" I reminded him tragically.  
"You think she would object?"  
"I think she would at least be terribly disappointed."  
He compelled me to meet his eyes. His were steady, and there was a sweetness in the expression about his mouth that played havoc with me.  
"Perhaps you don't know it, my dear little girl," he said, "but there's nobody in this world can keep me from marrying you."  
I got up to go. I had to dress for dinner; so had he. We were both crazy and Mrs. Hazard was so particular about her dinner hour. He looked at his watch.  
"We have fifteen minutes yet," he persuaded. "Fifteen dear, precious minutes. I haven't told you all. I haven't said—"  
I tried to go.  
"It takes Celie ten minutes to hook me into my gown," I told him desperately, "and she'll shriek if I only give her five minutes for my hair; then five minutes to get to my room and five minutes—"  
"Can't you coax Celie down to three minutes for your gown, and two minutes for your hair, and—come down a step lower, please, or our heads will be above the wall when I kiss you."  
"You are not to kiss me again!" I gasped.  
I gave my hand a pull; so did he.  
"Come down a step, darling. I'll not get another kiss for an hour—"  
"You'll never get another," I interrupted. I tried to believe that.  
"For an hour," he pursued stubbornly. "And you haven't told me the one thing in all the world I want to hear. There's a good girl!"  
He was the strongest; I went down the next step to preserve my balance. There was no use struggling against a kiss; he was the best tackle Harvard ever had.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"You Poor Little Girl!" He Exclaimed.

Here I was allowing Hap to hold me in his arms on an open beach. I looked up, and down, and out toward the water; no, there was not a soul in sight. The boats were deserted, the rocks behind hid us completely from the house. I met his eyes, and there was that look in them I had never been able to take care of. I had to see it, while his lips were dangerously near and his arms held me close against his heart. I felt to trembling ridiculously.  
"Oh!"  
"Darling!"  
He kissed my hair, my eyes, my lips; dropped bits of passionate sentences punctuated with kisses. I caught my breath in ecstasy, and my hands reached up and encircled his neck.  
There are only a few words to say, after all, words that have been said over and over again—nothing new—but they are quite adequate. I had never admitted even to myself that I loved him; I had pushed it back and trampled it down, and refused to listen when my heart threatened to speak. I realized that I must not listen now; that I was not strong enough to listen; that there was Natalie's awful accusation; that I was just a servant in the house; that his money was a gulf between us, his social position, what his mother expected of his future; a gulf so wide across that it would take a great deal of unselfish love and affection on the part of Mrs. Hazard to bridge it.  
I unlaced my fingers and struggled free of his arms. His mother never intended anything like this.  
"Stop! Please stop!" I pleaded. The tears ran down my cheeks, and I'm a fright when I cry. "I can't listen! I must not!"  
I started to go back up the steps. He caught my hand and held it pressed tightly in both his own; and he was the strongest. I only reached the step above, and sat down again.  
"Loulie, this is the first thing I've been serious about in my life," he said earnestly. "Do you believe me, dear? Don't you see I'm serious? I wouldn't kiss you lightly." This time he kissed the tips of my fingers with his own. "I didn't rush you, dear, because I—I was afraid! I've always done that, rushed, but it's because I was never serious."  
He smiled up at me and crushed my hand against his cheek. I laughed to keep from crying, but the silly tears would keep coming. I was crying because he was serious. I had never seen him serious before.  
"I love you!" he whispered. "I loved you from the moment I saw you. I knew you were my Fate, or whatever it is you are, my sweetheart. What is that? 'The bolt of Cupid fell?' I've forgotten. I never could remember Shakespeare, but it's beautiful, and I think it's what I

INTERNATIONAL  
SUNDAY SCHOOL  
LESSON  
(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)  
LESSON FOR JUNE 15  
JACOB BEFORE PHARAOH  
LESSON TEXT—Gen. 47:1-12.  
GOLDEN TEXT—"To them that love God all things work together for good." Rom. 8:28, R. V.

I. Joseph and Jacob, vv. 1-6. Joseph's meeting with his aged father is a beautiful picture. Again Judah comes into prominence as a sort of ambassador in leading the old man into this new land and to present him before his son, who now is exalted so highly among the rulers of the earth. In this he is a prophecy of that day when the descendants of Jacob shall gather before Him "whom they pierced." Joseph does not await their coming but "went up to meet them" (46:29) as they passed through the province of Goshen.  
It is true that Jacob and his sons came to Egypt at Pharaoh's personal invitation (45:17, 18), yet there were sufficient reasons why Joseph might have been ashamed of, or fearful to associate with, these his kinsmen. His father was a plain countryman. His brothers were not an altogether reputable crowd. And, further, they were shepherds and "every shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians" (46:34). But they are his brethren and he was glad to confess them even as Christ will gladly confess us.

Joseph's Great Wisdom.  
We have here another evidence of Joseph's great wisdom in that he commands them to remain in Goshen while he goes before them unto Pharaoh to prepare the way. Even so not all are to come at once into Pharaoh's presence (47:2). In Acts 7:13 we read that this cavalcade consisted of three score and fifteen souls, though this probably did not include slaves and other dependents. It is very significant that Joseph secures Goshen for his kinsfolk. It was near to himself (45:10); it was separated from all unnecessary contact with the Egyptians (v. 34) and it was a place superior to all others for them as herdsmen (v. 6). Joseph anticipates Pharaoh's question (v. 3) and gave his brothers instruction how to answer, but they seem to have gone somewhat beyond in that they make request that they might dwell in Goshen. Joseph charged them to speak of themselves as keepers of cattle.

II. Jacob and Pharaoh, vv. 7-12. Pharaoh does not seem to be overly enthusiastic over these five brothers whom Joseph presented (v. 5). Aside from the fact that they were Joseph's brothers, there was nothing to commend them. No more have we anything to commend us in the sight of God except that we are Christ's brethren; though that is an abundance.

Pharaoh and Jacob.  
The picture of old Jacob in the presence of Pharaoh is striking in one respect at least, the fact that he who came to this land for the blessing of the sustenance of life, should bless Pharaoh. Jacob conferred upon Pharaoh in his blessing more than Pharaoh conferred upon Jacob by the opening of all Egypt to himself and his family. This act upon the part of Jacob is suggestive of the dignity of age, and significant in its revelation of Jacob's relation to, and knowledge of, the purposes of God. Pharaoh inquires as to Jacob's age and he replies that his "pilgrimage" had been 120 years. He who had entered into all the rights of the birthright and the blessings of God's covenant people, exercised those rights when he stands before the great Pharaoh. He had caught the truth that an earthly life is but a pilgrimage.

Conclusion. Not included in our lesson, but in this section, we have set before us Joseph's administration of the affairs of Egypt which give us further insight into the greatness of this man. In the close of the lesson proper, verses 11-12, there is presented to us Joseph's provision for his father and his brethren. This is a type of Christ in His care for us. In the midst of dangers (Jno. 10:10, 28) and famine, and misunderstanding He is ever near. Joseph is now satisfied for he has his own near unto him. Jesus Christ is longing that we may be with Him in the place which He has gone to prepare for us, John 14:2, 3, 17, 24, though He has not left us comfortless during these days of separation, John 14:23. Joseph fed his brothers on the best the land afforded (v. 11), even so we may have the old corn (Josh. 5:11) and the new wine (Prov. 3:9, 10). We thus see how God is working out His purpose concerning the Hebrew people.

Taken away from the peril into which Judah fell (chapter 38), and the threatened famine, also from the hostility of the other shepherd races among whom they dwell, they are brought into Egypt and are there separated and yet supplied as God's plan develops and they become big enough and ready to be led back into their promised possession—Canaan. God's plan works for both the immediate and the ultimate. The true value of any experience is not within the experience of the hour. The exile of today is the princely possessor of tomorrow.

Alligator Skins in Demand.  
The alligator-skin business of the world is controlled by a firm in New ark, N. J., which buys 80 to 90 percent of the American production. It is significant that the sudden supply of 30,000 alligator skins per year from Columbia finds such a ready market in the United States that they have in variously been purchased upon arrival at New York, on presentation of the shipping documents, even before unloading the cargo.