

The Salemite

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"DAD TAKES PAT'S ADVICE"

By Rosa Caldwell.

"But Catherine, my dear, you don't understand", murmured Mr. Robert Arrington to his wife, who was standing beside the table in the morning room of the beautiful old homestead.

Mrs. Arrington drew her lips together in a very firm line. Those who knew her best would immediately realize that she had her head set, and would eventually win. "Robert, haven't I told you over and over that we haven't money to throw away on every poor relation who pleads for assistance?" demanded Mrs. Arrington, indignantly.

"But Catherine", Mr. Arrington pleaded, "the poor girl needs the money to take her husband out west where the physicians say he can be cured."

"There is no reason on earth why we should take five thousand dollars and deliberately throw it away—for it would be throwing it away, Robert. You know perfectly well that going out west is not going to cure your niece's husband. You told me yourself that Martha said in her letter that there was only a chance for his recovery." Mrs. Arrington was so very practical that she could not understand her husband's desire to be always giving away his fortune.

"Catherine, surely you can understand that Martha wants to do everything that she can and even—"

"But she can't do this without money, and I will never sign a check for her. Why did you give me authority to do as I saw fit with our finances if you are continually urging me to send money to some poor cousin or niece? Let us drop the matter now, Robert, for I cannot bring myself to consent to such nonsense", Mrs. Arrington replied, and walked briskly from the room.

"I was a fool to let Catherine have control of all money matters", sighed Mr. Arrington. But I was so busy with my books, and I hate business affairs, and she is capable. Ah, yes, perhaps a bit too capable at times. But I've got to send poor little Martha that money", he reflected.

"Dad, I'm ashamed of you." Mr. Arrington started, looked up, and saw his daughter, Patricia framed in the French window. "What a picture she made, standing straight and slim in her riding habit, with her brown hair tossed about", he thought. Her gray eyes flashed a look of defiance at him, as she continued,

"Dad, I didn't mean to eavesdrop, but I couldn't help hearing what you and mother said. I'd get that money, if I were a man, if I had to steal it", she exclaimed. "It's a shame the way you let mother boss you", Pat scolded, perching on the arm of his chair, and patting his arm.

"Oh, Pat, you're such a goose with all your courage and modern ideas", laughed Mr. Arrington. "By the way,

how are you getting along cataloging your old dad's library?" he added.

"Oh, fine", Pat replied enthusiastically. "Since mother wouldn't consent to my getting a position in the city, I guess it's the next best thing. But Daddy, I hate Gregory. He's always 'snooping' around, and I feel as if he is making fun of me. But when I told mother, she only laughed, and said that it was all nonsense. She said that we could never get a more efficient secretary than Gregory. Oh, goodness," she exclaimed, glancing at her watch, "I must fly and dress for dinner. Isn't it a nuisance? When I get married, I'm going to wear knickers and never dress for dinners."

Mr. Arrington smiled, indulgently, and picked up the paper. A very unusual advertisement caught his eye—"If you want anything done, let Dick do it. If you want your wife's necklace stolen, let Dick do it. Dick will undertake any proposition for \$10,000."

"Well, I'll be hanged, the man must be a lunatic", Mr. Arrington said. He read the advertisement again. "By George", he ejaculated, "I've got a scheme." This advertisement might be foolishness, but he'd see that fellow, Mr. Arrington decided. Hadn't Pat said if she were a man she'd even steal to get money to send Martha, and here was the idea. He'd get this "idiot" to steal Catherine's handsome diamond bracelet, and pay him his exorbitant ten thousand dollars. He would send Martha the money, and then of course he would get Catherine another bracelet and everything would be in fine shape.

The next morning Mr. Robert Arrington caught the early train to the city after a very unsatisfactory conversation with this unusual "Dick", he was ushered into a handsome suite of rooms at one of the best clubs in the city. Richard Lloyd arose to meet Mr. Arrington. He was very tall and broad of shoulders, and rather boyish looking. The one thing that Mr. Arrington noted through his spectacles was that he had red hair. He looked like a gentleman too, he admitted.

"You spoke of my advertisement", Dick began.

"Yes, I'm wondering if you were yourself when you wrote the thing? You see I'm rather puzzled over the whole affair. You're so—well, different from what I expected that I hardly know how to—er—broach the subject", Mr. Arrington explained. One could see that Mr. Arrington was plainly embarrassed.

"Oh, let me assure you that I am in earnest. It is strictly a matter of business", Dick said.

"Fine", Mr. Arrington replied, and told Dick Lloyd his plans.

"Mr. Arrington", Dick said, "I feel that I should tell you everything be-

fore we agree on this bargain. You see I'm engaged to marry Alice Vanderbilt. We've been engaged for practically two years, and Alice won't set the date. The other day she told me that she couldn't marry me because I was a happy-go-luck fellow, who did nothing but spend an inherited fortune. I'm quoting her words, understand. Well, I got pretty mad, and I bet her that I could make ten thousand dollars in one week if I tried, and she took me up on it. She said she'd announce our engagement when I did this. I can't get ten thousand a week for any every-day job, so I decided to try something different. If you want me, you can bet I'm willing to ally myself with such a noble cause, and borrow your wife's bracelet, so to speak", he ended, smiling.

"It's a go", Mr. Arrington answered, "and you must go home with me today. I'll tell 'em that you are the son of my old school friend, Jim Lloyd, and we'll make things hum."

"Dad, we've had the best time",

Pat exclaimed, running into her father's den. You should see Dick play tennis! I thought I was the champion, but I've taken back place now. You can't imagine how wonderful he is after playing with these kids around here. And he is splendid at

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