

The VALIANTS & VIRGINIA

OF HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES ILLUSTRATIONS 67 LAUREN STOUT



scarlet cloak no longer flaunted

"round-dance" found her subsiding

into the flower-banked alcove sudden-

was at this moment that she saw, en-

It was not the faint flush on Shir-

was it his nearness to her, though they

stood closely, as lovers might. But

there was in both their faces a some-

thing that resurgent conventionality

had not had time to cover- a trem-

bling reflection of that "light that

never was, on sea or land"-which was

er than Katharine's heart, her pride.

She drew swiftly back, dismayed at

the sudden verification, and for an in-

A craving for a glass of water has

served its purpose a thousand times;

as her cavalier solicitously departed to

fetch the cooling draught, she rose,

and carelessly humming the refrain

lightly out by another door to the open

air. A swift glance about her showed

tance in the shrubbery. Hare the

and with a shiver she dropped her hot

There were no tears. The wave

that was welling over her was one of

bitter humiliation. She had shot her

bolt and missed-slie. Katharine Far-

go! For three years she had held

John Valiant, romas tically speaking in.

the hollow of her shapely hand. Now

she had all but thrown herself at his

feet—and he had turned away to this

flame-haired, vivid girl whom he had

Heavy footfalls all at once aproach-

ed her-two men were coming from

the house. There was the spitfing

crackle of a match, and as she peer-

out, its red flare lighted the massive

face and floating hair of Major Bris-

tow. His companion's face was in the

shadow. She waited, thinking they

would pass; but to her annoyance,

To be found mooning in the shrub-

bery like a schoolgirl did not please

her, but it seemed there was no re-

course, and she had half arisen, when

the major's gruff-voiced companion

when she looked again, they had seat-

face in her hands.

stant her whole body chilled.

the missing couple.

By REV. FARLEY E. ZARTMANN, D.D. Secretary of Extension Department



preacher de Bible gives of in the light

these may we see ourselves and him who knows the way outon a cross, that is all my theology Unrighteousness.

1. All unrighteousness is sin [14 5:7. This is the most comprehend term, and in the Bible is placed in position to "truth." (Rom. 2:8) is true, and anything which detur one hair's breadth from that state is unrighteousness, or sin There in this definition we have to do sin as a state of the soul, the original purpose of which was to be a visit reflection of the mind of God We was to glorify God in his body, and spirit, but, alas, what a tile there has been; and this failure is the Man has failed to hit the aim or other of his being. His body is sinful mind is diseased, his soul is war by sin. "All have sinned and com short of the glory of God." Even "righteousness is as filthy rags." this sense sin is "any lack of confor ity to the will of God."

Transgression.

2. Sin is the transgression of h law. (I John 3:4.) From the state the soul we pass to the overt act ! the days of the dispensation of an science and before the giving of the law, sin was against the character God. It was unrighteousness, of godliness, and not, strictly speaking transgression; and yet, there was n because death came, which is wages of sin, the result of Adam's disobedience to a positive comma But when the law has come, when commandment has been given, sin passes from the unrighteousness positive transgression. God has p down a line, and by deliberate cha man steps over the line-transgree

-and becomes a sinner by commit -or "violation of the will of God" You say you do not sin, you man ing the best you can. Yes, but m have a very low idea of sin. Bu your crooked life, which seems som to you, side by side with the street line of God's sinless life and his in law, and you must cry out, "Got" merciful to me the sinner." You man look good to yourself, you may appear good to your neighbors, but in Go sight you belong to the wicked. The of your many sins against Godof perfect love, some idol in M heart, neglect of his Sabbath, hatth or angry feelings, lack of forgives or apology, misrepresentation, in hood, deceit, slander, repeated related to obey some clear command of say, do you not need to cry out,

Omission. 3. To him that knoweth to do and doeth it not, it is sin. (James La Many a man defends himself bear he is not an outbreaking sinner does not commit any flagrant he is outwardly decent and moral what about God's estimate of "Man looketh on the outward ance, but God looketh on the Does that man have the love d in his heart? Does he love the and prayer? Does he serve lows unselfishly? If not, and he all these things, he is a sinner. fuse to use medicine when sick, and you will die, and that out the use of the knife of When we sit alone with out

sciences we find sins of omission

Unfaith.

clean, unclean?"

4. Whatsoever is not of faith (Rom. 14:23.) Here we enter the main of questions of conscience things which may be right for of but which would be sin in there is a difference between wrong in themselves and things under certain circumstances question of conscience was raise Paul's day about the eating of which had been offered to idols afterwards offered for sale in the kets of the city. Paul says that man is to give an account of unto God, and sets forth the pri that if anything seems to you sinful and wrong, then for you such a thing is sin in you. category must be placed question amusements, etc., and Paul sars not your good be evil spoken of happy is he that condemneth not self in that thing which he slot And he that doubteth is cond if he eat, because he eateth

faith; for whatsoever is not of

is sin."

SYNOPSIS.

John Valiant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Valiant corporation, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, has failed. He voluntarily turns: over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation. His entire remaining possessions consist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Damory court, a neglected estate in Virginia. On the way to Damory court he meets Shirley Dandridge an auburn-haired beauty, and de-cides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. Shirley's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, and Major Bristow exchange rem iniscences during which it is revealed that the mojor. Valiant's father, and a man named Sassoon were rivals for the hand of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth. Sassoon and Valiant fought a duel on her account in which the former was killed. Vallant finds Damory court overgrown with weeds and creepers and decides to rehabilitate the place. Valiant saves Shirley from the bite of a snake, which bites him. Knowing the deadliness of the bite, Shirley sucks the poison from the wound and saves his life. Valiant learns for the first time that his father left Virginia on account of a duel in which Doc-tor Southall and Major Bristow acted as his father's seconds. Vallant and Shirley become good friends. Mrs. Dandridge faints when she meets Valiant for the first time. Vallagt discovers that he has a fortune in old wainut trees. The yearly tournament, a survival of the jousting of feudal times, is held at Damory court. At the last moment Vallant takes the place of one of the knights, who is sick, and enters the lists. He wins and chooses Shirley Dandrige as queen of beauty to the dismay of Katherine Pargo, a former sweetheart, who is visiting in Virginia. The tournament ball at Damory court draws the elite of the countryside.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued. To the twanging of the deft black fingers, they passed in gorgeous array between files of low-cut gowns and flower-like faces and masculine swallow-tails, to the yellow parlor. Once there the music ceased with a splendid crash, the eleven knights each dropped upon one knee, the eleven ladies-inwaiting curtsied low, and Shirley, seated upon the dais, leaned her burnished head to receive the crown. What though the bauble was but bristolboard, its jeweled chasing but tinsel and paste? On her head it glowed and trembled, a true diadem. As Valiant set the glittering thing on those rich and wonderful coils, the music of her presence was singing a swift melody in his blood.

His coronation address held no such flowery periods as would have rolled from the major's soul. He had chosen a single paragraph he had lighted on in an old book in the library-a history-of the last Crusade in French black-letter. He had translated and memorized the archaic phrasing, keeping the quaint feeling of the original:

"These noble knights bow in your presence, fair lady, as their leige, whom they know as even in judgment, as dainty in fulfilling these our acts of arms, and do recommend their all unto your Good Grace in as lowly wise as they can. O queen, in whom the whole story of virtue is written with the language of beauty, your eyes, which have been only wont to discern the bowed knees of kneeling hearts and, inwardly turned, found always the heavenly solace of a sweet mind. hands not only to assailing but to prevailing."

A hushed rustle of applause-not loud: the merest whisper of silken feet and feathered fans tapped softlytestified to a widespread approbation. It was the first sight many there had had of John Valiant and in both looks and manner he fitted their best ideals.

The queen's curtsey was the signal for the music, which throbbed suddenly into a march, and she stepped down beside him. Couple aften couple, knights and ladies, ranged behind them, till the twenty-four stood ready for the royal quadrille. It was the oldfashioned lancers, but the deliberate strain lent the familiar measures something of the stately effect of the min-

Quadrilles were not invented as aids to conversation, and John Valiant's and Shirley's was necessarily limited. "The decorations are simply delicious!" she said as they faced each other briefly. "How did you manage

"Home talent with a vengeance. Un cle Jefferson and I did it with our lit tle hatchets. But the roses-"

They were swooped apart and Shirley found herself curtsying to Chilly under his breath. "I had my heart set on naming you today. I reckon I've lost my rabbit-foot!"

Opposite, in turn, Betty Page had slipped her dainty hand in John Valiant's "Ah haven't seen such a levely dance for yeahs!" she sighed. Isn't Shirley too sweet? If Ah had hair like hers, Ah wouldn't speak to a soul on earth!"

The exigencies of the figure gave no space for answer, and presently, after certain labyrinthine evolutions, Shirley's eyes were gazing into his again. "How adorable you look!" he whispered, as he bowed over her hand. "How does it feel to be a queen?"

"This little head was never made to wear a crown," she laughed. "Queens should be regal. Miss Fargo would have-"

The music swept the rest away, but not the look of blinding reproach he gave her that made her heart throb branches of rhododendron screened an wildly as she glided on.

The last note of the quadrille slipthey floated away. Once before, in the piquancy

moonlighted garden at Rosewood, she | her slender body swaying to his every motion, she was another creature. Under the drooping tawny hair her face was almost as pale as the white satin of her gown; her lips were parted, and as they moved, he could feel her heart rise and fall to her languorous breath.

CHAPTER XXV.

By the Sun-Dial.

Eves arched with fan-shielded whispers, and fair faces, foreshortened as they turned back over powder-white shoulders, followed their swallow-like movement. From an ever-widening circle of masculine devotees Katharine Fargo watched them with a smile that cloaked an increasing and unwelcome question.

Katharine had never looked more handsome; a critical survey of her mirror at Gladden Hall had assured her of that. Never had her poise been more superb, her toilet more enrapturing. She was exquisitely gowned in rose-colored mousseline-de-soie, embroidered in tiny brilliants laid on in Greek patterns. From her neck, in a single splendid loop of iridescence against the rosy mist, depended those fabulous pearls-"the kind you simply can't believe," as Betty Page confided to her partner-on whose newspaper reproduction (actual diameter) metropolitan shop-girls had been wont to gaze with glistening eyes; and within their milky circlet, on her rounded

Watching that quadrille through her drooping emerald-tinted eyes, she had received a sudden calightening impression of Shirley's flawless beauty. At the tournament her fleeting glimpse had adjudged the other merely sweetly pretty. The Chalmers' surrey had stopped en route for Shirley, but in her wraps and veil she had then been all but invisible. This had been Katharine's first adequate view, and the sight of her radiant charm had the ures. effect almost of a blow.

For Katharine, be it said, had wholly surrendered to the old, yet new, attraction that had swept her on the tourney field. And what had lain always in the back of her mind as a halfformed intention, had become a selfadmitted purpose during the motor

In another moment the waltz fainted out, to be succeeded by a duax-temps, and presently the host, in his crimson cloak, was doffing his plumed hat before her. Circling the polished floor in the maze, there was something gratefully like former days in the assured touch, the true and ready guidance. The intrusive question faded. He was the John Valiant she had always known, of flashing repartee and see them, ready in heart and able with graceful compliment, yet with a touch of dignity, too—as befitted the lord of a manor—which sat well upon him. After a decorous dozen of rounds, she took his arm and allowed her perfect



Katharine Had Never Looked More Handsome.

chatting in quite the old-time way, till

a new gallant claimed her. The mellow strings made on their merry tune, and at length the Washington Post marched all in flushed unity of purpose to the great muslinwalled porch with its array of tables groaning under viands concocted by Aunt Daphne for the delectation of

the palate-weary. And then once more the waltz-strain supervened and in the yellow parlor joy was again unconfined.

Again Valiant claimed Katharine and they glided off on "The Beautiful Danube." Her paleness now had a tinge of color, but nevertheless he thought she drooped. "You are tired," he said, "shan't we sit it out?"

"Oh, do you mind?" she responded gratefully. "It has been a fairly strenuous day, hasn't it!"

He guided her to a corridor, where alcove of settees and seductive cushions. Here, her weariness seemed put to rout. There was no drooping of ped into a waltz dreamily slow, and fringed lids, no disconcerting si-Valiant put his arm about Shirley and lences; she chattered with ease and had a play, in which we lived in a "Why, Sam, you're welcome," said

"I have been listening to paeans all | Wishing House, and it was in the mid- | her spirit. She had been so certain had lain in his arm for one brief in- the evening," she said. "And you de- dle of the Never-Never Land-a sort of what would happen that evening stant then she had seemed like some serve them. It's a fine big thing you of beautiful fairy country in which that when her father (between cigars trapped wood-thing resisting. Now, are attempting-the restoring of this everything happened right. I know on the porch with Judge Chalmers old estate. And I know you have even now that the Never-Never Land was and Doctor Southall) had searched her bigger plans, too."

> thoughtful. "There's a lot I'd like to do. It's not only the house and grounds. There are . . . other things. For instance, back on the mountain-on my own land-is a set tlement they call Hell's-Half-Acre. Probably it has well earned the name. It's a wretched collection of hovels and surly men and drabs of women and unkempt children, the poorest of poor-whites. Not one of them can read or write, and they live in a vague hesitant gesture. The moonlike animals. If I'm ever able, I mean to put a manual-training school up there. And then-"

He ended with a half laugh, suddenly conscious that he was talking in a language she would scarcely understand-in fact, in a tongue new to himself. But there was no smile on her lips and her extraordinary eyes-cool gray, shot through with emeraldwere looking into his with a frankness and sympathy he would not have guessed lay beneath her glacial pla-

To Katharine, indeed, it made little difference what philanthropic fads the man she had chosen might affect as regarded his tenantry. Ambitions like these had a manorial flavor that did not displease her. And the Fargo millions would bear much harmless hammering. A change, subtle and incommunicable, passed over her.

"I shall think of you," she sighed, 'as working on in this splendid program. For it is splendid. But New sweet lips trembling, and something ped down to the grass and along the York will miss you, John."

"Ah, no. I've no delusions on that score. I dare say I'm almost forgotten there already. Here I have a place." Her head, leaned back against the cushion, turned toward him, the pale orchids trembling on her bosom-she was so near that he could feel her breath on his cheek. A new waltz had begun to sigh its languorous meas-

"Place?" she queried. "Do you think you had no place there? Is it possible that you do not understand that your going has left-a void?"

He looked at her suddenly, and her eyes fell. Before he answered however, the big form of Major Bristow appeared, looking about him.

"It has-left a void," she said, her eyes still downcast, her voice just low enough, "-for me."

The major pounced upon them at this juncture, feelingly accusing John of the nefarious design of robbing the assemblage of its bright and particular star. When Katharine put her hand in her cavalier's arm, her eyes were dewy under their long shading lashes and her fine lips ever so little tremulous. It had been her best available moment, and she had used it.

As she moved away, her faint color slightly heightened, she was glad of the interruption. It was better as it was. When John Valiant came to her

again . . . her move lightly from him, there was vouchsafed illumination. It came to him suddenly that that placidity and hauteur which he had so admired in the old days were no mask for fires within. The exquisite husk was the real Katharine. Hers was the loveliness of some tall white lily cut in marble, splendid but chill. And with the thought, between him and her there swept through the shimmering candle-lighted air a breath of wet rosefragrance like an impalpable cloud, and set in the midst of it a misty startinted gown sprayed with lilies-of-thevalley, and above it a girl's face clear and vivid, her deep shadow-blue eyes fixed on his.

The music of a two-step was languishing when, a little later, Valiant and Shirley strolled down between the garden box-hedges, cypress-shaped and lifting spire-like toward a sky which bent, a silent canopy of mauve and purplish blue. Behind them Damory court lay a nest of woven figure to be conducted through the music and laughter. The long white-Lusk. "More than queen!" he said various rooms of the ground ficor, muslined porch shimmered goldenly, and beside it under the lanterns dallied a flirtatious couple or two, ghostlike in the shadows.

"Come," he said. "Let me take you

to see the sun-dial now." The tangle had been cut away and a narrow gravel-path led through the pruned creepers. She made an exclamation of delight. The onyx-pillar stood in an oasis of white-moonflowers, white dahlias, mignonette and narcissus; bars of late lilies-of-the-valley beyond these, bordered with Arumlilies, white clematis, iris and bridalwreath, shading out into tender paler hues that ringed the spotless purity like dawning passion.

You said that when you brought me bar. here—the day we planted the ramblers. Do you remember what I said? That some day, perhaps, I should love this spot the best of all at Damory court." He was silent a moment, tracyears old, I think-my father and I out here all alone." great mansion like this. It was called the bond slaves, feculy

Virginia, and that Wishing House was out under a flag-of-truce, she had sent He nodded, suddenly serious and Damory court. No wonder my father him to the right-about, laughingly deloved it! No wonder his memory turn- clining to depart before royalty. But ed back to it always! I've wanted to number followed number, and the make it as it was when he lived here. knight in purple and gold had not And I want the old dial to count happy paused again before her. Now the hours for me.

Something had crept into his tone among the dancers, and the white that struck her with a strange sweet satin gown and sparkling coronal had terror and tumult of mind. The hand disappeared. The end of the next that clutched her skirts about her knees had begun to tremble and she caught the other hand to her cheek ly distrait amid her escort's sallies. It flowers seemed to be great round eyes tering the corridor from the garden, staring up at her.

"Shirley-" he said, and now his voice was shaken with longing—"will ley's cheek-that was not deep-nor you make my happiness for me?"

She was standing perfectly still against the sun dial, both hands, laced together, against her breast, her eyes on his with a strange startled look. Over the hush of the garden now, like the very soul of the passionate night, throbbed the baunting barcarole of like a death-stab to what lay far deep-"Tales of Hoffmann:"

"Night of stars and night of love-" an inarticulate echo of his longing. He took a step toward her, and she turned like one in sudden terror seeking a way of escape. But he caught her close in his arms.

"I love you!" he said. "Hear it now in my bride's garden that I've made the music had just left off, sauntered for you! I love you, I love you!"

For one instant she struggled. Then, slowly, her eyes turned to his, the her she was unobserved and she stepdawning deep in the dewy blue that winding path to a bench at some disturned all his leaping blood to quicksilver. "My darling!" he breathed, smiling mask slipped from ber face and their lips met.

In that delirious moment both had the sense of divine completion that comes only with love returned. For him there was but the woman in his arms, the one woman created for him since the foundation of the world. It was Kismet. For this he had come to Virginia. For this fate had turned and twisted a thousand ways. Through the riot of his senses, like a silver blaze, ran the legend of the calendar: "Every man carries his fate upon a not known as many months! riband about his neck." For her, something seemed to pass from her soul with that kiss, some deep irrevocable thing, shy but fiercely strong, that had sprung to him at that lip-contact as steel to magnet. The foliage about them flared up in green light and the ground under her feet rose and fell

like deep sea-waves. She lifted her face to him. It was deathly pale, but the light that burned ed themselves on a bench a few paces on it was lit from the whitest altar- away. fires of southern girlhood. "Six weeks ago," she whispered, "you had never

seen me!" He held her crushed to him. She could feel his heart thudding madly.

"I've always known you," he said. "I've spoke a name that caused her to sk seen you a thousand times. I saw you coming to meet me down a cherryblossomed lane in Kyoto. I've seen But to him, as he stood watching your eyes peering from behind a veil in India. I've heard your voice calling to me, through the padding camel's feet, from the desert mirages. You are the dream I have gone searching always! Ah, Shirley, Shirley, Shir-

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Doctor Speaks.

and sang through the roses, and the couples drifted on tireless and constealthy doubt that was creeping over start work with a will.

down abruptly. (TO BE CONTINUED.) Sometimes 'Thus. That cry in a London paper of a journalist who "finds it impossible to maintain that appearance so essential in his profession" carries one back

to the past with a ferk. Back to the days when appearance was not always "so essential" to the writer. One recalls Samuel Boyse, a contemporary of Johnson, for instance, who worked only when his clothes were in pawn. While the vibrant strings hummed His dress pledged, he would spend a few shillings thus acquired on meat to eat with his truffles and mushrooms tent, or blissfully "sat out" dances on and then take to his bed. There he the stairway, Katharine Fargo held would get under a blanket, slit to alher stately court no less gaily for the low free play of his pen hand, and



MADE HIM FEEL LONESOME!

Sam Blythe, on the Water Wagon Found That He Had No One to Play With.

Two years ago Sam Blythe, the writer, elected to mount the water cart. He became boastfully, painfully, selfishly arid. For a time false friends tried to lure him back into the shackles-between September 15, 1911, and June 23, 1912, he received 418 bottles of whisky from 312 persons-but they finally gave it up as a bad job. The other day Blythe was talking with two serfs of the demon at the Waldorf. By and by their mania came upon "White for happiness," he quoted. them. They began to edge toward the

"Well, Sam, see you later," they

said. "No," said Blythe. "Dunno. You may not care to have me in your little party, but I am going right along. ing with his finger the motto on the I will drink water, or buttermilk, or

"No, I am not," said Blythe. can tell by the tone of your voices. I spent the best 20 years of my life making a collection of drinking friends, and now I have no one to play with."-Cincinnati Times-Star.

Concave Cinema Screen.

Eliminating false perspective and making every portion of the picture equally distant from the projecting light, a Chicago inventor has patented and placed on the market a concave screen for which much is claimed. The screen is a segment of a sphere, the lens of the projecting ap paratus being at the focal point of the screen, and as a result all the rays of light strike the surface at the same angle, and are reflected to the visitors without distortion. Another virture claimed for the concave screen, says Popular Mechanica is that it improves the acoustic proper ties of the hall, or theater, in which it is used. As sound waves are prodial's rim. "When I was very little." ginger ale, or any non-alcoholic thing jected and reflected in the same manhe went on-"hardly more than three you say, but I am not going to stay ner, the concave screen reflects the music of the orchestra and songs all parts of the theater, avoiding Very common fault