

The GIRL OF MY DREAMS

A NOVELIZATION OF THE PLAY BY
WILBUR D. NESBIT AND OTTO HAUERBACH
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SYNOPSIS.

Harry Swifton is expecting a visit from his fiancée, Lucy Medders, a Quakeress whom he met in the country. His auto crashes into another machine containing a beautiful woman and a German count. The woman's hat is ruined and Harry escapes. His sister, Caroline, arrives at his home to play hostess. Socrates Primmer, cousin of Lucy's, arrives with a hat intended as a present for Lucy. Harry is trailed to his home by the Count and Mrs. Gen. Blazes, who demands her hat, a duplicate of which she says has been delivered at Harry's house. She is in great fear lest her husband hear of her escapade. Lucy Medders and her father arrive and the count is hidden in one room and Mrs. Blazes in another. Harry is forced to do some fancy lying to keep Lucy from discovering the presence of the woman. The milliner, Daphne Darlington, who General Blazes arranges to have Harry's, arrives to trace the missing duplicate hat and more complications ensue. Daphne is hustled into the room occupied by the Count. The latter, with whom Daphne had flirted at one time, demands the return of a ring he had given her on that occasion. She tells him that she gave the ring to General Blazes. As the Count had also given Mrs. Blazes a duplicate of the ring he becomes somewhat excited. Daphne leaves the room and seeks refuge in the one occupied by Mrs. Blazes. Mr. Medder discovers the Count, who is introduced as Harry's German tutor. General Blazes arrives and accuses Harry of concealing his wife. Daphne steps out and the general is dumfounded. Lucy gives way to tears. The Count takes the blame for the whole affair upon himself, but the verdict is reserved until Harry can vindicate himself.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"My boy," he was saying, "I couldn't help coming back to assure you that I am deeply sorry."

"Say no more about it, General," Harry begged.

"But, Harry," the General asked, confidentially, "how did that little flirt happen to be in that room?"

"Well," Harry explained, "that was a little affair concerning her and Count von Fitz. I don't feel at liberty to go into details—but it's just a flirtation, you might say."

"She's a charmer, all right enough, Harry, my boy!" the General said. "Ah! If my wife only knew—if she ever found out how I have flirted with some of these dashing damsels!"

Mrs. Blazes, from the safety of her window, listened intently.

"What?" Harry asked. "You flirt, General?"

"I'm deep, Harry, devilish deep! I say nothing, but I saw a lot of wood. Don't worry about any little flirtations of your own. Come to me for advice if you need it. Everybody must sow his wild oats, you know."

"Yes," Harry agreed, "but the wild oats you sow the night before don't make good breakfast food the morning after."

"Well, anyway," the General said, "we understand each other. No more hard feelings?"

"Not a bit. Not a bit," Harry reassured him. The General waved his hand cordially as he strode down to the street. Mrs. Blazes watched him disappear in the dusk, nodding her head significantly.

"Wild oats, eh?" she said. "Flirtations, eh? Wait until I get home!"

She leaned out of the window and called to Harry. He glanced up at her and smiled wearily.

"How in the world am I to get out of here?" she asked, petulantly.

"I think I'll have that run as a puzzle in the Sunday papers," Harry answered, grimly. "I'll say this, though: When you do get out you needn't be too punctilious about making your party call."

"This is no time for joking—"

"It's the only time I've got. You've put me in a pretty mess."

"I'm just as sorry as I can be, Mr. Swifton. But look at the muddle I am in."

"Oh, I've seen worse muddles than this," Harry answers, easily.

"And I'm simply starving to death," she said, hungrily.

"I'm going to slip some sandwiches in there for you, if the blockade doesn't lift pretty soon. Meantime, keep away from that window as much as possible. Some one may happen to see you—and I'm out of explanations."

Mrs. Blazes drew back a bit from the window, and asked:

"Have you heard anything of my hat?"

Harry sank down on a lawn bench with a weary air.

"Where have I heard of hats?" he said. "I've ordered a hat for you. Daphne, the daffy daffodil, is making one for you. She'll have it here before long."

"That's dear of you!" Mrs. Blazes smiled, appreciatively.

"How do you know what it costs?" he asked, grimly.

Mrs. Blazes clasped her hands melodramatically and went on:

"And I'm so worried about my husband!"

"You are? You ought to be," Harry told her. "And he's worried about you—and I'm worried about both of you. Shut the window, and let me think."

She closed her window, and he resumed his meditations.

"Sometimes," he muttered, "it's against a fellow to be innocent. I could have straightened this out in two minutes if I had been guilty."

The front door opened, and Lucy appeared. She glanced down at Harry and smiled.

"May I come out with thee awhile?" she asked. "It is so peaceful out here—everything seemeth so calm."

"This is the headquarters for peace and calm," Harry observed, pleasantly, rising. Lucy came down the steps and sat on the lawn seat while Harry leaned over the table beside her, looking down at her.

"Well," Lucy asked, "what can thee say?"

"I can't say anything yet," he answered. "I can only ask you to trust me until I can explain everything."

"But surely thee can explain everything now."

"No. Not yet. I don't understand it myself yet."

Lucy's face changed, and Harry went on:

"Later, I'll tell you everything. I can't now, Lucy, because some one else is involved."

"I saw her," Lucy said, coldly.

"I don't mean that way, Lucy," he protested. "What you saw may have a peculiar look—"

"Indeed, she had!" Lucy asserted.

"But you must remember that often there is an unsuspected skeleton in the closet," Harry continued, manfully.

Lucy pursed her lips scornfully.

laughed, seating himself and taking her hand.

She took her hand away quickly and jumped to her feet in indignation.

"How can thee jest at such a moment?" she cried.

He rose and followed her.

"I shouldn't have jested," he said, humbly. "Lucy, you are not a city girl—and I'm glad of it—but you are apt to judge things too much on appearances."

Lucy turned and looked at him with a pathetic seriousness in her eyes.

"Until this morning, Harry," she said, "I wanted to be a city girl. I thought the little town where I have lived was a pitiful place."

"But it had you in it," Harry reminded her, gently.

"I am beginning to understand," Lucy said, "that here appearances are everything—but there isn't any everything. In the country, there is everything—and that takes the deceit from the appearances."

"Why, you're a genuine little philosopher," Harry said.

"We have the blue sky in the daytime back there," Lucy continued, "and here thee have clouds and smoke. There we have the stars at night, here thee have electric signs. There we get up at sunrise and the little birds sing us a welcome from the trees, but here—"

"Here the folks stay up until sunrise and eat the little birds before that," Harry finished for her. "You don't want a city home, then, Lucy?"

"I want a home where the heart does not have to be hidden," she told him.

"And so do I. I want a real home, with the best little girl in the world as my wife."

There was no mistaking his meaning. Lucy looked at him for half a minute, then said:

"When thee have explained, Harry."

CHAPTER XI.

Fifteen minutes later Count von Fitz cautiously crept beneath the window and whistled. Mrs. Blazes did not an-

"That's good," she said, with a tone of relief.

"Now you come right out and vander hat comes I giff it to you, and away you go."

"Come out!" she asked sarcastically. "Am I an aeroplane?"

"Lissen. Make a rope yet, und I pull you out."

"An idea!" she exclaimed with delight. "I'll tear up the sheets and things in here, tie them together in a rope, and let myself down."

"Splendid! I go und vatch for der messenger mit der hat."

The Count strolled away, while she closed her window.

A young couple came walking slowly through the flower garden. It was



"Well," Lucy asked, "What Can They Say?"

Pigeon and Carolyn. The twilight spell had been cast upon them. Arm in arm, silently they strolled until they neared the bench.

Suddenly Pigeon said:

"Let's sit down here. I've got to see Harry through his racket, you know"—evidently continuing a conversation which had lapsed some moments before—"but after that—"

He looked down into Carolyn's eyes.

"After that?" she asked, softly.

For Carolyn had all a woman's intuition, in spite of her young years, and she diagnosed the symptoms of an approaching proposal. She did not intend to accept him, but no woman will allow a proposal to get away from her. Proposals to a woman are as the scalps the Indian brave ties to his war belt.

"After that," said Pigeon, beginning to sit down, "I can look after my own affairs. And I—"

An ominous, ripping sound came. Mrs. Blazes was beginning to make her rope, but the young couple, of course, knew nothing of that. Pigeon straightened up with a jerk and tried to look unconscious. He did not know what had given away. Carolyn tried to smooth over his embarrassment by saying:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

QUEER FACT OF ELECTRICITY

Varying Fatality of Shocks Depends on Many Factors Other Than the Voltage.

Workers in electrical establishments who are familiar with the undoubted fact that men have withstood tremendous electrical shock without damage, while others have been killed by the same or even less voltage, will be interested in a paper published by the British Medical Association. This paper, in considering the curious fact that an electric shock of 100 volts is sometimes fatal, while currents of 1,000 volts do not always kill, points out that the effects depend upon many factors. The volume, or amperage, of the current as well as its tension may count. The character of the current—whether it is direct or alternating—may play some part and the duration of the shock and the point of application may signify much. Then, too, the resistance of the skin is not always the same. One individual may differ greatly from another in susceptibility, and even the condition of the mind is found to have an influence, as a person prepared to receive a shock is less liable to be affected than one receiving it unexpectedly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Time for Eggs to Hatch.

The eggs of the pigeon are hatched in two weeks, those of the fowl in three, those of the duck in four, those of the geese in five, and those of the ostrich in seven weeks.

Molded by Accident.

In all our reasoning concerning men we must lay it down as a maxim that the greater part are molded by accident.—Robert Hall.

Pearls From the Conch.

Some very valuable pearls are obtained from the common conch of Florida. Occasional specimens have sold for \$1,000.

Two of a Kind.

A man can hide a secret from his wife about as easily as he can his pocket money.—Judge's Library.

Whenever the devil helps to build a church he claims the right to run it.



"My Boy," the General said, "I Couldn't Help Coming Back to Assure You That I Am Deeply Sorry."

"Skeleton, indeed!" she said. "That skeleton weigheth at least a hundred and thirty pounds!"

Harry laughed nervously, and pleaded:

"Now, listen, Lucy. Won't you take my word that everything is all right, so far as I am concerned?"

"I might take thy word, but thee cannot explain so easily to Cousin Socrates nor to father."

"Cousin Socrates has been in the attic writing sonnets about you all evening, and I have talked with your father, bless his good old heart! He believes in me, and he is willing to trust me."

"So do I believe in thee, Harry—but thee cannot know how sorry I am that this has happened. I regret it."

With an earnest effort to turn her mind to a lighter view of things, Harry asked:

"So you regret it?"

"I do—very, very much."

"Then, if you regret it very, very much, I'll forgive you this time," he

swer. He whistled louder. Still no answer.

"If you are gone, I'm glad," he said. "Cheer me by not replying."

But no such cheer was in store for him. Mrs. Blazes noiselessly opened the window and whispered:

"Sh! Be careful! Did you get my hat?"

"Not yet," the Count told her. "Dey haff to make him. I wouldn't trust dot Daffie voman. I vent to anudder hat place. Der name is T'eresse."

"But they won't know the model," Mrs. Blazes feared.

"I eggspain him perfectly. I tell her a shape like a smashed balloon, yellow on der outside mit a garden of red popples."

"Red popples, you silly man!"

"Popples or popples—dey look chust as bad to me from now on."

"You'd best go right back and stay there until it is finished," Mrs. Blazes suggested.

"No. I told dem to sent it here, so I make sure I get it."

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The Quickest, Surest Cough Remedy You Ever Used—Family Supply for 50c—Saves You \$2.

You have never used anything which takes hold of a bad cough and conquers it so quickly as Pinex Cough Syrup. Gives almost instant relief and usually stops the most obstinate, deep-seated cough in 24 hours. Guaranteed to give prompt and positive results even in croup and whooping cough.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of Norway White Pine extract, rich in guaiacol and other healing pine elements. A 50-cent bottle makes a pint—a family supply—of the best cough remedy that money can buy, at a saving of \$2. Simply mix with home-made sugar syrup or strained honey, in a pint bottle, and it is ready for use. Easily prepared in 5 minutes—directions in package.

Children like Pinex Cough Syrup—it tastes good, and is a prompt, safe remedy for old or young. Stimulates the appetite and is slightly laxative—both good features. A handy household medicine for hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis, etc., and unusually effective for incipient lung troubles. Used in more homes in the U. S. and Canada than any other cough remedy.

Pinex has often been imitated, but never successfully, for nothing else will produce the same results. The genuine is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Certificate of guarantee is wrapped in each package. Your druggist has Pinex or will gladly get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 234 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Special Talent.

"Can your boy read 'The Illiad' in the original?"

"Not very well. But he can make ten yards around the left end almost every time."

Ten smiles for a nickel. Always buy Red Cross Bag Blue; have beautiful clear white clothes.

Pessimism is the undigested fruit of experience.

There are still a few legitimate ways of acquiring wealth.

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Baltimore, Md.—"I send you here, with the picture of my fifteen year old daughter Alice, who was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was pale, with dark circles under her eyes, weak and irritable. Two different doctors treated her and called it Greer Sickness, but she grew worse all the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and after taking three bottles she has regained her health, thanks to your medicine. I can recommend it for all female troubles."—Mrs. L. A. CORKEAN, 1103 Rutland Street, Baltimore, Md.

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