

minutes found himself the guest of the famous airman in his biplane, in which he was given a flight several times. Further introductions took place and the "prince" enjoyed afterwards the hospitality of many titled people.

But later in the week, when Society (with a big S) had time to look up "Lord Stanton Hope" and the "crown prince of Wurtemberg," it was discovered there are no such persons in existence!

Grahame-White now admits a great hoax was played upon him and the English nobility in general. "But, so far as I, personally, am concerned," he added, "no harm was done—except I'm minus the fee the 'prince' should have paid me! No, we have taken no steps to discover the two 'fakers,' nor will we. They were really charming fellows, you know, and no one could have detected the difference between them and any sure-enough royalty!"

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE "HIS BEAUTIFUL EYES"

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Chapter CXVII.

It was Harry Symone calling over the wire telling me that Dick had promised to come over to his house to dinner and that he would send a car for me.

After I had told Harry I would be ready at six, I went back to Mollie, wondering what I should say to her. I did not want to be a spoil sport, neither did I want to give her the impression that all the world was bad.

I presume I still had a relic of that old foolish idea that our daughters must be kept in ignorance of all the pitfalls and temptations of life as long as possible. We burn our common sense on the pyre of innocence, which is only ignorance.

But when I got back to where Mollie was sitting, a question from her settled matters.

"Don't you think Mr. Tenney has beautiful eyes, Margie?" she asked.

"I never noticed them particularly, but I am sure if his eyes have a fine expression it is very insincere," I answered shortly.

"You don't like him?" exclaimed Mollie, in surprise.

"I don't know him well enough to like or dislike him, Mollie, but I do know very well a girl—a girl much older than you, dear, who nearly made a big mistake and ruined her

life because she, too, probably saw 'the light that was never on land or sea' in Bill Tenney's eyes."

"What do you mean?" asked Mollie, quickly.

"Bill Tenney, Mollie, is not free to look into, love or interest himself in any girl's eyes. He is still married to a woman who loves him, but who has had to separate herself from him because of his attentions to another woman. He has ruined the reputation of many girls and lately has become so notorious in his flirtations than even his best friends are fighting shy of him. In his heart he knew that he was compromising you by taking you for a drive in his motor. He also knew you were perfectly innocent of wrong intent. But his idea of honor did not keep him from trying again to experience the exquisite pleasure of seeing interest bud into longings in the innocent eyes of a girl."

"But Dick invited him to our table the other night and introduced me to him himself!" For which Master Dick shall again hear from me, I thought.

"Yes, Margie, that is the way of the world. Just a few nights before I stopped to speak to one of the girls that Bill Tenney had compromised with his attentions and Dick was furious at me, but he thoughtlessly put you, the sister he loves as much