

Topeka State Journal

An Independent Newspaper.
By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.(Entered July 1, 1874, as second-class
matter at the postoffice at Topeka, Kan.,
under the act of congress.)

VOLUME XXXVI. No. 243

Official State Paper.
Official Paper of Shawnee County.
Official Paper City of Topeka.TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Daily edition, delivered by carrier, 10
cents a week to any part of Topeka or
suburbs, or at the same price in any Kan-
sas town where the paper has a carrier
system.
By mail one year. \$2.00
By mail six months. 1.25
By mail 10 calendar days. 1.00TELEPHONE.
Private branch exchange. Call 530 and
ask the State Journal operator for per-
son or department desired.
Topeka State Journal building, 300, 302
and 304 Kansas avenue, corner Eighth.
New York office, 200 Fifth avenue.
Paul Block, manager.
Chicago office, Mailers building. Paul
Block, manager.
Boston office, 301 Devonshire Street.
Paul Block, manager.FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT
OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.The State Journal is a member of the
Associated Press and receives the full day
telegram report of that great news or-
ganization for the exclusive afternoon
edition in Topeka.
The news is received in The State Jour-
nal building over wires for this sole pur-
pose.MEMBER:
Associated Press.
Audit Bureau of Circulations.
American Newspaper Publishers' Association.Ask for the article with the "Made
in America" brand.Apparently there are no such things
as impregnable forts.If swatted flies are worth 15 cents a
quart, how much are batted rats
worth?The aeroplane creates the most talk,
but it's the submarine which gets the
most results.One thing in favor of an October
circus: the Polar bears seem to enjoy
life more than in July.In Baltimore they have what they
call "Eutaw" street. Is that a protest
against Brigham Young?England for a long time was satisfied
with being a "tight little island."
Now she wishes she had a lid, to boot.Educational note: Columbia has a
professor who is permitted to boost
the beer business. Drury college
won't even let its janitors smoke.It's said John D. Rockefeller takes
hot water in preference to other
drinks. Poor old chap's been in it so
much he ought to like it by this time.Dallas, Texas, is swelling under
with an order for half a million dol-
lars' worth of harness and saddles for
one of the warring countries in Eu-
rope.The wires click the intelligence:
"Prince Oleg shot through the leg."
Now if he had only been shot through
the "O" it might not have been so
serious.Next summer Topeka will get all
of its baseball entertainment where
it has always looked for most of its
diversion of that sort—from the bul-
letin boards.In Europe the monarchs are distrib-
uting decorations with both hands,
but the decorations that will be the
most permanent are the ones the men
in the trenches are passing out.There are fewer flies on Maine, or
in it. Boy couts in a recent swat-
contest destroyed 151,221 of the pesky
things, the prize-winner putting more
than 80,000 of them out of business.John Lind, the president's personal
representative in Mexico, has been
taken to a sanitarium "tired out and
eager to rest," according to the news
columns. Watchful waiting at close
range evidently is distressing duty."Explanations of the ferocity of the
Russian attacks may be found in the
fact that a Russian colonel receives
only \$397.50 a year. A colonel forced
to live on that sum would be likely to
have an unpleasant disposition," points
out the Chicago News.A Rhode Island college president
points out that the automobile exer-
cises a demoralizing influence on col-
leges quite equal to alcohol. Thanks,
we have been needing something fresh
to worry over, here in Kansas, since
automobiles became so numerous.It will be remembered that the
American colonies obtained their in-
dependence at a time when England
was busy keeping her various iron
from becoming too hot. The Boers
have picked out another such oppor-
tunity.Hoary Id Harvard, asked to
make choice between a ten-million-
dollar bequest and one of its profes-
sors to whom the prospective bene-
factor objects, turns its back on the
money. "Harvard can't be bought for
\$10,000,000," is the attitude expressed
at the college office.Edison is figuring out a submarine
which will extract oxygen from the
water. That should give the occupant
of the boat a better chance for his
life. The idea is strikingly Edison-
que for it uses straight to the
greatest extent. The submarine has
demonstrated its terrific efficiency as
a destroyer.

UNFORTUNATE KANSAS!

From dear, dead Denver comes an
attended little messenger named
"The Record," whose object here is
to make Kansas discontented with
prohibition. For the text of the lead-
ing article—the entire publication is
editorial in character—its writer takes
William Allen White's Saturday Even-
ing Post article on Kansas Prohibi-
tion. Then he progresses to a discus-
sion of the relative wealth of Kansas
and Colorado as shown by federal sta-
tistics, pointing out comparisons to
Kansas' disadvantage. A reading of
the article leaves the Kansas man con-
vinced that the editor of The Record
has made a conscientious effort to fill
the assignment dealt out to him by
his employer, but that is all.Assuming the statistics offered to
be correct, we learn that Colorado,
with about half the population of
Kansas (yes, Kansas seems to have
drawn the population, despite the ir-
resistible attractions of its sister state),
pays \$943,793.27 in revenue to the
federal government where Kansas
pays but \$732,152.46. Let's see; it is
correct, isn't it, that some of this re-
venue comes from government liquor
licenses? Whatever the item is, Kan-
sas is saving it.Kansas learns with regret that she
is behind Colorado in the per capita
value of school property. In the
average salaries for school teach-
ers and in the daily cost per child of
education. Kansas will blush in ac-
knowledging the bitter allegation that
"Kansas is one huge grain field." The
writer sweeps all the arguments put
forth by William Allen White and the
other prohibition boosters into the
trash heap with one sweep, as follows:
"It is a waste of time to discuss the
misleading statements and statistics
employed in the article referred to. It
is more profitable to consider things
directly bearing on the result of pro-
hibition laws, which need no corrobor-
ating evidence to establish."Let that assertion go double. It
makes a first rate reply to The Record's
leader.If Kansas after thirty years of pro-
hibition, wanted anything, she
would have it. If Kansas, which,
with her one, huge grain field, can draw
and hold twice the population of Col-
orado with its untold mineral re-
sources added to a tremendous agri-
cultural possibility, needed the
licensed saloon to make life tolerable,
she would have it. Thirty years ago
Kansas, of her own free will, voted the
saloon outlaw; nor has she ever seen
sufficient reason to desire a change.Kansas must, if she persists in her
headstrong course, get along without
certain possessions. She will have no
saloon keepers; she will need fewer
federal license collectors; she will re-
quire fewer poorhouses and fewer
undertakers; she must do without the
individual who can not exist without
a saloon that is licensed, and, thank
goodness, she can do without publica-
tions like The Record.But Kansas has thought about these
things, and made her bed. In that
bed she has laid these thirty years,
worried considerably from time to
time by those elements of her popu-
lation which seek to evade the in-
tervention of the prohibitory law, but
never controlled by them. And as for
the individuals who do break the pro-
hibitory law, it may be true as a phil-
osopher once pointed out: "A certain
amount of fleas is good for a dog."And while the brilliant editor of
the Denver booze-boasting publication
views with alarm the lost opportuni-
ties of Kansas, lost by reason of the
fact that Kansas has no saloons, dis-
tasteful Kansas who have journeyed
to the mile-high city in search of busi-
ness and recreation return to the "one
vast grainfield," yelet Kansas, and
bring thence certain reports, to wit:
That Denver is about the dearest in-
corporated place they have seen in
their travels. This condition does not
seem reasonable, considering the ar-
gument of the Record. Denver, hav-
ing licensed saloons, should be flos-
soming like a rose, and full of over-
flowing with money and business.

ALBERT OF BELGIUM.

Of all the heroes of this enormous
war who will live in the memory of
man, one of the purest, one who can
never be loved enough, writes Maurice
Maeterlinck from Paris, is the king of
my little country. At the decisive hour
he was the heaven-sent man to whom
we call his people.In a single moment he revealed what
Belgium was to the world. He had
the admirable fortune to act decisively
in the most tragic hour when the best
balanced consciences lost their assur-
ance. Had he not been there things
would certainly have gone differently
and history would have lost one of its
beautiful and noble pages. Assuredly
Belgium would have been loyal to her
word and a government which hesitated
would have been pitilessly swept away
by the indignation of the people, who
have never been treacherous but there
would inevitably have been some vacilla-
tion and confusion in the general up-
heaval.The king's heroic line of action is
straight clear, and magnificent, like
that of Thermopylae indefinitely ex-
tended; but what he has suffered and
suffers every day can only be told by
those who have had the happiness to
approach this hero—the most sensitive
and mildest of men, discreet, silent,
of delicious timidity, who loves his people
no less than a father loves his children,
than a son loves the mother who adores
him.When he first joins one, a young man
is apt to consider a college fraternity
more important than the government.
A poor man finally gets used to being
rich, but can't understand the rich man
who regards the loss of funds as calamity.
You probably can't overcome your
prejudices; no one does to any great ex-
tent, but you can refrain from serving
them on all occasions.
"I knew a man once who seemed per-
fectly satisfied; he also knew me and the
other members, but not much else."
—Rufe Hoakins.
Some guests not only make themselves
at home, but stay so long they think
they are at home and the hospitable hostess
wishes they were.
Children wear out shoes so rapidly that
the father of a large family occasionally
thrusts to move to Holland where
wooden shoes are fashionable.reckoned among the noblest and most
touching of humanity; antiquities have
disappeared which can never be re-
placed; half a nation, supremely at-
tached to its old simple customs and
humble homes, is wandering across the
face of Europe. Thousands of inno-
cents have been massacred; nearly all
the survivors are doomed to poverty
and hunger, but what survives has
only one soul, reposing in the great soul
of its king—not a murmur, not a re-
proach.Yesterday a town of 30,000 inhabitants
was ordered to quit the white houses
of the church and secular homes.
Thirty thousand inhabitants, women,
children and old men plunged into the
night to seek uncertain refuge in a
neighboring city which was almost
equally threatened and would probably
itself be emptied the next day. They
obeyed silently, all approving and bless-
ing their sovereign. He had done what
was necessary to do, what everyone
would have done in his place and while
everyone suffers as no other people
have suffered since the ferocious in-
vasions of the first centuries, they know
he suffers more than all of them.They do not even think any other
course could have been taken; that they
could have been saved by sacrificing
their honor. They do not separate duty
from destiny; their duty with all its
frightful consequences seemed to them
an inevitable, an invincible natural
force against which it was useless to
struggle. They have thus given an ex-
ample of collective and almost uncon-
scious heroism which equals and some-
times surpasses the finest things in
legend and history since the days of the
martyrs.People never died so simply for such
a simple idea. In no time has a people
so sacrificed its life with such ardor,
abnegation and enthusiasm. Immortal
virtues, which have hitherto raised and
protected the outposts of humanity,
never showed so powerful and brilliant.

Journal Entries

Why worry about making your
money go a long way? Most of it
goes so far that it never comes back,
anyhow.The wording, "Ten to One," on a
physician's office door does not nec-
essarily indicate your chances of re-
covery in his hands, although with
some doctors they might.About the time a song becomes
popular it is found that it isn't.If small shoes were cheaper there
might be some excuse for pinching
the feet.Belgium didn't need to turn the
other cheek. The kaiser could
reach it.

Jayhawker Jots

Journalists of Thomas county cling
to the words, "mestizaje"—and
gender, which are found offensive to
a few counties farther east.Under the headline, "First Frost of
Season," the Trego County Reporter
publishes its account of a political
meeting with which it had no sym-
pathy.The last circus of the season is lur-
ing the shekels of Kansas towns
with announcements of the smallest
blood-sweating hippopotamus in
captivity."The troubles of the French troops
are just beginning," predicts the
Jamestown Optimist. He explains "in
a few days they will receive a big con-
signment of Missouri mules."The Village Deacon of the Oberone
Farmer says: "Whenever you can
buy a fellow for two or three dollars,
do it. I have made several such bar-
gains in this town and have realized
a fine profit in each case."The fact that the girls of Mar-
sellee decorated the long bearded sol-
diers from India with roses is our
ground for fear that a craze for whis-
kers is imminent. Alarmist note
from the Elite Mountain.A 200-pound girl was married in
Nebraska the other day, and the poor
editor of her town's blessing, as he
wrote that her wedding was an "elegant"
affair; and the printer made it
an "elephant" affair.—Horion Head-
light-Commercial.Anna Carlson in the Lindsborg
News: "If you want to cut out wor-
ries avoid folks who worry you.
There's no law t' t compels you to
make bosom friends of that kind of
an elephant, of course, you happen to
be married to one of them."The Larned Tiller and Toller in
brazing about the brand new, Model
14 Mergenthaler now in transit for
installation in its printery, says:
"I'll set ads, copy, make job work, climb
hills, behave well on ruddy roads, will
not skid or puncture, and it should
not be confused with the old-fash-
ioned machines in use in the daily
newspaper offices in St. Louis and
Kansas City."

Globe Sights

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

What some people don't know sticks out
all over them.The man who doesn't care what the
people think is popular with the
people and flies so often get grouchy
when they become old and decrepit.Believing that this is a free country,
many men get married and learn other-
wise.Many stories could be made more in-
teresting by writing what happened after
the last chapter.Our careful study of botany fails to
reveal whisks among the list of orna-
mental foliage plants.
When he first joins one, a young man
is apt to consider a college fraternity
more important than the government.A poor man finally gets used to being
rich, but can't understand the rich man
who regards the loss of funds as calamity.
You probably can't overcome your
prejudices; no one does to any great ex-
tent, but you can refrain from serving
them on all occasions."I knew a man once who seemed per-
fectly satisfied; he also knew me and the
other members, but not much else."
—Rufe Hoakins.
Some guests not only make themselves
at home, but stay so long they think
they are at home and the hospitable hostess
wishes they were.
Children wear out shoes so rapidly that
the father of a large family occasionally
thrusts to move to Holland where
wooden shoes are fashionable.On the Spur
of the Moment

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

The Stuy Man.

He picks out all his wife's gowns and
slipp'd from old merrym's china.
Deep with the shadows bent
amidst the pictures, she ascended
Stairs that we lingered o'er,
Bills that once made us sore,
Yet were forced to buy,
Charges that made us sigh,
Gifts we could ill afford,
Cash paid for bed and board,
And our petty necessities,
Cash for our festive feeds,
Cash for a thousand things
Gone on the swiftest wings.Whither it flies, or faras,
Now that it's gone, who cares?
Now that it's gone, who cares?
Now that it's gone, who cares?

The Evening Story

Laurels and Sanbonnet.
(By Dorothy Douglas.)Madge Lester had won her crown of
laurels with comparative ease. From
a slip of a country girl, playing in
amateur theatricals, she had ascended
to the heights of dramatic art. Not
only had she won the hearts of the
American people, but London, too, had
fallen, a ready victim, to her charm,
and she was still in a wholesome,
big-souled girl of the country.When Sir John Gilroy was present-
ed to her at the home of Lord Dan-
vers, at whose house a party was
given in her honor, he knew that
the one woman had entered his life.
The onslaught was sudden and com-
pelling. So great was the attrac-
tion that his male friends rallied
him that evening in the smoke room,
but Sir John only accepted the banter
with his slow, easy smile.During the fortnight following he
courted Madge with British determina-
tion. There was no outward demon-
stration of his purpose to win her for
his wife, but there was a glow
among the jolly house party that failed
to read Sir John's eyes when they re-
tired on Madge.Before accepting Lord Danvers's
invitation Madge had asked the privilege
of solitude for an hour or two a day
that she might study up her part for
the forthcoming production of her new
play."You see—I am a slave to my dear
public—even when on a holiday," she
had told her mother. "I must work when
you are all shooting grouse and land-
ing." Thus it happened that there were
many moments of the day when Sir
John Gilroy was not happy. He was
not keen on the art, but he was
fond of the slipping of precious hours
when she could have been at his side.
The time allotted him for courtship
was scant at best. He knew that the
more he talked to her, the more
fatigue that would assuredly preclude
him, at least temporarily from his
horizon.As for Madge, she felt almost sorry
that Sir John Gilroy had been drawn
upon that horizon at all. Her reason
told her that she could not be happy
as the mistress of a London mansion
and after a serious talk promised to do
the land would be her friend. Her
heart, in turn, seemed determined to
make her acknowledge that neither
could she be happy amid the apple
blossoms and simplicity of the country
were not Sir John beside her. He was
so detached from her ideals of life,
now that she had won a heavy laurel
crown, that she had only one desire
that was to retire from the footlights
to some quiet country spot and there
steep her soul in nature even as she
had steeped her life with artificial
modesty on the stage."I want a brood of kiddies brought
up under the scent of fruit blossoms
and having for toys a lamb, some
chickens, rabbits and even a wee pig-
gy," she had told him. "I want to
have been astonished at her refusal to
marry an eminent politician. "I think
I am still a farmer at heart," she
laughingly added.Perhaps it was because her char-
acter the new play was that of a
simple country girl that Madge spent
long hours in study of it, or it might
have been that cold reason told her
that in escaping Sir John she was for-
getting her heart against the world.
She knew by the look in his eyes that
he would ask her to marry him before
returning to the city.Even so, Madge found it difficult
to withstand the pleading when he
went forth his love for her with an
ardor that only a deeply affected man
possesses. She had not dreamed that
a reserved, easy-going Britisher could
fall so completely and so gloriously
in love. It quite took her breath away
and left her weaker than she had ant-
icipated."You know so little of me," she
said, when finally her heart yielded
to his pleading. "I am deeply con-
vinced by your love, but feel that our
paths are so different; they are so widely
separated that it would be difficult to
get the best out of life under those
conditions."Without knowing it, Madge eyed
slightly toward him. His arms went
swiftly about her and his lips cov-
ered her own before she could stir.
"I will give you another fortnight
to think over," he said, making an
effort to speak with control, while his
breath was coming jerkily. "You
will know then I love you."He let her go then, and Madge went
quickly to her room. Her cheeks were
deep scarlet and her wonderful eyes
were shining.
"I will have to wait a fortnight
to find out whether or not I love
him," she told herself, and laughed
weakly as she compared her emo-
tions now with her emotionless re-
ceptions of stage lovers.Madge did not, however, deceive
herself into the belief that she would
marry Sir John Gilroy. Her dreams
of a life in the country and away from
all cares of social activity were too
deeply rooted in her being. Her laurel
wreath and her standing in society
were as night when compared to the
old sunshiny days of her youth.Having returned to her apartment
in town Madge became entirely occu-
pied with her new production. She
had decided when she first saw her
part that the little trunk full of
clothes with which she had come to
Broadway from the country would
costume the role as no other clothes
would. The trunk was always with
her, it was the closest friend in the
house and a treasured possession.When Madge opened it to look over
its contents she had not realized that
a tumult of emotion would sweep over
her. The longing to get back to the
farm brought tears to her eyes,
and when she picked up the old pink
sunbonnet that had clung to her curly
head through rain and through shine
Madge wept softly into its faded
depths."No, no!" she told herself vehe-
mently. "I could not marry a titled
personage and tie myself down to con-
ventional life." She gasped for
at the pinnacles and her Sunday hat
with the pond lilies on it. They were
admirably suited to her part in the
new play and Madge decided that if
the play was a success she would play
her season in London and a farewell
in New York, then retire from the
stage.[From the Chicago News.]
Procrastination is the thief of a good
Don't try to do a man who has a mania
for getting even.
The chronic kicker is always looking for
something to boot.
Poetry is a matter of literature; prose
the corn bread and bacon.No, Alonzo, it isn't the best man at a
wedding who is roped in.
Somehow intellect doesn't seem to have
much to do with matrimony.An automobile that will consume hay
would cause the farmers to rejoice.
Before asking children questions in
a class, be sure you know the answers.
Many a politician with wheels thinks he
is the whole political machine.A man never realizes how fond he is
of brunettes until he meets a blonde.
A woman's idea of a good figure de-
pends on whether it is her own or a
rival's.

GONE

Gone with the wind and rains,
Slipp'd from old merrym's china,
Deep with the shadows bent
amidst the pictures, she ascended
Stairs that we lingered o'er,
Bills that once made us sore,
Yet were forced to buy,
Charges that made us sigh,
Gifts we could ill afford,
Cash paid for bed and board,
And our petty necessities,
Cash for our festive feeds,
Cash for a thousand things
Gone on the swiftest wings.Whither it flies, or faras,
Now that it's gone, who cares?
Now that it's gone, who cares?
Now that it's gone, who cares?

The Evening Chat

Laurels and Sanbonnet.
(By Dorothy Douglas.)Madge Lester had won her crown of
laurels with comparative ease. From
a slip of a country girl, playing in
amateur theatricals, she had ascended
to the heights of dramatic art. Not
only had she won the hearts of the
American people, but London, too, had
fallen, a ready victim, to her charm,
and she was still in a wholesome,
big-souled girl of the country.When Sir John Gilroy was present-
ed to her at the home of Lord Dan-
vers, at whose house a party was
given in her honor, he knew that
the one woman had entered his life.
The onslaught was sudden and com-
pelling. So great was the attrac-
tion that his male friends rallied
him that evening in the smoke room,
but Sir John only accepted the banter
with his slow, easy smile.During the fortnight following he
courted Madge with British determina-
tion. There was no outward demon-
stration of his purpose to win her for
his wife, but there was a glow
among the jolly house party that failed
to read Sir John's eyes when they re-
tired on Madge.Before accepting Lord Danvers's
invitation Madge had asked the privilege
of solitude for an hour or two a day
that she might study up her part for
the forthcoming production of her new
play."You see—I am a slave to my dear
public—even when on a holiday," she
had told her mother. "I must work when
you are all shooting grouse and land-
ing." Thus it happened that there were
many moments of the day when Sir
John Gilroy was not happy. He was
not keen on the art, but he was
fond of the slipping of precious hours
when she could have been at his side.
The time allotted him for courtship
was scant at best. He knew that the
more he talked to her, the more
fatigue that would assuredly preclude
him, at least temporarily from his
horizon.As for Madge, she felt almost sorry
that Sir John Gilroy had been drawn
upon that horizon at all. Her reason
told her that she could not be happy
as the mistress of a London mansion
and after a serious talk promised to do
the land would be her friend. Her
heart, in turn, seemed determined to
make her acknowledge that neither
could she be happy amid the apple
blossoms and simplicity of the country
were not Sir John beside her. He was
so detached from her ideals of life,
now that she had won a heavy laurel
crown, that she had only one desire
that was to retire from the footlights
to some quiet country spot and there
steep her soul in nature even as she
had steeped her life with artificial
modesty on the stage."I want a brood of kiddies brought
up under the scent of fruit blossoms
and having for toys a lamb, some
chickens, rabbits and even a wee pig-
gy," she had told him. "I want to
have been astonished at her refusal to
marry an eminent politician. "I think
I am still a farmer at heart," she
laughingly added.Perhaps it was because her char-
acter the new play was that of a
simple country girl that Madge spent
long hours in study of it, or it might
have been that cold reason told her
that in escaping Sir John she was for-
getting her heart against the world.
She knew by the look in his eyes that
he would ask her to marry him before
returning to the city.Even so, Madge found it difficult
to withstand the pleading when he
went forth his love for her with an
ardor that only a deeply affected man
possesses. She had not dreamed that
a reserved, easy-going Britisher could
fall so completely and so gloriously
in love. It quite took her breath away
and left her weaker than she had ant-
icipated."You know so little of me," she
said, when finally her heart yielded
to his pleading. "I am deeply con-
vinced by your love, but feel that our
paths are so different; they are so widely
separated that it would be difficult to
get the best out of life under those
conditions."Without knowing it, Madge eyed
slightly toward him. His arms went
swiftly about her and his lips cov-
ered her own before she could stir.
"I will give you another fortnight
to think over," he said, making an
effort to speak with control, while his
breath was coming jerkily. "You
will know then I love you."He let her go then, and Madge went
quickly to her room. Her cheeks were
deep scarlet and her wonderful eyes
were shining.
"I will have to wait a fortnight
to find out whether or not I love
him," she told herself, and laughed
weakly as she compared her emo-
tions now with her emotionless re-
ceptions of stage lovers.Madge did not, however, deceive
herself into the belief that she would
marry Sir John Gilroy. Her dreams
of a life in the country and away from
all cares of social activity were too
deeply rooted in her being. Her laurel
wreath and her standing in society
were as night when compared to the
old sunshiny days of her youth.Having returned to her apartment
in town Madge became entirely occu-
pied with her new production. She
had decided when she first saw her
part that the little trunk full of
clothes with which she had come to
Broadway from the country would
costume the role as no other clothes
would. The trunk was always with
her, it was the closest friend in the
house and a treasured possession.When Madge opened it to look over
its contents she had not realized that
a tumult of emotion would sweep over
her. The longing to get back to the
farm brought tears to her eyes,
and when she picked up the old pink
sunbonnet that had clung to her curly
head through rain and through shine
Madge wept softly into its faded
depths."No, no!" she told herself vehe-
mently. "I could not marry a titled
personage and tie myself down to con-
ventional life." She gasped for
at the pinnacles and her Sunday hat
with the pond lilies on it. They were
admirably suited to her part in the
new play and Madge decided that if
the play was a success she would play
her season in London and a farewell
in New York, then retire from the
stage.She pulled down her mantle of
purple hair, dressed it in rags, and
the pink sunbonnet on and her Sun-
day gingham and viewed herself in
the mirror. Madge laughed with de-
light. Assuredly she had gone back
to nature and she drew a deep
breath in imagination scenting the apple
blossoms.
So engrossed was she that she had not
heard the bell ring nor did she
know that her maid had admitted Sir
John Gilroy.She turned suddenly and looked
into his laughing eyes. He took both
of her hands in his own and sur-
veyed her. "I have known you when
you were a wee girl like that you
would never have been crowned by
theatrical laurels and I would never
have married a baronet. I would have
married you as you kept you out on
the farm with me.""You—not a baronet? How could
you help it?" Madge questioned the
while she realized that she must give
this man his way