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"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command, From minds the expert counsellors depart."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(Cont'd.)
 "Had the Egan's any children?" Alice asked, feeling rather ashamed of herself.
 "Good heavens, no! They'd only been married a short time when Tony was killed."
 "I thought you said a year or more."
 "Well, there could only have been one at that—and there wasn't even one," Lois replied decisively.
 Alice's hands tightened, and she was conscious that her heart had begun to beat rather fast. Surely, if Mrs. Egan had had a son, Lois—who seemed to know all about her—would have heard of it. Could it be possible that Philip had made the statement in the confusion of being discovered in such a queer attitude with Mrs. Egan? Alice closed her eyes, and saw it all over again—the woman kneeling, kissing his hand, and his raising her up with tender compassion. She had caught the look on Philip's face before he realized that she was there.

She began to ache with jealousy and the terrible sense of her helplessness to combat it.
 It was her own father who had widowed Carrie Egan. Another thing which had been kept from her, Christopher Smarke would have told her, no doubt, only it hadn't happened to occur to him to mention the name of Hugo's victim. Mrs. Egan herself must have known the identity of the girl Philip had been kind enough to marry. It was intolerable; life itself seemed to grow more impossible day by day. There was nobody to turn to—not even mummy. Alice's eyes filled with tears, and as she tried to dab them away without betraying herself, Lois Hemmerley sat up and stared at her in consternation.
 "Oh, Alice, have I said anything to make you unhappy? I didn't mean to."

"No—I was thinking of something else," Alice replied. "It's nothing, really."
 Lois edged over and snuggled against her skirts.
 "Please forgive me. You and Philip are such a matter-of-fact young couple. Sometimes I forget that you've

been married only a short time. Don't worry about Carrie Egan, dear—" "I'm not," Alice said. "Not in the way you think."
 Usually Alice accompanied Philip back to London on Mondays, but the next day she told him that she thought she would stay at the cottage, if he didn't object.
 He didn't object in the least. It was rather the reverse. He seemed pleased, almost relieved.
 "But won't you be lonely?" he asked, a little anxiously. The Hemmerleys were going, too.

Alice smiled and shook her head. "Well, take care of yourself," Ardeyne said.
 She waved farewell to the car that was taking them all away, and turned back to the empty house.
 She felt it was good to have the place to herself. Even Philip's presence would have been disturbing. If only she could force herself to stop caring so much for him. She had met other women whose sun did not rise and set with their husbands' comings and goings.
 "He wouldn't have married me if he hadn't cared for me," she assured herself time and again. Philip must have cared for her far and away beyond what most men care for the women they marry.
 While she was having her solitary dinner, and not enjoying it very much, the telephone bell rang.
 "The doctor wishes to speak to you, madam," said the parlormaid.
 Alice got up so hurriedly to answer the summons that she knocked over her chair.

When Philip Ardeyne waved goodbye to his young wife that Monday morning he had not the remotest idea that forces might be busy with the malicious intent of separating him from her indefinitely.
 His mind was full of plans for the week's work, and he was a little relieved that Alice preferred to stop down at The Rushes instead of coming back to town. He had so much to do that he would not have been able to devote any time to social activities. Already he was looking ahead to the next week-end, when perhaps he would have a little more liberty.
 But when he got to Harley Street he found that Dr. Townsend had already returned, having had as long a holiday as he cared to take. This meant an immediate relief from routine work.

The lecture, which was to have been delivered that Thursday, was postponed a couple of months, according to a note Ardeyne found on his desk with the morning's mail, the reason being that the summer clinics were not sufficiently well attended. Well, that was a relief, too. The young doctor felt that he needed to devote a little more time to that particular thesis, which happened to deal with hereditary insanity. Once or twice he had been tempted to throw a bombshell into the hard and fast doctrine of procreancy, and proclaim the complete freedom of the individual as against the general accepted slavery of atavism. He felt that in theory, at least, freedom was right, but could get no further than the unhappy conviction that it was no more than a theory.
 So, for the moment, the lecture was off his mind, as well as the deadly asylum routine, which always depressed him, and latterly had been approached with a distate amounting nearly to horror. His correspondence that morning approximated nothing, and there was only one appointment, which was early and finished with by eleven o'clock.

Ardeyne then settled down to the telephone and tried to get in touch with someone who could take Carrie Egan and her boy through to the Engadine and see them comfortably settled with the famous Swiss specialist. One man he tried was too busy and the second was just on the point of starting for Cornwall on his summer holiday with a wife and a family of young children. It seemed a pity to spoil that plan, and Ardeyne let him off, although sorely tempted to accept his reluctant consent.
 There seemed, however, to be nobody else, but if it came to that—thought Ardeyne, Carrie could manage quite all right with her trained nurse. It was just her fancy that she needed a doctor.
 He went around to the hotel about twelve and found that Max Egan, even since Saturday night, had taken a most alarming turn for the worse. Mrs. Egan was almost distracted and had called in a specialist, which was what she should have done in the first place. Ardeyne had a short consultation with him, and in the end they decided that poor little Max was strong enough to undertake the journey, but it would have to be in the most comfortable and luxurious conditions possible.

AND THE WINTER IS NOT TO COME



Ardeyne, as Mrs. Egan's friend, had to make all the arrangements. Apparently she possessed a bottomless purse, and the question of a special carriage all the way from Calais was a matter of no moment. Another nurse was engaged, a private ambulance ordered, and stacks of purchases made. Ardeyne saw to most of the details himself, for Mrs. Egan could scarcely be coaxed from the boy's bedside, confining her activities to the writing of cheques and initialing of various orders.
 It was nearly five o'clock before Philip realized that he had had no lunch and was in need of some refreshment. He came into Mrs. Egan's sitting-room and found her there, rim of a teacup and eyes over the rim.
 "Max is asleep and the nurse sent me away," she said plaintively.
 "You ought to get some rest yourself," he replied.
 He poured himself a cup of tea and ate several sandwiches, standing. She looked shrivelled and tired and old, so unlike the buoyant happy-go-lucky woman of other days. She must be very fond of that poor little boy, he thought.
 "Phil, you're not going to let me go all the way out there alone, are you?" she asked.
 He shook his head. "No, I shall go with you." He spoke as though that had been his intention from the first, but as a matter of fact it was a decision made on the spur of the moment. It was not merely a doctor she needed for that journey: it was a friend as well.
 She clenched her hands together in a gesture of passionate gratitude, and her big tired eyes overflowed.
 "Oh, Phil, how can I ever thank you enough? If you are with us, I shan't be afraid."
 "Poor Carrie! I wish I understood such faith."
 "But you won't let him die! I know you won't. There's something about you, Phil—I can't explain—one feels so safe when you're around."

This sentiment had also impelled Mrs. Carnay to engineer Alice's marriage. Mrs. Carnay, too, had felt that there was something very safe about Ardeyne.
 He went into the adjoining room where the boy lay sleeping. The breathing was quick and shallow, and every now and then a little moan of pain escaped the lad's unconscious lips. They had given him something to make him sleep. Ardeyne shook his head. How pitiful it was; how futile, he thought. Yet one must do whatever can be done. The famous air of Davos had worked miracles in some cases. If only they could get him there alive. But even then, there was so much against poor Max Egan—most of all, his mixed blood and his age, and very likely his upbringing. The lazy life of an indulged grandchild of a rich planter in the tropics did not make for stamina. As far as Ardeyne had been able to discover, Max's most strenuous exercise had been riding about the plantation with his grandfather. He hadn't even been allowed to swim, for fear of the sharks which infested that particular part of the coast and made it very dangerous.
 But he had done a great many things which European boys of 16, however precocious, scarcely dream of. His diet, as far as Ardeyne could gather from Mrs. Egan, had consisted chiefly of fruit, black coffee, and cigars. And just previous to this breakdown in health there had been a love affair, which Mrs. Egan touched upon very lightly in the dossier she gave the doctor.

(To be continued.)
 A smile may go far even without getting outside the home.
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Every Day.
 There are days when it seems easy to be happy and simple to be good; there are other days when sizes and sevens are the only numerals on the calendar. What is the difference? Is it in the conspiracy of fate and the combination of odds against us? Or is it in the disposition that we bring to the business of living, the acting of our part in the never-ending drama of courage and good cheer?
 To-day brings its own problems and flings them at us for solution, heeding not our protests that, like the unready child at school, we are not prepared. So often life seems to get the jump on us to a point a little in advance of our readiness to live it. Our duty confronts our courage at the lowest ebb; manifest destiny bars our track when our resolution is at its irreducible minimum. We cannot refer its instant demand to yesterday's performance or to the aural promise of tomorrow. Here and now we are responsible; decision is critical and imminent; the responsibility must be at once assumed, the choice immediately made.
 We look in the glass and know that the years are taking their inevitable toll; day unto day is writing its record, and what was said or done five minutes ago is irrevocable. But if the evil cannot be blotted out, neither can the good. To-day is forever offering a fresh chance after a false start. To-day has turned a page. Heavens open for a night; joy came in the morning. Not the fool's irrational exuberance of mirth, not the silly cackle of the witless, but the firm serenity of mind that holds its own and carries on with a smile that conveys a benison.
 For one day, by an effort, a slimmer might impersonate a saint, a weakling seem heroic, a poptroon masquerade as a plumed knight. But those who wear the borrowed robes of virtue grow weary of the guise and doff it soon. The followed leaders and the heard commanders—and the good soldiers of the rank and file as well—are they who do not spurt at the beginning of the march and lag midway, but continue steadfast to the end of the long journey of the days.

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Queer Trick.
 Ice cream was recently served in Labrador on board an American destroyer. The captain, hearing that there was a lobster in the vicinity, had a sudden hankering for something cold. He visited the berg and returned with a quantity of cracked ice. Presently the freezer was turning merrily, and there was ice cream on the bill of fare. If the captain should visit the jungles of Africa, would he hanker for hot lemonade?

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Effic
 THE STORAGE OF
 The successful vegetables, although often unattained, ch improper care or n tention may be giv harvesting, and a tained, yet it frequ through careless or the greater part of rot or injured by w
 In general, the n for the storage of m somewhat similar, y frost is essential, ye must not be high growth. From thir eight degrees, Fahr sidered as the extro tilation is necessary, the first week or so after harvest, all cl a certain amount of poration, or, as it is sweating. If an ad of air has not been moisture will condense places, thus making tions for the growt other forms of plant directly or indirec If, on the other han tilation is given du excessive evaporation with a consequent w tables. During col tilation must be so freezing. Light h as it is not only pron depreciates the kee qualities of the vege
 Broken, bruised o men should not be st ones, as they will in and, in so doing, ge will help spread in cause serious loss b
 The above, althoug general principles fo do not meet the req classes of vegetables kinds will not keep e the same conditions, common vegetables, as to their storage follows:
 Horse-radish, par are not injured by t be left in the fr spring. It is, howe possible to dig them ground during the w reason, other metho preferable. Of thea bly the most satisfi weather is about to are placed in a nea well-drained site a straw to a depth of 3. After the roots hav the straw should be or five inches of ear or the weight of crop on it, ventilation provided. In a bit roots are not likely they do, they will n late in the spring e earth set as an insu of vegetables may a cool cellar, if
 Potatoes, turnips, all require similar t. They may be satisfi well-drained pits, sufficiently heavy to Jury, but as a gene storage there is a w frost-proof cellar, may be kept in good packed in moist sa cellar or in any plac a temperature abov may be avoided.
 Cabbages, althoug a light freezing, are quality if harvested harvest. Dry air and very injurious, as ally. For this reason, is very satisfactory, are pulled, leaving the in a conical pile, with and covered with str the same manner as for parsnips. Whe weather occurs, an s of straw and earth sh late in the season a cages may also be s cool cellar.
 Squash and pump other vegetables in be stored in a dry temperature may go degrees. An attic or in the house is usual tory, providing the t not go below the fre
 Onions require mu dition as pumpkin and that the temperat comparatively low, ye Celery is probably of all vegetables to the entire winter. It an outside pit, but planted late in the sand, in a dark cool this as much of the possible is retained a set quite close toge the winter, the roo moist by carefully w from time to time, wet, rotting will so on to prevent moisture c leaves, adequate vent sary, but care must vent freezing, as oze well if it has been fro
 WINTER INJURY A VENTIC
 Winter Injury may