



"Talked love, argued love, urged love."

THE madly raging storm seemed to have selected Chalmers' studio as the spot on which to concentrate its violence. In ever increasing fury the wind whistled diabolically, shaking the window frame and driving the sleet and snow against the rattling pane, even forcing some beneath the eash, where it accumulated in chilly little mounds in the corners of the sills. Then shrieking as though in anger because the old casement had withstood its attack, it subsided into threatening mutterings before again trying a fierce onslaught. Margaret Eaton shuddered and left the chafing dish which she was superintending to pull the shade lower and the portiere closer.

"Goodness! What a night!" she exclaimed. "I just hate to think of the poor wretches who have to be out in this storm, but it accentuates our comfort and makes this little room seem splendidly cozy." Then, after a pause, "Now, Joe, the sherry, please."

Chalmers drew the cork and handed the bottle to her with a flourish. "Be sure to put in plenty, Margaret," he said. "Don't leave anything to the imagination."

She smiled reassuringly and poured in a generous supply.

"Lobster à la Newburg," she commented. "What prodigal expenditure!" Then, as she saw him proudly bear from his cupboard the crowning feature of the feast, she exclaimed, "AND SAUTERNE!"

It was long since, Mr. Chalmers, that in order to have bread and meat at one and the same time we either had to cut down the legitimate number of meals per day in each establishment or else combine our resources for a syndicate purchase and even at that we had not always the proverbial butter that goes with existence under such poverty-stricken circumstances. And, oh, Joe!" she continued, beaming upon him as if the good fortune were hers instead of his, "to think that for you such days are past! Remember how we used to speculate whether success would ever come to either of us? And now here it is in our corridor and actually knocking at your door. No more sneaking disappointments and hopes deferred for you! Then, breaking off abruptly, she commanded: "Here, you sinner, stop sampling those cakes; they're for dessert!"

"The teachings of my childhood forbid my doing other than finishing what I have already bitten," she returned, munching on the unsavory. "How near is that concoction ready, anyway? I feel my appetite growing. Does it always take so long to thicken or are you shy of flour?"

"Possess your soul in patience," she advised. "Just as soon as it bubbles it will be ready."

"My! But it smells good! The enjoyment of what money can buy has been made known by these years of deprivation."

Finishing himself cross-legged on the divan, he watched her furtively for a moment or two, then burst out with: "I believe you look more than usually pretty tonight. I wonder why?"

"It is because I am more than usually happy," she returned, calmly accepting the compliment. "I am happy in you, even if it does mean that I am deprived of my companion in work and struggle as well as my good friend and neighbor."

"It seems a pity that my great gain

Chalmers and a Model

to Jean Hill

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should mean only a loss to you, and yet, if you permit, it could be a gain to you also. Why, the first actual definable thought I had when things began to go my way, was that I was free to ask you to be my wife."

"You mustn't, Joe. It's impossible," she interrupted, hastily. "It would be an injustice to you for me to say yes, because I would have ambitions beyond prosaic home life. When a woman marries, her home should be her sphere."

"You shouldn't worry on that score if I don't," he said. "I'd try my best not to interfere with your independence, and goodness knows I'd help you all I could."

"Of course you would. I know that you'd do everything and be everything that a man could do and be; but there are other reasons purely selfish ones, ones that you can't control no matter how you try. I don't want to succeed because of any one's help, even though that one be very near and dear to me. Don't you see that now your name is made, to be associated with you means a lift, a start through influence rather than merit? If I am ever to become anything worth while, I must feel that it is entirely through my own efforts. Then," she continued in a voice which she strove to keep steady, "I have a horrible fear: it is that I should be so happy as your wife that I would be willing to settle down without a struggle to an ordinary peaceful existence. I don't want that to happen."

"I am anxious, in which he watched her gravely, realizing that the victory was simply a matter of time, but puzzled as to what course he should pursue.

"If, as Miss Eaton," she went on, taking a long breath and resuming full control of her voice, "I should succeed beyond the shadow of a doubt in winning a recognized place in the world, then my vain, selfish little soul might be satisfied and I might go to you quite content to settle down. If, on the other hand, as I fail, I should finally come to you and say: 'Here I am; I have failed in my first choice; I've no art, no resources, nothing but you to fall back on; take me,' it would be a poor compliment to you."

"When I am your second choice," he said, amusedly. "Well, I suppose there is some satisfaction in that. However," he added emphatically, "you are choosing in the dark. What do you know about the fulfillment of either love or art? You do not know the taste of satisfied ambition any more than you know the force of a man's love. You have simply slipped of each."

The primitive man in him longed to break the barrier of their simple good-fellowship and crush her in his strong arms, but he feared to risk all on the one throw, and the very reverence in which he held her made him dread the shock of her sudden awakening to the love he knew to be lying dormant in her soul.

"There is one thing," he went on, mastering himself with an effort, "that might put a very different aspect on the subject and cause you even now to change your mind and place love as first choice instead of art, and that is real love-making on my part. But there are serious reasons against such love-making."

As he progressed there was something in his voice which thrilled her, and she devoted herself assiduously to the task of stirring, with heightened color, she asked: "And what may they be, pray tell? I thought you had made love. You have certainly talked love, argued love, pleaded love, urged love."

"That's all right," he agreed, "but I have never actually made love. It is said, and I believe to be true, that a woman glories in being swept off her feet by masterful wooing, but in this case it would neither be fair nor for our mutual happiness. Reaction might come bringing reproaches and regrets over an interrupted career. No, you are right. If you come to me at all, it must be by voluntary yielding, and because love offers more to you than a career or anything else in the world."

"You say there are reasons," she ventured. "That, all summed up, is but one. What are the others?"

"None only," he replied, quietly, "but insurmountable. We are living comparatively free from convention in this student life of ours. You have trusted me as your friend and co-worker and as such are under my protection, thus barring me from the thoughtless and impulsive things taken by the ordinary man 'who comes a-wooing' to the family household. Barred, I must stay until you say the word which gives me the right."

For a moment she gazed thoughtfully beyond him as though into the future; then, suddenly gathering herself together, she added a piece of butter as a final touch to the dish she was preparing and said, lightly: "Goodness me, Joe! This lobster has been

done long since. Lobster and love! Who ever heard of such a ridiculous combination? How could one expect to be serious at such a time? Pull up your stool and let's not talk about it any more. I don't want a happy evening spoiled."

He smilingly acquiesced and drew his stool to the drawing-board, which, resting on the ledges of two easels and covered with a white cloth, served for a table. A Japanese screen cut off one corner of the room, hiding from view a washstand, trunk and a number of other useful articles, those unsightly and inartistic accessories of everyday life. An Oriental covering and a plentiful supply of cushions transformed the spot into a luxurious couch. Unfinished studies stood upon whatever could be made to hold them in various parts of the room. A few casts peeped out from unexpected places, and favorite prints adorned the cracked walls. It might have been any one of the many studios of struggling artists in that section of New York except that upon a low shelf which ran around the room stood finished work, already sold. Chalmers sat facing a strong bas-relief of a beautiful boy.

"That bas-relief of little 'Sam,'" he said, as he poured the wine, "brought me a pretty penny. Don't mind if I harp on my luck, Margaret. I am still pinching myself in the night to make sure it is no hallucination of the dark that the 'dandoliar' work and struggling are over."

"After to-morrow, when your quarters are changed, I guess you will realize things more. A suite of rooms—what grandeur! Who knows," she ventured, with a pensive look, "in a year you may be too proud to know your old friends, and forget all about poor little me."

"I would have been a thousand times more happy if it had been you who came out victorious first," he said, pressing designs on the cloth with the base of the salt cellar. "I wish you would let me pull you along with me to fame. You can appreciate every feeling you have in the matter. Success from your own efforts will be infinitely more satisfying. Of course," he continued, trying to catch her eye, "if it hadn't been for your artistic ambitions I would never have known you, so I bless the ambitions that made you float this way. I'd like to see you make your mark, out all the same I wish I were first choice," and he laughed ruefully.

"Now you're trespassing on forbidden ground," she cried, holding up a warning forefinger. "You brought it on yourself," he retorted, "evidently having to learn that it is well to let sleeping dogs lie. I'm only human, you know, and that foolish prophecy of yours about my forgetting you within a year led to the inevitable result. It was foolish, now, wasn't it?" He plucked her down, enjoying her discomfort.

"Well, then, I acknowledge it was my fault. Now, don't rub it in. But because I don't want your love-making, or rather love-talking," she corrected, "I'm saying I can't have been regretting your going away. Listen!" she broke off. "Did I hear a tap on the door, or was it the wind?"

"Imagination, I guess," he answered. "An unmistakable rapping brought him to his feet. He went to the door and opened it, letting in a draught of cold air from the hall. As his great hulking figure filled the doorway hiding the visitor from her view, she heard him say, 'Hello, Sam!' and knew that it was the original of the bas-relief."

"I see you received my message," Chalmers was talking to the boy. "But I'm afraid you've got it a bit twisted. It wasn't to-night I told you to come, son, but to-morrow. You come bright and early in the morning and we'll have a beautiful day to play. We'll go to the circus, and after that to dinner, and you shall choose what you please to eat."

Margaret strained her ears for the answer, but evidently Chalmers was having the conversation all his own way, as she could hear no sound of the boy's voice.

"Don't look so disappointed, lad," Chalmers went on in tones unfamiliar to her, tones strangely softened from the heavy, manly one habitual to him. "To-morrow will quickly come. I can't very well have you now, because I have company."

Persuasive words in the boy's behalf rose to the tip of her tongue, words that she knew Chalmers would heed, but a selfish contraction about her heart held them back. She, too, wanted no intruder on this their clink of coin as Chalmers bade the boy a

good night, which was echoed by a disappointed little voice from the door. As Chalmers closed the door and turned to join her, she finished the morning's work in the air during the interview; in some way it had lost flavor; her conscience chided her.

"Joe," she asked, in a troubled voice, "do you think we did wrong to let him go?" "I think not," he replied positively, but with looks belieing his words and tone. "You see, those little fellows are like rats; they are used to all kinds of weather. He didn't mind coming, and probably won't mind going."

Moved by a sudden impulse, Margaret jumped to her feet and hastened toward the door, intending to overtake the little model and bring him into the warmth and cheer of the studio. As she stepped into the hall she almost stumbled over a forlorn little half-clad heap of miserable childhood. He was sobbing quietly, and with an exclamation of pity she dropped to her knees beside him to wipe away the tears which had made tiny paths as they trickled down his grimy little face. As she put her arm about the child, she was horrified to find that his little blouse, which was his sole protection against the cold and storm, was wet through. She stooped to remove him, but Chalmers was too quick for her. Gathering the lad in his strong arms, he bore him to the couch, leaving her to close the door and follow after. Tenderly he bathed the little face and hands, and began to draw off the wet garments while she searched the cupboard for drapery and stray bits of clothing occasionally used by the models.

When the warm atmosphere of the studio had thawed his half-frozen hands and feet he drew a long breath and began his story in an apologetic voice.

"I just couldn't help comin' to-day, Mr. Chalmers. I got your message all right, an' I knowed you said to-morrow. It's like this, you see: While you was away, pop, he died, and that left me all alone, an' I didn't have nobody to look after me. While he was alive I always had enough to eat an' a place to sleep, but after he was gone things was different. He looked very weak and frail cuddled against Chalmers' gigantic figure."

"Work was slack," he continued, with gathering confidence, "most of the painters was away like you, an' the others didn't seem to want no boy models. Course I got little odd jobs to help out, an' tried sellin' papers, but the other kids had it in for me an' wouldn't give me a show. For the last two days I haven't had nothin' to eat 'cept the scraps I could pick up about the market when the cops didn't chase me out."

Margaret hastily searched the larder for substantial food, and when she returned with a cup of milk and a plate heaped with bread and butter, he was talking earnestly with Chalmers.

"Geel! Wasn't I glad when the janitor's kid hunted me up with your message! I sure thought I could hold out 'till to-morrow mornin'. But the more I thought about it, the hungrier I got, then all of a sudden I found I couldn't wait no longer, an' I chased myself through the rain to your place. It looked warm and smelled good in here when you opened the door."

He was now munching away, and seemed to grow stronger and stouter before their eyes. "But when you said 'no,'" he continued, expressively gesticulating with a slice of bread, "bing! the sun went down for me sure enough."

"Why didn't you ask me for something to eat?" asked Chalmers, huskily. "It was like this," replied the boy, "every time I came here to pose for you, you used to give me something to eat, an' you'd always say that you weren't hungry yourself, an' for me to eat a lot, an' lots o' times

that was a lie. I was afraid to say I was hungry to-night for fear you might give your supper to me an' not have nothin' to eat yourself."

Chalmers softly stroked the glossy black hair away from the boy's forehead and made no reply.

"I've been thinking ever since you sent me word to come," continued the wail, haltingly yet frankly, "how kind you always was to me, an' then while I was thinkin' about it I got to feel just like I felt when I didn't have nothin' to eat, only it was

streak of luck since I came back home, and when a streak of luck comes a fellow's way it ought to bring happiness to some other fellow, too, don't you think? I have no little boy and you have no father; we both need some one to love us. Do you think we could combine?"

For answer, Sam's little thin arms were flung about the neck of the artist.

There was something in the homelike little picture they presented that stirred hitherto undisturbed emotion in the girl's nature. The dormant maternal instinct was



"The dormant maternal instinct was awakened, and cried out for love at all cost."

awakened and cried out for love at all cost. "Joe," said Margaret, making no effort to stay the tremor in her voice, "do you think it quite good judgment to attempt to bring up a boy without a woman's influence? Because—because—if you really need me, a career doesn't seem quite so great and grand as it did a few moments ago."

Looking up, Chalmers found that in her face that made him silently unfold here and Sam, with the sure instinct of a child, crept to them, reaching for a hand of each

in a different place," putting his hand over his heart. "If you will just only let me stay by you as I can always see you, an' hear you talk, I'll work as hard—clean the place, wash your brushes, run errands, pose just as still as anything, an' lots of things—an' you needn't pay me a cent, an' I'll eat just as little as you think a feller of my size can get along on."

"Sam," answered Chalmers, as the boy paused with a gasp at the possibilities his imagination had conjured up, "I've had a

MORE FRENCH STIR OVER BIRTH RATE

Total Births for Past Year Under German Excess of Births.

DROP BEHIND IN EUROPE

BERTILLON SHOWS THAT 445 OF THE BEST KNOWN FAMILIES HAVE ONLY 575 CHILDREN—DISCUSS REMEDIES.

Paris, Sept. 4.—With striking unanimity the publicists of the Paris press this week have attacked the question of the depopulation of France. That is the word used—"depopulation." Though the number of inhabitants of the republic is not now actually decreasing, it is doing so at an alarming rate relatively to the population of Europe.

Louis Dumur shows that, while a

century ago, France had a population of 28,000,000 out of the 140,000,000 people included in the bounds of the six great powers, she now has only 39,000,000 out of their present population of 350,000,000. Her population thus, from 20 per cent of the total has fallen to 11 per cent and her relative importance by this numerical measure is reduced by almost half.

The case of France, he shows, is even worse considered in relation to Germany. In 1907 Germany had an excess of 882,000 births over deaths, while France had 20,000 less births than deaths. Last year, that is, to the reduction of mortality, the births in France exceeded the deaths by 44,000, but the total number of births in France did not equal Germany's net excess of births over deaths.

M. Levasseur, the eminent statistician, compiles for LeMartin, which has entered into a campaign of agitation, alarming tables, showing the position into which the country is falling. M. Leroy Beaulieu also is giving much time to the discussion of remedial measures.

Among such measures proposed are a reduction of taxes as the number of children increases, and bonuses for births, increasing with the number in the family.

It cannot be denied, however, that a certain number of French public men who regard themselves as particularly enlightened profess to view the situation with equanimity. They have no objection to sanitary measures looking toward a decrease of the death rate nor to the encouragement of naturalization, but they condemn the effort to increase the size of the French family. Quality first is their cry.

To the wall that the population is decreasing they reply that wealth is increasing, and with the mournful seeming figures cited in the first paragraph of this article they contrast the statistics which show that the country's wealth has been multiplied by 6 since 1825.

Still others, who hold both quantity and quality important, find the chief cause of dismay in the fact that

Club Stuns Society Women By No Hats on Dance Floor Order

Chicago, Sept. 4.—"Only ladies without hats will be permitted on the dance floor."

This little notice engraved on a card sent out with each invitation to a ball to be held at the South Shore Country club Wednesday evening, September 20, has been the innocent means of stirring up all sorts of indignation among society women.

The ball for which the invitations have just been issued will mark the opening of the handsome new ballroom of the club, and at the same time celebrate the third anniversary of the club's opening.

But, the accompanying warning against hats, fair society members think was entirely uncalled for.

"Who could be so ridiculous as to presume that any woman would attempt to wear a hat at a formal ball?" haughtily inquired the wife of one club member.

"I wonder if the writer of that card thought that we needed schooling in

ballroom etiquette?" was the sarcastic query of another.

Just what led to the issuance of the cards with the ball invitations is not known. Inquiry at the club failed to throw any light on the matter or bring forth any explanation.

"Have the ladies been in the habit of wearing hats on the dance floor at balls?" was asked.

"Not that I know of," replied a club official.

"Can you offer any explanation for the issuance of the notice?"

"None, except that it was desired to let the ladies know in advance that hats were not to be worn."

One club member offered an explanation, which, however, was not taken seriously. He said that a rumor had gained circulation that several society leaders had planned to introduce an innovation by wearing new 1900 fall models of a height that might endanger the overhead decorations contemplated, and that the cards had been sent out to forestall any efforts to carry out the plan.

clubs, who number 111, have 193 children; the notable business men, 23 in number, have 33 children; 94 who are artists, have 104 children, 133 who are men of letters have only 127 children, 33 statesmen have 54 children and 61 other persons of various distinction have 58 children. Sixty-five writers out of 158 are childless.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu calls on the country at large to imitate the example of the more primitive sections. He cites the Department of Finistère as a model.

"We have calculated," he says, "that if since 1871 all France had shown a birth rate and a death rate equal to that of Finistère the country would now have 58,000,000 instead of 39,

000,000 of population."

Objectors, however, point out that Finistère is exactly the most ignorant, drunken and benighted section of the country. From this fact the disputants draw varying morals. Obviously you may say that ignorance and depravity necessarily go hand in hand with a high birth rate, or you may say that the upper classes owe it to the future not to let the ignorant and depraved father have the most children. Whichever be right, it is evident that France is deeply stirred on the subject.

Mr. Crismoneau—I wish to gracious you'd take that bunch of hairpins out of your mouth when you're talking to me. I can't understand a single word you say.

Mrs. Crismoneau—There you go! You hate to see me have the least bit of pleasure!—Yonkers Statesman.

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