

The GIRL WHO HAD NO GOD

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
AUTHOR OF "K" "THE MAINTENANCE" ETC.
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BEAUTIFUL ELINOR KINGSTON AND HER FRIENDS
FACE EXPOSURE AND
SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES.

Synopsis—For years old Hilary Kingston lived with his daughter, Elinor, in a beautiful home on a hill in the suburban village of Woffingham. The neighbors knew nothing about the establishment, except that the father was quite wealthy, and the daughter very good looking and gentle. In reality Kingston was head of an anarchist band, composed of Huff, Boroday, Talbot and Lettbridge, that robbed the rich and gave to the poor and oppressed. One day Old Hilary was shot dead, and the course of life changed abruptly for his daughter.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

The routine never varied. Elinor unlocked the door to a winding staircase, which led to a basement room where the steel vault stood in its cement walls. The five went down, remaining shortly with the cash-boxes. The money was divided on the library table. It went by percentages. Elinor drew 20 that last year, each of the others 10—a total of 80 per cent. The 40 per cent remaining was divided, or sent as a whole, according to the sense of the meeting. Berlin got it all one year, for instance, to Boroday's disgust. Russia generally received a large proportion. The Chinese revolution; the defense of Berkhardt; who killed Ecker the postmaster; a shipment of guns and ammunition to Central America—thus it went.

Although they preferred only money, now and then the lot included jewels. By common consent such gems, stripped of their settings, were put aside for Elinor. They meant nothing to her. Had anyone told her that for several years her share had been greater in actual value than all the money that had fallen to her father she would not have believed it.

Four days or so after the annual meeting, the rector of Saint Jude's was always asked to dinner. And although the reverend gentleman would have been fishing in Canada, he never went until this function was over. For old Hilary, delecting his creed, respected the man. A certain percentage, then, of old Hilary's share went over the library table, after the dinner, to the rector.

"Use it where it will do the most good," he would say.

"The church organ—"

"Not a cent to the church organ. Buy the youngsters a playground, or—build a lying-in ward in the hospital."

Elinor's mother had died in childhood. The last check had been unusually generous. The rector, who had been smoking one of old Hilary's choice cigars, put it down and faced his host resolutely. It took courage.

"Mr. Kingston," he said, "the church needs men like you. Why be a Christian in the spirit and—avoid the letter?"

"But," Old Hilary rose and looked down at him. "I am like all gamblers. This annual check to your poor is the sop I throw to lack. That's all, sir."

And his tone closed the discussion. The word "gamblers" worried the rector. He thought over it on his way down the hill to the rectory. But his poor were very poor. He cashed the check the next day.

Elinor was in the library that sunny August day when they brought her Hilary to her. She had never seen death before, except on the streets of Mexico, and for a good many years he had been all she had—since her last governess in fact, had been her father, secreting the money and had been word-sourged from the house in tears. She fainted, and wrinkled Henriette told her on a couch.

Boroday, the Russian, had brought the body home, and now he stood, looking down at Elinor and stroking his English-cut beard.

"He expected it, Henriette," he said. "He thought it would have come sooner, in the Parker matter. I wonder—"

He glanced through the open door to the billiard room, where old Hilary's body lay on the table. He was motionless. He was Boroday, to wonder many things—whether, after all, old Hilary's daughter's spirit had gone out like a lamp, or if—

This white and carved thing in the best room, with stiffening hands and the gray derby at its feet, surely there was no mystery about it. This was not old Hilary: that was all. But where, then, was old Hilary? The old man, who had been raised within the pale and on all ancient faith, had had new lost his best friend, felt all the bitterness of his unbelief.

Elinor stirred.

"He will have to be buried," said Henriette. "The news has gone through the town. The assistant rector of the church has telephoned, and is on his way here now. What am I to do?"

"Let them bury him as they will," said Boroday. "What does it matter? He would himself have seen the humor of it."

Hilary Kingston had been shot during the daylight robbery of the Agrarian bank messenger. He was shot as an innocent bystander, and was referred to by the press as philanthropist and martyr. So much for years of caution and the annual gift to Saint Jude's.

As a matter of fact, the Agrarian affair was chicanery in several ways. It was too close a resemblance to a St. Louis matter of several years back, in which Boroday had come under suspicion.

On a Tuesday morning, the cash-bearer more than the bank cared to have about two hundred and ten thousand dollars was sent to the clearing house. Two clerks from the bank accompanied the messenger, who went by taxi.

There are two direct routes to the clearing house: one along one of the great avenues, the other through the newspaper district. Here, at ten-thirty in the morning, things are rather quiet, and except for wide beltways rollers of paper, there is little traffic.

The taxi went by this latter route. Opposite the Record office, where the presses stood, silent monsters waiting to leap, old Hilary Kingston was standing, hunched and waiting the gray derby that he affected. As the taxi bore down toward him he halted it.

"Taxi!" he called.

The taxi slowed down. Old Hilary, feeling it occupied, waved it off with his stick. But it had come to a full stop. There was an alleyway between the Record building, and now he saw a shipment of guns and ammunition to Central America—thus it went.

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tered the end of his ecclesiastical nose he was quite happy.

The assistant, Mr. Ward, whistled as he climbed the hill. As the hill was steep, this proved two things—his youth, and his lightness of heart. True, old Hilary Kingston was dead, and violently down to death. But to Mr. Ward death was but the gateway to a larger life; and only very sad in the young, who have not yet lived.

Mr. Ward was young, a broad-shouldered young man, with clear, honest, deep-set eyes, and a firm mouth. The people of Saint Jude's prophesied that the world would have of Mr. Ward. There was only one far to his progress: he had too much humor. It seemed to the people of Saint Jude's that religion is a serious thing, forgetting that good cheer is one of the things it must bring and it is religion.

Boroday met Ward in the hall. Old Hilary was upstairs by that time, lying in his great bed. All the doors and windows were open, and sunshine filled the rooms. Ward thought it an unusually sane house of mourning.

"I'm glad to see the sun," he said. "So many people close things up."

"Miss Kingston wished things undisturbed."

"I came to tell her—but I suppose she doesn't care to see anyone—the rector is away on a holiday. I'll wire him, of course."

Boroday led the way into the library, where the rector had to recently received his check. He turned and eyed Ward.

"Why bring the rector back?" he asked. "It is a little late for—the comforts of religion."

"Mr. Kingston gave us his check to the church. Whatever the church can do—"

"I rather think," said Boroday politely, "that he gave, not to the church, but to the poor."

"I'm much as to give unto one of the least of these," Ward replied and returned Boroday's gaze.

Elinor had pulled herself together. By the one standard that had ruled her she acted now—her father's wish.

Ward, brought face to face with her, found her unapproachable, calm, almost cold. Found her very lovely, too, and his content young eyes on her other than was wise. Her situation appealed to him. She seemed to be quite alone, save for the Russian with the beard.

"If I can do anything," he said, "wire to your relatives—anything of that sort—"

"I have no relatives. My mother died when I was born. I—I have a curious feeling that everything in my world has stopped—as though I'd reached the end of things."

It seemed to Mr. Ward that he should offer some of the comfort of his faith to this young girl who had died before him. But what? Rumors had come to him, of course.

"Death is only a tragedy when we think of it as an end and not as a beginning," he said. "It is always said, 'I hope you understand that I know how terrible all this is for you. But to have lived one's life, active and well and useful to the end, and then to depart, with the fullness of days, for new activities—somewhere else—"

Elinor shivered in the warm sunshine.

"You see," she said dreamily, "I do not believe those things. I should like to just now." Then, almost defiantly: "He was useful. You will never know the things he did that were helpful. But perhaps we would not agree on that either."

The Russian was walking up and down the hall, impassive, watchful. Under his stolid indifference, he was suffering tortures. A bullet from the automatic had gone through his left arm, grazing the bone. Luckily, the bullet was not in the wound. Henriette had bathed and cleansed it, but he was in agony. He was suffering pain, bereavement, defeat. His face expressed only decorous and conventional regret.

Now and then he glanced in at the library door, but generally he watched the road up the hill. As he had watched the Church ascending, so now at any time might come Law. He would be prepared.

He had grown a beard since the St. Louis matter. That would help. And he had waited to return and claim old Hilary's body, until the Record extra had announced his killing. Walking upland down the wide hall, his keen eyes were watching him by detail, over the day. Talbot and Lettbridge in the car had kept on. They had had changes of clothing in the machine. By now they should be at the street club and halfway around the links. The car, with its changed license plates, would be standing in the eminently respectable country club garage.

The Reverend Mr. Ward makes some interesting discoveries. His new associations with members of the robber gang are described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Use of Soy-Bean Oil.

Soy-bean oil has been studied with other oils in a series of experiments carried on by the office of home economics and found to compare favorably with the more common culinary table oils with respect to its thoroughness with which it is assimilated.

Maybe Both Are Right.

The unsuccessful man is always sure his poverty is the result of bad luck. The successful man is equally certain that his own success was due to his business judgment.

What Well Dressed Women Will Wear



Capes and Buttons Again.

If you like capes and buttons you may have them along with your new fall suit; that is, if you will practice some self-restraint. Buttons appear in small quantities not in regiments, as they did on suits for spring and about the widest of capes is that on the suit pictured here. Few models go to this length in capes and exceed this in the number of buttons.

Suits have been presented in a great variety of designs from those on the severest lines, without trimming, to more formal models enriched with embroidery. Manufacturers appear to be of one mind as to coats; they are longer than they have been, and such decorations as they still appear at the sides of the skirt portion. Nearly all of them have patch pockets

of some sort, but there are exceptions to this rule. Skirts are narrower than they were and the approved length is six to eight inches off the floor. They are rarely trimmed. Attention is centered on coats and they are embellished with braid, chain-stitching, embroidery, fur or fur fabrics that are good imitations of skins.

The suit pictured is of heavy gabardine and its parallel rows of buttons are joined by chain stitching. It has a wide belt which falls to make an effort to lessen the size of the waist but adds much to the set and style of the coat.

The new colors are quiet and plain cloths predominate. But mixtures appear in which a second inconspicuous color is hardly discovered in the goods until the suit is examined closely.



Something New in Blouses.

Into the smart company of chic blouses for fall something entirely new has made its entry. It was announced under an unassuming but misleading title as the "modern" blouse, but it should be rechristened for it looks the part of a princess' garb.

Whatever the source of its inspiration, the new garment is dainty and elegant and has much distinction. As shown in the picture it is made of ivory-white georgette crepe and embroidered with light rose color and blue silk.

It has many points of departure from current styles in blouses, but its sparring use of decorative features is just in keeping with the trend of fashions.

Its decoration of independence begins with its manner of fastening, for it buttons up the back with close-set, round crochet buttons. The back is extended into a long plenum terminating in pockets at each side and one at its apex by its absence at the front.

A very narrow belt, made of the crepe, buttons at one side and is ornamented with buttons set across the front. The sleeves are full with a narrow band of crepe headed with embroidery conforming them at the waist.

There is a little embroidery on each pocket and at the bottom of the front of the blouse.

The neck is round with a long tie of deep blue satin laced about

to the shoulders. The ends are crossed in the back and hang almost to the bottom of the blouse. They are weighted with a lot of dead fringe, like the satin in color.

Julia B. Mundy

Gingham Petticoat.

The gingham petticoat has suddenly risen to a position of prominence. There have always been gingham petticoats, of course, but they have been worn usually as a matter of economy. Now, however, the gingham petticoat is quite the thing to wear and it is made in the most attractive styles. Sometimes it is scalloped around the bottom, and perhaps trimmed with bandings or pipings of this in its prettiest fashion. It is usually made in stripes, checks or plaids, although there are some of plain blue or pink gingham that are trimmed with bandings or pipings of plaid or stripes cut on the bias.

Gingham Follies on Hats.

One of the new tricks of the milliners who make sport hats is to trim them with brightly-colored gingham flowers.

WOMAN NOW IN PERFECT HEALTH

What Came From Reading a Pinkham Advertisement.

Patterson, N. J.—"I thank you for the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies as they have made me well and healthy. Some time ago I felt so run down, had pains in my back and side, was very irregular, tired, nervous, had such bad dreams, did not feel like eating and had short breath. I read your advertisement in the newspapers and decided to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It worked from the first bottle, so I took a second and a third, also a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier, and now I am just as well as any other woman. I advise every woman, single or married, who is troubled with any of the above ailments, to try your wonderful Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier and I am sure they will help her to get rid of her troubles as they did me."—Mrs. ELSIE J. VAN DER SAND, 58 No. York St., Patterson, N. J.

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