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His Painting,
"The Peak"

By ANNE COVILL

TRAVERS' last memory of his sister was a slim gray form leaning against the white pillars of the porch. Her large eyes were still troubled and her fair face very sad. Viola's trouble was a mystery to him.

He had racked his brain to think of some reason for her change, and when he had a chance to take a brief vacation he thought of his old classmate, Jimmie Ladd, who had built a studio in the heart of the wilds and had not been seen by civilized man for several years. Old Jimmie, once a wizard among girls, would at least hazard a guess at Viola's preoccupation.

"What the deuce are you doing here?" gasped Jimmie when he gripped Travers' hand. "Anything happened? Everybody well and happy?" Travers met the honest scrutiny of those brilliant blue eyes. "All well," he smiled.

"And—Viola—your sister?" Ladd was bending to caress a beautiful colt.

"Very well, thanks. No need to ask you how you enjoy solitude—you're hard, thin, rugged—man, you've worked yourself to a bone."

"Work agrees with me. I'm very fit these days. There, Sheila, lassie, run away—scoot!" He clapped his hands and the animal leaped upon him playfully. Ladd suddenly lifted his head to show the eyes dulled with pain and the mobile lips grim and unsmiling. "Funny thing, this life we live—one who doesn't care a straw whether he stays on or not has to fight out his dreary round of days."

"Not you, Laddie!" Travers protested.

A smile crooked the painter's mouth. "I am a cheerful beggar these days. You first time I've seen you in years and I'm giving you an impression of perpetual blue Mondays. Forget it; come see my camp and have a bite to eat. Then I'll give you a private view of what I've been doing lately. Tomorrow you can hunt or fish; today is mine to gleat over you."

"Of course I knew you had captured the Wendell prize."

"Yes." "I had a room to yourself at the exhibition. I couldn't go, but Viola was there and bought one of your pictures."

"Yes?" "The Peak." There's something haunting about that picture, Laddie; so much snow, gray ice and such bleak distances. Then the jagged white peak rising stark, alone, with the north wind keen in its face, while the sheltered life of the valleys below moves on peacefully, not knowing the bitter storming of the peak."

"It's not a bad picture," said Ladd simply, as he refilled his pipe.

Travers scrutinized his friend's face. The old, happy carelessness had gone. The man had grown big and rugged, like the mountains which he painted; his erect carriage and the deep cadences of his voice made one think of vast distances, of snow covered journeys, long winter days amid ice and snow barriers always alone. Ladd had a way of suddenly withdrawing into a chill silence, aloof from the busy world he had discarded. Jimmie Ladd was frozen. Perhaps the story Travers had to tell of Viola fight out his dreary round of days.

But it was not until the evening meal was over that Ladd spoke Travers from a long, abstracted silence.

"Did you bring your troubles with you, Van?" he asked.

Travers nodded, his thin lips tightening about his pipe stem. "I brought them to you, hoping you might help. It isn't financial—that's always been all right." He hesitated. "It is my sister," he said at last.

"I believed her happy always. She married Chalmers."

"She has never married."

"What?" "Viola has never married, and she is always so sad, so unlike herself that I came to you to ask you what might be done. You know what I think of your wisdom."

"Wisdom?" ejaculated the other bitterly. "Why, Van, I am a fool."

"I thought you might have known some of the old crowd that she went with—you were among them. I want her to be happy," sighed Travers, "but I shall not force her confidence. Thanks for what you have said. She admires your work a lot—has kept track of you—has 'The Peak' in her room; said the other day it was like you, cold and inaccessible."

Ladd smiled bleakly. "Do you really believe she loves any man?"

Travers stared. "You, Laddie?"

Ladd nodded. "We were engaged—I thought her cold—we quarreled—I came here—thought she was to marry Chalmers. I painted 'The Peak' in her room; said the other day it was like you, cold and inaccessible."

"Do you really believe she loves any man?"

"Great Scott, man, and you are her inaccessible peak—twin peaks—twin idiots! Come back East with me tomorrow and see Viola—just catch her staring at your picture with her heart in her eyes—I mean her soul—and you'll believe me."

"I can't leave this place now," said the hermit painter, but his eyes flashed with old fire.

"Let your man keep it, then you and Viola can come back together and honeymoon here; nothing grander—you and Viola and Sheila—"

"And the real peak," ended Ladd with a happy grin.

ATTENDANCE RECORD OF
LAST YEAR STATE FAIR
IS EXPECTED TO FALL

DETROIT.—The largest attendance in the history of the Michigan State Fair is expected here September 2 to 8, with prospects pointing to nearly 400,000 people viewing the 79th annual exhibition. With this anticipated increase over last year, when 256,000 paid admissions to the grounds, despite the handicap of two rainy days, facilities for entering and leaving the grand stand have been enlarged two and one-half times, providing easier and more rapid access to the stands. The enlarged entertainment program this year is expected to aid in breaking last year's record.

During the evenings, in conjunction with 21 acts of vaudeville, the pageant and fireworks spectacle—"A Night In Bagdad" will hold the interest of the audience. This is the most impressive and complete presentation of oriental fantasy that has been shown to date in any state fair in the country.

A procession of hundreds of Bagdad's citizens in colorful dress will precede the illumination of the city, which is shown on a stage 500 feet long. Jeweled palaces, sparkling minarets and domes of the city will stand out in relief against mountains in the background. A special cast of actors and ballet dancers will participate in the ceremonies accompanying the pageant, which ends in a glorious burst of fireworks and enormous set pieces, punctuated by detonations from electrical bombs.

The growth of the state fair this year is reflected by the leasing to date of \$56,000 worth of space, compared with \$18,000 sold at the time last year. Many of the buildings at the Fair have been re-decorated and their lighting and ventilating greatly improved. The Main, Machinery, Electrical and Dairy Buildings will house a host of labor-saving devices reducing the housewife's daily chores.

Leading his famous military band of 100 musicians and soloists, Lieutenant-Commander John Philip Sousa, who marks his golden jubilee as a conductor this season, will open the fair with a sacred concert in the Coliseum on Sunday afternoon, September 2. In the evening he will give a patriotic program. Sousa will give two concerts daily during the fair.

Harness racing will be seen five afternoons from Monday to Friday inclusive, with an automobile race on Saturday afternoon featuring nationally famous race drivers.

The official premium list, official state, will be mailed to any one on request to the office at the Fair Grounds.

Ample auto parking space within the grounds will be provided for those driving to the Fair. General admission will be 25 c.

CHARLES HUTTON, WALLED
LAKE BARTONE, SINGS
AT DETROIT RECITAL

Charles E. Hutton, Walled Lake Bartone, participated in the recital held by pupils of E. O. Kennedy on Thursday night. Mr. Hutton has been a pupil of Mr. Kennedy for several years.

Mr. Hutton had the honor of sharing in the opening number, with Helen Kennedy Snyder, and of closing the program with a rendition of "When the King Went To War."

A number of Walled Lake residents attended the recital.

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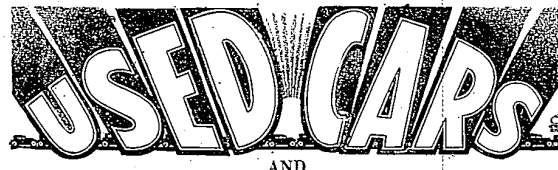
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