SERIAL STORY

The Girl of My Dreams

A Novelization of the Play by Wilbur D. Nesbit and Otto Heuerbach
Novelized By WILBUR D. NESBIT

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SYNOPSIS.

Harry Swifton is expecting a visit from his fiancee, Lucy Medders, a Quakeress whom he met in the country. His auto crashes into another machine containing a beautiful woman and a German count. The woman's hat is ruined and Harry escapes. His sister, Caroline, arrives at his home to play hostess. Socrates Primmer, cousin of Lucy's, arrives with a hat intended as a present for Lucy. Harry is trailed to his home by the Count and Mrs. Gen. Blazes, who demands her hat, a duplicate of which she says has been delivered at Harry's house. She is in great fear lest her husband hear of her escapade. Lucy Medders and her father arrive and the count is hidden in one room and Mrs. Blazes in another. Harry is forced to do some fancy lying to keep Lucy from discovering the presence of the woman. The milliner, Daphne Daffington, who proves to be an old flame of Harry's, arrives to trace the missing duplicate hat and more complications ensue. Daphne is hustled into the room occupied by the Count. The latter, with whom Daphne had flirted at one time, demands the return of a ring he had given her on that occasion. She tells him that she gave the ring to General Blazes. As the Count had also given Mrs. Blazes a duplicate of the ring he becomes somewhat excited. Daphne leaves the room and seeks refuge in the one occupied by Mrs. Blazes. Mr. Medder discovers the Count, who is introduced as Harry's German tutor. General Blazes arrives and accuses Harry of concealing his wife. Daphne steps out and the general is dumfounded. Lucy gives way to tears. The Count takes the blame for the whole affair upon himself, but the verdict is reserved until Harry can vindicate himself. General Blazes admits to Harry that he has flirted with Daphne, and Mrs. Blazes overhears the talk.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Isn't it a lovely evening?"

Then she began to sink gracefully upon the seat, when an even more ominous ripping sound was heard. Carolyn abandoned her project with due and proper suddenness, while Pigeon mopped his brow, and said, in flustered tones that he tried to make sound matter-of-course:

"I thought earlier today that we might have some rain."

He lifted his foot to rest it carelessly upon the bench, not caring to try to sit down any more, but with the movement came a terrific rip as though something had torn loose forever.

He dropped his foot and tried to whistle a popular air.

Carolyn looked the other way and became nervous.

"I can't do a thing with my hair tonight," she observed, lifting her arms to pat it into shape.

R-r-r-rip!

Her arms dropped to her sides, soldierwise.

"I think," Pigeon said, desperately, "that the evening is the most pleasant time of the day."

He sat down, in spite of the ripping that still sounded.

"Won't you be seated?" he asked politely.

Carolyn slowly, carefully allowed herself to sit beside him, and to her evident relief there was no further sound of ripping.

"Isn't it funny," Pigeon said, "how lonesome a fellow gets at this time of the evening if he is all alone?"

"Now, don't get sentimental," Carolyn said, tapping him playfully on the shoulder.

Simultaneously with her movement there was a sudden, short rip. She drew back in confusion.

"Is it wrong to get sentimental?" Pigeon asked, carelessly dropping his arm along the back of the seat and behind her, and at the same time hearing another vicious rip. He pulled his arm back as though his hand had encountered a pin.

"It's silly to be sentimental," Carolyn declared, without a motion of any sort. By this time she was afraid even to turn her eyes toward him.

"I'm silly, am I?" Pigeon asked, sulkily.

"I didn't say that," she answered.

"You did!"

"I didn't!"

"You did, and I can prove it!"

"I didn't, and I can prove it!"

Pigeon attempted to arise haughtily, but—r-r-r-rip!—and he sat down again.

"I suppose," he said to her, pettishly, "you think I can't do anything?"

"You can't!" she replied, pouting, for she was angry because of the ripping, and naturally wanted to vent her wrath on the nearest object, which in this instance happened to be the poor youth. "You can't. Doing nothing is the best thing you do."

"Boarding school wit!" Pigeon retorted. "Oh, well, there are plenty of other girls!"

"And don't you forget, Mister Williams," she snapped, with a heavy accent on the "Mister," "that there are plenty of other men!"

She brought out the word "men" with all the emphasis and meaning necessary to convey to him the idea that she regarded him as a boy.

Then she arose, utterly ignoring a terrific ripping noise, and strode into the house with the cold, heartless tread of a princess. But as she went up the steps, Pigeon, had he been watching, would have seen her clutching nervously at her skirt, while the ripping went merrily on.

Pigeon got up with an air of gloom, and grasped his belt in a tight clutch and marched off, his steps being timed by staccato rips, which he did not locate as coming from the room wherein was Mrs. Blazes.

And in that room Mrs. Blazes was feverishly tearing and tying strips of sheets, and towels, and table covers, together, all unconscious that in her strenuous efforts to effect her escape she was creating the first bump upon the pathway of a young love—but then love, as Mr. Shakespeare observed long long ago, never did run smooth.

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. Blazes opened her window silently, and lowered to the ground a rope that was fearfully and wonderfully made. She had used everything and anything, from pillow slips to the cords of the portieres. She had enough rope to let her out of a sixty-story building, instead of from a window a scant twelve feet from the ground. The end of the rope she tied to a table near the window. Then she looked down anxiously.

"It is dangerous," she sighed.

The Count wandered into view. He was growing weary of waiting for the hat. At sight of the rope he brightened up.

"Jump oud," he suggested.

"Silly!" she said; "I've got to climb down. Steady the rope."

He took hold of the lower end and straightened the rope against the building.

"But how in the world am I to climb down?" she demanded.

"Led yourselluf oud slow, und den slide for life," he told her.

Their argument grew more intense. She was afraid to trust herself to the frail means of reaching the earth, and he was insistent that she should come down at once. In the midst of their talk the front door opened. Mrs. Blazes heard the sound and darted back from the window, taking the rope in with her so swiftly that she left the Count standing with his hands in the air.

Amos Medders came slowly down the steps, looking intently at the Count, whom he could not recognize in the dark. The Count had not heard him coming and could not understand why Mrs. Blazes had pulled the rope in so suddenly.

Count von Fitz was dumbfounded when he was seized in a grip of iron and the cold tones of Medders came:

"What are thee doing, scoundrel?"

General Blazes came up the walk at that instant. He had his hat in his hand and was still laboring under excitement. When he saw Medders struggling with the Count he leaped into the fray and separated them.

"Isn't it a Lovely Evening?"

"What's happening?" he asked.

"Well, I am surprised," Medders said. "I thought this foolish little man here was a burglar."

"What foolish little man?" Blazes asked.

"This one they call a Count—this tutor. I thought he was trying to break into the house."

"Wouldn't be surprised if he was," Blazes asserted, vehemently. "Isn't your daughter in there? Isn't Harry's sister in there? These Counts will do anything to capture a girl with money."

"It-tss not so!" Count von Fitz sputtered, rubbing his neck.

"Verily, thee has a suspicious look," Medders said to him.

"It's a gan dood thing I happened along," Blazes observed.

"A what, friend?" Medders inquired curiously.

"A gam dood thing—doesn't count, you know when you cuss backwards."

"Verily," Medders said, "there be times when a man could cuss sidewise."

"Well," Blazes said, turning again to Count von Fitz, "it's a lucky thing for you there was nothing in the report that you were with my wife today. I'm a jealous man. I'm desperate when I'm roused."

"Don't rouse!" the Count begged.

"Once," the General said, "I caught a man flirting with her. What did I do?"

"Vat did you do?" the Count asked, weakly.

"They buried his hat," the General said. "Just his hat! Just—this—hat!"

"Chust his hat!" the Count echoed. Mentally he wondered if it had been a yellow hat with red popples.

"Thou art a man of wrath, General," Medders said. "Once I grew angry at a man—in my youthful days."

"And what did you do to him, man of peace?" asked the General, laughing, while the Count listened nervously.

"In those days," Medders said, "I was vain of my strength and given to yielding to my angry passions. I went unto this man, and I seized him thus—"

Before the Count could dodge, Medders held him as though in a vise.

"And I said unto him: 'Thou condemned wretch, dost thou not know it is unwise so to conduct thyself in our midst?' And I smote him thus, and I shook him thus"—illustrating upon the helpless Count—"and then I said unto him that if he offended me again I should smite him full sore."

"Please," begged the Count, "please don'd remember anything else!"

"I beg thy pardon," Medders said, contritely. "I did forget myself."

"Come in out of the night air, gentlemen," suggested Harry, who came to the door just then. The trio, smiling over the unconscious way in which Medders had shaken the Count, started in, when a messenger boy arrived.

He carried a large hat box. The Count tried to intercept him, but Harry was as anxious as the Count to get that hat.

She turned it out quick enough," Harry murmured to himself, paying the boy the seventy-five dollars that was called for on delivery. When the boy had left, Harry chanced to look at the address and read:

"Count Herman von Fitz. Why, this hat isn't for me, after all."

"No," the Count said. "I ordered it, but it isn't for me."

Medders turned and said:

"Is there some mistake, Harry?"

Harry looked at the Count, but that gentleman was pretty well satisfied with the situation and made no move to correct matters.

"No, there isn't any mistake," Harry said.

"Did I understand aright," Medders asked, "that thee are paying seventy-five dollars for that hat?"

"I did—without taking chloroform, too," Harry ruefully asknowledged.

"Some hats are worth that much," the Count remarked.

"Sure!" loomed the General. "My wife often spends more than that for a hat."

"Is it for thy sister, Harry?" Medders asked, casually.

"I don't know if it will fit her," Harry answered, non-committally.

"Wouldst thee let us see it?" Medders asked. "Truly, a hat worth that much must be a wonderful thing."

Here the Count nervously interposed, afraid that the General would become aroused if he saw the hat.

"No, no. Der night air might spoil it!"

"I confess I am curious to see it," Medders said. "Ah, what forms the vanity of women and the foolishness of men do take!"

From the house came the lank form of Socrates Primmer. In his hand he carried the hatbox which all day he had been endeavoring to open in the presence of Lucy.

"What is the trouble?" he asked.

"No trouble at all—until you came," Harry replied, drily.

"Harry has simply been doing what I have often done," General Blazes explained. "He has bought a hat."

Primmer glanced at the hat box Harry held, and then looked at his own.

"This then, is for his wife?" he inquired, sadly.

"What?" the General said, misunderstanding Primmer. "Another man buy a hat for my wife? How dare you!"

Primmer shrank away from him.

"Nay," Medders soothed. "The hat Harry has is for his sister, Carolyn."

"No," Harry corrected him, fearing some further complication. "The fact is, I was going to give the hat to Lucy—with your permission, Mr. Medders. But I didn't like to ask your permission before all the others here."

"Bully for you, Harry!" the General beamed. "You couldn't do a finer thing."

Primmer lapsed into a fit of dejection.

"Alas!" he sobbed. "Homer was right when he said:

"Alas, faint hope I leaned upon!
Alas, thou ror art dead and gone!"

"Cheer him up!" General Blazes suggested. "Let him see your present for Lucy."

"I, too, have a present for Lucy," Primmer said.

"Thee hast?" Medders asked. "What is it, Socrates?"

"A hat," Primmer announced.

Harry leaped to a conclusion. Instantly he coupled Primmer with the mysterious man who had bought the duplicate hat at Mlle. Daphne's.

"Let's see it," he said.

He opened Primmer's hat box, and one glance was enough to confirm his suspicion. He dropped the lid quickly, took the box from Primmer's unresisting hold, and said:

"I'll take your hat to Lucy. She'll be—"

"No. I shall present it to her myself," Primmer declared, taking the box from Harry.

"All right," Harry said. "Don't let any one profane that hat by seeing it until it gets to the one for whom it is intended. And neither will I with mine. You won't let any one see it?"

"Surely not," Primmer agreed.

"All right. That's a sacred compact. Let's all go in now."

And as, he ushered them into the house Harry said things to himself because of his foolishness in paying seventy-five dollars for a hat when the duplicate was in the house all the time.

"And," he growled, "I've still got one coming from Daphne!"

"What did thee say?" Medders asked, as they went into the reception room.

"I was saying that I hoped no one was coming this evening to break up our quiet little party."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

That which is unjust can really profit no one; that which is just can really harm no one.—Henry George.

PREPARING FOR GREATEST FAIR

MICHIGAN STATE FAIR THIS YEAR WILL ECLIPSE ANYTHING EVER ATTEMPTED.

TO BE GREATER THAN EVER.

Preparations for Big Event Going Forward on Gigantic Scale—It is 72 Years Since First State Fair Was Held.

"Greater and grander than ever before."

This is the slogan that has been adopted by the Michigan State Fair management for the sixty-second annual exhibition to be held on the magnificent grounds of the Michigan State Agricultural Society at Detroit, September 18 to 27, 1911, and if excellence, diversity, quality and quantity of exhibits, and entertainment features that are new, novel and startling, suited to all tastes and requirements, can bring out the crowds, there will be no doubt about the attendance.

A Street Leading to the Grand Stand at the State Fair.

A Permanent Institution.

The Michigan State Fair has become a permanent institution, located on a magnificent site, comprising 186 acres just outside the limits of the beautiful city of Detroit, amply sewered, watered and lighted, and easily accessible by the superb D. U. R. electric railway system, and by the Grand Trunk steam railroad.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended on grounds and buildings with a view to permanency, and each year some substantial structure or structures are added to the group as a whole, to meet the growing requirements of a great agricultural, horticultural, educational and industrial exposition, wherein can be displayed the products of the farms and factories of a great state—or of several states.

Last year the society erected, at an expense of $50,000, a building for the display of automobiles and accessories, that is 125x320 feet. For the coming fair every inch of the 34,000 square feet on the ground floor will be occupied by automobile manufacturers with the latest designs of machines, including many 1912 models, while the second floor will be occupied by manufacturers of auto accessories, electrical appliances, etc.

There is every prospect that the coming State Fair will in every respect, and by far, eclipse any event of like character ever held in Michigan, if not any state in the union. To have the reputation of holding the greatest fair in the United States has been the goal of the management, and President Thomas E. Newton is fully satisfied that this ambition will be reached in 1911.

Judging Cattle at the Michigan State Fair.

A force of men has been at work on the grounds for weeks cleaning, sodding, mowing, trimming the shrubs and trees, and setting out beds of flowers, and by September everything will be in full bloom and the grounds a delight to the eye and an ideal rest spot for tired visitors.

The 20 per cent increase in premiums offered by the fair management this year to exhibitors in the live stock, agricultural and horticultural departments has evidently greatly stimulated interest in these departments, as inquiries for space already greatly exceed any former year.

Has Been Some Changes.

The seventy-two years that have intervened since the first "State Fair" was held have seen Michigan develop from a wilderness into one of the greatest agricultural and industrial states in the union, and Detroit grow from a trading post to the metropolis of the state. In this period the "State Fair" has been through bankruptcy several times. There have been years when no fair was held, and it has camped in many places, but not until the public spirited citizens of Detroit gave it a permanent home, assumed its debts and provided funds for its sustenance and maintenance was it ever really a success, and this is said with all praise for the men who labored so faithfully these long years against great odds and adverse conditions to make it pay financially. They were not lacking in energy. They were simply confronted with conditions they could not overcome, all of which have been successfully met here.

The first State Fair of Michigan was held at Ann Arbor, October 1, 1839. Twenty head of animals, both cattle and sheep, the proud exhibits of Henry Raymond, a Grosse Ile farmer, and specimens of cheese and butter from a Mr. Tibbits, of Plymouth, constituted the first exhibition of the agricultural and horticultural fair of Michigan in that year. No preparation whatever had been made, no officers of the institution could be found, and not half a dozen persons in Ann Arbor had heard that such a fair was to be held. There was no fair grounds designated; but on the appointed day the two exhibitors drove thirty miles to have the show, and put in an appearance on a vacant lot, commenced holding the State Fair and soon drew quite a respectable crowd. The good people of the village voted thanks to the exhibitors and the exhibitors themselves felt quite proud of that "State Fair."

On returning home, Raymond addressed the president of the society, the Hon. John Biddle, of Detroit, asking what had gone wrong, and why no officials of the association appeared at Ann Arbor. President Biddle politely and regretfully informed Farmer Raymond that the whole thing had entirely escaped his memory until the "day after the fair." And so the State Fair had its inception. Would that its founders might visit the fair of today.

Fair is Agricultural in Foundation and Purpose.

The Michigan State Fair is agricultural in foundation and in its purpose. It should always remain so. This is because it is an invaluable benefit to the farmer. The Detroit Journal in a recent issue said editorially:

"The Fair offers the place where the farmer can display his most meanly developed products. Perhaps a man has spent his life in some special line. Where shall he make known his success? Where shall it be made profitable to him? At the State Fair. Where shall he compare his success with that of others? Where shall he find whether he is leading or falling behind? Only at the State Fair.

"The agriculturalist sees new machinery at this annual exposition. He secures hints and information of all kinds. The country women, by visits to the fair and trips about the city return home with new ideas for home comforts. The family has the advantage of metropolitan shopping.

"These are the practical benefits. In addition the fair offers many farmers their greatest excursion trip. They can come at low rates to a city which has attractions for people of all the nation. They come not as mere tourists, but as important guests. During their week the fair is the most important thing in town."

THE SIX RULES.

This is a fast age, with a few slowdowns and many wrecks.

Although a graduate earns his sheepskin, he pays ten dollars to get it.

They are called divorce suits because nothing but a divorce seems to suit.

Suffragists believe that the world owes every man a living and every woman a vote.

In the school of experience every body pays his own tuition, and nobody ever graduates.

In school we learn the rule of three; in courtship the rule of two; in marriage the rule of one.

THAT AWFUL BACKACHE

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Morton's Gap, Kentucky.—"I suffered two years with female disorders, my health was very bad and I had a continual backache which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensations I could hardly bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and am enjoying good health. It is now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since. I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have the backache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may publish it."—Mrs. Ollie Woodall, Morton's Gap, Kentucky.

Backache is a symptom of organic weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

EASY.

Jessie—How does Sue manage to win so many guessing contests?

Joe—Her father is in charge of the local weather bureau, and she gets him to predict the result of the contest, and then she guesses the other way.

To Be a Good Cook.

"To be a good cook means the knowledge of all fruits, herbs, balms and spices; and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, savory in meats; it means carefulness, inventiveness, watchfulness, willingness and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers and the science of modern chemists; it means much testing and no wasting; it means English thoroughness, French art and Arabian hospitality; it means, withal, that you are to be perfectly and always ladies (loaf-givers), and you are to see that everybody has something nice to eat."—Ruskin.

His Way of Life.

"War is hell."

"You seem to believe that in times of peace one should prepare for war."

AT THE PARSONAGE.
Coffee Runs Riot No Longer.

"Wife and I had a serious time of it while we were coffee drinkers.

"She had gastritis, headaches, belching and would have periods of sickness, while I secured a daily headache that became chronic.

"We naturally sought relief by drugs without avail, for it is now plain enough that no drug will cure the diseases another drug (coffee) sets up, particularly, so long as the drug which causes the trouble is continued.

"Finally we thought we would try leaving off coffee and using Postum. I noticed that my headaches disappeared like magic, and my old 'trembly' nervousness left. One day wife said, 'Do you know my gastritis has gone?'

"One can hardly realize what Postum has done for us.

"Then we began to talk to others. Wife's father and mother were both coffee drinkers and sufferers. Their headaches left entirely a short time after they changed from coffee to Postum.

"I began to enquire among my parishioners and found to my astonishment that numbers of them use Postum in place of coffee. Many of the ministers who have visited our parsonage have become enthusiastic champions of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.