A 399181

THE COST

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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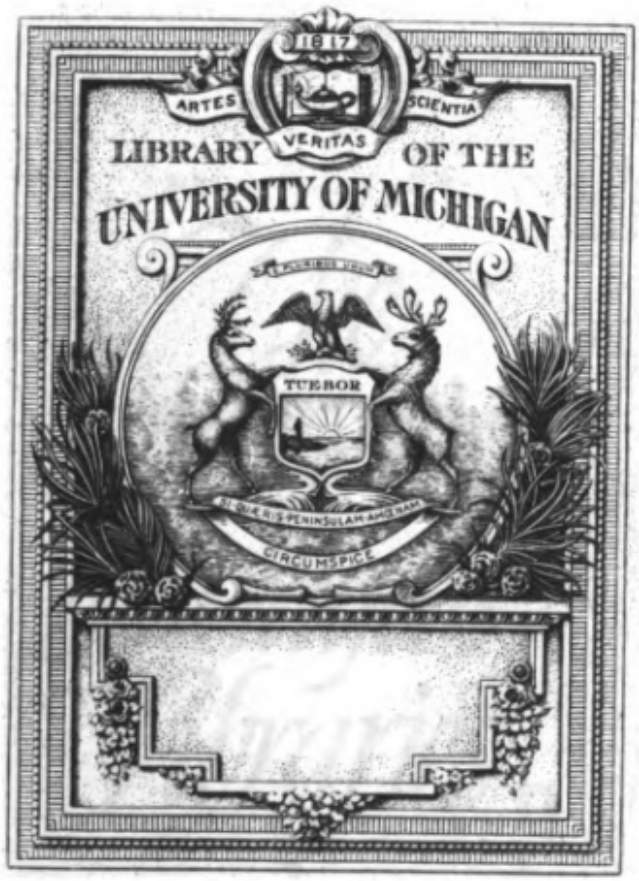

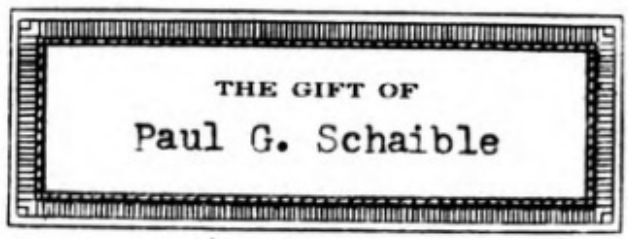

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"B[illegible]!" SAID PAULINE, "MAY I ASK WHOM IT'S FOR?"

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"SAUCY!" SAID JACLINE, "MAY I ASK WHOM IT'S FOR?"

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"BEAUTIFUL!" SAID PAULINE, "MAY I ASK WHOM IT'S FOR?"

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" ! " SAID CAITLIN, " MAY I ASK WHOM IT'S FOR ? "

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"YOU KNOW WHAT I'VE COME FOR, SIR, I WANT YOU TO GIVE ME A TRIAL"

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"BUT SUPPOSE ONE ISN'T AFTER ANY OF THOSE THINGS"

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"MRS. JOHN DUMONT," SHE SAID, "DOESN'T IT SOUND QUEER?"

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HE PLUNGED HIS ELBOWS FIERCELY UPON THE TABLE . . . AND BEGAN AGAIN

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"HEAR ME, YE IMMORTAL GODS!"

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"I SEE MY FINISH," HE GROANED

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"YOUR HUSBAND, ISN'T IT?"

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droned and prosed, she watched Gladys lay herself out to please the distinguished Mr. Scarborough, successful as a lawyer, famous as an orator, deferred to because of his influence with the rank and file of his party in the middle West.

Gladys had blue-black hair which she wore pulled out into a sort of halo about her small, delicate face. There were points of light in her dark irises, giving them the look of black quartz in the sunshine. She was not tall, but her figure was perfect, and she had her dresses fitted immediately to it. Her appeal was frankly to the senses, the edge taken from its audacity by its artistic effectiveness and by her ingenuous, almost innocent, expression.

Seeing Pauline looking at her, she tilted her head to a graceful angle and sent a radiant glance between two blossom-laden branches of the green and white bush that towered and spread in the center of the table. "Mr. Scarborough says," she called out, "character isn't a development, it's a disclosure. He thinks one is born a certain kind of person and that one's life simply either gives it a chance to show or fails to give it a chance. He says the boy isn't father to the man, but the

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GOOD TO LOOK AT, AND AS FRESH AS IF JUST FROM A BATH

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