

# THE STAGE



MARGARET ANGLIN, STARRING IN "THE ETERNAL FEMINE."

*From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.*

## THE HIT OF "THE SCHOOL GIRL."

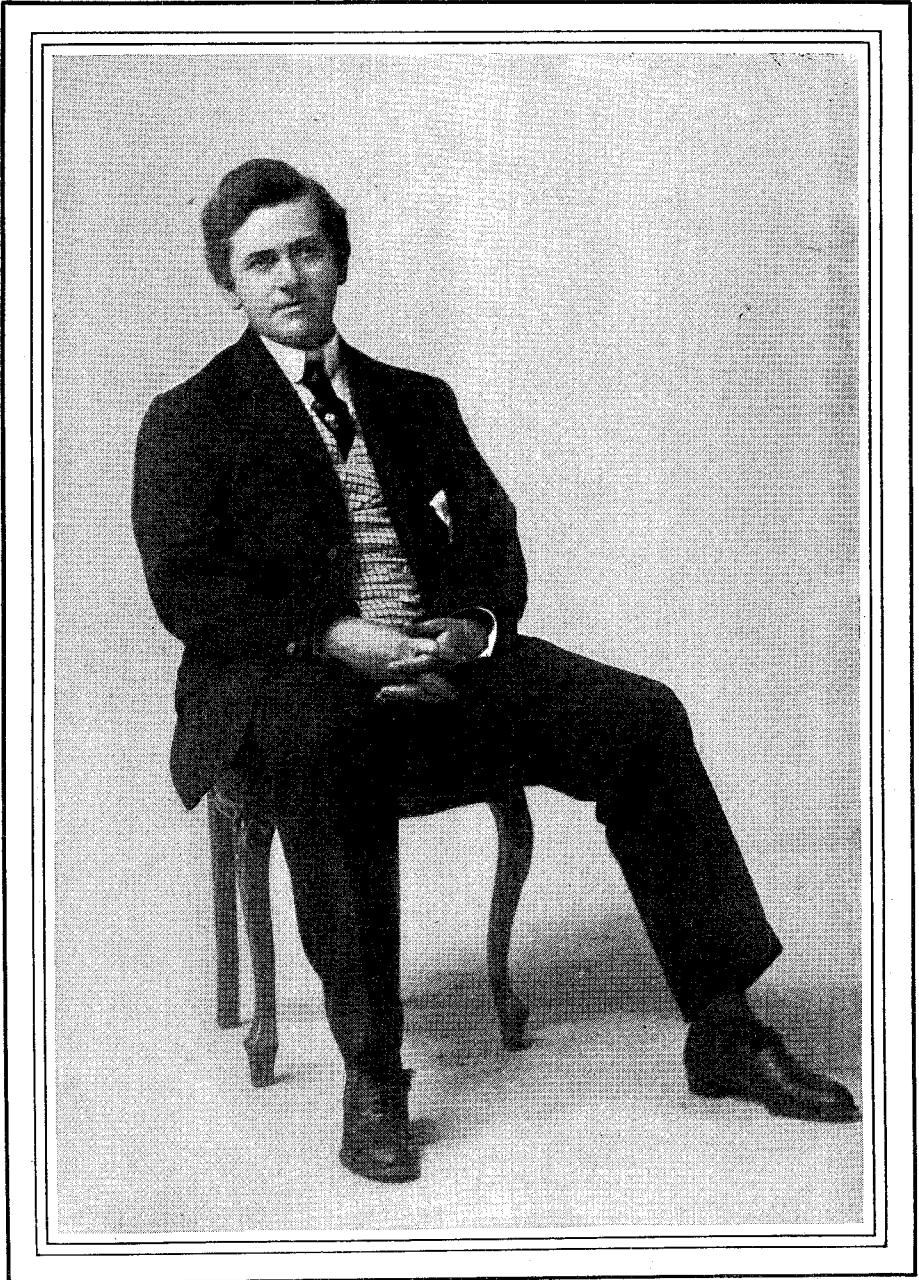
Amid the toppling of fresh ventures, treading fast on one another's heels, "The School Girl" has "caught on" in New York with no uncertain grip. This musical importation from England succeeds on the lines of simplicity. London knows how to put such pieces on the stage to a nicety. The music is always light, and so are the voices. Edna May has no singing voice, but since her long stay on the other side her speaking

tones have taken on the softness and sweetness of the English maidens, and she is more winsome in "The School Girl" than in anything since "The Belle of New York," which, after all, was more of a go in London than it ever was here.

But although Miss May is starred in "The School Girl," the real drawing card of the show is George Grossmith, Jr., lately in "The Orchid" at the London Gaiety. He also created *Archie* in the original production of "The Toreau-

dor." In that same piece the animal-trainer was done by Fred Wright, Jr., who is *General Marchmont* in "The

Girl," which has rather an odd history. Imported to England from "the States" for use in Edwardes' "Earl and the



DAVID WARFIELD, STARRING IN "THE MUSIC MASTER."

*From his latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.*

School Girl." The new comedy has another capital comedian in James Blakeley, son of a famous father in this line.

A taking feature of "The School Girl" is the song "My Cozy Corner

Girl" at the Adelphi, it has been brought back again now in a pretty adaptation for the use of Miss May and Mr. Gros-smith, with assistance from the chorus. Another of the daintily sweet and repeat-





FRITZI SCHEFF, STARRING IN "THE TWO ROSES."

*From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.*



EDNA MAY, STARRING IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL."

*From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.*

edly redemanded numbers in "The School Girl" is "My Little Canoe."

#### THE "DUKE'S" WINNERS.

John Drew has a winner at last, and never but once before did he need one

so badly as now, after the weak-kneed "Captain Dieppe" of last year. That other time was the autumn following "Richard Carvel," of awful memory, when, by an odd coincidence, it was Robert Marshall who pulled him out of





CAMILLE CLIFFORD, WHO WENT TO LONDON AS THE NEW YORK GIRL IN "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN," AND WHO REMAINED THERE AS ONE OF THE GIBSON GIRLS IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON."

*From a photograph by Armstrong, Boston.*

the slough of despond with his "Second in Command," just as he has done again with "The Duke of Killierankie."

It is a far cry from the *Major* of the one play to the *Duke* of the other, and in filling the two characters Mr. Drew has an opportunity that rarely comes to him nowadays for the display of versatility. It must be said, however, that the lowly-minded *Major* was more difficult of interpretation than the masterful *Duke*. This time, Mr. Drew may as well be content to let the laurels rest where most of the reviewers have bestowed them—on Ferdinand Gottschalk and Fanny Brough, as a sponging M. P. and the widow of a "glue king" respectively.

Both these players are of English birth. For some years Mr. Gottschalk was in the company of Amelia Bingham, where he created *Johnny Trotter*, who marries the widow in "The Climbers." One of his best-remembered characterizations was that of the hypochondriac *Tween-ways* at the old Lyceum in "The

Amazons," a rôle which has been likened to his present one with Drew. Last season he waded for a while miserably out of his depth in that luckless musical comedy, "Glittering Gloria."

Fanny Brough was here last year with Charles Hawtrey as the woman who gives the dinner party in "The Man from Blankley's." Previous to that she had made a great hit as the mother-in-law with Ellaine Terriss and Seymour Hicks in "My Daughter-in-Law."

Captain Marshall, author of "The Duke of Killierankie," is a retired officer who used to write plays for the entertainment of his fellow soldiers. His greatest previous success was "A Royal Family," in which Annie Russell starred. In his present work he seems to be following in



JULIUS STEGER, OF THE COMPANY AT LEW FIELDS' THEATER.

*From his latest photograph by Marceau, New York.*



BESSIE ABBOTT, THE AMERICAN SOPRANO, WHO HAS BEEN ENGAGED FOR THE OPÉRA COMIQUE, PARIS.

*From her latest photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.*

the footsteps of Barrie, and seeking freer scope for his fancy in the realm of the fantastic, although he calls his play merely a "farcical romance."

But whether it strains the probabilities a bit or not to conceive of an up-to-date duke in society abducting a young woman for whom he has the highest respect, most of it is very good fun. The dinner

scene of the second act, where the ladies say nasty things to each other, is delicious, and illustrates admirably the power of the pause. During the progress of this remarkable meal, whole minutes pass without a word being said, and yet the attention of the audience is kept tense with an expectation which the author never disappoints.

Margaret Dale, Mr. Drew's leading woman, was with him last season, and made her first New York appearance some years since with Henry Miller. After that she was for a time in the Empire stock.

#### CECILIA FALLS BACK ON CISSIE.

The world of difference between theory and practise was never more sharply illustrated than in "The Serio-Comic Governess." The piece was written expressly for Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theater by Israel Zangwill, and was designed as a starring vehicle for Cecilia Loftus, late leading woman with Sothern, and formerly Cissie Loftus, queen of imitators in the music-halls.

"Look you, Mr. Frohman," one can fancy Mr. Zangwill saying. "I'll give you a play with such a dual rôle for Miss Loftus as never was before, and in addition I'll furnish the chance for her to do her imitations and sing a song or two, without having it seem that either was lugged in by the heels. How can such a concatenation of attractions help winning 'em?"

But what is the result? A hodge-podge of dreary, pointless dialogue, an avalanche of atrocious puns, and a mess of situations that mean nothing and get nowhere.

Miss Loftus does all that it is possible to do with such material, and a great deal more than most could do. In her imitations she includes Ellen Terry, Mrs. Langtry, Ada Rehan, and Sarah Bernhardt. As she has not displayed this gift of hers—and an extraordinary one it is—for some years, it may be that this scene alone will carry the play.





MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL, STARRING IN SARDOU'S "SORCERESS."  
*From her latest photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.*





HELEN LOWELL AS MISS HAZY IN "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH."



HELEN LOWELL AS SHE APPEARS IN ACTUAL LIFE OFF THE STAGE.

*From photographs by Hall, New York.*

As so often happens with crude work, the "Governess" calls for a long cast, there being no fewer than twenty-eight

speaking parts. After Miss Loftus, Eva Vincent affords the most entertainment, as a *nouveau riche* dame of the English



CHARLES CARTER, WHO IS HIRAM BOGGS IN "COMMON SENSE BRACKET."



CHARLES CARTER, AS CY PRIME IN "THE OLD HOMESTEAD."

*From photographs by Stevens, Chicago.*





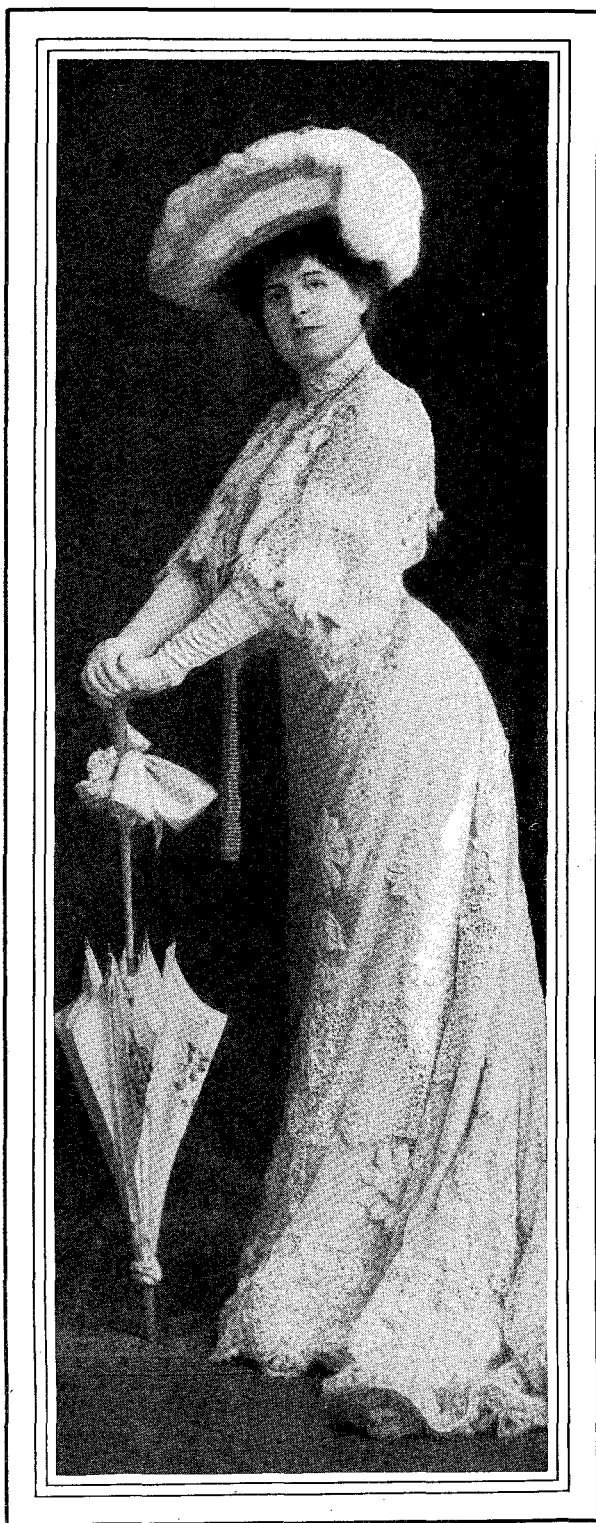
MADELEINE BESLEY, WHO FOLLOWED MABELLE GILMAN IN "THE MOCKING BIRD."

*From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.*

provinces. Last winter Miss Vincent was the red-headed stepmother with Maxine Elliott in "Her Own Way."

The rôle of *Eileen's* soldier lover fell

first to H. Reeves Smith, best remembered for his work with Ethel Barrymore in "Captain Jinks" but when the play was rewritten he became the bookish sweet-



ALICE FISCHER AS SHE APPEARS IN "PIFF, PAFF, POUF."

*From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.*

heart who finally wins the girl, thus passing from villain to hero in the same piece.

#### MERIT THE BELASCO MASCOT.

Another shot in the Belasco locker with which to keep up the fight—in which he is now the only man left—against the Syndicate! Warfield in "The Music Master" has achieved a hit comparable to those scored by Henrietta Crosman, last season, in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," and by Blanche Bates, the year before, in "The Darling of the Gods." Mrs. Carter, in her new tragedy, is yet to be heard from at the moment of writing.

This time it is sheer merit that wins, not the tinsel of scenery, the gewgaws of costume, or the trick of mechanical effect. Of plot there is only a shadow in Charles Klein's play; character-drawing dominates the stage. That the public appreciate this to the extent of crowded houses is one of the most hopeful signs of a not particularly cheering dramatic period.

And the outcome means more to the star than the mere scoring of a victory. In the part of the old musician he has shown that he can get away from the Hebrew rôles in which fame first came to him, and can fit himself to an entirely new part. He is not a mere lay figure on which playwrights may drape the figments of their fancy, even as the tailor measures a man for his next suit of clothes. David Warfield is happy now in believing that the public has forgotten his *Auctioneer*. He hopes that later on it will forget his *Music Master*, lost in admiration of his next proof of versatility. For in this line only lies the direction of the actor's growth.

Like Belasco, his manager, and Miss Bates, his fellow star under the Belasco ban-



ner, Warfield is a native of California. He came to New York in 1890 and made his first hit in "The Merry World"

Warfield's leading woman in "The Music Master," which is written by the man who made the book of "El Capitan"



DORIS KEANE, APPEARING IN "THE OTHER GIRL."

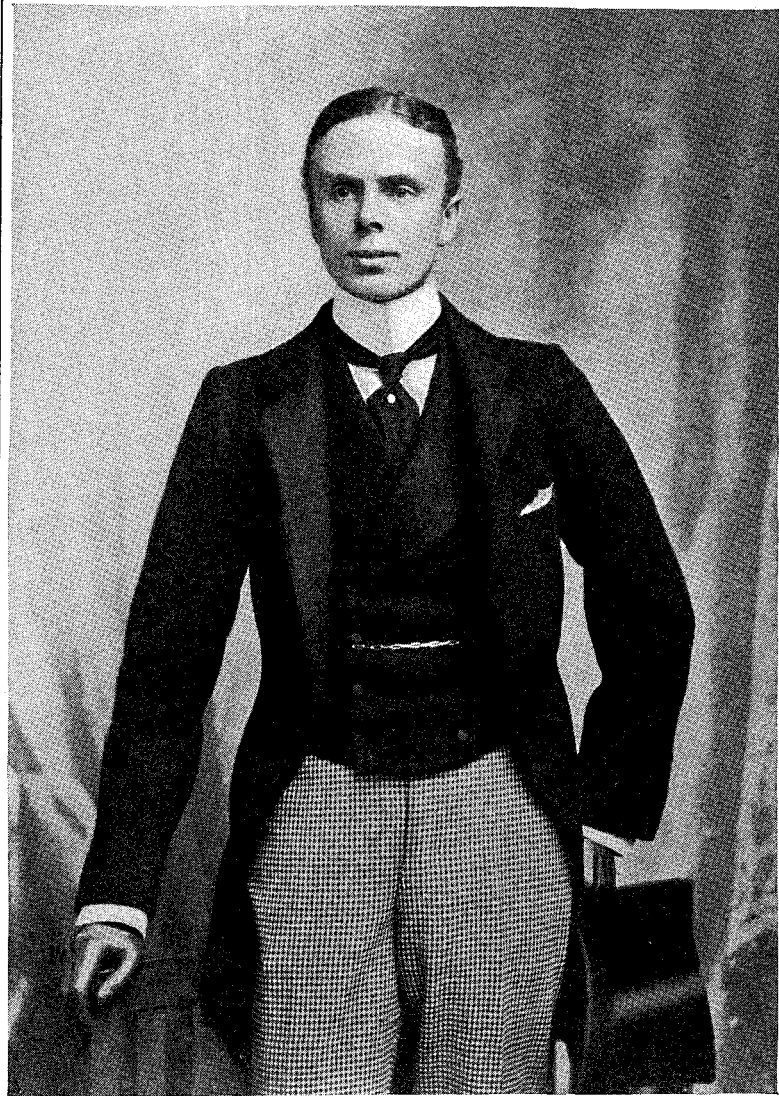
*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*

at the Casino. Later on he was one of the leaders in the fun at Weber & Fields', from which Mr. Belasco plucked him, three years ago, for "The Auctioneer."

for De Wolf Hopper, is Minnie Dupree, best remembered as the youngest daughter in "The Climbers." From "The Auctioneer" Warfield has brought with

him Marie Bates, the *Aunt Rosa* of "Zaza," who gives another of her careful studies in middle-class life as the landlady of the Houston Street lodging-house. The ingénue part falls to An-

hands. In his right was the pen; in his left, reclining and languid, nestled Bernhardt, around whom he modeled *Zoraya*, the Moorish woman. And it was through Bernhardt that Sardou gave us the in-



GEORGE GROSSMITH, JR., LEADING COMEDIAN IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL."

*From a photograph by Ellis & Walery, London.*

toinette Walker, who spoke the prologue of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs."

MRS. CAMPBELL'S "SORCERESS."

When Victorien Sardou, the magician, wrote "The Sorceress," he used both

furiated and passionate creature who embraced her Castilian lover on the cold steps of the Toledo cathedral, who received and gave the kiss of death. Bernhardt subtracted more from "The Sorceress" than Sardou spent in the build-



ing. Sardou admitted it. But if ever the great French dramatist sees Mrs. Patrick Campbell as *Zoraya*—a remote possibility, for it is said that Sardou hates England—he will know in the first act that the English woman has slipped through his fingers.

Only once in Mrs. Campbell's production of "The Sorceress" does she rise full-winged to the heights of a frenzied woman's fury—in her rage against the inquisition directed by *Cardinal Ximenes* in the fourth act. It is then, for a brief moment, that she hovers over her foes as if in defiance. But it is really exhaustion. She flutters through the last act like a wounded dove, and dies a cooing.

One has a gleam of Mrs. Campbell's love-making in the second act, when *Don Enriquez*, stirred to a sense of duty by the tolling of bells that remind him of his wedding day, makes excuses to be done with the false caresses of the dark *Zoraya*. She pleads with him to tarry yet a while, and breathes a tenderness that Guy Standing, as the gay Lothario, finds it difficult to escape.

Louis N. Parker, who adapted Sudermann's "Magda" for Mrs. Campbell, and did it well, does not seem to have been so successful in his translation of "The Sorceress." It is possible that Sardou and Mrs. Campbell suffer in turn because of it. More probable still, that they suffer together. Mr. Parker has lost the atmosphere and the charm that is present even in the very scenery.

Were it not for Mrs. Campbell's expressive back—a feature that is at one and the same time a physical culture exhibition and a dialogue—the emotional scenes in "The Sorceress" would have to be translated again into French.

There is no particular reason why one should take Mr. Standing seriously in this play. He has nothing to do, and does it admirably. Whenever he considers it important to assert his rights as a duplicity promoter, the sorceress talks him to a standstill and winds up by making him a fool in the eyes of the Spanish doughboys.

Frederick Perry's *Cardinal Ximenes* is an excellent bit of professional villainy, somewhat over-dressed. The rôle of the hag, played by Alice Butler, is rather good, Miss Butler's cackling laugh being of the sort that lifts old men out of their seats, and keeps them out.

Altogether "The Sorceress" needs a little more genius in the support and a rehearsal before Sardou.

Mrs. Campbell's previous visit to this country was made two seasons ago, when she opened at the Garden Theater in a dreary affair by "Dodo" Benson, called "Aunt Jeannie," which was speedily replaced by a morbid Sudermann concoction most inappropriately called "The Joy of Living." Her American début took place in Chicago late in 1901, in Sudermann's "Magda," which also served to introduce her to New Yorkers a fortnight later at the Republic Theater, now the Belasco. During this engagement she was seen in the drama which made her famous in a night, Pinero's favorite play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." The night in question fell on the 26th of May, 1893, at the London St. James' Theater. Later she created the part of *Dulcie*, done here by Viola Allen, in Henry Arthur Jones' "The Masqueraders."

Mrs. Campbell was born in London, her maiden name being Tanner. Her mother was an Italian, from whom she inherited so strong a taste for music that she nearly took up singing as a profession instead of the drama. She made a runaway match before she was eighteen, and in this way came by her Irish name.

#### MARLOWE, SOTHERN AND SHAKESPEARE.

When the stage offers us "Romeo and Juliet," like the Frenchman decorated with the medal of the Legion of Honor, we accept. There is no escape and 'tis dangerous to decline. Once a year, or thereabouts, we must go to Verona to view the tragic ending of Shakespeare's wondrous story in the tomb of the Capulets, to see the lover and the loved in that last embrace, to wonder if *Mercutio's* valiant shade made merry with the youthful twain when afterward they met in shadowland.

This year New York has Sothern for its *Romeo*, Marlowe for its *Juliet*, the two players—now making their first joint appearance—having been selected, as Charles Frohman puts it, "for the presentation of the plays of Shakespeare." If all attempts to present the plays of Shakespeare were as rational as this one appears to be, the prospect for the cultivation of American dramatic taste would be encouraging.

But the general tendency of the Sothern-Marlowe production is to exalt the actor, and not the author. In the great interest excited by these two American stars, all the splendor of the idea, all the intensity and tragedy and pathos of the

story, are forgotten, and there really happens just the reverse of what should happen. Shakespeare's *Juliet* becomes Julia Marlowe, and *Romeo* is melted into Sothorn. The transmutation is agreeable to those who witness it, but in the alchemy of the stage such a result is not considered a successful demonstration. Yet it is interesting, far more so than any similar experiment with the fusing and confusing elements that glow in the theatrical blast-furnace.

There is something wonderfully vital in Miss Marlowe's interpretation of *Juliet*. It is like the rising and setting of the sun, beginning with the morning when her love awakes, in the fourth scene of the first act, as *Romeo*, trembling lest his words be insufficient to convey his feeling, tells her to look upon the light. The simple and ingenuous girlishness depicted by Miss Marlowe is exquisite, and with the passing hour a full tide of understanding creeps into her face; the high noon of love that knows no barrier, of passion that has found its one desire, being reached in the balcony scene.

Then follows the afternoon, in which we see her in her chamber, doubting, fearing, hoping, and tearing her heart, while the grim misfortunes that blend with the name of Montague begin to cluster around her. It is but a step from this scene to the tomb, to the sunset of that day in Verona when the web of fate links together forever the quick and the dead.

When the night comes, Julia Marlowe has given us every shade of emotion, every phase of a woman's whole life, from the beginning to the end. It is splendid, but it is Julia Marlowe.

That Sothorn's *Romeo* is rather melancholy is true. But is there not some reason for this? No briefer joy has ever been given to lover than that experienced by the ill-fated *Romeo*. If he acts as *Hamlet*, he feels as *Hamlet*; the sadness of things is upon him from the very beginning. It is one thing to be a gay *Lothario* and another to be in love for love's sake. Shakespeare knew what he was about when he made death the referee in that conflict of hearts.

Yes, it is something to see Sothorn and Marlowe die on the steps of a stucco tomb, and something more delightful still to see them live and love in Verona.

G. Harrison Hunter is an excellent *Mercutio*, full of zest, bubbling with youth. His flirtation with fate, which he tempts and angers with his jestings, is

capital. It would have ruined *Mercutio* to let him live. His removal is an artful thing.

W. H. Crompton in the rôle of *Friar Laurence* lifts the veil that hangs between to-day and the sixteenth century, giving one a glimpse of long ago, filling the nostrils with the dank odors of old monasteries, bringing with him the tolling of sonorous bells, the flare of candles, the chant of invisible voices. His acting is a piece of true art.

Bless your dear old soul, Mrs. Sol Smith! How we enjoy that scene in the garden! Had *Juliet* put the management of her love affairs entirely in your hands, the *County Paris* might have been a cheerful guest at *Juliet's* wooden wedding rather than an uninvited corpse at the Capulet tomb!

Julia Marlowe deserted Shakespeare in 1897. She played it as well then as she does now, but American theatergoers do not care to see an actress in classical plays until she has first made a reputation with the conventional modern drama. Her first venture into this more commonplace field under syndicate auspices was with "Countess Valeska;" then came "Colinette," and in October, 1899, her big hit in Clyde Fitch's "Barbara Frietchie," followed by a still greater triumph with "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Then, like so many stars, she ran short of good material. "Queen Fiammetta," tested in Boston, never lived to reach New York, which received instead "The Cavalier," a mildly successful substitute. Last winter "Fools of Nature" fell by the Chicago waterside, and then Miss Marlowe gave up in disgust and waited calmly until the time came to fall back upon the Bard of Avon, who only spells failure for the ambitious novice.

Sothorn approached this goal of all truly ambitious players by slow and graded march. He started with the auctioneer's hammer in the farce "The Highest Bidder," passing on by way of the comedy environment of "Captain Lettarblair" and his mates into the romantic doings of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "An Enemy to the King," and so through the fantastic atmosphere of Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell" to "Hamlet." Last season he dallied with "The Proud Prince," written by Justin Huntly McCarthy, who also supplied him with "If I Were King," with which in 1901 he achieved one of his greatest hits.

W. H. Crompton was for a long time one of the reliables in the stock company



at the Empire, and to G. Harrison Hunter went most of the praise when Elsie de Wolfe attempted to star in Clyde Fitch's "Way of the World." Mrs. Sol Smith was with the late James A. Herne in his last play, "Sag Harbor," as the widow addicted to bringing up the past.

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WHEN "MISS HAZY" IS HELEN LOWELL.

"When I first read 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,' I said to myself that it ought to make a good play. I had great visions of just how I would play *Mrs. Wiggs*, and when Mr. Tyler, of Liebler & Company, sent for me and said he wanted me for *Miss Hazy*, I was terribly disappointed."

Thus Miss Helen Lowell, in a talk for MUNSEY'S.

"'But I want to play *Mrs. Wiggs*,' I told him. 'I have always wanted to play it.'

"'You can't,' replied Mr. Tyler; '*Mrs. Cooke* is going to play that. But let me assure you that *Miss Hazy* is almost as good a part.'

The manager spoke better than he realized. In the hands of Helen Lowell, *Miss Hazy* has proved the part of the piece. She gets most of the laughs from the public and the warmest praise from the critics.

And yet Miss Lowell has not made a specialty of character work, nor did nature cut her out to look the rôle of the pessimistic old maid, as her photograph on page 460 sufficiently demonstrates. She was born in New York, and her family were all quite removed from stage life. From her mother, however, she inherited a gift for singing, and when reverses came to the family Helen, then only twelve years old, sought and obtained a position in a small operatic company giving performances in Providence, where the Lowells were staying with relatives. She dared not tell them at home of her work, but got away at sundown on the plea of passing the night with friends.

One dread evening her aunt visited the theater, and discovered her niece in the chorus of "*Olivette*." The worthy lady at once went around to the stage door, and Miss Helen was marched home, where a family council was held over her. But the mother finally decided that the girl should have her way, and soon afterwards she secured an engagement as *Buttercup* in one of the juvenile "Pinafore" troupes. From this she passed into a D'Oyley Carte organi-

zation presenting "*Iolanthe*," and was *Fleta* in the same cast in which Richard Mansfield did the *Lord Chancellor*. On the sudden departure of the prima donna, Miss Lowell, venturing in where angels might fear to tread, sang *Iolanthe*. Her first dramatic venture was as *Dearest*, following Kathryn Kidder, in "*Little Lord Fauntleroy*," and later she was in many of the Hoyt farces.

Her success as *Miss Hazy* has put her in the center of the limelight that managers focus on the winners in the game.

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#### THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT OF SUCCESSFUL PLAYWRIGHTS.

There are discouragements in the path of the successful playwright as well as in that of his unacted brother. It must be very bitter to Henry Arthur Jones to realize that the public and the critics, or most of them, scorn his better work for the shoddy article. Last year his delicious "*Whitewashing of Julia*" had few to say a good word for it, and played to empty or deadhead-filled benches. This season his "*Joseph Entangled*" has brought success once more to Henry Miller, although manifestly weaker in construction and inferior in brilliancy of workmanship. Starting out with an original and most promising situation, the comedy meanders off into the commonplace, and ends lamely, indeed. Nevertheless, the reviewers praise it and the public applauds, simply because their sympathies are aroused in the right direction. Art doesn't count, nowadays, in judging plays. A man must write with one eye on his typewriter keyboard and the other on popular prejudices.

Another dramatist with a grievance is George Ade. His "*Sho-Gun*" contains some of the cleverest satirical work he has yet done, but the newspaper men have scored the show more severely than any Savage offering yet, because, they claim, it is miscast. They quarrel mostly with Charles E. Evans in the part of the chewing gum agent. The rôle was written for Frank Moulan, the amusing *Sultan* in "*Sulu*," but Moulan had a personal disagreement with Colonel Savage and is now *Little Mary*, the cook, in "*Humpty Dumpty*."

Evans was once a member of the team of Evans and Hoey, who made a fortune in "*A Parlor Match*," a piece whose last New York revival introduced Anna Held to American audiences. Of late years Evans has acted very little, having gone into theater ownership.

# THE ABBESS OF VLAYE.\*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN,

*Author of "A Gentleman of France" and "Count Hannibal."*

## XXIII (Continued).

FATHER BENET knocked on the door and turned to flee; but with an unexpected movement the abbess seized his wrist in her strong grasp. Though he stammered a remonstrance, and even resisted her weakly, she held him until the opening door surprised them. A grim-faced woman looked out on them.

"To see the countess," the abbess muttered. Then, to the priest as she released him, she continued: "I shall not be more than ten minutes, father. You will wait for me perhaps. Until then!"

She nodded to him after a careless, easy fashion, and the door closed on her. In the half light of the passage within, which only some faded tapestry and a stand of arms relieved from bareness, the woman who had admitted her faced her sourly.

"You have my lord's leave?" she said suspiciously.

"Should I be here without it?" the abbess retorted in her proudest manner. "Be speedy, and let me to her. My lord will not be best pleased if the priest be kept waiting."

"No great matter that," the woman muttered rebelliously; but having said it she led the visitor up the stairs, and ushered her without more into the well-remembered room. It was a spacious, pleasant chamber with a view of the garden, and beyond the garden of the widening valley spread far beneath.

The woman did not enter with her, but the gain was not much; for the abbess had no sooner crossed the threshold than she discovered a second gaoler. Perched on a stool just within the door, a young waiting-woman sat eying with something of pity and more of ill-humor the huddled form of her prisoner.

The little countess, indeed, was a pitiful sight. She lay crouching in the recess of the farther window, and hid her face upon the seat in the abandonment of grief and despair. Her loosened hair

flowed disheveled upon her neck and shoulders, and from minute to minute a dry painful sob—for she was not weeping—shook the poor child from head to foot.

After one keen glance, which took in every particular from the waiting-woman's expression to the attitude of the captive, the abbess nodded to the attendant, but for a moment did not speak.

"She takes it ill?" she muttered at length, under her breath.

The other slightly shrugged her shoulders.

"She has been like that since he left her," she whispered.

"I am here to mend that," the abbess rejoined, and she moved a short way into the room. But there she came to a stand; her eyes on a pile of laces and dainty fabrics arranged upon one of the seats of the nearer window. Her face underwent a sudden change; she seemed about to speak, but the words stuck in her throat. "Those are for her?" she said at last.

"Aye, but God knows how I am to get them on," the girl answered in a low tone. "She is such a baby! But there it is! Whatever she is now, she'll be mistress to-morrow, and I—I am loath to use force."

"I will contrive it" the abbess replied, a light in her averted eyes. "Do you leave us. Come back in a quarter of an hour, and if I have succeeded take no notice. Take no heed, do you hear?" she continued sternly, turning to the girl. "Let her be until she is sent for."

"I am only too glad to let her be."

"That is enough," the abbess rejoined. "You can go now. Already the time is short for what I have to do."

"You will find it too short, my lady, unless I am mistaken," the waiting-woman answered, but under her breath; and she went.

She was glad to escape, glad to get rid of the difficulty, and she went without suspicion. How the other came to be there, or where lay her interest in arraying this child for a marriage with her

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