

is getting where I can take a decent salary out of it; but somehow, I didn't think she would trust me enough. I've always had a hunch women were a selfish lot at heart; but somehow, after you and that kid—I guess I'll risk it!"

He slipped a case from his pocket and opened it to the woman's gaze.

"That's her—that's Nell," he explained.

Lydia stared hard at the pretty face—dimpled, coquettish, starry-eyed.

"She's been my girl ever since I used to draw her around in my little old express-wagon," he went on. "She's been used to luxury, and it 'll be some come-down for her to live on what I can give her; but maybe, after all—"

"It won't be any sacrifice," Miss Norton broke in with unexpected conviction.

He stood up and smiled down at her from his great height.

"Well, I guess I'll gamble on it," he said happily. "I'm going around to-night to ask her. We've just had a little scrap,"

he confided gaily; "but I bet it gets straightened out mighty quick!"

He moved toward the door with his lurching, seaman gait. With hand on the knob he turned back, his white teeth gleaming in the stronger light.

"Don't forget what I told you about those contracts," he instructed. "I shall need them on Monday."

As she heard him go whistling up the street to the bank, she sat motionless as a monument, her eyes fixed on the bills scattered in the wire basket. Finally tears blurred them from her sight. Pain such as she had never before known racked her; her throat seemed parched and burning. In her mind was no thought of the warm new coat or of the comforts that the increased salary would bring.

Hopelessly she dropped her head upon outspread arms.

"It was *him* I wanted, more than the money!" she said, repeating the words of Mamie Rogers.

JUNE

FLOATING on a willow pond,
You and I,
With a silver wishing moon,
Fairy-shy,
Sinking till it hung careening
On a surging hill near-by—
Oh, the wistfulness of June,
Oh, its mystery of meaning,
Lost soon, lost soon!

Floating on a willow pond,
We alone,
Out where water-lilies fair
Faintly shone,
Stars on softly shadowed waters,
Pearls upon a velvet zone—
Oh, the wonder of you there,
Sweetest of all beauty's daughters!
Oh, the ecstasy of June,
Lost soon, lost soon!

Floating on a willow pond,
You and I—
Time and wisdom seemed to swoon
Like the sky;
Hearts were tremulously burning,
Though our souls were soaring high.
Oh, the dreamfulness of June,
Oh, its purity of yearning,
Lost soon, lost soon!

Richard Butler Glaenzer

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CONSULTING CHEMIST



By William Faitoute Munn

ONE day a clean-cut, pleasant-looking man came into my office, introduced himself, and began chatting so intelligently upon various scientific subjects that I became interested in him at once. Suddenly he leaned toward me and said:

"Mr. Munn, I want you to find some means of melting metal by cooling it."

My interest increased, but my confidence grew less. There was no doubt that the man was in earnest. He stared at me in a most anxious manner.

I tried to explain to him that as a theory his idea was not without interest, but that, to my deep regret, I had not got thus far in chemistry. Then my curiosity got the better of me.

"I wish you would tell me why you are anxious to melt metal by cooling it," I pleaded.

The man's eyes glowed, and for the first time I noted that he was a trifle peculiar.

"There's millions in it!" he exclaimed.

"If I could melt metal by cooling it, there would be no noise, no danger of explosion, no fire, and"—here he paused, to impress me with the special importance of what he was saying—"no interruption by the police. Why, if I had something like that, there wouldn't be a safe in New York I couldn't get into! The biggest and toughest tumblers would melt like wax.

It's a great proposition. You're a chemist, and"—here he made a gesture embracing several hundred jars on my shelves—"with some of that stuff I am sure you could mix up just the thing to do it."

As quickly and quietly as possible I ushered him to the door and bade him a pleasant good night. Perhaps I should have had him arrested, or had his sanity tested. At any rate, he went away with a very poor impression of me.

"You must be a pretty punk chemist!" he said, as he went down the steps.

This little incident isn't much of a confession, except that it illustrates my contention that more cranks—or, in present-day vernacular, more "plain and fancy nuts"—visit chemists than any other group of professional men. A consulting chemist runs the gamut of absurdities. He is regarded by some as a magician; by others as a man who has taken up a trivial sort of business, and who charges exorbitant prices just for mixing up two or three powders or liquids.

The people who seek advice or aid from a consulting chemist go to the very extremes in their requests. There was a man in a New Jersey city who had begun the manufacture of a substitute for butter. He came to me in great distress.

"I cannot make this taste like butter," he complained. "I wish you would taste it and tell me what the matter is."