

The Cortlandts of Washington Square

Janet A. Fairbank



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SYNOPSIS

Ann found it impossible to obey this command. She wanted very much to see Avezzano—she was breathless at the thought of him below, waiting. She was all on fire with curiosity as to what he would do next, but at the same time she wanted to look her best when she confronted him, lest he should regret his amazing overtures. She ran to the glass and scrutinized her face; although she had only just begun to cry, her eyes were undoubtedly rather red. "I look even worse than I did in the train," she murmured discontentedly, as she poured water into her wash basin. The cold was delicious to her flushed face; no one would ever know she had been crying, she decided, when she looked in the mirror again, after prolonged applications. She lingered over her dresses, unable to decide which one she should put on; but she was determined that it should not be black, and finally she selected an apricot green tissue, which she had worn in the spring before she put on her mourning. In it she had a young and vermeil look that was undoubtedly charming. She had a heartening conviction of it, herself.

As she stole down the stairs she could hear alternately Mrs. Cortlandt's high voice and Avezzano's lower, more emotional tones. "What are they talking about?" Ann wondered, pausing midway on the steps. She thought that they seemed to be getting on very well without her, so when she went down the long library to greet the young Italian she assumed a little air of indifference. Avezzano sprang to his feet at her coming and regarded her with intent eyes. "You were more beautiful than ever, and his uniform was more splendid than the one he had worn on the field. Under his look she was inclined to be somewhat uncomfortable, and when he bent to kiss her hand she blushed visibly. It was impossible for her to accept this salutation easily, and she felt self-consciously that Mrs. Cortlandt's mischievous presence was not the place for an amorous interlude. She sent her lightning glance under her eyelashes, but even before Avezzano's head was lifted Ann could see that Mrs. Cortlandt had preserved an air of worldly complacency.

"Well," she thought unbidden, "I have to get used to it, if I am going to live in Italy."

After that they conversed. The three of them sat very upright in their chairs and went politely through the topics of the day. Ann was amazed at herself; she had not dreamed that she had such reserves of conventionalities. It seemed to her that hours passed before Avezzano rose smartly to his feet, bowed, planted a kiss first on the exact dimorphic back of Mrs. Cortlandt's hand, and then on hers, and prepared to take his departure. On his way to the door he paused, as though struck with a sudden thought.

"The ambassador from my country will be in this city on Wednesday. Would it, perhaps, prove amusing to you, signora, to meet him? If so I will arrange a little dinner at the Fifth Avenue hotel, where I am stopping for, it is possible, a fortnight."

"A fortnight," thought Ann, with a flashing grin. "He doesn't think I will take very long." However, an ambassador, that was something!

She rejoined the conversation to hear Mrs. Cortlandt accepting enthusiastically for herself, Ann and Fanny. "You are stopping at the hotel?" she continued. "You are, I have no doubt, comfortable there. We are very proud of the Fifth Avenue, but after all—'a hotel!' She shrugged her plump shoulders scornfully. "It would give me great pleasure if you would take dinner with us on Sunday. I am only sorry that Mr. Cortlandt is not here to make you welcome." Avezzano accepted with every symptom of decorous delight, and took his departure without more than a glance at Ann.

It was all entirely incomprehensible; had anyone except her guardian been involved, she would have thought the whole thing a gigantic hoax. Mrs. Cortlandt, however, was decidedly impressed.

"Whatever he sees in you, Ann, I cannot imagine," she confided to the girl. "He is a charming young man. Such beautiful manners! Such delightful breeding!" Without going into it further, Ann understood that Mrs. Cortlandt had been informed of Avezzano's intentions.

Fanny was greatly excited at the prospect of meeting a genuine Italian count, for, in the 'sixties, titles were a novelty in New York. She asked Ann a great many questions about him, to which that young woman replied, dryly, "Oh, he is just a man, Fanny, like other men—blackier, perhaps."

The Theodore Remeslyers came to the ceremonious mid-Sunday dinner, miraculously reconciled to Ann. Mrs. Remeslyer had not spoken to her since she had jilted Hendricks, and his father, on the one or two occasions when the girl had seen him, had been so filled with kindly embarrassment in her company, that she had minded it more than his wife's displeasure. She wondered what sort of a meal they would have, all together with Avezzano, and wished nervously that she might be excluded from it, as she had been in the rebellious days of her childhood. To her amazement, when Mrs. Remeslyer came in, just on the heels of the young Italian, she was full of a pleasing, if shallow, affection toward her; and her husband had returned gaily to his old lively comradship. It was as though nothing had

happened to discredit her with them. Mrs. Remeslyer had bought herself new dresses on abandoning her mourning, and she seemed, on this bright September afternoon, to have returned miraculously to her youth. She wore a filmy mauve frock, covered with frothy little ruffles of white lace, and a purple bonnet with pashes on the wide brim, which poked forward over her voluptuous face. Her waist was perhaps a little thicker and her cheeks a trifle pinker than they had been on the day, so long ago, when Ann had first seen her, and if one were not greedy enough to look for them, one might possibly find, in the shadow at her hat brim, a network of her wrinkles, like about the corners of her partly eyes, but her throat and her hands were as white as ever, while the glossy ringlets that clustered under the wreath of pashes on her hat were extraordinarily voluminous.

Mrs. Cortlandt had asked on one side to dinner. "Only the family," she said archly to Avezzano, and he responded with a grave courtesy which Ann thought made Mrs. Willing seem homier. The talk at the dinner, however, was quite brilliant.

Mrs. Remeslyer had been in Italy before her marriage. "How can you bear to leave so beautiful a place?" she demanded oratorically. "It was in the spring when I was there, and there were roses everywhere—roses and there were roses everywhere—roses and flowers, great masses of them. I forget their name."



"Oh, He is Just a Man, Fanny, Like Other Men; Blackier, Perhaps."

"Bocunvella," Avezzano affirmed, smiling. "Yes, that's it. So sweet! Of course, I was there long before any one had heard of Garibaldi. I am quite an old woman, you see? I went down to Rome and was presented to the pope. I had to wear a black veil on my head, Fanny; it was really quite becoming, and the pope was very sweet to me—very. Oh, yes, I loved Rome! I was a great success there, too. I often wonder, Theodore, that I ever came back to New York to marry you. There was such an attractive man I met there! I wonder, Count Avezzano, if by chance you know him? Of course, by this time, he is probably a grandfather!" And then began a long cataloging of possible acquaintances, in which Avezzano engaged himself vigorously.

Ann wondered if the Italian were really amused by it. It was impossible to tell, when watching him from across the table. Now and then he glanced up, and his black eyes flashed with her gray ones, but there was nothing personal, nothing demanding in his look; the man she had known in the little house at Gettysburg had vanished so completely that she thought her memory must have tricked her in regard to him. As for her guardian's letter—she could only believe that Avezzano had, by this time, changed his mind in regard to her, for he had made no effort to arrange for a glimpse of her between the Thursday of his call and Sunday. In the drawing room after dinner, however, he asked her, choosing a moment when she was protected by the presence of both the aunts, if it would be a proper thing for him to ask her to ride with him one afternoon.

"Quite, I should think," Ann said, dryly.

Mrs. Remeslyer added, suavely, "in New York, of course we are not so right as you are in Europe; young girls do many things I would prefer a daughter of mine didn't. But you have my permission, Ann, to ride with Count Avezzano."

Ann glanced a little at that; then she recalled her last ride with the Italian, and a slow flush burned up her cheeks, for the elaborate secrecy with which he surrounded that episode was making her self-conscious. It was arranged that they would go on the afternoon before the count's dinner for the Italian ambassador, but at noon of that day the heat broke in a sharp thunder squall and a flood of rain, so that riding was out of the question; Ann had an odd sense of relief at postponing the ride.

In the evening they all wore their best clothes; when Mrs. Willing, Fanny and Ann drove through the town in the big Cortlandt carriage, it could scarcely accommodate their flabbergasted skirts. Ann was in white, Fanny in pink, and Mrs. Cortlandt in plum color. The older woman talked all the way of the charms of the young host, his good looks, his brilliancy and his fine manners. Ann wondered what she would be saying if she knew of the night in the little cottage at Gettysburg.

"Nothing against him," she thought, cynically, "but probably a great deal against me."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Edward D. Smith, 23 years old an employe of the Fisher Body Corporation, at Detroit, died as the result of a broken neck, suffered, the police were told, when he fell while playing ball. Smith, together with other workmen, was playing base ball during the lunch hour. Three men attempted to catch a fly ball. They collided and Smith's neck was broken. Death was instantaneous.

SPORTS

TARTY YEARS FOOTBALL

By FIELDING H. YOST

Fielding H. Yost is Director of Athletics at the University of Michigan. Director of the four year course in Physical Education, Athletics and School Health, Director of the summer courses in Athletic Coaching, Physical Education and Administration and head coach of the Michigan football team which latter position he has held for 23 years.

Among those who love football, there is a consensus of opinion that the game will and should remain just as it is.

M. A. C. LOOMS BIG TO U. OF M. MEN

Ann Arbor, Mich., Oct. 22.—With the Ohio State game cleared from the Michigan schedule, Coach Yost and his men can once more draw a long breath and consider something other than the big game. Few people realize the strain on a participant just before a big game and with this particular one history, the varsity is glad for a little diversion.

Next Saturday fighting M. A. C. is due to bring a herd of former backers onto Ferry Field and display their usual long winded argument for state school supremacy.

In the past few years Michigan has had little trouble in sending the farmers home beaten but this season, as with the other teams Michigan meets, the Aggies are represented with an unusually strong eleven which promises a serious dispute Saturday.

The Michigan schedule was made up last December at the annual Big Ten schedule meeting in Chicago and at that time Coach Yost was of the opinion that his schedule was evenly balanced but this fall all of the teams meeting Michigan came through with exceptional ability so that the Wolverines are jumping from one crisis to another.

M. A. C. instead of offering a weeks rest furnishes a stiff afternoon and then in rapid succession comes Iowa, Marquette, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The season with two hard games past is barely started and the big games are just ahead.

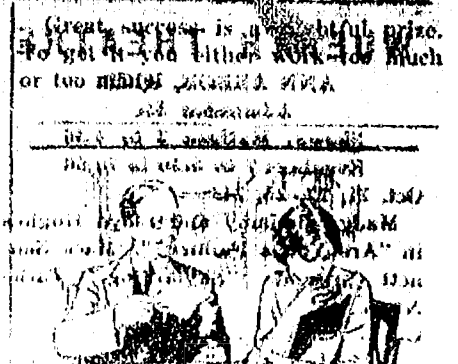
The Michigan Children's Aid society will hold its annual business meeting at Lansing, October 26.

The seventy-ninth annual state convention of Old Fellows and the thirty-third annual state convention of the Rebekah assembly was held at Bay City.

Marquette will be host to about 500 visitors Nov. 8, when the Congress of Michigan Game Associations and the Northern Michigan Sportsman's Association meet here in joint convention. Prominent sportsmen from this and other states and men high up in game conservation work will be speakers.

The board of supervisors of Grand Haven passed favorably upon the 1924 program of the county road commission permitting construction of \$1,350,000 of paved roads within the boundaries of Kent county next year. This program, when completed, will greatly improve roads throughout the county. The roads are to be built by the county, with the exception of the Latta road through Ada and Lowell. It was made possible by the granting of a half mill tax on all taxable property and estimated to cost \$1,100,000 and estimated which, with the expense...

Grand Haven officials and business men of Bad Axe conferred, recently at Port Huron, on a plan to operate an additional train for freight and passenger service between Bad Axe and Detroit and Pontiac daily, except Sunday. The plan discussed will be submitted to higher railway officials for approval. The curtailment of trains into the Thumb section by the Pere Marquette railroad has placed many Thumb cities and villages at a disadvantage, it is claimed.



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The Store is overflowing, these bright Autumn days with so many new things that it is indeed a pleasure to invite visitors to view the new fall and winter modes. And it will be a pleasure to choose new costumes from such comprehensive displays!

Are You Prepared To Meet Winter?

The snappy days of Fall bring with them a breath of approaching winter and a realization of the need of warm clothing. There are coats for every individual taste awaiting your selection.

Fur Trimmed Dress Coats

\$59.50-\$89.50 up

It's easy to smile when the sharp winds blow if you can snuggle down in the collar of one of these fur-trimmed coats! The rich pile fabrics with their soft fur trimmings are lovely to touch. The designs, also, are intriguing with their long, slender silhouettes broken with little circular surprises. Priced \$59.50, \$89.50 and up.

Sport Coats

\$25.00-\$49.50 up

Sportcoats are for those active events when one wishes to be clad jauntily and yet warmly. Many are of camel's hair. Many are zebra like in fabric while others are of plaids. Some have deep fur collars. They range in price from \$25.00, \$49.50 up.

(Mack's Second Floor.)

