

# Miss BROWN of X.Y.O.

by E. Phillips Oppenheim



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### SYNOPSIS

er, whose life has held little beyond the dull routine of everyday typing, sits down on a quiet doorstep to get her bearings when she finds herself lost in a dense fog. Suddenly the door opens and a man, evidently a house servant, confronts her and, as he catches sight of her portable typewriter case, asks her whether she will come in and take some dictation, and his manner indicates that the job is one not without adventure—probably risk. Eagerly welcoming a peep into the land of romance for which her whole life has been starving, Miss Brown steps across the threshold and within finds a man suffering from a serious wound, who turns out to be Colonel Dessler, renowned explorer. He dictates an extraordinary story to her—but only after a warning that her whole life may be affected by the job. She takes down these notes—a story of world adventure, intrigue and conspiracy the portent of which hardly penetrates her consciousness before the last note is set down. Then he discloses to her gaze the body of a dead man lying behind a screen, the man Dessler has killed as his arch enemy gave him a mortal wound from which he himself says he will not recover. With detailed instructions and a caution on what she shall do with her notes and other papers he entrusts to her, he dismisses her in the care of the servant, Mergen, and a strong bodyguard mysteriously conducts her to her home and sees that she is locked safely in her room for the night.

The next morning when she starts to the bank to place her precious documents in a safe-deposit box as instructed, she is attacked by ruffians and saves her bag only because she had strapped it to her wrist, and by the timely intervention of a stranger. She safely deposits her papers and then, glancing through the newspaper, sees a short account of the discovery of a dead man in Lomberton Square—and a two-line notice of Colonel Dessler's death.

However, Frances finds a real admirer and Edith a partial confidant in a young Russian, who describes himself merely as "Paul" and invites the girls to the restaurant where he and his parents eke out a bare living to which he adds a pittance earned as a professional dancer. She comes a mysterious invitation for Frances to a party from the Princess Streptaf with special instructions to "bring Miss Brown along."

### INSTALMENT XV.

Paul lingered for a few minutes talking all the while to Frances. After each course he brought later he watched the two girls anxiously.

"It is good?" he asked, referring to the chicken.

"You like it? Some more of the rice, perhaps?"

"Excellent," they both told him.

"If you know what I treat it is to eat food like this," Frances said, "after the wretched little messes I get at home."

"It is simple," Paul replied, evidently gratified, "but we are very clean and careful in the kitchen. Now, prepare you special coffee."

Miss Brown glanced around the room.

"And please have yours with us," she begged. "There are so few people left."

He accepted her invitation with a grateful little bow and sat at the end of the table.

"Can you tell me, please," Miss Brown inquired, "whether you know anything about the Princess Streptaf and her husband?"

"One knows who they are, of course," the young man replied, after a moment's hesitation. "They are like the rest of us, only they are fortunate. The Princess saved her jewels and they both have gifts."

"They belong to your society," Miss Brown ventured to ask.

Paul seemed for a moment embarrassed.

"As a matter of fact," he admitted, "they do not. Among some of us—my father for one—there has always existed a curious feeling of distrust of the Streptafs. They are born, of course, of a position inaccessible, but the Princess has sometimes expressed very curious views, and there exists, as one knows, between the Princess and Malakoff, the musician, a great friendship."

"And Malakoff?"

"He is one of the most advanced Communists in the world," Paul declared gravely. "He lives out of Russia, but he is none the less dangerous. There is a belief that it is he who has organized the International Communist Association on the continent, and that, as you may have heard, is a very dangerous movement. But I perhaps say too much. Of the Prince or Princess I know very little. They have been generous in helping some of our poorer fellow country people. They appear to lead harmless and pleasant lives. Would you please to tell me why you inquire?"

"The Princess has a place in the country near where I live," Frances explained, "and she has invited my friend and me to a party at her house in Chelsea tonight."

Paul for a moment looked grave.

"You think that I had better not go?" Miss Brown asked. "I cannot see why I am invited. It is simply because the Princess knew that I shared a room with Frances."

"The Princess' parties down at Chelsea are quite famous in their way," Paul confided. "It was through your friend, Miss Brown, that your invitation came?"

"Entirely," she assured him.

"Then I would not deprive myself of the pleasure of going," he decided. "One knows of your discretion, and of that it is not necessary to speak. I shall wish you both a

very pleasant evening, and I hope that next time you honor me you will tell me all about it. You will excuse me now if I leave?" he added, rising to his feet. "I am due at the Cosmopolitan in 20 minutes, and I must change my clothes. If you will give me the money for your bill I will save you the trouble of going to the desk."

"You will give this, please, to the people who work for you in the kitchen," she begged.

Paul accepted it gravely and without the slightest embarrassment.

"You are very thoughtful," he said. "I hope you will come again soon."

He took his leave after a final word or two with Frances, who had relapsed during the last few moments into a puzzled silence. As soon as he was gone, she leaned across the table.

"Edith," she declared, "I suspect you of leading a double life. What does it all mean?"

"Why, your asking this young man about the Streptafs, your consulting with him as to whether you shall go. You told him that you were asked because I was asked—as my companion. Now I come to think of it, I don't believe that is the truth."

"Not the truth!"

"Why, the Princess asked no end of questions about you," Frances went on. "I met her quite casually. She came down to see if I could supply her with eggs, and she showed not the slightest interest in me until in the course of conversation I told her that I shared a bed-sitting room in Shepherd's Market with a friend who was a typist. I can see her look at me now when I told her that—her eyebrows a little raised, a queer expression in her face—and then she asked me your name. What on earth did she want to know your name for? I told her, and she listened as though she scarcely heard. The next day they asked me to dinner, and the day afterward for both of us! The last word I had with her was to be sure to bring Miss Brown. Edith, you're an uncommunicative little pig. I knew something had happened."

Miss Brown considered for several moments in perplexed silence. It was Frances, however, who relieved the situation. She crushed out the remains of her cigarette upon the plate and rose to her feet.

"Let's go," she suggested. "Thank heavens curiosity is the only woman's vice I don't possess."

At the Ball

The party was in full swing when the two girls arrived. Miss Brown, who was inclined to be shy, saw with a sinking heart rows upon rows of coats and hats and cloaks in the hastily extemporized cloak room.

"What a crowd, Frances!" she murmured.

"All the better," was the consoling reminder. "No one will notice us."

There was a studio on the right from which issued the sound of a jazz band and the shuffling of feet. From the rooms on the left came the clamor of many voices.

"Her Highness receives this way," an overheated butler announced with a wave of the hand.

They followed him into a reception room packed with people who were making slow progress past their hostess. The butler announced them in a voice which utterly failed to compete with the buzz of conversation, and withdrew to seek out other late comers. Miss Brown, one of a little phalanx with pleasant faces all around her, and cheerful, well-bred voices in her ears, smiled at herself for her fears, which suddenly seemed ridiculous. Inch by inch they made progress until at last they arrived before a tall, dark woman, who wore her hair, black as jet, in an old-fashioned manner, with a small coronet upon her forehead and a diamond necklace round her neck. She thrust out a long, nervous hand to Frances.

"My little friend from the chicken farm!" she exclaimed. "I am so glad you were able to come. And this is Miss Brown."

The Princess looked at Miss Brown and Miss Brown looked with equal interest at the Princess. There was a moment's perceptible pause. Then the latter turned smilingly away.

"I hope you two will amuse yourselves," she said. "There is some dancing in the studio and some music in the garden pavilion. You must come and talk to me later, both of you."

She turned away to welcome some incoming guests, and more than ever Miss Brown smiled at her own foolishness.

"I don't want any of that soul-stirring minor music," Frances whispered. "Let's go and see if some one will take pity on us and dance."

They made their way to the studio, crowded with people, mostly young, all gay. There were no introductions, no ceremony, no standing about. From the moment of their entrance they found themselves dancing, changing

partners, all the time breathless. "We do this sort of thing here," one young man remarked, as he paused for a moment to mop his forehead. "The Princess likes it. Every one must dance and no girl must be left without a partner" are her orders. So every one does dance."

"I think it is a very hospitable notion," Miss Brown ventured.

"It's all right," her companion assented. "I'm all for it. I'm not like some of these fellows. When I come out to dance I like to keep going."

Away they went again. There was no pause. The band seemed untiring and fresh crowds were continually invading the floor.

"I say, what about a drop of something?" Miss Brown's partner suggested at their next pause.

Mr. Pennington Tries

Miss Brown's murmured assent was distinctly approving. Half way to an anteroom, however, where drinks were being dispensed, they came face to face with the Princess. Her fingers rested upon the arm of a tall, distinguished looking man with a thin, pointed, gray beard, carefully trimmed eyebrows and waxen wrinkled cheeks. The Princess welcomed them cordially.

"I am glad to see you are doing your duty, Guy," she said. "I wish to present you to a young lady, a wonderful dancer, Mr. Pennington. I shall ask you to look after Miss Brown for a minute or two Mr. Pennington—Miss Brown."

"We were just going to have a drink," the young man, who had rather taken a fancy to his companion, remarked.

"You can have as many as you like presently," the Princess replied. "You can give me one now, if you will, and afterward you must dance with my young friend."

"You won't desert me altogether, fair incognito?" he begged, looking back at Miss Brown.

"Never," she assured him fervently. "You dance too well."

"A remark," Mr. Pennington murmured, as they moved away together, "which leaves me somewhat at a disadvantage, because I do not dance at all. Nevertheless, you are committed to my charge. May I suggest a little refreshment?"

Miss Brown was thirsty and did not hesitate to say so. They found some excellent champagne cup and afterward she looked around rather wistfully for her partner. He seemed to have disappeared altogether, however. The Princess had seen to that.

"I am afraid," Miss Brown's new companion said, "that I am going to be a great bore to you, young lady. I am going to ask you to give me not two minutes of your time, but a solid quarter of an hour. After all, you know, it is only half-past 11, and this party will go on until 6 in the morning."

"I am very pleased to give you as much of my time as you wish," Miss Brown replied with her usual politeness. "I know no one here. Only I'm a little sorry that you do not dance. You see, I read very few books, I see no pictures, I go to no parties. There is nothing for me to talk about."

"There might be a great deal," her companion declared earnestly. "We will take these two easy-chairs. Do you smoke?"

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## WOMEN IN AIR DERBY

TORONTO, Nov. 18.—The various women taking part in the recent air derby here, completing part of a lap of the 5000-mile national air derby, contributed vivid splashes of color to the clear sky overhead, and their small Moths were outstanding among the huge silver-winged mammoths of the air.

Mrs. Keith Miller zipped her Fairchild plane into position as she landed and jumped out as gracefully and nonchalantly as if she had not piloted a plane all the way from Detroit in an hour and three-quarters, but were stepping out of her car for a matinee. Dressed in a smart white kid aviation costume, lined with electric lamb, her coat, breeks and helmet matched her planes, which was pure white.

"Do you think women will ever regard aviation more seriously than an opportunity to wear a smart costume?" she was asked. "Why, of course," she replied. "But why should one not dress appropriately. Pants, for instance are best; just imagine how skirts catch and get in the way, besides pants are much warmer. Of course, I don't believe in going around in that costume all the time. When I come down out of the air, I go back to normal."

Mrs. Miller is an Australian; her American home is Farmingdale, L. I. She has been flying two years, and in that time has taken part in the England to Australia flight with Captain Lancaster, and in September, 1922, she came second in the Santa Monica women's air derby. She has no children. She admitted domestic accomplishments did not interest her.

**BUFFALO FOR AUSTRALIA**

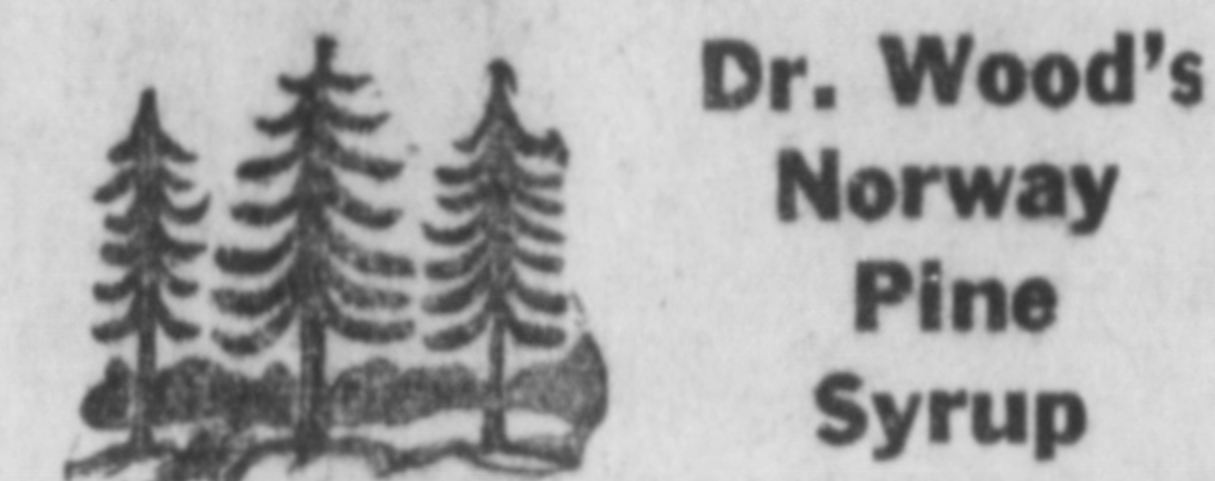
Three buffalo, one male and two females, from the buffalo herd at Buffalo National Park, Wainwright, Alta., have been donated to the South Australia Zoological and Acclimatization Society, Adelaide, Australia, by the Canadian Government. An attendant will accompany the animals on their trip from Wainwright to the ship's side at Montreal, and will instruct a selected member of the ship's crew in the care of the buffalo during their voyage to Australia.

## Coughed and Coughed Day And Night With Cold On Chest

Mrs. E. E. Shelton, Leader, Sask., writes:—"I had a very severe cold on my chest and would cough and cough, day and night, until I was nearly beside myself."

"I took all kinds of medicine, but nothing seemed to reach it."

"My druggist told me to take



**Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup**

and see if that wouldn't help me, so I took home a bottle and from the first dose I could feel great relief, and by the time I had finished it my cough had completely disappeared."

Price, 35c. a bottle; large family size 60c., at all druggists and dealers.

Put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## FIFTY YEARS PRIESTHOOD

Vancouver Writer Tells in Interesting Manner of Father Coccola of Fraser Lake

Veteran Northern Missionary Celebrates Golden Anniversary of Ministrations.

From the Island of Corsica, girt by the sapphire seas of the Mediterranean, an oblate priest of the Order of Mary Immaculate, set out in 1830 to take up missionary work in British Columbia. Writes "Wanderer" in the Vancouver Province, of Father Coccola, whose golden jubilee in the Roman Catholic priesthood was celebrated here yesterday. Today, he is the head of the big Indian School at Le Jac on the shore of Fraser Lake, about 12 miles west of Fort Fraser station. All over that northern country and sweeping south through the Kootenay his name is intimately associated with the welfare of the Indians for the past 45 years, so I decided to pay him a visit on my way back to Vancouver.

I found him seated at a big desk behind a stack of books and papers, busy at his work as the administrator of an establishment, caring for the scholastic, physical and spiritual education of nearly 150 Indian children of both sexes. Garbed in the cassock of his calling, and now over 70, with dark penetrating eyes set in a face clean shaven, and marked with strong lines of character, his voice was deep and rich as he bade me a warm welcome, and with gracious gesture motioned me to a chair beside him. The room was furnished with comfortable efficiency, and on the wall at his back was a large picture of the Saviour with others of King George and Queen Mary on either side.

We had not been chatting very long before I sensed that Father Coccola, with all his high-strung capacity for the practical work of his school, was talking differently when it came to talking about the dramatic and colorful episodes of his early days. With a shrug of his powerful shoulders a quick extension of upward palms, accompanied by a smile of kindly discouragement, he would ward off such problings.

**Aided Track Gangs**

But I did learn that when he first came to British Columbia his work was chiefly that of carrying physical air and spiritual comfort to the men engaged in blasting a way through the Fraser gorge for the building of the C.P.R. to the coast, and to Indians who lived in that region. Days on horseback or on snowshoes, often in blizzards which swept through the valley with killing keenness, under sub-zero temperatures, and nights in any Indian log house or construction shack that he happened to come to, were the portion of this pioneer priest.

With his labors there ended, when the line was completed, he moved to the Kootenay district, and made his headquarters at St. Eugene near where the town of Moyle now stands, and discovered the Eugene mine, which led to the white mining settlement there. Those were troublesome days in the Kootenay, and the Indians protested with threats against white land settlement, and the presence of surveyors parcelling out the country, which had been hunting grounds for them and their fathers for long ages.

Gabraith Ferry, on the Kootenay River was the central point in those days, and eventually became what is now Fort Steele, named after General "Sam" Steele, who at that time was Inspector Steele of the old North West Mounted Police region. The jail was at Wild Horse Creek, and it was around that spot that the growing resentment of the Kootenay Indians came to a head, following the finding in 1885, of the remains of two white men near the Columbia River.

The stage was all set for a dramatic clash when two young Indians were seized by the small police post and thrown into jail. Father Coccola recounted his memories of those days. "The real trouble was," he said, "that the whites were coming in and taking up the land. That was the bottom of it all. Chief Isidore of

wonderful, that's my verdict, they are blended right.

Twenty for 25c

# Winchester CIGARETTES

SAVE THE "POKER HANDS"

the Kootenays was a strong chief, and a very good man. He declared that if the boys were guilty he would judge and punish them, but he was not prepared to stand for them being held without charge. With 30 men he went to the jail, broke down the doors and let the men out. At the same time he ordered all police and surveyors to get out, and finally told me to go, too."

Gradually as he recited his memories of those hostile days his eyes lighted with inward fire, fanned by recollection from the smouldering embers of the self-sacrificing zeal of the oblate. That office for the moment was not there to him, as he suited action to word in telling of the Irish Chief Isidore's armed threat. Grasping his cassock on each breast with an outward motion, he said, I told him: "I will not go! I am here only because I love you, and all your people, and wish to help you. Of worldly goods I have none, nor do I desire any. If you would kill me because of these things, then I cannot stop you. But I will not leave of my own will." And Father Coccola remained, while the other whites had to go for the time being. Later Inspector Steele came in with 150 men and the reign of white law was re-established.

But that is only one of the historic episodes in which he has either participated personally or has first-hand knowledge. Many of his friends with whom I talked at one time or another, wish that he could be induced to "stay put" long enough to write his memoirs. But he is an active man all day long, and it is only sometimes in the evening, over his pipe, that friends can manage to manoeuvre him into telling the stories of those early and dangerous days.

**Farm Supplies Needed**

He showed me his establishment with its 260 acres, of which 120 are under cultivation, and supply all the agricultural needs of the school; also the little church which occupies the centre of the lower floor of the building, and is probably the best-equipped Roman Catholic place of worship in the north country. Then he said: "Now come and have a cup of tea with us before you go," which was the introduction to a very substantial and enjoyable lunch with the father and some of his staff, enlivened continually by his jolly remarks about all sorts and conditions of things.

His outlook is one of constructive affection for some of the lowliest of mankind, with no desire for self-advertisement or personal glory. When he left Corsica, his companion was another oblate priest, Father Morice, who also labored among the Indians, and after whom the Indian reserve called Moricetown, between Smithers and Hazelton, is named. This scholarly cleric is also one of the foremost historians of British Columbia, but now, so I was informed, teaching parochial school in Manitoba.

And going down the road to Fort Fraser, as Father Coccola waved a cheery goodbye, I pondered upon the able humility of such men, so freely and unselfishly given and remembered that Napoleon, too, came from Corsica. Strange how one little rock of an island should bring forth such different children.

**TAY PAY IS PASSED ON**

(Continued from page one)

agitor, nor did he express hatred for England.

Contrariwise, he advocated a better understanding between the English and Irish, and with the establishment of the Irish Free State there came to a reality one of the most cherished dreams of his long life. Once the treaty was signed, he urged the Irish, particularly those in the United States, to support it. Although a self-exile of Erin who had spent the greater part of his life in England, that fact, if anything, had redoubled his love for his native land.

**Father of the House**

While the part he played in the long struggle that led to the foundation of the Irish Free State stamped him as one of the great figures in that one of the great "movements" of the 19th century, O'Connor won fame and many honors in other lines of endeavor. Probably next to "Tay Pay," he was more frequently referred to as the "Father of the House of Commons," in which he had held a seat since 1880. He was honored by being made a privy councillor and enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most versatile and famous journalists of Europe.

When he reached the 75th milestone of life, Mr. O'Connor was feted by some 200 members of the British Parliament, a signal tribute in which every party was represented to do him honor. Since that time the recurring anniversaries of his birthday had received worldwide recognition, the venerable statesman receiving congratulatory messages from rulers, heads of governments and prominent persons from virtually every country in the world.

His wide popularity was said to have been due largely to his policy of never permitting political differences to interfere with personal relations. As to his two principal activities in life, he always regarded himself as a journalist first and a politician after. His advancing years did not lessen his love of life and when he was 77 expressed the hope that he would live to be 100. A year before, in a message to the youth of England he said: "Life is a great adventure. Live every hour of it. Don't be buried until you are dead."

**Early Life**

Mr. O'Connor was born at Athlone, Ireland, October 5, 1848, the eldest son of Thomas O'Connor. He was educated at the College of the Immaculate Conception, Athlone, and Queen's College, Galway, where he obtained his bachelor of arts degree.

Newspaper work beckoned Mr. O'Connor, as it did many of the members of the old Irish Nationalist Parliamentary Party, and upon completing his college course he became a cub reporter on the staff of Saunderson's News Letter in Dublin. Three years later he went to London, where he was engaged as sub-editor of Lord Burnham's Telegraph.

Ten years after his arrival in London he was elected to the House of Commons as the member for Galway. On being returned as the member for Galway and Liverpool in 1885, he chose the latter seat and since then had been sent back at each successive election.

In 1815, Mr. O'Connor married Mrs. Wright.

## Norwegian Couple Wedded Saturday

Nuptials of Miss Thea Skotland and Harold Holkestad Took Place in St. Paul's Lutheran Church

A pretty wedding was held at 8 o'clock Saturday evening in St. Paul's Lutheran Church. Rev. John H. Hanson officiating, when Miss Thea Skotland, recently arrived from Norway, was united in marriage to Harold P. Hansen Holkestad, local halibut fisherman.

The bride, who was unattended, wore a gown of pink satin trimmed with lace and a bridal veil, carrying a shower bouquet of Ophelia roses.

Peter Lien presided at the organ, while Mrs. J. H. Hanson played as a piano selection "Love Conquers All."

After the ceremony a wedding supper was served to relatives and friends at the home of the groom's brother, Maurelius Holkestad, 343 Sixth Avenue East. The gathering sang a Norwegian song, specially written and dedicated for the occasion and the toast to the bride was proposed by I. Fenness, the groom responding suitably.

Mr. and Mrs. Holkestad are taking up residence at 434 Seventh Avenue East.

## Lutheran Ladies' Aid Holds Sale

Successful Affair Saturday Afternoon in Vacant Store at Corner of Third Avenue and Sixth Street

A successful waffle and doughnut sale was held Saturday afternoon in the Exchange Block by the Ladies' Aid to St. Paul's Lutheran Church. Mrs. Charles Edwards was convener and was assisted by Mrs. H. Skattebol, Mrs. E. Unger and Mrs. Hans Underahl. Misses Lillian Hanson and Charlotte Edwards waited on tables.

## FISH WEEK ONC. N.R.

Special Menu For Occasion Featuring Products of the Sea