SYNOPSIS:—Here we have the story, told at first-hand, of Marion Asquith, sister of "Me," a girl destined to travel far—accumulating experiences by the way—clinging to high ideals, early success, and finally the wife of an artist. She was born in the queer little French-Canadian village of Hochelaga, a suburb of Montreal; her father was an English painter, her mother a Frenchwoman. Here Monsieur de St. Vidal proposed to her in the snow, and she ran home. Then she had a bent for the stage and made a hit in amateur theatricals. Along came Mr. Reggie Bertie—call him Bertie, so English, you know—remittance-man, who is studying for the bar. It was a case of love at first sight between handsome Reggie and pretty Marion Asquith. He took her to the ice carnival and when he should have been watching the procession he was looking down at her. Later, he refuses to take her into a flashy all-night restaurant because Marion is "too nice and too sweet." Very soon they become engaged, but while Bertie is an ardent lover he does not want the marriage to take place; he's afraid of "the government" over in England, so poor Marion is in for a long wait, during which she must be self-supporting to paint and other art work, besides helping at home. Then she hires a little studio of her own—Reggie pays for it—in Montreal. Reggie still procrastinates. At last she tells him that she has no right to monopolize his time and her society unless he intends to fulfill his promise—particularly as he objects to her seeing any other men. She goes to Boston and there becomes a full-fledged model, with some weird experiences and cruel privations. Then she falls ill, owing to privation and anxiety.

The sun was shining, and the warm breath of summer felt good to me. I was up now, but I felt impatient with my own weakness and I had a restless desire to move about and do things. I realized my indebtedness to Lois, and I wondered if I would ever be able to wipe it out. I had had very dreadful news from my people. Wallace, Ellen's husband had died, after a long illness. When I first heard that, I wanted to go at once to my sister, and I was heart-broken because of my inability to comfort and help her. Lois wrote to Ellen for me, telling her that I would join her in New York, just as soon as I was strong enough to travel; but Ellen had written back that she was going to England, with her little boy, to Wallace's home.

I thought of how close Ellen and I had been to each other as children, and of the strangeness and cruelty of fate that cut sisters apart. It seemed to me that this was a world of all weakness and cruelty of fate that cut sisters apart. Yet, if we measured our griefs by those of others, mine shrank into insignificance. It seemed to me that this was a world of all weakness and cruelty of fate that cut sisters apart.

"Aren't you the smartest girl, though!" exclaimed Lois Barret as she watched Marion at work, while big Tim O'Leary's admiration was so pathetic that he actually walked on tiptoe to come nearer to take a look. Then he said: "I’ll be back in a second." Tim O'Leary came in while I was painting, and the admiration of that big bartender was pathetic. He actually walked on tiptoe to come nearer to take a look. Then he said: "I’ll be back in a second."

He left the room, and returned shortly with a parcel wrapped up in white tissue paper, which he gently unfolded. He showed these works of art, as he called them, poor fellow, with an almost reverent quality. He handled these works of art, as he called them, poor fellow, with an almost reverent quality.

"When you get your strength back," said Lois, "you'll not feel that way, and you're going to stay right here and room with me till I go. So don't worry, whatever you do. Get to work now, and forget everything blue." I had not told Lois I was a model. I had simply said at home I had been an artist.

"I've got to go to England," said she. "My parents are there now, and there's a lawsuit or some property left by a relative who died lately. I painted them on two wooden plates she had, and she was delighted, and cried out admiringly: "Aren't you the smartest girl, though!" Tim O'Leary came in while I was painting, and the admiration of that big bartender was pathetic. He actually walked on tiptoe to come nearer to take a look. Then he said: "I’ll be back in a second."

"I was painting," said Lois, "for the little girl back home. She'll be coming to me before long, and I'll have her little nest as elegant as the nest of them," he said shyly. "My Katy has eyes like this little girl here, and it's real smart you are to do such grand work, Miss Marion."
"Say, Mr. O'Leary," I said, "I'm going to make you something to add to your collection for your little girl."

I kept my word, and in a few days I had painted on a piece of blue satin that Lois found among her things a bunch of roses, which poor Tim declared he could almost smell. That same evening he brought me two enormous whisky jugs. They were about three feet high—sample bottles. They were, of course, empty. Tim made the astonishing request of me that I should paint on them, and he offered to pay me.

So I painted a little seascape on one and a wreath of lilies-of-the-valley and forget-me-nots on the other. Of course, I would not take pay from Tim for them. The following day Tim came rushing in to tell me he had placed them on his bar, and all of his friends and customers had thought them great, and one man had offered him five dollars apiece for them. He said that nothing would induce him to part with them, but he was sending over to me all the big sample bottles he could get, and also beer and wine and champagne bottles, and he said if I would paint on these he would sell them for me. Well, the astonishing part is, that he did sell them. I must have decorated at least twenty of those awful bottles, and Tim got me about forty dollars for my work. So I was able to pay Miss Darling, and I went over to the boarding-house where I still owed that bill and I paid it. To my surprise the landlady tried to force two dollars back upon me.

"We all know how ill you've been," she said, "and I said to my man: 'We'll never see the color of that beard money,' and he says: 'You'll get it yet,' and you see he's always right. So here, you can take two of it back, and may you have the good luck your pretty face should bring you."

Lois sailed on one of the small merchant liners, and it left the pier at five in the morning, so we had to get up very early to see her off. We had sat up very late the night before, and Dr. Squires had spent the evening with us and promised to be at the pier to see her off. The morning was foggy and chilly.

I clung tightly to Lois before I let her go, and the doctor said:

"Here, give another fellow a chance."

He, too, kissed Lois, and there were tears in both their eyes.

It is conceivably hard for a girl without a definite trade or profession, and possessed of no particular talent, to earn her own living. With Tim O'Leary's help I had made a little money that tided me over for a time, but I realized that it was merely a temporary relief. The artists would not be returning for a couple of months, and I was in a quandary what I should do. A letter from Lil Markey, the girl who had posed for Count von Hatzfeldt in Montreal, made me consider the advisability of joining her in New York. This is Lil's letter:

Dear Marion:

Here I am in little old New York. Been here two months now. I'm trying to get a job on the stage, and I've almost landed one. You ought to come here. There's lots better opportunities, especially for a model. I have all the work I can do just now posing for "The Banner," a theatrical paper. Now, there's a fellow here who is going to get a bunch of girls and put us in living pictures. All you need is the looks.

Say, why don't you come on and join me here? I've a little flat with a couple of other girls, and we need another to squeeze in and help pay the expenses. I'd prefer you to anyone I've seen here. Say, some of them are tough! It was awfully sorry to hear about the old Count dying. Ada told me how cut up you were about it, too. I've a date now—my meal-ticket! With love, Lil.

Lil's letter had started my thoughts on an old trail. The desire to act came creeping back on me. It was like an old thirst that suddenly awoke and tugged at one's consciousness insisting on being satisfied.

In Boston I had not thought to see theatrical managers. Reggie had long ago successfully squelched my ambitions in that line. Now Lil's letter and her reference to Mr. Davis quickened a new hope within me. (Continued on page 238)
Perhaps, as I wrote, conditions had been better in New York. Certainly there should be much more of the stage in New York, and perhaps, I might in time really get on the stage. I had enough money for my fare and a little over, and yet I was not satisfied. That's the first thing I had not definitely decided to go until after I had read the last chapter which came from Reggie:

"Dearst old girl:"

"I am so glad you are keeping well, and have quite recovered from your recent indisposition. I have been up to my eyes and ears in important work. I'm going to run for the new sessions for the ninth ward. What do you think of that for a young and rising barrister? I'll bet you are proud of your Reggie, now aren't you, darling? As for the next sections for the ninth ward.

"...[Continued from page 232]"

Hearst's for October