

**IN THE  
ONYX LOBBY**

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In the onyx lobby by Carolyn Wells

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**CAROLYN WELLS**

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IN THE ONYX LOBBY  
THE MAN WHO FELL THROUGH  
THE EARTH  
THE ROOM WITH THE TASSELS  
FAULKNER'S FOLLY  
THE BRIDE OF A MOMENT  
DORIS OF DOBBS' FERRY  
SUCH NONSENSE! *An Anthology*

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NEW YORK  
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

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# IN THE ONYX LOBBY

BY

CAROLYN WELLS

*Author of "The Man Who Fell Through the  
Earth," "The Room With the Tassels,"  
"Faulkner's Folly," etc.*



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# IN THE ONYX LOBBY

## CHAPTER I

### Such a Feud!

**W**ELL, by the Great Catamaran! I think it's the most footle business I ever heard of! A regulation, clinker-built, angle-iron, sunk-hinge family feud, carried on by two women! Women! conducting a feud! They might as well conduct a bakery!"

"I daresay they could do even that! Women have been known to bake—with a fair degree of success!"

"Of course, of course,—but baking and conducting a bakery are not identical propositions. Women are all right, in their place,—which, by the way, is not necessarily in the home,—but a family feud, of all things, calls for masculine management and skill."

Sir Herbert Binney stood by the massive mantelpiece in the ornate living-room of the Prall apart-

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## In the Onyx Lobby

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ment. The Campanile Apartment House came into being with the century, and though its type was now superseded by the plain, flat stucco of the newer buildings, yet it haughtily flaunted its elaborate façade and its deeply embrasured windows with the pride of an elder day. Its onyx lobby, lined with massive pillars, had once been the talk of the neighborhood, and the black and white tessellated floor of the wide entrance hall was as black and as white as ever.

The location, between the Circle and the Square,—which is to say, between Columbus Circle and Times Square, in the City of New York,—had ceased to be regarded as the pick of the householders, though still called the heart of the city. People who lived there were continually explaining the reason for their stay, or moving across town.

But lots of worthwhile people yet tarried, and among them were none more so than certain dwellers in The Campanile.

Miss Letitia Prall, lessee of the mantelpiece already referred to, was a spinster, who, on dress parade, possessed dignity and poise quite commensurate with the quality of her home.

But in the shelter of her own fireside, she allowed herself latitude of speech and even loss of temper when she felt the occasion justified it. And any reference to or participation in the famous feud was such justification.

Her opponent in the deadly strife was one Mrs