APRIL 1912
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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

Seventeen

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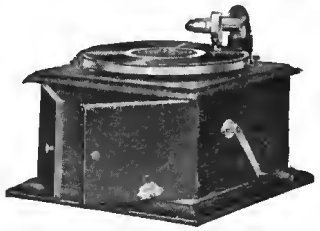

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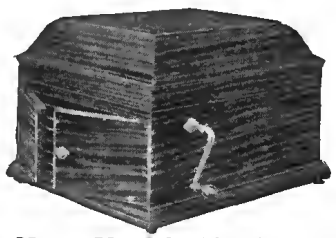

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THE RED BOOK

MAGAZINE

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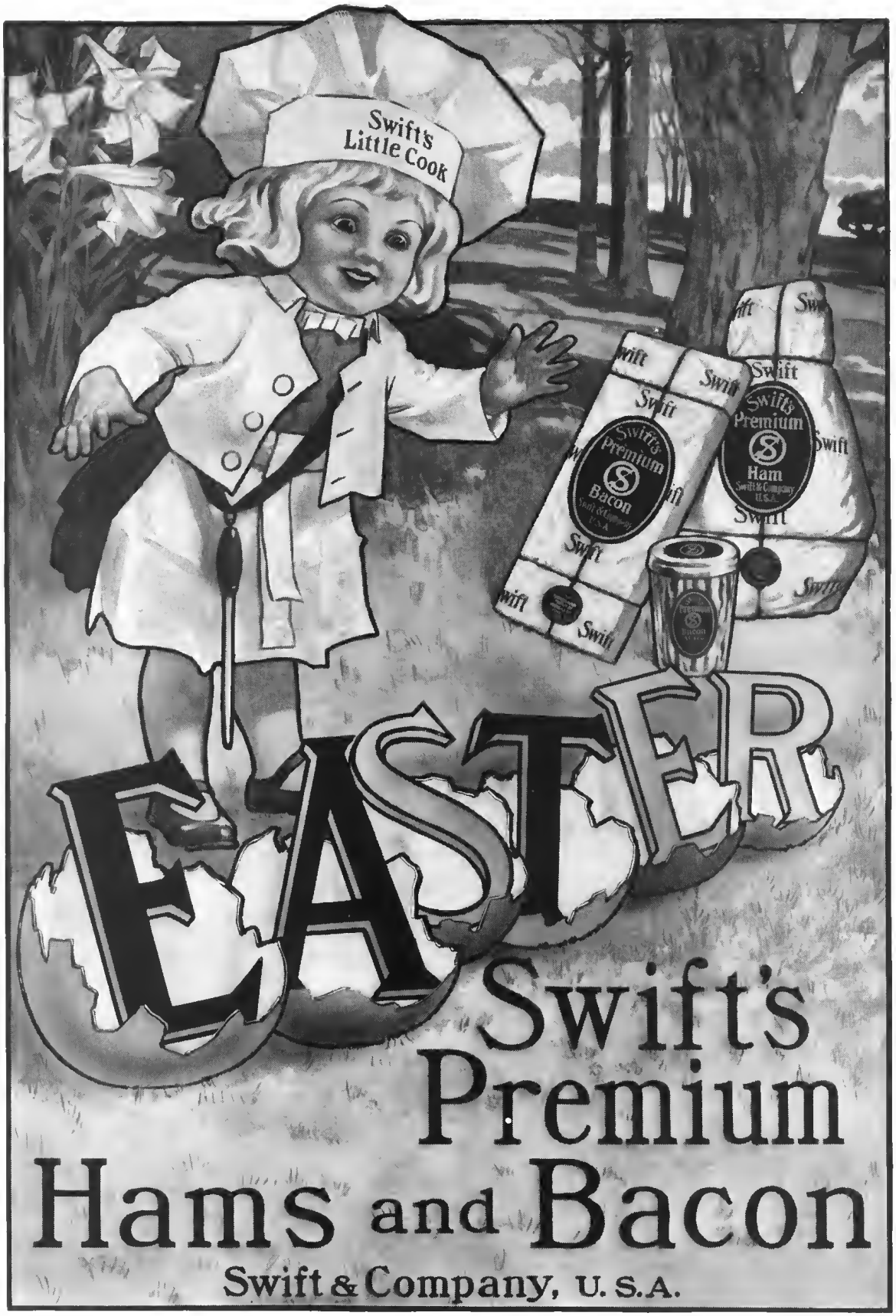
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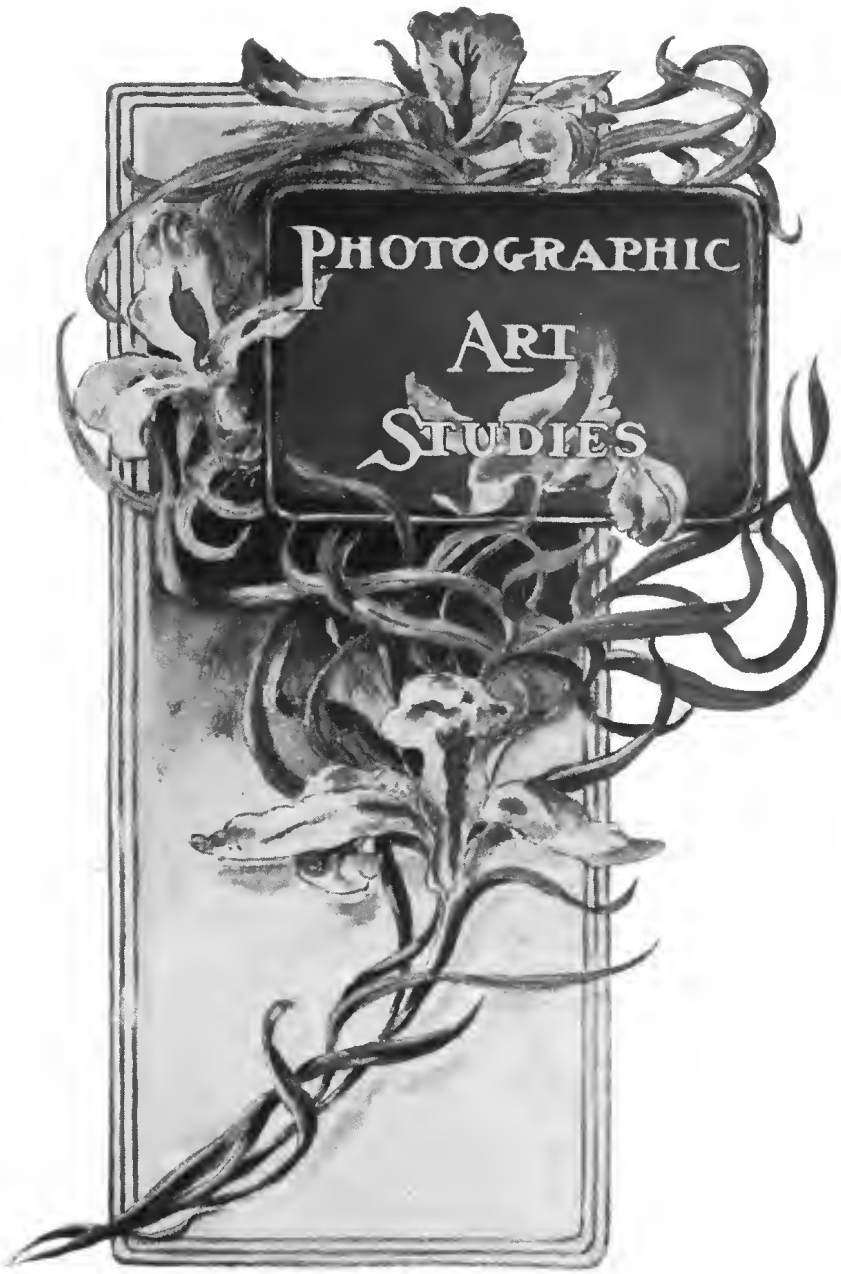
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JERRY GALLEGHER,
Pick-pocket,
ruler of the under world
and central figure in
Michael Williams'
remarkable story on
page 1003

Drawn by
C. E. and Fanny Munsell Chambers

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

Vol. XVIII
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April
1912

The KEEPER of THE DOOR

By ELIZABETH HERRICK

Author of "The Case of Patricia"

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

THE courts are open to you, Madam."

The voice, as it came from behind the swaying curtains, was clear-cut, incisive, judicial. Lester, seated in the angle made by the terrace with the house wall, could not avoid hearing. His hands tightened on the volume of criminal jurisprudence they held.

So it had come to this. As clearly as if he saw them he knew that the judge, his host, was seated, a long, nervous hand toying with the papers on his desk, the gray, brilliant eyes flashing upward to the woman standing, like a prisoner before him. He could see, too, the sweep of blood across her cheek, the haughty stiffening of the girlishly slender neck.

"Your Honor—" There was a slight ironic insistence on the title, revenge, no doubt, for the "madam,"—"Your Honor knows that the courts are *not* open to me. You are offering me a weapon I cannot use."

"Ah!" The cool, incisive voice again, accompanied by a rustle of papers as the judge evidently busied himself. "Then I fail to see what all this comes to—wha. you expect me to do."

For an instant, heavy silence; then, half-speech, half-whisper, came a plea tense with such agony that Lester's fingers clenched again on the book-edge and his teeth set. Good Lord! that it should have come to this; that James' wife should beg that of him—"Be—kind!"

He rose, a stir in the room behind warning him that he must not be found here. He must seem to be coming from the garden. His host's voice, startled out of control by the unexpectedness of the pleading, reached him on the steps.

"You talk as if I beat you."

The woman's answer was swift, breathless, ending in the little gasp of a sob.

"I almost wish that you would, James. Anything that would bring me nearer—that would show me you cared, one way or the other!"

There was the rapid fall of footsteps, a wave of delicate perfume, the rustle of a dress. Lester, his foot on the lower step, uncovered as she passed him. She gave him a little ceremonious bow and a quick, bright smile that struggled bravely to cover the pain in her eyes.

He looked after her, a tightness in his throat. She took the path toward the ocean—an erect, slender figure bearing itself wonderfully, like the spirit of the woman after its hurt. He had been an inmate of the country-house long enough to be acutely aware of the unhappiness its picturesque red gables covered. How these two had married was the mystery. Knowing both he felt small wonder at the outcome. The judge was a man who enjoyed the respect of his world; his wife a woman all that world, except himself, loved.

The judge still sat at his desk staring thoughtfully at the spot where his wife had stood. Lester went in and, resting both hands on the desk-edge, leaned over, his keen, powerful face close to his friend's.

"I was out there," he said, nodding toward the waving curtains. "I heard you. Take care, Jim! Don't press her too far!"

Judge Langleigh's eyes, near black from their dilated pupils, blinked rapidly into the blue of his guest's.

"What is it to you?" he asked pointedly.

The intruder reddened under the thrust, but the great criminal lawyer in him passed by the insinuation as unworthy of words.

"It's not safe," he counseled briefly. "You can never tell what a woman will do."

His Honor's eyes swept to the window, came back and fixed with troubled intensity on his companion's face.

"That is just it," he admitted. "I have felt it myself. I wish you'd talk with her, Mac, and make her see that the door is open."

Lester shook his head positively, regretfully, as one realizing the futility of a suggestion. More than once in some trifling ethical discussion he had touched, under her gentle and gracious charm, the obstinacy of the woman. It was strong as the faith that made Peter the rock of foundation for the Christian church.

She was the daughter of a long line of ministers sincere enough to accept in strict literalness the Gospel that they preached. She had preserved the moral code of her inheritance. The laws of Medes and Persians were not more unalterably fixed.

"It's the wrong door; one you know she can't go through. Religion—"

The judge interrupted with a movement of impatience. He was not a religious man. To him "God said" was a puerility; the law of the land a more binding gospel.

"I should know. 'Let no man put asunder' has been quoted me often enough," he said bitterly. "But I don't want to go over all that. The law provides honorable exit for her from a situation that, she shows me, is intolerable. Yet, you say, I have shown her the wrong door. What do you mean? What is the other?"

Lester made a rapid turn the length of the room, then came back and seated himself on the desk, leaning toward Langleigh. There was curious hesitancy, even embarrassment in his manner, and he spoke without looking up, unusual gentleness, almost tenderness, a listener would have said, in his naturally harsh voice.

"The other, Jim, take it from a friend, opens in!"

For a minute there was silence between them. Lester continued to look down, the judge fixedly before him.

"She wouldn't take that, either," His Honor said at last.

Lester was as slow of answer. Hearing what he had heard, seeing Elizabeth as he had seen her when she passed him on the terrace steps—the quivering

sweetness of her face, as of a flower under the storm—its mortal hurt, it was incredible to him that his friend should believe his own words.

"Do you know it? Have you ever tried to show her that way?"

It passed the bounds of privileged intimacy, trespassed on the inmost moral sense. The judge's chair moved sharply backward as His Honor stood. At the sound Lester lifted his head; the men's eyes met in a shock of antagonism. His Honor's were wholly black now, except for intermittent lightning-flashes under the rapidly moving lids.

"Do you think I am blind?" he demanded violently. "Go show her yourself!"

An instant Lester sat motionless, the blood that had swept up at the innuendo to the powerful, protruding brow receding before he spoke, leaving the brain cool and working again with automatic, machine-like precision. Then he leaped from the desk and his fist thundered down on the oak.

"Good God! You don't deserve her," he said contemptuously, and strode from the room.

The judge had sprung forward, every muscle taut, as if to return a physical blow; he stiffened in the attitude, staring fixedly before him, his ears intent on the rapid, ringing footfalls on the gravel of the garden walk. When they were no longer audible, the rigidity of his pose relaxed; the hot flush of passion ebbed slowly from his face, taking youth with it; he looked gray, old, weary. With a sigh that was almost a groan he settled back in his chair.

At the lower end of the garden Lester struck off into the open fields between house and ocean. The secret whisper of his heart, put brutally into words, carried to his mind with almost the force of a discovery. Yet, while the shock of it had sent the blood tumultuously from heart to brain, he was unashamed. If he loved his friend's wife, arrayed against the indictment was the immensely overbalancing fact that his friend did not love her and that she deserved to be loved. Moreover to love one's friend's wife deeply and in profound secret and to make love to her are conditions of mind as widely separate as the estates of Heaven and Hell.

For Langleigh's bidding, so far as the insult touched himself, he felt only contempt. But he recognized the menace to the woman. If she would not take the initiative, it was shamefully apparent from the innuendo that the judge would. Therefore she must take it. He must make her see—must persuade her through the open door toward which her husband was urging her with all the powerful subtlety of the legal mind.

To his own cause the judge was devoting the powers of analytical judgment and *a posteriori* reasoning that made his charges masterly pieces of judicial literature and, in certain instances, to Lester's knowledge, terrible indictments of the innocent. So they might conceivably have acted; ergo, they had so acted. The jury had the evidence, every fact whereof—and some fictions—formed a thread of the judicial net. Against a mind of this caliber Elizabeth was battling as futilely as a child that, carried from a room by superior force, clutches at the door-jamb with ineffective hands and does not cease to struggle until it finds itself outside and the door closed upon it.

He found Elizabeth where he half expected, wholly dreaded to find her, at a fault in the cliff, a wide cleft across which a bridge had been thrown, connecting the headlands. The bridge was being re-floored and a pile of lumber lay to one side of the entrance. She was sitting at the edge, near the water, looking down. The uneasiness that had given rise to his warning to Langleigh recurred with fresh force. Wide experience of the erratic working of the human mind under stress added a chill of foreboding. He had known women hurried out of sanity by great mental torture to— Unconsciously he quickened his steps. He had seen her here often, of late, always looking down.

She looked up at his step.

"I'm afraid you cannot pass," she said, smiling. "The floor should have been down yesterday, but something was lacking—bolts, I believe. I would rather

"What do you gain by maintaining the '*status quo*?' Days and years of misery"

"I obey God," she answered, her face turned toward the expanse of sea and sky

James shouldn't know. He is severe on a broken contract. And the carpenter has a sick wife."

She spoke naturally, even brightly. It was like her charity to interest itself in the defaulting carpenter's sick wife; yet his disturbance increased. It was the first time, he recalled, in their long acquaintance, that she had asked him to keep anything from her husband. Professional instinct, keenly alert, seized on the excuse, turned it over, explored it. He seated himself beside her.

"As it happens, I don't wish to pass. I was looking for you." Unconsciously his voice softened. He was looking for her—to tell her what? On the way down here through the fields, with the ocean and the woman silhouetted against it in distant prospect, his will to convince her made conviction a possibility. In her actual presence, the possibility seemed remote. For all her gentleness, her exquisite femininity, on this one subject, he knew, he should find her no less adamant than the rock on which she sat so motionless.

In the curious dual consciousness of his mind the man was dominating the lawyer. He crowded his hands deep in his pockets and shook himself free, at the same time rising to escape the nearness of her presence, lest the thrill he felt at each touch of her wind-blown gown should unnerve him to the temptation of Langleigh's mocking counsel, insinuated, perhaps, for just such a moment, to transform the friend into the declared lover, and so close the net.

"Elizabeth," he said, with anxious abruptness, "I want to take charge of your case. Will you make me your counsel?"

She looked up at him, startled, a color faint as the roses of her dress just tinging her cheeks. It was one of the singular rectitudes of her straightforward character that she never evaded or professed to misunderstand.

"But I haven't a case," she answered, quietly. "There will be none."

He hesitated a minute, then made the plunge, his eyes overlooking hers to where a sea-gull swooped and dipped.

"But if Jim makes one?" he suggested, very gently.

He felt her start and knew, though his eyes never wavered from the splashing wings of the gull, that she blenched.

Yet she answered as he expected that she would answer. Whatever her husband was to her personally, to the world he stood for a man of honor.

"James wouldn't do that. I have never given him grounds." Then, startled, like many a witness for the accused, by what her evidence seemed to imply, "Would he do that?" she cried, fear struggling with certainty.

Lester brought his eyes back reluctantly to her face.

"I am afraid that he would," he answered, in sorry truthfulness. But the sight of her distress unnerved him. He hurried to qualify the admission. "I mean, it is conceivable that he might. A lawyer, you know, has to look on the seamy side."

That he had failed miserably, he knew from the mute anguish in the eyes she lifted in swift interrogation to his face. He cursed himself for a blundering surgeon, who hurt without healing.

"Did James—" she began, then, as if she shrank from the truth her words asked for, altered them to a leading question—"James didn't ask you to tell me this?"

He hesitated, the contrast between what Jim had sent him here to say and what he had actually said, assailing him with bitter irony. To tell her the brutal truth would destroy her love for her husband; but it would not convince her that divorce was lawful; nor could it open a door of which honor made him warder. It would only cause her needless pain, unmerited humiliation. A minute ago, to soften the blow he had given, he had taken Jim's sins on his own shoulders. It remained for him to carry the burden.

"I am not representing Jim," he said, at last, slowly. "What I have said is on my own inference and according to my judgment. I go back to-morrow"—at her motion of surprise he went on hurriedly to escape the necessity of evasion—"and I would like to go, knowing that you have made up your mind to anticipate any possible move on Jim's part.

Things can't go on as they are—you must forgive a friend much truth-speaking; you'll break under the strain. In your case divorce is both moral and righteous. Think!" he pleaded, as she put the suggestion from her with a gesture of negation. "What do you gain by maintaining the *'status quo?'* Days and years of this misery!"

"I obey God," she answered quietly, her face set toward the illimitable expanse of sea and sky.

In the strain of the last few minutes Lester had almost forgotten that this was what he had to expect—the inevitable end of all reasoning. His look followed hers in impatient hopelessness. Generations of her forefathers appeared ranged against the sky-line—a fighting legion, stern men of faith, armed for conflict. Against faith, arguments fall like so many leaves rustling to earth; they make sound, that is all. But he made the effort, his lips settling into the thin, stern line opposing counsel had learned to dread.

"Are you sure of that, Elizabeth?" he asked, his eyes apparently with hers on the distance, yet not losing the quiver of a muscle or a throb of color in the face before him. "The law of Moses sanctioned divorce but what seemed good to God in the time of Moses, didn't seem equally good to Him in the time of Christ. Can we be certain that the law Christ delivered seems good to God today?

"Our courts, dealing, not with conditions two thousand years ago, but with the crimes and criminals of modern society, have thought not. It is not perhaps that man is more wicked or woman weaker, but humanity is greater; laws are framed now not merely to punish crime, but to prevent it. Where, in actual application, Divine Law, as delivered, is inadequate, human law must step in and amend it in behalf of the innocent who suffer and the weaklings seemingly tempted under it. Let me tell you a story.

"I once had to convict a woman who had murdered her husband. She had submitted for years to a brutality beyond your conception. She endured till the last nerve-fiber snapped under the strain. Then she deliberately and with malice aforethought murdered her tormentor. She was an Italian; religious instincts conjoined with temperament closed for her the door the law mercifully leaves open; yet her act was itself a protest against that very indissolubility of bond she believed in. She wouldn't have recourse to the courts to break the bond. She broke it herself—law with it.

"With her, the open door, had she not scrupled against it, would have been, as it has been to hundreds, the door to safety. With you,"—he hesitated preceptibly in his application of the story, while his glance, lowered to her face, swept it searchingly,—"with you, who have not her temptation, it might be the door to happiness. It must be," he ended with the vehemence of conviction, "the door to relief, and I strongly counsel you to avail yourself of it."

For a second he thought he had prevailed. She started, turning on him questioning, half-frightened eyes. Then, suddenly as a mist sweeps over the water, in response to some inner prompting, some argument framed, perhaps, centuries ago by clergymen of her line, there came over her the look of the mystic, absorbed in exalted contemplation of what eye hath not seen nor ear heard.

She rose, putting the subject from her with an air of dignified finality that left him powerless.

"You leave nothing to God's justice. We needn't break the bond ourselves: if it is right that it is broken, God, in His time, will break it. Meanwhile the Law, 'Let no *man* put asunder,' holds."

The slight emphasis on the third word turned prohibition curiously into promise. While no more, doubtless, than the surviving casuistry of some reforming forefather, altering, by as slight a ruse, some Scripture text to his own prejudice, it lingered, nevertheless, with almost sinister suggestion in the lawyer's mind, as he followed her toward the house.

"God knows," he told himself hotly, as he made ready in his room for dinner, "what crimes a man's ancestors may commit in his person. Psh! that the thought of a dead brain should drive a

"Look out!" he shouted

woman to destruction! If the disembodied soul could see all the sin and misery that result from its having lived, the doctrine of Purgatory becomes real enough."

At dinner, however, apprehension seemed groundless. Elizabeth was natural, almost light-hearted, challenging the attention of husband and guest by little flashes of gayety, a hundred charms. Both men responded, Lester in the exhilaration of relief, the judge more soberly, yet with so apparent a desire to make good that, at the first lull, Lester dropped out of the conversation.

If Jim were really trying to open the door he had himself pointed out—the door that led in—he should meet no hindrance. It was curious indeed if he, skilled in reading men, had misread the very man he knew best—if he had to do with that common subject of dramatist and lawyer, a jealous husband. On this hypothesis what had seemed monstrous in his friend's behavior of the afternoon became absurdly simple of explanation, like that momentary flash of relief in His Honor's face, when, as they entered the dining-room, Elizabeth had mentioned, with obvious regret, his own going.

Reviewing the weeks, he thought he could trace the gradual stiffening of the old warm friendship and openheartedness into the present suspicious reserve. A hundred cryptic utterances, that, in the time of them, had seemed calculated merely to annoy the woman, became, on recall, daylight clear. He fell into revery, to be startlingly recalled by a sentence.

"Now that they have finished the bridge," His Honor was saying, "we can go down to the beach."

"Finished the bridge," Lester's mind repeated. But the bridge was not finished. Beyond the few feet of flooring, its spare, skeleton ribs let the stars through to the water.

Lester glanced quickly at Elizabeth. She sat leaning slightly forward, very still, her eyes intent on a distance. Whether it was imagination, the wraith, difficult to lay, of his late anxious fears, or the shifting light from the wrought-iron lanterns swinging the length of their chains from the beams overhead and set in stately undulation by a gust of air from without, a singular brilliancy, as of inspiration—or was it revelation?—appeared to flit for an instant across her face. She repeated the words absently, with slight, scarcely noticeable change.

"We could go down to the water."

Again Lester felt the chill of foreboding. As by some necromancer's feat, he saw before him, in place of the table, with its glittering luxury of silver and glass, the cleft lying black under the night—a sinister open gateway. He tried to convince himself that the hallucination was due to mere association of ideas and that the light on Elizabeth's face, if not likewise illusory, expressed natural pleasure in her husband's suggestion; when had Jim asked her to walk with him before? But, dinner over, he took words and look with him to the terrace, turning them over in his mind, fitting them into this theory and that.

He was still there when they came out, Elizabeth with a gauzy white scarf, like a nimbus, around her hair, from which her face, as the porch light fell upon it, shone with the mystic, far gaze of one already world-detached—the look of the martyr—of one called on to sacrifice for God. They passed through the garden, taking the cliff walk.

The lawyer's mind followed after, sweeping, like a powerful search-light, from edge to edge of circumstance till it focused on its object in a physically blinding flash of terrible insight. In the fragrant dusk of the garden the whole stood illuminated, each unrelated word, look, act, fallen into its proper place, the complete, startlingly distinct picture of a crime.

Lester sprang to his feet. In the path ahead Langleigh was trying fumblingly to undo the door that led in, while every word, every step brought nearer Elizabeth's way out—that open door leading down to the water.

"She would not," he cried to himself in horror. "She would not," but the automatic, merciless lawyer's brain that listens to no heart had already tried her and convicted. She would. He broke into a run, making a circuit through the stubble and came in ahead of them, reaching the bridge first. In his ears the bursting throb of his heart beat with the thunder of the tide running into the cleft.

They were already at the bridge—the new timbers of its footway stretching towards a gap of one indistinguishable blackness with the rock beyond. The judge's figure was lost in the surrounding darkness, but his wife's in its light dinner-dress, glimmered a formless, spectral gray against the black blur of the ocean. Lester put out an arm to stop her, to prevent that swift rush he anticipated, but it dropped nerveless at his side. She stood, shrunk close to him in the dark. Langleigh stepped on the planking—alone.

At his side there was a deep-drawn breath, a tense whisper, her whole argument, her sole defense in the words—"no *man*—God!" In the agony of the revelation he caught at the chaff of her argument to save her from his own judgment. If it was right that the bond be broken, God would break it. It was God Who had brought her husband here, God Who had led him on the planking, God Who had planned—purposed—

The man's brain reeled, but, automatic, impersonal, detached, the lawyer's brain went on, hurling the terrible words each on each in familiar, inevitable sequence "—premeditated—this—crime." The corollary stated itself with the startling vividness of a handwriting. There was no crime under Heaven with which by this reasoning, the Creator might not legitimately be charged.

From the monstrous fallacy the lawyer started in horror, compelling the man with him.

"Look out!" he shouted over the tumult of the tide. "The floor's open," and laid a hand on the woman's arm, drawing her forward.

"God was going to let him die," she said, not guiltily, but with a certain quiet wonderment at the potency of human interference in the divine plan.

She could not see, in the dark, the mist that had sprung to Lester's eyes nor the grimness that gathered on his lips. He dashed away the one with his free hand, the other spoke in his voice, harsh and short:

"God wasn't, because He didn't."

The hollow sound of footsteps on the planking had ceased suddenly and His Honor's voice came toward them, hoarse with the agony of love that, face to face with death, fears it more for another.

"Elizabeth?"

The woman quivered; a low cry burst from her — surprise, joy, remorse blended. She started to go to him. Almost roughly Lester held her back.

"Are you mad? Your husband must not know—what I know!" There was grave significance in the stern undertone. He raised his voice, aghast himself at its hollowness. "Here safe, both of us. *I stopped her first.*"

The judge had stooped over the chasm. He straightened and came back, his white face peering anxiously through the starlight. To that acute inward ear of his, something rang false in the words. He groped after it instinctively.

"Are you telling me the truth or are you trying to break it to me? I thought I heard her cry—" he called, then suddenly saw her before him, his friend's hand on her arm. "Thank God!"

Lester's fingers tightened an instant over the bounding pulses before they relaxed.

"Then be good to her!" he said violently, almost menacingly, turning away. Langleigh thought he understood. He had bidden this man, "Go show her yourself!" And the man had only to keep silence. That powerful grasp of the arm would have held Elizabeth back. The way would have been open.

"Mac!" he began falteringly, but words seemed too small.

Lester fathomed the thought. Jim had believed him capable—but what did it matter? Elizabeth alone counted. Would the aberration return? This high, criminal sense of responsibility for God? Would it come sometime when he would not be here to save her, as he had been here to-night? When the way would be open and no keeper at the door? When that grim host of legacy—he faced sharply around, his erect, squared figure sternly challenging. There was one way to save her—to turn against her the weapons of her forefathers and wrest from that Titan legion the fire stolen from Heaven.

"It is true that I might have done it," he said, with the cool deliberateness of counsel opening the case, forestalling evidence by first crystallizing suspicion into speech. "I knew that the floor was open; but did *I* leave it open? I might have walked off there myself, if I hadn't been down here to-day.

"Here was divorce, absolute, beyond possibility of scruple, the divorce of God. 'If it was right that the bond be broken, God would break it.' Who was I to intervene in the merciful justice of God?"

More than his own pain he felt the woman shudder as he handed her words back to her—flinched himself at her shrinking from the pitiless analysis that held up to her, as in a mirror, the darkened features of her own soul.

His voice became august. "God sometimes opens unsuspected doors. He opened one to-night. Nothing lacked of a great catastrophe but its culmination, and that lacked because, though 'Let no *man* put asunder,' was set as a sign over the door, above it was also written, 'Thou shalt not kill.'"

To the judge, he knew, it was a plea of guilty. To the woman—Lester's eyes, straining anxiously through the dark, saw her turn, as for refuge, to her husband and his arms go around her. Lester lifted a conquering face to the vanquished legion in the sky.

JERRY GALLEGHER

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Author of "The Satin Slippers," etc.

Illustrated by C. E. and FANNY MUNSELL CHAMBERS

YOU will find no mention of Jerry Gallegher in Professor Bennett's book on the psychology of city criminals, although Gallegher did much to aid the sociologist to gather his material, and, in doing so, led him to one of the most memorable adventures of his life. Indeed, it is only to his intimates—and at those times when the talk is serious and personal—that Professor Bennett will speak of Gallegher. This is the story that he then relates:

He was my friend. It was not possible for me to study his case, or classify his character. He was too close for me to see him clearly. And now, about his image in my memory there is a mingling of light and shadow—a light as it were of western sunshine, and baffling, amorphous shadows, like shapes of fog—of the fog that played so singular and tragic a part in Jerry's history.

It was only necessary for us to meet to become friends. There are such friendships—they come like love at first sight, and with the same disregard of conventions or close differences. There are men who make you open your heart to them no matter what your mind may say in opposition. For me, Jerry Gallegher's personal charm was magical. Quite aside, however, from my friendship for a lovable fellow-being have I reason to remember Gallegher, for I deem it a privilege to have known a man of genius. The turn his genius took was away from the beaten tracks—but it remained genius, just the same.

It happened out in San Francisco. One evening I entered the editorial room of the *Searchlight* to see a newspaper acquaintance, Dan Levinson, an expert police reporter, who was helping me very materially in my studies of the underworld of the fascinating city by the Golden Gate. I found the big room humming like a hive of angry bees. Something so extraordinary had happened that these newspaper men—habituated as they were to all forms of the extraordinary—were astounded. And no wonder! Uncle Bill Lawton, the sporting editor, had been held up and robbed of the famous diamond stick-pin presented to him by John L. Sullivan! Uncle Bill Lawton robbed—he who was as well known in San Francisco as the Lotta monument! That any newspaper man should have been held up, would have been strange enough, and bad enough, to be sure—but that Uncle Bill should have been so outraged was—Oh, it was—but all figures fail, and all I can say is, that it was the limit!

It seemed that Uncle Bill had left a Tenderloin restaurant to go home about two o'clock that morning. There was a heavy fog, and he was arranging a muffler about his throat as he waited for a cab, when an arm was thrust about his neck, and a hand went to his tie and took the pin. Then the thief—who had darted out of the fog—darted back into

the fog, and by the time the half-throttled editor had recovered himself and given the alarm, his assailant had made his getaway in safety.

"And now it's certainly up to Noonan to get that pin back," declared Uncle Bill.

The *Searchlight* men agreed with him. Noonan was the Chief of Police. Uncle Bill had already communicated with him, and Levinson, the police reporter, had been instructed to talk to Noonan like a Dutch uncle, and make him clearly understand that the *Searchlight* would not stand for anything like this. Levinson entered the office shortly after I did, and said that Noonan was all broken up over the matter, and simply could not understand how it could have been possible. But he had sent for Jerry Gallegher.

"So you need not worry about the pin, Uncle Bill," said Levinson. "With Jerry on the job it's as good as back already. Jerry will soon be here to see you."

Everybody in the office, save myself, agreed with Levinson that Jerry Gallegher would secure the return of the pin. But I did not understand, for I was newly come to San Francisco. But he who would learn things must not be afraid to admit his ignorance and ask questions, so I drew Levinson aside.

"Put me wise," I said. "Why are you all so excited about Lawton's pin? I thought that hold-ups were far too common in San Francisco to stir up such a fuss. And why do you say that this Jerry Gallegher will be certain to get the pin back? Is he your local Sherlock Holmes?"

Levinson stared at me until he was sure I was not joking, and then he laughed—a rare thing for this saturnine expert in police news to do. He had worked so long in the grim, grimy old Hall of Justice in Portsmouth Square, that something of the shadowed atmosphere of the place seemed permanently settled on him.

"Jerry Gallegher a detective? That will tickle him when I tell him! But then, you don't know the local situation, do you? I will put you next to Jerry, for he's just the man to help you in your work—that is, if he happens to take a liking to you. You'll like him—everybody likes Jerry; but Jerry himself is capricious; he has the artistic temperament, fully developed. Which is natural—for Jerry is an artist; there's no question about it. He's the slickest pickpocket the country has ever known, bar none. But he's retired, now, for he's not only a great genius in theft, he's also a splendid business man. He's the one who organized the crooks of San Francisco, and put their operations on a business basis. Jerry made a deal with the police that all local people of any consequence or pull were to be left alone by the crooks, who, in return, were not to be bothered for their work with the strangers and tourists who swarm in San Francisco. The arrangement suited everybody—except the strangers, and they don't matter. That's why we were so peevish when Uncle Bill was touched. It was a blow at the system. If Jerry and the Chief can't control the strong-arms better than this, why, you see, we will have to go to the bother of making trouble for the police department, and securing a reform. The way I figure out this morning's job is, that some outside crook, or some rank amateur, butted in. I'll bet Jerry Gallegher will be sore! But it's a safe bet that Jerry will fix the matter up, all O.K. And here he comes now, to get on the job."

Levinson indicated a man who was being led by a reporter to Uncle Bill Lawton's desk. That night there was a heavy fog, and in the dusty, smoke-clogged air of the big room there also seemed to be a fog. And the slight, thin, rather round-shouldered, softly moving, dark-clothed, neat, darkly-pallid young man with the reporter, appeared to me like some creature of the fog—he seemed to belong to it as a gull belongs to the sea, or a pike to some dark stream of water. A curious feeling came to me—an emotion akin to fear, or perhaps to fearful aversion—such a feeling as is caused by the approach of somebody known to be afflicted with a contagious sickness. But Gallegher had to pass me

Jerry seemed to have some omen of disaster. His hand sped swiftly toward his hip-pocket

closely, and the light of an electric bulb fell full upon his face, and my aversion disappeared completely. I met his eyes, and they seemed to be lit up with an instant flash of instinctive friendliness irresistibly evocative of response.

I stood watching him as he held a whispered conversation with Uncle Bill. Once or twice he looked in my direction and our eyes met, and each time I had the consciousness of an exchange of good will. I could feel that he was interested in me, and I knew for my part that I was very much interested in him. Presently he passed out again, with nods right and left, and another smile in my direction.

"What did he have to say, Uncle Bill?" asked Levinson.

"Oh, his story is that some greenhorn, or out-of-town crook, turned the trick; but that, whoever he was, he'll be forced to give up the pin before to-morrow night."

"Jerry will make good," affirmed Levinson. "The dip that pinched the pin will try to get money on it, and Jerry will fix it so that not a fence or pawnbroker in San Francisco will dare to risk a cent, and they will let him know if anybody tries to sell the pin."

"Well, it's up to Gallegher to make good," said Lawton, who did not seem to have recovered his temper. "If he doesn't, I'll make trouble for him. That crook has a swelled head, and should be taken down a peg or two."

"Uncle Bill's vanity has suffered severely in this business," said Levinson, as we left the room; "but I don't think he need be so sore on Jerry."

"Perhaps he has a notion that Jerry knows more about the loss of the pin than he lets on to know," I remarked.

But this quite shocked the police reporter. "Nothing of the kind!" he protested; "nothing of the kind! The very spirit of Jerry's system is that he's on the level. He wouldn't have lasted a month if we didn't all know he's on the level."

I remained with Levinson that evening, and far into the night, at the Hall of Justice, and went with him to the *Searchlight* after midnight. We arrived at a fortunate moment. Jerry Gallegher came and returned to Uncle Bill the stolen pin. As the occasion demanded celebration, Uncle Bill invited everybody who could leave the office to take a drink, and eight or ten were able to accept.

"I'll introduce you to Jerry," said Levinson, as we crossed the street, in which, through the drifting fog, the colored lights of the restaurants and bars gleamed, and splashed, and oozed. "Treat him with a little—what'll I say?—well, with some style, formality, you know. Put on some dog. Jerry likes it. It's one of his oddities. He has many. He's the victim, for example, of the queerest kind of liking for newspaper men, and painters, and actors—his fellow artists. Jerry thinks he has something wrong with his bronchial tubes, though really I guess he's a lunger, so he never drinks anything except water when anybody else buys the drinks—but when he orders, it's always wine. You ought to cultivate Jerry, for the sake of your work."

"He's worth cultivating for his own sake," I answered.

We lined up before the bar. Uncle Bill bought. As Levinson had said, Gallegher drank water. Studying him under the bright light of the place, I felt that Levinson might also be right in thinking the prince of pickpockets to be consumptive; and the thought gave me a strangely troubling emotion.

When the first round of drinks was disposed of, Jerry suggested another; but Uncle Bill, with a certain asperity that struck us all, refused, and left the place. But the rest of us gladly assented when Jerry renewed the suggestion.

The head bartender and his helpers leaned forward with an air of assured expectancy. The fat proprietor of the place, who stood among us, smiled placidly. They all knew what was coming.

"Wine!" said Jerry Gallegher.

That word of magic, in the Tenderloins, from Market Street to Broadway! That word in order to pronounce which at night men will toil in devious ways

The pretty young nurse hovered in and out of the shadows

all day! The word "wine," in this region, means just one thing—it means champagne; it means champagne because champagne opens with a pop, is poured with a napkin wrapped about the bottle, and with the bottle placed first of all in a silver bucket—in short, there is "some class" to drinking wine when so many things are done to show you, and others—especially others—that you really *are* drinking wine. Where the white lights blaze, no respect is more authentic than that bestowed upon the "opener." Jerry Gallegher was a famous "opener."

Presently, Levinson introduced me to Jerry, with a formality that evidently delighted him, though the signs of his gratification were as subtle and as quickly restrained as were the movements of his perfect hand.

We had been talking, the three of us, apart from the chatter of our companions, and Levinson abruptly said: "Jerry, what did you do with the guy who pinched the pin?"

Gallegher shot a sharp, frowning stare at the police reporter. Evidently, he did not relish business matters, shop-talk, in his hour of relaxation from the cares of his profession. But Levinson was a privileged person—not merely Jerry's friend, but a man of influence in Jerry's own sphere.

"We wont talk much about the guy," said Jerry slowly; "but you can take it from me, kiddo, he didn't take long to get wise that nobody outside the combination can do business in San Francisco. So he's gone South—see, kid?—with a warning not to come back."

Levinson nodded understandingly: "I can see his finish if he tries such a stunt again."

"So can I—believe me, kid!" said Jerry, with emphasis.

Levinson said to me a few days later: "You've made a hit with Jerry." Well, I was glad to hear it; for he'd made "a big hit" with me, and in friendships as in love affairs one likes to have one's feelings reciprocated. Another opportunity soon came to see my friend, and after that we saw much of each other, and it is to Jerry Gallegher that I owe a great deal of what success my book has won; for what Jerry told me, and guided me to see, and hear, and understand, in the underworld, was always "straight goods."

But the odd thing was that by a sort of unspoken, clairvoyant agreement, we kept away from the subject of Jerry himself in his relations with the underworld. We were friends. We did not care to change our standing toward each other so that Jerry would be the victim and I the vivisector, psychologically speaking, in the sort of dissection of moral characters that I was carrying on at that time. So great was our common caution to avoid this danger, that it led to a perhaps excessive reticence.

There came a night—a fateful, tragic night—however, when, partially at any rate, we got rid of this restraint, and I had a glimpse into Gallegher's soul.

I met him accidentally one afternoon near sunset, on Market Street, near the hotel where he lodged. There was a heavy fog abroad, and I was glad to accept Jerry's invitation to sit with him in his room; for I had been depressed by the fog—as always it depressed me—and felt the need to change my mood.

Jerry insisted on a bottle of champagne, and we loosened our tongues and talked. It was strange talk—considering how always before that time, as I've said, we had avoided personal matters. Perhaps the wine was the magic that worked upon us. It was a good wine; Jerry knew what was what in wine, and this was liquid sunshine — sunshine caught by golden grapes on a southern hill, and transmuted to release once more the fervor and stimulation of the sun—working sun-magic against the depression and dankness and darkness of the surrounding fog. But, alas, that first mood of pure pleasure did not last. After all, the sunshine in the wine is not the real thing; it carries the corrosion of its own reaction in it; and after a while, I felt the influence of the fog in the room. Or was it the shadow of something even worse than the fog—the shadow of the coming event?

Jerry grew strangely gloomy. I could feel his mood as it grew deeper and deeper. And he seemed feverish, and above his lean cheek-bones two spots of an almost vivid red appeared beneath the dusky pallor of the skin. And he coughed in a fashion that pained me. I suspect it pained poor Jerry a great deal more.

We had been speaking about my work, when the outburst came. Jerry had been plying me with questions, the purport of which was to satisfy his curiosity to know why—why in the name of all that is strange—I should take such queer interest in such queer kind of work. It puzzled Jerry very much. Why should a man—a pretty good kind of real man, as Jerry by this time, I know, allowed me to be—go about the world trying to find out how wine-bums, and dips, and tramps, and thieves, and all the rest of the denizens of the underworld, lived, and worked, and, more especially, how they *thought?*

"On the level, now," said Jerry, "why do you do it? What's your real game?"

"See here, now, Jerry," I said, "I'm going to hand you one for yourself. Why can't you believe me when I tell you that I do this work just because I am fitted to do it—because I *like* doing it—I guess I was just naturally born to do that better than anything else I could possibly try to do. All men have a turn for some one thing."

He set down the glass he had been raising (far too frequently) to his parched lips. He started eagerly to speak, but the cigarette smoke he had been inhaling—inhaling, think of it, the poor, habit-bedevilled Jerry!—inhaling deep into his exacerbated lungs—set up a fit of coughing. When the paroxysm had subsided, he said:

"You're dead right. You give me the right idea. There aint one of us but has something or other he can do better than anything else—but, here's the funny thing: why should you be happy when you're doing your kind of work, and why should I be happy only when I am out on the swipe?"

Not being able to penetrate this little mystery for my friend, I avoided the issue in the Socratic fashion by retorting with a question: "But, on the level now, Jerry, do you mean to tell me that you are happy when you are out pinching things?"

"Honest to God, kid," he answered, leaning forward earnestly, and his sunken eyes glowing strangely, "honest to God, I am, while in the very act—when I'm right on the job. It just naturally makes me feel good all the way through; I feel like I'm sure enough alive—alive all over, then. But afterwards— Oh, but what's the use? I can't break away; there's nothing doing in that line. Let's cut it out—but, say, let me tell you something first—you can put it down in your little book as one of the funny things you got next to. Look at this mitt!"

He held forth his right hand—that delicate, nervous, beautiful hand, the hand of a born master of craft.

"Well, now, believe me, kid, this mitt of mine has just *got* to keep on the job—it just *has* to! Seems like it's the real boss, and not me. One of these days it'll get me in bad—see if it don't. It's like a dope fiend—it's got the habit, and it can't quit even if I wanted it to quit."

I reached out and took hold of that irresponsible artist of a hand, and held it tightly, as I said to its slave that should have been its master: "Come out of it—you're dead wrong, Jerry, sure you are. You are much stronger than your chump of a hand. I'm sure—dead sure, that you can boss it if you try hard enough."

Gallegher shook his head, but responded to the pressure of my grasp. He answered oddly: "No, kid, there's nothing doing—not while I live where the fog can get at me."

"What's the fog got to do with it?" I asked, but I wasn't quite sincere in expressing wonderment. Somehow, I already divined, or felt, in a subtle, occult kind of fashion, that the fog really had a great deal to do with Jerry's case.

"Yes, the fog's got a whole lot to do with it," said Jerry. "The first time I ever picked a pocket, it was in a thick

fog, that gave me my chance to sneak up, and turn the trick, and so I did—I just saw the chance, and simply had to go to it. For years my family—my name aint Gallegher, kid—for years my folks knew nothing of what I was up to; they are all respectable folks. But old Billy Salters, the pawnbroker and fence, who ran a school for kid dips down south of Market in the old days, he used to say that the business all came natural to me; and so it did. Billy said I was an artist, and that's right. But, here's a funny thing—believe me, kid, starting in to work because of the fog giving me a chance seemed to fix things for me so that I could only work well in the fog. Clear weather makes me nervous, and scary—that is, if I am on the job. So I did most of the work for years in the fog. And that's how I got this bum throat that bothers me. Of course, I don't have to work, these days, as I get a rake-off on all the business done in town, but when the fog and I are out together, I have to keep a tight rein on this hand of mine—it itches to get busy. One of these days I think I'll simply beat it and take a back-to-nature cure for my throat, out in the country, out of the fog belt—and cut out wine and cigarettes. And, maybe, if I had better health, I might get the better of this hand of mine. What do you think, kid?"

He looked at me—with his lean, sharp, city-bred face softened by wistfulness, as a child's face is changed when it is trying hard to understand something beyond its comprehension.

I pressed his hand once more. "Yes, Jerry," I said, "I think that's a fine idea. Good health would help a whole lot. Of course, of course it would. Try it—try the country—"

But I saw that he had ceased to listen, and he released his hand, and my eyes followed his to the door. There was somebody at the door. Gallegher's ears pricked like a dog's, and his face hardened and darkened, and all its soft brightness disappeared, as if veiled in a whiff of fog. And the door opened, and two police officers entered—Detective-sergeant Griffin and a patrolman.

Jerry seemed to have some omen of disaster. His hand sped swiftly toward his hip-pocket.

"Come now, Jerry, don't do anything foolish," said Sergeant Griffin. "You're in bad, but you ought to be able to fix things up all right."

"What's the trouble?" Jerry asked.

"We have a warrant for you, and you've got to come with us," said the detective, apologetically. "Uncle Bill Lawton is behind it,"—here I saw Gallegher start sharply, and frown—"and says he's going to get your goat. He allows he never believed your story about an outside dip pinching his pin—but that he believes you turned the trick yourself, and he hunted up a guy who swears he saw you going to Lawton that night, and old Uncle Bill says he'll push the case against you to the limit. So come along and see the Chief."

They took him away—respecting, however, his position of a man of political power and pull. He was not manacled, or taken in the patrol wagon; he walked with Griffin to the Hall of Justice. I also went to the Hall, but Levinson had gone to the *Searchlight* office, and I followed. I arrived in time to hear Lawton reiterate, to Levinson, his purpose to send Gallegher to San Quentin.

"I always had my doubts concerning that fellow," said Uncle Bill, "and when he came to see me after the hold-up, I thought I recognized him—I recognized his hand. I made a little gum-shoe investigation on my own hook, and found my witness and my evidence, and now I'm going to do him up. I guess when it comes to pull I can beat Jerry Gallegher to a fare-you-well."

And when the matter came to a showdown in the police court, Uncle Bill won the first trick. Jerry was held for trial. But the belief expressed by the "wise ones" was that he would win at the trial. He would have at least ten witnesses to prove an alibi.

Well, Jerry did not need to prove his alibi. Before the day set for the trial, he was released from jail. The first event of the series of events that led to this result happened on the second night after

his arrest, when he broke down and went all to pieces with rapidly galloping consumption. He was bailed out of jail at once, and sent to a private sanitarium in San Rafael county, out in the country, out of the fog belt—out where the sun shines in an air like wine, but not the kind of wine that is corked up in bottles.

He sent for me. When I saw him I realized the truth of what the assistant superintendent—a young man whom I knew—had told me when I arrived, and which had kept me from meeting Jerry for nearly an hour—an hour that I used in walking to and fro in the grove of tall, beautiful eucalyptus trees near the sanitarium.

Jerry feebly lifted his hand—that wonderful, vital hand—and placed it in mine.

"Well, kid," he whispered, with a smile, "I'm in the country, all right, all right—but, say, I didn't think I'd go *via* the county jail and a hospital. I want you to tell me something—you ought to know, being close to the *Searchlight* crowd. What made old Lawton so sore on me, even if he did think I pinched the pin?"

"Lawton is proud of being so well known in town," I said. "If any man had a right to think himself safe from the very thing that happened to him, it was Uncle Bill. That's the way it was with yourself. You remember how you felt when Griffin came, don't you? Well, you can understand how Lawton felt."

"Well, I guess he did have reason to feel sore," said Gallegher. He smiled, and never had he seemed to me so pleasant; yet almost immediately, he looked at me, and his eyes and his face were darkened and blurred with that defiling shadow that made me think of fog creeping over blue sky. "But, anyway, he was dead wrong about me, you know, and I'll certainly fight him to a standstill."

"That's up to you, Jerry," I said; "but cut out the talk for a while, and take it easy."

"Say, kid," he whispered, and now the fog had lifted again, "kind of hang around for a while, will you?"

"Why, sure," I said, and went to telephone to my home in San Francisco that I would not be back that night. When I returned, Gallegher was sleeping. I sat by the bed. The young assistant came, with the head of the institution, and stood for a time looking at the sleeper, and studying the nurse's day report, and whispering together. The superintendent had a large, black-bearded, black-haired head; he was a sort of stern, inflexible looking man, and when he nodded that formidable head over Jerry, I felt a strange sinking of my heart. And the pretty young nurse who hovered in and out of the shadows, for now the night-light was burning—she made me sad. For I knew that Gallegher would never know what life might be to him if a woman, some such sweet, tender young woman as this nurse struck one as being, should come to him. The time was sunset, and the room was shadowy as if a thin, chill fog had invaded it. The strangest sadness I have ever known gathered in my heart; for I now knew that Jerry Gallegher was going to die. I had been told this before, and had assented to it with my mind; but now I realized it with my heart.

He was going to die; it would happen some time that night; the doctors were sure of it, and I knew it would be so. And he was dying just when we had become such real friends, and when I might have helped him to overcome the habit of his hand—that habit that appeared to have been born in him like genius—and to fight the obsession of the fog. Why did such useless things happen? But perhaps it was not altogether useless—who knows? perhaps even this friendship at the edge of death was not altogether useless to poor Jerry!

But my sad thoughts were broken by Jerry saying in his sleep: "Yes, she was a dandy girl—but the mother was right in telling her." He muttered for a moment, then awoke, his eyes still misted—but not by the evil of the fog; they were now misted with dreams, and by the long deep thoughts that are found far within the soul. "Say, kid," he whispered, "I'm all in. Now, say, cut out the

hopeful talk; don't waste time; here's where I finish, see? But if this hadn't happened we could have got along first class—aint that right? Sure! Say, I want you to do something for me; will you do it?"

"Of course," said I.

"Well, my mother lives down in Monterey, but her name aint Gallegher; see? And I have brothers and sisters there, all doing well, and respectable clear through. I want you to go and see my folks—the mother, anyhow—and tell her that, that—well, you say the right things for me—that, on the level, I wish I'd done different, but that I don't see how I could—but be sure to tell her that she was right when she told a girl I used to know down there what kind of mug I was, and broke things up. See? She was right."

His thinly whispering voice ceased, and his eyes closed wearily.

"And do you want me to go to the girl, Jerry?"

His eyes opened, and the old whimsical, pleasant smile filled them. "I guess I'll have to do that, kid—for she dead."

Again his eyes closed. His beautiful right hand was fumbling with the edge of the bed-clothes. By and by he told me his real name, and told me things to tell his mother. This off his mind, he became quite animated.

"Now, look here, kiddo," he said; "I want a drink of wine—sure I do. That young doc' is a good fellow—see if he wont come through with a small bottle of the real stuff?"

The assistant superintendent was young but wise, and gave me the wine, for Jerry was past all further harming. I put a glass of the frothing, seething, yellow stuff in his hand, and guided it to his lips.

"Gee, that warms a fellow up, all right," he said. "It takes me back to the old days, and to the little old town across the bay. Good luck to it! Here's to San Francisco!"

He loved the city by the Golden Gate —as who that knows it does not?—and for a time he talked of it, but after a while he ceased to take interest, and lay back quietly. He seemed braced and strong, to me; but the nurse saw or divined something that gave warning, and she noiselessly went out to summon the doctor. The night was now deep without, and the room, where only a single feeble incandescent burned, except for the shaded light on the table amid the medicine phials, was full of shadow.

He began to speak again. "Yes, San Francisco was fine. There was only one thing I did not like over there." He stopped, then went on, slowly and distinctly: "The fog!—I—did—not—like —the—fog—and—it—did—not—like me! It hurt my throat, and—" But here he paused again, and then looked at me strangely, as with pain, and regret, but yet with some relief: "And, say, kiddo, I'll own up—it was me who pinched Lawton's pin that night. I was passing by and saw the sparkle, and the fog was thick, and I—well, I just had to get busy. But never again!" He smiled at me; then suddenly the smile vanished. "But, say, I thought there wasn't any fog here? Aint we out of the fog belt? What makes the room so dark? Say, kid, turn up the light, will you?"

A deeper shadow than any in the room had crept into the ashen-grey face. The hand lying on the coverlet began to fumble oddly. I grasped it, and bent over the bed to take the other hand in mine as well, but in doing so I released the right hand, which still continued its strange fluttering. Then I took it in my grasp again, and never shall I forget the singular sensation of jangling, quivering nerves and muscles that Jerry's hands communicated to mine. But the motion passed. The doctor came, and drew me back. Jerry Gallegher was dead. The beautiful right hand of the born artist in theft opened laxly. In it lay something that glittered as the light was turned up. It was a gold pin that I had been wearing in my tie when I talked with him.

But, even so, the fog had passed away, and the face was peaceful. The smile it bore was sunny—serenely happy.

LOLLAPALOOZA

By
HOPKINS
MOOREHOUSE
and
JOHN
COGGSWELL

Illustrated by EVERETT LOWRY

JOE DAWES was not the kind of Westerner of whom Eastern folks delight to read. He didn't pack a gun, wear a wide Stetson, take pleasure in pursuing horse-thieves and Indians, or break "bad" horses. Neither did he hold up trains, shoot up towns or consume large quantities of liquor.

When he saw the new school teacher at Happy Creek he was not astride a galloping horse. Nor did he rescue Miss Molly Turner from almost certain death. He was on his way to town. His sorrel horse was bony and pulled dejectedly on a light democrat, the wobbly wheels of which squeaked protest at the dearth of axle grease. It had rained the night before and the wheels cut deep into the muddy road. Rivulets still coursed down the wagon ruts.

In the back of the wagon was a wooden crate. In the crate was a hog, the sale of which was the object of the trip to town. When the road sloped down to the creek, the horse was too lazy to hold back and the speed of the outfit increased. The wheels jumped clear off the road when they hit the end beam of the bridge; the tail-board flew off the catch, the load slid out and the crate collapsed. The hog started back home with Joe after it.

Molly Turner was carefully picking her way down the muddy road. Her eyes were on the ground and she did not see the approaching chase. Neither did the pursued or the pursuer notice the young woman. The hog brushed against her just hard enough to sit her down in the mud—splash! The animal turned sharply, and in an effort to intercept it, Dawes' feet slipped from under him and he too sat down. The two splashes occurred at nearly the same instant.

"Oh—er—we beg your pardon," attempted Joe.

"Oh, don't mention it," answered Molly, and they broke into laughter.

How could they have stood upon ceremony after that? Before Joe had taken the teacher half way back to the Hinton farm, in his rig, he knew her name and occupation. And she knew that Dawes, just two years out from the East, farmed a couple of miles up the road; in fact, she knew practically the story of his life. Joe thought that Miss Turner certainly was a mighty nice little girl; she had sense enough to listen to a fellow and take an interest in what he was saying.

The Hinton's place, where the girl was staying, seemed a very short distance that morning. From the porch a very much flustered elderly woman greeted the bedraggled occupants of the muddy wagon.

"Why Molly Turner, if you're not a sight! What *have* you been doing?"

"Mother, this is Mr. Dawes. He and

I have been chasing a pig." And the pair laughed heartily.

Mrs. Turner's sense of humor evidently was suffering from a touch of frost. She had not been West long and did not readily take to the idea of her daughter driving about with a man to whom she had never been introduced. When Mrs. Hinton appeared on the scene, Mrs. Turner insisted upon a conventional introduction. As soon as the young woman had changed her skirt, Joe drove her back to the schoolhouse.

"And who is this Dawes man?" Mrs. Turner was asking Mrs. Hinton meantime.

"Oh, he farms up the road a way. Decent enough sort of a chap. No bad habits that I know of, except that he's plumb shiftless. He's only been here a couple of years. Last year the weed inspector cut part of his crop before it was ripe on account of the thistles mixed with the grain. But, shucks! You know his place. It's right next to that quarter-section you bought. You and Molly'll have him for a neighbor when you get your chicken ranch to goin'."

"Oh—er—we beg your pardon"

"Well, if he's content to keep his place in the ramshackle condition it was in when we saw it, and no system about the arrangement of the farm, I don't think he's a very desirable young man."

Nor was Mrs. Turner's hasty appraisal without some justification. Joe himself would have been the first to admit that his farm furnished grounds for criticism. He had secretly felt at times that many things were lacking to put his holdings upon the same plane of excellence cultivated by most of the others in the district. He was not unaware of the fact that "Joe Dawes' place" was an eyesore to many a hard-working, thrifty farmer in the surrounding parts.

But the improvements he planned periodically had never been carried out, somehow. He always managed to find some plausible excuse for delaying action. The weather-stained barn would have been as good as the best of its neighbors if it had been painted, but it afforded just as good protection without it. The shack was even more unsightly than the day it was knocked together by the original owner when the district was first thrown open to homesteaders; but it had been comfortable enough for a fellow living alone, and inside he had always kept things spotlessly clean. The weeds in what should have been the front yard were not as pretty as flowers, but Joe preferred twanging his old guitar of an evening to wasting time on a flower garden that nobody but himself would see.

The shock which the general air of dilapidation gave him as he drove up the lane after taking Molly Turner to her school was therefore somewhat unusual. In fact, such a novelty did it prove

that he spent considerable time in looking about the place, searching out prospective improvements.

He grew enthusiastic over the mental picture of the farm as it might be. The barn stood up bright and clean with red paint and topped by a tin rooster to point the vagaries of the wind. Strong, new fences of the latest pattern stretched on all sides. An old-fashioned flower garden lent bright color and fragrance to the immediate vicinity of the house. And the house itself grew and grew until it assumed the proportions of a fine, modern farm-house of red brick with a tall colonial chimney which suggested a big fire-place in which the flames leaped and shone on oak panellings and books and—

Joe came out of his trance with a start and realized that Lollapalooza was grunting impatient protest from the restriction of the reconstructed crate in the back of the democrat.

He had named the pig on the way home. "Lollapalooza" seemed to fit to perfection in more ways than one. Of course, he did not intend to sell that pig now. Lollapalooza had struck luck for the rest of his life and, barring accidents, his life would extend to the full span allotted pigs.

Joe called on Molly Turner that very evening to find out, he said, if she had experienced any ill effects from her misadventure. Molly smiled. Already she rather liked this big, good-natured farmer. Mrs. Turner, however, did not bestow many smiles upon him. She had seen enough of his method of farming to be prejudiced against him.

And when subsequent evenings found Dawes on the Hinton porch, Mrs. Turner began to see in him a possible aspirant for the honor of becoming her son-in-law. She, as is a way with mothers, desired to postpone the inevitable day when Molly would cease to be hers alone. And she was filled with an unreasoning wrath against the young man.

In serene ignorance of this, Joe whistled and sang about his work. He was going in the right direction at last. When the Turners finally moved to their own farm they could hardly recognize the adjoining place. True, there was as yet no stately brick mansion shedding a glamour over the entire community, but the barn was painted, the weeds in the front yard had disappeared, and—that house! Surely that was not the structure that for two years had sheltered Joe Dawes! A cozy veranda ran across the front. Black, mellow beds below wire nettings held the seeds of quick growing vines. The front yard had been plowed, disked and harrowed. Already grass shoots pierced the loam. Several missing bricks had been restored to the chimney, which had been neatly "pointed" up. The body of the house was covered with glistening white paint, while the trimmings showed just the right shade of green.

Mrs. Turner gasped. Before she had only suspicions. Now she knew that Joe Dawes was trying to make an impression on some one. And who could that some one be but her own Molly? She made herself believe that she actually hated the young man. The idea of his making bold to seek her only child! Why, there was not a man on earth good enough for Molly!

But that did not prevent Joe from proving a great help in tidying up the Turner house that afternoon. Their hired man had not shown up and Dawes put away their horse, carried water and split wood. Before Mrs. Turner realized what was happening, Molly had asked their neighbor to stay for supper. Things were coming rather rapidly for the mother to handle. But she simply wasn't going to have any designing man carry off Molly. And so soon after their arrival! Why, it was positively shocking!

It was remarkable, the number of errands Joe found to take him to the Turner farm. Every evening, when he and Molly were not out driving, he was on the Turner porch. Mrs. Turner entreated in vain. Joe Dawes was a nice young man, the daughter insisted, and there was no reason why he should not come around as often as he wished. She liked it, she said quite brazenly.

Mrs. Turner made up her mind that it was time it should stop. Molly had

gone over to pay a visit to Mrs. Hinton. The mother espied Dawes industriously pulling weeds in the garden. She approached the line fence. Joe saw her coming and met her, smiling.

"Why, good morning, Mrs. Turner. Anything I can do to help you?"

She was plainly embarrassed, but her mouth was set resolutely.

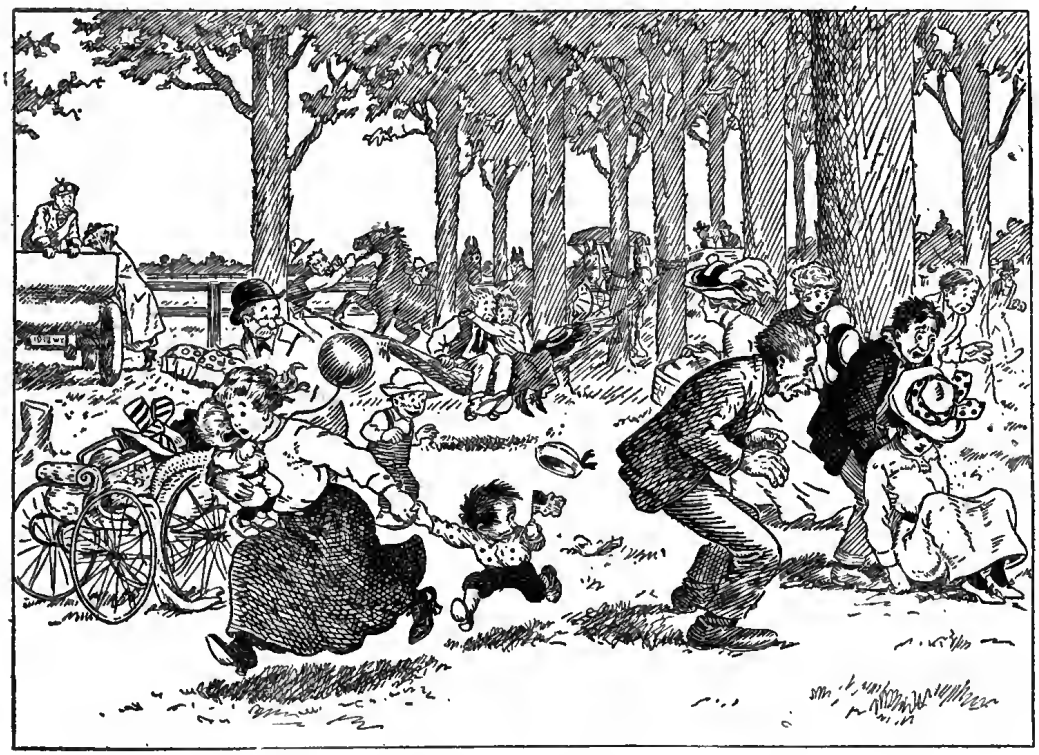
"Yes, Mr. Dawes," she answered grimly, "there is something you can do for me. I think you are coming to see Molly entirely too often. People will talk. I have spoken to Molly about it.

The good woman fairly fled home. She scarcely knew whether to style herself a martyr to her daughter's foolishness, or just a plain, every-day liar, for Molly had never thought seriously of a young man until she had met Joe Dawes, and her mother knew it.

As for Joe, he sat in dejection on the fence of Lollapalooza's sty. He shook his head mournfully.

"Lollapalooza, I thought you were my mascot. But I've just about made up my mind you're a humbug."

Lollapalooza only grunted. His busi-



It was certainly Lollapalooza's afternoon at the fair

I think she sees things as I do. And there are other things, too."

"What other things?" Joe demanded.

"Well—" Mrs. Turner hesitated. "You know we come from the East. Well—er—there were young men back there."

No finesse about Dawes. He spoke bluntly. "Is Miss Turner engaged?"

"I—well, I wouldn't say she was exactly—er—engaged. But—"

"Very well, Mrs. Turner, I understand. I'll not poach."

ness was putting on fat.

Not for over a week did Dawes see Molly. Her greeting was rather cool, for she was piqued that he had neglected her for so long. Although Joe had intended questioning the young woman, her aloofness immediately put a wet blanket on any hopes he still cherished. He passed with only a formal greeting.

He didn't sleep much that night, but he made up his mind that he would "show 'em."

II

Everybody attended the Pleasant Valley fall fair. It was a very good sort of fair, as such shows go. The little town was in gala attire. Every place of business was closed during the two afternoons of the fair and every good citizen of the town and district holidayed at the grounds.

Never had there been such a display of grains, vegetables and live stock. Each neat, white show building was gay with bunting and flags. The long hitching rail was lined with rigs. None looked better than Joe Dawes' trim little mare and brand new democrat, in the rear of which stood an empty crate.

One building contained the oven and needle products made by the ladies of the district, as well as flowers and vegetables. In another, row after row of open sacks contained the entries in the seed grain competition. The adjoining structure was given over to horses of distinguished pedigree. In the cattle barn, mild-eyed bossies contentedly munched their fodder. The sheep pens were well filled. The last building sheltered the swine of both heavy and bacon varieties. Verily the managers of the Pleasant Valley fair were justified in calling theirs the best county fair in the state.

It was on the afternoon of the second and last day of the exhibition that Molly, Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Hinton drove to the grounds and proceeded to view the wonders. They were greatly interested in the fancy-work and when it was found that Mrs. Turner's embroidered centerpiece had taken first prize in its class, and that Molly's bread was declared the best exhibited, they were elated. Mrs. Turner was in such a pleasant frame of mind that she actually smiled cordially at Joe Dawes when he passed their party.

The smile lingered as they went on to examine the first prize wheat. Mrs. Turner could not read without her glasses and she called upon Molly to decipher the name on the prize card.

"Why, it's Joe Dawes," the young woman reported.

He found freedom delightful and was filled with joy

Some of the nags crashed through the inner fence; others made records for the quarter mile

"Yes," announced a young farmer standing near by, "that boy has just about cleaned up the whole show. I tell you he's a comer. It beats all how he's braced up in the season."

If Mrs. Turner began to be a little bit sorry, she did not show evidence of it, but when she found that Joe had also carried off first money for his display of vegetables and owned the prize Shorthorn, she began to think that after all he might be a most worthy young man, even though the Turner family had no need of him.

The older women did not take much interest in the pigs. Neither did Molly until she came to the pen where the prize bacon hog was lazily enjoying himself. Mrs. Turner and Mrs Hinton hastened on, but Molly was loath to leave, for that pig looked oddly familiar. It was scrubbed cleaner than ever pig was scrubbed before. Fresh clean straw covered the floor. She read the card. It was Joe Dawes' "Lollapalooza."

Molly felt very sentimental over that hog and she lingered, paying no heed to the calls of her mother. She talked in low tones to the animal, glad that most of the crowd had gone to the race track. It was while leaning over the pen gate that she dropped her handkerchief. She had just unlatched the gate and recovered it when she was startled by a familiar voice close behind.

"Molly," said Joe softly. So intently did they gaze at each other that neither noticed the gate of the pen swing open.

A cur dog barked and something knocked Molly Turner and Joe Dawes off their feet at the same instant. They found themselves sitting face to face in the barn aisle.

It was certainly Lollapalooza's afternoon at the fair. He found freedom delightful and was filled with joy that his short legs could still carry him at as rapid a gait as on that other day when he had broken loose. The heavier porcine contingent grunted their aston-

ishment as a black streak passed them.

Luckily, Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Hinton were close to the door. They stepped outside just in time. An animal, pursued by the cur that was the cause of all the trouble, followed by a small boy tore past them. The two women watched the chase breathlessly. Men had joined boys and every dog on the grounds took up the trail.

The following mob grew larger and larger as Lollapalooza scooted through the long line of barns. Sober bossies tried to jump out of their stalls. The big stallions pawed and kicked.

Out of the barns and into the grain exhibit streaked the pig, the howling crowd close behind, spurring him on with shouts.

Joe's vegetable exhibit fell to the floor as Lollapalooza knocked one of the props from under the table. Other exhibits fell. The pursuers were hindered somewhat by the clutter on the floor, and the hog had time to decide on his next move.

The open door of the ladies' work building invited. Molly's bread, pies, cakes, canned fruit—all were hopelessly mixed up on the floor.

Lollapalooza was stopped as he became entangled in the knitting and embroidery, but only for the briefest of instants. A woman fainted as she saw him emerge with her favorite lace scarf twisted around his neck.

The pig was in the open. Past the hitched teams he rushed, the curs close on his flank. Old farm horses that hadn't traveled faster than a slow trot in years, reared up, the fire of youth in their eyes. Those that could break the hitching straps left unceremoniously for home.

Lollapalooza turned sharply and made for the race track. The horses were out for the second race. It was never run. Some of the nags crashed through the inner fence. Others made records for the quarter mile around the barns.

A great part of the crowd in the grandstand joined the chase as the hog scooted around the track. No one thought to time him, which was a pity.

He came opposite the swine building. It looked like a familiar shelter, and straight for it Lollapalooza ran. Heavens! Mrs. Turner stood directly in his path.

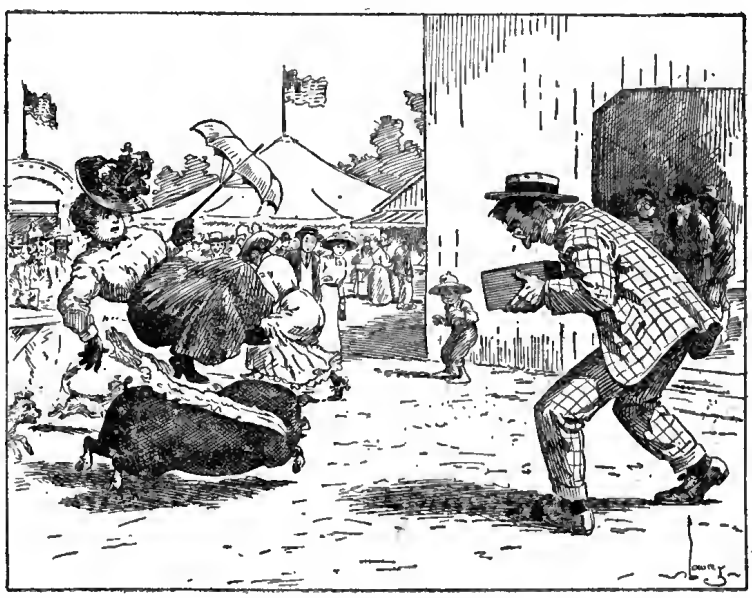
III

Molly and Joe had picked themselves up, but were standing close and talking earnestly and happily. They were so taken up with each other that they were oblivious to everything else for the time being.

Suddenly they became aware of a growing roar.

"Here comes Lollapalooza!" cried Joe.

Lollapalooza sure enough! He catapulted through the barn door and dashed into the pen. Joe swung the gate shut and latched it just as the laughing crowd arrived. They gathered



'Your mother—she's been photographed"

around to look at the panting hog as he lay stretched out on his straw.

Mrs. Hinton pushed her way to the front and plucked Molly's sleeve. Plainly she was much agitated.

"Oh, Molly, Molly!" she whispered excitedly, "Your mother—she's been *photographed!*"

"Been wha-at?"

"She's been photographed. That pig knocked her down and a man snapped her at the very instant she fell."

The situation demanded action. Led by Dawes, the three quickly made their way out, closely followed by the crowd, which was bent on getting further excitement if possible.

A dusty and dishevelled Mrs. Turner was alternately pleading with and berating a young man holding a camera under his arm. She caught sight of the approaching trio.

"Oh, Mr. Dawes!" she sobbed in mortification. "He—he photographed me. And he says he's going to use it for a picture postcard!" She fairly screamed. "A *c—comic* postcard!"

Joe turned to the camera fiend.

"Take that film out of the camera," he demanded.

"Aw, g'wan. What are you buttin' in for?"

In a second Dawes had him by the collar and for a few minutes the air was full of the photographer. When Joe finally let go of him, the camera was in pieces on the ground and the film lay exposed to the light, the picture completely obliterated.

That evening, while Joe was over at his own place making ready to take supper with the Turners, Molly's mother voiced her enthusiasm.

"And, my! Didn't Joe swing him around? He's the right kind of a young man."

Molly smiled happily.

After supper the mother left the young folks together. Her walk took her past Lollapalooza's pen. She stopped and looked into the enclosure. The hog was peacefully munching his feed.

"It was very rude of you, Lollapalooza," she reproved, "to topple me over that way. But your master says you're the best hog that ever rooted and he likes you very much. And we like him very, very much, so I guess I'll have to like you."

"Mph!" grunted Lollapalooza.

The ADVENT OF CLORINDA

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

Author of "On the Red Staircase," etc.

WHERE'S Martha? Hasn't she come in yet?"

Miss Rebecca Leggett shook her head. She was clearing the coffee, but her soul was not concerned, at the moment, with coffee or coffee-pots.

Miss Lois walked across the kitchen and looked out between the spotless sash-curtains. "What in the world keeps her?" she exclaimed.

"She's up to Thompkinses," Rebecca replied. "Of course there's a sight of work there."

"I should say so!" Lois frowned. "Juliet Thompkins always was slipshod; what in the world she wanted with ten children! My Lord, one would kill me!"

"She's dead, Lois," Rebecca remarked reprovingly.

Lois sniffed. She was the eldest of

three maiden sisters; Martha, the baby and the irresponsible member, was fifty-seven. "I hope Parson Pinel will send those children to an asylum," she said.

"Mrs. Pinel's going to take two," Rebecca rejoined.

"Two! I should admire to see her house after they've been in it just *one day!* Where are the other eight going, please?"

"The Lord knows!" said Rebecca meekly. "I should s'pose Mrs. Peckley had enough, but Martha said she'd take three—"

"Martha?" Lois almost screamed.

"Lord, no! Mrs. Peckley. How you do take on."

"Three," Lois counted on her fingers, "three to Mrs. Peckley, two to the Pinels—that leaves five. I'd admire to see Dr. Pinel come here. As for being pestered with other people's children—no, thank you!"

Rebecca turned a deeper shade of red. "He stopped by, last night."

"You don't mean it?" Lois gasped.

Rebecca laughed hysterically. "I told him I shouldn't dare let on to you, and he talked some about the Lord's will and of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' He wanted us to take all five."

"The man's crazy!" cried Lois. "What'd you say, Rebecca?"

"I said I guessed the Lord meant 'em for somebody else, and"—Rebecca hesitated—"I said you didn't like children."

"I like that!" Lois exclaimed grimly, "puttin' it all on me! Five children here—my Lord!"

She looked around the spotless kitchen and through the open door into the equally spotless dining-room. "My Lord!" she repeated, not profanely but in extreme deprecation.

"I should say so!" assented Rebecca. "I told him—I don't mean the Lord, but Dr. Pinel—it was quite impossible. I offered to take the cat; you know we have missed Cadwallader considerable, but he didn't let on he heard me."

"Five children—the man's crazy," Lois mused.

Rebecca glanced out of the window. "There's Martha," she exclaimed. "She's comin' in the gate now—" She dropped the curtain hastily. "My sakes!" she murmured.

Lois did not hear her. She was sitting primly on the edge of her chair when Martha came in. Martha was shorter and rounder and more genial than either of her sisters; there was even a tradition of a love affair and—but away with tradition!

As the door opened Lois looked up; her cold eyes fixed themselves on her sister's ample figure, on her alpaca skirt, her plaid shawl, her familiar brown hat and, at last, upon a soft white bundle in the hollow of her arm.

"Martha Leggett, what's *that?*" she demanded.

Martha looked from one to the other, flushing and paling by turns. Rebecca had dropped the hot poker on the floor and there was an unearthly smell of burnt rag-carpet.

"It's—it's the baby," Martha faltered.

"Oh, my sakes!" whispered Rebecca.

Lois merely looked at her and the look was so demoralizing that poor Martha shrank under it.

"Nobody wanted it—" she began brokenly.

"I should think not!" interpolated Lois.

"It's only ten months old," added Rebecca, in an awed tone.

"It's asleep," said Martha, unfolding her shawl.

It lay in the hollow of her arm, its little face rosy with sleep and its golden eyelashes lying on its soft cheek. Rebecca approached cautiously and gazed at it. Lois shut her eyes tight.

"Martha Leggett, have you lost your mind?" she asked witheringly.

"I was so sorry for it, sister," Martha pleaded. "They divided up the children; Mrs. Peckley took three, Mrs. Pinel two, and Hatty Stone 'lowed she'd take one. That left four. Nobody asked me—I guess they knew how you an' Rebecca felt. At last old man Robbins up an' 'lowed he'd have two; then Mrs. Pinel said she'd add little Juliet but there was the baby. It began to cry just then and I went to soothe it and when I got back the women were all drawin'

lots an' Mrs. Stone says, 'Marthy, it's your turn,' and I says, 'My turn what?' 'To draw,' says Mrs. Peckley, kinder quick. I drew an' Mrs. Pinel screams out, 'Why, Martha, you've drawn the baby!'"

"My sakes!" said Rebecca again.

"I was all of a tremble," Martha continued, "and—and the baby cried again. I went back to the kitchen"—she stopped and winked back her tears—"I know you'll think I'm a fool, Lois, but it lay there so pretty and pink and helpless, an' it cooed when it saw me! I just took it up and came home. I couldn't seem to help it!"

Lois rose slowly from her chair. "Martha Leggett," she said, "you take it right straight back. I call it scandalous, drawing lots and a minister's wife too! You take it right back."

The tears ran slowly down Martha's face. "It's such a pretty baby, Lois; it couldn't bother us much—and—"

"I should think you were crazy, Martha," Lois replied angrily. "I wont hear of it. Take that baby home!"

"It hasn't any home," objected Martha tearfully. "I—"

Lois looked at her. "You can take it to Mrs. Pinel's."

"I'd—" Martha's trembling lips closed.

Lois turned coldly away.

Martha looked at Rebecca but she had apparently just discovered the poker.

"Martha," said Lois sharply, "I'll never consent!"

Martha winked hard; against her gentle bosom leaned the soft little form; against her kind big heart nestled the little castaway. "Of course I can't upset the house, Lois," she said meekly. "I'll go up-stairs and get another shawl—it's real cold to-day."

"Very well," assented Lois. "Don't be long."

"I'll hold the baby for you," volunteered Rebecca, and she held it gingerly, as she usually held the rolling-pin.

They heard Martha sob as she climbed the stairs.

"It's waking up," explained Rebecca, awestricken. "Sh!" And she sat down stiffly in the rocking-chair.

Lois peeped into the white knit-shawl. "It—it really has quite a nose," she commented.

The baby opened its eyes and smiled confidingly.

"It's kinder pretty, don't you think, Lois?" Rebecca ventured.

"Goo-goo!" cried the baby.

"There, there!" said Lois soothingly, "don't cry. Yes, Rebecca, it's rather pretty."

"Goo!" said the baby and snatched at her curls.

"My gracious!" cried Lois, recoiling.

"You'll have to take it, Lois," Rebecca said. "See how it's cooing—I never knew a baby to show so much liking."

"It's quite remarkable, isn't it?" Lois replied, as she drew the baby into her arms. "I—I suppose I can manage it a moment or two. What does keep Martha?"

"She's crying," Rebecca replied drily. "Well, I s'pose Mrs. Peckley'll take it, or Miss Smith."

"That woman?" Lois stood still, holding the baby tightly, "she's not fit to bring up a cat!"

"Mrs. Peckley's neat as wax," remarked Rebecca, "but, my sakes, there aint enough to go around there."

"It's a scandal for such folks to take children, let alone having 'em," retorted Lois. "My gracious, Rebecca, this child's going to sleep on my shoulder—what ever shall I do with it?"

"Why, I'd just as lief hold it, Lois," said Rebecca with alacrity.

"I guess I can hold a baby as well as you can," Lois replied sharply, "I'm not a fool."

Rebecca looked out of the window. "It's snowing," she remarked irrelevantly.

"Snowing?" Lois sat down in the rocking-chair and began to rock stiffly. "You call Martha, she can't take this child out in a storm."

"It wouldn't do, would it?" exclaimed Rebecca, in a tone of relief, and she went to the stairs and shouted up to Martha that the baby could not go out in the snow.

Martha was a long time coming down and her eyes were swollen. Rebecca had

put the belated breakfast on the table and was pouring the coffee while the elder sister still rocked. "I'll take her, Lois," Martha said meekly. "I'm sorry you've had so much trouble."

Lois looked at her. "Sh!" she said and rocked harder.

Martha stared.

"I s'pose Miss Smith'll take it," Rebecca said.

"Yes," assented Martha tearfully.

"I can't imagine why the Lord gives children to such folks," remarked Lois. "If I was Him I'd look out sharp where I sent 'em! As for Miss Smith—I'll speak my mind about *that.*"

"Well, there's Mrs. Seawell."

"She can't take it," said Martha feebly. "There's chicken-pox up to her house."

"My sakes, I hope you didn't go near her!" cried Rebecca.

"Sh!" said Lois, "you'll wake her up. What's her name, Martha?"

Martha shook her head disconsolately. "We don't know," she said. "Nobody could seem to remember; the children call her 'the Baby.'"

"I guess you could name her, Lois," suggested Rebecca suavely. "You're real poetical."

"I shall call her Clorinda," she replied firmly.

There was an embarrassed silence. Finally Rebecca looked out. "I declare if Parson Pinel aint comin' here! I guess he's found a home for Clorinda—of course, he knows you wouldn't have her, Lois."

"You go and see him, Rebecca," Lois said. "I can't get up while Clorinda's asleep. Just say Martha'll bring her after it clears."

"He might as well take her himself if she's only goin' to Miss Smith's," Rebecca said stoically.

They heard her let down the chain-bolt and then there was the murmur of conversation. Martha buried her face in her hands and now and then a tear trickled through her fingers.

Lois rocked more gently; the little golden head nestled against her lonely heart and the little body weighed more and more as it sank deeper into contented slumber. Lois looked around the warm kitchen and out of the window at the gate where she used to swing as a child; dimly at first, and then vividly, memories crowded back; she heard childish voices in the old house, the patter of childish feet.

Rebecca opened the door. "Sister," she said, addressing Lois, her eyes avoiding Martha, "the parson says he'll take the baby. The town nurse is going to take it to the asylum."

Lois rose and gently, very gently, deposited her burden in Rebecca's arms. "You sit right there, Rebecca, and rock," she commanded.

She walked into the parlor and she forgot to close the door behind her.

"I just told your sister my errand," began Parson Pinel sadly.

"She's told me," Lois retorted briefly.

Her manner made him look up in mild surprise. "I'm quite ready to take the child now," he said.

"In this storm? I'm astonished, Dr. Pinel!" Lois replied severely. "I couldn't think of it, Clorinda'd catch cold."

"Who?" said the minister weakly.

"We've decided to call her Clorinda," Lois explained. "I understand they can't recall her name."

"No," Parson Pinel sighed, "it doesn't matter in an asylum—they'll probably have her numbered."

"You're an unfeeling —" Lois bit her tongue; she was about to say "brute."

"What?" asked Dr. Pinel.

Lois drew herself up. "I'm surprised. Dr. Pinel, that you could think of an asylum for such a baby!"

"Indeed?" he said gently but a little bitterly. "Unfortunately no one wants her."

Lois looked at him. "You're mistaken," she said coldly. "We've decided to keep her ourselves."

In the kitchen Martha rose and running to Rebecca dropped on her knees and hid her face in the white knit-shawl.

Parson Pinel gasped. "God bless you, Miss Lois!" he said.

"Thank you," she replied calmly. "I shall call her Clorinda Ariadne Leggett."

FIRST AID FROM A BEAUTY SHOP

By ALMA MARTIN ESTABROOK

Author of "The Reclamation," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE elevators were still clattering in the big office building, but inside "The Hare's Foot," the comparative quiet of an early spring afternoon was beginning to reign. The day's rush was over. A delicious warmth and fragrance filled the beauty parlors. The violet-ray face bleaching machine was whining for the last time. Apprentice girls were beginning to tidy up for the night. A stout woman emerged, hatted, from that part of the establishment where weights were reduced, and another, all ruddy and wrinkleless, came briskly from her "facial," and with a nod to Leola, the girl who made appointments, hurried out.

Just inside the entrance gateway hung with artificial roses, Mary Grey, the shop's temporary manager, sat at a desk against a dull green lattice-work, busy with her ledger. She had but recently arrived from her home in Crystal Springs, Ohio, to superintend the parlors while her cousin, the proprietress, went to Paris.

Pink, which was neither of the rouge pot nor of electric massage but unmistakably of country breezes, was in her cheeks; her eyes were like clear trout pools and as merry as they were keen, while her simply dressed hair was all her own. The sunshine which had poured through the street windows an hour earlier was not more honest than her whole make-up. She fitted a beauty parlor as incongruously as a wren would fit a crested blue-jay's nest.

Leola, rising languidly from her post at the telephone table, sauntered over and leaning against the green lattice smoothed that part of her anatomy where her hips had been.

"Jane Dake is quitting for the day and Miss Brewling's wig not finished," she remarked.

Mary Grey's thickly lashed lids lifted and her glance flew to the platform by the window whereon was installed the straight chair and the working paraphernalia of Jane Dake, the wig-maker. Jane Dake was just sliding down from her chair. She disappeared in a closet and emerging a moment later sidled stiffly toward the desk, her lead-pencilish figure enveloped in a grayish coat that encased it like a pocket protector. She had a Napoleonic cast of countenance and although she was the smallest person connected with the establishment,

no one ever dared stand out against her.

"I'm going home," she announced without preliminaries. "My rheumatism's something fierce. When Miss Brewling comes for her wig tell her it wont be done till Monday. It's for some sort of private theatricals, so I guess it can wait. Anyhow it's got to."

"Cool, aint it?" observed Leola, with a nod of her amazingly coiffured head after the disappearing figure. "Nellie Brewling is one of our best customers. You know who she is, don't you? Oh, wait a minute; there goes that telephone!"

"Yes, Mrs. Armitage," she said, speaking into the instrument in quite another voice from the one she had been using. "Awfully sorry we can't give you Fanchon. She's all filled up for to-morrow. Genevieve's full too. Oh, just a hair-dress, you say? We can manage that all right. At four? That suits?"

"Nellie Brewling," she resumed, crossing back to the desk, "is Dr. Brewling's daughter. The fashionables have him. I guess they consider him a sort of demi-god. Anyhow, he's made all kinds of money, and he's so busy looking after a lot of chronics who haven't got any other interest in life excepting their own pulse-beats, that he aint got any time at all for his motherless daughter. It's a shame. Leaves her to a careless, paid companion; gives her all the money she wants, and thinks her sheltered. Truth is, she's defenseless—exposed to just this thing that's happened."

"What *has* happened?" asked Mary Grey, listening with that part of her mind which always interested itself in the by-play of life.

"She's fallen in love—or thinks she has—with one of them artist's models. You know what they're like," scornfully remarked Leola.

Nellie Brewling

"We didn't have any in Crystal Springs," admitted Mary Grey.

"Well, take it from me, that as a class they're the limit! Of course there are exceptions. But I aint never seen one that wasn't lazy. And vain! Say, you never saw such vanity! It's sickening. This one's name is John Milton Fitts. Imagine! He's a real Adonis. She met him when she was sitting to Masters for her portrait. He poses for Masters."

"And she is going to marry him?"

"She will unless somebody stops her. And *who* is to do it? Tell me that? The worst of it is that she's breakin' with as fine a young fellow as you ever

saw—young Pallatt. His father's the big heating-plant man. The son—Kemp's his name—has just came back from installing one of the plants for some Czar or other. He's as straight and clean and business-like as they're made, but you can see for yourself that with a girl her age—she's not twenty yet—and with no one to advise her, a heatin'-plant man wont bring down the scales with an artist. That's what he tells her he's goin' to be, but he aint. He's nothing but a model and a model he'll be to the end of his days. Nature did a lot for his legs and shoulders, but she didn't do much for his head!

"You can't blame the child," Leola continued — Leola always continued. She was the monologist of the establishment. "There's no denying that Fitts is a handsome young beggar."

"Oh, handsome!" impatiently exclaimed Miss Grey. "What does *that* amount to?"

"From the number of women that come up here you'd imagine good looks amounted to something, wouldn't you?" grinned Leola. "You think this is all hocus-pocus, don't you now?"—with a wave of the arm that included the potted and bottled aids to the anxious. "I can see that all right. But you know what *Hamlet* says—oh, I'm not strong on Shakespeare, but I've got a friend who is—'Assume a virtue if you have it not.' Anyhow—Mercy, that's Nellie Brewling comin' in now!"

The newcomer was a pretty little thing, with big eyes looking distraughtly from a face as white as plum bloom. The droop of her scarlet lips was wistful. Loneliness lay in the depths of her eyes. She wore a great, flower-laden hat with wide, black-velvet strings. Beneath an ivory colored cloak a gown of softest shell-pink showed. She explained that she was on her way from a party and had stopped to inquire about the wig.

Leola brought her over to Mary Grey's desk and something in the smile she lifted to the older girl's face seemed to ask unconsciously for friendship.

She was so youthfully wholesome and sweet, and her freshness and simplicity were such unaccustomed things in the beauty parlor, that Mary Grey's heart went straight out to her.

All the rest of the day Mary thought of her, and when she went to bed that night it was with the vision of the wistful, enchanting little face still before her eyes. What if it were Amy? she asked herself. Amy was her nineteen year old sister at home. Amy, with no one to help her to see clearly!

Several days after this, on returning from an errand, she met Mr. John Milton Fitts as he was turning away from the "Hare's Foot" door where he had just left Miss Brewling. That it must be the model, she knew instinctively, and instinctively she disapproved of him from his soft silk-felt hat turned squarely back from his classic brow, to the "cuffs" on his immaculate white serge trousers, worn jauntily with his blue serge coat. In his buttonhole he had a white rosebud. A rosebud!

She glanced back at him with her inspecting eyes. "A coxcomb," she snapped to herself, "ambitionless, lazy and utterly selfish, but—but dangerously good-looking. Poor child! Really something ought to be done about it. Imagine what her life would be, married to such a man."

"He is tryin' to get her to elope with him," Leola whispered a few minutes later. "She told Genevieve all about it. She's worried half to death, trying to decide what she ought to do."

"And she chatters to Genevieve?" exclaimed Mary Grey, who could never understand the talking aloud of one's dreams.

"You forget that most girls of her age have just got to talk to somebody. They're fortunate if they've mothers to talk to. She aint, you see, and she don't dare talk to any of her friends, knowin' how they'd disapprove, so she talks to Genevieve, who has been doin' her hair for years. Besides, there's somethin' hypnotic about this business. It's so soothing to have your head worked on, or your face, that before you know it your brain has sort o' gone to sleep and your tongue is runnin' on and on, slow and intermittent, but right on and on. Ever notice?"

"She's fallen in love with one of them artist's models"

"I wish I knew Mr. Kemp Pallatt," Mary murmured. "There are things I'd just like to say to him."

"Well, it's dollars to doughnuts you'll never know him."

Mary smiled good-naturedly and agreed that the chance was small.

During the two weeks that followed she watched Nellie Brewling closely as the girl came and went, and it distressed her to see that the pretty color was fading from the plum-blossom cheeks and the eyes grew more and more distraught. By which tokens she knew that Adonis fervently pressed his suit and that the child was torn between her loyalty to young Pallatt and her infatuation for Fitts.

She was turning over ways and means as she buttoned her storm-coat beneath her chin that evening and made ready to go home. It had rained all afternoon and with twilight the storm had perceptibly increased. Rain sheeted slant-

She glanced at him with inspecting eyes

wise, and a stiff wind was blowing. She opened her umbrella and prepared to face it on her way to a car.

As she stood for an instant at the crossing, waiting for a break in the home-flowing stream of traffic, an exclamation of horror escaped her; an old woman with a roll of evening papers under her arm, had fallen in among the horses' feet and the hoods of the shining motors.

Mary Grey darted forward and catching at her arm tried desperately to get her to safety. As she was struggling with the inert figure, the driver of a car that all but ran them down brought it to a stop and leaping out, hurried to them with anxious inquiries.

For the chattering of her teeth the old paper vendor could not reply. She had regained her feet with Miss Grey's help, but she clung limply to the girl's supporting arm.

"She's only frightened, I think," Mary said, "but she's quite dazed, you see. I don't believe she's able to go on alone," she added anxiously, looking up from the woman into a pair of kindly hazel eyes.

"You don't suppose I'm going to let her, do you?" exclaimed the owner of them. "We'll get her into the car, and if you can make her tell you her address, I'll have her there in a jiffy."

Still half-paralyzed with the shock of her fall, the woman kept her tenacious hold on Mary's arm, refusing to let her go. She babbled incoherently, but they caught a street number.

"That must be where she lives," the young man observed, endeavoring to lift her into the car. But she still refused to release her hold on Mary Grey.

"Come with me, darlin'," she pleaded. "I'm still too dizzy to hold up me poor old head. And I aint never been in one of these things. Wont ye come? The gentleman wont mind, I'm sure."

"Do come, wont you?" the owner of the hazel eyes pleaded, and added, with a boyish smile: "You'll be helping me out tremendously."

So he tucked them both in, the old paper vendor leaning back with a pathetic luxury of abandon, her hand still clinging to the girl's sleeve, and the

big car took its place again in the swift moving traffic of the street.

The address she had mentioned was a distant one. For almost an hour they slipped in and out among other vehicles, turning corner after corner and threading their way through the storm, until at last they found the place; then, having restored her to an invalid husband — the owner of the hazel eyes buying the entire supply of evening papers—they hurried out to the car.

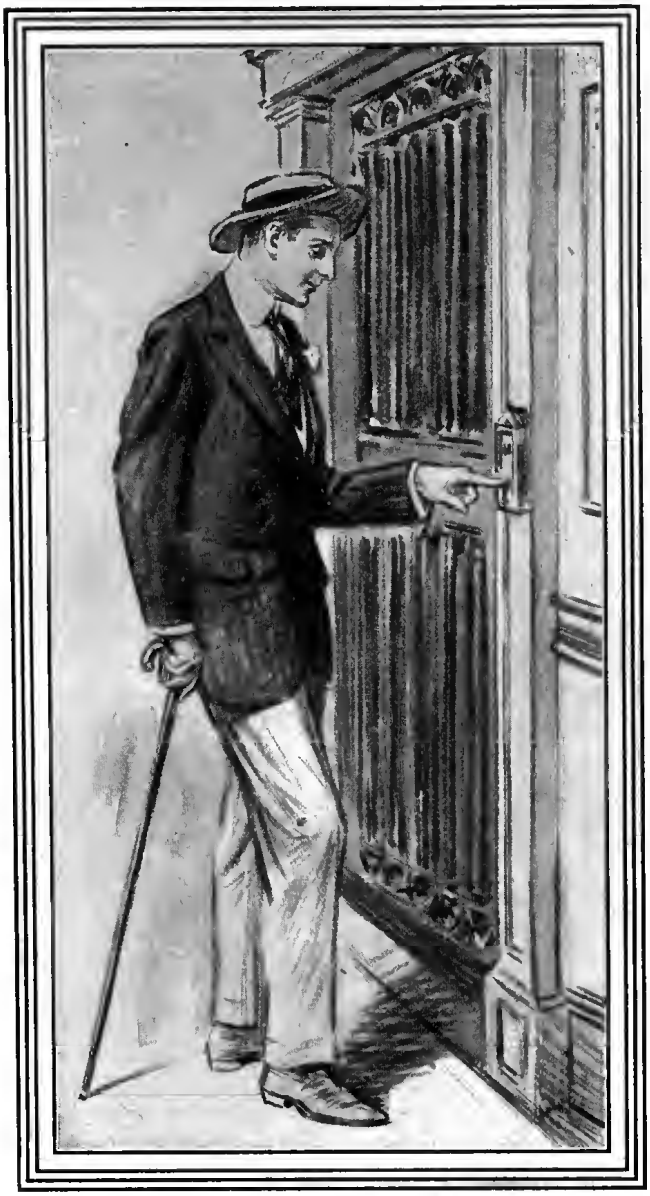
"Let me sit with you," exclaimed Mary Grey. "I could never support the solitary grandeur of the back seat."

"I was hoping you would suggest it, if you are sure you don't mind the rain."

Her single note of laughter proclaimed infinite disdain of the elements, and springing in, she was just turning up her coat collar when the owner of a passing car hailed her companion by name.

She gasped, and on the instant was obsessed by a resolution so breath-taking it made her heart throb.

"So you are Mr. Pallatt," she said. "Mr. Kemp Pallatt, I'm sure. I'm wondering,"—with a little intake of breath —"if Fate didn't tumble that poor old creature over, just so that we might meet. I've—I've something I'm going to try to say to you, Mr. Pallatt."



"Lazy, selfish, but dangerously good looking"

She smiled beneath the astonished questioning of his eyes.

"I'm so sincerely her friend," she breathed simply, "Little Nellie Brewling's friend. I've been wanting desperately to help her but there wasn't any way. No one *can* help her. No one but you, Mr. Pallatt."

"Help her?" he interrogated.

"To know her own heart."

He looked at her measuringly. He was the last man in the world to talk. Least of all to talk to a stranger. Silence was his invariable refuge. But there was something compelling in Mary Grey's earnestness — something that, despite him, moved him out of his customary reserve.

"You think she doesn't know it?" he asked.

"There are so many things we call love," she urged. "So many things, that at twenty, we may mistake for it. He has bowled her over—this absurd John Milton Fitts, with his talk of Art, and

the big movements of life. She is steeped in romanticism. All girls are at that age. She thinks he is going to make his mark in the world, and that it will be beautiful to be his inspiration. But she doesn't love him. I've watched her. I can see. She's infatuated. That's all. She,"—her straight-forward eyes read him through and through,—"she ought to love you, Mr. Pallatt," she said very quietly, very sincerely. "Why don't you pick her up and carry her off? You don't look like a man to compromise with life."

He was staring hard at her in helpless puzzlement, a furrow between his brows, but at her latter words the color went out of his face and a smile of much bitterness tugged at his full, strong lips.

"That isn't my idea of winning a woman," he said.

"It's often a woman's idea of being won," she suggested.

He shook his head. "She knows just how much I want her," he said. "If she comes to me it must be of her own free will. I'll neither beg nor bully her."

She looked at him, eyes black with the dilation of the pupils.

"You mean you'll stand tamely by and let him take her, and break her heart?" she cried.

He stared straight ahead down the wet, arc-lighted street. A nerve was pounding away furiously in his temple and his jaw was sternly set.

"If she wants him—"

"She doesn't! She only thinks she does."

"It amounts to the same thing," he declared hopelessly. "Don't think I wouldn't—give the eyes straight out of my head to get her," he exclaimed, the voice he was so courageously controlling breaking again, ever so slightly. "But I can't take her as you suggest. I couldn't, even if she'd be taken. And she wouldn't. You don't know her."

Mary made no reply, and for several blocks there was silence between them. A dismal, hopeless sort of silence that seemed to fit the dismal night.

When he let her out at her boarding-house door, she said: "So you're going to leave it stand as it is?"

Something drew at his lips; if it were a smile it was the most miserable attempt at one that she had ever seen.

"Wont you try to realize that I've done all I can?" he asked.

"Good-night," she said plaintively.

"Good-night."

"It makes me boil!" she cried to herself as she opened the door with her latch-key. And over and over during the days that followed she repeated it. Yet gradually her feeling of impatience with him faded, and she realized that no other course was possible to him. Some ineradicable sense of delicacy restrained him.

Honest and homely and lovable, his heart, for all its tenderness and yearning, would never teach speech to his tongue, and that absurd Adonis, with his physical perfection, his ingratiating manners, and his facile speech, would undoubtedly win the girl.

"Fitts has put it squarely up to her," Leola declared excitedly one afternoon a few days later. "She's in the booth there with Genevieve. She says she's got to decide by the time her facial's finished. He's going West with Brockton Simms, the big mural decorator, you know. Simms has got the job of doin' something in one of the new cathedrals; it's been in all the papers, and he's going to take Fitts as assistant. They leave to-night, and he wants her to go along."

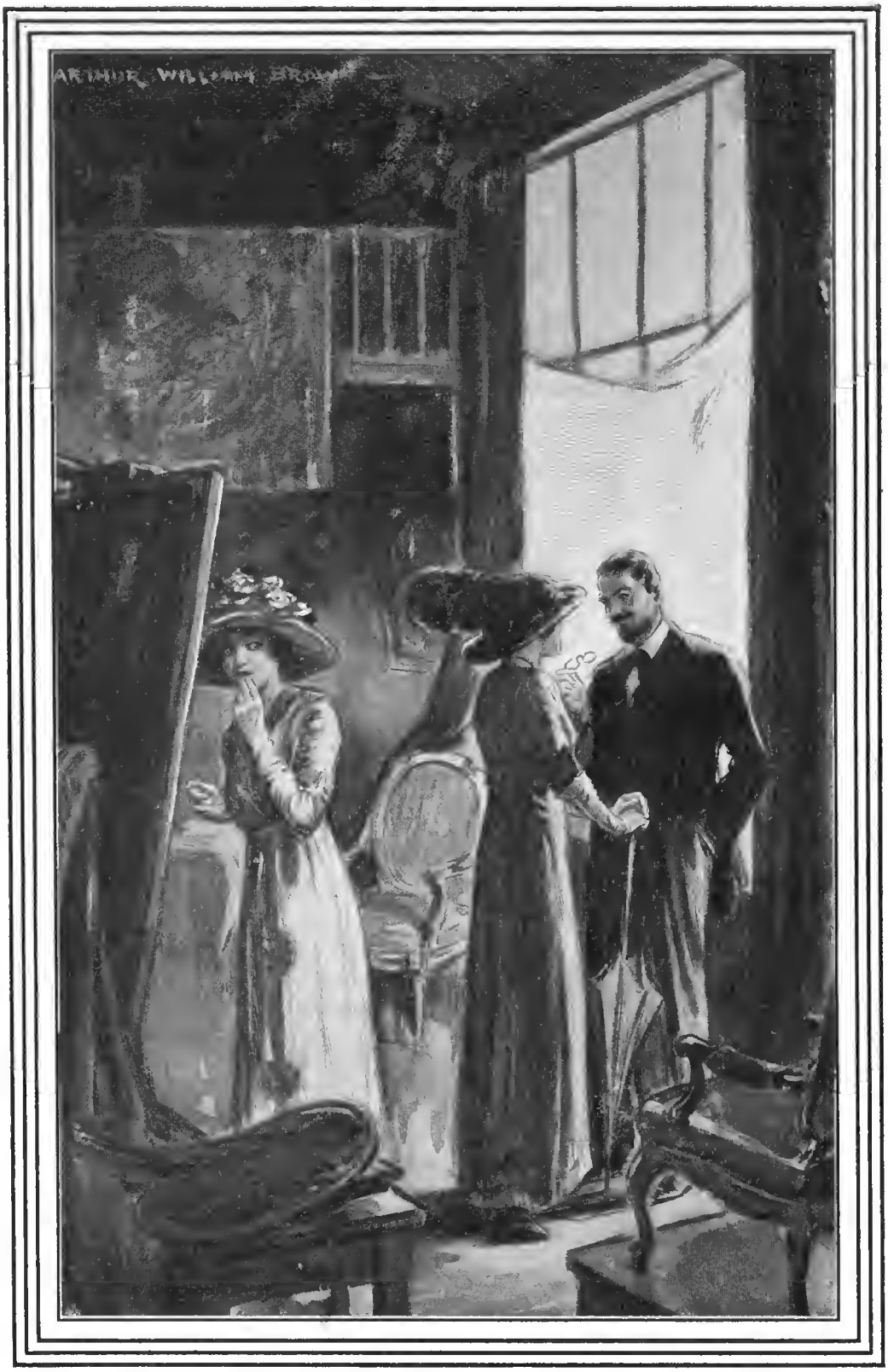
"Mr. Brockton Simms!" Mary repeated, in surprise, "I don't see the papers. Has he been here long?"

"Know him, do you?" questioned Leola, amazed in turn.

"He was one of my mother's dearest friends, years ago, when they were growing up in Crystal Springs."

"Well, he's the whole show now. Surprises *me* what he sees in John Milton Fitts. But he's engaged him, all right. And they're off at seven o'clock. Fitts' plan is to have Nellie drive straight from here to dinner with him, telephoning her maid, meanwhile, to bring a few clothes to the station, and not go home at all. It seems the maid can be trusted."

Leola's gaze became fixed on Mary



"I hope you are not interested in the young beggar," he said earnestly

Grey's face. In years Leola had not been so agitated. For all her apparent languidness—worn to deceive the beauty parlor and its customers—she was shaking with excited protest.

"See any way we can stop it?" she asked tensely.

"Let me think," replied Mary Grey, her finger tips beating nervously on the edge of her desk.

"There aint much time for thinkin'," warned Leola. "The facial's nearly finished."

She took a turn or two about her corner of the room, and coming back, leaned over to whisper: "I wouldn't feel we'd any right to butt in if circumstances wasn't just what they are. But I've been askin' a friend of mine, who is a barber and shaves Fitts, what he knows about him, and he don't know anything to his credit, I can tell you. Fitts tells Nellie he lives in 'austere' quarters in a quiet neighborhood, but my friend says he's been to his rooms, and that if there's anything austere about 'em he didn't recognize it. Says they're simply piggish. No other name for 'em. Says no self-respecting man'd live in 'em twenty-four hours. And that," she ended with emphasis, "aint all he said about Fitts. I don't see how I'm ever goin' to stand by and see that child sacrifice herself. Yet what on earth can a body do?"

Mary Grey sat without moving, her fingers drumming slowly on the desk, her head to one side, her eyes inscrutable, her lip drawn in a little between her teeth.

After what seemed an age to Leola she ran through the directory for an address, and making a mental note of it, closed her desk and crossing to an ante-room emerged hatted and ready for the street.

At that moment, Nellie Brewling came down the room toward the desk. She was plainly laboring under great emotion. A spray of early blossoms shaken by the wind could not have been more a-quiver than she. The adorable immature face had such tremendous possibilities of happiness—of suffering also.

"I'm going to ask an immense favor of you, Miss Brewling," said Mary Grey. "I've an errand in a rather distant part of town, and I must be there as soon as possible. I wonder if it would greatly inconvenience you to let me down? Your man is waiting with your car, isn't he?"

Nellie Brewling looked vaguely surprised and a bit perplexed; then, turning things over quickly in her mind she evidently argued that there would be plenty of time, for she granted the favor with her usual pleasantness.

When they were safely off in the limousine Mary spoke, guiltily, her bright eyes, with their compelling intensity, fixed entreatingly on the younger girl's face.

"My errand is to see Mr. Brockton Simms," she confessed. "I'm taking you with me because—I have just heard everything. Don't ask me how, and try not to be annoyed. Such news always leaks, believe me. Mr. Simms was one of my mother's best friends. I think my mother would like to know that I am carrying him felicitations on his commission, and I believe he will be glad to see me for her sake. It seemed to me it might be nice for you to meet Mr. Simms before to-night, and to hear from his own lips all the pleasant things he will have to say of Mr. Fitts."

Nellie Brewling's look of questioning, of vague wonder, and half-irresolution did not escape her.

"Oh, it doesn't matter, perhaps," Nellie exclaimed. "I was only wondering what Mr. Fitts might think."

Mary Grey laughed relievedly, with an assumption of gaiety she by no means felt. "Fancy his surprise when he hears! I'm sure he will be no end flattered at the report you carry him."

Brockton Simms was about to leave the studio when they arrived, but he made them come in for a few minutes' chat. His pleasure in seeing the daughter of his old friend was unmistakable.

As they were departing Mary said: "So you are taking young Mr. Fitts along?"

His glasses had a way of popping with sudden dramatic suddenness from his straight nose. They popped now.

"My dear child, who on earth is young Mr. Fitts?" he inquired.

The room seemed to swim with a suffocating silence. Mary Grey had expected something exactly like this; she had, indeed, counted surely enough upon it to hazard the visit. She was convinced that Brockton Simms had no intention of taking Fitts in any important capacity, even if he took him at all. But at his denial of any acquaintance with the man, she was so upset that it was an instant before she found voice.

"Mr. John Milton Fitts," she said, "the artist's model, you know."

"Oh, to be sure! But don't you think I shall find youths out there quite as favored as to legs and torso as he?" he smiled, restoring his glasses.

"I don't mean as a model. The word is that you're taking him as—er—as your assistant."

"As my assistant," he repeated, amused and nonplused. "To assist me in what, please? In the placing of scaffolding or the cleaning of palettes? You can't imagine him in that rôle, can you? Yet to my absolute knowledge it's all he is fit for. That and displaying the really superb charms nature gave him."

The painful crimsoning of her face alarmed and misled him. His smile ceased abruptly and left his eyes grave. He glanced toward Nellie Brewling, who had turned her back and was apparently studying one of his pictures.

"I hope you are not interested in the young beggar," he said earnestly. "He has posed for me several times, and I know what I'm talking about. At first I thought I saw something in the future for him, but his laziness, his shameful waste of his opportunities, his immense vanity, his inane follies, and his deceptions are certain to ruin his life and the life of any woman who cares seriously for him."

Mary Grey was game to the core. She kept silent, letting him think as he might for the present. Finally, they shook hands and said good-by, and she and Nellie Brewling hastened out to the limousine.

"Home," Nellie said to the chauffeur, and added to Mary: "Do you mind if I send you on alone? I—I must get home."

The little plum-bloom face was very, very white except for the blaze of color in either cheek. The big, dark eyes were a-flash with many emotions. The eyelids did not waver; her gaze struck straight into Mary Grey's. There was no outpouring of words. She merely swallowed hard and blinked. Then she said:

"You knew it when you took me there!"

"I imagined it."

"Why?"

"Because I saw him with older eyes than yours—clearer."

The girl's face quivered. For some time there was silence. Then:

"What did he mean to do, I wonder?"

"He meant to marry you, and make his explanations, as your husband. He would have pleaded that only a crisis could make you know your mind, and that he invented the crisis."

Nellie Brewling did not reply. She put up her pretty brocaded bag to the cheek next to her companion and for the rest of the way sat in silence, staring out at the street.

Fifteen minutes later Mary Grey, all pink, and breathless, and radiant, hurried into the "Hare's Foot" and, controlling herself as best she could, that the beauty parlors might detect nothing unusual in her manner, said significantly to Leola, in a voice that chirruped and sang:

"Get me Mr. Kemp Pallatt's number, will you? I'll talk from the booth. I have a bit of news I think he'll be interested in."

BEFORE MICHAEL CAME

Another Adventure of Lighthouse Tom

By FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

Co-Author of "9009"

Illustrated by W. H. D. KOERNER

ALTHOUGH Lighthouse Tom kept a saloon in The Street of Foreign Parts and also had attained the dignity of being a grandfather, the sea still claimed him as one of her rough children. Like the roaring customers who banged his bar with iron knuckles, he could not stay away from his old foster mother. I found him putting on his coat, when I dropped in one afternoon.

"Ye're in time fer a walk," said he. "I'm going to take a turn about the city front."

A grizzled ex-skipper, who was always sitting somewhere about the place, took charge and we two went out together. It was one of those rare drowsy days when the sun shines on San Francisco bay and there is no breeze to speak of. The Street of Foreign Parts was somnolent; we passed windows which bore the names of distant ports. We turned the corner and walked down to East Street. Crossing that busy thoroughfare we made our way to the wharves.

Bowsprits reached out over our heads as we walked; riggers worked far above us, clinging to dizzy perches; the smell of brine and barnacles and decaying piles was in our nostrils. The craft of the seven seas lay in the slips; slender, tall-masted schooners redolent with the odor of Puget Sound lumber; tramp steamships with hulls of red and black; two old wooden ships with painted ports; a dainty French bark over whose rail leaned a sailor in a red yarn cap; white transports taking on cargo for the Philippines; and stern-wheeled steamers discharging loads of produce from the banks of inland rivers.

A riff-raff of tugs and launches were moving in and out among all these big sisters of theirs. Out in the stream a battleship lay moored to a buoy. Nearby a dingy whaler swung at anchor; she was somber, sinister in color and line; her whole appearance was forbidding; a grim ship, and she seemed to say that she had seen much evil.

"She'll sail to-morrow," said Lighthouse Tom. "God help her crew." He gave her a long look and swore under his breath. His eyes hung on her, and hate was in them. A silver-haired giant, he had now no kindness about him; he

was again the man of action; and hot passions flamed within him. In a moment it was passed, and we found a sunny nook on a long dock, with the warehouse behind us and the bay in front. We sat down and Lighthouse Tom filled his black clay pipe.

"The salt water pulls me down here," he said at length. "I'm getting old, but I can't stay away." He sniffed the air and forgot to light up. As if he could not resist the grip of his former calling, he fell to comment on some of the vessels that lay close by. His talk dealt with ropes and timbers and pulley blocks, every one of which owned its peculiar name; he dived into technicalities and my head spun trying to follow him, for these things puzzle a landsman sorely. When he had run on for some time, he lighted the tobacco and smoked in silence.

A young fellow had been loafing aimlessly about the dock. The peculiar dejection of his attitude and the ill set of his worn clothes told their story plainly enough. He was one of those whom the city had lured from afar and he had found the promises empty. His face was pinched.

While Lighthouse Tom was smoking a man came up to this loiterer. He, too, was unmistakable; you can find his type on any crowded waterfront, never working, always prowling about, and usually in some sailors' saloon. In the old days of the crimps and boarding houses they were more numerous and sleeker; now they often fetch up in police court with a charge of larceny against them. The pair talked for a moment. I saw Lighthouse Tom glance that way and stiffen. The pinched youth was shaking his head emphatically; the other man departed.

"Foxy boy," said Lighthouse Tom and chuckled; he raised his voice. "Come over here, mate."

The boy looked our way; hesitated and in the end came. "What sort of a job did he offer ye?" demanded Lighthouse Tom.

The other gave one suspicious glance, and then, as if reassured by the face of his questioner, smiled wanly. "He said he wanted men for a big tramp steamer that was going to Seattle," said he; "and that there was lots of work up that way. It didn't look good to me."

Lighthouse Tom was fumbling in his trousers pockets. He brought forth a dollar and a half dollar. "Here," said he. "Up on Market Street, a matter of five blocks, there is an employment agency. Ye can get a job there fer the dollar; the rest will stake ye fer a bed and meal. Ye'll do well to steer clear of the city front when the whalers is in port."

When the boy had got over his astonishment and had departed, Lighthouse Tom nodded to my look of inquiry. "That 'big tramp steamer' is the whaler out there in the stream," said he; "and Puget Sound would be two years in the Arctic fer that lad."

I said something about thinking that shanghaiing was done with, since the sailors' union had managed to get recent legislation.

"It never will be with the whalers." He cursed them again, and his clear old eyes flamed, as he looked out at the somber vessel in the stream. "I get savage when I think of them," said he. "The men's hearts that has been broke aboard of them! I know. No man knows better. Did I ever tell ye how I got my dose of whaling?"

The sun was warm and we had an hour or more of basking ahead of us. I begged him for the yarn; and he launched into it with more profanity. There was no doubt that every oath came from his heart.

"Ye see," he explained, "I'd been shanghaied two times before. I told ye of one of them; the other was when I was a slip of a lad and it didn't count. One ship was the same as another in them days, and the sea was the best place fer me. But this was after I had married and settled down and I had it in mind never to go to sea ag'in.

"Ye remember how I stole the missus from Old Pedro, her father, when Big Joe was about to marry her? And ye mind how Old Mother Martin helped me and give me seventy-five dollars advance money for the v'y'ge. 'Twas enough

fer any man to make his start with. But a sailor is in a hard way ashore, and I had been to sea ever since I was a kid. 'Twas all I knowed, ever since I had cast loose from the old man in Dublin, eleven years old. Cabin boy and able-bodied seaman and fisherman; that was what I had behind me. I was lost now. Me and the lass left Mother Martin's boarding house and found a little shack on the side of Rincon Hill. I started out to look fer a job. To this day when I see a lad a-castin' his eye around fer work and gettin' none, my heart goes out to him. There's nawthin' makes a man feel so down and out as getting turned away.

"I got it. Every day I got it. I had no trade; I did not know the ways of the land; I was as helpless as a ship aground on a lee shore. The worst of it was a-coming home to Annette. She could talk next to no English, and I could not lay my tongue to Portugee. All I could do when I come in with the soles of me feet all blistered from walking and my heart as heavy as a ship's lead, was to shake my head at her. And then she would smile up at me as much as to say, 'Fair weather ahead, lad,' and she would kiss me, and we would set down and eat what she had cooked up fer me. She learned her first English during them days. Enough to tell me one night that the baby was a-coming.

"That made me savage. No money in the locker now, and she in the biggest need that she had ever been in. Old Pedro was still sore at her for slipping her cable and getting spliced to me, when he had had it all laid out for Big Joe. He would not come anigh us and he would have laughed if he had knowed the case that we was in.

"Well, I made much over her that night, and I talked about the boy. For a boy it was to be; I was dead set on it. 'Boy,' says I over and over to her; and she says 'Boy' back to me. But when I come to take thought of it afterwards I was not so sure that she meant the word. I laid awake long after she had gone to sleep alongside of me and the more I thought, the savager I got. At last I dropped off, and the next morning she sung out, 'All hands' to me. The first thing that come into my head was what she had told me. I had good reason to hustle now.

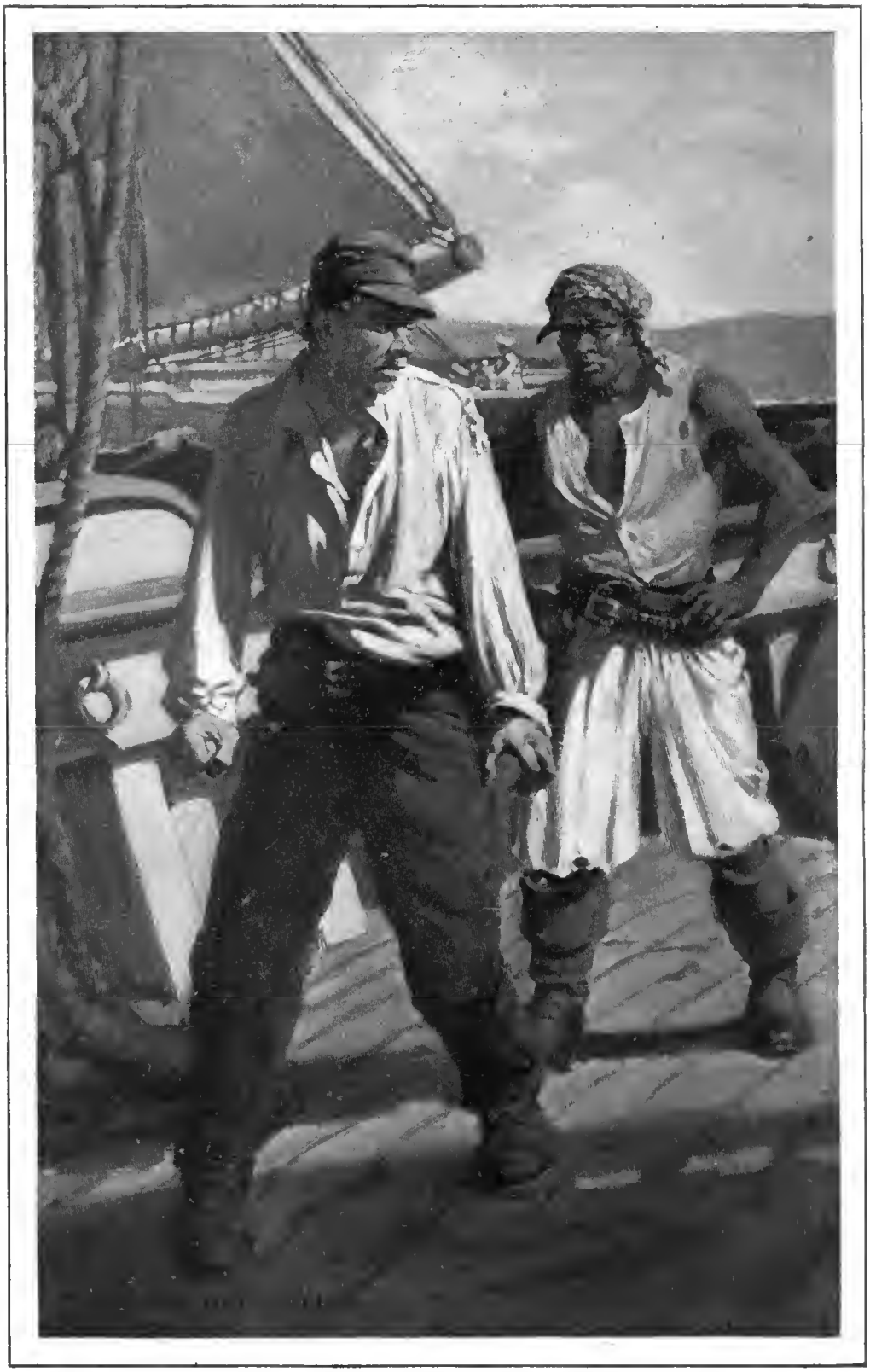
"Well, I went down to East Street; and it seemed like every man I laid my eyes on was either working or going to his job with his dinner bucket in his fist. And I had no job. All the time I had the lass in mind; and I have knowed ever since that mornin' the feeling of being a thief.

"I tell ye, lad, I seen men with the money a-jingling in their pockets and it made my heart go black inside of me. And if it had been night then, I would of taken a chanst, the same as many a poor devil has done before and since. What right had they to money when my wife was with child and I was broke?

"Them was hard times, and men was a-saying, 'Please, Mister' on every corner —men that had worked all their lives. But some way, I did not run afoul of them. 'Twas only the lucky ones I seen, with the smiles on their faces. I went here and there, mostly places where I had been before; and I got turned away the same as I always had. It looked to me as if no man was friend to me. Ye do not know the dirtiness of that feeling. I was beating about the city front, trying the best I knowed how to lay out some new course to steer by, and me head was spinning with the things that was a-running through it, when I run afoul of Big Joe.

"I had not cast my eyes on him since I smashed his face in front of Old Pedro's second-hand store and made off with Annette, when he was a-going for to marry her himself. I told ye he was bully of the Comax Bunkers gang. He come now along with a half a dozen of them big coalheavers. They was in their dongarees and undershirts and their faces was black from the work. No sooner did I clap eyes on them, than Big Joe sighted me. He come bows on.

"Now, what with the trouble I was in and the way I felt to all men, I was a-looking fer the worst of it anyways. It sort of made me feel good to see him too; fer I figured it that I could hammer hell out of him and one or two of



"The minute me eyes fell on him, I felt the blood choking in me neck"

his mates before they got me down. I squared away like.

"But he grinned like a jack lantern and stuck out his big black paw. 'Lighthouse Tom,' says he, 'how are ye annyhow?' Fer a matter of a minute I did not get my bearin's, and he sung out, 'What! Are ye sore yet? Mates,' says he, 'this here is the bully that trimmed me, the one I told ye about.' The gang of them come crowding up with the whites of their eyes a-rollin'. 'How is the Missus?' says he. 'By God, ye have a good woman, Lighthouse Tom.' I gripped him by the hand then. Damned if he didn't tell the rest of them about our fight ag'in, and their eyes hung out like I was some curio. 'And,' says he, 'the best man got her. Come on,' says he, 'and have a drink with us.'

"We went to a saloon acrost the way and Big Joe asked me how I was a-making it. I told him I was a-casting about fer some sort of a job. 'You come along with me,' says he. 'Ye can learn to swing a scoop. I'll get ye on this arternoon.'

"That took all the wind out of my sails. It had been that hard weather, and here come a line from a quarter I had never looked to. I told him as much. He laughed down at me—fer big as I was then, he was half a head the loftier—and, says he, 'Better for the lass, she come to ye. I like me liquor and me bulldog too well to make fast with a woman. I know it, if I didn't know it then. Ye fought me fer her and ye won, Lighthouse Tom. And I have lost too many bets on Sunday coursin' races to raise a roar when all was fair and above board,' says he. 'We'll make fer the bunkers now; the timekeeper is there.'

"So that arternoon I shoveled coal under the hatchway of a big bellied tramp along with Big Joe and twenty other black, hairy, sweatin' devils. In a fog of black dust, and work like I had never seen before. It got me too; I near to went under. But Big Joe was me friend and the gang give me all the best of it. I have seen many a new hand come to one of them colliers sence, and get the heavy end; and I learned then what luck I had been in. 'This all in the knack of it, and soon I got so that I could swing my scoop and trim my pile all proper and stand up to it with the best of them. But that was later on.

"That night I come home to Annette as black as Big Joe; and my pins was a shaking under me with what I had done. But I had six hours' time in, and that meant three dollars earned. I left a black mark where I kissed her. And when I had sluiced off the dust and eat me supper, we sat and talked together in the kitchen. I fell to sleep in me chair, a-teaching of her to say 'Michael.' That was to be the boy's name, fer 'twas me father's, and I liked it.

"Every evenin' after that I used to set there in the kitchen a-teachin' of her English. And there was no evenin' when she would not look up at me and say 'Michael,' and then come over to me, and set on my lap and kiss me. Ah, lad! Them was the days, even if we was poor enough. The hard weather we had been through made this seem like a quiet harbor.

"Sometimes I would not come home until midnight or after. That was in the beginning of the winter when the colliers was comin' into port every day or two, and the gang used to be working overtime. Six bits an hour fer that and God knows we 'arned it, too. When we knocked off the balance of them would head fer the saloons; and on Sundays they would gamble away their wages on the coursin' races or backing Big Joe's bulldog ag'in a pit dog from up in the Mission. But I had none of that. I took me money home to the lass and she stowed it away in the locker ag'in the boy that was to come. I would be making me way from the city front when it was dark and raining; and I would see nothing nor feel aught of the wind and wet fer thinking of her a-waiting there fer me. Proud we two was; and foolish with talking of the one thing. Ah! Now I'm old and have two grandchildren!"

Lighthouse Tom fell silent and his old face seemed to grow younger as he looked out across the blue waters of the bay. Suddenly his features darkened and his eyelids dropped. I followed his gaze toward the black bulk of the whaler

swinging on her cable out in the stream, a pariah among the ships; a wicked looking, dirty colored hulk. He shook his head.

"Bad weather ahead," he muttered, more to himself than to me. "We was a-sailing clost to a lee shore and we never knowed it. Ah, well; 'tis strange how them things comes about.

"All that winter I shoveled coal. Ye can go down to the bunkers there and see what it is like. Two men to a tub; four tubs to a hatch; and us between decks where the black fog of the dust was so thick ye could cut it with a shovel, and everything was full of gas. Big Joe was my mate, and I've seen him knock the necks off of two whisky bottles in a shift. I did not drink aught but oatmeal water for the reason that beer and whisky cost money and I was saving every cent that the lass and me could lay by. Spring time come; two hundred dollars in the bank, and the boy was due by our reckoning inside of three months."

He stopped again, and then he swore. "I do not like the thought of it," he went on. "Even now it is a hard yarn fer me to spin, lad, fer the ugliness biles up inside of me when I think of it. There come one day, a hard day in the belly of an old wooden ship, scant room between decks and nasty shoveling. That noon I blowed meself fer two big tall steam beers over at the Bells of Shandon. And there was luck in that too, as ye'll see fer yourself later on.

"I run acrost two old shipmates of mine there; Olaf Hansen and Shrivel-Head Pete, both of them fishermen. We had been together two seasons in the old days and knowed one another well. So I had a yarn with them, and told them about the lass and the good luck that was a-coming to us. They was a-blowing in their advance money, fer they was to sail on the old *Fremont* within the week. They wanted me to stay and help them spend it, but I couldn't see it that way. That arternoon things come hard.

"Two men laid out with gas in the for'ard hold; and in the evenin' a tub tipped and a matter of three hundred pounds of coal come from aloft. It got one of the byes that was a-standin' hard by me; and when we picked him up his skull was mashed in. What with the hard work we was a-having and this bad luck, we was all glad when we climbed to deck at one o'clock in the marnin'. The gang started on a run fer East Street to get a drink. I steered a course for home.

"I hadn't any more than set out. I was a-thinkin' of the lass and the way she would be a-looking when I come in to her. My mind was not with them things that was around and about; and I was a-coming out from under the coal bunkers where all was dark; on Frisco's city front. And a whaler lying out there in the stream the same as this one is this arternoon. I heard the scrape of a foot hard astern, and it sort of brought me back to meself. I turned to look, and three men piled onto me from dead ahead. As I tried to fend them off, the one that I had heard got me with the side of his hand in the back of the neck." Lighthouse Tom made a swift, short chopping movement with his open hand. "Like that. I went down and out.

"When I come to I was laid by the heels; ropes around me arms and legs and a handkerchief stuffed into me mouth. But that was not the first thing I took note of, lad. Someone kicked me with his heavy boot. I looked up and I seen there, a-looking straight down at me, a blue-eyed nigger.

"Yes, sir, a big Jamaica nigger with blue eyes, in the black face of him. I had been wild mad when I looked up; when I clapped me eyes on that, I turned sick like. For a matter of a half a minute I was scared. The shine of an arc light come down on us from a pier head and it showed him plain. And then I seen how I was a-laying in a ship's boat and the men was a-giving way for all that was in them. I knowed then.

"This mongrel that had kicked me was Lily Brown, the mate of the old *Henry Buck,* the worst hell ship in the whole whaling fleet. She is gone to pieces long sence, and many's the poor devil thanked God when he heard of it, too.

"But I was telling ye about me in the

boat. They must of handed me one or two fer luck when I went down, fer me head was spinning so that I could not be thinking for long at a time. I do not mind how they got me to the deck. All I do mind was that face of Lily Brown and the heaviness of me heart for a-thinking of the lass a-waiting fer me there alone. A-waiting there in the kitchen with the supper warm in the oven fer me, and a-wondering why I was not on hand by now. A-listening fer me step and a-saying 'Michael' to herself. I tore me wrists and ankles raw on the rope whilst they dumped me down the forecastle companionway; and I must of fainted away later on, for I mind a-hearing of the donkey engine and the roar of the anchor chain in the hawseholes, and that was the last.

"The stink of a whaler's forecastle was in me nose when I come to ag'in. I was a-rolling about like an old cask with the movement of the ship. The tug had cast loose and we was outside the heads. No man needed to tell me; I knowed what it was all about. Me on the old *Henry Buck* with the Arctic ahead and back home, the lass a-waiting, and sick from worry by this time. They had loosed the ropes from me now and I heard some one sing out, 'All hands.' I found me pins and made out for to get to the main deck.

"'Twas in the gray of the early mornin' and the wind was raw. It freshened me and I could feel me legs a-growing stiffer under me. The old *Henry Buck* was a-rolling and everything on deck was on the jump. I stiddied meself and I got a look at the crew.

"Ye know how it is with a whaler; one crew amidships, harpooners and boatmen and the like, and another for'ard. Well, them first was bad enough, as tough as they make them. But the seamen! Lad, such dock's scourin's was never seed before. Not a sailor among the whole of them: bums sick from a-waiting fer a square meal; scum picked up from the dance halls of the Barbary Coast and hoodlums grabbed on their way to jail. A sweet lot! But even whilst I was a-casting me eye over them, I could not but feel sorrow for them all. Better the worst of the crowd had stayed ashore fer the hangman than come aboard the *Henry Buck!* And then I clapped me eyes on Lily Brown.

"Blue eyes in a black face. A-standing hard by; and instid of a cap or a sou'wester he had a red handkerchief tied up at the four corners on his head, so that the kinky wool come out all about it like a fringe. His black arms was bare and he was in his shirt and dongarees. He had a big belt and a long revolver slung alongside of him. He used to wear that gear to scare the new hands, and he looked fierce enough in it, too. But the minute me eyes lit on him I felt the blood a-choking in me neck. I made a leap for him.

"He had no time to get that gun if he had a mind to. I do not think he so much as tried. I was on him with me two hands about his throat. We went to the deck together. I sunk me fingers in and felt his pipes give and give. And then the others came—two from aft and four or five harpooners and boatmen—and pried me off. They dragged me to the skipper and he had them spread-eagle me on the for'ard hatch.

"They laid me flat and pulled my arms and legs as far as they would go, and triced me there all hard and fast so that I could not stir an inch. The burning in me jints was like red-hot fire. My face was up, a-looking at the sky. And Lily Brown come and leaned over me and spit on me as I laid there. All day and all night they kept me there. I thought that I had died with the last thing I knowed, that black mongrel cursing me, and me heart a-busting inside of me for the thinking of Annette. Well, I come to in the forecastle, stowed away in me bunk. And from that day I was a good dog.

"Ye see it was this way. When I come to meself I was alone down there, and I got time for thought. I knowed what I was up against. And says I to meself, 'I will bide me time and see whether there is God. There is the lass to get back to and there is Lily Brown to kill with me two hands. And the v'y'ge is not done with yet. I will wait and I will find out.'"

"I sunk me finger, in, and felt his piper give and give"

Lighthouse Tom groped in his pockets and hauled forth his tobacco. He filled up his pipe, lighted it and smoked for a minute. It seemed to calm him, for his face became placid and he said, as if it were to himself, "Ah, well, 'twas many years ago." Then he resumed his yarn.

"The worst of a whaler is not the mate, or the Arctic or the scurvy that rots the meat on your bones. It is the crew. Of all the pickings from this side of hell, the old *Henry Buck* had the worst. From the start that forecastle was full of nawthin' but jobbing. They would lay out a course to murder Lily Brown, and then some poor devil would tip it off in the hope of getting a square deal for it himself. Every night mutiny was hatched up for'ard; and every mornin' they knowed all about it in the cabin. So there was always knocking down and tricing up and trouble enough. A sweet mess! I stayed away from it all. I kept to meself. I said nothing to nobody, and bided me time.

"The old *Henry Buck* was a slow tub enough and there was no hurry anyways, fer the ice was hardly due to be out of Behring Sea at the best ye could put it. So we loafed along under sail with the engines idle. I counted the days until Michael was due to be a-coming into port. It was hard, hard! Sometimes I had to fight meself to keep me hands down to me sides and say, 'Aye, aye, sir,' when Lily Brown was a-handing me the rough side of his dirty tongue. And I had to look down on the deck lest he should see what was in me heart. But I done it. They got it into their heads that I was broke. And then, ye see, I was a good able-bodied seaman, which the rest of that crew was not by a long ways.

"Well, Behring Sea was full of ice. And we put back to Dutch Harbor to stand by fer the breaking. Sence the day we made for that port I have been what ye might call a Christian. That is to say, I have always knowed that there is God.

"Ye see, Dutch Harbor was the last of the world in them days. Chances was after that a whaler would see no other port unless it might be some out of the way station. And hell would really begin. So I give up an idee that had come into me head of making a run fer Lily Brown and taking him overboard with me. I would of done it, too, if we had not put back. I was in a bad way; I had got to talking to meself, so that I had to keep a weather eye out, fer fear they would catch me at it and hear what I was a-saying.

"We made Dutch Harbor in the night time. Marnin' come with us at anchor. A lot of mountains shuts the place in; they come right down to the water's edge. I was on deck near the rail a-looking at the tops of them, when here come the old *Fremont* a-racing by. She was the fastest schooner in the fishing fleet in them days. She had left Frisco long behind us and had caught up easy enough. She come so clost that I could of throwed a stone from our deck to hers. And there, up for'ard, was Olaf Hansen and Shrivel-Head Pete, the same two that I had took drink with in the Bells of Shandon that arternoon before Lily Brown laid me by the heels.

"We three looked into each other's faces; and I seen them grab hold of each other's arms. But that was all. I made no sign and they made none. I turned as if there had been nothing in the wind at all, and Lily Brown was right behind me. He was all rigged out in that there pirate gear of his, with his six-shooter in his belt.

" 'Know that craft?' says he.

"I had better sense than to lie, fer all hands knowed I was an old seaman on this coast. So I says, 'Sure, I sailed on her once years ago.'

" 'Who was them men on deck?" says he.

" 'Couldn't tell ye, sir,' says I; 'men has changed sence I was to sea last.'

"He grunted something; then he started away. In a minute he came back ag'in. 'Get below,' says he, 'and don't show yer face on deck unless ye're called.'

" 'Aye, aye, sir,' says I. If he had give me orders then to lick off his boots, I would of done it, and ship shape, too. Ye may lay to that, lad.

"I went below. I laid down in me

bunk and put me poor head to figuring it out. 'Twas plain as a map. The whole crew of the *Fremont* would know now that I had been shanghaied on the old *Henry Buck*. For hadn't I told Olaf Hansen and Shrivel-Head Pete about the lay of the land, ye see? And back in port the lass, according to the reckoning I was a-keeping, was a month from the day when there would be two of them there, a-standing by fer me.

"That poor, rotten bunch that we called our crew, was all a-whispering together. I knowed that they had something on, but I paid no heed to that until one of them came over to my bunk. He was a one-eyed hoodlum from down in Butchertown, that had shipped of his own free will, because he had San Quentin a-waiting for him if he stayed ashore. Says he, 'Mate,' says he, 'there's a steamer in the harbor.' I knowed then that it must be the *Dora* or the *Bertha,* for they was a-making them westward ports then. 'She will be a-sailing sometime in the night,' says he. 'Are ye game fer to go with us? We'll make a rush fer the two men on watch, and get a boat overside,' says he; 'and we'll board her and tell our story.'

"I told him that it would only land them back on the *Henry Buck* in irons. He went away. They had more talk together and I seed how they was arguing of it out among themselves. And at last they seemed to give it up. In the arternoon six of them started ag'in. And the one-eyed hoodlum come over to me once more. This time they had it laid out to get the boat and make a try fer the land and the mountains. 'Any place,' says he, 'is better than this hell's hole.' But I shook me head and told him it was no use and I was done with all that sort of thing.

"So the forecastle was lonesome enough that evening, for they all held away from me more than ever they had and whispered amongst themselves. And all the time I was a-lying there a-wondering how the play would come up fer me and when it might come annyhow. Ye see, that was the trouble. I did not know; and I could only wait and dig me finger nails into me hands. Weary waiting, it was, lad. For I was young and well-nigh crazy, too.

"The best I could figure it was this: They would be a-standing by on the *Fremont,* and some of them was bound to be pretty clost by midnight. If I got no hail in any fashion from them, and nothin' come, I could slip on deck then and make a run and a jump fer it over the side. I was a good swimmer and chances was there would be a dory a-waiting for me to take me on.

"Well, midnight drawed along and I begun to wonder whether mebbe I hadn't better be thinking of stirring; when I heard some of them poor devils begin to move in their bunks. I seen six of them slip out and come together; and I made out how they was all dressed but in their socks. While they was bunched, I see the shine of a knife in the hand of the one-eyed hoodlum that had had the talk with me. It come to me mind that mebbe they might stick me to keep me quiet. But even while I was a-thinking of that, they begun to make fer the companionway. One of the bunch went on ahead; and the rest waited until he come a-crawling back. Then all six went up together, bent over and easy on their feet as tomcats.

"I waited and did not move. Pretty quick there come a scufflin' noise on deck. And that was all. It seemed like a year, and then there came a bump. Says I to meself, 'They've got Lily Brown;' and I felt like I had been cheated. And just as I was a-thinking there come a long, horrid screech; and hard on that the racket of a boat being lowered away.

"It didn't take long fer the pounding of the boots from aft. 'All hands on deck,' sings out a voice. 'Twas Lily Brown. I cracked my head ag'in a timber a-tumbling up. And no sooner had I hit the planks above when a yell sounded from alongside. 'Twas men in sore distress, too. Just then I stubbed me toe on something soft. I looked down and I see the third mate sprawled out, flat. I slipped in the blood that was all over everything and capsized alongside of him. As I was a-rightin' meself that yell come ag'in from the water. I knowed what it was. They had pulled the boat

plugs while they was in port; and them poor devils was a-drowning alongside of the *Henry Buck.*

"I made a run fer the rail, and I got the noise of oars hard by. That would be the *Fremont's* dory. I knowed that. Lily Brown and four others was a-cursing the air blue making ready to lower away another boat. I knew what I had to do. I whirled where I was a-standing and made that blue-eyed nigger in two jumps. I swung one and then two and he went to the deck like a log of wood. And now there was no time to waste. Down in Frisco the lass was a-waiting; and here was the *Fremont's* dory a-coming on the jump. I only took a second to put me boots into that mongrel face and spile it worse than ever it had been spiled in the making. And then I went over the rail while two harpooners was about to lay hands on me.

"When I come up—I took two long minutes fer it, for I was in all me clothes —Olaf Hansen had me by the collar. I got the gunwale and yelled fer them to give way. And round about the air was full of the hollaring of them drowning men. I tumbled in; and right astern the *Henry Buck's* boat was a-rattling down. The byes in the dory made the oars crack, and a shot came after us when they was bending fer the third stroke. Dutch Harbor was as noisy as one of them East Street saloons when a battleship is in port, and the men ashore with three months' pay. I heard afterwards as how they got all their hands back only one, the hoodlum from Butchertown, and he was better off as it was, what with prison behind him and the Arctic ahead.

"Shrivel-Head Pete was a-grinning at me when I righted meself in the dory. He told me how they had been a-standing by for a matter of two hours; and was laying it out to make up a boarding party if I did not show my head. All the time the other boys was pulling fit to kill. We went right on past the *Fremont.* 'The *Bertha* sails in the half hour,' says Shrivel-Head; 'we fixed it with the man on the dock. They will stow ye away in the fireroom.'

"And so they did. I was a-drying out when the *Henry Buck's* skipper come aboard of the *Bertha;* but he did not make a search, for they give him a game of talk on deck that sent him back to the *Fremont.* Inside of an hour we was outside of Dutch Harbor.

"Well, there was a whole string of little half-way ports to make, and the *Bertha* was no ocean grayhound anyhow. So we took a matter of three weeks and more before we entered Puget Sound. I had to loaf about Seattle for another two days, a-waiting for the sailing of a Frisco boat. I worked me passage down in the fireroom, and one mornin' I walked down the gangplank to the wharf over there. 'Twas a lumber carrier I had come in, and she had a good-sized cargo too. What's more we met head-winds and a heavy sea. So me month was up, that I had figured that evenin' before I cleared the *Henry Buck's* rail.

"Lad, I made for Rincon Hill with all sail on and a fair wind. I do not call to mind one thing from the dock to the shack where I had left the lass, only that I had collisions with two or three that was slow in getting acrost me bows; and a cop was set on taking me to the station fer a crazy man. I come to the place at last. I went up to the door on a run, all out of wind. Mother Martin opened it in me face.

" 'So,' says she, 'ye're back in port. 'Tis time! Where have ye been a-keepin' of yerself, and what have ye to say?' says she.

"She was as ugly as a fighting bulldog, but it was only the way of her, for she knowed that I had been in a hard fix. 'Twas all over East Street how I had been shanghaied on the *Henry Buck* three days arter we had sailed. Well, I made shift to tell her as fast as I could how I had got back. 'The lass,' says she, 'is all snug and in good trim. As good as ye could look fer. The baby come last night.'

" 'Leave me in,' says I. 'Gangway quick.'

" 'Aisy,' says she. 'Ye're not on the *Henry Buck* now, lad. Yer wife is got to be give word first. Stand by and I'll be out directly.'

"I cooled me heels on the doorstep until I was well-nigh crazy. She come out with her skinny old finger on her lip. 'Take off yer boots,' says she. 'And make a try to tread light.' I stripped them off and follied her inside.

"The lass was a-lying in her bed. She was main weak, of course; and I went alongside of her on me knees. We had our word or two together and then she give me a queer look, half scared, half proud like. And Mother Martin come slipping in behind me with the baby in her arms.

" 'Michael,' says I and come to my feet a-grinning with the pride that was a-busting in me.

" 'Michael nawthing!' says Mother Martin. 'That's no name fer a girl.'

"And so it was; and as fine a one as ye ever clapped eyes on. I stood there a-looking and old Mother Martin give me signals with her eyes to take notice of the missus.

"She was a-lying there, a-looking like she was waiting fer some sort of a word from me. And I seen it agin in them big eyes of hers, like she was in a way scared along with all the proudness that was in her. And I remembered how I had made her say 'Michael' after me. And I felt like a fool; for here I was with a lass instid of a bye and glad of it. And so I told her and she begun to cry then. For ye see, lad, she was main weary with it all."

Lighthouse Tom pulled at the tobacco and said nothing for a minute or two. At length, "It was two year before Michael did come. Ah, well. And now I'm a grandfather. A man grows old. He does."

The DEED AND THE INTENT

By MELVILLE CHATER

Illustrated by SANFORD TOUSEY

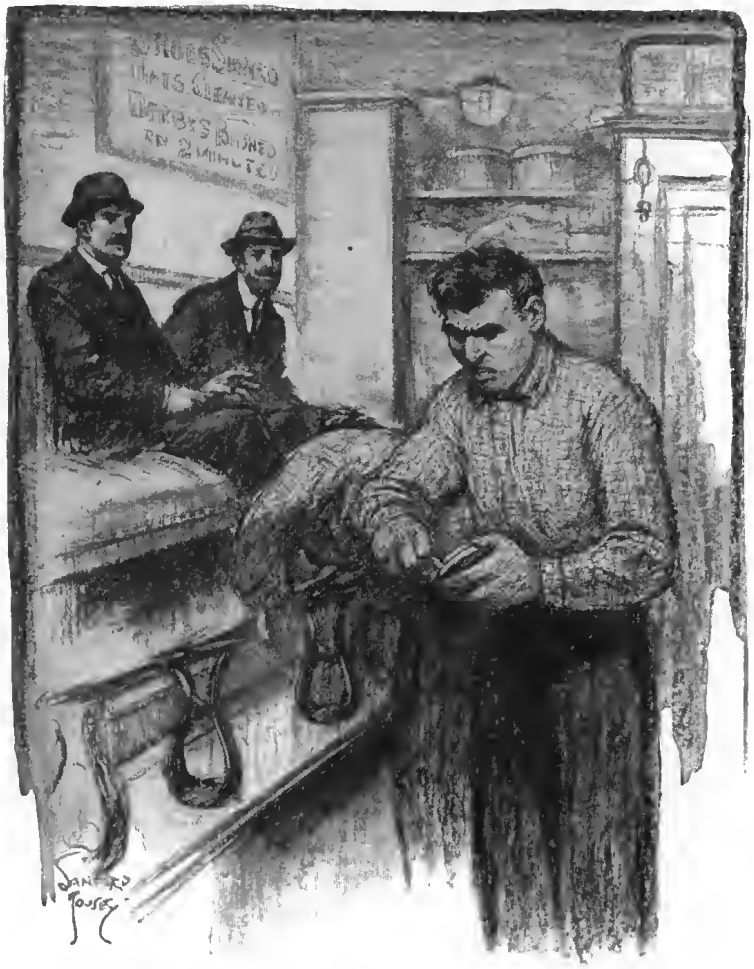
LAWTON, the district attorney, was recalling a conversation which had passed between himself and Freddie Myers in a downtown skyscraper as they sat one day in the shoe-shining booth, where Lawton had dropped in en route for an appointment on the eighteenth floor with Dr. Heidegger, his dentist. The face of one of the bootblacks had impressed Lawton unpleasantly, and he had observed in an undertone:

"What awful stuff Sunny Italy keeps pouring into our country! Just look at the criminality in that fellow's face!"

"Nonsense!" laughed Myers. "Joe Catoggio has shined my shoes every day for three years. He's an honest, hard-working fellow; lives over on Spring Street in the spaghetti section. Hits it up a bit at night, I suppose; but then you can't expect an unmarried man who's alone in the world, as Joe is, to stay in and do knitting. Just now, they say, he's in love with the telegraph-operator over in the corner, and very jealous. But there's not an ounce of harm in Joe—not an ounce."

"Give him a revolver and sufficient provocation," returned Lawton, "and I'll bet there'll be just one more case for my overworked office. I'd class him as the typical violent criminal."

"Objection!" said Myers. "What *is* the typical criminal? Don't you believe that at times we all have impulses which run distinctly counter to law and order? Take the primitive instinct of revenge, for instance. Why, it's as dormantly



"Just look at the criminality on that fellow's face"

alive in us of to-day as ever it was in the savage brute of the neolithic age.

"Given a revolver and sufficient provocation, as you say, and what keeps us of the upper classes from committing murder? The consciousness of our social position, of our families' interests, of our friends' approbation.

"Just suppose some highly respected citizen without any obligations to consider had his bitterest enemy at his mercy, under circumstances of absolute secrecy and safety. Do you imagine he'd forego revenge and let the man go scot-free? Why, you yourself!" he laughed, "who knows but that the mere fact of your being New York's official scourge to evildoers—the 'law-and-order Lawton' of popular fame—hasn't kept you before now from shooting your man?"

"Nonsense!" Lawton retorted sharply. "I believe in the typical criminal just as I believe in heredity. A man who's born with murderous instincts will carry them out, regardless of your conditions of secrecy and safety. If your Italian friend couldn't lure his enemy up a dark alley, he'd shoot him here on Broadway. It's in his blood and the blood of his Sicilian forbears.

"With us of the upper-class city-bred element, generations of civilization and conventional living have atrophied our primitive passions to the vanishing point. Granting you the hundredth exception, of course, the tigerish, neolithic-age instincts are practically defunct except among the ignorant masses.

"Whoever heard of two stockbrokers shooting each other to pieces in Wall Street, or a Harlem flat-dweller seriously thirsting—as he might well do—for the janitor's gore? Fifth Avenue's *ne plus ultra* of revenge consists in blackballing the other man, a libel suit, or divorce proceedings. Nowadays gentlemen don't cut each other's throats: they cut each other's acquaintance."

"But the same old latent instinct is there," persisted Myers, "the instinct minus the propitious circumstances that turn an impulse into an action. Preachers tell us that in the life hereafter we are to be judged not by the deed but by the intent: that the respected citizen who didn't dare execute his imagined crime will be meted the same punish-

ment as the common malefactor who did. Whenever I see some poor handcuffed wretch being led into court, and realize that he hasn't had the checks of good society, family ties and business reputation to steady him in the moment of temptation, I always think: 'There, but for the grace of God, go I!'"

It was the memory of this conversation, held long ago on far-off Broadway, that now returned to Lawton in broken snatches, as through a dream, as he wandered onward alone between a scorching sky and the maddening infinitude of outstretched desert sands. The district attorneyship, New York—yes, America itself, now seemed like vague shadows among which he had once moved in some other world that contained for him only anguish and bitterness.

An erring wife and a false friend had made a blank of what was once his home; he had broken down beneath the strain of it, coupled with overwork, and had ended by throwing up the fight, or, as he knew his enemies had termed it, running away. His doctor had urged him to see other lands, and that was what Lawton had done—if being vaguely conscious of a shifting phantasmagoria of foreign cities and faces which brought only a nightmare-like sense of unrest, may be classed as sight-seeing. Everywhere he had been haunted by grotesque similarities to commonplace things which he had witnessed at home—Coney Island, sideshows at the various expositions, spectacular scenes at the opera and Hippodrome—till once he had thrown back his head and laughed aloud, with the thought that he must be going insane. And at length he had come to the great, silent desert where surely, if anywhere, he could find peace.

Last evening he had risen from his blanket—with a touch of sunstroke, as he now guessed—and had wandered from the camp. All night he had tramped on alone under the quiet stars, and when morning broke he had found that he had completely lost his way. Since then, noon had heated the desert, a fiery furnace tenfold. His tongue was intolerably parched; his head sang with a shrill monotone, something akin to the scream of a mill-saw biting through a log; and a treacherous vertigo spelled his eyesight.

A hundred times he had doggedly set his course anew through the yellow, blue-crowned wastes—a weird replica of the painted back-drop he had once seen in a lion cage at Bronx Park—holding onward towards the camp, as he thought, in a straight line; then suddenly would come a diabolical shifting of his surroundings, and he would find himself back again at what seemed to be the identical point of departure.

Lawton sat down on the everlasting sands and laughed hysterically. It was the sudden recollection of his talk with Myers in the Broadway skyscraper, ages ago and worlds away, which had moved him thus. Surely he, Lawton, had been given all the provocation for primitive revenge. Yet, just as he had maintained, the over-refined tendencies due to gentle ancestry and conventional living had remained uppermost. Instead of doing justice on Ernest Kemp, the man who had wrecked his life, he had pacifically exiled himself to gain forgetfulness; and now a death in the desert was likely to be his reward.

New York! Like the scenes which crowd in upon a drowning man, so the picture of Lawton's native city flashed before him. He saw it all, the sunlit Babylon of downtown, its square towers topping each other unequally, like a child's first attempts at block-building; and he longed with a great longing to behold it once more before he died. He looked upward to fix his unstable fancy against the sky, and—wonder of wonders—there it was, outlined in reality, as he had so often seen it from ferry-boat decks—the jagged, steam-plumed profile of Manhattan, heaped against the far horizon's burning blue!

He leaped up, dazed, then laughed harshly and shook both fists at the bright illusion. He was not so crazed yet, thank God, but that he could still recognize that mocking phantasm of the desert, the mirage. But even as he counselled with common-sense, he found his feet moving toward the wraith-city:

his pace slid into a trot, his stride lengthened: he was rushing blindly across the sands with outstretched arms.

Of a sudden he stumbled upon something which lay in his path, and sprawled head-foremost. Picking himself up, he found that he had tripped over the body of a man who had been lying in the shadow of an improvised sand mound. The man also sprang up, turning his face, and Lawton saw that it was Ernest Kemp.

It is a curious fact that Lawton scarcely wondered how the man had come there. To his overheated brain the encounter seemed quite natural, almost commonplace. Nor was it surprise that Kemp evinced. The former was only conscious of a long-stifled fury of blind hatred: the latter's face had turned gray with fear.

"Stop!" cried Kemp, as the other drew out his revolver, "don't be a fool, man! This is nonsense, Lawton, all nonsense." He laughed nervously. "We're civilized people, I hope. Let's settle our differences in a civilized fashion. I came abroad rather than face the music, it's true. Well, you've followed me, and here I am. I'll go back to New York and give you every satisfaction that the law extends."

"I care nothing for law or civilization," said Lawton, breathing heavily. "You've ruined my life. You know what I want—yours!"

"A fine district-attorney," sneered Kemp. "Law-and-order Lawton, who tracks a man into the wilderness and assassinates him in cold blood! You've passed me on Broadway half-a-dozen times. Why didn't you shoot me then, you coward?"

"I've always hated you," said Lawton weightedly. "Something always told me that at heart you were a cur, and whenever I met you downtown I could hardly keep my hands off your throat. No, I never dreamed of killing you when you wrecked my home. I held a great public office that represented law and order; I had a mother and sisters who'd have broken their hearts over the disgrace of a murder-trial; I held a position in society that made it impossible. I never knew how much I wanted to kill you until now that there's no consideration to hinder me. I'm a public official no longer, but a private citizen; I shall shoot you down like a dog, as you deserve, and go home to America without anyone ever being the wiser."

"You fool!" screamed Kemp. "My party will be here at any moment; you'll be caught, and taken back to New York, and tried for a common murderer. For God's sake, Lawton—"

He threw himself on the other, pinning his right arm. The men whirled to and fro on the sands, interlocked, striving for possession of the revolver. There was a moment of mad struggle wherein the sky seemed to turn black and the desert to rock like an ocean; then Lawton shook off his antagonist, and fired. Kemp fell with a groan, while he himself staggered backward, dazed by the report.

Almost instantly came the onrush of feet from behind him, and he was in the hands of a yelling mob. Down he sank, half suffocated, his face bleeding with blows, his shirt well-nigh ripped from his back. A stone struck him a tingling blow on the left cheek; then he felt the sensation of cold steel being snapped on his wrists. Looking upward to right and left, he found to his utter amazement that he was in the custody of two New York policemen.

"Go away!" he screamed with horrid hysteria. "You've no business to be here! This isn't a comic opera!"

"No," said a voice which he recognized as Dr. Heidegger's, "I should call it a Fourteenth Street melodrama, by the murderous look on your face. Nitrous oxide must be your regular tipple. Never knew a man need so much of it to send him off. I've been trying to bring you out of it for almost a minute. Feel all right?"

With the smell of ammonia in his nostrils and the trickle of cool water on his wrists, Lawton sat up to find himself ensconced in a comfortable chair, blinking through a window across the unevenly heaped heights of Manhattan

skyscrapers. Far below, the eternal ant-like procession of humanity blackened the pavement. The singing in his head had abated to a faint whine. Instead, there arose to his ears the agreeably commonplace clatter of an ambulance-gong.

"Don't think that lower left-hand molar will ever bother you again," commented Dr. Heidegger cheerfully. "Will the district attorney have a little nip before he resumes his invaluable services of preserving law and order?"

Lawton turned and recognized Ernest Kemp

Lawton found his hat and coat, and stepped into the echoing corridor. "Going down?" sang a voice, whereat he hurried into the electric-lit cage. Enroute groundward, a fellow-passenger accidentally jogged his arm. Lawton turned and recognized Ernest Kemp, whom he had not seen since facing him in the divorce-court, three months before. The two men stared coldly, turned their backs and resumed their evening newspapers.

On the ground floor Lawton found himself amid an excited mob which thronged the corridor, shouting and gesticulating. Outlined against the sunlit street stood a disheveled, shrinking wretch with bleeding face and torn clothes, handcuffed, between two policemen. Through the crowd came Freddie Myers, elbowing his way to Lawton's side.

"More work for your already overworked office, Lawton," he said with a strained laugh. "Good God! It happened right under my eyes! What you said, just before going up in the elevator, fifteen minutes ago, was a prophecy. Joe Catoggio has just shot and killed the other bootblack in a row over the telegraph girl."

CLAY FEET

And their effect on the masculine hearts in the shipping room

By FRANCES A. LUDWIG

Author of "On the Market Street," etc.

Illustrated by IRMA DEREMEAUX

SHE was of a type new to the shipping room, where, in a figurative sense, all were brothers.

Girls were there, to be sure, and it cannot be doubted that their presence was a restraining influence upon the men and boys who worked beside them; but it was an influence as wholesome and as unconscious of sex persuasion as that of a mother's good-by kiss upon the lips of her schoolboy son.

A spirit of *camaraderie,* fine and unmarred, had somehow managed to take root and grow and thrive even in those unfavorable surroundings, so that the moral atmosphere of the shipping-room was fresh and clean, even if the actual air was sometimes unpleasantly humid and laden with odors never blown from Araby.

Clara Theiss was below the average height and so consistently rounded that she gave the impression of having been fashioned entirely upon the principle of a curve. She was soft and plump all over; Isabel had always to restrain a desire to press her finger into the girl—as one might dent a damp sawdust pincushion—to see if the mark would not remain.

Clara's skin was white and opaque, her mouth full-lipped, small and very red; her eyes were brown with reddish glints in them; she had a quantity of reddish, crinkly hair, and to her every gesture and motion there clung a suggestion of appeal, elusive and irrefutably feminine.

Her coming was not obtrusive; she was quiet, low-voiced and in her manner flatteringly deferential to those about her, apparently a character unassumingly negative. Isabel, whose duty it was to teach her the meanings of the hieroglyphics contained in the bulky volumes marked respectively "A to K" and "L to Z," (hieroglyphics bearing upon the reason why Mrs. Lakeshore's last purchase was sent out C. O. D. while Mrs. Westside's credit was raised so as to be unlimited) felt ashamed of the little thrill of aversion that came when she accidentally touched one of the newcomer's soft, lightly freckled hands.

Nell studied her frankly as a curiosity. When one is made for endurance and service, rather than beauty, when one is temperamentally and physically patterned after a square, as it were, one has little sympathy with ovals.

Marie Elizabeth, who considered life somewhat in the light of a cynical joke (if upon some one else, so much the better) gave her decision at once.

"She's a little cat. Take it from me, Isabel."

Marie Elizabeth was dividing with scrupulous exactness the one portion of "broiled whitefish, butter sauce" that made the invariable Friday luncheon of herself and Isabel. With extra bread, two cups of coffee, and a generous use of the catsup bottle, it was a warm, if somewhat abbreviated dinner, and the tax per capita came within the means of girls who were fortunate enough to possess mothers—and homes.

Isabel beckoned to the waiter. "The other bottle, Jimmy; this is empty."

"What makes you think so?" she said.

"I can always tell." Marie Elizabeth folded the last bit of fish skin over and over with her fork, deluged it with catsup and swallowed with a little grimace. "It all helps," she remarked philosophically. "You may know I'm hungry when I'll eat the skin."

She returned to the subject of their former conversation. "I think she's pretty—in a sort of a way. Don't you?"

Marie Elizabeth could afford to be generous and so could Isabel, but the younger girl hesitated. "Y-yes; in a sort of a way—yes; she *is* pretty. But,"—she remembered the touch of that soft, plump hand—"I don't like her. I wish I didn't have to work with her."

"No?" They stood at the restaurant door, drawing on their gloves. Marie Elizabeth looked at her companion with amused eyes. "Well, she wont care whether you do or not, Isabel."

"Probably not," said Isabel coldly.

Marie Elizabeth laughed. "Like her! I should say not! She's a cat."

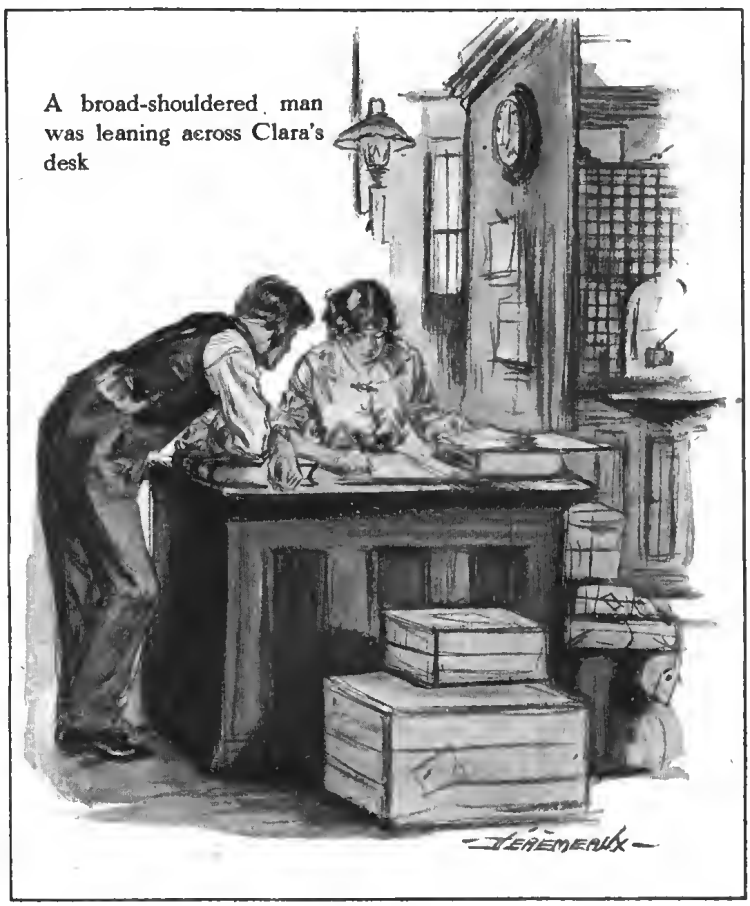
Isabel looked up quickly at the speaker. Marie Elizabeth had methods of her own. "But I think we ought to be nice to her, Mary Liz," she said hurriedly. "She's new—and I remember how hard it was for me when I was new—and she's so little, too; so let her alone, wont you, Mary Liz?"

Marie Elizabeth made no reply.

Upon her return from the nooning, Isabel found her passage blocked by Jackson, the shipping-clerk, who was on his knees beside Miss Theiss's desk. The girl was leaning forward, watching him with absorbed interest. Jackson rose, and brushed the dust from his clothes.

"I've been putting a block of wood under Miss Theiss's chair," he explained. "It was too low for her."

"And I'm *so* much obliged to you, Mr. Jackson." Clara's voice was meltingly full of gratitude for aid rendered



A broad-shouldered man was leaning across Clara's desk

to the helpless. "It's *so* much more comfortable now."

"If there was anything the matter with your chair, why didn't you tell me?" asked Isabel bluntly. "I'd have had one of the carpenters fix it for you."

"Oh, but I hated to be a bother," deprecated Clara. "Mr. Jackson was helping me a little while you were gone and he noticed how uncomfortable it was for me."

Isabel stared at her blankly. Bob Jackson concern himself with another's work! Bob Jackson voluntarily minister to another's comfort! It was not so that she knew him.

Miss Theiss, with a sweetly unconscious face, began to search among a maze of crooked S's, and presently Isabel thoughtfully turned to the half of the alphabet that was her particular care.

That was the beginning. Two days later, Isabel encountered Bugs Wilson, his meager face intent, conveying a glass of water in the direction of the auburn-haired Circe. Now Bugs belonged in a distant corner of the shipping-room, in a little excelsior-filled enclosure where crockery was packed. He was distinctly out of bounds.

"If you haven't time to get a drink yourself, send one of the little boys, Miss Theiss," snapped Isabel. "Bugs'll get in trouble if he don't stay where he belongs."

"Oh, but I didn't *send* Mr. Wilson for a drink," protested Clara. "I was feeling faint and he wanted to know if there was anything he could do—"

"Why, Bugs!" broke in Isabel. She was observing him with interest. "Why, Buggsey, where was the sale?"

Bugs Wilson, just turned seventeen, tall, dreamy, pop-eyed and angular, was arrayed in a manner new to him. His blue denim shirt had been changed for one with a starched bosom; his hair was free from excelsior; his collar was high and reasonably clean and he wore a silk four-in-hand tie with a horseshoe pin firmly skewered through its middle.

Bugs turned brick red and muttered something unintelligible. In the shipping-room, comment upon any departure from one's ordinary mode of dressing was considered perfectly legitimate, in fact, almost obligatory, so Isabel raised her voice:

"Oh, Nell! Get on to the style of Bugs."

"Bugs is going to a party," suggested Nell.

"A *certain* party," trilled Marie Elizabeth.

Clara Theiss raised her head and shot one quick, sharp glance in the direction of the voice.

"Oh, Stumper," called Isabel, sure of aid and abetting, "just see what's happened to Bugs."

The youth addressed turned slowly. The usual good-natured raillery of his face was supplanted by a look of slightly offended dignity. Then Isabel received her second shock.

For *his* attire was unwontedly formal; his breathing, too, was hampered by an unaccustomed stiffness—his shirt was even as the shirt of Bugs Wilson.

II

When a girl at the age of fourteen becomes a wage earner, the same need that sends her from the shelter of her home, the instinct of self-preservation, works in her a swift transformation. In a few short months her skirts are lengthened; her ribbon-tied pigtails are made into a coil, and she acquires a realizing sense of her dignity as a woman. But a boy of fourteen develops slowly. He remains a boy, although with added years and stature, until, some day, his soul expands under the vivifying influence of that small word, "Mister," and his heart beats dizzily in response to glances slyly admiring or subtly deferential.

Isabel, aged eighteen, following the examples of Nell and Marie Elizabeth, would have scorned the idea of treating Stumper and Bugs as other than boys, to be reproved, counseled or ignored, as the occasion required. But Clara Theiss, age uncertain, managed somehow to convey to every person of the opposite sex with whom she came in contact, her appreciation of his qualities as a man.

"Like her! I should say not! She's a cat!"

Bugs, nourished on impossible fiction since the time he could read, by nature idealistic and impressionable, was completely subjugated. Bitterly, now, he regretted the boastful impulse that had caused him to acquaint his mother with his last raise in salary. If only he had that other dollar! Out of seven, five each week must go toward the upkeep of several brothers and sisters, none of whom had reached lawful working age. Protest, Bugs knew, was useless; the remaining two dollars was considered lavishly ample for his personal wants; and to make it cover carfare, smoking tobacco, unprecedented laundry bills and

a weekly offering to Clara, required clever financiering indeed.

At first this extra strain on his pocket money had taken the form of a paper bag of caramels, tucked shyly into a corner of the lady's desk—or a rose or a chrysanthemum delivered in the early hours before her arrival. But later he gained courage to present her with half-pound boxes of candy in plain sight of all; her extravagant appreciation of the anonymous gifts would have emboldened a more timid suitor than Bugs.

These and similar manifestations called forth the derision of the older girls, but Isabel viewed them with indignant heartburning. It makes no difference whether you have valued a thing or not, if some one comes and snatches it from you—using methods that you would not stoop to employ—it leaves you in anything but an amicable state of mind. The boyish confidences that had been given to Isabel were hers no more. Stumper no longer, of a Monday morning, entertained her with a *résumé* of the "show," that, Saturday night, he had applauded from his gallery seat; or, in the dull hours of a rainy day, loitered near her desk to whistle the air of the latest song-hit at the "ten, twenty and thirty."

Bugs' noon-hours were spent in some trysting spot with Clara, not on an overturned dry goods box, relating, blue eyes wide, some tale deep-dyed with blood, weighted with warfare and aflame with heroism. (Bugs had always skipped the love element in his narrative; that was sacred to his understanding alone.)

No more levies of a cent each were there, for the purpose of buying contraband pickles, so cool and green and refreshing in the middle of a long, stale afternoon. It had been the ancient custom of Blinkey and Spike to go after the dainty, watching their chance to dodge the door-keeper, or bribing that functionary with the prize exhibit of their purchase. Now, the sacrifice of dignity, if caught, was far too great; they would not go for all of Isabel's pleading.

Bugs, when he was not in a trance-like state from the most enthralling dreams he had ever known, began to be troubled. It was his desire to escort Clara to some place of amusement in truly adult style; but—Bugs considered the fringe at the bottom of his trousers. Even if his clothes were all that they should be, it would take a more stern economy than ever he had been able to practice to purchase the tickets. Seven dollars a week was such paltry remuneration! As crockery packing is more or less of a mechanical operation, Bugs' work had not suffered greatly from his obsession.. Chafing, he wondered how long it would be before he dared ask for more.

He remembered hearing, often, that two could live as cheaply as one. But—on eight dollars a week? True, he knew that Swanson, one of the department heads, had married on a salary of ten; but that was fifteen years ago, and Bugs had heard, vaguely, of changing economic conditions. Then, too, there was the matter of an engagement ring. A friend of his had bought one on time, and Bugs recalled that he had confided to him, Bugs, in colorful language, that the process of payment was becoming decidedly irksome. Bugs was not surprised; he knew the girl in question. But for Clara, Clara—ah, that was transcendently different.

Bugs sighed and studied the bottom of his trousers again. Here was the most pressing need. The rest must wait. If she really cared, she, too, would be willing to wait; as he understood it, waiting was a woman's particular forte.

If he abstained from smoking and worked up a Sunday paper route, perhaps he could save enough to buy a suit of clothes, on time. Considering the matter philosophically, cigarettes were harmful, anyway. (Even the influence of a Circe, may, in some ways, be beneficial.)

Bugs glanced at the clock by the door-keeper's desk. It lacked fifteen minutes of the hour when Isabel, with her tip-tilted nose and her sarcastic remarks, should return from lunch. He would go in and stroll past his lady love, warm himself, as it were, in the light of her red-brown eyes and hair.

At the door of the shipping-room he halted. A tall, broad-shouldered man was leaning across Clara's desk. His face was smutty, his neck was thick, his hair was rumpled, and his overalls were stained with service. He was speaking low and rapidly, with a certain force, and as he talked he drummed an accompaniment with a handful of arc light carbons.

Bugs remembered, as he noted a dismantled lamp over the girl's head. The fellow was an electrician who had come a few days before. Bugs had noted, with appreciation, the man's bulging muscles, and now he looked more disturbingly substantial than ever. What pleasure could Clara find in converse with him? But Clara wasn't looking pleased; on the contrary, her eyes were downcast and her mouth mutinous; she looked exactly like a petted child who is being scolded.

Bugs advanced with a slight air of proprietorship. The man ceased talking and turned his attention to the arc light above him. Clara attacked her work savagely, giving no heed to Bugs whatever. The boy came closer and addressed a remark to her with a lightness he did not feel.

"I'm too busy to stop and look anything up for you now, boy," was Clara's crisp and amazing reply. "If anything's wrong, you'd better see Miss Cartwright. She'll be back in a minute."

Bugs staggered back as if he had been given a blow. The electrician pocketed his carbons and moved away; then Isabel returned, and there was nothing left for Bugs but ignominious retreat.

He stumbled back to the crockery room; the cut had been so wanton, so uncalled for. He quivered with the pain of it. He worked aimlessly, blundering in a way that called forth the caustic comments of his superiors. His dreams had fallen like a house of shining cards. His heart throbbed and the ache of it pulsed from his temples to his heels. By degrees he grew calmer and a sullen desperation set in. *He* stop smoking to buy himself a suit of clothes! He would take every cent he had and go and drown his troubles, following the usual precedent of mankind—as soon as the store closed. He would borrow—a hasty examination of his pockets showed a capital of twenty cents—he would borrow from Stumper and Bob—and—

Clara came in softly. Bugs looked up and turned his head away, faint with emotion. She stood before him, a vision with shimmering hair, white, white skin and dancing eyes. "What made you come in when you did?" she pouted. "It was all your fault—you made me do it. Why didn't you wait until he had gone away?"

"I made you do it?" repeated Bugs dazedly.

She nodded. "He lives out near me; he knows—my folks. He might tell my brother." She gave a little shudder, indicative of her dread of such a contingency. "I had to act as if I didn't know you. Don't you see?"

"Y-yes," said Bugs stupidly, still smarting from his wound.

"My mother's *terribly* strict," went on Clara. "She didn't want me to come to work at all—and if she knew—" She paused in modest confusion. "Don't you understand?"

"I—I guess so," answered Bugs hoarsely.

Her plump, sloping shoulder brushed against his arm. Her white, soft hands looked such helpless things. Bugs' breath came in uneven gasps; he snatched a yielding hand and pressed his lips to it, hungrily, then turned abruptly and left her.

Chivalry and restraint have little to do with environment and education—they are as apt to be the birthright of the peasant as of the prince.

III

Meanwhile, the shipping-room grew demoralized. Instead of being a huge machine, running without friction, well oiled by common interest, there were notes of jar and discord. Miss Theiss, under the support of the male contingent, lost her deprecating manner and did as she chose. She came late morn-

ings, took an hour and a half at noon, frequently absented herself from her desk, to return freshly coiffured and powdered; and she was flippantly insolent when questioned. Shipments were delayed; errors grew alarmingly frequent, and the burden of extra work fell upon Isabel, who, irritated and unstrung, began to lose her own efficiency.

Jackson, the shipping clerk, was on his knees beside Miss Theiss's desk

"I'm not going to stand it another day," she declared to Nell, angry tears very near the surface. "I got called up to the office for the second time last night, and Maddison was *wild*. Some big dressmaker had goods delayed for six hours; there was a 'special' on it and they traced it to the shipping-room. It was on her side and the package was at the bottom of her pile—she never *tries* to keep her desk clear.

"And where was she half of the afternoon? Holding hands with Bugs Wilson over in the crockery room and when I called her down about it she said she was looking up a cut glass bowl—she'd stamped the ticket for it wrong. That's always her excuse: she makes mistakes and has to stop and look 'em up—and I get the blame."

"If Maddison knew it she'd get fired," commented Marie Elizabeth.

"And I'm going to tell him. Yes, I am!" Isabel drew up her head defiantly.

Talebearing was strictly taboo in the shipping-room; her announcement was greeted with silence even by her sympathizers. "I don't mean about Bugs, but I'm going to tell him that she neglects her work. I never reported anyone in my life, but I'm going to this time. Maddison holds me responsible for the work at the charge desk and why should I take blame for what isn't my fault?" Isabel paused, then flashed with added venom:

"I *hate* her, anyway!"

Bob Jackson, passing, smiled tantalizingly. "What's little Clara done now?" he asked.

"I'm going to report her. I'm going to tell Maddison what the trouble is down here. I'm not going to stand her any longer!"

"You're going to queer the girl just because you're jealous of her," commented Jackson. "I didn't think that of you, Isabel."

"Jealous!" Isabel crimsoned with resentment. "Jealous of a little red-headed cat like her! Do you suppose I'd be *seen* going around and—"

Marie Elizabeth laid a restraining hand upon the excited girl's arm.

"Hush, Isabel! Don't waste your breath. Don't you understand that Bob's a *man?*" Marie Elizabeth's contemptuous eyes rested coldly upon Jackson's well-fed countenance.

Isabel whirled and appealed to Stumper. "What makes you *let* Bugs make such a fool of himself? Do you think she really cares anything for *him?*"

Stumper hitched his tie around in position, compressed his lips and did not reply for a minute. Then he answered sullenly:

"I guess Bugs don't need you t' look after him. I guess he's old enough to take care of himself. I don't see any harm in the girl, but I can see you've all got it in fer her. I didn't t'ink you'd ever knock anyone like this, Miss Cartwright."

"I'm going to report her," persisted Isabel. "I'm going to do it first thing to-morrow morning, too—I'd ought to done it long before." But as she went to her place her lips quivered, for Stumper and she had always been especial chums.

Fate makes nothing of mortal resolve. The following morning Isabel's comely face resembled a newspaper caricature. In the night an obstreperous tooth had started to ache and when an abscessed jaw at last relieved the agony, Isabel, reclining in a nest of hot flat-irons and flannels, cautiously sipped beef tea with the aid of a coffee spoon. So, when she returned to work, tenderly guarding a cheek still plumper than normal, she was unprepared for the change that had come to the shipping-room.

Marie Elizabeth stood at Clara's place, searching the L to Z ledger with the deliberation of one unfamiliar with its contents; Bob Jackson, his face grotesquely zigzagged with strips of court plaster, was rendering her a somewhat desultory assistance, and Marie Elizabeth's own chair as C. O. D. cashier was filled with a strange girl from the main office.

To a lively whistled quickstep, Stumper was snapping parcels into their various bins. His shirt was of blue denim, fastened at the neck with a safety pin, and his trousers were protected by overalls, cheerfully patched and held up by strips of twisted burlap. He gave Isabel an exaggerated military salute and called out something she did not understand.

"Oh, Isabel!" cried Marie Elizabeth. "Thank goodness, you're back! Here, take your job, take it!" She shoved stamps, ink pad and book at Isabel. "I'm glad to get back to my own."

"Where's Clara?" demanded Isabel.

"Clara!" Marie Elizabeth started to laugh; the boys shouted; Nell wheeled and faced the others and Jackson struck an attitude.

"Clara has left us," he declaimed solemnly.

"Oh, Isabel!" Marie Elizabeth wiped her eyes. "You don't know what you've missed! You don't know what you've missed!"

"Well, tell her," broke in Nell. "Tell her. Do you remember that big electrician—that new fellow—"

"That husky, broad-shouldered, dandy *man,*" chanted Marie Elizabeth. "A real, genuine man and that little—"

"He was engaged to her," broke in Nell. "Engaged to *marry* her. Isabel, what do you think! That girl was twenty-four years old!"

"He came here just to be where she was," said Marie Elizabeth. "It seems he was awfully jealous of her—I guess he had reason. Did you ever in all your life—"

"But I don't understand," said Isabel, bewildered. "What happened? Why did Clara—"

"I shouldn't think you would," said Nell with a withering glance at Marie Elizabeth, who appeared to be on the verge of hysterics. "None of us knows just how it happened, but he must have seen her and Bugs together, or something, for he came in here and took Bugs by the neck and shook him, shook him just like a terrier would a rat—I thought sure he'd be killed—"

"Oh, but the way he settled Clara!" Marie Elizabeth was still convulsed. "He took her by the arm and marched her over to where her coat hung, and he jerked it down from the nail and jerked it on over her head and jammed on her hat—Oh! I can see it all yet! It was over one ear, her hat—I never had anything do me so much good in my life!"

A shocked expression was erasing the wonder in Isabel's face. "I think that was terrible, Mary Liz," she said in a low voice, "terrible. I'm glad I wasn't here. Wasn't she afraid of him? Do you suppose he'll hurt her?"

"Not him!" Marie Elizabeth's voice was emphatic. Her understanding of primitive instinct was greater than Isabel's. "He's crazy about her. It's just what she needed. She was as meek as a lamb."

"I'm sorry for her," said Isabel.

"I'm sorry for *him,*" said Nell.

"You needn't be." Marie Elizabeth spoke with assurance. "She'll worship the ground he walks on, now. It was just what she *had* to have."

"What happened to Bob?" The court-plaster strips had caught Isabel's attention afresh.

"Bob is disfigured because of an act of heroism *an'* a slight mistake." Stumper's face was full of its old impishness as he gathered up his parcels. "He tried to take Bugs away from de electrician —an' he t'ought he could do it. Dat was de mistake."

Jackson grinned cheerfully. "I didn't know he was the white man's hope," said he.

"And she said—" Marie Elizabeth was convulsed again. "She said it as he walked her out of the door. She said to tell you she was awful sorry you wouldn't get a chance to report her, Isabel."

There was a space of silence while Isabel sorted out her jumbled mental impressions.

"But where's Bugs?" she asked. Her voice softened with pity. "Poor Bugs; where is he, Stumper?"

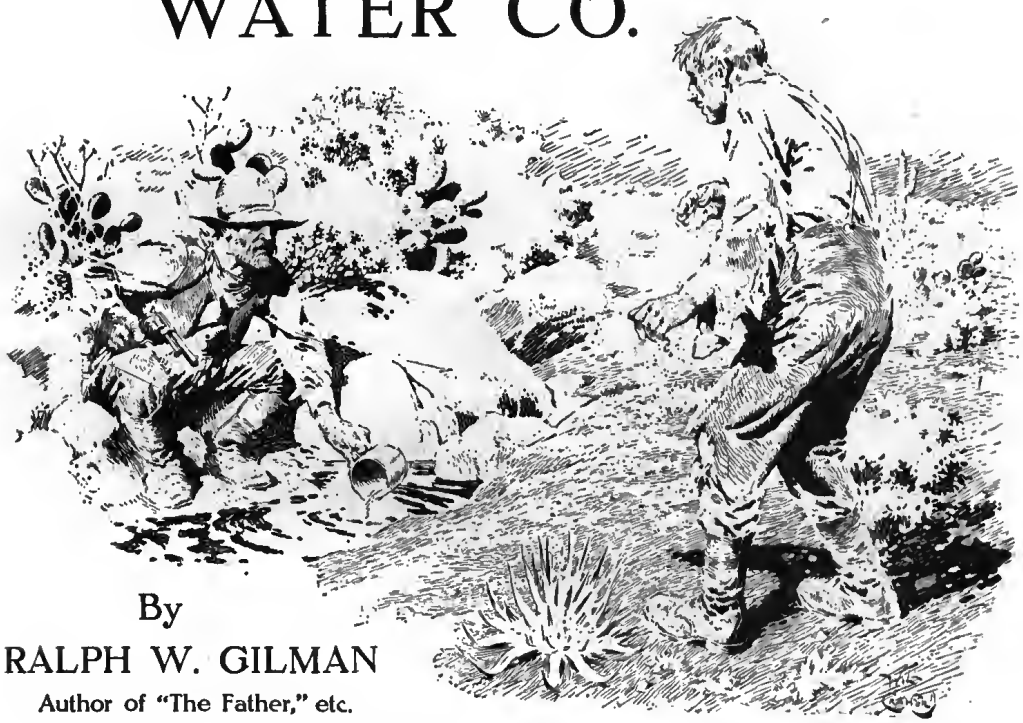
"Over in the crockery shippin' room stretched out on a bale of excelsior," drawled Stumper. "Blinkey's been changin' de cloths on his head an' he reports dat his temperachoor is most normal an' dat he'll be able to take some nour'shment by the middle of the afternoon."

"Oh, chee!" A couple of bundle boys who had been listening, chortled with delight. "C'm on, let's go an' kid him. Let's have some fun wit' Bugs."

Stumper's face changed instantly. The mask of Pierrot fell. He reached forward quickly and grabbed the retreating jackets of the would-be mockers.

"Not much!" His voice was quiet, but grimly earnest. "You—let—Bugs—alone!"

The SAND WELLS WATER CO.



By
RALPH W. GILMAN
Author of "The Father," etc.

Illustrated by WILL CRAWFORD

YOU see," said Reddy, the night man, "it begins this way: Mellish, he comes in here about eight o'clock and sits down in the corner. He's been on a three months' prospect up the river, and looks like he's on his last pegs. His clothes is all gone; he's covered with dust; and his beard's calling out loud for the barber. Altogether he's the miserablest looking man you ever saw. You wouldn't think that there was a happy thought left in him, or ever would be again.

"He sits there for about five minutes, gazing at his chin and saying nothing. Then all at once he begins to smile. It aint bigger than the end of your thumb to begin with, but it spreads and spreads till his face is shining all over like a man's in prayer meeting. Then he orders a drink, and tells me to hurry. I can see then that he's got something big up his sleeve. He doesn't say anything, though.

"But when I bring him his second round he asks about Joe Hart, who used to pardner with him.

" 'Joe's in Sonora,' I tells him, 'down in the Yaqui country, looking for placers. He wont be back for two months.'

" 'Hell!' he says—and goes to drumming on the table top.

" 'But if I can do anything for you,' I goes on, 'why, just remember the name and spot: Reddy Rouse, 38 Front St., Yuma, Arizona, U. S. A.' And I rattled some loose silver to show I meant it.

" 'I'll see,' he says, still drumming, and scowling all up and down his face. He aint pleased a little.

"He is still sitting there, and aint finished his finger tune, when Dean comes in. Dean's a stranger, and just from the

East—one of those big, prosperous-looking fellows, with diamonds on his fingers and diamonds in his shirt, the kind of a man you always see sitting in the best hotels, smoking the best cigars, and eating the best grub, and grumbling about its not being good enough. There aint anything about him to tell you what his business is, but you can see at a glance that he's one of those talking chaps, and can jerk off the chin music to waltz time, or six-eight, if he wants to. He seems to fill up the whole front of the house, and makes such fellows as Mellish over in the corner look as mean and small as a church mouse in a cheese factory.

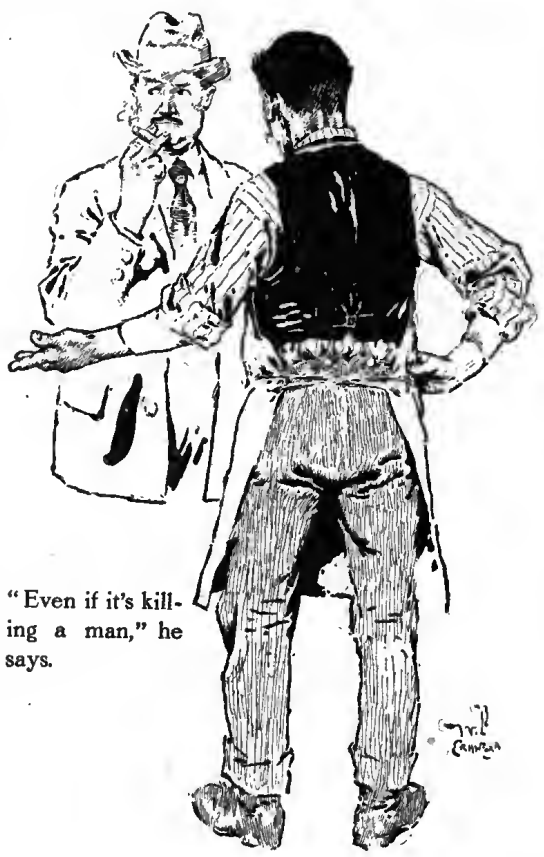
"'My name's Dean!' he says, sticking his paw across the bar, 'and I'm just from the East—New York.'

"'Pleased to meet you,' I says. 'The East is a good place to git away from. What'll it be?'

"'Scotch,' he says, with a laugh. 'Raw.' And I sets him the bottle.

"He pours himself a drink, empties it with a big smack, clears his throat, then begins to look around the room, sizing up the men, and licking his lips as he looks, like a hungry cat that sees an apple tree full of fat sparrows. I stands over by the cash-register, and watches. Finally, he sees Mellish, head down in the corner. Mellish don't see him, nor look up, and the fellow studies him for quite a spell. When he's got him all figured out, he turns around, pours himself a second glass, slow and thoughtful, drinks it at a gulp, and leans across the bar.

"'I'm looking,' he says, 'for somebody that knows mines and minerals—somebody that knows them from A to izzard, and then back again to the beginning. I don't care if the party hasn't got a rag to his back, nor a cent in his pocket, nor for his looks. He can be a full brother to a scare-crow, if he wants to. You don't happen to know any such party, do you?'



"Even if it's killing a man," he says.

"I looks across the room at Mellish.

"'Yes,' I says. 'It happens that I do. He's just the sort of a man you've been speaking of. He don't know *nothing* but minerals and mines. They're his food and drink. And he's right in this house this minute. His name's Mellish, and he's settin' over there in the corner. I'll take you over.'

"'Good!' he says. 'And I'll just take this bottle along, if you don't care. He wont object, will he?'

"'No more than a fish to be put back into the water. He's been out on a prospect for three months and is tolerably dry, I reckon,' I says.

"'You don't say!' says he.

"'I do say!' says I.

"'Thanks,' says he. 'I'll not forget you.'

"After that there was a rush of trade, and I don't have time to observe 'em close, but between times I casts my eye over and sees that Dean has got Mellish sort o' loosened up, and that Mellish does a heap of talking. Also that the big

fellow keeps pouring liquor for Mellish, and that Mellish keeps hiding it, and as Mellish gets more and more he talks more and more. Finally, 'bout eleven o'clock, Mellish takes a nap, with his head on the table. The big fellow leaves him, and comes back to the bar.

" 'The man you wanted?' I asks.

" 'The very man,' he says, sort of meaning, and glances back over his shoulder. Then he pulls a twenty-dollar bill from his pocket and passes it across. 'Give this to him when he wakes. And see, too,' he goes on, 'that he gets all the drink he wants as long as he wants it. I don't care if it's for a week; the longer the better. I'll settle for it.'

"It's kind of a queer deal, and I don't see the sense to it, but I tells him I'll do it.

" 'And now,' he goes on, 'I'd like to know something else. Where can I hire about four good, true men that will do what they are told to do, if it's to killing a party? I don't think there will be anything like that,'—and he glances sideways at Mellish snoring on his elbow—'but I want that kind. I'll need them for about ten to twenty days, and the pay will be ten dollars a day. The only thing that they'll have to know is how to live out o' doors, and be able to use a pick or a shovel a little. Also, I'll want a pack outfit, and a man that knows the country.'

" 'Come around to-morrow about two o'clock, and I'll have 'em ready,' says I.

" 'Too late,' he snaps. 'I want 'em *now,* to-night, in an hour, as soon as money can get 'em together. I've got the money, and I want action.'

" 'Well,' I says, 'the West is made mostly of action, and if you'll hold your breath for sixty seconds I'll see what I can do.'

"Then I goes out into the crowd, and talks a bit. The two Sheff boys, who has done time for cattle rustling, are there—also Mike Doole, who's done time, too, and Bill Sparks and Watt Williams. They're the four toughest, orneriest men, that ever stood up in shoe leather. They'd have been hung in any other state years ago, and had rag-weeds knee high on their graves. Any one of 'em would have killed his grandmother for a drink. They were all keen to go. I tells Dean so.

" 'Good!' he says.

"Then I looks over at Mellish. I'd forgot all about him. He wasn't a killer, nor anything of the kind; but he knew the desert like he knew his own hand, and could pull through a place that a horned toad would perish in. I knew that he would like just such a deal as this, and was sorry that I'd forgotten him. I touches Dean on the elbow.

" 'You had ought to have him,' I says. 'He's A1, O.K., IXL., in a deal of this kind. I'll wake him if you say.'

" 'No! No!' he says, sort of excited. 'Let him sleep. In fact, I'd rather.'

"You're the doctor,' I says. But it looks sort o' queer. It looks like he was afraid that Mellish would wake, or something. But then, I thinks, maybe he and Mellish are in on some other deal, or he's got a part for him here, and Mellish will make more by staying. So I don't say anything. The money that he's give Mellish shows they're together somehow. That was the way it looked then.

"But after he's gone, and I gets to putting sober second thought on it, I aint satisfied. Maybe the fellow is playing a low-down game on Mellish. I thinks of waking him; but because he's a-sleeping so sound, I don't. He wakes up of himself about daylight—wakes up with a screech and whoop thinking that something has him.

" 'Woo! Woo!' he squalls. 'Take it off! Take it off!'

" 'Take what off?' I laughs. 'You're drunk? That's about all you've got on. Your clothes don't count for nothing.'

"He rubs his eyes and looks sort of foolish.

" 'I thought a snake, or something, had got next to me,' he says.

" 'Maybe they has,' I says, thinking of Dean. 'But don't say it come out of my liquor. Come, have one. Dean left orders to keep you full. It's on him.'

" 'Dean!'

" 'Yes. The fellow you were talking

to last night when you went to sleep. Don't you remember? And he left this for you.' I hands him the bill.

"He looks at it a minute, then looks at me. The thing seems to sober him.

" 'Reddy,' he asks, 'did I talk much?'

" 'Like a parrot to a phonograph,' I says.

" 'About what?'

" 'Mining and mines, I guess. I didn't hear much. I was busy.'

" 'And he listened?'

" 'Like a small boy at a key-hole on Christmas night.'

" 'Where is he now?' Mellish was getting excited.

" 'Don't know,' I says. 'But I expect there's quite a patch of desert between us and him, for he left with an outfit about twelve.'

"Mellish runs his hand through his hair, and turns as white as his skin'll let him.

" 'My Gawd!' he says to himself. Then he comes up to the bar.

The big fellow keeps pouring drinks for Mellish, and Mellish keeps hiding it

"'Reddy,' he says, 'I'll take you up on last night. I want an outfit, and I want it quicker than hot grease!'

"'What's up?'

"'Plenty,' he says. 'Get me the outfit. Will you?'

"'If I never see the back of my neck,' I says, and begins to hustle.

"By sun-up I has him an outfit, burros, grub, guns, and water. He is still excited, and keeps runnin' up and down the street looking at the tracks. Also he's still a little drunk. But he straddles one of the burros, and leadin' the others starts out o' town. At the turn by the crooked mesquite by the Plaza, he turns and waves his hat.

"'When I come back,' he yells, 'I'll either be a John D., or a corpse.' Then the dust swallers him up.

"Then, one night, about two weeks later, the door opens, and in Mellish comes. He was a hard looker the first time, but that wasn't nothing. He's covered from head to foot with alkali; his eyes are blood-shot, and swelled; his hat's gone; and he's took his shirt off and tied it about his feet.

"'A drink! A drink!' he yells. 'I'm dyin' for one!'

"I sets him a bottle.

"'No! It's water I want—water!' he cries.

"I hands him a glass. He swallers it at a gulp and cries for more.

"'I've come a hundred miles without it,' he says. 'Nothing but cactus leaves!'

"'If you have,' I says, 'I'm not going to finish you.' And I makes him take it a little at a time till he's all right again.

"Then we begin to question him. Where's he been, and what's happened?

"'I got lost,' he says, 'and one of my canteens sprung a leak, and the burro ran off with the other. That's all. I walked back, and et cactus leaves.'

"Most of the men swallers the yarn like bass snapping minnows, but it don't go down with me. It sticks in my craw. Men like Mellish don't get lost, nor lose their water. So when I gets him to himself, I goes after him.

"'Mellish,' I says, 'I want the straight of this.'

"'Well, the straight of it is,' he says, 'that that Dean toad ought to go straight to the hot place.'

"'It was him, then?' I asks.

"'Yes, it was him.'

"Then he tells me. I aint going to repeat all he says, but the sum and substance of it is that Mellish has located a fine lead of copper ore on his first trip—one that's rich enough to put him in a brown-stone front on Easy Street for the rest of his days—and that's what makes him so happy that night. He hasn't staked it out, though, nor filed on it, for there's another claim right alongside it that's just as good, which he wants for his pardner. He knows that if he files there'll be a rush and he'll miss it. Also he don't have the money to make the filing, and is depending on Hart for that. So he don't put up any monuments about it, nor notices, and thinks that as nobody looks for mineral in that part, it will be safe. And it would, I guess, if he hadn't got drunk with Dean and done so much talking. When he gets back, what does he find, but old Dean in possession, and location notices stuck up all around, and the men at work developing.

"When Mellish sees this, and sees how old Dean has got him by the short hairs, he's mad clean down to his toes. He's so hot that eggs would have fried in his breath.

"'What's this!' he shouts. 'What you doing here?'

"Old Dean pulls down on his nose a pair of blue goggles that he's been wearing to keep off the sun and looks at Mellish over the rims like he'd never seen him before.

"'This? Why this is the property of the Rich Rock Mining Company,' he says. 'Offices at New York; president, Mr. Oliphant Daniel Dean; and we are doing a little development work. Who might you be?'

"'Who might I be!' Mellish yells. 'Why, I'm Mellish, you old goggle-eyed Ananias—the man that you got drunk at Reddy Rouse's and who told you

about these diggings when he wasn't reponsible. That's who I am!'

"'The devil!' old Dean says. 'That's a queer one. And you say that this is your property?'

"'That's what I do!' Mellish answers. He's getting hotter and hotter all the time.

"'Filed on it, I suppose?' Dean says, sort of cool.

"'No, but—'

"'But you've got a deed?' Dean goes on.

"'No.'

"'Oh, it's witnesses, then?'

"'No. It's mine by the right of—'

"'Possession?'

"'No. Not that either. Mine by right of finding it!' Mellish yells. 'And you're an old robber, and a thief, and a dollar snatcher, and for a cent I'd shoot you so full of holes that potatoes would sift through you!' Mellish has clean lost his head by this time, and is getting ready to do something rash.

"Old Dean aint no infant at reading the A, B, C's of wrath, and he looks at Mellish sort of pitying, like a doctor over a sad case, and shakes his head.

"'The sun's been real warm for the past few days, Mr. Mellish, or whoever you be,' he says. 'And I guess it's sort o' turned your head. Boys, go through the gentleman's clothes and see if he has got any weapons. He's been exposed to the sun, and aint exactly responsible. He might injure himself. And if he makes any trouble, don't take any chances; the law don't ask you to. So! Steady!'

"Then they take his guns away, and Mellish can't say a word.

"Mellish sees then that he's been on the wrong track, and thinks of another line. If he's right humble, and comes at Dean in an open, square way, maybe Dean will respond. So he swallows back his heat, and approaches Dean like a man.

"'Mr. Dean,' he says, 'I'll own up to it. You've got me before the law. I haven't got anything to show; and you've got everything. But I think maybe that you want to be fair, and square, and act like a two-legged animal. So I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll either divide with you, take a half-interest, or take the claim right beside it; or two thousand in money. That's fair, aint it?'

"Mellish is cock sure that he'll bite at one of the propositions. The claim's worth a hundred thousand if it pans out like it looks; and two thousand aint a drop in the bucket. Old Dean can't afford to have the quarrel for that. But Dean aint that sort of an animal. He's pig, pork, bacon and leaf-lard from his chin to his toe, wears rings in his nose, and walks on four feet, and squeals over his vittles. He just throws his head back and laughs.

"'Just listen at him, men! Just listen! He's sure touched by the sun! He'll be wanting to sell me a gold claim in Paradise next! Lord, aint he comical!' And old Dean laughs till the whole front side of him shakes like a pudding.

"'I mean it,' Mellish says, firing up. 'Talk to me!'

"Dean stops laughing then, and puts his glasses back over his eyes.

"'Mr. Mellish, or whoever you be,' he says. 'You don't want to think, that because the heat has addled your head, that we are all nutty, or that you've run onto an asylum for the feeble-minded. This here is the Rich Rock Mining Company; offices, New York; president, O. D. Dean, esquire. Now, unless you are wanting to buy a few shares of our stock, which will double in ninety days, you had better go somewheres else with your jokes. We are busy people. Good-day.'

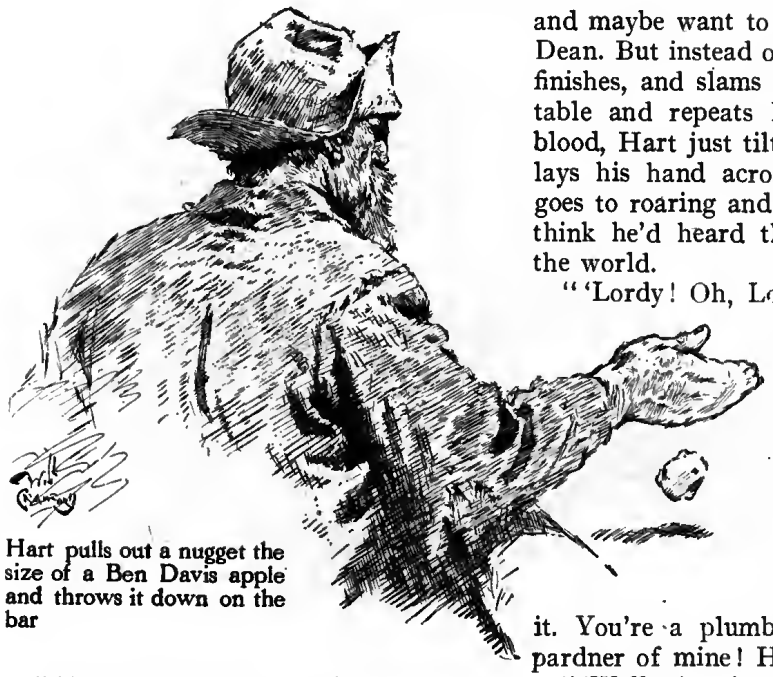
"Mellish sees then what he is up against, and he pulls the cork clean out, and hands him a piece of his thoughts. It runs about like this:

"'You have got me now; but there's a day coming. And on that day you'll either kill me, or I'll kill you. The earth aint going to be big enough hereafter to hold both of us. One of us has got to go. Good-day to you.' And he starts to go.

"Dean stops him.

"'Hold on,' he says. 'Do I understand you to say that the earth is going to be too small for us both?'

"'You did,' Mellish says.



Hart pulls out a nugget the size of a Ben Davis apple and throws it down on the bar

" 'And you are a man of your word?'

" 'I am,' Mellish replies.

" 'Well, Mr. Mellish, I'm glad you told me. And I just want to say it aint going to be me that's going to hunt a new residence. Men, give him a drink of water, and a loaf of bread, and let him go. And if he shows up about here after thirty minutes, shoot him. You've heard his threats. I'll pay five hundred for his carcass, after thirty minutes.'

" 'But that will be murder,' Mellish says. 'It's a hundred miles to water!'

" 'Call it what you please. Now, git!'

"So Mellish gits, and makes it back on foot, sucking cactus leaves to keep him alive.

"That's his story.

" 'And what are you going to do about it?' I asks. I was about as warm as he was.

" 'Wait till he comes back, and pot him.'

" 'Amen!' I says. 'And you can borrow my gun to do it with.'

"And Mellish would have done it, too, killed him like a spider, but for Hart. Hart gets back from Sonora the very next night. Mellish tells him the story, sitting over there in the corner. Hart, thinks I, will stand up on his hind legs and paw the air, when he hears it, and maybe want to start right out after Dean. But instead of that, when Mellish finishes, and slams his fist down on the table and repeats his promise to shed blood, Hart just tilts his head back, and lays his hand across his stomach, and goes to roaring and tee-heeing till you'd think he'd heard the funniest story in the world.

" 'Lordy! Oh, Lord!' he shouts. 'But it's funny! Going to kill him! Mellish, you aint going to do nothin' of the kind. You're goin' to pension him, if you do anything, or send him your thanks on white paper with a pink ribbon 'round it. You're a plumb fool, if you are a pardner of mine! Hee! Hee! Haw!'

" 'Well, it aint anything to laugh about,' Mellish says after a bit, getting peeved. 'If I hadn't been a tough one, you wouldn't have no pardner—the coyotes and crows would be picking on me right now.'

" 'Of course they would,' Hart says, sobering up a little. 'They'd have you picked clean, and polished.'

" 'Then what are you stretching your mouth about?' Mellish asks. 'What's funny about that?'

" 'Nothing,' Hart says, 'except this: you were going to do the same thing that the feller did that killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.' And Hart takes another fit of giggling.

" 'You'll have to explain,' Mellish says. 'I'm dumb, blind, and ignorant.'

" 'Me, too,' I says. 'I can't see it.' And I comes over to the table.

"Hart looks at me a bit, as much as to ask me where I gets my license to butt; but Mellish tells him that it's all right, I'm in the game, and he explains.

" 'It's this way,' he says. 'Dean is the goose. The mine, when it's developed, and incorporated, and the stock on the market, is the egg. Kill Dean before he does this, and you kill the goose before she's got on the nest. There wont be any golden eggs. That's all.'

"'And you don't believe in killing geese?' Mellish says sarcastic.

"'Not if they lay golden eggs,' Hart answers.

"'But suppose the goose does lay golden eggs," Mellish objects, 'How are *you* goin' to get 'em?'

"'How's a six-foot man goin' to take candy away from a blind baby, or an Indian catch a monkey with sugar?' Hart asks. 'He's goin' to do it by being stronger than the kid, and keener than the monkey. Now what's the weakest thing on earth, if it aint a greedy man? Dean's greedy—greedy as three carloads of bacon before the squeal's taken out; therefore he's weak. A weak man is easy.'

"'Sounds good on paper,' Mellish says. 'But how are you going to do it?'

"'That's my secret,' Hart says. 'But the principle will be along the lines of your doin' as I say. Dean thinks you're dead, don't he?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, we'll let him think so. He'll lay better with that idea in his head. But you'll come to life when the egg's laid, and you'll grab it. You'll grab it accordin' to law, same as he grabbed the mine. Wont that be better than making a grease spot for somebody to clean up? He's got the mine cinched at the present writin', and if you get blood-thirsty, it'll go to his heirs. The way it stands you're clean out o' the game. I'm goin' to put you back.'

"After that Mellish gives in, and says he'll throw his pistol into the Colorado, if Hart says so, and be as obedient as a six-year-old kid in a kindergarten, though he don't see how it's goin' to be done. I don't see, either, and thinks that maybe Mellish's powder-and-lead plan is the best after all; at least it is sure. But Hart don't seem to be worried none, and goes ahead like he's got it down in blue-print.

"The first thing he does is to get together an outfit. And it's the funniest outfit that you ever see. It's made up mostly of water, cans of it, sacks of it, bottles of it, canteens of it, all tied across the backs of burros. Everybody's laughin' at him, and askin' him what he's plannin' to do—if he's goin' to start a wet farm in Hades, or goin' to carry it up the river a hundred miles and pour it back so as to keep the stream up, and all such stuff. Hart don't tell them anything, only laughs and jokes back, and says something about drownin' out an armadillo that he's seen down about Mexicala on his way back from Sonora. He wont even tell Mellish.

"'I gets it into my head that he's hatching some scheme against old Dean, and watches 'em both as close as a cat at a mouse hole. But instead of heading out toward where old Dean is, they go off in the other direction, right away from him. It's all desert, the worst kind, down that way—not even good cactus, and no more mineral than in a woman's parlor. The move throws me clean off the track.

"In about six days they come back. The burros are still loaded with their cans, and water-bags, and canteens, but they are all empty and jingling and banging against the critter's sides like a tin shop in a tornado. Hart laughs when they ask him about the armadillo, and says that they sure have deep holes and are hard to drown. He thinks, though, that he will get him next trip.

"That same night, old Dean gets back. Mellish keeps out of sight, and Dean thinks that he's sure enough croaked in the desert. He's horned-toad happy and thinks that he's got a smooth sea, and a fast boat to a home up on Wall Street. He sputters around town a day or two sending machinery and men out to the mine, then makes a flyin' trip East, incorporates, issues stock, and comes flying back. The stock begins to sell like hot cakes on a winter morning, and a flock o' men with big bank accounts begins to drift in tryin' to buy him out.

"About this time, Hart makes his second move. He comes in here one night when Dean is taking his evening drink by himself, and edges up alongside him at the bar. Hart's dressed in thin air principally, and has rolled over in the dust to make himself look like he's been out in the desert for a year. He's so changed you'd hardly 'a' known him.

"He lets on that he's just falling to staves for want of something wet, and aint seen liquor for two coons' ages. And when he introduces himself he says something like 'Scotty,' and winks his eye at me. Old Dean looks him over with a kind of sidelong gaze, but don't show much interest. But when he hears the word 'Scotty,' and about the same time, Hart pulls out a nugget the size of a Ben Davis apple, and throws it down on the bar, and tells me to let him know when it's drank up, Dean begins to get interested. The nugget looks some like the one Judge Mann has in his collection—the one he brought back from the Klondike—but I says nothing. Then Hart drags out a buckskin sack about the size of a meal bag, and asks me to keep it for him till he's over his drinking. About that time, old Dean's face is a sight. He begins to give his lips that sparrow-in-the-apple-tree lick, and leans over toward Hart with a forty-five degree slant.

" 'You seem to have made a strike,' he says.

" 'Nothing to speak of,' Hart answers, sort o' short, like he don't want to talk, and edges away from him.

"But the more he draws away, the more Dean follows up. They sit down over in the corner and begin drinkin'. Liquor don't hurt Hart no more than water; but inside of an hour he is poundin' on the table, and threatenin' to shoot the lights out, and tellin' about a place off somewheres to the South where the gold lies on the bed rock like walnuts on a blanket, and is offerin' to take old Dean down there and prove it by showin' it to him. He don't want to go for a week or ten days yet, on account of there being so much good drink unconsumed, and his thirst so ancient, but Dean works on him with his voice some more, and says that they can take the liquor with them. It ends by their gettin' together an outfit 'bout twelve o'clock and starting. Their equipment is mostly liquor.

" 'Bout daylight, Mellish, who has been laying low in the Alamo Lodgings, comes out, gets together an outfit, and starts out, too. He takes the same road that Hart and Dean is travelin', and as he turns off by the plaza shouts back at me to watch his smoke. The difference between his outfit and Dean's is that it's picked for speed, and that it seems to be mostly water and hardware of a big caliber.

"By this time, Dean and Hart are about twenty miles out. Hart's still full of liquor, and singin' songs, and Dean full of greed, and not knowing, nor thinking, nor asking whether their animals are loaded with water or Christmas trees. He don't think about it until they are three days out, and he gets up one blazing hot morning to wash the codfish out of his throat that Hart has cooked the night before, and finds the canteens all empty.

"Then there's some fun. He runs over to where Hart is layin' rolled up in blankets, still drunk, and pulls him out. Hart don't know much about where they are, on account of bein' in liquor so much, but he says their only show is to strike out for the Sand Wells, which are somewheres in that neighborhood.

"He tells Dean to wait in camp a minute till he takes a run to the top of a hill to look about, and get their bearings. Up on the top he runs across some fresh tracks; also he finds a bottle of water that somebody has lost. He drinks the water, and goes back, and tells Dean that there's a party somewheres ahead of them, and that maybe they can catch 'em.

"They drop everything, so as to be light, and start out on foot, followin' the tracks. And part of the time they run, because Hart says it's just as well to die that way as to die of thirst, which they sure will do if they don't catch the party. Dean is fat and soggy, and runnin' makes the juice flow out o' him, dryin' him up twice as fast as if he walked, and makes his thirst ten times as bad.

"At noon they stop under a greasewood for a bit, and Hart goes out on top of a sand heap to look again. He finds another bottle of water, which he drinks, and tells Dean that he sees some-

thing movin' on ahead—also, that he can see the three red rocks that stand by the Sand Wells. The outfit they have been followin' seems headed that way. Dean's about wiggled out, but he gets on his feet, and they drag along till the middle of the afternoon, when they reach the Wells. When he sees the water, Dean starts ahead on the run. And he would have run right into the water, I guess, but just then Mellish rises up beside the pool, and points a gun at him.

" 'Who are you? And what do you want?' Mellish asks. He acts like he don't know Dean.

"Dean knows Mellish, though, and lets him know that he knows him.

" 'Don't you know?' he asks. 'I'm O. D. Dean, the man that gave you liquor at Rouse's. We've lost our water, and want some more.'

"But Mellish don't seem to remember.

" 'The devil!' he says. 'That's queer. Been out in the sun long, have you?'

" 'Long enough to be dyin',' Dean says. 'Put down that gun and let us drink!'

" 'Sun's got his head,' Mellish says to himself. 'Poor fellow! And you say you want some water?'

" 'Of course,' Dean says. 'We are dyin' for it. Can't you see?'

" 'Eyes are poor,' Mellish says. 'I sometimes have to wear glasses—blue ones.'

" 'Damn the eyes!' Dean shouts. 'It's water I want! My God! Water!'

" 'And you want to drink it out of these wells?' Mellish asks, cool as cucumbers in an ice-box.

" 'Of course!' Dean shouts, and begins to edge forward toward the springs, licking his lips.

"Mellish cocks his gun.

" 'You have got a title to them—they are yours—you have filed on them, I suppose?' he says.

" 'No. But—'

" 'You have got a deed?' Mellish finishes.

" 'No.'

" 'Then you have got witnesses?'

" 'No. I've only got—'

" 'Possession?' Mellish adds.

" 'No. But it's the Almighty's water!' Dean shouts. 'And I've got an almighty thirst. He made it for all of us. It's nobody's; and it's everybody's!' His tongue is hanging out 'bout a yard by this time, and Mellish has to keep clicking his gun to hold him back.

" 'Almighty's water is it?' Mellish says. 'And He made it, did He? I thought He didn't make anything but minerals, and such like—copper, for instance. Which makes it pretty strange,' he goes on, 'that the laws of this country says it can be filed on, and made private property, the same as mineral, and be bought and sold, and all that. You must be mistaken. This here is no free Almighty's fountain flowin' in the wilderness, nor a charitable institution for baptisin' the insides of wanderin' men, nor it aint run by a lot of feeble-minded people. Mr. Dean, or whoever you be, this here is the Sand Wells Water Company that you have stumbled onto in your sinuous wanderin's—offices, Noo York; president, Mr. Hedrikiah Nehemiah Mellish, Esquire. Now if you aint interested in buyin' some of the stock, which is goin' to double in ninety days, you'd better be travelin' on. The proprietor, Mr. Mellish, is sort o' nutty at times, and aint responsible for his actions. He might imagine, for instance, that you was a coyote, or something of the kind, and cut loose at you. He imagined once that he found a rich copper claim up the river, and was hallucinated to the extent that he fitted out burros to go out to mine it. But when he got there he found that a person by the name of Dean, Oliphant Daniel Dean, president of the Rich Rock Mining Company, owned it. It was a sad mistake. Also he imagined that the same Mr. Dean took his weapons away, and turned him out in the desert without food or water, and that he wandered about for four days suckin' cactus leaves. Also he imagined that it was his religion to shoot the same four-legged critter on sight; and he's a person, this nutty Mellish is, that imagines he always keeps his word. It don't happen now, does it, that you and this Dean toad are related, does it?'

"Dean don't want to own it, but his tongue is almost droopin' to his knees by this time, and he sees that it's death anyhow, if Mellish is inclined.

" 'Yes. It's the same,' he says. 'Shoot, or do what you please.'

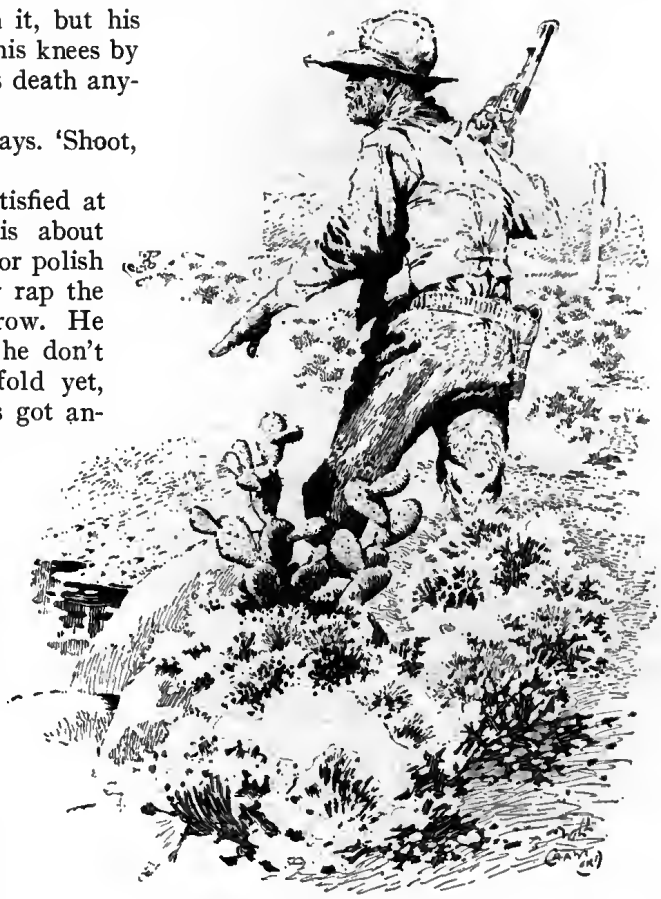
"Mellish is pretty well satisfied at that, and sees that Dean is about ready to eat out of his hand, or polish his shoes with his tongue, or rap the sand with his furrowed brow. He lowers his gun a little; but he don't ask him to come into the fold yet, and eat the fatted calf. He's got another card to play, and he plays it.

" 'Mr. Dean,' he says, mocking Dean's way of selling stock, 'you are a judge of properties, aint you? Also you are an investor, aint you, in enterprises that look favorable?'

"Dean admits it. And Mellish goes on:

" 'What might your capital be, Mr. Dean?'

" 'Two thousand in the Yuma bank, and fifty thousand shares of Rich Rock.' Dean is answering like a six-year-old-boy in a geography class.



This here is no charitable institution

" 'Which is worth—?' Mellish says.

" 'Thirty-two.'

" 'Or sixteen thousand?'

" 'Yes.'

"Mellish then studies a minute.

" 'I am just figuring a little,' he says. 'You see, I aint carin' much about sellin' any Sand Wells yet. It's a good property —if you keep the insects and dead rabbits skimmed off—and I think it'll go higher—double in ninety days. Still, just to accommodate you, I might be willin' to trade Sand Wells for Rich Rock, if you threw in that two thousand, and said nothin' about it. I aint at all anxious; but if you're in that class—which you looks to be from your tongue—why, we'll trade.'

" 'My stock for your stock!' Dean hollers.

" 'That's my noise,' says Mellish.

" 'Why! It's robbery—highway robbery!' Dean says. 'Your water isn't worth it!'

" 'Maybe not,' Mellish replies. 'I don't know. I aint no judge, and I aint from the East, and I don't wear no diamonds, and my name aint Oliphant Daniel. I'm nothing but a rough-neck prospector. But I've got an odorous notion squirming around in my hair roots that Sand Wells is going to double soon —in ninety days. If you should happen to change your mind, lemme know.'

"Then Mellish reaches down, dips up a cupful of the water, which is about the complexion of East Africa on a cloudy day, and pours it back into the puddle, watching it fall.

" 'Looks like it ought to be worth it," he remarks. 'It's sure rich water. There aint nothin' like it in fifty miles.' He is as sober as a leading man at a funeral.

"Dean begins to squirm and cotton at

the mouth like forty. He's burning up for water, and so dry that he could carry a prohibition state all by himself. But he's still got his appetite for money. The two begins to fight. The thirst says 'trade;' and the greed says 'no.' They wrassle like two middle-weight champions. Meantime, Mellish sits there as cool as an Arctic mornin' round the Pole, gun cocked, dabblin' in the water, and sayin' what a fine property it is, and how the stock is sure to rise, and that maybe a bath-house would pay.

" 'It's sure a lovely property,' he says. 'And I don't know if I ought to sell at all.'

"Dean watches him, his thirst growin' like Kaffir corn in Kansas. Finally he can't stand it any longer.

" 'I'll give you ten dollars for a drink,' he says.

" 'Will you?' says Mellish.

" 'Yes. Twenty!' Dean shouts.

" '*In*deed!'

" 'A hundred!'

" 'It's rising,' says Mellish, and begins to sing: *'Mother may I go out to swim?'*

" 'A thousand!' Dean shouts.

" *'Yes, my darling daughter.'*

" 'Two thousand! Please! My God! Two thousand!'

" *'Hang your clothes on a hickory limb—'*

" 'And half of the stock!'

" *'And don't go near the water.'* Mellish finishes, and dips up another cup and pours it slowly back.

"That ends Dean. He can't stand it no longer.

" 'All the stock!' he cries. 'Stock for stock!'

" 'Amen.' Mellish says slowly, putting down his gun. And he lets him to the water.

" 'Which,' concluded Reddy, 'is all, except that Rich Rock turned out to be poor rock, and the two thousand didn't last Mellish an' Hart longer'n snow-balls in Death Valley.'"

The LAUGH MAKER

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Author of "The Blind God," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE HOSKINS

YOU can laugh too much. You can be too cheerful. You can look too much on the sunny side of life. You wont believe this and neither did Bobby McTabb. But McTabb proved it out. It took the girl to help him—Kitty Duchene was her name—tall and sweet to look upon, with those pure blue eyes, dark with the beauty of violets, that go so well with hair which is brown in the shadow and gold in the sun. They proved it out together, all of a sudden. It is their story. And it will never be believed. But it's the truth.

Bobby McTabb was born fat. He weighed fourteen pounds at the start—and kept going. He doubled up his avoirdupois at the end of the tenth month, was a fraternity joke at college in his twentieth year, and made the scales groan under two hundred and eighty pounds at the end of his thirtieth—when he came to Fawcettville. But don't let these facts prejudice you against Bobby McTabb. At least don't let them give you a wrong steer. For Bobby McTabb, in spite of his fat, was a live one. Fawcettville woke up the day he arrived and began to scrape off the age-old moss from round the hubs of its village institutions. For rumor had preceded Bobby McTabb. It endowed him with immense wealth. He was going to boom Fawcettville. The oldest inhabitants gathered in groups and discussed possibilities, while their sons and younger relations worked in the hay and wheat fields. Some believed a railroad was coming that way. Others that a big factory, like those in the cities, was to be built. A few smelled oil, and Bobby McTabb's first appearance gave weight to every dream that had been dreamed. The villagers had never seen anything like him, from his patent leather shoes and his gaudily striped waistcoat to his round, rosy, laughing face. He was so fat that he appeared to be short, though he was above medium height, and everyone agreed at first glance that no soul less than that of a millionaire could possibly abide within this earthly tabernacle that disclosed itself to their eyes. But Bobby McTabb quickly set all rumors at rest. He had come to found a bank—the first bank in Fawcettville. At that minute he had just one hundred and twenty-seven dollars in his pocket. But he said nothing of that.

How Bobby McTabb started his bank has nothing to do with this story. But he did it—inside of a week, and prospered. The first part of the story is how he won CONFIDENCE—and met the girl. It was his fat, and his round, rosy, laughing face that counted. Within a month all the men liked him, the children loved him, and mothers and daughters were ready to trust him with anything. And never for an instant did Bobby betray one of their trusts. He was lovable from the boots up, and grew fatter in his prosperity as the months rolled by. He discarded his gaudy attire, and did as the other Romans did—wore a broad-brimmed "haying" hat in summer, "wash shirts," and seamless trousers. He joined the village church, was elected Sunday-school su-

perintendent without a dissenting vote, and was soon the heart and soul of every country rollicking-bee for miles around. Bobby woke up every morning with a laugh in his soul and a smile on his boyish face, and he carried that smile and laugh about with him through every hour of the day. He was happy. Everywhere he preached the gospel of happiness and optimism. If your heart was sick with a heavy burden it would lighten the moment you heard his laugh. And it was a glum face that wouldn't break into a smile when it met Bobby McTabb's coming round the corner.

It was at the end of his second year that Bobby met Kitty Duchene. What sweet-eyed, blue-eyed Kitty might not have done with him Fawcettville will never know. She liked him. She would have loved him, and married him, if he hadn't been so fat. Anyway, grief didn't settle very heavily upon those ponderous shoulders of B. McTabb. He never laughed a laugh less, and he didn't stop for a minute in making other people laugh. It was his hobby, and all the women in the world couldn't have broken it. "Make your neighbors laugh and you shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven," he used to say. "Drive out worry and care and you are clubbing the devil." And so it came to pass that by the time he had spent three years in Fawcettville, Bobby McTabb was greater in his community than the governor of the state or the president of the nation. And this was the condition of affairs toward which Bobby had been planning.

And then, one morning, he was missing.

When the odds and ends of things had been counted out, and various columns checked up, it was found that just a hundred and forty thousand dollars had gone with Bobby McTabb.

II

It was the third of July that Bobby shook the dust of Fawcettville from his feet. So he had the third, and all day the fourth, which was a holiday, in which to get a good start.

Bobby was original, even in robbing a bank. In fact, this is not so much the story of a bank pillage as it is of Bobby's originality. Europe, Monte Carlo, and Cape Town played as small parts in his plans as did Timbuctoo and Zanzibar. He loved his own people too well to go very far away from them. So he went to Duluth, where a launch was waiting for him. On the Fourth of July he set out alone along the northern shore up Superior, which is unbroken wilderness from Duluth to Fort William. Three days later a fisherman found McTabb's boat wrecked among the rocks, and on the shore near the launch were Bobby's coat and hat, sodden and pathetic. Of course there were cards and letters in the pockets of that coat, and also a roll of small bills. So identification was easy. Close on the lurid newspaper tales of Bobby McTabb's defalcation followed the still more thrilling story of his death. And, meanwhile, Bobby thought this the best joke of his life, and with a kit of supplies on his back was hiking straight North into the big timber.

The joke lived until about ten o'clock in the morning of the first day, when the whole affair began to appear a little less clever to Bobby McTabb. It was hot, and not one decent half-mile of travel did Bobby find. Up and down ridges of broken rock, through tangled swamps and forests of spruce and cedar he went, hitting it as straight north as a tenderfoot could make it by compass. The water poured down his round, red face, wet his collar first, and gradually soaked him to the tips of his toes. But it was not the heat that troubled him most. He was fat and succulent, as tender as a young chicken, and the black flies gathered from miles around to feast upon him. By noon his face was swollen until he could hardly see. His nose was like a bulb; his feet were blistered; a thousand bones and joints that he had never supposed were in the human anatomy began to ache, and for the first time in his life his jolly heart went *loco,* and he began to swear. The railroad was forty miles north. He had planned

On the morning of the sixth day he came to the railroad, nearly blind, bootless and starving

to reach that, and follow it to some small station, whence he would take a train into the new mining country that was just opening up, westward. It was a terrible forty miles. He would look at his compass, strike out confidently toward the North Pole, and five minutes later discover that he was traveling east or west. Early in the afternoon he got into a swamp of caribou moss that was like a spring bed, three feet thick, under his feet. It held him up nicely for a time, and the softness of it was as balm to his sore feet. Then he came to a place where a caribou would have sniffed, and turned back. But B. McTabb went on —and in. He went in—first to his knees, then to his middle, then to his neck, and by the time he had wallowed himself to the safety of firmer footing there was not a spot of him that was not covered with black mud. At two o'clock Bobby McTabb struck firm ground. He believed that he had traveled thirty-nine miles. But he made up his mind that he would camp, and make the last mile in the cool of the morning. As a matter of fact the lake was only six miles behind him.

When Bobby awoke on the morning of the second day he was so stiff that he waddled and so sore that he groaned aloud, and then he made the discovery —the alarming discovery—that was the beginning of the making of a new man of him. His rubber grub-bag was torn to shreds, and what was left of his provisions could have been gathered into a salt cellar. All about the front of his tent were tracks as big as a hat, and though he had never seen tracks like those before he knew that they were the visiting cards of a very big and a very hungry bear. "My Gawd!" said B. McTabb. "My Gawd!" he repeated over and over again, when he found nothing but crumbs and a bacon string.

Then he reflected that the railroad must be but a short distance away, and that he would surely strike some habitation or town before dinner-time. His shoulders were sore, so he left his tent behind him, stopping every time he came to a saskatoon tree or a clump of wild raspberries. The fruit did very well for a time, but like many another tenderfoot before him, he did not learn until too late that the little red plums, or saskatoons, are as bad as green apples when taken into an uncultivated stomach. He began to suffer along toward noon. He suffered all of that day, and far into the night, and when the dawn of the second day came he was no longer the old Bobby McTabb, but a half-mad man. For three days after this the black flies fed on him and the fruit diet ate at his vitals. On the morning of the sixth day he came to the railroad, nearly blind, bootless, and starving, and was found by a tie-cutter named Cassidy. For a week he lay in Cassidy's cabin, and when at last he came to his feet again, and looked into a glass, he no longer recognized in himself the tenderly nurtured Bobby McTabb of Fawcettville. His round face had grown thin. A half-inch stubble of beard had pierced his chin and rosy cheeks. His eyes were wild and bloodshot, and there was a looseness in the waist of his trousers that made him gasp. Three days later he weighed himself at the little station up the line and found that he had lost sixty pounds.

From this day on McTabb was a different man. He had relieved himself of sixty pounds of waste, and the effect was marvelous. A new spirit had entered into him by the time he reached the mining country. He prospered—and grew thinner. Unfortunately there is no moral lesson to this little history of B. McTabb. If he had been an ordinary runaway cashier he would have been caught and sufficiently punished, and all the good world would have been warned by his miserable end. But McTabb was not ordinary. He made money with the savings of Fawcettville. He made it so fast that it puzzled him at times to keep count of it. He turned over three claims in the first six months at a profit of a hundred thousand dollars. This was what optimistic Bobby called a "starter." He was in a rough country, and once more he found himself doing as the Romans did. He worked, and

worked hard; he wore heavy boots and shoe-packs, and the more he worked and the more he prospered the thinner he grew.

He was richer each day. Good things came to him like flies to sugar. At the end of his second year in the new bonanza country he was worth a million. And this was not all. For B. McTabb was no longer short and thick. He was tall and thin. From two hundred and eighty he had dropped to one hundred and sixty pounds, and he was five feet ten and a half in his cowhide boots.

But this is not the story of the beginning or the middle of Bobby McTabb. It is the story of his extraordinary and entirely original end, and of the manner in which pretty blue-eyed Kitty Duchene helped to bring that end about.

McTabb was no longer known by that name. He was J. Wesley Brown, promoter and mine owner, and as J. Wesley Brown he met Kitty Duchene once more, in Winnipeg. Kitty was visiting a friend whose father had joined McTabb in a promoting scheme, and all of Bobby's old love returned to him, for in reality it had never died. The one thing that had been missing in his life was Kitty Duchene, and now he began to court her again as J. Wesley Brown. There was nothing about J. Wesley Brown that would remind one of B. McTabb, and of course Kitty did not recognize him. One day Bobby looked deep into Kitty's pure blue eyes and told her how much he loved her, and Kitty dropped her head a little forward, so that he could see nothing but the sheen of her gold-brown hair, and promised to be his wife.

From this day on more and more of the old Bobby began to show in J. Wesley Brown. He was the happiest man in the North. His old laugh came back, full and round and joyous. He often caught himself whistling the old tunes, telling the old stories, and cracking the old jokes that had made Fawcettville love him. One evening when he was waiting for Kitty, he whistled softly the tune to "Sweet Molly Malone," and when Kitty came quietly into the room her blue eyes searched his questioningly, and there was a gentleness in them which made him understand that the old song had gone straight home, for it was Kitty Duchene

Kittie dropped her head and promised to be his wife

herself who had taught him the melody, years and years ago, it seemed. She had told him a great deal about Fawcettville, its green hills and its meadows, its ancient orchards and the great "bottoms," yellow and black with ox-eyed daisies. And to-night she said, with her pretty face very close to his: "I want to live back in the old home, Jim. Do you love me enough for that?"

The thrill in her voice, the soft touch of her hand, stirred Bobby's soul until it rose above all fear, and he promised. He would go back. But—what might happen then? Could he always live as J. Wesley Brown? Would no one ever recognize him? Trouble began to seat itself in his eyes. Misgivings began to fill him. And then, in one great dynamic explosion, the world was shattered about Bobby McTabb's ears.

He had taken Kitty to a carnival, and like two children they were stumbling through a "House of Mystery," losing themselves in its mazes, laughing until the tears glistened in Kitty's happy eyes, when they ran up against two mirrors. One of these made tall and thin people short and fat, and the other made short and fat people tall and thin. Before one of these stepped B. McTabb. For a moment he stood there stunned and helpless. Then he gave a sudden quick gasp and faced Kitty. There was no laughter now in the girl's eyes, but a look of horror and understanding. In that hapless moment Bobby's leanness was gone. He was the old Bobby again, short and ludicrously fat. The girl drew back, her breath breaking in sobbing agony.

"Robert," she cried accusingly. "Robert McTabb!"

She drew still farther away from him, and hopelessly he reached out his arms.

"Kitty—My God, let me explain," he pleaded. "You don't understand—"

But she was going from him, and he did not follow.

III

Now there were three things which might have happened to Bobby McTabb. In all justice Kitty should have immediately reported him to the authorities, but she loved him too much for that, and was too loyal to herself ever to see him again. Or, in the despair and hopelessness of the situation, Bobby might have paid penance by drowning himself or hanging himself. There was one other alternative—flight. But, as we have stated, Bobby was an original thief, and he did just what no other thief would have thought of doing.

He turned his properties into cash as quickly as he could, and bought a ticket for Fawcettville. He arrived in the village on a late night train, as he had planned. The place was deserted. People were asleep. With a big throb at his heart he saw that the building which he had once occupied was empty. It was just as he had left it on that third of July morning. Something rose in his throat and choked him as he turned away. After all he loved Fawcetville—loved it more than any other place on earth, and the tears came into his eyes as he passed reverently the old familiar spots, and came at last to Kitty Duchene's home, with the maples whispering mournfully above him. He almost sobbed aloud when he saw a light in Kitty's window. For a long time he sat under the maples, until the light went out and he could no longer see Kitty's shadow against the curtain. All about him were the homes of the people who had loved and trusted him, and he groaned aloud as he turned back.

No one in Fawcettville knew of Bobby McTabb's visit that night. No one in the world knew of the scheme which Bobby carried away with him. On the second day the owner of the bank building received a letter, signed by a stranger, asking him to clean and repair the old building, and enclosing an one-hundred dollar bill for the first quarter's rent. It was twice the rent Bobby McTabb had paid in the old days, and the mystery became the talk of the village.

Bobby came again on the late night train, got off at Henderson, three miles west of Fawcettville, and drove over in

a rig. The rig was heavily laden with various things, but chiefly with a big gilt and gold lettered sign, such as Fawcettville had never known. There were a few who heard the driving of the midnight nails in that sign as it was hung over the new building. After that two men went through the village, as stealthily as thieves, and on every barn and store, and even on the fronts of houses, were pasted bills two feet square; and at dawn other messengers began delivering sealed letters to the farmers for miles around.

The first bright rays of the morning sun lighted up the gilt and gold letters on Bobby's sign, and those letters read:

ROBERT McTABB
Loans, Real Estate and Insurance

Sile Jenks, the milkman, was the first to read the bill in front of his house, and with a wild yell he began awakening his neighbors. Inside of half an hour Fawcettville was in an uproar. Men and women came hurrying toward the old bank building, and in front of that building, with a happy smile on his face, stood Bobby McTabb. Men rushed up to him and wrung his hands until it seemed as though they must pull out his arms; women crowded through to his side; children shouted out his old name; the dogs barked in the old way—he heard the old laughter, the old voices, the old greetings—even deeper and more affectionate now; and then there came the first rigs from the country, followed by others, until they streamed in from all sides, just as they do when a circus comes to town. For three hours Bobby stood up manfully, and then the climax came; for straight up to him, with glorious, shining eyes and love in her face, came Kitty Duchene. She paid no attention to those about them, but put her arms up about Bobby's neck and kissed him.

"NOW I understand," she whispered, looking at him proudly. "But why didn't you tell me—up there, Robert?"

And for the first time in his life Bobby McTabb's voice choked him until he could not speak.

This was what the people of Fawcettville and the country round had read on Bobby's bills and in his letters:

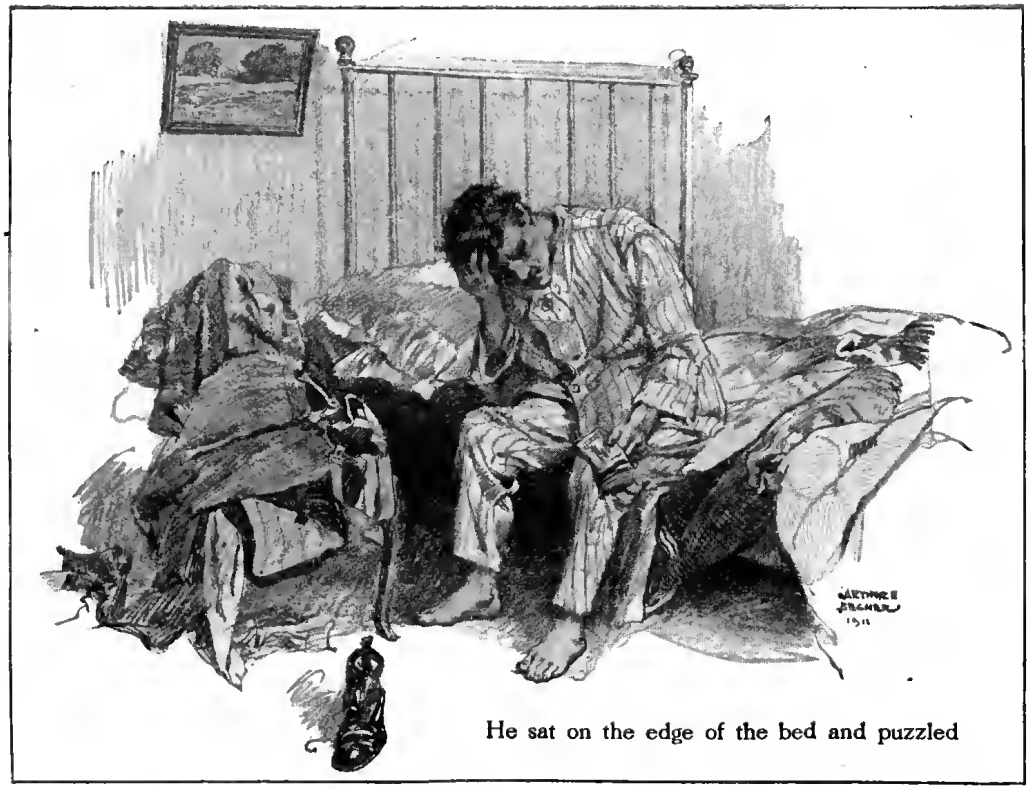
Dear old friends—

You will remember one summer day, nearly five years ago, when I came into your town—Bobby McTabb. I was without friends, without introductions, without money—but you will remember, too, how you received me with open arms, and for two years made life for me here happier than any life that I had ever dreamed might exist for me. You made me love you, as I would have loved my father, my mother, my sister; and I schemed and schemed to think of some way in which I could repay you. At last the time came. I saw an opportunity of making a great deal of money, but to make that money I required a large sum in cash. I believe that most of you would have responded to my call for that cash—but, perhaps foolishly, I had the childish desire TO SURPRISE YOU. So I went away and took your money with me. I have realized, since then, that the joke was not a good one—but never for an instant have I believed that you would lose confidence in me.

Dear old friends, what I went away to achieve I HAVE achieved, and my heart is near bursting with joy at the knowledge that once more I am to be one of you—until the end of life. Friends, I took with me just one hundred and forty thousand dollars of your money, and I have brought you back just six dollars for every one that you have loaned me during that time. Is this work well done? Is it, at last, a proof of the deep love and reverence I hold for you all? I have the money in cash, and every depositor of the old bank, when he calls upon me, will receive just seven dollars in place of every dollar he had deposited.

But it is not money, but love, that counts, dear friends, and I ask that you measure me—not by the gift I am making to Fawcettville—but in that almost immeasurable devotion which I hold for you all.

Affectionately,
Bobby McTabb.



He sat on the edge of the bed and puzzled

A BUNDLE of BANKNOTES

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

Author of "The Case Against Copp," etc.

Illustrated by ARTHUR E. BECHER

THE Citizens' Association provided the marked bills. The Citizens' Association had no thought of permanent separation from these bills, but you never can tell. They were given to State's Attorney Morrill, and the State's Attorney gave them to Stephen Colgate, who gave them to Alderman Ben Rayner. That is where the trouble began.

Theoretically, Alderman Rayner was then very cleverly caught. He had made certain improper proposals to Mr. Colgate with regard to some legislation then pending, and Mr. Colgate had reported the matter to the State's Attorney. Mr. Morrill was of the opinion that the bribe money should actually pass, but he had no fund upon which he could draw to provide it, and it was clearly no part

of Mr. Colgate's business to do so. The Citizens' Association provided it, however, and it actually did pass. Colgate said so, and Grattan, a special officer from the State's Attorney's office, corroborated him. The transfer was unobtrusively and expeditiously made in the lobby of a hotel.

Theoretically, as already observed, Rayner was caught, but when he was arrested the money had mysteriously disappeared and not even the big manila envelope that had contained it could be found. It was inexplicable. True, the alderman had been allowed to walk to his own office, two blocks distant, before the arrest was made, but he had been shadowed all the way, had entered no shop or hallway, loitered nowhere, spoken to no one. Nevertheless, the money was gone, and Rayner, of course, maintained that he knew nothing about any money or any big manila envelope —never heard of either. Furthermore, he made many and dire threats, but he was presently appeased—rather too easily appeased, the State's Attorney thought.

"Smooth fellow!" reflected that official. "Slipped the cash to some one else the first thing, but we'll get him when the marked bills show up!"

For the evidence in hand, while it might be morally convincing, fell somewhat short of being legally convincing, and the bills were necessary.

If, however, the State's Attorney could have seen Rayner just about that time he would have been convinced of the fallacy of at least a part of his surmise, for Rayner was then engaged, metaphorically speaking, in running round in circles in his own office. Nor was it the indignity of his arrest that troubled him! No one outside of the State's Attorney's office knew or would know of that, and he had been released with such explanation and apology as were possible in the circumstances.

There were excellent reasons why he was willing to let it go at that, too! Nothing incriminating had been discovered, but the course pursued was evidence of a disquieting suspicion, and disquieting suspicions are dangerous things to be allowed to roam at large. There would be time enough later to worry about that, however; just now, the thing that so perturbed Rayner was the sad fact that he knew no more about what had become of the missing money than State's Attorney Morrill did.

II

Dan Brann, better known as "Slick," after jostling Rayner and deftly removing the large envelope from his pocket, slipped unobtrusively into the hotel bar, where he had an engagement to begin the preliminary work of "trimming a sucker."

Dan had once been a pickpocket, but he had discovered early that he could make more with his head than he could with his fingers, so he had turned his attention to confidence games. Still, he occasionally succumbed to the fascination of the old pursuit. In this particular instance he had seen the big envelope surreptitiously passed from one man to the other, and he had become possessed of a desire to know what it contained.

He had the envelope now, but he was still ignorant of its contents. Nor did he have immediate opportunity to investigate. His prospective victim—Henry Rusk by name—was awaiting him at the bar. Henry had some foolish idea of getting rich in a hurry, and Dan was preparing to convince him of the foolishness of it. To this end, it was Dan's purpose to entertain Henry right royally, and he did so. They parted some hours later with mutual expressions of esteem. Dan could easily have possessed himself of Henry's watch and pocketbook and whatever else of value he carried at this time, but he forbore. He was playing a bigger game now, and there would be more in Henry later.

Fatigued by a strenuous "business" day, during the latter part of which libations had been plentiful, Dan dropped into a café for a quiet and restful moment before going home, but he found himself seated at a table with a slightly inebriated individual who felt the need of companionship. Dan was annoyed at first but the man was entertaining, and

there was relaxation in a conversation that had no "business" purpose to be kept in view. They had several drinks and then journeyed elsewhere, "to see if the lights were lit." They were.

Somewhat later, in another café, Dan became suddenly conscious of the fact that some one was eyeing him keenly, and this is always accepted as an evil omen by men in his profession. It may be said to be a particularly bad omen when the tensely interested individual is a "plain-clothes man" who is smarting under the humiliation of having failed to make a case upon the occasion of a previous arrest, and Dan foresaw possible trouble. He instinctively felt in his pockets for whatever there might be that ought not to be there, and his hand encountered the big envelope. He was still ignorant of its contents, but it was a reasonable presumption that they ought not to be found in his possession.

Awaiting a favorable opportunity, he slipped the envelope to his befuddled companion. "Just keep that for me," he cautioned. "I'll be back in a minute." Then he got up and sauntered out.

His reasoning was most plausible. If permitted to leave, it would be evident that there was nothing to fear, and he could saunter back a few minutes later. If followed and searched in an effort to "get something on him," nothing of an incriminating or suspicious nature would be found, and, if he then deemed it unwise to go back, a little watchfulness would enable him to rejoin his companion when the latter emerged. Anyhow, circumstances made the envelope an unusually dangerous possession for him just then.

Unfortunately, Dan overlooked one contingency. He was wanted on a definite charge, not on general principles, and, being followed out, he was quietly taken into custody and escorted to a police-station. Some little exploit of his, that he had forgotten in the press of other matters, had come to the notice of the authorities.

III

A dull, gray morning, a great thirst and a headache were the three things of which Alfred Cass was first conscious when he awoke. Having grumbled at the day, assuaged the thirst, and eased the head by immersing it in cold water, he was in a position to give some thought to the evening before.

He was hazy with regard to much of it. There had been a dinner, with champagne. "And champagne always throws me!" he reflected. "I'm a fool to touch it." As a matter of fact, he seldom did touch it. Indeed, he was not what would be called a drinking man, for, while not a teetotaler, the occasions when he imbibed at all were infrequent. But the preceding evening certainly had been one of them. There had been a good deal of champagne at the dinner, and nothing so quickly went to his head. He had left for home early, however, and then—and then—

"Who was that fellow I met?" he mused. "I was clear enough when we got together, but I don't remember hearing his name. We hit up a pretty lively pace, though; and on top of the champagne—" He shook his head solemnly. "I just get a glimmer here and there!" he pursued doubtfully. "Seems to me he gave me something to keep for him, and the next thing I remember somebody was telling me it was time to close up and I was arguing that I'd got to wait for my friend to come back. And they laughed derisively— By George!" he exclaimed, rolling suddenly from the bed upon which he had thrown himself after his ablutions. "By George! Didn't come back, hey! Told me to wait there for him, did he? No wonder they laughed! That's the old trick. I wonder what he got!"

He pattered across the room in pajamas and bare feet and extricated his vest from a pile of clothing. "Watch here, all right!" he assured himself. "Money in the change pocket, too! He was no piker anyway!" He reached for the coat and drew from an inside pocket a large manila envelope. "By George!" he ejaculated. "Gave me something after all! Now, what's the answer to that? Did he work some confidence game on me or—what?"

He dropped the envelope and dug

"Just keep that for me; I'll be back in a minute"

into the pocket again. Then he investigated other pockets, finally drawing from one of them a bill-fold. Opening this, he counted the money it contained. "Seems to be all that I have any right to expect—after last night," he commented, "but what the devil was his game, who is he, where did he leave me and what became of him?"

He picked up the envelope, examined it from every angle and side, and shook his head hopelessly. There was not a word of either writing or printing on it. After a moment of hesitation, he opened it, glanced at the contents, pinched himself, took another look, very carefully deposited it on a table, went to the washstand, soused his head again, and returned to make a further examination.

"I guess it's real money," he muttered. "It looks like it and feels like it. Perhaps he was Aladdin and I touched his lamp."

He took the bills from the envelope and counted them. There was a total of $1,250 in bills ranging from five dollars to one hundred dollars in value.

"Now, what do you make of that?" he pondered. "Not a word of indentification or explanation, and I don't know him from Adam! No wonder he told me to wait! But why didn't he come back? Why didn't he— Oh, what's the use? Twelve hundred and fifty dollars just handed to me, and I thought the days of fairies were past!"

He sat on the edge of the bed and puzzled over the problem for a long time. It was certainly perplexing. So far as he knew, it was possible for him quietly to appropriate the cash, but, to do him justice, he never even contemplated such a course. He wanted to find the owner and return it. But how?

"Oh, I'll put it in the bank and advertise," he decided at last in desperation. " 'Gentleman who gave twelve hundred and fifty dollars to'— No, that wont do; there'd be a million claiming it. 'Gentleman who inadvertently passed a large sum of money to a stranger in—' But I don't know where it was. 'Man who handed stranger a large manila envelope on Thursday evening can have same by describing contents.' Yes, that or something along that line will do."

Having thus decided, he dressed himself, made a memorandum of the sum the envelope contained, deposited all but fifty dollars of it with his own account, and put his advertisement in both a morning and an afternoon newspaper.

"I wonder if that will bring action," he mused when this was done.

There was action, all right, but it was not in the line that he expected. His reference was to the advertisement, and the advertisement accomplished nothing.

Dan Brann, reading it in his cell, muttered: "That sounds like my gazabo. Must have been something worth while in that envelope, but what? And how could I claim it, even if I was out?"

Alderman Rayner, reading it, reflected, "That might be the envelope I lost, but how would I look claiming it, with things as they are now?"

State's Attorney Morrill, reading it, saw nothing significant, for it never occurred to him that the envelope had been lost; but he did find something very significant in the deposit, immediately reported to him by the bank, of twelve hundred dollars in marked bills, and action followed promptly.

IV

Lucas Kirkham, lawyer, found Alfred Cass awaiting him in his office when he came back from lunch, and Cass was much perturbed.

"Nasty mess!" he grumbled. "I can't make it out at all."

"What?" asked Kirkham.

"Why, they've got me tangled up in some boodle business," explained Cass. "You see, they put up a job on Rayner —gave him some marked bills that somehow got away before they could arrest him, and now they're saying I got them."

"Well?" queried Kirkham.

"Well," sighed Cass, "I guess I did."

"Guess!" exclaimed Kirkham. "Don't you know?"

Cass shook his head. "They found them in my bank," he admitted, "and the bank says I deposited them."

"Did you?" asked Kirkham.

"I don't know," answered Cass. "I deposited some bills. For all I know, they may have been marked. I didn't notice, but I don't imagine the bank would lie about a little thing like that."

"Where did you get them?" persisted Kirkham.

"I don't know," replied Cass. "That's what makes it so awkward."

"Don't know!" repeated Kirkham in amazement.

"Oh, I have a sort of glimmering idea," returned Cass, "but it's only a glimmer. Some saloon or buffet or café or something, but that's as near as I can get to it."

"Must have had a lovely evening!" commented Kirkham.

"Yes," agreed Cass. "I feel that way."

"Do you know who gave you the money?" asked Kirkham.

"No," answered Cass. "He was a stranger to me."

"Oh, back up!" objected Kirkham disgustedly. "People don't pass out bundles of banknotes in that loose way."

"This fellow did," maintained Cass. "That's what makes it look so bad. I can't explain."

"I should say not!" assented Kirkham.

"Nobody would believe me," pursued Cass.

"I don't," said Kirkham.

"But it's quite true, I assure you!" insisted Cass. "Sounds silly, I know, but it's true, and I want you to get me out of the hole."

"A man that you don't know," reviewed Kirkham, "actually gave you a large sum of money, for no purpose whatever, in a place that you can't remember."

"That's it," asserted Cass, "only he told me to keep it for him."

"And never came back."

"No. Very careless of him, it seems to me."

"Very," agreed Kirkham, ironically.

"And mighty awkward for me."

"I should think so."

"You see," complained Cass, "they want me to confess, and I can't."

"It's very sad," admitted Kirkham. "Suppose you begin at the beginning and tell me the whole story."

Cass began with the banquet and told all that he could remember of the evening, which wasn't much when he got to the really important part of it.

Kirkham was silent for a few minutes after Cass had concluded.

"I believe you," he then announced. "It's so infernally improbable that I've got to believe you, for no sane man would invent such a crazy yarn in these circumstances; he'd get up something more plausible. But mighty few people reason my way."

"I know it," sighed Cass.

"Have you told anyone else?"

"No," answered Cass. "What was the use?"

"No use," admitted Kirkham. "Worse than no use, in fact, for it's so absurdly improbable that it would raise a presumption of guilt in the mind of the average man. What did you tell Morrill?"

"Nothing at all. I took the lofty ground that his impertinent inquiry into my private business affairs was wholly unjustified."

"You had nerve," commented Kirkham.

"That's what he seemed to think," returned Cass, "but what else could I do on the spur of the moment?"

"Nothing else," replied Kirkham.

"He argued," Cass went on, "that the possession of the marked bills and my interview with Rayner—"

"Oh, you know Rayner, do you?" interrupted Kirkham.

"Why, yes. I had an interview with him in his office only a little while before the bills disappeared. That's what makes it look so bad."

"Say!" snorted Kirkham, "if you had set out with the deliberate intention of inextricably entangling yourself you couldn't have done it better."

"I don't believe I could," agreed Cass. "But you like that kind of a case, don't you?"

"This one suits me too well," grumbled Kirkham. "Anything else?"

"No, I don't think of anything."

"Oh, you must have done something

You have nerve."
"That's what the District Attorney seemed to think"

else that would make the case against you a little more convincing," suggested Kirkham sarcastically.

"No, nothing else," replied Cass, after a moment of thought, "and my business with Rayner was perfectly proper. He'll testify to that."

"A lot of weight his testimony will carry in this case!" retorted Kirkham. "If we could induce him to testify against you, it might help a little, but—Oh, well, let's clean up the few remaining details. Are you under arrest?"

"No," answered Cass. "I was simply taken to the State's Attorney's office, questioned, and then allowed to depart; but I fancy I'd find myself in custody mighty soon if I tried to leave town."

"Very likely," rejoined Kirkham. "They've got you in a pretty tight place with the marked bills, but they want to get a little closer connection between you and Rayner. There's a weak link there. You've done your best to strengthen it; but it isn't quite strong enough yet. Rayner's the man they're after, and they've got to connect you with him."

"They can't," put in Cass.

"Never mind that now!" returned Kirkham. "They've got you in a tight place, and we can't stand on your uncorroborated Arabian Nights tale. We can't even suggest it unless we can get something to back it up. Now, if we could find this mysterious stranger—"

"I've advertised for him," volunteered Cass.

"Oh, you have!"

"Yes. I advertised that the man who gave me the manila envelope could—"

"Where is that envelope?" interrupted Kirkham.

"Why, it has probably found its way into the furnace with other waste paper by this time."

"Morrill didn't get hold of it, then?"

"No."

"I'd rather like to have it myself," reflected Kirkham, "but I'd hate to have it fall into Morrill's hands. Perhaps it's just as well that it's out of the way. Go on with your advertisement."

"Oh, I just said that he could have it by describing contents," explained Cass. "That ought to bring him, don't you think?"

"Why, yes," agreed Kirkham, "if he's tired of liberty and wants to go to jail. It would bring an honest man, but there's something more than a reasonable presumption, you know, that whoever had the money is not an honest man and would not care to be called upon to explain how he came by it. I don't think he'll show up. He could clear you, of course, but so, in all probability, could Rayner."

Cass nodded gloomily. "I see the point," he said. "They'd incriminate themselves, if they so much as gave the money a pleasant look."

"So we've got to play a lone hand," added Kirkham. "Theoretically, we should go after the guilty man or men; practically, with the State's Attorney against us, we've got all that we can do to get you clear without bothering about them. We can't tell the truth, so we've got to devise some way to overcome the odds against us. Do you suppose you could get hold of one of those marked bills?"

"I've got several of them in my pocket," replied Cass.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Kirkham.

"I kept out fifty dollars when I made the deposit," said Cass.

"I was thinking," returned Kirkham, "how lucky it was for you that Morrill didn't have you searched."

"I wasn't even arrested," explained Cass,—"only questioned."

"Nursing the case in the hope of getting the connecting link," commented Kirkham. "You don't happen to have anything else incriminating about you, do you?"

"No-o," replied Cass, "I don't think of anything."

"You couldn't think of anything a little while ago," retorted Kirkham, "but you had the bills."

"I'm not very bright to-day," apologized Cass. "You see, it was quite some night, and I'm not used to that sort of thing."

"Well, let's see the bills. It's not safe for you to carry them, anyway."

The mark, a small red "c" in one corner, was easily discovered, although it would have passed unnoticed by anyone not searching for it.

"New bills," commented Kirkham. "Were they all new?"

"Yes," answered Cass.

"Oh, well," remarked Kirkham, "new bills are plentiful, and we'll get a few more."

V

State's Attorney Morrill was reviewing the case with Stone, one of his assistants. "Of course," he admitted, "Cass is not a man that one would ordinarily suspect of this sort of thing, but we've got the goods on him. His general reputation is in his favor—very much in his favor—and I've felt it advisable to handle him gingerly, but the marked bills were found in his possession. They were given to Rayner and were next seen when Cass deposited them to his own credit. But we can't connect the two as we should, if we are to get Rayner. Their interview is significant, in view of the other circumstances, but still carries no great weight. Lots of people have entirely proper business relations with Rayner, and the explanation given is wholly plausible. Moreover, I can't find that there has ever been more than a slight business acquaintance between the two or that they have ever met more than two or three times.

"So we've mighty little but the marked bills, which hit Cass hard enough but do not reach Rayner as directly as—"

The telephone interrupted him, and he found the cashier of the Merchants' Trust Bank on the other end of the line.

"Some of those marked bills have turned up," said the cashier.

"What!" cried Morrill. "Why, they turned up in the Atlas bank yesterday!"

"Can't help that," returned the cashier. "We've got two twenties, marked just as you said."

"Yes, yes, of course," agreed Morrill, suddenly remembering that fifty dollars of the marked money was still unaccounted for. "I'll be over directly to see you about it."

He turned again to his assistant and

repeated what the cashier had said.

"Perhaps," he concluded, "perhaps when we trace these bills we'll get a little more light on the subject. I'll go over—"

The telephone rang again, and now he found a vice-president of the Northern National Bank at the other end of the line.

"Some of those marked bills—" began the vice-president.

"Hold on! Hold on!" exclaimed Morrill.

"What's the matter?" asked the banker.

"Don't tell me you've got some, too!" expostulated Morrill.

"Well, we have," returned the banker.

"How many?" asked Morrill.

"A five and a ten," replied the banker.

Morrill made a hasty mental calculation. "But that's more than there are!" he objected.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the banker.

"Nothing! Nothing at all!" answered Morrill. "I'm coming right over to see you."

It was disconcerting, to say the least. The bills proved to be new ones, marked precisely like the others. The two in the possession of the Merchants Trust had been found in a department store deposit, but they could not be traced beyond that. The department store people had not been looking for marked bills and could not say from whom these had been received.

The Northern National had received its bills from two different sources, but here again it was impossible to trace them further. And the marked bills now accounted for came to a total slightly in excess of what it should be.

Morrill, puzzling over this situation, called up his office and was informed that three other banks reported the discovery of marked bills. He expressed his feelings in terms too strong to be recorded here, and later, when some of the banks first reporting announced the discovery of additional marked bills, he used even more lurid language. It may be admitted, too, that a dark suspicion crossed his mind, but the most painstaking investigation failed to reveal any tangible basis for it.

"And how," he pondered gloomily, "are you going to convict a man on marked bills when everybody has them and there are more in circulation than there are of the other kind?"

Alderman Rayner, meeting Cass on the street a little later, made casual mention of a rumor that the latter intended to give a considerable sum to charity.

"Twelve hundred and fifty dollars," replied Cass.

"Twelve hundred and fifty!" repeated Rayner, as if it rather hurt him to mention that particular sum.

"Yes," returned Cass. "Why not?"

"It's a lot of money," sighed the alderman.

"A sort of trust fund that nobody has claimed," explained Cass.

"Is it, now?" rejoined the alderman.

"Why, yes," answered Cass. "Don't you think it's the right thing to do in such circumstances?"

The alderman seemed to be having a severe mental struggle, but he finally managed to reply indifferently, "Oh, yes, certainly!" and passed on.

Shortly afterward, however, he might have been heard to murmur bitterly, "Twelve hundred and fifty! Twelve hundred and fifty! Now, aint that generous of him?" And certain others, finding something significant and fascinating in the figures, echoed the sentiment.

NOT LIKE OTHER FOLKS

By EVELYN VAN BUREN

ILLUSTRATED BY BLANCHE FISHER WRIGHT

Hannah

IT was not very cold, but the wind drove the rain through the broken window-panes and shook the house the Butlers lived in. The dead leaves had become so wet through the night that they would not burn, so there was no way to cook the little bit of salt-pork for breakfast. At the other end of the patch of ground nearer the railroad, Sam Butler's dogs yelped and plunged on their ropes outside the cramped kennels.

"They're hungry," said Hannah Butler.

"So are we!" Betsy Butler spoke bitterly. "I don't see why we can't be let alone," she added and jabbed at the smouldering leaves in the old stove. "I can't bear to send you to school starvin' hungry, Hannah!"

"I wisht the committee'd let us be; they know we're not like other folks." Hannah shook her calico dress violently. "Wisht the roof hadn't leaked on my dress; it's awful wet 'round the yoke."

"After my patching and contriving all day yesterday over that yoke!" Betsy caught the dress, thrust it over Hannah's head and buttoned her up in dampness.

Betsy was not herself this morning. She combed Hannah's hair straight back and tied it with a shoestring from her own shoe. Hannah should go to school and show them why she had stayed away.

Hannah looked into the fiercely glowing blackness of Betsy's eyes, smoothed her damp yoke, bent to tuck in the stocking toe that appeared through the parting of her shoe from the sole, and quietly decided to remove the shoestring *en route* to the school-house.

Hannah had no beauty. She did not mind though; beauty could not make you like other folks if you were not born so.

She walked round the puddle of water that had leaked in and took some cornbread from the cupboard. Standing on one foot, the other raised, the ankle clasped firmly, Hannah ate breakfast with quick relish.

"I'd better start, Betsy," she an-

nounced when she had finished. "I don't want to be late if I've got to go!"

Betsy reached for the coat upon the wall behind the stove.

"Oh, Betsy, pa's old coat?"

"Yes, ma'am." Betsy was firm.

She took a hat from the wall too.

"Betsy," Hannah said, "*the* hat, in the rain?"

It was the only hat they possessed and the only possession Betsy seemed to value. She had a jaunty way of wearing it when she ventured into the town if there was a little money to buy food. She jammed it upon Hannah's head and pushed her to the door.

A gust of wind blew the rain in; from the room adjoining a little voice called.

"There," said Hannah, "John's awake; what's he to eat?"

But Betsy pushed her out and closed the door. Hannah took the hat off and covered it under the coat, removed the shoe-string from her hair and bent to the storm. The tattered shoe hindered progress greatly. As she turned out of the road upon which their lonely house faced, she passed a young man. He stared, seemed about to stop, then hastened on.

Hannah wondered about him, but she was thinking about her father. When he was away all night and without the dogs, his return was unpleasant and there was no patience in Betsy that morning, when patience would be needed.

Presently the school-house loomed in view and Hannah trudged ahead.

Meanwhile, at "home," when somebody knocked at the Butlers' door, Betsy went sullenly to open it.

"Does Skunk Butler live here?" demanded the visitor.

Betsy's father was always called "Skunk" Butler but now she answered fiercely:

Reggie Spencer

"Sam Butler, my father, lives here, if that is what you mean!" But under the stranger's steady gaze she withdrew a little, covering her torn skirt.

"Of course," he said, "'Skunk' is only a term. I don't know your father. I heard—well, I've heard he hunts skunks with dogs."

"He does," Betsy said. "That's his business. He hunts skunks and sells their skins."

Defiance suddenly gone, her voice sank away in a whisper.

"Well, I'll tell you," the young man said. "I just came to find out if he's found a stray dog."

Betsy Butler thrust her head out of the door.

"You mean you've lost *your* dog!" she said.

He admitted it guiltily.

"You come round here to-morrow," Betsy cried. "Pa's off some place now and not skunking either. What kind is your dog?"

"Only a little hound," the visitor answered apologetically, "and very likely I'm mistaken in coming here and bothering you about it."

"No," Betsy said, "we're not like other folks and I'll look out for a new dog round here. Come back to-morrow."

She withdrew, hitching up the torn skirt, and her slim body seemed to sway against the door. It was closed sharply.

II

Starting in at the grammar school, where you go when you have made the fourth grade and are promoted from the little wooden school-house, you really feel life has begun. The Pollard twins, Narcissa and Valora, felt this strongly and the responsibilities attached no less.

The new girl, Hannah Butler, who came into their class so late in the term, looked old for a little girl. She stood

on one foot and hid the other behind it. She came the day of the equinox storm; there was no recess that morning—gymnastics in the aisles instead and a march round the room. Hannah Butler's shoe was worn and the sole dragged so that in marching she tripped.

The twins saw all this and Reginald Spencer laughed. Reggie belonged to the rich Spencers but his manners were worse than some poor people's children. Valora Pollard shot an angry glance over her pink gingham shoulder at him. Narcissa colored painfully for little Hannah and with relief saw her drawn out of line by the teacher and held protectingly in her arm.

"Left! Right! Eyes ahead, children!" commanded the teacher.

He laughs best who laughs last. In the class that ended that morning session the heir to the house of Spencer was spelled down by Hannah Butler—little Hannah in faded calico and tattered shoes, who had come to school in the middle of the term! Rich young Reggie in tweed knickers and belted jacket and new boots, took his place below her, a painful blush coloring his fat face.

When school was out Hannah hurried away. As for Reggie, looking after her, he pressed his nose and cried:

"Skunks!" Then louder, "Bring back my brother's dog!"

He turned, confronted by the little Pollards in their red-riding-hood coats.

"You ought-a-be 'shamed of yourself, Reg Spencer!" Valora said sharply.

"What you saying that to her for anyway?" demanded Narcissa.

"You don't know her," Reggie said. "She's old Skunk Butler's kid. He's a fierce bad man; he's a skunk catcher and he's prob'bly stole my brother's dog!"

He waited to hear what they would say to this.

"You haven't any brother," sniffed one of them.

The Twins

"I haven't a brother?" Mr. Spencer's eyes bulged. "Why, I've got a brother that's been to Yale and just got home from Europe! Ask anybody; you don't need to believe me."

"Spelled down by a girl!" jeered a newcomer, whose umbrella having been turned by the wind, now gave himself up to the tempest.

The twins feared to witness a hand-to-hand encounter, for Reggie goaded too far was pugilistic; they hurried away.

III

It was the recess-hour. Back of the school-house the little Pollards sat on the Rock of Ages, alone as is usual when members are engaged in a discussion of family affairs.

"But we aint poor people," Narcissa argued.

"Oh, we're never starvin' and our shoes aren't—" Valora paused and looked over at Hannah Butler, leaning against a tree with one foot drawn up under her skirt.

"Say," came from Leah Gardener, who approached, followed by other list-

less ones, "recess is nearly over and no one's having a bit o' fun; one of you kids think up sumpin' quick!"

Leah Gardener was a rich man's daughter even as Reginald Spencer was a rich man's son. She came to school in a silk dress and her hair was naturally curly. She shook her curls now, then turned her eyes inward, holding the attitude.

Valora, disturbed, rose.

"We will play some of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin," she said, looking over at little Hannah. "We'll play that where Eliza crosses the ice; these little stones are the ice. We are all blood-hounds." The other hung upon her words. "My apron will make Eliza's baby."

Her eyes sent a quick, earnest message to Hannah Butler.

Hannah, reading the message, joined the group and became Eliza so promptly, her eyes gleaming with such a wildly maternal light over the pinafore-baby, that the blood-hounds fell back, eager to give her a start before falling upon her trail.

The start was disastrous. The dragging sole sent Hannah sprawling. Valora clutched her by her scant hair and dragged her to her feet; from her own braid she snatched a pink ribbon.

"Quick, tie it round that old shoe!"

Effort was not wasted on Hannah. Deftly she bound the shoe and grasping the pinafore-baby again was swiftly lost in her part.

Over the ice vaulted Eliza! The blood-hounds pursued, baying and attracting those upon the ball-ground, who, sportsman like, egged the hounds onward with cries. The recess bell too quickly brought the players back to reality.

Valora Pollard drew up breathlessly.

"You're in a nice pickle now," reminded Narcissa with sisterly concern, but anxious to be off, for the others were filing into line.

Valora gazed into the eyes of Hannah Butler, who, unrolling her apron, hurried to button it upon her new-made friend.

"We'll play lots of things," whispered Valora eloquently. Hand in hand they sped, the pink ribbon usefully adorning Hannah's shoe. They brought up at the end of the decorous line that returned to the tasks of a fourth-grade class.

Wealth does not always make back yards the most desirable to play in. Not a boy or girl but loved the twins' back yard. To this enchanted spot Valora that evening invited Hannah Butler. Leah Gardener, overhearing, advanced and jerked at Valora's sleeve.

"I could go home with you too."

Reginald Spencer saw, as well, and Narcissa coming along just then, he offered himself as escort.

"Come on, Fred, overt' the twins and play." He also took the liberty of inviting a friend.

They followed the leaders.

"Her father stole my big brother Paul's dog," he told the others, pointing at Hannah. "Paul's going to keep right after old Butler till he gets it back, he says. He goes there every day, nearly; he'll fix 'em; you wait!"

The party finally arrived in the Pollards' back-yard, where the hostesses were excused to change to after-school frocks and to see if there were any cookies. Hannah Butler remained apart from the others, leaning against the pump.

The pump was just outside the kitchen window at which grandmother Pollard always sat to observe the twins' return from school. As she looked at Hannah it seemed for a moment to grandmother that her eyes deceived her.

"Grandmother," Valora hurriedly began, seeing grandmother's look, "that girl can't help it that they're not like other folks."

"She's Skunk Butler's child," Narcissa added.

"Land of mercy!" cried Grandmother Pollard.

"You're not a-going to send her home!" quavered Valora. "Oh, grandmother, if you had ever once played Eliza with her—"

"Is she clean?" grandmother asked.

"Perfectly," Narcissa assured her. "Her neck hasn't an earthly bit of dirt on it."

"There's that old pair of shoes in the garret," mused grandmother.

A joyous whoop escaped the twins.

"No, wait," their grandmother said. "You can't do it before the others. Wait until Saturday."

Having unbuttoned the twins, she rose, thankful there were raised biscuits and fresh cookies in her pantry.

So the afternoon passed off smoothly, Reginald playing bloodhound to Hannah's Eliza, with some show of talent.

Saturday afternoon came at last, auspicious for a pilgrimage to parts unknown, golden for a surprise. The sun warmed, the air braced; the ground was a rustling, crackling, carpet of *such* colors!

"Smell everything!" breathed Narcissa.

They had spent the morning in the garret. Band-boxes, baskets, old trunks —grandmother had allowed them into everything. Henceforth Hannah Butler need not go to school quite as she had been going.

Her house was out past the little bridge that Battle Creek flowed under. Beyond this they came to a clearing.

Then they saw it—small, very lonely, very rickety. They approached more slowly. Suddenly from behind the house appeared a man, tall and lank, his long coat confined by a rope bound round him.

"Well?" he questioned, more gently than could have been expected.

Left! Right! eyes ahead!"

"We've come to see Hannah Butler," ventured Narcissa. "We've brought her some shoes and things."

"What good little girls we are," the man said.

Though he seemed so appreciative, the twins did not like him.

"Go in," he said, motioning, and swung back round the house.

They found Hannah undressed, her sister Betsy washing her clothes, and she wept when she beheld the shoes. Betsy, whom the twins thought the prettiest girl they had ever seen, looked at them gratefully as she pressed Hannah close.

"Valora Pollard," sobbed Hannah, "any time you want me to play Eliza, or any thing I can for you—"

"Put on the shoes and let's go out

They spent the morning in the garret

and play now," urged Valora kindly.

"There's that skirt of mine," Betsy told her.

And here the twins discovered little John Butler, of whom they had heard. He slept in his rickety carriage wedged between the wall and the stove. Betsy slipped around and removed his covering, which proved to be her skirt.

"He's warm enough in there without it," she whispered. So Hannah was enveloped in the skirt. Tied under her arms it was still long enough to kick and so, not unenvied, she led her guests out.

"We'll go past the railroad track to the chestnut-trees. They're the best chestnuts. 'N Valora," nodded Hannah, "we have 'em toasted for supper, boiled for breakfast, raw for dinner—sometimes with johnny-cake."

Hannah, skirt flying, barefoot to save her shoes, sped down the hill. The twins pursued, thinking deeply. Here was a glimpse of life that *made* one think. It was like looking at night into a room, unlit, dark and shadowy, from which you hurried away, a chilly line down your back. You could forget the room when you had left it, but who could forget the Butlers!

"I'm going up a tree and shake down some nuts; give us a boost!"

With a "starter" from the twins Hannah climbed the tree. A shower of bulging chestnut-burrs quickly followed, then with the weight of her clinging body a branch dipped to the ground and deposited Hannah. Sweet were the nuts, the fallen leaves fragrant to nestle among.

If anything could make you forget

her poverty it was Hannah Butler herself. Hannah could entertain with stories which came to her as she went along. Sometimes for a moment or two it was necessary to wait while Hannah thought, but the moment was golden with promise. And so the afternoon slipped pleasantly on.

Narcissa, suddenly starting, pointed and placed her finger upon her lips. Toward them there came a couple arm in arm. Narcissa knew at once; they were lovers!

In the Pollards' parlor there hung a little gilt-framed picture that these two might have stepped from. Lovers! Her head was bent, leaving to his tender gaze the curve of her soft cheek. He spoke to her eagerly, softly, but, listening, her downcast face was troubled.

"Sh," whispered Hannah. "Its Betsy and her beau."

She raised her twinkling eyes.

"He's rich! He wants him and Betsy to get married and she wont *because* he's rich; did you ever! I would, wouldn't you?"

The twins nodded their flaxen heads so violently that the lovers believed they had discovered two bobbing yellow flowers and paused, amazed.

"Hannah," Betsy cried, "baby's sliding round the back yard all alone."

"I'll go straight home," said Hannah. "You take a nice walk, Betsy."

And scrambling up the three fled, unwilling longer to intrude.

"What's her beau's name?" demanded Valora as they arrived in the door-yard, where little Johnnie was.

Hannah paused.

"I can't tell you," she said, "but of course if you guess it—"

"He's rich," recalled Valora.

"Does he live here in Charlotte?" questioned Narcissa.

Hannah nodded, and seemed on the verge of bursting.

"Rich!" Valora dwelt upon this clue.

"We ought to know him," Narcissa mused.

"Rich," repeated Valora. Then: "Hannah Butler, it aint Reg Spencer's big brother?"

Hannah leaped into the air with a screech.

"That's one on Reggie," cried Valora.

"But if he doesn't know it, what's the use?" demanded Hannah. "Betsy made me cross my heart to be struck by lightning if I told. You see Pa hooked Paul Spencer's dog and he came here about it and saw Betsy and fell in love; she did too, and untied the dog one night and let it go home. She gets mad and cries because he's rich; if he wasn't she'd have him. Besides she's bound never to part with me and John. Paul wont let her anyhow, but she says she can't have us all three. My, how she cries. She loves *him,* and he's like other folks!"

They went into the matter deeply, finally deciding, even at the risk of Hannah's being struck by lightning, to take Grandmother Pollard into their confidence. Arriving very late at home, the twins were thankful for this diverting subject.

"Hannah's sister, Betsy Butler's got Reggie Spencer's big brother Paul for a beau!"

The effect of Valora's words was instantaneous.

"It's a secret," said Narcissa.

Grandmother lowered her glasses from her forehead and through them gazed at the twins.

"We knew you'd be able to tell if it would be all right for Betsy and Paul Spencer to get married," Valora explained. "We all think it would, but Betsy doesn't. She cries and wishes Paul wasn't rich."

"She loves him," Narcissa whispered.

Grandmother, still without comment, went to the stove and stirred the potatoes.

"He loves her too," continued Valora, "and will keep Hannah and John for her. If I was Betsy I'd do it no matter what!"

Grandmother waved the twins to the table and put on the supper.

"You ought to *see* Betsy Butler," Narcissa told her. "She's perfectly beautiful!"

"Love should be the first thing," grandmother finally said, musingly, and

more to herself than to the children.

"We'll tell Hannah you said so, dear grandmother," came thankfully from Narcissa.

"It's awful wet around the yoke"

It was not long after this that they were able to inform their grandmother that Betsy, with great respect for her opinion, had finally decided; though it must still remain a secret, Betsy was to become Mrs. Paul Spencer. The great white stone house on Spencer Hill, left him by Paul's grandfather, was to be his gift to her and there they would live and she was going to learn from Paul's books.

After this grandmother talked of somebody she remembered in another town who might adopt Hannah, while little John, being a boy, was apt to grow to usefulness, thus repaying Paul Spencer for taking him along with Betsy.

This dark possibility was never spoken of to Hannah. Betsy's bright future was sweet to think of and the little Pollards showed great forbearance with Reggie Spencer during the days that followed.

And then came the sensation!

Professor Kinney, teacher of music, was missing. His house was on the corner of the street the Pollards lived in, and little knots of children from the grammar-school stopped to gaze in at the window of the room where he had so often instructed them. But not so much as a ghost was to be seen of the professor, who had lived alone. He had worn long hair and in cold weather a shawl; passing along the street, he was wont to talk to himself. He took long, lonely walks and, starting for one of these, was the last anyone had seen of him.

Thus Saturday came with no music-lesson for the twins. Instead they set forth bearing three loaves, one of cake and two of bread, to present to the Butlers, and to spend an hour as Hannah's guests.

Near Battle Creek bridge they met Reggie Spencer and some others with sling shots armed.

"Bet your life you better keep away from Butlers'," he said as they passed.

Resentful twin-glances burned upon him.

"All right," he warned, "go ahead and see old Butler get arrested!"

Valora nudged her sister and they hurried on before being goaded further.

Hannah came out of the house and slowly along the road to meet them. Her eyes looked round and dark.

"The very old Harry's got into Betsy," she told them. "She's cried all day and a while ago, when Paul came, she had the door locked and wouldn't let

me move. She stood in the corner and shivered while he banged on the door. Then he looked in the window and saw us and I let him in."

"Merciful goodness!" cried Valora.

"She is not going to go and change her mind, Hannah," screamed Narcissa, dropping a loaf.

"Yes," Hannah said.

She picked up the bread and took a long, hungry whiff of it.

"She *has* changed her mind. I never saw anything like her goings on. She told Paul to get *out of our house!*"

The twins sprang together in horror.

"She said he ought to know we're not like other folks by this time, and if he didn't he very soon would and he better look out before it was too late."

"Something ails her!"

"Yes," agreed Hannah. "Paul saw that too. He said: "Who's been inflooncing you, Bessie?" His voice scairt *me;* but Bessie answers up: "Go away. Go now before it's too late and don't waste time talking, for I'll never be your wife *now!*"

Hannah's under lip trembled.

" 'What's happened since yesterday?' *he* says, and *she* says, 'Don't ask questions; I am going to go away from this town, so good-by!' Then Paul grabbed her wrist and do you know she fell right over on him crying and then before he could think she gave him the worst push and just ran off out doors and hasn't come back yet!"

"What'd he do?" gasped Valora.

"Got white where he'd been red," Hannah recalled. "Then he said, 'Oh, my God!' and put his hands in his pockets and went away."

They all looked up at the poor little house.

"Come on in," Hannah said. "John's there all alone, and we're both awful hungry."

They hurried in. Hannah and little John devoured one whole loaf of the bread, and after this John expressed a drowsy desire for his three-wheeled carriage. He was tenderly assisted into it, and hugging Betsy's oldest red skirt, closed his eyes at once.

"Now," said Narcissa, "I think we'd better go home and tell grandmother. Prob'bly she could guess what ails Betsy."

"Prob'bly she could," agreed Valora, "but what about one game of hide-'n-seek, first?"

Round about the Butlers' was alluring scope for this game.

Hannah began rapidly counting, "Eeny, meeny, miny, mo—"

Out behind the Butlers' house was the Butlers' barn. Once, Hannah said, there had been a mule accommodated here, but the mule and the barn and the big tree opposite had been struck by lightning one awful night. Behind the dead tree-stump Valora was hiding, peering round for chance to make first base. She saw the great, gaunt form of Skunk Butler loom into view. With long strides he came on, his black eyes fixed ahead. Valora huddled against the tree; fear stifled her.

He came along and stopped. He looked everywhere round about, but his glance passed over two fearful eyes and one yellow pig-tail projecting round the old tree. Out over the ground, his daughter Hannah and Narcissa Pollard, scuttling among the chestnuts, were all that he saw. Then Mr. Butler took a key from the pocket of his long coat, inserted it in the lock of the barn-door, entered and locked himself within.

Valora's eye measured the distance to the chestnuts, but flight was checked, for around the old barn she beheld the crouching form of Betsy Butler.

She crept around to the square opening cut in front, put up her hands but seeming fearful to look, crouched back. Then again Betsy raised her hand; over the opening a ragged quilt was nailed, within. She pushed at it cautiously, lifted her face and looked! She swayed back, eyes closed, one hand over the other upon her mouth. Then, like one staggering from a blow, she tottered off toward the house.

What had she seen? Valora's little heart pounded. She must look and know, but not alone. On the wind she sped to the chestnut-trees. Swiftly, three little figures, single file, approached Butlers' barn. The place was high and whoever

"Sh, it's Betsy and her beau"

dared to look must be boosted.

With a slim leg in the firm grasp of her sister, the other in that of her friend, Valora was hoisted. She clutched the quilt; nailed fast and very old, it tore away and Valora saw! Skunk Butler knelt beside something upon the floor, something half hidden by straw and—a shawl. Something—

"Why, it's the Professor," Valora cried aloud. "That's his shawl!"

Mr. Butler stood up and looked at her; then Valora screamed, kicked and came to the ground. Three shrill shrieks blended and rent the air. Back from the house, came Betsy Butler flying. Close upon her Reggie Spencer and some boys bounded from the road, and behind them ran Paul Spencer.

Betsy fell panting against the door.

"Go away, you children, go away," she sobbed.

"What'd I tell you," Reggie Spencer cried, leaping ahead of the other boys, "it's all over town! Old Butler's murdered Professor Kinney. We saw you girls looking in the window; he's hidin' in there, aint he?"

He reached over Betsy and pounded upon the door so busily that the approach of his big brother was unobserved. Suddenly pinned by the arms and tossed over into the leaves, Reginald landed in great astonishment.

"Get out, all of you!" thundered Paul.

He drew Betsy up, her body unyielding, her eyes turned away.

"Bess," he whispered, "has your father done it; be quick, tell me?"

"Yes," she said, "I believe he has."

Paul's young face went white.

"I told you to keep away from us," cried Betsy, fiercely. "Oh, what did you come back for?"

"Be still," he said sharply. "You need me, that is why I came back. It's all over town; they'll be after him any minute; you must come with me and be married; there's no time to lose—" And the little girls heard him say, thankfully, "I love you!"

Facing toward the road he knocked on the barn-door.

"I'm a friend," he called.

"Pa," shrilled Hannah, "come out."

A queer choky cough sounded within the barn, then low voices. There came a click of the lock; the door opened and the great, lank form of Butler was before them. A smile creased his heavy face and eyeing Paul he said:

"Always a Spencer around if anything's up!"

Betsy gave a little cry.

"I stumbled on the Professor head first in a hole over along Battle-creek," Butler was saying, "and done him the kindness to fish him out and bring him to the barn, though he didn't know it."

"There was blood on your coat-sleeve this morning," shuddered Betsy.

Her father looked at his sleeve now and nodded.

"Professor bled some," he said. "I was going to keep him for a reward, if it so happened after I got him patched up he went and died. In my humble circumstances any Spencer'd done the same."

A cough sounded within the barn and the voice of Professor Kinney requesting more water. Butler held up a hand; no one stirred while he turned back. He quickly reappeared in the doorway.

"He can be moved any time now, but it's got to be done officially. Any kid can go for a doctor; I'd like 'em to see my patch-work. The Professor is going to reward me!"

This he told Paul, upon whom he seemed to look spitefully.

"You needn't grin at him, Pa." It was Hannah who spoke. "He and Betsy's going to get married!"

Paul's head raised defiantly. His arm went around Betsy and for a long moment he and Skunk Butler eyed each other.

Butler spoke first.

"I'm going away," he said, "leaving these parts for good and all."

Paul started, but doubt shone in his eyes.

Butler looked back at him, the sneer gone, now, from his heavy face. He leaned forward and held out his hand; Paul advanced and gripped it. The father looked from Betsy to little Hannah.

"I'll look out for them all!" Paul's voice rang out with joy in the promise.

Mr. Butler bowed submission to the tearing of his paternal heart strings and moving back, closed the barn-door.

"Paul!" cried pretty Betsy Butler.

"My love," Paul said.

Hannah and the twins were too weak for words, but under three pairs of gleaming eyes Reginald Spencer hurried his friends away, probably to spread the news and to send the doctor for Professor Kinney.

"From to-day, Hannah Butler," whispered Valora, "you'll start to turn like other folks!"

She looked at her sister with wearied eyes "Go to him," she said; "he does not know the truth"

A SUNSET

By L. J. BEESTON

Author of "Red Diamonds"

ILLUSTRATED BY H. S. POTTER

THE woman who was toying with lamb cutlets and *petits pois* said suddenly to her male companion:

"Margaretta Heilson and Valentine Saros are at a table behind you."

The man lifted languid eyelids. "Margaretta Heilson in London? Are you sure?"

"One cannot be mistaken in that extraordinary hair. Besides, the man is Saros, which is proof positive."

She laughed rather unpleasantly, and her companion, under cover of the ruse of a dropped napkin, looked round. His attitude drew towards him the eyes of a girl of about twenty-seven. He stared at her long and coolly.

"By Jove, that is she—the violinist. I didn't know she was in London; and that is queer, for that sort like to advertise their movements all they can."

"Oh, hers are talked about enough, I do assure you."

The man smiled boredly. "Let her alone. She may be all right. She can't help her prettiness, and Saros is a couple of decades older than she. Does anything matter about her but her playing? Great latitude to great geniuses, say I."

"But Valentine Saros!"

"Is not he a genius? Or was, rather. He taught her to play. I remember the time when he was a god in Buda."

"Suppose we talk of something more pleasant?"

"With all my heart!"

The string band began to play *La Poupée.*

"I am recognized already," murmured the subject under discussion. The unstudied stare had heightened her color.

"Bound to be," said Saros in his gentle, restrained tone. "Your candle is lighted, and there is no bushel that can hide it." He was going to add, "I congratulate you," but a glint of annoyance in the gray eyes opposite his, stifled outspoken utterance. His idol was angry about something. What? During the past two years the same cause had brought the same questioning, and he had found no answer to it.

To-night he was vaguely troubled himself. To-night, for the first time, he was conscious of a shadow which he could not altogether define. Guileless, pure in heart, Valentine Saros had found his *protegée* in the darkness and from the darkness he had lifted her—the dark of poverty.

He had crowned her queen. He had fed her spark of genius with his glowing flame. She had been his idol. He had sheltered her with his plenty, his beautiful simplicity, his two decades more of years. Contented out of measure with his sacrifice, with his training of genius, with his discovery of this star who was going to outshine all the firmament of stellar jewels, what hearing had he for the half-whispers of the world?

Only to-night there had come to him some mysterious sensation which he had never known, and which was inexplicable to him. He was conscious of its existence when he helped his idol into

the cab that drove them from Bloomsbury to this Piccadilly restaurant. It had made him uneasy as he sat by her side and they glided over the asphalted roads. And it mounted slowly, slowly to his brain as he and she dined, almost under the palms and lilies on the edge of the platform where the string band played *La Poupée.*

He had found her in London, two years back. He had taken her to his beloved Hungary to teach her music as it should be taught. He had worshiped her for the sheer glamour of the genius in her; then her absolute obedience to his teaching, and her profound gratitude, and the sweetness of her nature, and her clinging trust, had made her altogether a part of his existence. Every night he thanked God for this child and for the privilege of sheltering her with his plenty, and his simplicity, and his two decades more of life.

He had brought her to London only this day. It was already as good as stormed. But he had insisted on rest, first. And scarcely anyone knew that Margaretta Heilson, who had captured Buda and enchanted Vienna, was in London with Valentine Saros, her master.

"I am glad that I signed no contracts, for I feel that I shall not stay long in this place," said Margaretta slowly.

Saros looked at her, and his gaze became entangled in her wonderful hair, which was of the texture of spun silk, and the color of champagne. He did not answer, and was unaware of a waiter's deft hand removing his scarcely tasted entrée. There was a curious exalted expression in his brown eyes that quite transformed his long, thin face.

"I am half afraid of it, as a burned child dreads the fire. I suffered so here. How can I move all these hundreds of thousands of hearts which are occupied only with struggling to live?"

At that moment some one in the orchestra began to execute the "Angels' Serenade," of Braga, upon the violin.

The delicate strains, vibrant with the player's nervousness, hardly penetrated through the murmur of voices, through the restrained sounds which rose from every table in the immense *salle à manger.* Some eyes wandered to the program of music.

"Ah, ah, that deplorable nervousness," said Saros. "He will recover, however. He has emotion, but his technique is that of a schoolgirl. *Que voulez-vous?* To have to accompany a clatter of knives and forks. Sacrilege!"

"We must begin somehow, professor. Remember the third-rate concert where you found me."

"Ah, pardon. It was a tenth-rate one."

His smile was not returned. He perceived, instead, veiled anxiety. He watched her apprehensively, and observed the white Malmaisons at her bosom heave and fall. She leaned more over her plate.

An amethyst glimmered in her hair reflecting in pale fire the dazzling electroliers. She wore a soft heliotrope. Fair, ethereal, nebulous, she was. Her lashes, a shade too light, rested for a second on the soft rise of the cheek. Saros regarded these lashes suspiciously, and with a weighted heart, for he noticed the jewels that struggled to free themselves from beneath. Whence had this cloud come?

Suddenly a jewel did escape. It splashed upon the Malmaisons and vanished. Margaretta looked up bravely.

"How foolish of me," she smiled. "It—it was the Serenata."

The *maestro* opened amazed eyes. "Not really?"

"Really. I had not heard it since—since—"

The waiter was attending to her glass, and she was glad of the interruption. He glided away, and she continued, this time without an effort—

"Since I left home. Robert played it."

Saros smiled an interest. He had heard her speak that name a few times during the two years abroad, and had believed that at some time or other his pupil had cared for Robert—whoever Robert might be. He had respected her silence on the matter, which, indeed, had not troubled him. But now the word brought with it a vague pain. He

pushed back his hair, which was gray and thin at the temples.

There was a silence.

"Our soloist is getting over his self-consciousness," said Saros as the Serenata continued.

"Does not the time before you met me matter to you?"

The *maestro's* long, tapered fingers wandered round the stem of his champagne glass.

"No," said he, gently.

A line showed between her fair brows. "It is only my gift that is of any consequence?"

"Far from it." The words came too abruptly. He realized their meaning and a flush spread over his thin cheeks.

It did not escape her eyes. For a moment they rested upon it wonderingly; then they dropped. She leaned back, embarrassed, scared. The great room, its flowers, its diners, the gliding waiters, the cry of the violin, became unreal—a dream—a—.

Thank heaven, the attentive waiter was at her side again.

"A vanilla ice." Her voice came to her ears as from a distance.

"Ah, what a poor dinner!" commented Saros calmly.

She was herself again.

"Not at all. Permit me to continue. I was telling you about those other years."

"If they had been happy years you would have spoken of them."

"Indeed, they were not sad—up to a certain point. When mother died, Martha and I were left alone. You remember my sister Martha? You came home with me one night a week before you took me abroad, did you not?"

"Of course I remember it perfectly." And Saros silently recalled that rather careworn, homely face of a girl five years older than Margaretta. He remembered, also, that Martha had showed him an acid manner, and he had hoped that it was no reflection of her disposition.

"Mother had brought us up in that apartment house in the Euston Road, and when she died we kept it on. The lodgers' rents covered our own, and taxes. Poor Martha toiled hard; but when I was able to go out and earn money our difficulties were eased a little. Martha managed to save enough to apprentice me to a milliner's in Regent Street, where, after a year, I was paid a small wage."

"She was a good sister?"

Margaretta nodded.

"She did not seem to like me."

Margaretta was silent.

"Why?"

Margaretta turned pale, and a defiant gleam which astonished Saros appeared in her eyes. Without answering the direct question she continued:

"Robert Evlin was a brother of one of the girls at the milliner's in Regent Street. That was how I came to know him. Later on the girl married and went abroad, where she died. Robert had no other relation in the wide world. He came to lodge at our house in the Euston Road. He was salesman at a music publisher's in the Strand. He played the violin, and he it was who gave me my first lessons. All that I knew when you discovered me, my dear master, Robert had taught me."

"Indeed?" murmured the *maestro* guardedly.

"He always would have it that I could make a living with a violin. And after a time his position at the music publisher's enabled him to obtain a small engagement for me at a private concert. And I had appeared publicly about a dozen times when you heard me, when you sought an interview with me, when you assured me that I was an uncrowned queen of melody—that was your expression—and when you offered to place the crown upon my head."

The Serenata came to an end. There was a slight, desultory applause.

"Do I weary you, professor?"

"Only if you are going to speak of anything I tried to do for you, child." Saros looked up with gentle deprecation, and he perceived, with sudden concern, the pallor in the fair cheeks, and in the eyes a profound shadow. She had been leading up to something, then?

He wiped his palms, which had be-

come moist. There was a fluttering sensation at his heart. He wanted to hear; yet feared to listen.

"Robert loved me."

"Yes, child; of course." Was not that the most natural thing under the blue sky?

People were glancing their way. Two diners must not look too serious. Margaretta toyed with her ice until the music recommenced.

"We were engaged to be married."

"He proposed to me one autumn evening in Hyde Park. It was Heaven opened. We went straight home and told Martha. I remember only too clearly how white she went. She drew in her lips and then she said: 'Rubbish. You are not earning forty-five shillings a week, the two of you together.' Robert laughed and kissed me, and Martha bounced out of the room.

"Does not the time before you met me matter to you?'

Saros inclined his head with a wan smile. Why had she not mentioned it before? And if she had told him even only yesterday, he wondered, would it have touched his mind's peace? What had happened to him since then—since the hour when they came here to dine? He felt a grayness stealing over things, the growing twilight of an eclipse—its stillness, its premature shadows.

"I was hurt in spite of my joy. There

is no more loving heart in the world than my sister Martha's; but struggle and poverty have distilled just one little bitter drop in its depths. I thought she was just envious. People always called me pretty, and Martha was never—called that. Who is more selfish than a lover? I read only a petty feeling in my sister, and I pitied her for it. God forgive me, for I know now what she must have endured.

"After that initial outburst she showed us every consideration. When we arranged an outing for the day she asked us to dispense with her company. She did all the work in connection with it. She sacrificed ever so many little pleasures in order to add to our own. And it was only by chance—a mere chance which I need not explain to you, that I made the discovery that Martha loved Robert with all the strength of her heart and soul."

Margaretta sipped her wine. The glass trembled between her lips.

"Heaven pardon me," murmured Saros. He had shaken hands with Martha and noticed only her acid manner!

"We were engaged for three years," added Margaretta.

In the long pause that followed, the *maestro* felt fear. She had led him to the edge of a precipice. He peered over and thought he saw the truth. But the old gentleness was in his slowly-breathed question:

"And then you married him?"

"No," said Margaretta, looking over his shoulder with pain-filled eyes.

Saros drew a long breath.

"No, I did not marry him. I will tell you why. He became blind."

She had pulled one of the Malmaisons from her dress, and, resting her forearms upon the table, twirled the flower round and round with unsteady fingers, looking downward. Saros could see but little of her face—only her beautiful hair, the color of pale champagne, and the gleam of the amethyst.

"Must you speak about it—and here?" he said.

"It happened six months before you came," she went on, not heeding the question, still keeping her eyes upon the carnation, and not looking up until the end of her story. "There was something wrong with the retina in both his eyes. The retinas became detached, the oculist said, and shut out the light. He had to rest upon his back for weeks, but to no purpose; and then the eyes were operated upon. He had only one chance in twenty, and the chance failed. He became permanently blind.

"His firm gave him a year's salary, and discharged him. He showed the grandest bravery, and his lips uttered not a single wail against that bitter destiny. After a time he obtained a little work by giving music lessons; and he played his loved violin as he had never played it before. Out from the dark he would call the wildest melodies. At times his playing frightened me; it almost always made me weep.

"He wanted to release me from our engagement. I refused. He was so brave, and I made up my mind to show him as great a courage. And after a time, when he could not move my determination, he let me see by a thousand little words and actions, that I was both eyes and life to him; that if he had loved me before, he adored me then, and that he clung to me in his horror of darkness as a drowning man clutches a spar.

"And I was enraptured with this idealization of our affection. All his life he would have to lean upon me, be guided by me. And for a while this appeared to me unspeakably magnificent. My love would lighten his sunset.

"Martha was unchanged in her attitude towards us. I had surprised her secret once, but she never revealed it again.

"Now and then I felt that she pitied me, that she was afraid of the consequences that might follow my faithfulness—that she doubted my strength, which had declared itself able to bear a lifelong trial. I smiled at her unexpressed fear; but with the passing of the weeks and months I felt, stealing ever so gradually into my heart, sapping ever so slowly my courage, realization of what the future held.

"The glances of compassion that people gave me when I took Robert for a

walk, the whispers that I could not help overhearing, at first made me angry, and then made me afraid. Martha would never have peered into the years ahead. I found myself doing so. I saw my youth passing; I saw my steps circumscribed into an eternal narrow radius. A blind husband! I considered what it would mean. I would remain wide awake all night and wonder if the strain of it would crush me. I saw him sitting about the house; I saw myself leading him through busy streets; I foresaw the ceaseless care; the untiring patience. And so—and so—"

The sentence ended in a broken whisper.

"Yes, yes; I see," murmured Saros.

"I became terrified. My fear was the greater because it had come too late. Robert clung to me with a love which had appeared to me to be splendid, but which became pitiable. How could I loosen his hands? How could I break away? How could I leave him alone in his night?"

A rush of tears sprang to the *maestro's* eyes. And at that instant the violinist who had rendered the Serenata commenced to play again.

"The 'Nocturne in E,' " said Margaretta.

"Of Chopin, yes."

"Another of Robert's favorites. It was the Serenata, played as he used to play it, that brought back these remembrances."

"Shall we go out?" entreated Saros.

"Let me finish first."

She sipped her wine. Power of speech is the first to be troubled by emotion; power of movement last. Saros observed with concern and surprise that the almost transparent hand trembled. She resumed her former attitude, slowly pulling to pieces the white Malmaison.

The soloist showed no trace of his previous nervousness, and with vibrant motions of the bow called into existence, in that passionate hymn of the night, its dead composer's inspiration.

"This dread of the future, this ceaseless questioning of my own endurance, began to affect me physically. I became nervous, irritable, ever suspecting that Martha perceived my weakness. At times I was cross with Robert, and then I would go away and tear myself with remorse and accusation. One day I would tell myself that I must have my freedom, and that if I married myself to a blind man I should go mad; then the next day I would pray to be forgiven for those faithless thoughts, and nerve myself for the ordeal.

"While I was torn by these impulses you, my dear master, found me. You gave me that private lesson; you told me that if I would place myself in your care you would make a world worship at my feet.

"I did not tell you my secret, then. Listen; I will explain my silence. I feared that you would counsel me to the way of self-sacrifice; that you would withdraw your generous offer and advise me to marry Robert and save him from despair—from death itself. You were not as other men. You worshiped music because it makes souls live. I was afraid that you would take me by the hand and lead me to Robert.

"You asked me to place myself in your charge; you called me your child, and a daughter could not trust a father more than I trusted you. You adopted me. You said that it was necessary for me to go abroad to study. You showed me a path of gold.

"I had come to the parting of the ways. On one hand was a blind husband—should I marry him—and years of self-effacement. On the other—a kingdom. Darkness or light.

"If I tried to tell you what I suffered in my choice I should have to tear my heart to pieces. I said no word to Martha. I could not speak to her of my thoughts of surrender, knowing how she felt towards Robert. I dared not tell her that I might forsake him. And to him, of course, I was silent.

"I decided to go.

"I wrote a letter to Martha and explained the position: how you had, as it were, adopted me—had proposed to make me your *protegée,* and to bring to perfection the gift of music which you

"Hush!—Yes, it is he—Robert!"

said was mine. I asked her to break it to Robert. I said no word of asking him to wait for me, for I distrusted myself. Perhaps I was wrong; perhaps I should have not altogether quenched his hope. What do you think?"

"What do *you* think—now?"

"I?" She brushed a wisp of hair from her forehead. "I cannot say."

"You still suffer."

"To-night, yes. It is London, and remembered scenes. And the Serenata, and —and this nocturne."

"Yes, yes," said the *maestro,* very gently. He was touched to the heart, and he put out a hand as if to stroke hers; but he withdrew it almost abruptly, and a flush mounted again to his cheeks. He answered, hurriedly, as if running from some wrongful idea:

"Martha replied to your letter?"

"Yes."

"She has not written to you since? Forgive my questioning, and do not answer if it pains you."

"Not since. Her letter was—was—rather cruel. She reproached me. I need not recall her words. It was that bitter drop in her heart. She, she—" Margaretta stopped in time. The implication in Martha's letter that she—Margaretta—had acted wickedly in going away with Saros, and that people would think their thoughts in spite of gray hairs and a score more years, had stung her to the quick. Her pure affection, her intense loyalty to Saros had almost brought to her lips that deadly insinuation in her sister's note; but she repressed it, and said no word of it. Something intangible stopped her.

Instead, she added rapidly: "I know nothing at all of what occurred after I left London. Robert sent me no line. He —may—be dead. Since I began to receive money for my playing I have sent home a sum, regularly. It must have been received, but I have had no acknowledgment. That is all. Will you forgive me for telling you?"

"Forgive!"

"I will not ask what you think of me."

"I can imagine no harder battle. You have my profound sympathy. Yes, you suffered, but your art will be the finer for it."

"Do you blame me for not telling you at the beginning?"

"It is a hard question."

"Would you have urged me to be faithful to him?"

"I—I might, then."

The emphasis upon the final word was almost without volition. But it came with unmistakable significance. Margaretta looked across the table to Saros, and his eyes met hers. They said no word; but for ten seconds the love for her which to-night he had realized, his newborn, unspeakable longing, his immeasurable tenderness—looked out in his gaze and asked for her—entreated her, prayed hungrily for her.

The color ebbed from her face, leaving her cheeks pale as marble.

The nocturne was concluding in descending chords.

Margaretta pushed back her chair. The music ceased. There was some clapping of hands. It drew her eyes towards the player whom her slightly changed position enabled her to see. She became immovable. Paralysis seemed to have fixed her parted lips, her raised face, her eyes that were filled with some inexpressible emotion.

Saros leaned forward. "My God! Not —not—"

"Hush! Yes, it is he—Robert!"

II

A flash of strong excitement, possibly anger, sparkled in the *maestro's* eyes. For a moment only. He allowed his nerves, his muscles, to relax.

"Destiny, of course," he murmured, leaning back. He closed his eyes, subduing his pain. "I was a fool," he said to himself. "I might have known."

Then he watched Margaretta with his calm eyes of a fatalist. She was unable to look away from the figure on the orchestra platform. Her breathing seemed suspended. For a brief and terrible period she believed that Evlin was regarding her. His spare form, the dress suit that hung limply and rather shabbily, the long hair, the delicate face—all were comprehended by her in a fraction of a second. He bowed slightly to the applause, and then a friendly hand guided him to his seat.

The tension gave. A strong shiver ended it. Margaretta rose without glancing at her companion.

They went out together. It was eleven o'clock, and automobiles were humming theatre-wards to catch the exodus. The streets were a-gleam with falling rain and filled with the sound of pneumatic tires running upon wet asphalt.

The smartly-attired attendant whistled for a taxicab. He held the door open and Margaretta stepped in. She stopped Saros, breaking the long silence.

"Do you want to be very kind to me?" she asked.

The wan smile touched his heart. "Can you ask that question?"

"Tell the driver to stop here. I will wait. I want you to go back and bring me his address. Do you mind?"

"Evlin's?"

"Yes. They will tell you in the office."

Saros raised his hat and re-entered the restaurant. He accepted his destiny without a remark.

Margaretta watched him until he disappeared. She leaned back upon the cushions of the waiting taxicab. His loyalty, his profound respect, all that he had done for her with no idea of reward save to give her genius to the world—these she remembered.

He was some time gone. The rain lashed the cab windows and beat up in nebulous mist from the pavements. Motor omnibuses, laden inside and out, went by with a great hissing of solid tires upon the wet road. London was re-emerging from its clubs, its concert-halls, its theatres, its cafés, and the night echoed the thunder of its traffic.

Margaretta heard nothing. Such a tumult of thinking beat upon her brain that she strove to obtain ease by crushing every idea; and she was barely conscious of Saros' return until he was sitting by her side.

"Back to our hotel, of course?" said he.

She awoke with a start.

"Have you Robert's address?"

"Yes. In Timber Street off the Marylebone Road."

"Tell the man to drive there."

The speaking-tube transmitted the order, and the cab glided away. The *maestro* said no other word. He stretched his legs out and half-shut his eyes. The cab glided here and there until it reached the comparative open space of the Tottenham Court Road, when it shot forward in a burst of speed.

Margaretta glanced sideways at her companion. His silence troubled her vaguely. What did he think of her present action, she asked herself. Her confession of the evening might have seemed to give him some right of questioning her, of expressing some fear of her procedure. But he said nothing. He only obeyed. Mingled with her gratitude was an uneasiness which she might not have been able to explain. She said at last:

"It is astonishing that Robert should be there to-night."

"You told me that he obtained work of the sort after his affliction came."

"But that I should have spoken of him this evening?"

"It was himself in his music that made itself known to you."

"Yes, yes; I suppose so."

There was another long pause. The taxi turned into the Euston Road, where the traffic was denser again, and headed for the Marylebone district.

"I am going to see him," said Margaretta slowly.

Saros did not answer.

"Do you think it wise of me?"

"You are acting on impulse. You believe that it was fate—Providence—God Himself, if you will, who brought about to-night's meeting. Assuring yourself that you are being led to him, you submit."

"Perhaps you are right. But—but—if you—you think that I ought not to go—" She broke off, laying a gloved hand on his and looking into his face with saddened eyes.

He took the hand and pressed it between his. "Ah, I would rather that you left me out of it—much rather. We are there. We are before him, of course. Shall I wait here?"

She struggled for breath. "If you will be so good."

Saros assisted her out. She mounted a flight of stone steps before a tall brick house of four stories, and rang a bell. A faded woman with sleepy eyes opened the hall door. She was the landlady. Saros caught a glimpse of a shabby little passage covered with ragged linoleum, and a guttering candle flaring upon a table by the wall; then the door closed between him and Margaretta.

"She is going to wait," he said. He re-entered the cab and ordered the chauffeur to drive about for half an hour and then to return. The vehicle moved off and Saros leaned back. The scent of her presence was all that remained to him for the time—the faint perfume of the white Malmaisons.

Margaretta was shown up two flights of stairs by the sleepy landlady.

"Wait in there, Miss," she was instructed. "Mr. Evlin wont mind my showing you up. This is about 'is time for coming 'ome. I'll tell 'im, if I'm up." And she went out, yawning vociferously.

Left alone, Margaretta began to be afraid of this outcome of an impulse. The *maestro's* theory was perfectly correct: she had acted as one who believes herself mysteriously guided from above. Well, she had followed her prompting; she was here—in Robert's home. Presently he would come. What did she mean to do? Was this love, or remorse?

She looked round and saw signs, not of poverty, but of great care against evidences of it: an imitation rosewood table covered with a simple crimson cloth, and holding an oil lamp with a ruby glass reservoir; a drugget carpet with no mark of wear—as yet; a revolving book-case filled with music in bound form, and loose music piled neatly upon the top; some simple vases and ornaments upon the mantel; some—

The click of a key turning in the door downstairs struck upon her quickened hearing. She opened the door of the room and listened. She heard Evlin speaking—presumably to some one who had guided him home. He said goodnight to this helper and began to ascend the stairs. The landlady, overcome with sleep, did not come out to tell him of a waiting visitor. Margaretta shrank back with a sensation of suffocation in her throat.

He came upstairs with the sure step of a blind man long accustomed to night, who knows just where he is. He appeared at the door, pushed it wide open, and entered, carrying his violin case. He put it down on a chair by his left as if he saw what he was doing. He removed his hat and coat and placed them on a peg in a cupboard. He turned with a tired sigh and stepped towards the intruder. She recoiled, making a rustling sound.

He burst into a boyish laugh, holding out his arms.

"What, Madge! You are home first? I didn't expect you for twenty minutes, dear."

She stepped further back, watching him in wonder, in agony.

Madge? It was always his name for her!

He laughed again. "Oh, you cannot deceive me, wife o' mine. You have played that game too often. My ears are my eyes; they perform double duty. Why, I even hear you breathing."

Margaretta put up a hand to her throat. Breathing? She was fighting for breath!

"What, you still think that I am in doubt of your presence, Madge? I wish I was as certain of a hundred pounds. Did you enjoy the theatre? I did not think it would be over before half-past eleven. Tell me all about it, wont you? Poor little girl! So seldom that she has a treat. It was good of old Parsons to send dress circle tickets. I was thinking of you all the evening. I don't know how it was, darling, but to-night you were in every one of my thoughts. Never have I felt so thankful to Our Father for the bravest wife in the world, who married a useless husband when she ought to have given him up. Dear little Margaret, how much longer am I to wait, if you please?"

She stepped back again and the revolving bookcase stopped her. She caught its edge to prevent herself from falling. The room was swinging to and fro, this way and that. The floor was slipping from her feet. She struggled in an anguished unreality.

"Well, well, I can wait for a caress," he laughed. "You will never make me believe you are not here."

Exerting a supreme effort she regained some control—enough to realize just what it all meant; enough to perceive that Martha had never told him; and that Martha had taken him to herself!

From that profound lie her love had not recoiled. Her love had taken up that test of lifelong endurance; had smiled at it; had welcomed it.

"Still waiting for my kiss, little tease."

Martha had married him without speaking a word of the truth. In his eternal night, in her infinite affection, she had trusted.

A sound between a sob and a cry broke from Margaretta. Evlin leapt to his feet with an exclamation of dismay.

"Dearest, you—you are in trouble? Forgive me. For God's sake—"

She must say something. "No, no; it is all right," she panted, white to the lips.

He sprang towards her, holding out beseeching arms, but she had strength to glide aside.

"Wait a moment," she gasped. "I—I am not feeling very well. I shall be all right in a minute."

"My soul, you gave me a turn," said he quiveringly. "It is this close, humid night, and the long journey home, which has made you feel faint."

"Nothing more."

"Poor little Madge. Why, sweetheart, shall I tell you something? Your voice sounds just as it did before our marriage. You know, Madge, it *did* alter a little, although you *were* angry when I said so. Not that it changed for the worse. Oh, dear, no! The dearest voice in God's earth! The most beloved!"

She looked behind him, towards the door. Somehow she must break away. Flesh and blood could endure this no longer. If Saros could have seen her agonized face at that moment he would have cried out in horror.

And then Martha might return at any moment!

"Take your time, Madge. Do not let me worry you."

It must be now—or never. She rose dizzily and moved towards the door.

"I will drink a little water; it will revive me," she said, snatching at the first excuse that desperation suggested.

He stood in the way, seeming to watch her convulsed face with his sightless eyes. Madness or no, she could not stay herself from looking at him. An inexpressible cry broke from her; she flung back the cloak from her white shoulders, and reaching out her arms, which gleamed like satin, invited him mutely, by that passionate gesture, adoringly, to catch her to his breast. And as if he saw, so he enfolded her, pressing to himself her panting bosom, receiving upon his lips her kiss, her last soul-abandoning caress.

She was clear of the room next moment, groping her way down the stairs, feeling her way as one who dreams. She did not hear the footstep coming to meet her. Only when her actual progress was stopped did she realize that Martha had returned.

She looked at her sister with wearied eyes.

"Go to him," she said simply. "He does not know the truth. He never will know."

Martha's face blanched.

"Go to him. God forgive you. No, God bless you. You have made him happy. You understand? I am silent eternally. Let me pass."

Martha began to stammer incoherently. "He—he would have died— The temptation overwhelmed me. You forsook him—I—I loved him so!"

"I deserved it. Hush! You must not speak—now. I was Margaret Hills; I am now Margaretta Hielson. I shall go abroad again. God guard your secret."

Saros was pacing up and down in the rain. Either he had not seen Martha enter, or else had not recognized her. He opened the cab door for Margaretta, stealing a glance at her face, which was pale as marble.

They drove away. The streets were almost empty, lashed by the gray, desolate rain.

Margaretta prayed in silence.

Suddenly she put her right hand in that of Saros; she looked at him with eyes grown calm and contemplative.

"Do you want to marry me, my dear friend?" she said.

"Do I want life immortal?" he answered.

He pressed the hand to his lips.

BEATING THE LAW

An argument against counting your chickens before they are hatched

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs Is Pigs," etc.

Illustrated by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

FORTUNE had been unkind to old Ashbel Clute. She had piled up twenty-eight million dollars for him, and had failed to give him eternal life on earth for the enjoyment of the dollars; and then, when he first began to feel the pain in his side, she permitted the legislators of the state to pass the inheritance tax law. As old Ashbel figured on the back of an envelope just how much of his money the state would take as inheritance tax when he died, his hard face grew harder and his lip lifted at one corner in a snarl. For three days he sat in his office with the snarl on his face, and his eyes on a crack in the wall plaster, and then he walked across to Dr. Wightman's office and had himself examined.

"Ycu have lived temperately and frugally," said the physician, "and that is in your favor. But this disease—"

"How long have I to live?" asked Ashbel Clute. "I didn't come here to hear a lecture. I'll pay you your fee without that. I want to know how long I have to live."

"If you would let me explain the disease, I could make myself clearer to you," said the physician.

"How long have I to live?" insisted Ashbel.

"Unless you hasten things by fast living, which I do not think you will," said the physician with a slight smile, "you will live six years at least; probably seven; possibly ten. Except for this trouble you are as sound as a nut."

"Humph! What's your charge?"

"Five dollars."

"Here's two. That's enough. I wish I could earn two dollars as easily."

Ashbel Clute returned to his office, stopping on the way to get Henry Lane, his lawyer.

"Henry," he said when they were in the cffice and the door closed, "I'm getting to be an old man."

"Nonsense, Ashbel!" said the lawyer. "You are good for twenty years yet."

"Henry," said Ashbel, "I've worked hard. I've earned a rest. I'm going to retire."

"You! Why, you could no more re-

"Get out!" he cried "Get out of this office"

tire, Ashbel, than I could stop breathing, and if you did, it would be for the same reason. Man, it would kill you to give up affairs."

"I'm an old man, Henry. I'm going to let the young ones do the work. It's time for me to take a rest. Let them do the hard work. They'll get the money when I die."

"What will you do with yourself if you give up managing your affairs?"

"I'll sport around. I've never had much pleasure, Henry. I'll loaf a little."

The lawyer laid back his head and laughed aloud.

"You'll loaf!" he cried, as he looked at the cruel mouth and hard blue eyes. "That's a good one, Ashbel. You'll loaf for about ten minutes. But what did you want me for?"

Ashbel rubbed his knees slowly.

"I want you to draw up incorporation papers, Henry, for the Clute Investment Company," said the old man. "How much indebtedness can a corporation have in this state, Henry?"

"Two-thirds the capital stock," said the lawyer.

"Make the capital stock forty-five millions, then," said Ashbel, "in one-hundred-dollar shares. I'll take one share, and each of my children will take a fifth. Nine millions each, except Doris. Make her portion one share less."

"To allow for your one share," said Lane.

"The objects of the company," said Ashbel, in the same dry tone, "are to own and deal in real-estate, personal-property, stocks, bonds—"

"I understand," said the lawyer. "You wish it to have the fullest latitude allowed by the law."

"That's it," said Ashbel. "I want to turn all my property over to it. And then draw up a note, Henry, for twenty-eight millions, payable to me. I'll have the company sign it when I turn over my property to it."

He rubbed his knees slowly again and looked at the crack in the wall.

"Make that note payable one day

after date, Henry," he said. "And—I think I'll be president of the company, Henry. And you can make George, Vice-President, and Walter, Secretary-Treasurer."

There were other minor details he gave the lawyer, for Ashbel Clute knew his affairs to the smallest detail and liked to attend to every detail himself, and when the lawyer left he remained in his chair, slowly rubbing his knees and staring at the crack in the wall, with a frown on his forehead. He went over his plans again and again, but could find no flaw in them. The incorporation of an investment company was perfectly legal. He could lend his sons and daughters the money required by law as paid-in capital in the company, taking their notes. He could sell all his holdings in real-estate and stocks and bonds and other securities and personal-property to the company, and take one note from the company for the full amount. All the notes would be made payable one day after date, and under the state law a note, unless legally pressed for payment within that time, became null and void at the end of five years. With six years to live, and probably seven, and possibly ten, Ashbel Clute would, by allowing the notes to become outlawed, die worth only the clothes on his back and one lone share, worth one hundred dollars, in the Clute Investment Company. His children would have received each one-fifth of his fortune, and there would be no inheritance tax to pay whatever. He would beat the law.

If the legality of the transfer were questioned the notes given him could be shown as adequate and legal payment for the property. It was no one's business but his own if he allowed the notes to be outlawed, any more than if he put a good apple in a drawer and allowed it to rot. By holding one lone share he was entitled to attend all meetings of the company, and he had so long dominated his children, ruling them with an iron hand, he had no doubt his word would still be law in the management of the affairs. In fact, he would have himself appointed manager for the company at its first meeting. When he arose from his chair he smiled grimly. It is something pleasant to beat the law.

That night he called the children together at his home on Shady Avenue and explained the object of the Clute Investment Company. George and Walter, their faces younger replicas of their father's own face, understood instantly. Kate, keen eyed and long nosed, nodded her head as point after point of the plan was brought out. Margaret, the flashy daughter, asked a question now and then. It was she who asked: "But what about the income, father? The company will begin earning an income the moment you turn the property over to it. Do the stockholders divide that?"

"No, they don't!" said Ashbel. "I mean to have a salary as manager of the company. That will take care of the income."

"That's only right, Mag," said George, frowning at her. "Father isn't dead yet. He is doing this to save us the inheritance tax. You might be grateful."

"Oh, grateful!" she said. "I'm as grateful as you are. I only wanted to know. This is all business, isn't it?"

"It certainly is business," said Kate, who had been whispering with her husband. "We have a right to know the details, if we are to give our notes. A note is money, as long as it is valid. Will you tell me this, father: If the value of the stocks and bonds you turn over should depreciate within five years, and you hold the company's note, you could sue on it, couldn't you? Of course I'm not suspicious, father, but James and I have money of our own. If any one but you proposed this I wouldn't go into it. We take the securities at your own valuation, and give our note—"

"Kate!" said Doris appealingly. She was the only one of the children that greatly resembled her dead mother, and that was, no doubt, the reason she had elected to remain unmarried and keep house for her father, while the others

"You are a good girl, Doris"

made homes of their own. "Kate, don't you see father is doing this for us?"

"I'm doing it to beat a law made by a rascally lot of parasites and grafters who never did an honest day's work in their lives," said Ashbel Clute without emotion. "Populists and grangers who want to rob any man that gains a few honest dollars! You are a sensible girl, Kate. Don't let anyone rob you. Money is money."

"I don't believe anyone robs me of much," said Kate laughingly, but her laugh was the mirthless laugh of the Clutes.

They all drew up to the table while Ashbel ran over his list of investments and holdings. There was not a suspicious stock or bond in the lot. Most of the stocks were in companies Ashbel himself had helped form, owning land that was increasing in value and that would increase more rapidly as the years passed. That he owned these stocks was no surprise to his children; they were all stockholders in the same companies. They checked off their father's list with the careful coldness of strangers. They appreciated his feelings in the matter of the inheritance tax; they felt the same as regards all taxes. Even Doris, under her father's advice, went down to the tax assessor's office each year and swore off her taxes.

Ashbel's children were not infants, as the law defines infants. They ranged in years from George, the eldest, who was fifty, to Doris, who was thirty, and all of them were wealthy in their own names, aside from what their father should leave them. George and Walter had married well, choosing wives as close-fisted as themselves. Kate and Margaret had married men chosen by their brothers, Kate a bank cashier in the bank of which Walter was President, and Margaret, after a long flirtation with Roscoe Lane which almost became a scandal, had married a man double her years and as grasping as herself. Doris alone remained single.

On the whole, the Clute family was highly respected in Westcote. The men worked hard and women and men alike dressed well and attended church regularly and gave to the church in proportion to what their means were supposed to be. Once each year each of the married sons and daughters gave a reception, to repay the social obligations they had incurred during the past twelvemonth, and these receptions were notable events, well planned and well carried out. To outward view the Clute family was a happy, hard-working, contented group, bound together by the closest ties. As a matter of fact each son and daughter was jealous of the rest, and the father was suspicious of all of them. They thought of nothing but money and, except Doris, knew little but money.

"This is the portrait of George we had done in Berlin," Mrs. George would say. "The artist wanted a thousand dollars, but we managed to get it for seven hundred and fifty."

As soon as Ashbel Clute could afford it, when he was a young man, he had built himself a house that was the pride of the town. He set the amount to be spent for the house at twenty thousand dollars—an immense sum in Westcote at that day—and he did this without a qualm. He could afford it, and the Clutes were never slow to spend large amounts to good purpose. But once having decided he wanted a twenty-thousand-dollar house, Ashbel Clute made his own deals with lumber dealers and hardware men. He got the lowest price and then began a slow process of beating down that price, saving penny by penny. Then he picked out each foot of lumber himself, rejecting ten boards to take one. He chose his foundation brick in the same way, going over brick after brick at the yards until he had the pick of all on hand. He lived with the house as it grew out of the ground. If a carpenter struck a nail and the nail flew off, Ashbel hunted in the sand and clay until he found it again, and put it back in the nail keg. He was paying for the nails himself. In the end he had a house the architect had estimated at twenty thousand dollars, and it had cost him just fifteen thousand dollars. The

five thousand invested in low grade coal land bought twenty-five acres. He put sheep on the land and made it pay its taxes and a little more while he waited for the better grade coal in the vicinity to exhaust itself. It might be twenty years before the coal land had an enhanced value; it might be two hundred years; but a Clute was always a Clute. Some Clute would reap the benefit. It was thus Ashbel builded his fortune. He had imagination, and his great imagining was that some day the Clutes would be as great as the ancient Fuggers or the modern Rothschilds. And so they would, and will be, unless the fortune begun by old Ashbel is torn and gnawed to rags by income and inheritance taxes.

Rebecca Clute, his wife, had been an able and a cheerful helpmate. Very stout and very good-natured, she enjoyed saving a penny as thoroughly as Ashbel, but she did it in the whole-hearted manner of a good woman of Holland, with much chaffing and laughter. When Ashbel entered a shop to make a purchase the clerks tried to slip to the back; when Rebecca entered they crowded to be the one to wait on her. With three maids in her house she would scrub the stoop stairs herself because the maids were wasteful of the soft soap which was made, under Rebecca's own supervision, of the waste fat accumulated during the winter. For society she cared not a rap, but she liked to have callers, and to talk with them about her household affairs, her maids and her children. She had a big heart, and she loved her children and Ashbel dearly, and she would sometimes weep at the tale told her by a begging tramp, and then cut him a thick slice of bread. Before he received it, however, her economical feelings would take control, and she would give him the outside crust of yesterday's loaf, without butter. But she had been dead ten years when Ashbel formed the Clute Investment Company. Ashbel never spoke of her after the funeral, but he mourned her every day of his life. The children mourned her also, deeply and sincerely.

The five years following the formation of the Clute Investment Company passed rapidly, as years do when one grows older. Once each year Ashbel, as President, called a meeting of the stockholders of the company, and reported what he had done as Manager. With the meeting of the third year he began giving the children a share of the income of the company; the balance he re-invested for the company itself. Not a word was said by anyone of the notes the company had given him, or of the notes given him by the children. No interest was paid on them, and nothing was done to suggest the notes existed, and they were outlawed by limitation at the end of the fifth year. Not a word was said in criticism of the management of the company. At the annual meetings Ashbel reported the increase in the value of the company's holdings: one million dollars one year, two-and-a-quarter millions the next, and so on, and gave them the total value as nearly as he could compute it. The same officers were elected each time, and the meeting adjourned for a year.

The fifth year ended; the notes were outlawed, and Ashbel went once more to his physician.

"This pain in my side—" he began.

"We must expect it to be worse now," said Dr. Wightman. "We are five years older than when you were here last. You should have had regular treatment."

"But it isn't worse," said Ashbel. "It is no worse—maybe it is some better. I feel pretty good for an old man, I guess."

The physician examined Ashbel again, and very carefully.

"Mr. Clute," he said, when he had thumped him and stethoscoped him and tried all his tests, "you are a remarkable man. You have a body like a steel engine and a constitution like a horse. How many years did I give you?"

"Six years. That was five years ago."

"I'll give you as many as you want now. You can live to be one hundred, or a hundred and ten, if you take care of yourself. How long have you had this pain in your side?"

He sat staring at the crack in the door

"Always," said Ashbel. "Since I was a boy, anyway."

"You did not tell me that before," said Dr. Wightman. "You led me to believe it was a new pain."

"Yes," said Ashbel, "I wanted to make it as bad as I could. I wanted to know the shortest time I had to live. So I look healthy to you?"

"Absolutely," said the physician.

"That's good," said Ashbel without emotion. "How much do I owe you?"

"Five dollars."

"Here's two dollars. I wish I could earn money as easy as that."

The next annual meeting was held in Ashbel's dingy little office as usual. Ashbel made his report. He told his sons and daughters the assets of the Clute Investment Company had increased by over three million dollars during the year since the last annual meeting. He told them the cash income, not re-invested, was about eight hundred thousand dollars.

"I'm an old man now," he said, and George, who believed he would be the head of the family and manager of the Clute fortunes when his father retired, and who had been waiting impatiently for the day, moved forward in his chair.

"I'm an old man, and I can't live long. I've lived here in Westcote all my life, and I've made my money here and near here. Times have changed since I began life here as a young man, George. Business is not the same."

"Very true, father," said George.

"When I was a young man," continued Ashbel, "what a man earned was his own. He was respected for it, but times have changed. I've never done anything for this town."

"You have helped build it up," said Walter. "You have been a good citizen."

His father looked at him coldly.

"I've been a good business man, Walter," he said, "and I'm a better business man to-day than any of you. I'm going to vote myself that eight hundred thousand dollars, and I'm going to give the town of Westcote a park—a million dollar park—Clute Park."

George's jaw fell. Walter half arose from his chair. Kate and Margaret turned ghastly white.

"I hear a motion that eight hundred thousand dollars be paid the Manager of the Company," said Ashbel.

"I don't make any such motion!" snapped Henry, and looked at his brothers and sisters. All shook their heads but Doris.

"Doris?" said Ashbel questioningly.

"I make the motion," said Doris.

"Margaret seconds it?" said Ashbel, looking at her with harsh eyes.

"Oh, well, I'll second it," said Margaret nervously.

Ashbel put the motion.

"No!" said George promptly and firmly, and Walter, Kate and Margaret echoed him. Only Doris voted as her father wished.

"Carried!" said Ashbel with his grim smile.

"Father," said George, very white but as hard and cool as usual, "you can't do that. I—we don't wish to offend you, but business is business. You can't vote away our money when the majority is against you."

"Your money!" said Ashbel, swinging about in his chair and looking George in the eye. "Your money! It's my money. I'm not dead yet. Not yet!"

"No, father," said Walter suavely, "and we are all thankful you are spared to us, to help us with your advice. But you are not as young as you were, father. Business to-day requires keen minds, and even a mind like yours grows dull with age. Look at this reasonably, father. Would you, even ten years ago, have thought of giving a million dollars for a park as a present to the city? It's not business; it's folly."

Ashbel looked at Walter and saw his son's firm jaw set as his own had set many a time when his will had been contested.

"Walter is right," said George. "We know you were offered a million and a half for the timber land in Grosjean County a few months ago, and you refused it. It was worth half a million more to the Red Star Company than to anyone else because they were on the ground with their mill. They had to go elsewhere. You couldn't get a million for that timber land from anyone else. That was poor business."

"The land will be worth two millions in twenty years," said Ashbel.

"Oh, don't argue!" said Kate impatiently. "Father, we have decided it is time we took the management of our affairs into our own hands. You are old now, and this notion of throwing away a million dollars for a park is but one instance of what old men will do. You will get into the hands of sharpers and thieves, and they will rob you right and left. We have talked it over, and we are going to elect George President and Manager of the Company."

Ashbel stood up. His eyes blazed and his hand trembled. He pointed to the door.

"Get out!" he cried. "Get out! Get out of this office, and if you ever come in here again, I'll throw you out! I'm old, am I? I'm a senile old idiot, tottering into the grave, am I? I—"

His voice failed from very anger.

"Father—" said George, but Ashbel took him by the shoulder and thrust him toward the door. The younger man tottered and fell on one knee, putting out one hand to save himself. Ashbel pushed Walter with both his hands, and beat on his back with fury. Kate put up one arm to shelter her face, and then they all crowded into the hall, for their father had picked up the heavy iron seal of the Clute Investment Company.

He stood a moment glaring at the door, and then his lip raised in a snarl and he dropped into his chair and stared at the crack in the plaster wall. They had taken from him his one reason for

living, the management of his great properties. They had not delayed one day beyond the time they must, but had pushed him out of his own. What did they care for him? They coveted his money. They used the tool he had contrived as an instrument to save them a part of his fortune as a wedge to pry him out of his rights. They were ingrates. They had waited until they were sure of his money and then had cast him aside like an old shoe.

He sat handling the iron seal and staring at the crack when the door was opened.

"Father!"

He looked around. It was Doris.

"I have come to you," she said. "I love you, father."

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" Ashbel snapped. "You want to get something out of me, like the rest. What do you want? I've one share of stock in the company; is that what you want? Take it. I'm an old imbecile pauper."

His lifted upper lip trembled. Doris ventured farther into the room and placed her hand on his shoulder.

"Father," she said, "you are not a pauper. I have my share in the company, and that is yours. I hate the way they acted. Isn't there some way you can take my money out and—and—"

There was no way, for Ashbel had seen to that, but in another moment Doris was sobbing on her father's shoulder, and the old man was patting her arm, as if she, and not he, was the injured one.

"Come home," she said. "Come home and rest."

"Home?" said Ashbel. "I have no home. I'm a pauper."

"Don't talk that way, father," pleaded Doris. "How can you be a pauper when I have so much? I'll give it all to you. I can give my share in the company to you. I don't want it, father. As long as we have the old home, where mother was so happy—"

"We have no home," said Ashbel. "The company has a home. I transferred that with the rest. They can vote us out of it."

"But they would not do that!" cried Doris with horror. "Not out of the home you built; not out of the home where they were born!"

Ashbel laughed with a sneering intake of breath.

He was right. He had no home, and before a month was up George let him know it. He put the matter on the sanest grounds. The old home was expensive to keep up and unnecessarily large for one man and one daughter. George himself had never built, and he had a large family. He required a larger house than the one he was living in. The other children thought as he did. The company had offered to sell him the house, and he had bought it.

For a week Ashbel did not leave the house. He wandered from one room to the other. He seemed to be failing rapidly. He would enter a room and seat himself in a chair where his wife had sat, and look at the walls and the pictures on them, and then he would walk into another room and do the same, or he would sit on the porch, looking out over the river, with a chair close beside him, as if his wife still sat there. To tear an old man from the home he has known the better part of his life is the utmost cruelty, and Ashbel was not losing his home only, but the investments that were like living, breathing friends to him. The Gold Ridge Coal Company he had created and nursed through its infant ailments as he had nursed George and Walter. He knew every vein and nerve in its body. These companies and investments, he knew now, had been as much his children as the children of his loins, and they had been taken from him by his other children. Doris trembled when she saw her father's state. He did not go to his office for a week, and at night she could hear him pacing the floor of his bedroom.

One day, early in the second week, Doris brought him her stock in the Clute Investment Company, signed on the back for transfer to him. He took it and let it lie in his lap as if unheeded, while he looked out over the river. George and the other children had

"When was that seal placed on that note?"

ceased their visits to the house entirely. At length Ashbel put out his hand and touched Doris' arm.

"You are a good girl, Doris," he said; "you are like your mother."

It was the greatest word of affection he had spoken to any of his children for years, and Doris' eyes filled.

"Have Peter harness up," he said after a minute.

"Where are you going, father?" asked Doris.

"To see Walter. Walter is Secretary. Walter will have to make the transfer."

"You wont have words with him?"

"I have words with no one, now. What is my word worth?"

He drove to Walter's office, but before the coachman drew up befcre the door he changed his mind and ordered Peter to drive to his own office. He remembered that Walter did not have the company seal, and without it he could not issue the transferred stock. He climbed the stairs slowly and unlocked his door. The seal lay where he had left it on the day of the stormy meeting, on his desk, and he picked it up and put it in his pocket. Then he paused and looked at his iron safe. Slowly and carefully he turned the combination knob and swung open the door. He unlocked the small wooden drawer and took out the note the company had given him, and the notes given him by his children.

When he walked down the stairs he was another man. The stoop in his broad shoulders that had come since the stormy meeting was gone; his eyes

were stern and hard again, and his jaw was set as of old.

"To Walter's," he said.

He left the stock and the seal with Walter's cashier, and walked firmly across the sidewalk to his carriage.

"To Lane's," he told Peter.

"Henry," he said, when he sat by the lawyer's desk, "I want you to draw up a deed of gift to the Town of Westcote, from me, for the old Griscome property, to be used and held as a public park. I want you to buy that land for me. I'll pay a million or anything under a million. Get it as low as you can. And I want you to draw up a will for me. I'm getting old, Henry."

"Oh, you're good for twenty years yet," said the lawyer. "You look younger to-day than you did ten years ago.

"But I thought that you had transferred all your property to the Clute Investment Company?" the lawyer added.

"In this will," said Ashbel, ignoring the question, "I want to give all I own, every cent and stiver of it, to my daughter Doris. Make the will short, and make it unbreakable, Henry. And you might say, somewhere, I'm giving her all because of my love and affection for her. You can do that, can't you, Henry?"

"Certainly I can."

"And, Henry," said Ashbel, putting his hand in his breast pocket and drawing forth the note the Clute Investment Company had given him, "just notify this company to pay this note. With interest, Henry. And let 'em know if it is not paid in ten days or some satisfactory settlement made, I'll begin suit."

The lawyer took the note and looked at it quizzically, while a wry smile spoiled the contour of his mouth. The note was for twenty-eight million dollars, due one day after date, signed by the Clute Investment Company, and the date was over five years old, but Henry Lane placed it in his safe as carefully as if there were no law outlawing a note in five years. He handled it as if it were worth its face value. And it was. It was not an outlawed note, worth only the value of the paper on which it was written. Embossed upon it was the seal of the Clute Investment Company, and under the laws of the state a note *bearing a seal* was valid for *twenty* years!

"Ashbel," said Henry Lane as he turned back from the safe, "when was that seal placed on that note?"

"I don't know, Henry, I don't know!" said Ashbel, shaking his head. "I can't remember. I'm getting old, Henry. I'm almost senile, Henry. Some things I can't seem to remember at all."

The BOUNDS of BADINAGE

BY KENNETT HARRIS

Author of "The Hold-Up Man," etc.

CUTAWAY WICKES had been taunting Bill Parmlee, from the Skinning Knife, with an imputed inability to throw a barrel hoop over a tent peg at the distance of two feet, and Parmlee had retorted with a reference to Cutaway's supposed need of coopering to prevent his self conceit swelling him to the "busting" point. This, apropos of the roping contest at Hermosa. The stock-tender listened to the interchange of personalities with a lively interest that did not subside until Cutaway had passed the "makin's" to the Skinning Knife boy and the two were sitting grinning through wreaths of smoke in retrospective enjoyment of the late pleasantness. Then he said: "You two fellers remind me of Paul Gustafsen and Jim Dickerman over in Macalaster county an' some time you'll get to joshin' one another a little too free an' plenteous an' split up the way they did."

"Neither o' them gents has got the privilege an' pleasure o' my acquaintance," said Parmlee.

"They was both o' them unforchnit enough to leave this favored region afore either o' you was drove to it," explained the stock-tender. "They'd sure be unhappy if they knowed what they missed by not waitin'. This was in the palmy days afore they got a town marshal in Scoop, an' when a stage-driver who couldn't decorate his harness with nothing better than poker-chip material would have been run plum out o' society. It aint like that now. I've got two sets o' genu-ine ivory rings in my warsack an' I couldn't sell one o' them to save my neck."

"Do you reckon the feller you stole 'em from would reckernise 'em now?" asked Cutaway.

"There you go," said the stock-tender. "That was the way Jim an' Paul uster talk. I remember the first time I ever seen 'em. I was in Dad's Pagoda in Scoop one evenin' an' there was several games a-runnin'. Gustafsen was a-settin' in one, playin' poker. He was a middlin' sized wiry person with a little haytinted mustache about the size of a eyebrow an' a face that had the color an' expression of a saddle flap. There was two strangers settin' in with him, an' Al Powell—him they uster call the Bar T dude. After a while in santers a lad in a check suit with sad, angel count'nance an' he stands regardin' the game for a minute in a disapprovin'

way. Then he turns to the two strangers.

" 'Gentlemen,' he says, 'you will excuse me, I hope, if I have any appearance o' pushin' my fork into your chuck, but I presume that you are unacquainted with the reputation of the tin-horn disgrace to humanity who seems to be taking your good money away from you. He's been kicked out of every cow town and mining camp in the Southwest for practices to which a dog's hind leg is rectilinear. This is his jumping-off place, an' he's about due to jump. Play with him, if you must, but watch him keerful.' Sayin' which he looks stern an' threat'nin' at Gustafsen an' walks off.

"Gustafsen looks after him an' lays down the deck he was shufflin' an' calls Dad. 'Didn't I tell you that the next time you let that rum-soaked, hop-permeated, degenerate in here I was goin' to slop gore on your oilcloth?' he says.

" 'Why, yes, Paul,' says Dad, soothin' an' apologetic, 'you did. But I wasn't watchin' the door when he came in, an' you must excuse me. He don't get in again, but there's no need of startin' trouble now. Overlook it, to oblige me, wont you?'

"Gustafsen mumbles suthin' an' begins to deal, but I seen that the strangers was uneasy an' suspicious. I was sure took aback, myself. I didn't stay though. When I see Old Man Trouble comin', I most generally yoke up an' wet my whip popper. In about three minutes it come. A chair scraped an' tumbled over an' there was Gustafsen wigglin' his peace-pipe back an' forth from one to the other of them two unknown sports whose hands was held as if they was on the point o' doin' a trapeze act.

" 'Take their guns, Al,' says Gustafsen, an' Al took 'em an' laid 'em in the pot.

" 'Now you may lower your hands,' says Gustafsen, rakin' in the pile o' chips an' hardware an' jammin' his own gun back. 'You two bought chips for twenty-five apiece when you come in. Well, here's your money back. Now I'm goin' to learn you to act like gentlemen when you play with gentlemen.' An' with that he got up, knocked their two heads together an' kicked them out o' the saloon. After a while I seen the mournful duck with the check suit settin' op'sit' him in a new game an' the both o' them cussin' one another in the fightin'est kind o' language an' Al Powell told me that the other fellow was Jim Dickerman, an' that they was always talkin' like that to each other jest for devilment.

"Another time there was a convention called an' held for the purpose of electin' a sheriff an' other officers for the newly organized county of Macalaster. Jim Dickerman was in the hands of his friends for the office an' so was Blue Nose Westerman. Jim seemed to have the most hands though, an' when Uncle Jimmie Orr reared up on his hind legs an' give in his name the storm of applause like to have ripped the clapboards off the shack. Right there was Gustafsen's chance.

" 'Mr. Chairman an' gentlemen all,' he says. 'It is with feelin's of deep regret not unmixed with disappointment, contemp', horror an' loathin' that I have just heard a respected citizen with white hairs in his chin decorations propose for an office demandin' in the highest degree horse sense, sand and common honesty, the name of a low-flung, dog-robbing, rabbit-hearted, chicken-brained coyote like Jim Dickerman.

" 'Gentlemen,' he says, 'haven't we greasers in this man's town? Haven't we Chinymen, haven't we niggers? If you want poor material, aint some of the trash that there is a-loafin' round the Red Light dance-hall poor enough without sinkin' to this? Gentlemen, afore you make any sech breaks as that, remember that there's sech a thing as the finger o' shame an' that it will be pi'nted at Scooptown from now till the third an' fourth generation of them that envies her if you c'mit yourselves to an outrage like this. You may not think that Jim Dickerman is what I describe him to be, but I know him; I blush to say, I know him.'

"Then he set down. Everybody whooped an' yelled, especially the Westerman crowd. Then somebody nominated Blue Nose, an' the chairman, which

was a strong Dickerman man, put the first nomination to a vote, aye or no. Gustafsen hollered 'no' louder than anybody an' there was some good lungs in that Westerman crowd. It seemed about an even break to me.

" 'Well,' says the chairman, 'I reckon we'll have to take a standin' vote on this. Jim has had his whirl so now we'll give Mr. Westerman action for his money. Them as favor the nomination of Mr. Henery, otherwise Blue Nose Westerman, will rise, an' them as prefers Mr. Jim Dickerman can keep their seats.'

"There was a line of the Westerman men settin' right in front of Gustafsen, an' in Gustafsen's row was a bunch o' the Flying Dutch Oven outfit that he uster train with when he rode the range. No sooner was them words out of the chairman's mouth than each one o' them Dutch Oven boys puts his hands on the shoulders o' the Westerman man in front o' him an' held him down in his seat. 'Twa'n't no use squirmin'. They was held down like they'd been hog-tied an' snubbed to a post. Blue Nose, himself, was held in the lovin' embrace of a pair of arms an' the man who owned the arms was Paul Gustafsen. It was a cinch. Quick as a flash, the chairman took in the situation. 'Gentlemen,' he yells above the tumult of the storm, 'I hereby declare that accordin' to the rules of the game Jim Dickerman is the choice of this convention for sheriff!'

"That's the way Jim Dickerman got his nomination for sheriff an' he stayed in for two terms and made a good one.

"While that was a-goin' on, Gustafsen got to buyin' feeders an' shippin' 'em an' incident'ly acquirin' real-estate an' a reputation. He quit gamblin' an' he quit drinkin' an' come within one o' gettin' religion. I don't say that there's harm in any one o' them things, mind you, on'y there's no doubt but what they tend to unfit a man for any kind o' social life in Scoop. By an' by, Gustafsen an' some more chipped in an' built the Brennan Op'ry House out o' stone from Calico Cañon, an' the next thing, the Drovers State Bank was started up with Paul Gustafsen for president an' Paul got to wearin' white shirts an' orderin' his clothes from Omaha an' Sioux City.

" 'If it wasn't an insult to the womanhood of the Hills, I'd say you'd be gettin' married the next thing,' Dickerman says to him. 'But outside of an asylum for deaf an' blind females, there aint much show for you, which is a partickler forchnit thing for posterity.'

" It would have been a partickler forchnit thing for posterity an' society an' the protection of citizens an' safety o' property if them horse thieves you made a bluff at chasin' had waited for you an' pumped a belt full o' cartridges into your hide,' says Gustafsen. 'I wonder what in blazes they lit out for! They might have knowed you'd never have the sand to tackle 'em, Sheriff! Oh, sacred Moses! Jim, the only place you're good for is the legislature.'

" 'You're a liar on gen'ral principles an' an idiot by nature an' lack of education,' says Dickerman. 'All the same that was one time you called the turn. The legislature is more befittin' a man o' my caliber. I'm in the hands o' my friends, Gusty.'

" 'I didn't know that you had any,' said Gustafsen. 'It's news to me. I've put up with you more or less because I feel sorry for you, but I had an idee that you bein' a crawlin' moral leeper an' a two-spot an' blemish on the community, your friends was all in Boston, where they never heard of you—or in Blazes, where they're watchin' your career with intrust an' approbation.'

"But next convention Dick had the granger delegates solid, an' most o' the liquid there was in Scoop, an' the result was the nec'ry papers for the c'mittee on credentials at Bismarck in the breast-pocket of a long-tailed Prince Albert for him. I reckon he done tol'able well the first season. Anyway they had the band boys out to meet the stage when he come back, an' there was a whole of a hurrah. Gustafsen was picked out to make the address o' welcome. It was a jim-dandy. I wisht I could call to mind the half of it.

"He says, 'It aint no holler, meanin'-less phrase o' mere empty politeness to say that we've missed you. We sure have.

But on the other hand we haint missed one-half o' the things we uster when you was around. There's been a skurceness o' style an' a gen'ral decay of Sam Fluey's laundry business sence you took your shirt away with you, an' gloom has enveloped Hank's honk-a-tonk; but the supply o' whisky aint never once run short. Never once have we lined up, expectant, before Dad to have him hang up the dry sign, in con-sequence of you having just left.

" 'We appreshate your labors in our behalf,' he says, 'the long hours you've spent wras'lin' with Roberts' Rules of Order to find out the difference between a subsidy an' a subsidiary motion an' whether the previous question had precedence of a resolution of condolence; we reelize that you puttin' in ten out of a possible hundred days was a sacrifice, considerin' the heavy demands made on your time by stud an' faro, an' we was pleasantly surprised to find how little damage you reely done in them ten days. It's too bad that you couldn't have stayed longer, but bein' as you're here I reckon we'll have to bear it the best we kin.'

"O' course Dickerman come back. I forget what he said, too, but it was somethin' about the emotions o' joy he experienced at bein' with his friends again was some dimmed by the fact that they hadn't extirpated that Swede sheeptick — meanin' Gustafsen — which was still parasitin' around on the community an' producin' seasickness with his fathead foolishness. I can't keep what all he did say in mind, but I recollect wanderin' out of the Pagoda at about 2 g. m., an' while I was embracin' a telegraft pole an' tryin' to get the bearin's for the boardin' house, Dickerman an' Gustafsen went wabblin' by me with four of their eight arms around each other's duplicate necks.

"But the wind-up of it come at last. You remember the bill the cattlemen got up in the winter of '80, makin' it imprisonment for life, hangin' an' b'ilin' in oil, for any person or persons to fence, pen, confine, surround or otherwise enclose with wire, rail, cactus hedge, picket, pole, slab or any other material whatsoever any spring, crick, water gulch, puddle, pool, brooklet, lake or other body of water within the bounds an' confines o' said territory? No, you don't, o' course. But they done it, an' somebody got wind of it an' the grangers was stirred up a considerable. They'd been fencin' in the range wherever there was water to beat brimstun, an' naturally they had the range stock spittin' cotton an' the cow men pawin' the air. There was some few justifiable homicides on that account, an' some that wasn't justifiable, accordin' to which side owned the coroner that picked the jury.

"Well, this come up just a little while afore Dick was due back in Bismarck. The grangers in Macalaster wasn't in no ways uneasy about Dick. They didn't even trouble to ask him how he stood. They knowed. It wasn't only that they'd elected him, but Scoop, not being a cow town, was as strong ag'in' the bill as they was.

"The mornin' afore Dick started out to take up the cares of office again, he blowed into the bank. There was quite a few in there: Cruse, the hardware man, an' Doc Flick an' Jimmy Woods an' a mess o' grangers. Dick spoke up loud an' cheerful as usual.

" 'Don't he look sort o' natural an' fittin' behind the bars?' he says, indicatin' Gustafsen, who was thumbin' greenbacks back o' the brass work. 'Boys,' he says, turnin' to the crowd, 'it beats me how any o' you trust him with your money. You mark my words: some o' these fine days you'll wake up an' wonder where he is an' after a while you'll hear that somebody seen him in Montreal an' he said he wasn't expectin' to come back. Gusty'd be all right in charge of the raw material in a stove foundry but it's like bettin' on a brace-game in a strange town to hand him your cash to take care of. You want to picket him with a log chain to somethin' heavy an' inexpensive if you want him to stay when the bank roll's thick enough!'

"He looked at Gustafsen. Gustafsen's little moustache was bristlin' like a bobcat's an' his light blue eyes was about ten shades darker, with a frosty sort o' sparkle in 'em. He sure didn't look amiable.

" 'You aint mad, are you, Gusty?' says Dick.

"Gustafsen twisted up his face in a poor imitation of a smile that showed too much of his teeth.

" 'If I was a venal vampire an' a bribed an' corrupted tool of the cattle interests an' a traitor to the honest men that elected me, I'd keep my mouth shut,' he said. 'Get back to Bismarck where you're wanted. They're waitin' for you to vote aye on the fence bill for good an' sufficient reasons.'

"Dick took a step back as if he'd been slapped an' then a step forward an' stopped. He'd turned pale in patches, like alkali stickin' out o' the mud, an' his jaws was clamped together even while he spoke.

" 'That's the kind o' talk I don't take from nobody, Paul Gustafsen,' he says. 'I can take a joke as well as anybody. You know that, but when a man talks about me goin' back on my friends an' sellin' out, that's where I draw the line. See?'

" 'I serve notice on you right now that I don't approve funny talk about the bank,' says Gustafsen, kind o' gurglin' it out from his throat. 'That's a subjec' on which a josh don't go an' nobody but a—'

"He stopped an' glared at Dickerman through the grating as if he was calculatin' what part he'd bite out of him first. Dick glared back an' they stood that way the best part of a minute. Then:

" 'Say it,' says Dick.

"Cruse made a jump for him, got him by the arms an' gently steered him outside an' over to the store where he proceeded to reason with him. Cruse weighs two hundred an' thirty-five stripped, an' he's as hard as his own nails an' as sudden as a bear trap. If he can't make anybody listen to reason, it's a hopeless case.

"So there wasn't no immediate trouble. But there was a heap o' surmisin' an' bets, an' one-half Scoop was hangin' 'round Dick's law office an' the other 'round the bank all day in pleasin' anticipation of witness fees next district court. Next mornin' though, Dick took the stage without anything happenin' an' Scoop settled down with a sigh of resignation.

"About two weeks later I was dreamin' the happy midday hours away in my bunk, bein' on night shift at the time, when Ben Garling comes in an' scares me out of seven years' growth with a series of whoops an' shook my shoulders till I begun to reach under the piller for one o' my boots.

" 'Heard about Paul Gustafsen an' Jimmy Dickerman?' he says.

"I dropped the boot on the floor an' sat up blinkin' my eyes while that filtered through.

" 'Which of 'em got killed?' I asked.

" 'Neither one o' them yet,' he says, 'but Dickerman will be if he ever comes back to Scoop, which he wont, seein' he's got shet o' most of what he owned here. He voted for the fence bill an' worked for it like the devil beatin' tan-bark. Ten thousand he got, but it was cheap at the price. They'd never have passed it if it hadn't been for him.'

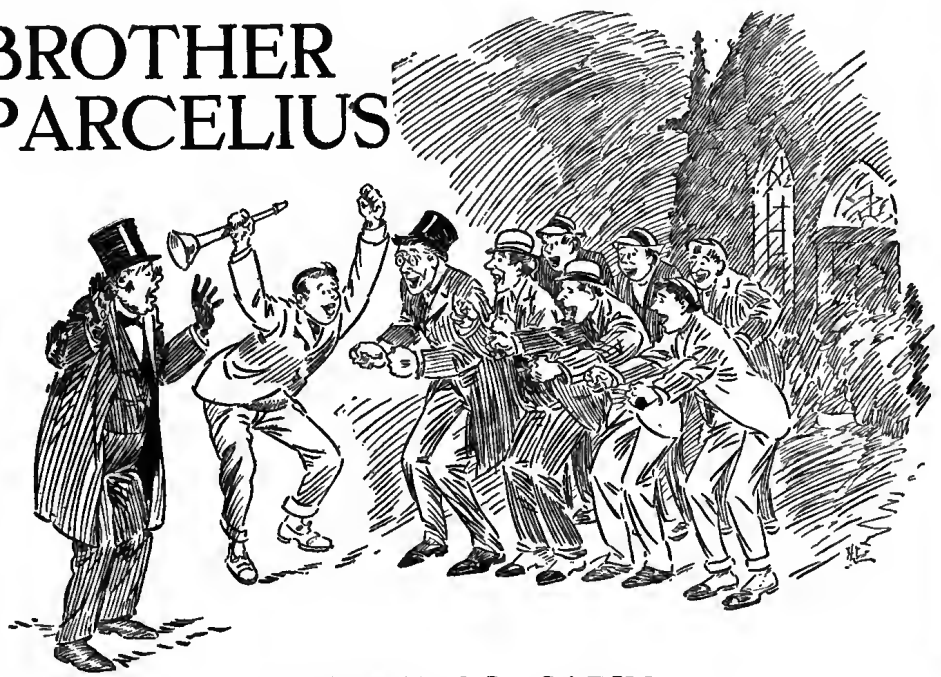
"I gulped an' got that down.

" 'What did Gusty have to do with it?' I asked.

" 'I guess Gusty could prove an alibi,' says Ben. 'He was in Canada at the time an' he's there yet with all of the Drovers' assets that wasn't nailed down. He left the vault behind when he started Monday on that business trip to Omaha.'

"I fell back in the bunk an' closed my eyes to think it over before I done anything rash, for I had a good ranch with a spring on it an' a balance of $15.75 in the busted bank."

BROTHER PARCELIUS



By EDWIN L. SABIN

Illustrated by HORACE TAYLOR

THE bonds of Hot Tamale Tau are stronger than the bonds of liquid glue. They are stronger than the needle to the Pole, or the magnet to the steel (I mean, vice versa), or the automobile to the bumps in the pavement. Anyhow, that was the style at old Peterkin University. If a Tamale Tau brother ever came inside the county limits he was given the grip and a meal and a chance to make a talk and pass the makin's. Some of us occasionally even borrowed a little money from him, just to show him that he was one of the family; and if there was anything that he could get away with, he was welcome to it.

So when Buster Brown, fresh., rushed in panting, at the holy hour of noon, with the news, we were visibly interested—as much as it behooved us to be interested by a freshman who as yet was allowed only at the second table.

"Say, fellows! Did you know it? That duck Jones is a Hot Tamale Tau!"

Thus squawked Buster.

Jones might have been a three-tailed calf instead of a duck, for all that we, engaged in the solemn task of gnawing alleged steak, could judge, until further enlightened; therefore we chilled Buster's callow enthusiasm with proper frosty silence—save as Spuds clinked his teeth upon his knife, and Granny, our Senior Law, siphoned his coffee from the moustache cup that his girl-back-home had given him.

"He is!" reiterated Buster. "Don't you believe it?"

"Submit it in writing, by your own hand," suggested Granny.

"Wait till I finish my pie," suggested Spuds. "I can't think when I eat."

"I'll bite," quoth Biffy. "I'll bite, little boy. Who is he? Then go and wash your face for dinner."

"Why, you gimps!" gasped Buster.

"Gwan and soak your heads! Gwan and read the bill-boards. He's that big lecturer coming in the Y. M. C. A. Star course! And he's a Tamale Tau, too!"

"Sad, if true," remarked Granny. "But this chapter's not to blame."

"Maybe we can get free tickets to the show," proffered Spuds, blithely. "What's the bill?"

"You big gimp! It's a lecture," reproved Buster.

"What on?"

"Egypt."

"Aw, I thought it might be 'Seeing Chicago by Gas Light,' or something like that," answered Spuds, placidly.

"You big gimp!" repudiated Buster. "You haven't been in Chicago since the fire, have you?"

"He means Fort Dearborn," kindly instructed Granny.

Biff took pity on our Buster, and reminded him:

"I said I'd bite. How do you know?"

"Know what?"

"That the gentleman in question is a Tamale Tau?"

"Jennison told me."

"Who's Jennison?" we chorused.

"Why, he's secretary of the Y. M. C. A., aint he? He got up the course."

"How does *he* know?"

"Because he does. He said so. He told me so himself, just a few minutes ago. He knows I'm a Tamale Tau, and so he told me."

"If everybody's finding out about Buster, the rest of us will have to resign," grumbled Spuds. "When we took him in, wasn't it understood that way?"

"Where's he from?" persisted Biff, to Buster.

"Who?" snapped Buster.

"This allegation."

"Talk English."

"You wont recognize it," retorted Biff, neatly. "This Jones. What's his chapter?"

"I dunno," confessed Buster, with freshie carelessness. "East or west somewhere, I guess."

"Well," said Granny, "if our little newsgatherer has not been misinformed by the Y. M. C. A. bureau we'd better

"I'll bite," quoth Biffy; "I'll bite, little boy—who is he?"

have Brother Jones up to the house, then."

"Sure thing," concurred all of us. Which had been the main thought anyway—the foregoing monkey-work being just a by-play kindly to train our freshmen in the way they should exist. On the dead, we of Hot Tamale Tau at old Peterkin were and are a sociable bunch, with the glad hand perpetually out.

The latest catalogue of Hot Tamale Tau frat. in our select library was of a vintage before the days of pneumatic tires or even safeties; to be exact, in other words, it dated back ere the memory of even Biffy (who had started into college when Chicago University was a Baptist academy and Walter Camp played for Yale), or of Granny, who was venerable enough to enjoy a moustache cup. None of us was in the catalogue; only our fathers were. Now we bitterly wished that we had the new catalogue which we were pledged to buy as soon as the interest on our building fund was paid up, or as soon as some of the fellows had paid merely their dues.

Our Tamale Tau catalogue proved full of Joneses—about seven to each letter of the alphabet. Hot Tamale Tau certainly ran to Joneses, and particularly to the P. Joneses—Peter, Paul, Punk and Prune, Petit Pois and Prince of Pilsen, and plain, garden P's. The Jones for which—I would say, whom—we were looking was, said Buster, Brother Parcelius J. Jones. Naturally he was among the plain, garden variety. Of the P. J.'s there were thirteen. I tell you, Hot Tamale Tau is a big frat.

We assigned him amongst us. Biff was to get posted on Columbia, Granny on Stanford, Spuds on Knox, Dink on Whitman Memorial, Shad (whose full cognomen was Shadrach) on Tallahassee Agricultural, Buster on Texas, Sawbones on Michigan, until we had him covered. No matter which P. J. he could be, we could converse intelligently with him about his alma mater. T. Roosevelt had nary edge on us diplomats of Hot Tamale Tau at old Peterkin.

This was lucky, that we thus divided Brother Parcelius up, for when Biffy and Granny and I wended our earnest way to confer with Brother (I speak now of the great brotherhood of man) Jennison, Y. M. C. A-er., aforesaid Br'er Jennison smilingly confirmed freshie Buster's report. But—

"Don't know his college," announced Br'er Jennison. "I may have known, but it has escaped my memory. He's a Hot Tamale Tau, though. Certainly he is. Yes, look him up. He gets in to-morrow afternoon at five o'clock, from Chicago."

"Where will he be at?" we inquired, decorously.

"At the hotel—the St. James."

"We thought that we'd have him up to the house to dinner," explained Granny.

"By all means," urged the agreeable Br'er Jennison. "He'd like that. I sha'n't have much time to devote to him, myself. But he's a fine fellow—a very fine fellow. Be sure you get him down to the hall at seven-thirty, that's all."

"We will," promised Granny, *et posse.*

"That's all right, then," encouraged hearty Br'er Jennison. "He's a corker, too!" By which we interpreted that he would imply an *un*-corker (modifying noun used figuratively). "You'll find him as jolly as the limit. He's shaved his moustache, but you'll know him by his bald head. P. J. Jones—Jay for Jolly."

That was good—but, as before implied, nobody, not a P. J. Jones from Columbia, Stanford, Tallahassee, Rolla, Whitman, Michigan or anyone from anywhere could trot in, and put one over on Hot Tamale Tau at old Peterkin. Nay, not in this era. So, trusting in the innuendo from Br'er Jennison, who in his palmy undergraduate days at North Dakota Wesleyan had been a corker-uncorker himself, we prepared to entertain Brother Jones fittingly.

In addition to cramming on our respective colleges we even took a short course in ancient and modern Egypt (a topic rather extensive) and Biffy bought some villainous Egyptian cigarettes.

By midnight-oil time Peterkin chap-

ter of Hot Tamale Tau was somewhat excited, I can tell you. Our duties loomed bigger and bigger. But in case our distinguished *frater* survived Spuds's table manners and the Jap's pie, we had a reserve of other entertainment. Some of us projected the delight of three Freshmen blindfolded, in a ring and equipped with stuffed salt-bags—a charming fête. Granny favored a moot court, with himself as prosecuting attorney.

However, in preparation for the social hour, Granny, our mentor, pleaded with the boys to wear their coats at table, and warned Spuds that if he essayed any knife play when devouring pie he would be muzzled.

Biff, Gran, Spuds and I were the committee to meet Brother Jones, and to escort him to the house. Biff, of course, represented Society; Gran represented Scholarship; Spuds was the Rah-rah, and I was there just because everybody loved me so. All the graces and disgraces of Hot Tamale Tau were combined in Yours Truthfully.

So Biff donned his latest tie, No. 69, Gran wrote his nightly letter to his girl at 4:44 instead of at 6:43. Spuds got a football trim to his hair, and we toddled majestically down to the concatenated and venerable hospice yclept St. James.

We were not too early, and we were not too late. There upon the register were inscribed the tracks which might be P. J. Jones.

Successively we advanced, our right hands ready with the Tamale Tau grip.

"Jones?" echoed Jimmy the clerk. "P. J. Jones? Yes, he's here. That's the gentleman in the writing-room. See him?"

We saw. Led by Granny, we marched to the writing-room. The gent. must be our meat, all right, for he had the bald head; and as the rest of him didn't look like his picture on the bills we knew him for the guilty party.

"A-hem," addressed our Granny, with his best Senior Law Blackstonian Websterian Chief-Justice voice. "Mr. Jones?"

The guilty party was a short, rosy man with a bristle-crown, bald centered and a pug nose—a cross between a shaved Santa Claus and a Battling Nelson. He looked up flustrated.

"Yes, I am Mr. Jones."

"A-hem. I am Brother Whitten, *Brother* Jones—Brother Robins, Brother Mitchell, Brother Jackson."

Successively we advanced, with our Hot Tamale Tau pins prominently hanging to our rounded chests, and our glad hands out ready with the Hot Tamale Tau grip.

"We'd like to have you come up to the house for dinner, if you can," elucidated Gran.

Brother Parcelius had flushed as if pleasedly—albeit naturally rattled at the onflux of us.

"To the house?"

"Yes, sir. Up to the chapter house."

"Why, er—I didn't understand—" stammered Brother Parcelius; but we permitted no ban to be placed upon the hospitality of Peterkin Tamales. Therefore Biffy politely interrupted.

"We'll get you down to the hall in time. We've arranged to have dinner promptly at five forty-five. That will give you two hours."

"Is it—er—far from the chapter house?"

"Four blocks. We can have a carriage for you," alleged Granny, with bluff magnificent. But our distinguished *frater* responded valiantly, as we had hoped.

"No, no; I implore you. That wont be necessary." We allowed ourselves to be implored. "Er—I shall go, with pleasure. To the chapter house, you say? I did not know about the chapter house."

"Sure," twittered Spuds and I; "got a dandy."

"But I must not be late for the meeting."

"No danger," we assured. "We'll see you there in plenty of time."

"And when would you like me to come?"

"Now, if you can. We're here to take you on up."

Brother Jones thought that he could; so, pridefully convoying him—Granny at the post of honor on his right, Biffy butting in on the left whenever he could, Spuds and I closing the rear—we steered a triumphant way up the street. Ever and anon as we met a Zeta Zip or Sigma Slug or Upsilon Whoopsilon or some such species of agglomerate, we snuggled more intimately with our illustrious guest and flaunted a mental cakewalk. No Brother P. J. Jones, Egyptian lecturer and graduate corker, ever was exhibited by Zeta Zip, Sigma Slug, *et cet.*

We ushered him in.

All the fellows were there, key vived to the limit. The chapter was, forsooth, a beautiful sight. Even the Sophs had on collars and coats instead of foxed sweaters, and most of the couch cushions were on the couches where they had been primevally, instead of on the floor. 'Tis true that a set of boxing-gloves was on the piano, and a couple of caps were stuck on a chandelier; but otherwise the scene was unmarred by human vileness except the freshmen and Medics.

A rag-time was abruptly changed to the glorious frat. hymn, and then the boys crowded forward, greeting beaming from their sinewy outstretched hands and noble newly-washed countenances.

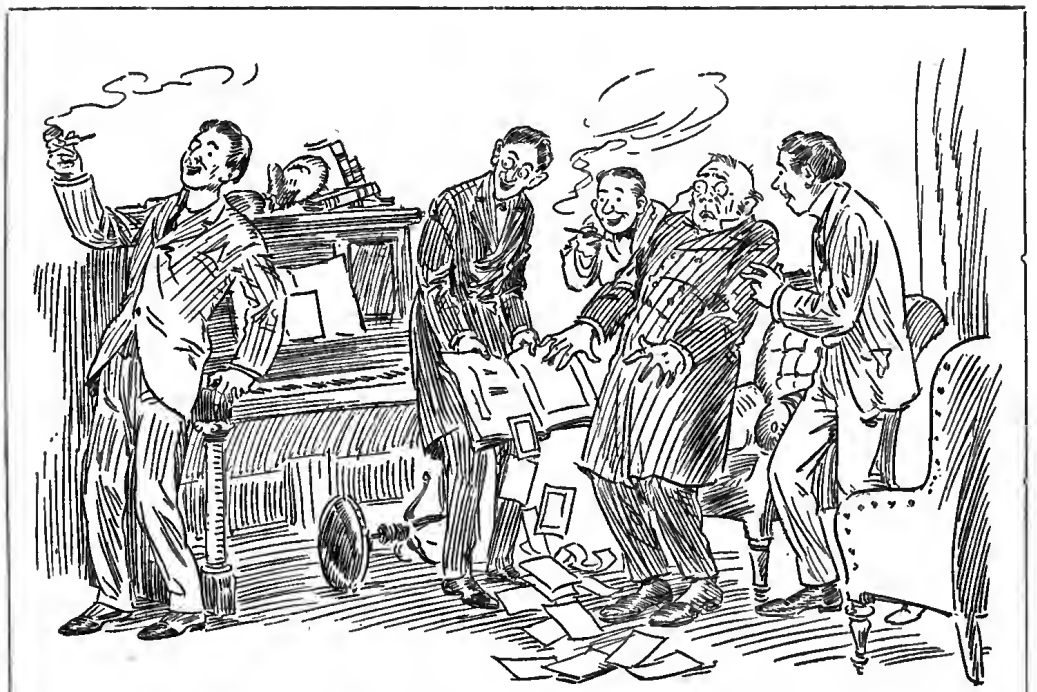
Our *frater* guest was visibly affected.

"Bless you all, each and every one, my young friends," he bubbled.

Evidently he was a genuine old-fashioned Hot Tamale Tau—one of the Silver Grays (only he chanced to be a Rosy Bald). While we were hovering in a sitting-standing mix-up, a wee voice sounded; a voice which never should be disobeyed, and never has been in Tamale Tau at old Peterkin. For—

"Deener iss," grinned Jo-Jo, our cook-waiter-houseboy-steward when not *incommunicado* through having locked himself in with his books, on the third floor. You know how those Japs study!

So out we went, in grand march, with fervent faith that maybe the steak was not burned on one side and raw on the other. I trusted also that Brother Jones noticed Jo-Jo's barber jacket, for the occasion borrowed out of turn from the Mu Mu girls' Jap. But early a queer thing happened. Just as Jo-Jo was juggling the first round of soup, and we were set on our marks, awaiting the instant when our guest would give the sig-



"Young man, I am more than pained; I am shocked"

nal by sticking in his spoon, said guest hazarded, mildly, his jolly face flushing:

"Ah—have we not omitted something?"

"Would you like to wash?" blurted Buster. We had all the freshmen at the first table—and that was what we got for it!

However, a few of us still retained the instincts of civilization.

"Shut up, you little brat," hissed Dink; and frozen with horror I caught on.

Of Brother Jones's head the bald center only was proffered to us a-down the table, and I heard Granny saying, sweetly:

"If you will take the lead, Brother Jones."

Granny knew.

Brother Jones murmured grace, and the Jap was so confused that he dripped, dripped his poised bowl of soup down Biffy's neck. But Biff was game.

Well, albeit shamed by a snigger from some heathen in the Sophomore division, we were glad to have that grace. It made us think that we were going to get something especial—that it was wise to have it before instead of after. Jo-Jo's cooking was likely to be flavored with Greek roots and ancient history. Habitually he concocted with reading specs on and a book in each hand.

The innovation by Brother Jones rather put us off our stride; but under the inspiration of Granny and Biffy and the rest of us who had been in training at home we gradually drew up even again until, when the first mouthfuls of steak had been Fletcherized so that they would pass a fourteen and three-quarters collar, we were going strong.

Granny told his only funny story. As we helped Brother Jones laugh-nobody would have suspected that we seniors had heard the story twenty-two times, juniors seventeen times, sophs eleven times, and freshies already six times. That was our Jap's duty; to practice his mathematics by keeping track.

Dink started in on a story, but it had a swear-word in it, and we choked him off. No use sending Brother Jones to the Y. M. C. A. lecture stage with a swear-word echoing in his mind. Biff tucked his napkin under his chin to save his tie, and Spuds' knife clinked once on his teeth. So we were at ease and were comfortable. And Brother Jones was O. K., too.

"Pass Brother Jones the bread, Jo."

"Have some potato, Brother Jones."

"Let Jo help you to some meat, Brother Jones. Nice piece of steak waiting for you."

Brother Jones wasn't fooled a bit by that last bluff; he was wise; he'd been at a frat. house before. *There never is any more steak.* Or if there is, it's for hash.

Pretty soon we felt out a little more, with remarks such as these, to make our guest at home. Granny led.

"I understand that at Stanford, so and so; isn't that a fact, Brother Jones?"

Brother Jones seemed not certain. Gran had failed, and Biff tried.

"Columbia certainly did clean 'em up in football, this season; didn't she, Brother Jones? Must have a great system out there."

"I dare say," responded Brother Jones. "But I really haven't noticed."

"But how about Whitman Memorial?" prompted Dink, hopefully.

"Where is that, may I ask?" responded Brother Jones.

So of course he hadn't been *there*—which was fortunate, inasmuch as Dink had forgotten the location.

Yes, sir; from Columbia to Tallahassee Agricultural we made a water-haul. Nothing doing. Humph! But undiscouraged we continued our well meaning little repartees, and switched to Egypt. Granny elucidated on the pyramids, Biff on mummies, Dink on flat-foot architecture of the human anatomy as portrayed by the native artists, Sawbones on embalming, I on Cook round-trips; we faintly interested our guest,

"And we sang the famous closing hymn of the Hot Tamale Tau"

but he plainly was holding in, lest we steal his thunder from him. That was legitimate, only he could have trusted his brother Hot Tamale Taus. Jo-Jo took notes. He learned a lot, this dinner. Suddenly—

"When I was at college—" began Brother Jones; and we pricked our ears. But he merely desired to state that when he was at college they boarded in a club at $1.20 a week, and lived well, too. Possibly something about our meal called up this recollection; but we did not love being reminded of the fact.

Following our pleasant social intercourse and pie we adjourned to toothpicks on the side—mainly on the outside for those who used them mostly on the inside. Herewith some of the hardened devotees of the noxious weed immediately sneaked off to hit the pipe; Granny grandiloquently materialized a cigar that looked like the kind smoked by Prexy himself in the seclusion of his home (Granny and Prexy were pals) and offered it to Brother Jones. Brother Jones DECLINED! While we were resuscitating Gran and two freshmen, Biff rushed to the front, having produced from the ice-box, whither we had exiled them, his *chef d'oeuvre*—the Egyptian cigarettes made on Clark Street, Chicago.

"Probably you would prefer one of these, Brother Jones," he suggested, politely. "They're the best we could get, on short notice. They're either Egyptian or dago."

Brother Jones even angrily brushed him aside.

"Young man, I have never contracted the habit and I hope that I am too old to learn. And I cannot—no, I cannot refrain from saying, my young friends and brethren, that I am more than pained, I am shocked, at the indulgence I see"—he might have said "smell"—"in this vice in this chapter house."

"We'll cut it out, if it's offensive," apologized Biff, hastily. "Didn't know. Pardon us."

"It's not offensive to *me;* but it's ungodly," reproved Brother Jones.

So it was, if he referred to Spuds' old pipe. We agreed with him, on that point. Anyway, the fellows who could not exist without their post-prandial nicotine needs must retire to the furnace room. However, not a murmur was heard. Brother Jones was proving a disappointment, in certain respects; but he was a Hot Tamale Tau, and that we must not forget. Granny and Dink and Biff and the rest of us under self-control remained loyally with him.

Just to develop the jollity and help him along to the uncorking point we showed him our scrap-book of dance programs, and of other relics that portrayed the glories of Hot Tamale Tau at old Peterkin; and all the annuals, with the jokes about us, the pictures of us; and Dink told a story that *he* knew—knew almost as well as we did.

Brother Jones' center of jollity (that bald place) grew rosy, as if being warmed up; and we were quite cosy.

"When I was at college—" he preambled; and Granny dived into the hole in the line.

"By the way, where was that, Brother Jones?" he invited, casually.

"Columbia, wasn't it?" urged Biff.

"Whitman Memorial!" hinted Dink.

"Tallahassee Agricultural!" proposed Shad.

"Rolla!" guessed I.

"My college?" queried Brother Jones.

"Yes!" we chorused. "Where you joined the fraternity."

"Oh! I came into the great brotherhood at Joseph and Ebenezer University."

A dreadful pause ensued. Brains were racked. Dink broke the ice in another spot.

"Didn't know we had a chapter there," he confessed.

"Oh, yes. A chapter house—" but a fierce turmoil interrupted further confidences.

The three blindfolded freshmen, with stuffed salt bags, were in the ring pitched impromptu amidst the precincts of the once fair dining room! Oh, the swats! 'Twas beautiful. Promptly we abandoned our prize literature—left the

archives of Hot Tamale Tau at old-Peterkin—left them on the floor—and prepared to devote our minds to physical culture.

"What's the matter?" implored Brother Jones, as we rose *en masse*.

"Just a little fun," explained Biff. "See them? Come on, where you'll have a better view."

"Come on, Brother Jones," we all bade.

Oh, revelry of a high-toned kind reigned supreme, and we thought that Brother Jones would feel at home; that in his breast would revive the spirit of his old days at Joseph and Ebenezer. Our blindfolded fresh had advanced to the fray with huge strides, swinging his salt-bag like a war-club; a second had dropped cannily on one knee, listening for an opportunity; the third stood stock still, jabbing into thin air. Fresh number one stumbled and fell over fresh number two; fresh number three charged delightedly forward, groped for the source of the racket, and fell to pounding his weapon flail-like upon his fallen enemies. Presently these latter arose in red wrath and battle-royal ensued—really a sweet little *fracas*. So—

"Come on, Brother Jones," we encouraged.

But when we looked back, Brother Jones was gazing in a wabbly fashion after us, and upon his erstwhile jolly countenance sate strange paleness and bewilderment.

"Come!" we beckoned. The three fresh had each other in a corner; they were mad; they didn't care how hard they hit. Goodness me! Dearie dear! We wished that Brother Jones would hurry.

But he shook his head.

With some natural reluctance we tore ourselves loose and went back.

"Wont you join us?"

"No; excuse me, but I must be going. I—I thank you, but I must be going."

That was more disappointment, for the moot court and Jo-Jo as a monkey were still to be staged. However—

"If you think best," granted Granny. "We'll take you down. But first we must have the closing hymn, you know. Can't omit that—the ring chant of Hot Tamale Tau. I'll get the fellows."

So he hustled and stopped the circus and untangled the three fresh, and got the fellows together, and assembled for the ring chant.

Perhaps they didn't have that at Joseph and Ebenezer in Brother Jones' time, for he was green. However, we formed the ring, with him following the instructions. You know the Hot Tamale Tau ring. It's not secret. Fellows stand in a circle, right leg of one engaging left leg of next, and hand joined with hand behind backs all the way around. Brother Jones passed the leg-work, but joined hands. And we sang the famous closing hymn of Hot Tamale Tau—The Star Spangled Banner song of the noble frat.

Oh, it's great to be a Hot Tamale Tau!
It's great to clasp a brother by the paw!
But there's nothing like the knowledge
That as soon as you leave college
You can squeeze this earthly cosmos by the craw!

Oh, you must be a Hot Tamale Tau,
'Rah! 'Rah!
Or you can't go to Heaven when you die! 'Rah! 'Rah!
You have but to show your pin
And Br'er Peter'll let you in,
And you'll always have the extra piece of pie! 'Rah! 'Rah!

Then we rendered our yell: three sneezes and a whoop-up which flung our hands and legs into the air.

This left Brother Jones a bit breathless.

"I must go!" he gasped, hastily. He made for the hall. "I must go. I did not realize—it was rather a different—er—program than I had expected. Had I known, beforehand—"

"You'll be in time. It's only seven-thirty," assured Biff. "We can make it in ten minutes, easy."

We all swarmed into the hall with him, and hustled him into his coat and hat.

"Thank you," quavered Brother Jones, who seemed much affected at the parting, prospective. The bonds of Hot

Tamale Tau are as aforesaid, in the preamble to this sad tale. They stretch only with pain; and they bust never. "I will say good-night, then. Good-night, my dear boys." He was flushing with his jolly flush—and if he was to uncork, now was the supreme and final moment. But he merely added: "I should like to have had a little different parting—something a little more significant of the principles of our order—" you. I was hoping. I shall be delighted, brothers, delighted. And will you attend? *This is* a surprise! Bless you again."

I heard Spuds gurgle rapturously over the scheme; and with mutual congratulations emanating from our expectant visages we flocked forth. To be guests for nothing, of an Egyptian lecturer, is worth the price. As previously forecasted, the Y. M. C. A. hall is at the campus,

"Three Freshs in a ring, blindfolded and equipped with salt bags—a charming fête"

He may have been upon the verge of offering us a stein, to eke out our harmless art collection; or a new piano. You never can tell. However, he concluded: "I can only say, bless you, bless you; and good-by."

"Hold on. We're going with you," informed Gran.

"What! All?"

"Sure. We escort you down."

Also we'd go in with him—dead-head. This we did not announce, but the other was enough. He brightened wonderfully, with real pleasure.

"Good!' he exclaimed. "I didn't ask only three blocks away; and when within half a block, just to let the interested populace know of our existence and our late honors, we struck up a song for Hot Tamale Tau:

Oh, you must be a Hot Tamale Tau,
'Rah! 'Rah!
Or you can't go to Heaven when you die! 'Rah! 'Rah!

But ere our finale of three sneezes and a tiger for Brother Jones had tootled out, in second breath, with lift of hand and frantic halt he cut it off.

"I beg of you! Not here! Isn't that the place?"

"No; opposite corner, brother," instructed Biff, as cheerfully as possible under the circumstances. "This is the Methodist church."

"Then it *is* the place! I am shocked! They may have heard—!"

"But the Y. C. M. A. auditorium is yours, isn't it, Brother Jones?" prompted Gran.

"I didn't understand so."

"Certainly it is; that's what the bills say," we assured. "Lecture on Egypt, Parcelius H. Jones, April 10, Y. M. C. A. auditorium, eight o'clock."

"But, dear me! I have no lecture on Egypt."

"We beg your pardon. We thought you wanted the Y. M. C. A. hall. You're Brother Jones?"

"Yes, I'm Brother Jones, I trust."

"Parcelius J. Jones?"

"Potiphar J. Jones is my name."

Uh!

"The distinguished lecturer upon Egypt?"

"The very humble evangelist, for church and soul."

Uh!

"At the Y. M. C. A.?"

"At the First Methodist church, of this city, for one week."

Uh!

The world reeled off a few reels of stars; and Granny spoke.

"We beg your pardon. We were glad to entertain you—but we thought that you were a brother Hot Tamale Tau. We were directed to the St. James and we saw your name on the register. The —ahem—circumstantial evidence was presumptive of your guilt."

Granny loved the legal sound of himself.

"Yes? My dear boys! Then it has been a mistake all 'round. We are brothers, just the same, but I took you for members of that glorious band, the Brethren of the Holy Grail—an organization of the Christian youth militant, with chapters throughout the United States. I was," he added, generously, "a little surprised at the furnishing of your house; but then, you know, we are blessed with chapter homes in many towns and cities, and I am frequently entertained—although I would say, without criticising, that the program usually takes a little different tone from that employed by you, my dear boys."

We had started from the house twenty-four strong; but during the recent moments I had felt an ebbing in the human tide, and a chilly back. A hasty glance revealed us to be about eleven weak.

"We're sorry—" faltered Gran. "This is the Methodist church. It seems to be lighted for you."

"You're coming in, though, aren't you?"

"Not to-night, thank you," we chorused. "We must study."

Brother Jones was disappointed.

"I understood that you were," he said. "Come to-morrow night, or next. We have services all the week. Good-night, then; good-night. Er—I confess I did find the chapter house a little different from those heretofore visited by me. But—good-night, and bless you."

So we parted from him.

"Great Scottibus!" murmured Gran —his strongest cuss-word since he had the girl-back-home and life-insurance with a tontine policy. "Where do you suppose Brother Parcelius is?"

We didn't know. But we darted across to the Y. M. C. A. building to find out. A little knot of people were reading a notice on the board outside:

JONES LECTURE POSTPONED. TRAIN DELAYED.

ARABIAN NIGHTS IN THE THEATRE

by Louis V. De Foe

Photograph by White, New York
Macey Harlan as the *Beggar Kasim* and Otis Skinner as *Hajj, the Beggar*, exulting over the purse of gold, in "Kismet"

THE reaction against the matter-of-fact drama of contemporaneous life, which for several months has been foreshadowed by the gradually increasing number and popularity of plays of exotic interest and fantastic design, has now fairly set in. If there were doubt that the theatre is again about to be subject to one of those periodical changes in public taste, to which it always finds a way to respond, it would be removed by the persistent popularity of "The Garden of Allah" and the sudden and unqualified success of the two new Oriental dramas, "Kismet" and "Sumurun." These two very recent additions to the growing list, so alike in flavor and yet so different in the manner of their performance, must inevitably inspire a long succession of imitations.

In the case of "Kismet," the Magic Key, which unlocks the double-bolted door to the treasure house of the fabled past, seems to have fallen into the hands of Mr. Edward Knoblauch, its author.

To classify "Kismet" is not less difficult than to describe it. To make it understandable to the reader, something of its essence, as well as the bare bones of its story, must be made known. Melodrama it surely is; but not melodrama in the accepted meaning of that term. Its theme is poetically and exotically romantic. The scenes and characters, which provide its bizarre panorama, are so remote from the actual that there is nothing to impede the flight of its fancies. It is a fairy tale, grim, passionate, blood-thirsty and romantic, and charged with a grim humor that makes its sat-

urnalia of violence, lust and crime fascinating, rather than gruesome.

In its graphically-imagined character of *Hajj, the Beggar*—as impersonated by Mr. Otis Skinner, this picturesque cut-throat is the finest example of romantic acting offered by any native actor on our stage at this time—is commingled all those traits which we inevitably associate with the elemental, ancient children of the Prophet. The fatalism and religious fanaticism, the sensuous and luxurious languor, the outwardly calm resignation to circumstance, the guile and guilelessness, the demoniacal cunning, the fawning hypocrisy, the fiercely passionate hatred, that patiently bides its opportunity for ferocious revenge—these are only some of the traits in the mosaic of *Hajj's* nature, and they exist as well in all the other figures of the play.

Yet, in spite of the reprehensible qualities which, it would seem, must win for him the fullest measure of our Occidental contempt, *Hajj,* the impudent, prosperous beggar, is also one of the most engaging villains that ever whined for alms at a mosque door or varied the monotony of his disreputable life by slitting the purses of his victims in the dark purlieus of ancient Bagdad.

In the fatalistic belief of the followers of the Prophet, every man, Christian dog as well as the Faithful, will have his day, if he only have the wisdom to seize upon the preordained combination of lucky circumstances. And "Kismet" is the epitome of *Hajj, the Beggar's,* day of days. Within the rising and setting of a single sun he becomes the very shuttlecock of fortune. He begins at the depths only to rise to the heights. He finds himself transformed—always by the will of Allah—from the rags of a mendicant to the splendor of a prince. In the whirligig of his checkered experience, he becomes, by turn, robber, necromancer, abductor, assassin, avenger of wrongs and protector of fair women, to end where he began: a miserable outcast crouching at the temple gate. If this, then, be the epitome of an Arabian Day, is it not fair to ask, what must be the marvels of an Arabian Night?

It is necessary to create in the audience a receptive mood for a play of this peculiar kind. It is gained by a series of divertisements before the story begins, and during the periods which divide the series of episodes into three acts. Before a somber curtain, bearing Arabic legends in mysterious script, singers, dancers and magicians appear. Then a Mohammedan story teller comes forth. "There was a man—" he begins, and as he vanishes, the pages of the picture play begin to turn.

The dimly lighted square before the Mosque of the Carpenters first unfolds itself in vague, misty outlines. As the life of ancient Bagdad begins to stir at the approach of dawn, *Hajj, the Beggar,* snoring on his ancestral stone at the temple entrance, rouses himself lazily at the Muzzein's call, for what is to be his strangely eventful day. There is jangling among the beggars, punctuating their shrill importunities for alms—always in the name of Allah—and then *Hajj* commits the error which launches him upon his whirl of marvelous adventure. He makes the mistake of blessing his sworn enemy, the old *Sheik Jawan,* who has stolen his wife and killed his son, and receives in return a purse of gold. Great is *Hajj's* rejoicing at this unexpected stroke of fortune, but bitter are its results.

The beggar must have fine raiment for himself and his daughter, *Marsinah,* to match the dignity of his newly acquired wealth, so he betakes himself with all haste to the bazaars in the market place, a scene alive with picturesque animation and noisy with the din and babel of bartering throngs. But the avarice of *Hajj's* nature gets the better of him. He craftily embroils the competing merchants in a quarrel, and then steals away, with their rich fabrics, to his hovel behind the mosque, where *Marsinah* at her loom is awaiting the coming of the handsome, unknown youth, who is wooing her.

No sooner has *Hajj* begun to display before *Marsinah's* astonished eyes his rich plunder, than he is pounced upon by the Caliph's police and dragged before the throne of the ferocious *Wazir Mansur,* a sinister Oriental chief of po-

lice, who sits enthroned in his palace, guarded by a naked ebony sworder, with a leering, hideous hunchback crouching at his feet. At the supplications of the merchants, whom he has robbed, *Hajj* is condemned to torture. He hears with trembling the edict of the *Wazir,* that he lose his right hand, but with flattery and fawning humility he turns the tables on his accusers, and buys immunity by offering to assassinate the *Caliph Abdullah,* Commander of the Faithful, and thus clear the wicked *Wazir's* way to the throne.

At this rare luck, the treachery of *Hajj's* nature, spurred by his ambition, begins to assert itself. He almost succeeds in making love to his patron's favorite wife. He actually barters to the *Wazir* his daughter *Marsinah,* little dreaming that her mysterious lover is the *Caliph Abdullah,* himself, who is wooing her incognito, vowing he will never lift his royal eyes to womankind until she has consented to become his bride. All this, were it known to *Hajj,* might have made a vast difference in his day of days. Instead, in resplendent robes, he goes gaily off on his mission of assassination.

Photograph by White, New York
Rita Jolivet as *Marsinah,* and Fred Eric as the *Caliph,* in "Kismet"

In the audience hall of the Caliph's palace, *Hajj,* treacherously pleading to present a petition to the ruler, comes upon his prey. It would be difficult indeed to imagine in the theatre a scene of more impressive splendor than this revelation of an Oriental potentate's court, thronged with armoured Nubian soldiers, richly apparelled eunuchs, fawning secretaries and panoplied ambassadors, and with the golden mosques and minerets of ancient Bagdad shimmering in the distance in the rays of a midday sun. But *Hajj's* perfidy fails. The thrust of his sword is turned by a coat of mail, which the Caliph wears under his silken robes of state, and now the beggar finds himself bound in chains and cast into a foul dungeon, to await a sentence of death by mutilation.

The fortunes of *Hajj's* day of days do not end even now. In his prison he comes, to his heart's great joy, upon his hated enemy, the *Sheik Jawan,* who un-

wittingly gave him the purse that is the cause of his misery. Thirst for revenge inflames him to sudden fury. With prodigious strength, he bursts his chains and pounces upon his foe. With gleeful satisfaction, he throttles this aged enemy and disguises himself in the *Sheik's* clothes and thus secures his freedom.

Nor does this end *Hajj's* eventful adventures. The scene has changed to the gorgeous interior of the *Wazir Mansur's* hamman, to which the captive *Marsinah* has been dragged, to become the victim of its liege lord's perfidious lust. The women of the harem, gorgeously dressed and reclining upon rich divans or splashing in a great rectangular pool, are suddenly startled from their luxurious ease by *Hajj's* intrusion. The beggar is bent upon a supreme deed of vengeance. He hurls the *Wazir* into his own bath and drowns him, joyously counting the bubbles as they rise to the surface. *Hajj*

Photograph by White, New York

Sheridan Block as the *Sheik Jawan*

and Otis Skinner as *Hajj, the Beggar*, in "Kismet"

barely anticipates the *Caliph Abdullah,* who, learning of *Marsinah's* peril, arrives to rescue her, just as the beggar has accomplished the deed. Discovering that *Hajj* is his sweetheart's father, what is left for the Caliph to do but commute his sentence of torture to banishment from Bagdad?

The evening of *Hajj's* eventful Arabian Nights day has now come. The scene is again in the Mosque of the Carpenters, in the dimly lighted square. *Hajj,* once more in his beggar's rags, slinks back to his ancestral stone beside the entrance. "As I am dust to the Caliph, so am I Caliph to the dust," he says as he ousts a weaker beggar from his place. And then he settles down, to snore in peace and await the rising of the next day's sun, which is to be the signal for his banishment.

The difficulty of conveying by a literal description of incident, the full flavor of a play so enveloped by the rarefied atmosphere

of fancy must, of course, be apparent. Such description must omit the numerous small details of humorous grotesquerie, which tend to relieve a story, sinister in the literal deeds of its characters, of the repellent malignancy it would have without them. As pictured in "Kismet," *Hajj's* wonderful day is as fascinating and as kindling in its imagination as one of the fables of the "Thousand and One Nights;" and it has the added attraction of scenes which resemble illustrations made by an artist's brush.

Mr. Skinner thoroughly realizes the humorously malignant reprobate, who is the hero of miraculous experiences. It is the finest rôle that has fallen to him in years. A little more modern, and also a little less Oriental, is Hamilton Revelle, who impersonates the showy character of the *Wazir Mansur.* To Fred Eric, as the handsome *Caliph Abdullah,* falls the task of weaving into the story the only thread of sentiment the play contains. Miss Rita Jolivet is successful as *Marsinah* and Sheridan Block lends Eastern austerity to the rôle of the *Sheik Jawan.* There are more than one hundred other figures in the play's pageantry, among whom George Ralph, as the *Wazir Mansur's* lithe and sinewy sworder, and Bennett Kilpack, as his malevolent, hunch-back secretary, linger most vividly in the memory.

CURIOUSLY similar to "Kismet" in its atmosphere and spirit and in its vivid portrayal of the same consuming passions of love, jealousy, intrigue and murder, is the Persian fable-play, "Sumurun." At the same time, there could be no more violent contrasts than it offers, both in the manner of its production and in the style of its performance, for, during the entire length of the drama's graphic progress, not a syllable is spoken audibly on the stage. "Sumurun" is an unique example of the triumph of gesture and facial expression over the voice, and eloquent despite its silence. To it is attached the added interest of making this country familiar, for the first time, with the revolutionary methods of Prof. Max Reinhardt, the Berlin stage manager, whose fame has come up like a rocket during the last four years, until now he is the acknowledged leader of the fast-spreading secessionist movement against the old and accepted conventions of the theatre.

A knowledge of some of Prof. Reinhardt's innovations is necessary for a right appreciation of the exact flavor of this play of Persian antiquity. He is an impressionist in dramatic art. By swift, bold strokes of color, on flat backgrounds that are barren of perspective, he strives merely to suggest his scenes, leaving the spectator's imagination free to complete the picture. This process enables him to throw his brilliantly costumed characters into bolder relief, and, seemingly, to intensify the action of the play.

"Sumurun" may be described as a huge, gorgeously colored poster, peopled with animate figures. As "Kismet" is a triumph of the fantastic, so is this "wordless play" a triumph of the grotesque. Yet, always, there is in it the saving grace of grim humor.

Let me attempt to unravel the double intrigue which is acted in pantomime to the accompaniment of interpretive music composed by Herr Victor Hollaender. In the ancient city of Shagpat dwells a handsome young cloth merchant, *Nur-al-Din.* To his bazaar in the market place, hard by a tiny theatre of which a *Hunchback* is proprietor, comes *Sumurun,* the favorite wife of an *Old Sheik.* They exchange a glance and a smile and at once they are lovers.

Dancing in the little theatre is a *Beautiful Slave Of Fatal Enchantment,* whom the *Hunchback* loves almost to distraction, though she has no eyes for a creature so hideous as he. Rather is she enamored of the *Son Of The Sheik,* who haunts the theatre and to whom, in coquetry, she has once thrown her veil.

One day, the *Old Sheik* happens to visit the bazaar in search of *Sumurun,* just as the *Beautiful Slave Of Fatal Enchantment* is dancing on the little stage. He proposes instantly to buy her for his harem; but at first the *Hunchback* will not sell. At length, having surprised her in the arms of the *Son Of The Sheik,* her master decides that it would be better for her to be the slave of the

Photograph by White, New York
Susanne Herzog as Sumurun's *Maid;* Camilla Eibenschuetz as *Sumurun;* Hans Felix as the *Son of the Sheik;* Two Women of the Harem; Paul Conradi as the *Sheik;* Emil Lind as the *Hunchback;* and Leopoldine Konstantin as the *Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment*, in "Sumurun"

father than the concubine of the son, and the bargain is struck. Then, remorseful at his heartlessness, the *Hunchback* attempts to poison himself by swallowing a powerful root, but the drug sticks in his throat and causes him to pass into a swoon resembling death. Thereupon the *Son Of The Sheik,* horrified at the tragedy to which he thinks his flirtation has led, contrives to hide the *Hunchback's* body in a sack, which also contains *Sumurun's* purchases from *Nur-al-Din's* bazaar. The merchant, not knowing what has occurred, orders his porters to carry it away.

Now follows a scene showing the *Old Sheik's* palace, guarded by drowsy eunuchs. First comes the *Sun Of The Sheik,* who is anxious for another glimpse of the *Beautiful Slave Of Fatal Enchantment,* and afterward *Nur-al-Din,* pretending to sell cloth, but secretly desirous of continuing his intrigue with *Sumurun.* The newly purchased slave is borne in on a litter and, following her, *Nur-al-Din's* porters bring the sack which contains *Sumurun's* purchases and also the body of the unconscious *Hunchback.* A hideous old *Snake Charmer,* from the *Hunchback's* theatre, trails after the ill-assorted procession. The sack is unpacked and the *Hunchback's* body is discovered. It is tossed about carelessly for a time, and then carried back to *Nur-al-Din's* shop in the market place.

Sumurun is of no mind to be cheated of her plebeian lover. So, back to the market place she goes, with her attendants, and schemes with the merchant to

Photograph by White, New York
Leopoldine Konstantin as The *Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment* and Emil Lind as the *Hunchback* in "Sumurun"

Photograph by White, New York
Fritiz Feher as *Nur-al-Din* and Camilla Eibenschuetz as *Sumurun*, in "Sumurun"

hide himself in a chest with new purchases, and thus gain an entrance to the forbidden precincts of the harem. The chest that is chosen happens to be the one in which the *Snake Charmer* has concealed the body of the *Hunchback.*

Once again at the palace, *Sumurun's* attendants aid *Nur-al-Din* to escape from the chest in time to evade the guards, who, however, discover the body of the *Hunchback,* which they carelessly toss aside. At this juncture the poison root is dislodged from his throat, and he revives to find his beloved *Beautiful Slave Of Fatal Enchantment* trysting with the *Son Of The Sheik.* The pair's happiness is short, for the *Old Sheik,* arriving opportunely, drags the girl away to his harem, and the *Son* and the *Hunchback,* unseen by each other, stealthily follow.

The harem of the *Old Sheik,* to which the story next progresses, is, perhaps, more typical than any other scene in the play of Prof. Reinhardt's peculiar method of obtaining striking pictorial effects. Its galleried walls are dull black in color, save for slight decorations of gilt. The beauties of the seraglio, in gorgeous costumes of filmiest textures, are dancing in amative abandon, and holding high carnival, in honor of *Sumurun's* lover. As the *Old Sheik* appears, the revelry ends and *Nur-al-Din* seeks safe-

ty behind the draperies. *Sumurun* pretends to woo her aged husband's love by the sensuality of her dance. She even has coaxed the *Old Sheik* to embrace her when, remembering that *Nur-al-Din's* eyes are upon her, she tears herself from the old man's arms. Then, the angry master of the harem turns to the *Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment* and bears her up a winding stair to his chamber above.

This chamber scene is another wondrous poster picture. The only object on the stage is a massive bed with silken draperies, bathed in a flood of yellow light that streams from a huge lantern. The *Old Sheik* is sleeping and the *Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment* crouches at his feet. The *Son Of The Sheik* climbs the stairs and rushes to the *Slave's* embrace. She begs him to kill the tyrant; but he shrinks from the deed until, intoxicated by her caresses, he advances to do her bidding. As his sword is about to fall, the *Hunchback* darts from the shadows and plunges a knife into his back. Even in his death throes, the *Son Of The Sheik* thinks only of revenge. Grappling with his father, they stumble down the stairs to surprise *Sumurun* and *Nur-al-Din.* The women dance madly to distract the attention of the *Old Sheik. Sumurun* bares her breast to his dagger to save her lover. *Nur-al-Din,* meanwhile, has thrown himself between them, when the *Hunchback* darts forward again and stabs the old man in the heart. Thus does he satisfy his hatred for the pair that have deprived him of his *Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment.* So ends the story of Oriental lust, which, like the ancient fables from which it draws its inspiration, leaves *Nur-al-Din* and *Sumurun* to live happily ever after.

The acting of the pantomime furnishes an illustration of the interpretive value of expert stage management. It seems almost incredible that the complicated details of the story's double intrigue can be so clearly and vividly conveyed to audiences without the use of words. Possibly it may be better that signs are used in place of dialogue in some of the episodes, for, however appropriate they may be to the Persian antiquity which "Sumurun" represents, they are unpleasantly suggestive and wholly out of keeping with every Occidental sense of propriety.

None of the actors, who form the resident company of the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin, have been hitherto seen in this country. They are a body of highly trained artists, most conspicuous among whom are Fräulein Camilla Eibenschuetz as *Sumurun,* Fritz Feher as *Nur-al-Din,* Fräulein Leopoldine Konstantin as the *Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment,* Emil Lind as the *Hunchback,* Paul Conradi as the *Old Sheik* and Hans Felix as the *Son of The Sheik.*

THE Hawaiian Islands—another of the localities remote from everyday observation and experience, which, periodically, are mercilessly ravaged by the comic opera librettists—have been annexed to the domain of legitimate drama by Richard Walton Tully, whose play, "The Bird of Paradise," succeeds to quite a surprising degree in conveying a faithful idea of their tropical languors and seductive, soul-destroying influence.

The threads of two romantic interests are intertwined in its plot. *Paul Wilson,* a young American scientist, with his betrothed, *Diana Larncd,* goes out to the Islands to study the bacillus of leprosy. Immediately upon landing on the Puna coast, he falls under the influence of a native enchantress, *Luana,* who has just been informed by the Priest of Pele that she is the great-grand-daughter of *Kamehaha,* and therefore the lawful queen. But she shows no interest in her royal rights, because of her infatuation for the American stranger, and he, despite the warning of a degraded beach-comber, *Dean,* who has succumbed to the lures of the Island's liquor and lazy life, decides to remain with her. *Dean,* however, pulls himself up, under *Diana's* inspiration, and follows her to the invigorating altitudes of the mountains, where he takes up the work that *Wilson* had planned.

In the two years which intervene until the second act, the evil allurements of tropical life have worked their destructive power upon the young scientist, who has sunk to a condition of besotted

Photograph by White, New York
Lewis S. Stone as *Paul Wilson* and Laurette Taylor as *Luana*, in "The Bird of Paradise," the Hawaiian play, by Richard Walton Tully

Photograph by White, N. Y.
Guy Bates Post as *Dean* and Pamela Gaythorne as *Diana Larned*, in "The Bird of Paradise"

shiftlessness. The faithful *Luana* has lost caste with her people, on account of her refusal to accept the throne. By this time *Dean* has become regenerated and now, as *Diana's* promised husband, is preparing to return to the United States to win fame and fortune from his scientific discoveries.

The two men meet again, under reversed conditions, at a time when *Captain Hatch,* an unprincipled planter, is attempting to foment a revolution among the natives in the interest of a commercial clique. He has almost persuaded the weak-willed *Wilson* to take advantage of *Luana's* royal rights and seize the Island; but the conspiracy is defeated by *Wilson* himself, who has begun to grow weary of his charming but half-barbaric princess and is filled with remorse at the sight of *Dean's* prosperity and happiness.

Luana's refusal to respond to the call of her people has brought down upon her the wrath of the priests of Pele. In her wretchedness, which follows the loss of *Wilson's* love, she falls victim to an ancient superstition of the natives that when the volcano Kilauea is in eruption the angry gods of her pagan religion are demanding a human sacrifice. So to the accompaniment of the weird rites of her people, she makes atonement by casting herself into the crater of the volcano.

The scene of *Luana's* sacrifice is no less awesome than the opening pictures of the play are languorous and beautiful. You see at first a rocky defile in the mountains, through which moves a solemn procession of chanting priests and worshiping fanatics, escorting *Luana* to her doom. A moment later the crater is revealed with its swirling mass of liquid fire. The chanting of the priests sounds faintly in the distance and then out upon the rocks, at the crater's mouth, steps *Luana's* native lover, whom she cast aside for the American. As he could not be her companion in life, he is prepared to follow her in death.

Throughout the play, the life of the Hawaiian Islanders is graphically represented, and, according to those acquainted with those remote regions, with much truth. There are many opportunities for effective acting,

Photograph by White, New York

Laurette Taylor as *Luana*, in "The Bird of Paradise"

especially of the native characters. Miss Laurette Taylor, who portrays *Luana,* is exceedingly successful in her assumption of the mood and manner of the South Pacific natives. That the American types are not much more than puppets is one of the play's defects, but, in spite of it, "The Bird of Paradise" comes close to being one of the notable novelties of the year and its popularity is another evidence of that change in the public taste to which I have called attention.

I HAVE not yet recorded the artistic exploits of Madam Simone Casimir-Perier, although she has been appearing in this country since last October. She is the youngest of the reigning emotional actresses of the Parisian stage.

Photograph by White New York
Photograph study of Mme. Simone Casimir-Perier, the French actress

To her also belongs the social distinction of being a daughter-in-law of a former President of France. Unlike any other of the eminent dramatic *artistes* of her nation, she speaks English perfectly, and this was expected to aid her greatly in revealing to us the brilliant virtuosity and intense emotionalism which brought her renown at home.

But, as is likely to happen when expectation runs too high, Madam Simone's American *début* proved a great disappointment. The promised naturalism of her methods failed to disclose the depth of temperamental power with which she had been credited, and in "The Thief" and "The Whirlwind," two already familar melodramas by M. Henri

Arnold Daly as *Michel Aubier*, in "The Return from Jerusalem"

Bernstein, in which she chose to introduce herself, she failed to move her audiences to any considerable degree. In fact, she narrowly missed an outright failure.

Great was the indignation of the French critical press, when it discovered that Madam Simone was unappreciated. But the actress herself did not appear to be disturbed. She bided her time, returned to New York and then, by a brilliant performance of *Henriette de Chouse* in M. Maurice Donnay's racial drama, "The Return From Jerusalem," turned defeat into victory in a single night.

"The Return From Jerusalem" is one of those inflammatory dramas, which

periodically perturb the anti-Semitic Parisian mind, though, quite apart from its violent discussions of the political and social problems of the Gentile and the Jew, it is an intensely interesting play in its own right. Its swiftly-moving, deeply-human story bristles with the clash of opposed wills, and rises at the climax to a moment of intense emotional frenzy. *Henriette,* about whose character the plot revolves, brings Madam Simone's powers, both of tragedy and comedy, into constant action—it becomes in her hands like a violin on the strings of which she plays with amazing virtuosity and subtleness.

Henriette is an intellectual Jewish woman, who has renounced her religion and become the wife of a Catholic nobleman. The unhappiness of her married life leads her to revive an earlier attachment with *Michel Aubier,* also a Catholic and a Gentile, a writer celebrated for the breadth of his philosophy and the liberality of his views. He becomes infatuated with the cultured Jewess, deserts his wife and children, and, after an irregular honeymoon trip to Jerusalem, settles down with *Henriette* in Paris, although the abandoned wife's refusal to obtain a divorce prevents their marriage.

The influence of the excursion to the Holy City has entered *Henriette's* blood, and has caused her to regret her apostasy. The views of the pair on the subjects of religion and loyalty to the people from whom they spring begin to diverge. *Henriette's* apartment is soon overrun by brilliant men and women of her own race, whose ideals become more and more obnoxious to *Aubier,* despite his vaunted broad humanitarianism. Yet the intellectual fascinations of the brilliant Jewess hold him in their grip.

At length, *Henriette* begins to plot to arouse *Aubier's* interest in a movement in favor of religious unity and universal peace, which is being championed by a Jewish intellectual who was one of her former admirers. Though he hesitates, she assures her friend that *Aubier's* signature to the petition will be forthcoming, for she still does not doubt his liberality of mind or the strength of her influence over him.

The crisis in their lives comes with a discussion of religion, militarism and other topics vital to human welfare, which takes place among the *habitues* of *Henriette's* salon. She vehemently takes issue against her husband, and champions the sentiments of *Aubier's* chief opponent in the controversy, *Vowenburg,* so heatedly that *Aubier* loses his self control and requests him to leave the house.

With this action, which *Aubier* quickly repents and for which he attempts to make amends, comes the end of the pair's hopes. For *Vowenberg* is the opponent of *Aubier's* candidate for an important appointment, and *Henriette,* in her attempt to aid his cause, has written a letter in which *Aubier* is made to declare himself as one of *Vowenberg's* supporters. The recriminations which follow this discovery lead to the play's most intense scene, in which *Henriette's* pride of race bursts into a flame and fires her to a denunciation of his narrow, ignoble nature, with all the bitter wrath and resentment that has its roots in her people's persecution through centuries. They separate, *Henriette* to make a penitential pilgrimage to Jerusalem to purify her soul, *Aubier* to seek a reconciliation with his wife, who, the Jewess contemptuously informs him, is awaiting a chance to welcome him back.

The complexity of the character of *Henriette* enables Madam Simone to touch almost every mood in the range of human emotion, and to paint the changing colors of scorn, contempt, hatred and fury in every infinitesimal tint. Yet the virtuosity of the French star, vividly as it is displayed, does not dim Mr. Arnold Daly's finely effective emotional performance of *Michel Aubier,* which contributes its full share toward making "The Return From Jerusalem" one of the stage's artistic events of the year.

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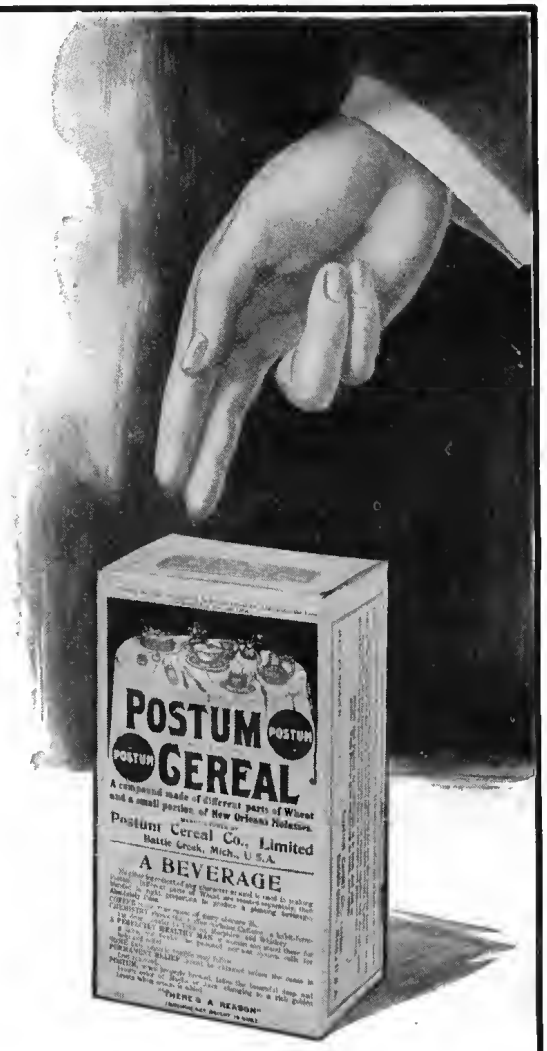

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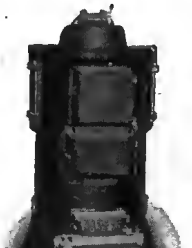

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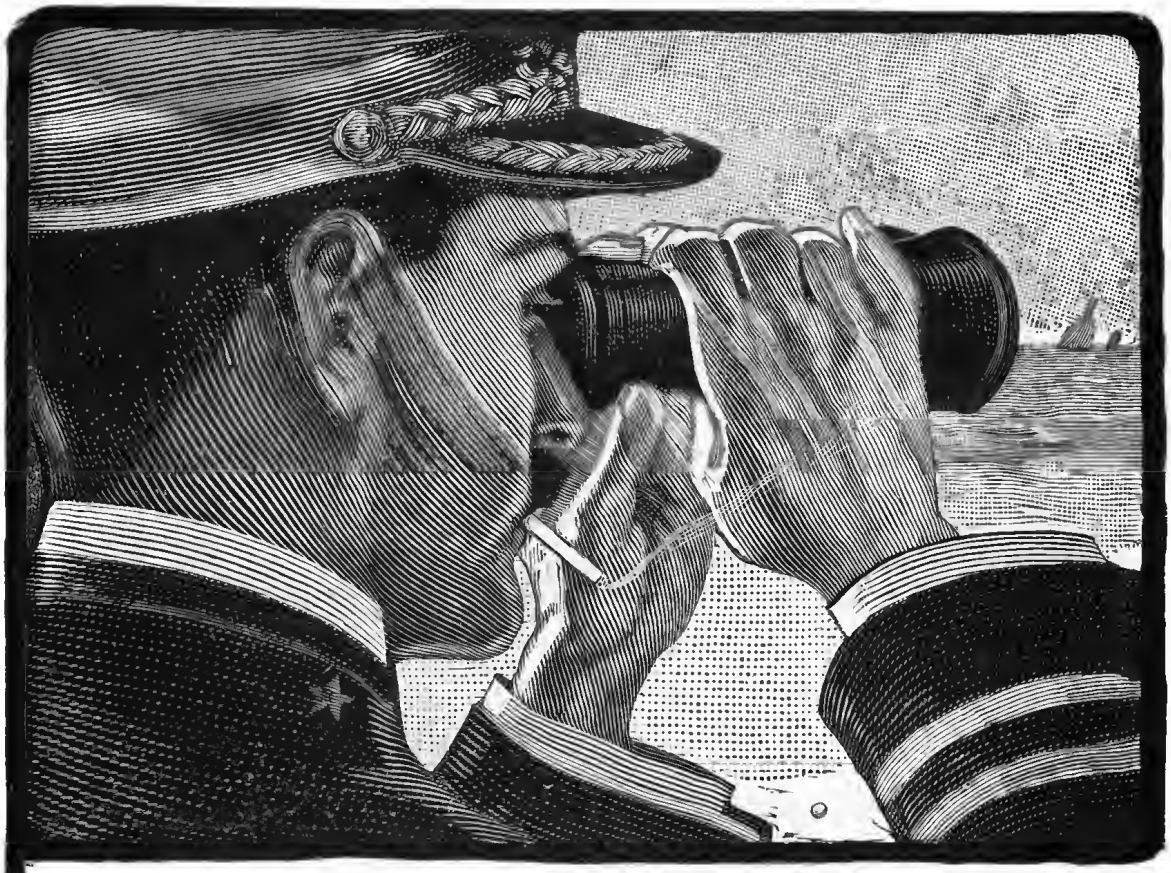

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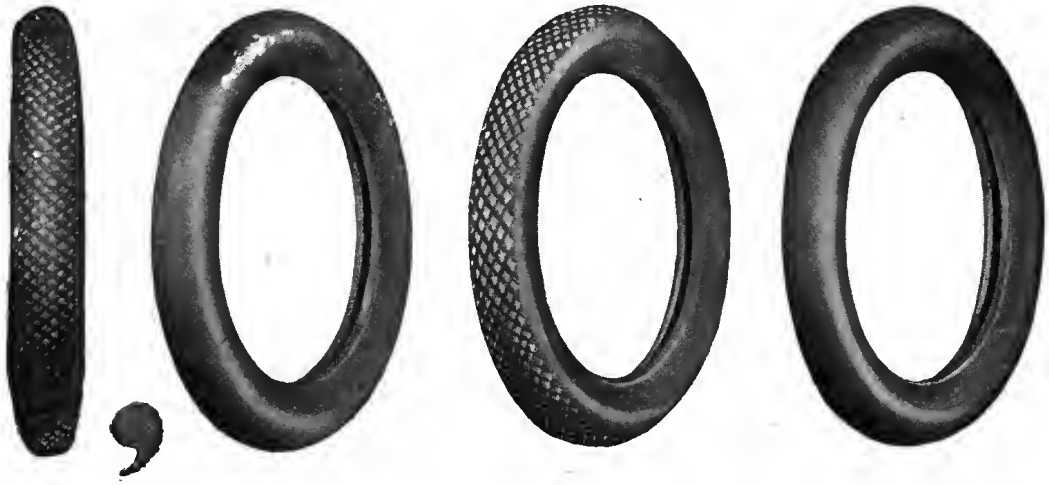

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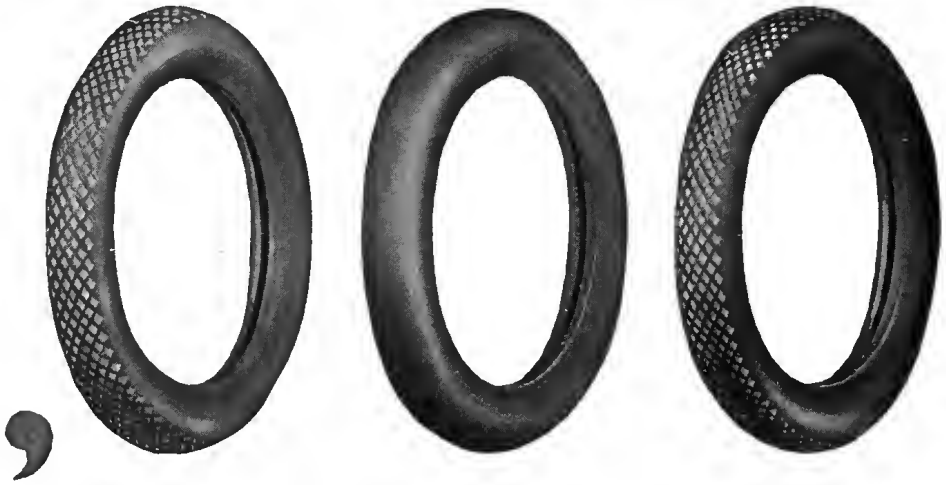

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Thus we figure 48 per cent. It varies, of course, with proper use or abuse. Your cost for tire upkeep depends somewhat on you.

But this saving of rim cutting, plus the added size, will cut the average tire upkeep in two. And tens of thousands have proved it.

No Extra Price

No-Rim-Cut tires now cost no more than other standard tires. They used to cost one-fifth extra.

Think what that means.

Tires which can't rim-cut cost the same as tires that do. Oversize tires cost the same as skimpy tires.

You are offered your choice at an equal price. Which tire will you take?

We Control Them

We control by patents the only way to make a practical tire of this new type.

Three flat bands of 126 braided wires are vulcanized into the tire base.

Other devices are employed to make a hookless tire, but in use they have proved very unsatisfactory.

That is why the demand for this new-type tire has centered on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

When you change from the old type—as you will—do not adopt an experiment. Get the tire of which one million have been tested out.

No-Rim-Cut tires, in these days of tire wisdom, far outsell all others. Get these tires.

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years spent in tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities. We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont. Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(544)

The "Tool Box" Can with Standard Patent Spout

It flows freely down to zero — and stands any heat that a motor ever develops. When you buy oil say, plainly, "Polarine."

You Owe This Care to Your Car

We take infinite pains and employ the greatest of care in the refining of Polarine Motor Oil. It is the "cream" of motor oils.

We begin to perfect it at the point where most oils are deemed finished.

The machinery for these *extra processes alone* cost hundreds of thousands of dollars.

We discarded lately tons of machinery simply to better our process a trifle.

But we make the best oil for every purpose. Everyone knows that. Our supremacy lies in our facilities and our resources. Polarine is our utmost for motors.

It will stand any heat that your motor will ever develop. It flows freely down to zero. It is clean and carbon-proof.

Millions of gallons a year are used.

There is no care too tedious, no expense too great, if it makes for improvement in Polarine.

Don't you think you owe this care to your car?

The Saving in Barrels

When consumption justifies, a neat saving is made buying by the barrel and half-barrel. Every motor car owner can buy more economically this way.

Polarine Lubricants

include *Fibre Grease*, for universal joints, ball and roller bearings, etc.; *Cup Grease*, a heavier grease for the same purpose, and *Transmission Lubricants*, "A" (light body), "B" (slightly heavier than "A") and "BB" (heavy body for transmissions and differentials). All are called "Polarine."

The recognized standards for motor car and motor boat lubrication.

Polarine

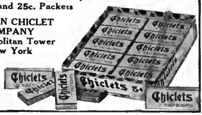
A FROST AND CARBON PROOF OIL

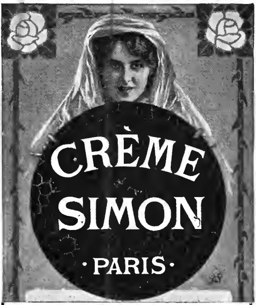
The Standard Oil for Motors

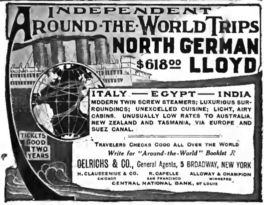
Standard Oil Company

(An Indiana Corporation)

(2)







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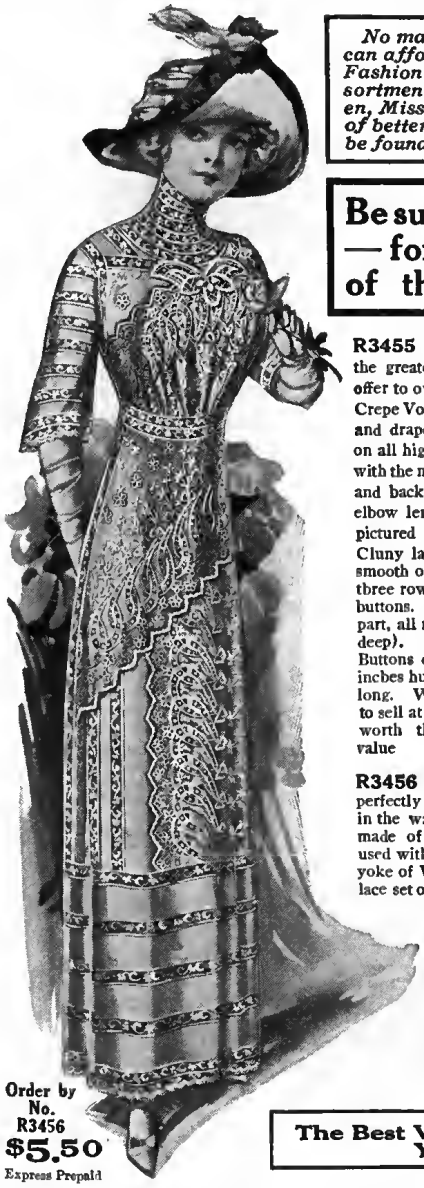
in New York's Leading Fashion Catalogue for Spring and Summer 1912

Styles were never more beautiful—nor have they ever been more carefully selected, pictured and described than you will find this to be the case in

New York's Leading Fashion Catalogue
for Spring and Summer 1912

This is the largest, handsomest, and most complete and helpful catalogue for the American woman who wants to clothe herself or any member of her family in the latest and best fashion at moderate expense.



No matter how much or how little you can afford to expend, New York's leading Fashion Catalogue offers the greatest assortment of everything to wear for Women, Misses, Boys, Girls and Infants, and of better quality at lower prices than can be found in any other catalogue.

Be sure to write—TODAY —for your FREE copy of this wonderful book.

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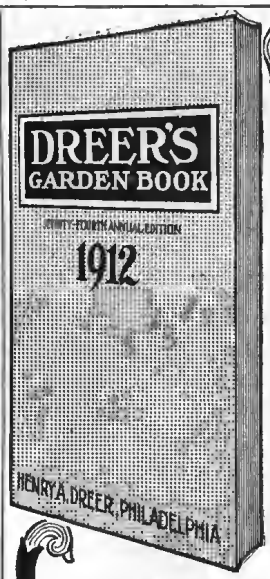

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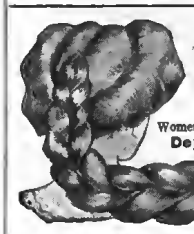

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Bennett Portable Typewriter has less than 250 parts, against 1700 to 3700 in others. That's the secret of our $18 price. It couldn't be better built. It's made in the famous Elliott-Fisher Billing Machine Factory and sold on a money-back-unless-satisfied guaranty. The Bennett weighs but 4½ lbs. You can carry it for home use, business or on trips. Send for catalog.

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THERE are imitations of "Porosknit" Underwear. But you can be sure of the GENUINE —for it alone has the actual "Porosknit" label and *unconditional* guarantee shown below—a guarantee with no time-limit or quibble. Read it.

The Genuine has this Label

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The absolute, exclusive guarantee is proof of *quality*, of durability. "Porosknit" is cool, light, elastic. "Porosknit" Union Suits are comfort idealized—no messy bulging at waist line—easy to button and unbutton—and *stay* buttoned.

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Write for booklet showing Styles

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fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage.

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to soothe and strengthen shattered nerves and rebuild the tired, worn brain and body back to normal health and strength. The lupulin of the hops acts directly upon the nerves, soothing and strengthening them, while the rich, nourishing food element of the barley malt quickly braces up the whole system and restores nature's balance. Your doctor will recommend it.

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builds up the overworked, strengthens the weak, overcomes insomnia, relieves dyspepsia—helps the anaemic, the convalescent and the nervous wreck. It prepares the way to happy, healthy motherhood and gives vigor to the aged.

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It is absolutely necessary that the baby have protein (flesh and muscle material), carbohydrates (heat and fat material), salts (bone and teeth material). These three materials must be combined in certain relative proportions.

Mellin's Food

as used contains these elements in the right proportions. That is why Mellin's Food babies grow strong and develop properly.

Write today for a trial bottle of Mellin's Food.

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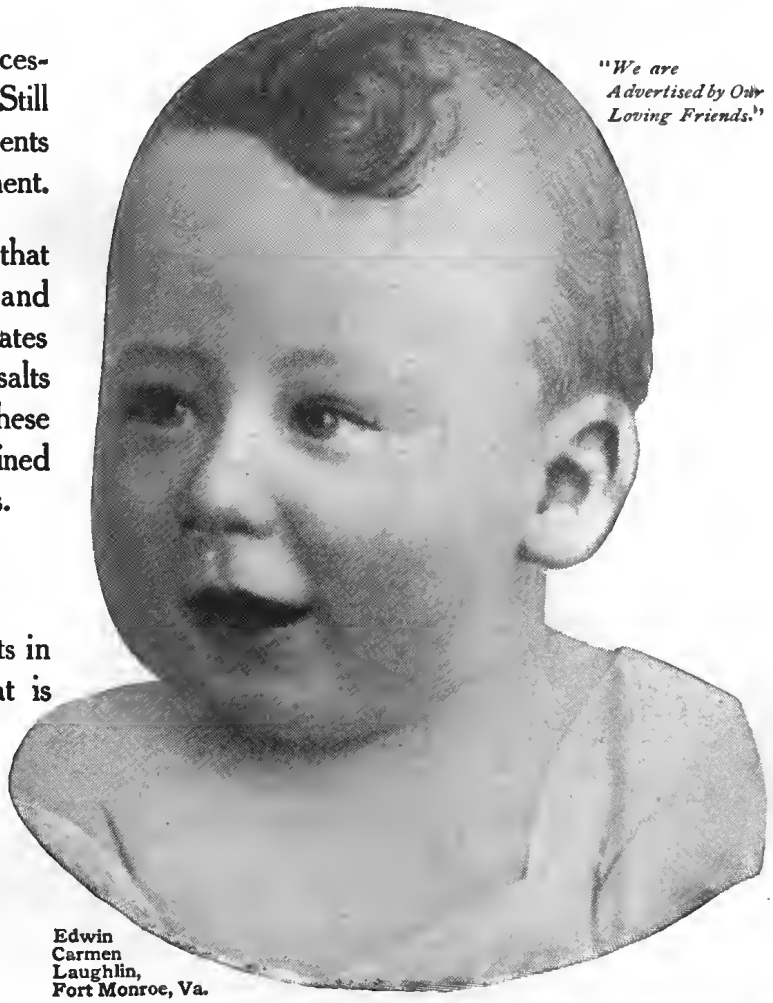

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They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c., a box of druggists or by mail. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

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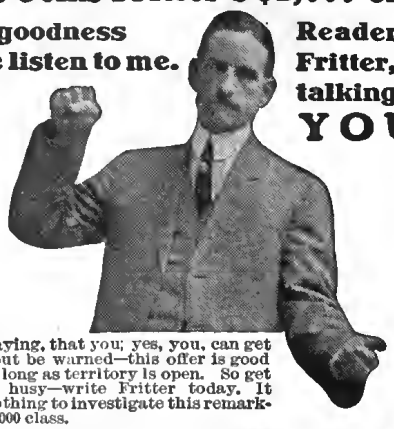
ANY MAN CAN GET $1,000.00

Who Joins Fritter's $1,000 Class

For goodness sake listen to me. Reader, I Fritter, am talking to YOU!



—Am saying, that you; yes, you, can get $1,000; but be warned—this offer is good only so long as territory is open. So get mighty busy—write Fritter today. It costs nothing to investigate this remarkable $1,000 class.

Don't Delay—Join Today—Get $1,000

You, by acting **now—todey**—can get the thonsand allowed to your section. This money—$1,000 or more per man—goes to **mechenice, clerke, formere, preachers, doctors, lewyers, teechers**—people from all walks in life—**eny man, enywhere**—who is willing to join Fritter's $1,000 class. Nohody harred. Not a fairy tale, fake or hnmbng; for listen—it's going on daily—hundreds have received their thousand—some many thousands. If you can use $1.000—real money—payahle $35 to $75.00 weekly—say so—don't hesitate—don't delay a minute; hut get the thousand-dollar hustle—**get your firet $1,000**—first start, first taste of real Independence—power, influence, luxuries—get these through Fritter, just as hundreds have done. Poor men joining his wonderful $1000 class

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Class Getting Over $2,000.00 Per Man

Korstad (Minn. farmer) received **$2,212.13 in 2 weeks;** Zimmerman (Ind. farmer) **$3,856 in 30 deye;** Stoneman (Nohr. photographer) **$3,841.88 in 60 deye;** Rasp (Kansas agent) **$1,685 in 73 deye;** Juell (Canada clerk) **$8.800;** Oviatt (Iowa minister) **$4,000;** Hart (Va. farmer) **$2,000;** Wilson (Ky. cashier) **$3,000 in 30 deye;** Beem (Kans.) averaged **$164.25 weekly** for 3 months; Langley (Dak. llveryman) **$115 first day.** No wonder these men hless the day they joined Fritter's $1,000 class. Reads like fiction, yet it's the gospel truth. **Proven by eworn ststements—investigetion—pereonel interviewe.**

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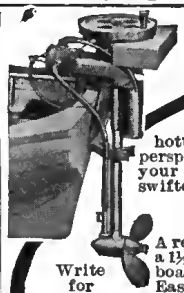

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4 h. p., 1 cylinder,	57.00
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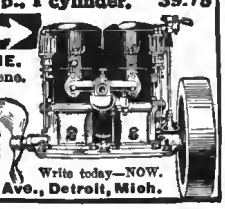

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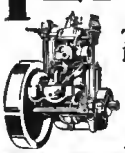

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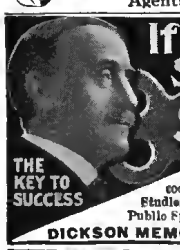

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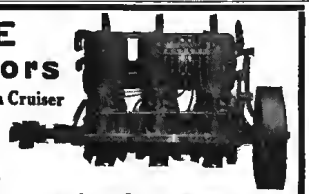

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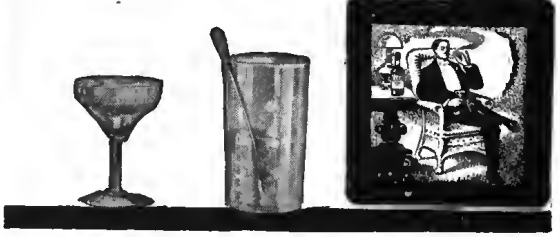

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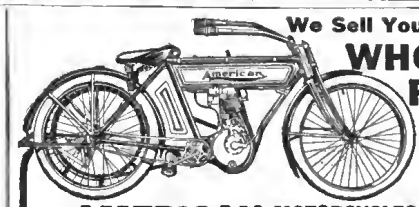

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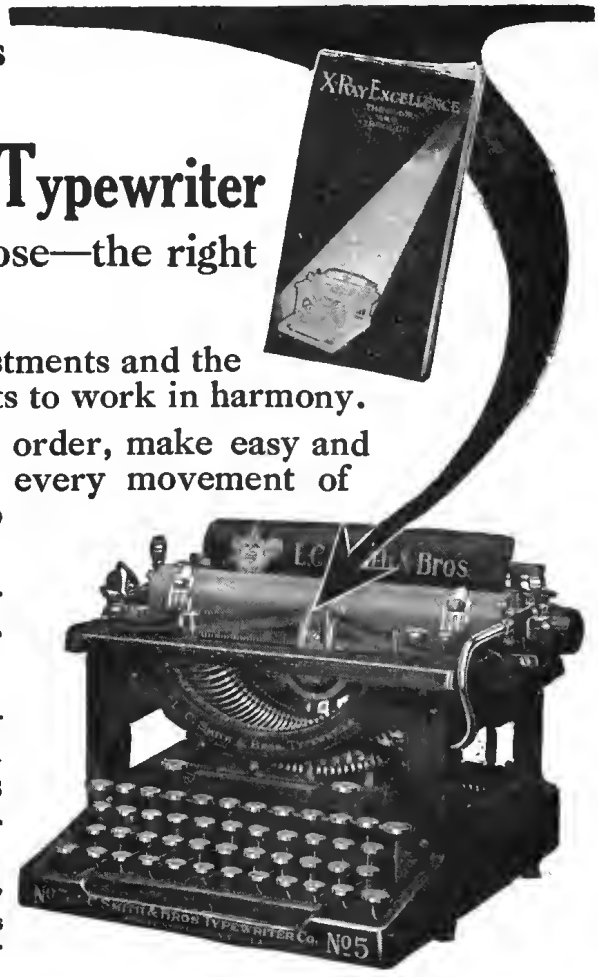

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IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1912 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write at once for full particulars and special offer.* **NO MONEY REQUIRED** until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit* in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

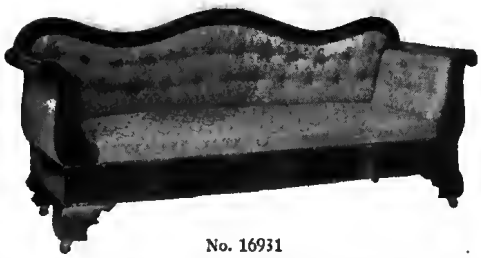
LOW FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above the actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offer.*

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *wonderful low prices* we can make you. We sell the highest grade bicycles at **lower prices** than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS,** you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at **$3 to $8 each.** Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at **half usual prices. DO NOT WAIT**—but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. **Write it now.**

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. C 14 CHICAGO, ILL.



No. 16931

Karpen Colonial Davenport. Old Virginia design covered in hair cloth. 7 feet 1 inch long. 2 feet, 4 inches deep. 3 feet, 1 inch high. Other suitable coverings are Silk Velours and Panne Mohair Plushes of different colors

Karpen Furniture

Priced Within Your Means

To produce furniture honestly made and pleasing to the eye, at moderate outlay, is the unswerving policy of our business. To insure your absolute satisfaction in every purchase of

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture

we put our trade-mark name on every piece and guarantee to refund money if not as represented. This makes us very sure that our furniture will stand the test of time. What other Upholstered Furniture safeguards you even in the slightest degree? Can you afford to risk disappointment by purchasing furniture which the maker fails to risk his brand upon?

Then buy Karpen Furniture and you are sure of its quality even to the lowest priced article we make.

Karpen Furniture is sold by leading dealers.
Ask to see our trade-mark when shopping.

Our Free Book of Designs "RA"

with its hundreds of pictures and pages of practical information for buyers will assist you in selecting. Write for Book "RA" today.

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture CHICAGO NEW YORK
TRADE-MARK

S. Karpen & Bros.

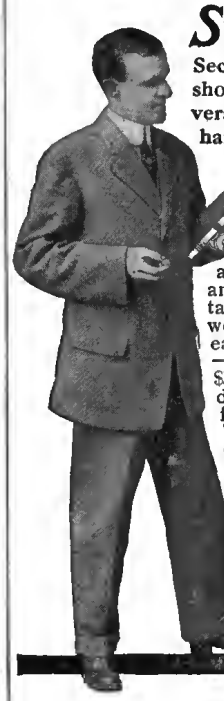
Chicago - - Karpen Building
New York - - Karpen Building
Boston - - 20 Sudbury St.

No. 2293. Karpen Leather Couch, covered in either Karpen Sterling or Karpen Spanish Genuine Leathers. Elizabethan carved frame. Luxuriously upholstered. Fine hair filling, best spring-work.

"Bristol"

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Steel Bait Rods



Section of rod showing reversible handle.

No. 11—"The Old Reliable"

The best all around fishing rod made—good for anything from perch to muscallonge. It is made of our exclusive "BRISTOL" tool steel, hardened in oil and clock-spring tempered. CANNOT WARP. Handle is reversible. Guides are all two-ring, non collapsible. Tip has an all-ways guide, which can never get tangled up. "No. 11" is 8½ feet long, and weighs 10 ounces. Joints measure 32 inches each. Comes with three styles of handle—maple at $4.50, celluloid at $5.00, cork at $5.50. Guaranteed three years. If your dealer can't supply you, write to us. Send for catalogue of this and other styles of "BRISTOL" Steel Fishing Rods.

"Fish Stories" Booklet Free

Clever, fascinating little book of "true and other fish stories." Real live ones that set your blood a-tingling with the fishing fever. Second edition now ready. Send for a copy today. Free with catalogue if requested.

The Horton Mfg. Co.
105 Horton St.
Bristol, Conn.

Learn Trapshooting

"The Sport Alluring" for Men and Women

Fascinating, Safe, Healthful Second only to Base Ball as a National Sport

A large picture of the above scene (17″ x 12″), in 8 colors, for framing sent on receipt of 14c in stamps. Ask for Free Booklet No. **236 "The Sport Alluring"**, profusely illustrated with picture of royalty and celebrated Americans Trapshooting, and **"Hints to Beginners"**.

DUPONT POWDER CO., Wilmington, Del.

Pioneer Powder Makers of America

Established 1802

Stop "Making Steam" for the Other Fellow

The majority of workers are "stokers"—making "steam" to help *some other man* win success.

Why not win success for yourself and work your way to the top of your chosen trade or profession by sheer force of ambition? The I. C. S. can help you to do this.

If you are willing to spend a small part of your idle hours, gaining the knowledge that will put you ahead of your fellow workers, the I. C. S. will show you how. No matter where you live—how old or how young you are—what your previous education—you can become a *master* of your business.

Just mark and mail the coupon and without further obligation on your part, detailed information will be sent you telling how the I. C. S. will lead you to success.

Over 400 students each month voluntarily report an increase in salary due to I. C. S. training—why not increase ***your*** earning power?

Mark and mail the coupon now.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 850 SCRANTON, PA.
Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Automobile Running	Civil Service
Mine Superintendent	Architect
Mine Foreman	Chemist
Plumbing, Steam Fitting	Languages
Concrete Construction	Commercial English
Civil Engineer	Building Contractor
Textile Manufacturing	Architectural Draftsman
Stationary Engineer	Industrial Designing
Telephone Expert	Commercial Illustrating
Mechan. Engineer	Window Trimming
Mechanical Draftsman	Show Card Writing
Electrical Engineer	Advertising Man
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Stenographer
Agriculture	Bookkeeper
Electric Railways	Salesmanship
Structural Engineer	Cotton Manufacturing
R. R. Construction	Woolen Manufacturing
Metal Mining	Toolmaking
English Branches	Foundry Work
Gas Engineer	Pattern Making
Foreman Plumber	Blacksmithing
	Surveyor
	Poultry Farming

Name _____

Present Occupation _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

Williams' Talc Powder

Two things indispensable to every woman:

Williams' Talc Powder and a Vanity Box in which to carry it when traveling, shopping, or even at home.

The velvety softness, airy lightness, snowy whiteness and the fragrance of the real flowers, are the charms that have made Williams' Talc Powder so popular.

Four odors, Violet, Carnation, Rose (flesh tint) and Karsi, a subtle Oriental perfume

A Dainty Vanity Box

We have had manufactured expressly and exclusively for us a beautiful silver-plated Vanity Box containing an imported Powder Puff and a Concentrating Mirror. The convenience of the little pocket mirror alone makes the possession of the Vanity Box well worth while.

How to get it

Simply buy a can of Williams' Talc Powder, send us the name of your dealer, the date and 20c. in stamps, and we will forward the Vanity Box by return mail.

People who have received the Vanity Box say:

"Am charmed with it. I have never seen anything of its kind in the stores as perfect. In its usefulness it is worth six times as much as the price paid for it."

"Am delighted with the Vanity Box. Like Williams' Talc Powder, it is simply perfect."

"The Vanity Box is a little gem. I don't see how you can give so much for so little money."

This coupon is simply for your convenience—its use is not necessary.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
145 Maple Ave.
Glastonbury, Conn.

I bought a can of Williams' Talc Powder

(*date*).....1912

of.....
DEALER'S NAME

Enclosed find 20c. in stamps for Vanity Box.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., 145 Maple Ave., Glastonbury, Conn.
Makers of Williams' Famous Shaving Soaps, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Matchless Cold Cream, Etc.

ALTHOUGH THOUSANDS OF EYES are fixed upon the play, it is *you* who really bear the closest gaze. Exacting pairs of eyes are upon *you* every minute, every place you go.

It is *you*, who, when you least expect it, may have the truth about your complexion revealed by a single glance. Then, you will feel how much better it would have been if you had not delayed the use of

POMPEIAN
Massage Cream

"Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one"

Spots and blemishes and sallow skin do not make very pleasant discoveries when you want to look your best. And it is so easy to have a good complexion.

Pompeian Massage Cream gives a clean, clear, fresh, wholesome complexion. It is used by men and women in a million homes. It is a natural means to skin health. It rubs in and rubs out, cleaning the pores marvelously. Nothing is left on the face except a clear, clean, wholesome appearance. It is *you* who are judged before you speak. Let your complexion be your best possible recommendation.

A Pompeian complexion is one that bears inspection face to face.

At dealers—50c, 75c and $1—or you can try before you buy.

TRIAL JAR

sent for 6 cents (stamps or coin). Find out for yourself, now, why Pompeian is used and prized in a million homes where the value of a clear, fresh, youthful skin is appreciated. Clip coupon now.

Magazines and Books for Library Slips. One in each package.

Cut along this line, fill in and mail today.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 19 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 6 cents (stamps or coin) for a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name.....

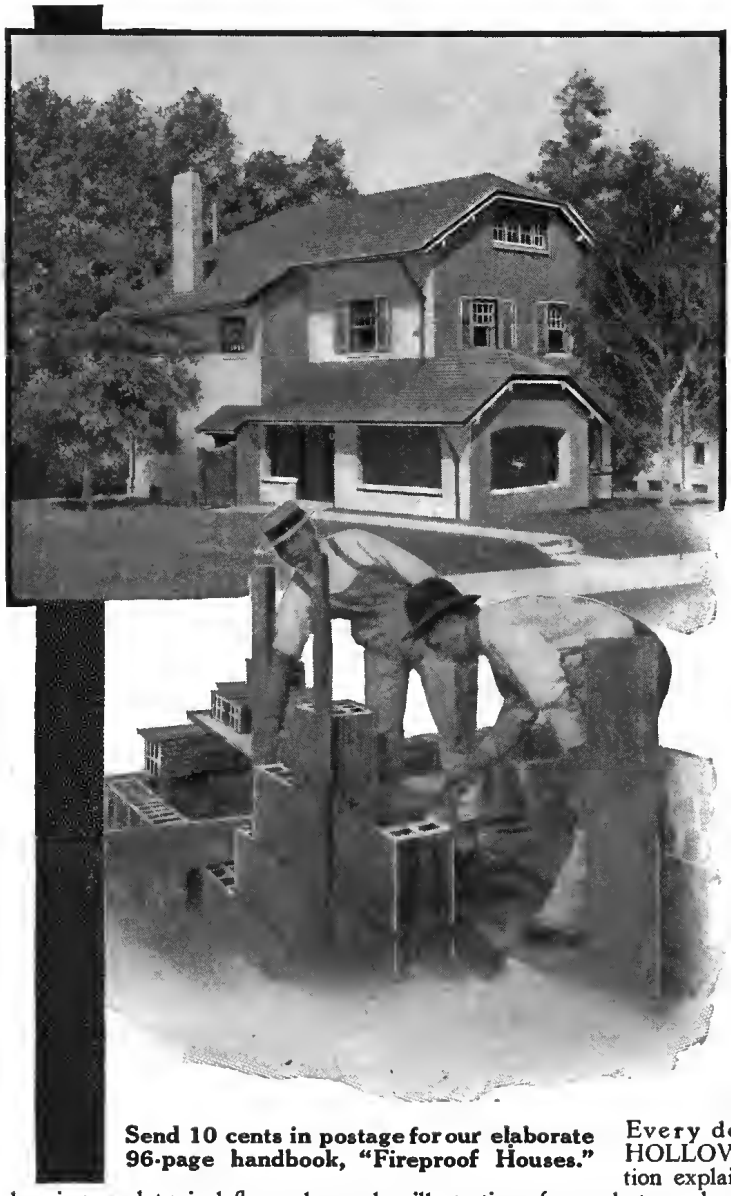
Address.....

City.....State.....

Whatever price per square foot you may plan to pay for a substantial residence or other moderate sized building, its construction will be far superior in every way when built of

NATCO·HOLLOW·TILE

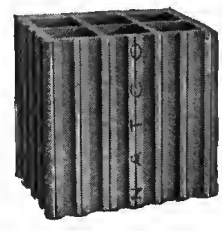
The name "NATCO" stamped on each tile assures you it is the same material as is used in the fireproof construction of the world's tallest skyscrapers and greatest public buildings.



YOU can build your outer walls of NATCO at no greater cost than for brick, brick and wood, stone and wood or concrete. You will gain enormously in fire-safety, in maintenance economy, in investment value. The all-around inbuilt blankets of air reduce greatly the winter heating expenses, assure a remarkably dry interior at all seasons, in hot weather keep the house amazingly cool.

At a very reasonable advance in first cost, you can also plan the construction of all partitions, floors and roof in NATCO. Such a house represents a standard far beyond comparison with any other form of construction. It brings about the *total* elimination of interior and exterior fire-hazards. No structural deterioration is ever possible. It realizes a perfection of construction from every standpoint, not to be approached with older standards.

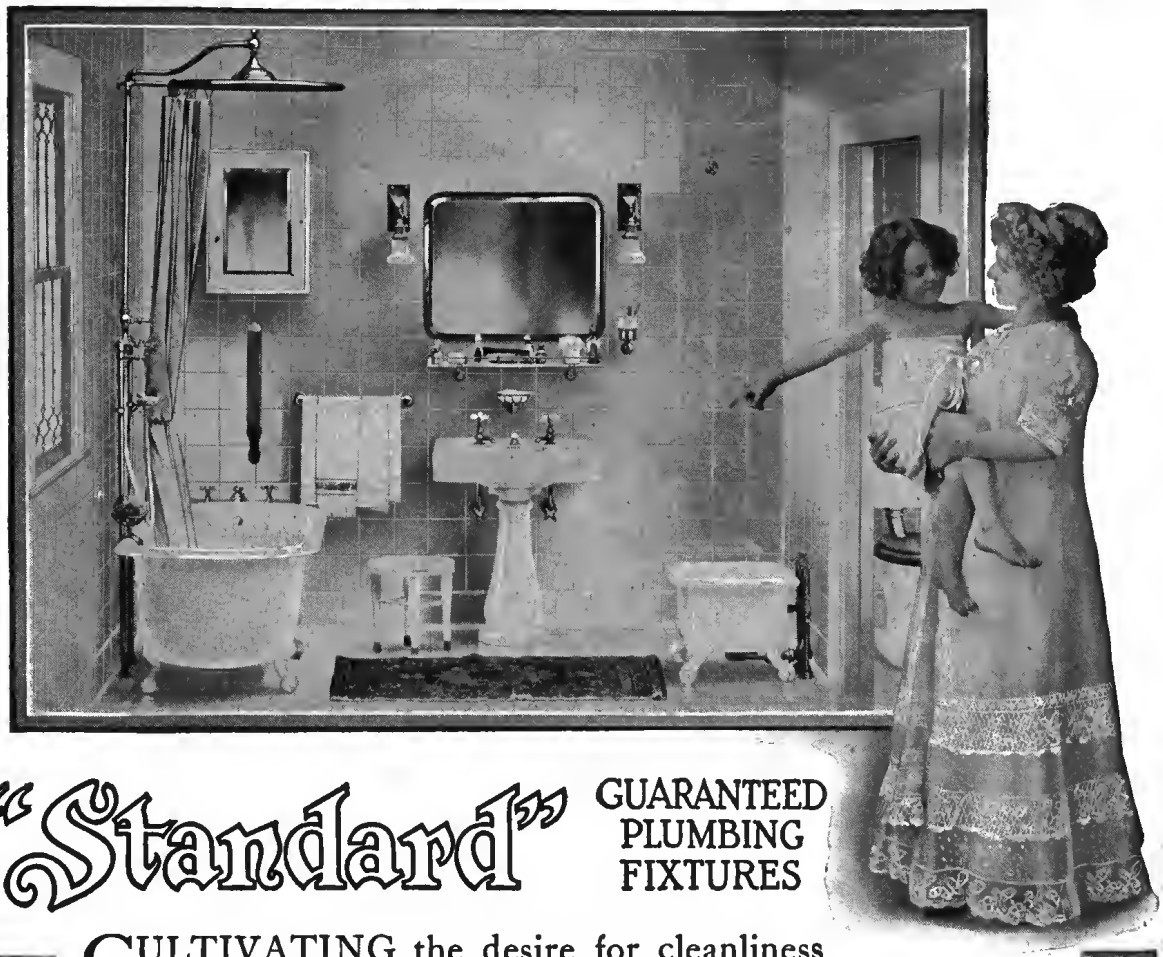
NATCO construction is fireproof, age proof, moisture proof, sound proof, vermin proof, warmer in winter and cooler in summer.



Send 10 cents in postage for our elaborate 96-page handbook, "Fireproof Houses." Every detail of NATCO HOLLOW TILE construction explained, with technical drawings and typical floor plans, also illustrations from photographs of forty-five houses built of NATCO HOLLOW TILE, ranging in cost from $4,000 to $200,000. An invaluable guide to the prospective builder. Write today

NATIONAL·FIRE·PROOFING·COMPANY

Dept. O **Pittsburgh, Pa.** ***Organized 1889*** **Offices in All Principal Cities**



"Standard" GUARANTEED PLUMBING FIXTURES

CULTIVATING the desire for cleanliness among children used to be difficult. Since the advent of "Standard" Sanitary Bathroom fixtures, habits of cleanliness have not needed cultivating. Their attraction creates the desire to bathe. The practical utility, the beauty and the enduring quality of "Standard" fixtures makes them an everlasting joy to every generation in the home.

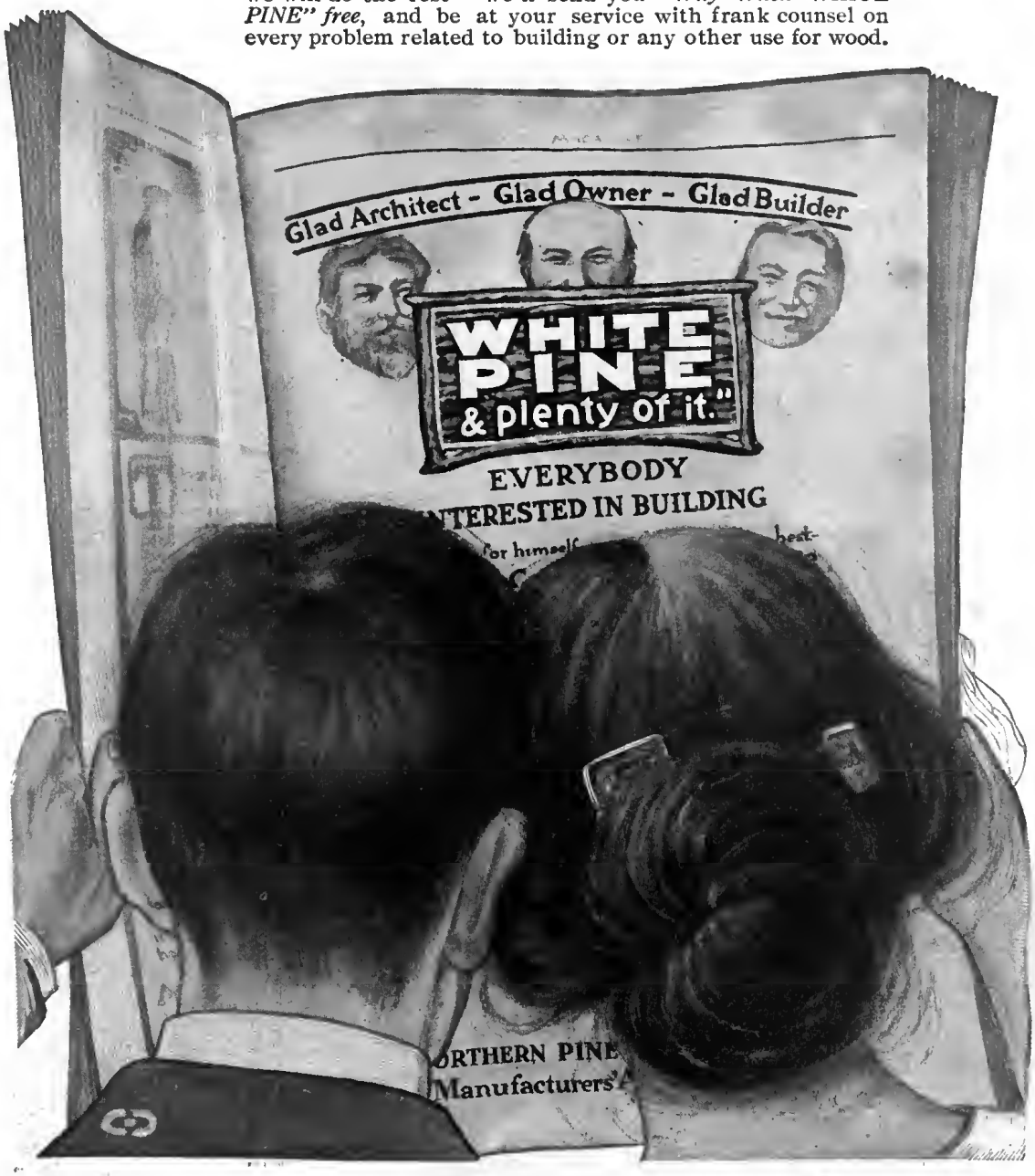
Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the Home and for School, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with the exception of one brand of baths bearing the Red and Black Label, which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the requirements of those who demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures, with care, will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine *unless it bears the guarantee label.* In order to avoid the substitution of inferior fixtures, specify "Standard" goods in writing (not verbally) and make sure that you get them.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. 50 PITTSBURGH, PA.

New York .....35 W. 31st Street
Chicago ..... 415 Ashland Block
Philadelphia..1128 Walnut Street
Toronto, Can. 59 Richmond St., E.
Pittsburgh.....106 Sixth Street
St. Louis....100 N. Fourth Street
Nashville.....315 Tenth Avenue, So.
New Orleans, Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.
Montreal, Can.....215 Coristine Bldg.
Boston.....John Hancock Bldg.
Louisville.....319-23 W. Main Street
Cleveland.....648 Huron Road, S. E.
Hamilton, Can.....20-28 Jackson St., W.
London....53 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.
Houston, Tex., Preston and Smith Sts.
San Francisco..Metropolis Bank Bldg.
Washington, D. C.....Southern Bldg.
Toledo, Ohio.....311-321 Erie Street
Fort Worth, Tex...Front and Jones Sts.

THIS QUESTION OF "WHAT WOOD TO USE" IS WORTH LOOKING INTO

with *close study,* no matter how much or how little you'll be spending for building. You do the "looking into"—and you do the serious wondering as to what is best. You also do the writing — of your name, address and *why you care* — and we will do the rest — we'll send you "*Why - When - WHITE PINE" free,* and be at your service with frank counsel on every problem related to building or any other use for wood.



Anyhow, WRITE US before you buy ANY lumber—for any purpose. DO IT TODAY. This matter of WHAT WOOD is best for the given case is much more important than many realize. Our reply will be PROMPT and CANDID—and the booklet is ready and will reach you by return of mail. WRITE NOW.

NORTHERN PINE Manufacturers' Association

1115 Lumber Exchange Minneapolis, Minnesota

This Altruistic Price

By R. E. Olds, Designer

Reo the Fifth—My Farewell Car—was not built to sell for $1,055. It was built to embody the best I know, after 25 years of experience. The price was undecided until the car was done.

The Price, I Fear, Is Impossible

Reo the Fifth is my finest creation. It is my 24th model, and the final result of a lifetime spent building engines and cars.

It marks the best I know. And I have no fear that men will ever build a much better car.

But I am frank to say that this initial price, as I see things, can never be maintained.

It is far too low. It is too much lower than other makers find possible.

It is based on ideal efficiency—on maximum output—on a cost for materials the lowest we have had in years.

Not Fixed

I have assented to this as an initial price, subject to advance. All our contracts with dealers provide for advance.

I stand for the lowest price possible. For years I have aimed to give most for the money. But this Farewell Car will never be skimped to keep within certain figures.

I expect Reo the Fifth to be judged by the standards of the highest-priced cars on the market.

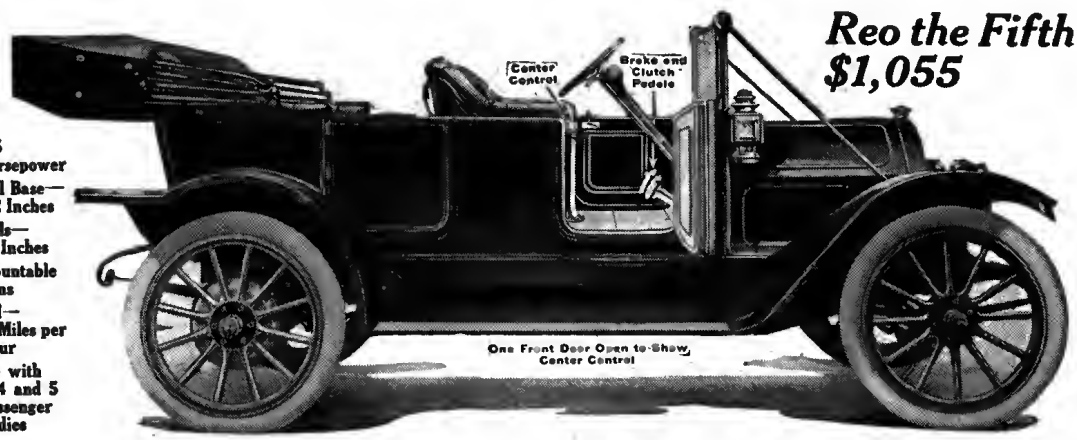
The Ideal Car

Reo the Fifth avoids all excess in size or power or weight. It is not too large and heavy—not too small.

The power is sufficient for any requirement. The size gives ample room. Yet the upkeep is economical.

This type has become the standard—the 30 to 35-horsepower, four-cylinder car. Most men regard it as the ideal type. So I adopt this type for My Farewell Car. And the whole production of the Reo plant is confined to this single chassis.

Reo the Fifth $1,055



30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Wheels—34 Inches
Demountable Rims
Speed—45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2, 4 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip-cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for $100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, $20 extra

My Finest Car

Reo the Fifth is the final result of my 25 years spent in motor car building. It embodies all I have learned —it marks the best I can do.

In all the essentials it comes close to finality. And this concern stakes its whole future upon it.

In every steel part I use the best alloy known for the purpose. That means Nickel and Vanadium steel.

The axles and driving shaft are much larger than necessary. The differential is sufficient for a 45-horse-power car.

The gears are tested in a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity. The magneto is tested beyond the utmost requirements. The carburetor is doubly heated, for low-grade gasoline.

Margins of Safety

Every part of this car shows big margins of safety Caution and care, tests and inspections are carried to extremes.

The best I have learned in those 25 years is the folly of taking chances.

No car of this type has ever before used so many Roller Bearings. There are only three ball bearings in this whole car, and two are in the fan. All the main bearings are Timken and Hyatt High Duty.

There is not a part of this car where at any price I could add one iota of value.

Lesser Essentials

The wheel base is long, so there is plenty of room. The wheels are large—the car is over-tired.

The body finish consists of 17 coats. The lamps are enameled. The engine is nickel trimmed.

The upholstering is deep, and of hair-filled, genuine leather.

Every line of the body—every item of finish—shows the last touch of up-to-dateness. Reo the Fifth will hold its own with the costliest cars you compare with it.

The Cane-Handle Center Control No Side Levers

This car has no side levers to block either front door. The gear shifting is done by a center cane-handle. It is done by moving this handle not more than three inches in each of four directions.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals, and one of the pedals also operates the clutch.

This arrangement permits of the left-side drive, heretofore possible in electric cars only. The driver sits, as he should sit, close to the cars he passes, and on the up side of the road.

Ask for Catalogue

All of these facts make Reo the Fifth a car which every man should see. It is the most interesting car of the season. At its present price it offers sensational value.

Our book shows the various bodies. It enables comparison, part by part, with any other car you wish. Tell us where to mail it, then we'll tell you where to see the car. Address,

R. M. Owen & Co., General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Michigan

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ontario

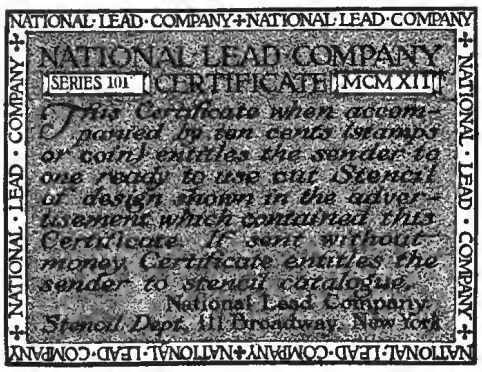
Are You Proud of Your Walls?

When some friend comes to call, are you fearful of what she may think of the taste shown in the decoration of your home? Is there the harmony between the walls, pictures, hangings, etc., that just satisfies you? There is one method of decoration that will give your home an artistic and harmonious interior. Paint Your Walls! Stencil them with exclusive stencil designs that add to their beauty and attractiveness. Walls painted with paint made of

Dutch Boy Painter

Pure White Lead

and pure linseed oil, are rich and harmoniously beautiful. Painted walls are sanitary and durable; they may be washed; one soiled spot does not require the redecoration of an entire room.



Let Us Furnish the Stencils

Send us the certificate and 10c and we will send you a stencil cut ready to reproduce the design shown here, and our stencil catalog showing 100 designs, any of which you may order at 50% discount. Or, if you prefer, send no money and we will send you the catalog free and you can order the designs you like at 50% discount.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.
Stencil Department
111 Broadway, New York

Paint Points
(3)

To neglect painting is to waste money. The minute you discover that your house needs paint, call the painter and ask for a mixed-on-the-premises-Dutch-Boy-Painter-Pure-White-Lead job.

Send for Painting Helps 101
NATIONAL LEAD CO.

BRANCHES IN
New York Boston Buffalo Chicago
Cincinnati Cleveland San Francisco
St. Louis
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Phildelphia)
(National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh)

The Fabric that is SURE to meet with your Approval!

"Well, how is it, Mr. Tailor?"

"How do *you* like it?"

"It looks good to me. I'm *sure* the cloth is right because you can't go wrong on the American Woolen Co's. Puritan Serge. It's becoming and it stands up. But you are the doctor as to fit and tailoring."

"Well, sir, I'm proud to say the work in that suit is worthy of the cloth. It's a pleasure to make a suit of Puritan Serge because, no matter how long it's worn, it's a credit to the workmanship put into it.

PURITAN 1620 SERGE

A thoroughbred style fabric for the man who cares

—is one of the most beautiful rich shades of blue ever woven. It is a distinctive serge, with the warmth of sunlight in it, with a draping quality and feel that mark the true style fabric. Pure wool, through and through. Thoroughly dependable. Width 58–60 inches.—London shrunk.

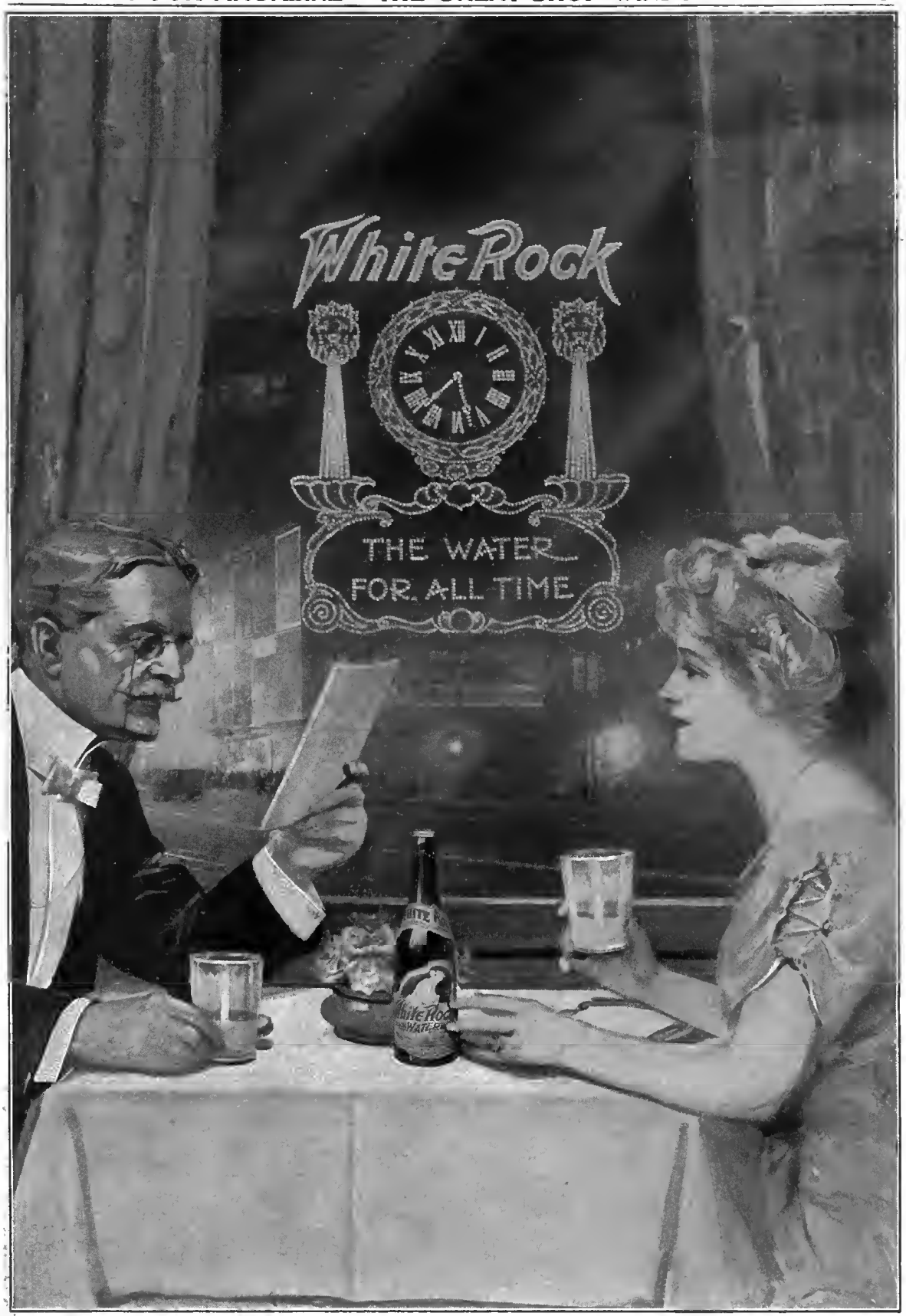
Tell your tailor you want Puritan Serge. He has it or can get it. Puritan Serge is also used for high-grade ready-to-wear suits. The name PURITAN SERGE is stamped on the back of the cloth.

If unable to obtain Puritan Serge, send us the name of your clothier or tailor, with money order or check for quantity required at $3.00 per yard (3½ yards for man's suit), and you will be supplied through regular channels, as we do not sell at retail.

American Woolen Company
Wm. M. Wood, President.

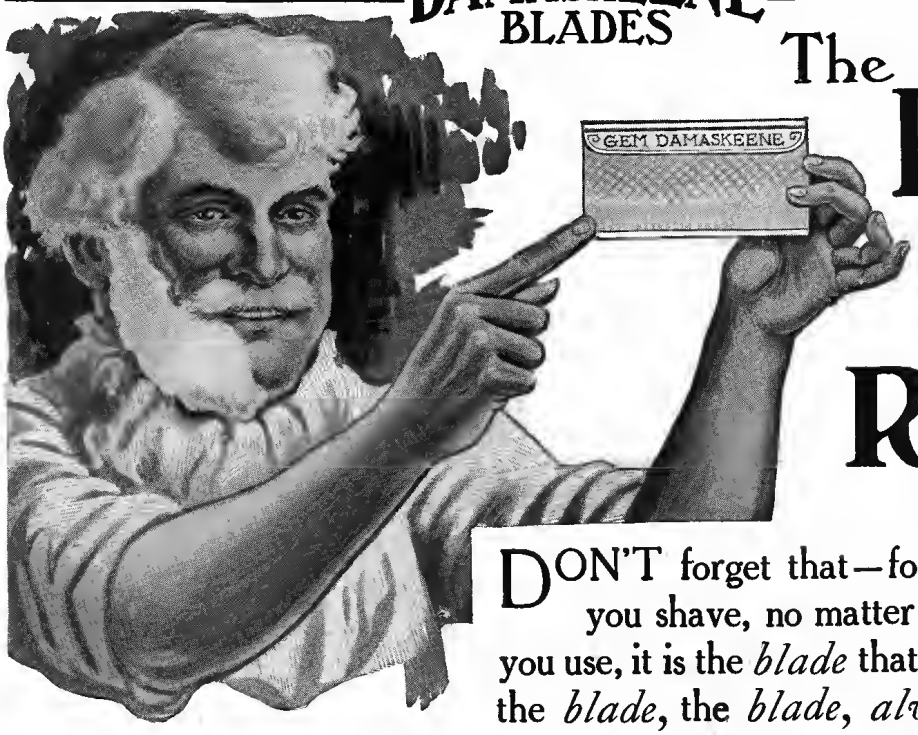
AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY

Selling Agency
American Woolen Co. of N. Y.
AMERICAN WOOLEN BLDG.
4th Ave., 18th and 19th Streets
NEW YORK



Scene from window of famous New York hotel showing wonderful White Rock sign which lights Times Square.

GEM DAMASKEENE BLADES



The Blade is the Razor

DON'T forget that—for no matter how you shave, no matter what style razor you use, it is the *blade* that does the work—the *blade*, the *blade*, *always* the *blade*.

Gem Damaskeene Blades are perfect because they're made to be so—they hold their edge indefinitely. All beards are alike to a **Gem Damaskeene Blade**—no pulling, no scraping, no skipping—just a gentle shave that gets right down to the work, leaving the face smooth and clean—and it's the same story blade after blade.

TRY A GEM DAMASKEENE BLADE—THE BLADE OF BLADES. SEND US NAME OF SAFETY RAZOR YOU'RE USING AND WE WILL MAIL YOU A BLADE *FREE*. **Fit most standard safety razors but give best results in a Gem Junior New Bar Frame.**

Set of 7 Gem Damaskeene Blades, 35c.

The **Gem Junior Safety Razor** is a world-wide favorite, and to shave with a **Gem Junior** is the modern way. Shaves clean and close, and quickly too—saves ten-tenths of what you now pay the barber.

Gem Junior outfit complete, $1.00,—including 7 **Gem Damaskeene Blades,** New Bar Frame, combination shaving and stropping handle, all in handsome leather case.

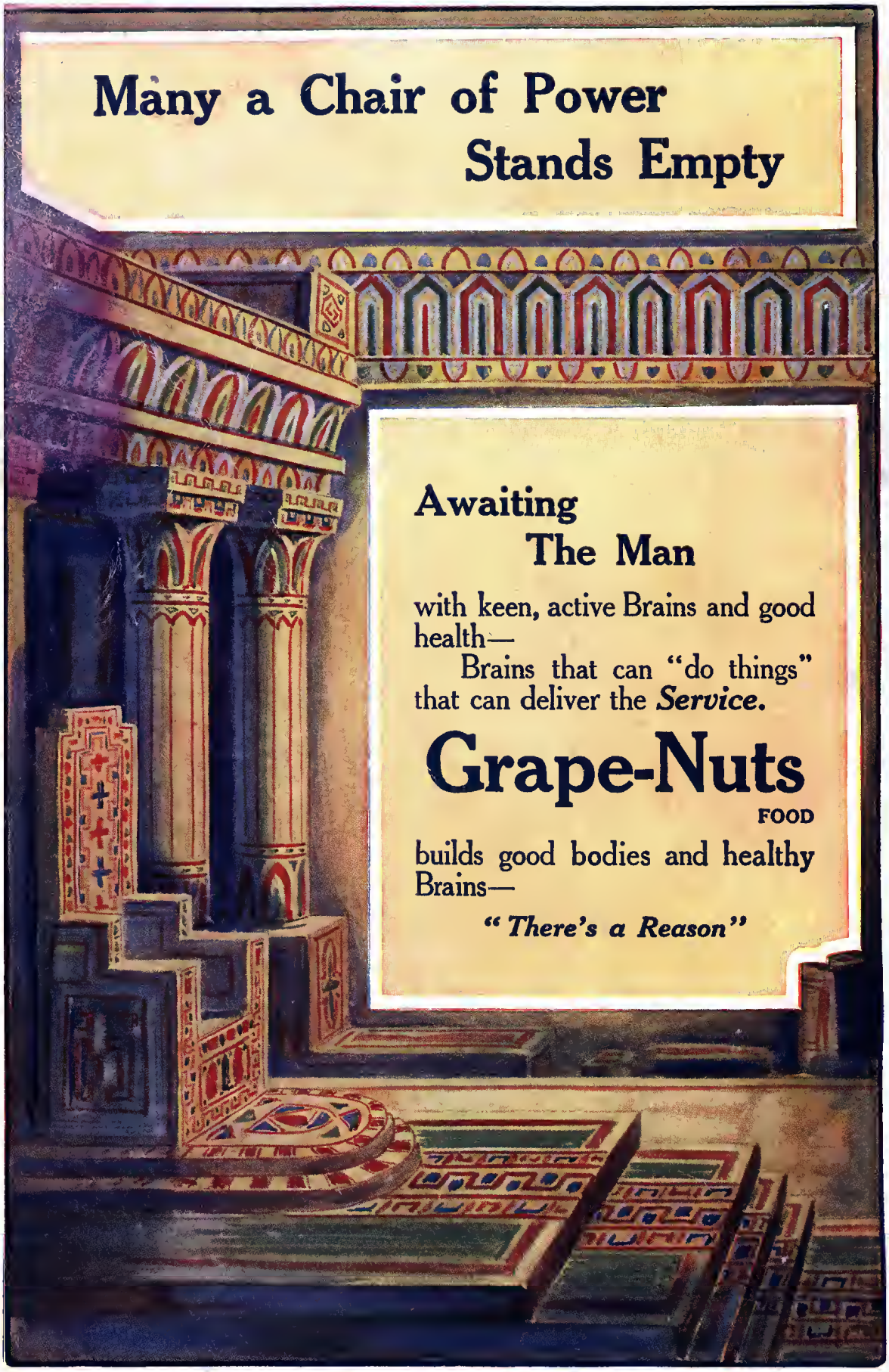
Gem Junior Safety Razor, and Gem Damaskeene Blades are sold by up-to-date dealers everywhere.

Gem Cutlery Co., New York

Chicago *Montreal*

GENUINE **GEM** JUNIOR
SAFETY RAZOR
ONE DOLLAR

PRESS OF STEARNS BROS. & CO., CHICAGO


Many a Chair of Power
Stands Empty
Awaiting
The Man
with keen, active Brains and good health—
Brains that can "do things" that can deliver the *Service.*
Grape-Nuts
FOOD
builds good bodies and healthy Brains—
"There's a Reason"