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The Man From Home

By **BOOTH TARKINGTON** and **HARRY LEON WILSON**
 A Novelization of the Play of the Same Name
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"Pardon, m'sieu, the gentleman, he wish to speak to you."
 Horace whirled in an angry flash. "What gentleman?" he demanded, and Pike regarded him calmly. "I thought from your calm," he proceeded quietly, "you might be an American."
 Horace planted himself squarely before his interrogator. "Are you speaking to me?" he demanded laughingly. "I shouldn't be surprised," said Pike genially. "Ain't you an American?" "I happen to have been born in the States," replied Horace aggressively, and Pike smiled quizzically. "Well, that was luck," he commented, and as Horace turned again to go he said: "Hold on a minute! I'm looking for some Americans here, and I expect you know 'em—boy and girl named Simpson?"
 Horace flushed deeply to the roots of his hair. "Is there any possibility you mean Granger-Simpson?" he asked, with elaborate sarcasm, but this was lost on Daniel. "No, sir; just plain Simpson. Granger's their middle name. That's for old Jed Granger, grandfather on their mother's side. I want to see 'em both, but it's the girl I'm really looking for."
 "Will you be good enough to state any possible reason why Miss Granger-Simpson should see you?" and Pike started in genuine astonishment. "Renson?" he reiterated. "Why, yes, I'm her guardian!"
 The effect of this simple statement was terrifying. Ethel reeled dizzily and was supported by Mme. de Champigny. The earl rose to his feet, and Horace staggered back. "What?" he cried. "Yes, sir," went on Pike—"Daniel Voorhees Pike, attorney at law, Kokomo, Ind."
 Horace fell back from him in horrified amazement. "I shall ask her," he began weakly and shamefacedly, "if she will consent to an interview."
 Pike looked at him in amazement in his turn. "Interview?" he said. "Why, I want to talk to her!"
 Hawcastle, with some of his finer feelings aroused, picked up his sister-in-law with his eyes, much as a clever mistress picks up her feminine guests at a dinner, and arose, turning to Ethel. "This shall make no difference to us, my child," he said and, turning sharply, took Lady Creech by the arm and left the terrace. Pike looked at Horace pityingly. "Don't you understand?" he said. "I'm her guardian!"
 For a fleeting instant Horace stared at him and then dropped his chin and walked away. "I shall never hold up my head again," he said.
 The sudden horror of the revelation that Horace had drawn forth bore down upon Ethel's mind with a crushing weight. To her artificialized understanding the disgrace was more than she could ever hope to bear, and Horace's expressed thought that he should never be able to hold up his head again was but a vivification of her own. Surely it would have been bad enough, she told herself, if this fearful thing had come upon them privately, but to have it appear in the full light of day and in the very hearing of the family of the man she was about to marry was too cruel.
 And with an inward groan she leaned for a moment against the terrace wall where the countess had left her. When the first astonishment had passed and she had time to realize what had occurred, events that had seemed but fleeting impressions rose up before her in all their vivid nakedness. Mme. de Champigny had looked at her with astute contempt, she was sure, and she dimly remembered seeing the look of horrified amazement upon the patrician features of the Earl of Hawcastle. Then, with an awakened resentment, the fighting blood of the sturdy plebeian Simpson stock, the stock that had upheld its end in the battle against oppression in several wars, came back to her with a rush, and she decided to see this awful man and give him to understand that he must go away at once and never insult her again by his uncouth and vulgar presence. Such business as had to be transacted could be done through an intermediary.
 With a bracing of her spirit she stepped forward resolutely and came up close behind Pike as he stood with Daniel.

after the retreat of Horace. Ethel cast a look of loathing upon the straight back of the guardian of her peace and ground her little boot heel into the stone flagging. She glanced up and saw that the common German was looking at Pike with grave sympathy and even understanding, and instantly she hated him for it. Then she saw him take his cap from the obsequious Mariano and turn away. When he had gone she said in a low voice: "I am Miss Granger-Simpson."
 CHAPTER X.
 THE HUMILIATION.
 INSTANTLY Pike turned with a little twist of his bank body and half lifted his hand as if he expected a blow. Then his arm dropped again, and he stood looking at her in calm and interested fashion. As he started his expression changed to one of mingled tenderness and pride, and when he spoke there was a world of pathos in his voice. "Why," he said in a low, astonished tone, "why, I knew your pa from the time I was a little boy till he died, and I looked up to him more'n I ever looked up to anybody in my life, but I never thought he'd have a girl like you. He'd be mighty proud if he could see you now."
 The words from him in a sweet, soft tone and then faced him again with sad disappointment in her tone. "Perhaps it will be as well if we avoid personal allusions," she said respectfully. This man should have no opportunity for hitting up those vulgar, half forgotten family reminiscences if she could help it. He wanted a trifle warty.
 "I don't just see how that's possible," he answered, and she waved her hand impatiently. "Will you please sit down?" she said, and Pike made an awkward bow. "Yes, ma'am," he replied solemnly with the faintest ascent on the nose, and obediently took the chair that Horace had vacated so precipitately. She shuttled at the word he used and glanced nervously at the earl who was holding in his hands. "Are—are you really my guardian?" she asked at last, with a trace of hesitation.
 "We could have been spared this—this mortification,"
 ed unbelief in her tones. Pike smiled at her. "Well," he said, "I've got the papers in my grip. I expect that!"
 "Oh, I know it!" she interrupted explosively. "It's only that we didn't fancy—we didn't expect!"
 She paused, and he went on: "I expect you thought I'd be considerably older."
 "Not only that."
 "And I guess you thought I'd neglected you a good deal." There was a touch of remorse in his tone, and he looked idly at the hat he held. "And it did look like it—never coming to see you—but I couldn't hardly manage the time to get away. You see, being trustee of your share of the estate I don't hardly have a fair show at my law practice. But when I got your letter eleven days ago I says to myself: 'Here, Daniel Voorhees Pike, you old shellback, you've just got to take time. John Simpson trusted you with his property, and he's done more—he's trusted you to look out for her, and now she's come to a kind of jumping off place in her life—she's thinking of getting married—so you just pack your gripsack and hike out over there and stand by her.'"



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