

Rex Beach Short Stories



Out of The Night

By REX BEACH.

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THERE is but one remedy for your complaint," Dr. Suydam settled deeper into his chair. "Marry the girl."

"That is the only piece of your professional advice I ever cared to follow. But how?"

"Any way you can. Use force if necessary. Only marry her. Otherwise I predict all sorts of complications for you—melancholia, brain fog, bankruptcy."

Austin laughed. "Could you write me a prescription?"

"Oh, she'll have you, Bob. You don't seem to realize that you are a good catch."

Austin finished buckling his puttee before rising to his full height. "That doesn't mean anything to her. She doesn't need to make a catch."

"Nonsense! She's just like all the others, only richer and clever. Go at her as if she were the corn market. She won't be half so hard to corner. You have made a name for yourself and a blamed sight more money than you deserve. You are young—compare actively, I mean."

The elder man stroked his shock of iron gray hair for answer.

"Well, at any rate you are a picturesque personage, even if you can't wear riding clothes."

"Doesn't a man look like the devil in these togs?" Austin posed awkwardly in front of a mirror.

"There's only one person that can look worse in riding clothes than a man. That's a woman."

"What heresy, particularly in a society doctor? But I agree with you. I learned to ride on her account, you know. As a matter of fact, I hate it. The sight of a horse fills me with terror."

Dr. Suydam laughed outright at this. "She tells me you have a very good seat."

"Really?" Austin's eyes gleamed suddenly. "You know I never had a chance to ride when I was a youngster. In fact, I never had an opportunity to do anything except work. That's what makes me so crude and awkward. What I know I have picked up during the last few years."

"You make me tired!" declared the former. "You aren't!"

"I don't skate on waxed floors, nor spill tea, nor clutch at my chauffeur in a tight place, but you know what I mean. I feel lonesome in a dress suit, a butter flies with gloom, and—well, I'm not one of you, that's all."

"Perhaps that's what makes a hit with Marmion. She's used to the other kind."

"It seems to me that I have always worked," ruminated the former speaker. "I don't remember that I ever had time to play, even after I came to the city. It's a mighty sad thing to rob a boy of his childhood; it makes him a dull, unattractive sort when he grows up. I used to read about people like Miss Moore but I never expected to know them until I met you. Of course that corn deal rather changed things."

"Well, rather!" Suydam agreed with emphasis.

"The result is that when I am with her I forget the few things I have done that are worth while, and I become the farm hand again. I'm naturally rough and angular, and she sees it."

"Oh, you're too sensitive! You have a heart like a girl underneath that saturnine front of yours, and while you look like the Sphinx, you are really as much of a kid at heart as I am. Where do you ride today?"

"Riverside Drive."

"What horse is she riding?"

"Pointer."

The doctor shook his head. "Too many automobiles on the Drive. He's a rotten nag for a woman anyhow. His mouth is as tough as a stirrup, and he has the disposition of a tarantula. Why doesn't she stick to the park?"

"You know Marmion."

"Say, wouldn't it be great if Pointer bolted and you saved her life? She couldn't refuse you then."

Austin laughed. "That's not exactly the way I'd care to win her. However, if Pointer bolted I'd probably get rattled and fall off my own horse. I don't like the brutes. Come on! I'm late."

"That's right. Throw me out the minute I get comfortable," grumbled the younger man as he rose.

"Stay here if you prefer. There are



"Because I—I love her, I suppose."

then he went back to the side of his friend, where other hands less unsteady were at work.

"Poor lonely old Bob!" he murmured. "Not a soul to care except Marmion and me, and God knows whether she cares or not."

But Robert Austin did not die, although the attending surgeons said he would, said he should, in fact, else all teachings of their science were at fault. He even offended the traditions of surgery by being removed to his own apartments in a week. There Suydam, who had watched him night and day, told him that Miss Moore had a broken shoulder and hence could not come to see him.

"Poor girl!" said Austin faintly. "If I'd known more about horses I might have saved her."

"If you'd known more about horses you'd have let Pointer run," declared his friend. "Nobody but an idiot or a Bob Austin would have taken the chance you did. How is your head?"

The sick man closed his eyes wearily.

"It hurts all the time. What's the matter with it?"

"We're none of us been able to discover what isn't the matter with it. Why in thunder did you hold on so long?"

"Because I—I love her, I suppose."

"Did you ask her to marry you?" Suydam had been itching to ask the question for days.

"No. I was just getting to it when Pointer bolted. I—I'm slow at such things." There was a moment's pause. "Doc, what's the matter with my eyes? I can't see very well."

"Don't talk so much," ordered the physician. "You're lucky to be here at all. Thanks to that copper riveted constitution of yours, you'll get well."

But it seemed that the patient was fated to disappoint the predictions of his friend as well as those of the surgeons at Mercy hospital. He did not recover in a manner satisfactory to his medical adviser, and while he remained the most of his bodily vigor, the injury to his eyes baffled even the most skillful specialists. He was very brave about it, however, and wrung the heart of Dr. Suydam by the uncomplaining fortitude with which he bore examination after examination, operation upon operation. Learned oculists theorized vaguely about optic atrophies, fractures and brain pressure of one sort and another, and meanwhile Robert Austin, in the highest perfection of bodily vigor, in the fullest possession of those faculties that had raised him from an unschooled farm boy to an eminence in the business world, went slowly blind.

The shadows crept in upon him with a deadly, merciless certainty that would have filled the stoutest heart with gloom, and yet he maintained a smiling stoicism that deceived all but his closest associates. To Dr. Suydam, however, the incontestable progress of the malady was frightfully tragic. He alone knew the man's dominant spirit, his lofty ambitions and his active habits. No one but he knew of the overmastering love that had come so late and he raved at the maddening limits of his profession. In Austin's presence he strove to be cheerful and lighten the burden he knew was crushing him, but at other times he bent every energy toward a discovery of some means to check the affliction, some hand more skilled than those he knew of. In time he recognized the futility of his efforts, however, and resigned himself to the worst.

"Why?" questioned Suydam savagely. "Why don't you ask her to marry you, Bob? She couldn't refuse, and God knows you need her!"

"That's just it; she couldn't refuse. This is the sort of thing a fellow must bear alone. She's too young and beautiful and fine to be harassed up to a worn old cripple."

"Cripple!" the other choked. "Don't talk like that. Don't be so blamed resigned. It tears my heart out. I—I—why, I believe I feel this more than you do."

Austin turned his face to the speaker with a look of such tragic suffering that the younger man felt silent.

Dr. Suydam had a furious desire to acquaint Marmion Moore with the truth and to tell her, with all the brutal frankness he could muster, of her part in this calamity. But Austin would not hear to it.

"She doesn't dream of the truth," the sick man told him, "and I don't want her to learn. She thinks I am merely weak, and it grieves her terribly to know I haven't recovered. If she really knew it might ruin her life, for she is a girl who feels deeply. I want to spare her that. It's the least I can do."

"But she'll find it out some time."

"I think not. She comes to see me every day."

"Every day?"

"Yes; I'm expecting her soon."

"And she doesn't know?"

Austin shook his head. "I never let her see there's anything the matter with my sight. She drives up with her mother, and I wait for her there in the bay window. It's getting hard for me to distinguish her now, but I recognize the hoof beats. I can tell them

every time.

"But—I don't understand."

"I pretend to be very weak," explained the elder man, with a guilty flush. "I sit in the big chair yonder, and my Jap boy waits on her. She is very kind. Austin's voice grew husky. "I'm sorry to lose sight of the park out yonder, and the trees and the children—they're growing indistinct. I—I like children. I've always wanted some for myself. I've dreamed about it." His thin, haggard face broke into a wistful smile. "I guess that is all over with now."

"I'm glad I can hide my feelings," he said slowly. "For that is what I have to do every instant she is with me. I don't wish to inflict unnecessary pain upon my friends, but don't you suppose I know what it means? It means the destruction of all my fine hopes, the death of all I hold dear in the world. I love my work, for I am—or I was—a success; this means I must give it up. I am strong in body and brain; this robs me of my usefulness. All my life I have prayed that I might some time love a woman. That time has come, but this means I must give her up and be lonely all my days. I must grope my way through the dark with never a ray of light to guide me. Do you know how awful the darkness is?" He wrung his hands. "I must go hungering through the night with a voiceless love to torture me. Just at the crowning point of my life I've been snuffed out. I must fall behind and see my friends desert me."

"Bob!" cried the other in shocked denial.

"Oh, you know it will come to that. People don't like to feel pity forever tugging at them. I've been a lonely fellow and my friends are numbered. For a time they will come to see me and try to cheer me up; they will even try to include me in their pleasures. Then when it is no longer a new story

(Continued next week.)

NEW STYLES FOR MEN.

A Novelty Resembles the Fatigue Hat of National Guardsmen.

Fashions for men have begun to take a surprising turn. From Spain recently came something quite new in the form of the sandal coat, which, according to prediction, will be popular when the hot weather sets in. And now a new style hat for men has been found to rival the old standby sailor. It made its appearance in New York, where it attracted considerable attention.

The new model is very like the broad, flat fatigue hat of the national guardsmen. The hats were seen on five or six fashionably dressed men. These hats are being sold in some Fifth avenue shops, where it was stated that they were originated to supplant the Mexican sombrero.

Don't Let Skin Troubles Spread

Trivial blemishes are sometimes the first warning of serious skin diseases. Neglected skin troubles grow. Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment promptly stops the progress of eczema, heals stubborn cases of pimples, acne, blotchy, red and scaly skin. The antiseptic qualities of Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment kill the germ and prevent the spread of the trouble. For cold sores or chapped hands, Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment offers prompt relief. At your Druggist, 50c.

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Pendleton Normal School Proven Necessity

(Copied from Portland Oregonian.)

MONMOUTH, Ore., June 26.—The Oregon Normal school opened this week . . . students enrolled 785, largest on record for state Normal in Oregon . . . how to care for large student body a problem . . . 800 being crowded into auditorium with seating capacity of 550. Galleries filled with extra chairs in aisles. More than 150 students seated on platform. New boarding houses completed, additions to rooming houses built and tents used. One hundred girls sleep on upper floor of school.

The official school report gives 150 grade pupils in Monmouth, for teacher practice.

Read what those you have elected to handle the affairs of your state and who are thoroughly informed regarding school conditions in Oregon have to say concerning measure 308 on the ballot at the coming election:

By James Withycombe, Governor of Oregon:

"Oregon is unquestionably in need of more normal school work and Pendleton is the logical place for a school of this class in Eastern Oregon."

By J. A. Churchill, State Superintendent of Public Instruction:

"I trust that the voters of the State will assist in raising the standard of our schools by establishing a State Normal School at Pendleton."

By P. L. Campbell, President of the University of Oregon:

"At least one additional Normal School is urgently needed in Oregon."

By W. J. Kerr, President of the Oregon Agricultural College:

"Since the people of Pendleton are initiating a measure for the establishment of a Normal School at that place, it will give me pleasure to support this measure."

By J. H. Ackerman, President Oregon Normal School, at Monmouth:

"A careful analysis of the situation will convince any one that Oregon needs a Normal School in Eastern Oregon and Pendleton fills all the government requirements."

By the County School Superintendents of Oregon:

"It is solved, that it is the sense of the County School Superintendents of the State of Oregon, in convention assembled, that the best interests of the schools of the State demand increased facilities for the training of teachers, and that we, therefore, endorse the initiative measure to establish a Normal School at Pendleton."

By Mrs. Charles H. Caatner, President of the Oregon Federation of Women's Clubs:

"I most heartily endorse the location of said Normal School at Pendleton."

Prof. Robert C. French, Former President of the Normal School Located at Weston:

"An immediate establishment of such a school at some central point such as Pendleton would prove a great asset to the State of Oregon."

B. F. Mulkey, Ex-President Southern Oregon Normal School:

"I shall support the location of an Eastern Oregon Normal School at Pendleton."

State Board of Regents of Oregon Normal School declares that "the necessity for additional Normal school facilities in Oregon is apparent."

Portland Chamber of Commerce endorses measure 308 and says Pendleton most logical location for Normal school in Eastern Oregon.

308 X YES IS A VOTE FOR YOUR CHILDREN

(Paid Adv.) Eastern Oregon State Normal School Committee. By J. H. Gwinn, Secy., Pendleton, Ore.

At The Churches

Arleta Baptist Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School.
11 a. m. Preaching service.
8:00 p. m. Evening services.
7:00 p. m. B. Y. U. meeting.
8:00 Thursday Prayer meeting.
Everybody welcome to any and all of these services.
W. T. S. Spriggs, pastor.

Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church

10 a. m. Sabbath School.
11 a. m. Morning worship.
7:00 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E.
7:45 p. m. Evening worship.
7:30 p. m. Thursday, midweek service.
8 p. m. Thursday, choir practice.
Rev. Wm. H. Amos, Pastor.

St. Peter's Catholic Church

Sundays:
8 a. m. Low Mass.
10:30 a. m. High Mass.
8:30 a. m. Sunday School.
12 M. Choir rehearsal.
Week days: Mass at 8 a. m.

Seventh Day Adventist Church

10 a. m. Saturday Sabbath School.
11 a. m. Saturday preaching.
7:30 p. m. Wednesday, Prayer meeting.
7:45 p. m. Sunday preaching.

Kern Park Christain Church

Corner 69th St. and 46th Ave. S. E.
10 a. m. Bible School.
11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. preaching service.
6:30 p. m. Christain Endeavor.
7:30 p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting.
A cordial welcome to all.
Rev. G. K. Berry, Pastor.

St. Pauls Episcopal Church

One block south of Woodmere station.
Holy Communion the first Sunday of each month at 8 p. m. No other services that day.
Every other Sunday the regular services will be as usual.
Evening Prayer and sermon at 4 p. m.
Sunday School meets at 3 p. m. B. Boatwright, Supt., L. Maffett, Sec.
Rev. O. W. Taylor Rector.

Lents Evangelical Church

Sermon by the Pastor, 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.
Sunday School 9:45 a. m., Albert Fankhauser, Superintendent.
Y. P. A. 8:45 p. m. Paul Bradford, President.
Prayer meeting Thursday 8 p. m.
A cordial welcome to all.
T. R. Hornschuch, Pastor.

Lents Friend's Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School, Clifford Barker Superintendent.
11:00 a. m. Preaching services.
6:25 p. m. Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m. Preaching services.
8:00 p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting.
A cordial welcome to all these services.

John and Nettie Riley, Pastors.

Lents Baptist Church

Lord's Day, Bible School 9:45 a. m. Morning worship, 11 a. m. Elmo Heights Sunday School, 2:30 p. m.
B. Y. P. U., 6:30 p. m.
Evening worship, 7:30 p. m.
A cordial welcome to these services.
J. M. Nelson, Pastor.

Fifth Church of Christ

Fifth Church of Christ, Scientist of Portland, Ore. Myrtle Park Hall, Myrtle Park.
Services Sunday 11 a. m.
Sunday School 9:30 and 11 a. m.
Wednesday evening testimonial meeting 8 p. m.

Lents M. E. Church

Sunday School 9:45 a. m.
Preaching 11:00 a. m.
Bible Study Class, 5:30 p. m.
Epworth League 6:30 p. m.
Preaching 7:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. F. M. Jasper, pastor.
Residence 5703 83rd St.

Laurelwood M. E. Church

9:45 a. m. Sunday school.
11:00 a. m. preaching.
12:30 a. m. class meeting.
6:30 p. m. Epworth League.
7:30 p. m. preaching.
The pastor is assisted by a chorus choir and the Amphion Male Quartette.
8:00 p. m. Thursday evening, prayer service.
Dr. C. R. Carlos, pastor.

German Evangelical Reformed Church

Corner Woodstock Ave., and 87th St. Rev. W. G. Lienkaemper, pastor.
Sunday School 10 a. m.
Morning Worship, 11 a. m.
Y. P. S. at 7:30 p. m.
German School and Catechetical Class Saturday 10 a. m.

Third United Brethren Church

10 a. m. Sunday School.
11 a. m. Preaching.
3 p. m. Junior Christian Endeavor.
6:30 p. m. Senior Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m. Preaching.

Brentwood M. E. Church

10 a. m. Sunday School.
11 a. m. Preaching service.
Rev. W. L. Wilson, Pastor.

LODGE DIRECTORY

Magnolia Camp No. 4026, Royal Neighbors, meets regular Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall. Second Wednesdays social meeting. Neighbors bring your families and friends. Fourth Wednesday, business. All Neighbors requested to come. By order of the Camp.