

# Rainbow's End

## A NOVEL

BY REX BEACH

Author of "The Iron Trail," "The Spoilers," "Heart of the Sunset," etc.

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### CHAPTER VII

#### The Man Who Would Know Life.

Later that day O'Reilly set out to reconnoiter the city of Neuvitas. He was followed, of course—he had expected as much, and the circumstances amused rather than alarmed him. But when he returned to his hotel and found that his rooms had been visited during his absence he felt a hint of uneasiness. Evidently, as Doctor Alvarado had forecast, the authorities were interested in him; and he had further evidence of the fact when he learned that the room next him was occupied by the very man who had shadowed him on the street. Inasmuch as the intervening wall was no more than a thin partition, through which his very breathing could be heard, while his every movement could doubtless be spied upon, O'Reilly saw the need of caution.

During breakfast, and afterward throughout an aimless morning stroll, O'Reilly felt watchful eyes upon him. When he returned to his hotel he found Mr. Carbajal in the cafe conducting refreshes for some military officers, who scanned the American with bold, hostile glances. O'Reilly complained to the proprietor of a toothache. He declared that something had to be done at once, and inquired the name and address of the best local dentist.

Mr. Carbajal named several, among them Dr. Tomas Alvarado, whereupon his guest hurried away, followed at a respectful distance by the secret agent.

Finding Doctor Alvarado's office was closed, as he had anticipated, O'Reilly proceeded to the doctor's residence. There was some delay when he rang the bell, but eventually the dentist himself appeared. O'Reilly recognized him from his resemblance to his brother. He addressed him in English.

"I come from Felipe," he began. "He will remember the day you whipped him to keep him from going to the Ten Years' war."

The languor of Doctor Alvarado's siesta vanished. He started, his eyes widened.

"Who are you?" he muttered.

"My name is O'Reilly. I am an American, a friend, so don't be alarmed. The man you see approaching is following me, but he thinks I have come to you with a toothache."

"What do you want?"

"I want your help in joining the insurgents."

By this time the detective had come within earshot. Making an effort at self-possession, the dentist said: "Very well. I will meet you at my office in a half-hour and see what can be done." Then he bowed.

O'Reilly raised his hat and turned away.

Doctor Alvarado's dentist's chair faced a full-length window, one of several which, after the Cuban fashion, opened directly upon the sidewalk, rendering both the waiting room and the office almost as public as the street itself. Every one of these windows was wide open when Johnnie arrived; but it seemed that the dentist knew what he was about, for when his patient had taken his seat and he had begun an examination of the troublesome tooth, he said, under his breath: "I, too, am watched. Talk to me in English. When I press, that upon your gum, you will know that some one is passing. Now, then, what is the meaning of your amazing message from Felipe?"

While Doctor Alvarado pretended to treat a perfectly sound molar, Johnnie managed, despite frequent interruptions, to make known the reason and circumstances of his presence.

"But there are no rebels around here," Alvarado told him. "You could escape to the country, perhaps, but what then? Where would you go? How would they know who you are?"

"That's what I want to find out," the Cuban pondered. "You'll have to go to Puerto Principe," he said at length. "Our men are operating in that neighborhood, and my brother Ignacio will know how to reach them. I'll give you a message to him, similar to the one you brought me from Felipe." Then he smiled. "I've just thought of the very thing. Years ago I lent him a book which I particularly prized, and one of his children damaged it. I was furious. I declared I would never lend him another, and I never have. Now, then, I'll give you that very volume; hand it to him and say that I asked you to return it to him."

O'Reilly thanked him, promising to use every precaution in delivering the message. The next morning he paid Carbajal's score and took the train to the interior. In his bag was Tomas Alvarado's precious volume, and in the same coach with him rode the secret service man.

In its general features Puerto Principe differed little from the other Cuban cities O'Reilly knew. It was compactly built, it was very old and it looked its centuries. Its streets were particularly narrow and crooked, having been purposely laid out in labyrinthine mazes, so the story goes, in order to fool the pirates.

As he sat in a cafe, sipping an or- could further blanch, but they became fairly livid, while a beading of moisture appeared upon his upper lip. "Heaven! You've no idea how it gets on a fellow's nerves to see himself slipping—slipping. I'd like to end it suddenly, like that!" He voiced the

singers. "Then, too, I'd like to have a thrill before I cash in—taste 'the salt of life,' as somebody expressed it. That's war. It's the biggest game in the world. What do you think of the idea?"

"Not much," O'Reilly said honestly. "Difference in temperament. I suppose it is a sick fancy, but I've got it. I'm a rotten coward, but I'll fight if the Cubans will take me."

"Where are the Cubans?"

"Oh, they're out yonder in the hills. I know all about 'em. Come over to my quarters, and I'll show you a map, if you're interested."

"I am," said O'Reilly, and, rising, he followed his new acquaintance.

aguardiente, he heard someone speaking an atrocious Spanish, and looked up to see that another American had entered. The stranger was a tall, funeral young man, with pallid cheeks and hollow, burning eyes. O'Reilly stepped over to the table and introduced himself. "The hotel keeper in Neuvitas told me I'd find you here," he said. "Your name is—"

"Branch: Leslie Branch. So Carbajal said you'd find me here, eh? Oh, the greasy little liar. He didn't believe it. He thought his cooking would have killed me, long ago, and it nearly did."

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# ISABEL

By LOUISE A. ADLSON.

We knew as soon as we saw her that she was different. By the light of her eye, the sprightliness in her step, by her quick, defiant expression, Isabel made it clear to us that she was no ordinary cow.

"A Jersey," my father said. But I think he was mistaken. I don't know much about cows. She wanted a place in the sun. She had a hankering for cable, and she refused immediately to herd with the every-day, milk-giving cows in the neighborhood.

Old Mr. J., who had taken the cows to the pasture for years, reported to father at the end of the first day that Isabel had taken one look at her placid, grass-munching companions—and bolted. He had chased her the entire day through forest and glade, and brought her home, after a spent day, rebellious and defiant.

"Talk no use talking," said the old man, "if a cow don't act like a cow I can't be bothered. That critter's got too much sense for an animal, 'tain't natural. I know she just did things today out of sheer spite, and I shan't chase after her no more."

And he didn't. So Isabel stayed home, while her companions went weekly to pasture every day. Still she was dissatisfied. It was evident that staying in a dreary barn all day irked her high-strung nerves. She had yearnings for a higher sphere of influence, so one day, the door being open, Isabel walked out in search of adventure and her place in the sun.

And it was on that same day that Evelyn, our pretty young city cousin, was packing her clothes to go home. Evelyn had been with us for three months, having been sent by her parents to recuperate after her illness. Evelyn was working very hard, lips compressed and eyes carefully turned away from the house next door, where lived Howard R—. She would return his ring by mail, for she was determined not to see him or speak to him before she left, or any time afterward.

It was certainly a pity that there was nobody home that day. Mother had gone to the house of a neighbor, and I had been obliged to substitute at the school because Miss F— was sick, and it was deemed inadvisable to close up altogether. We expected to return in time to see Evelyn off, and of course if we had known what was going to happen we would never, never have left her alone in the house. But then, we could hardly be expected to look so far ahead.

Evelyn was miserable, but she had lots of pride. She was going to leave the house and the village with a wonderful show of carelessness and sprightly gaiety. No spying eye from across the way would discover even a trace of sadness. Certainly that spying eye would never discover a tear in her. But she had reckoned without Isabel, who, on leaving the gloom of the barn for the freshness of the bright summer day, strolled slowly along until she came to the back of the house. There, through the screen door, she could distinctly see a basket of greens, intended for the day's dinner, a barrel of apples, of which she was extremely fond, and another barrel of potatoes. Without hesitation, the screen door being unfastened, Isabel stepped in and helped herself liberally.

In the meanwhile Evelyn, hearing a sound, came forward to see who the visitor might be, thinking, too, that if it were that Howard B—, she would let him see, by her icy demeanor, that his presence or absence made very little difference in her young life. Now, the ice-cold demeanor might have been put on for its effect on Howard B—, but on real chili ran down Evelyn's back when she saw who the visitor was. She couldn't help it. She knew it was absurd, but all her life she had had an aversion for cows. So, after staring at Isabel in terrified fascination for a full minute, she beat a hasty retreat to the front of the house. And Isabel left her greens, and apples, and potatoes, and followed, in a calm, dignified, untruffled manner, Evelyn rushed for the front door. It was locked and she couldn't find the key. Mortal terror overtook her. Scream on scream rent the air.

Howard B—, in the house opposite, sullenly concocting schemes for making Evelyn sorry, jumped to his feet on hearing his name called in frenzied accents. For a moment he stood still, doubtful if he had heard right. Again it came, Evelyn's voice, loud, shrill, terror-stricken. Howard rushed madly, made his way into the front of the house, and took in the situation at a glance.

Isabel, not the least frightened of the two by this time, received, I am sorry to relate, a blow on her aristocratic body, and much to her surprise and indignation was forced back, her stall in the barn, while Evelyn, almost fainting, fell into her rescuer's arms without a word, on his return.

"You're—you're—not going away, are you?" asked Howard, after a minute or two.

She shook her head in the negative, and, smiling wanly, put the ring, which she had intended returning by mail, on her finger again.

Some Orchestra, That!

Life is a great orchestra; we cannot transform it into a drum and life corps, nor insist that our children shall play the instrument which we have chosen for our playing.

MONROE DOCTRINE ACCEPTED

WASHINGTON, April 26—The Mexican government's denial of the Monroe doctrine was characterized today by members of congress now in Washington as another "Carranza blunder." It will be strictly enforced, the statesmen said, without regard to the attitude of Mexico.

Speaker Champ Clark looks upon the Monroe Doctrine as the "political life-preserver of the Western world." There is not the slightest doubt in his mind that it will be maintained at

# WEEKLY SOLDIER LETTER

Joseph Miller arrived in New York from Paris April 14, and the trip was made in nine days. The weather, Miller says, was "rough on rats."

Miller sent a clipping from one of the papers containing an article pertaining to the race of the transports, one of which Miller called on and is as follows:

"Six transports with approximately 9,000 soldiers, are due today. Several of them got in yesterday too late to dock. One of the first to go into her pier today is the Mexican, from St. Nazaire, which brought a disappointed lot of doughboys."

"When the Mexican left the other side her soldiers shouted to courtesans on the Florida. 'You're an old tub.' Then the Edward Luckenbach left six hours ahead of the Florida and advised the latter to 'grease your wheels.' The Lancaster also taunted her. All the way over there was betting by wireless, but the Florida, last to leave, was the first to arrive and docked yesterday.

"The Mexican got in later and the Luckenbach, with 2,185 men and the Lancaster with 901 are due today. On the Mexican there are 2,482 including a large part of the 361st infantry."

"The Canopic, which docks today, has 1,468, including 2,222 infantry detachments. The 322nd fought with the Italians and part arrived yesterday on the Danta Alighieri."

"The Calamare, St. Nazaire, 2,273 soldiers, and the Carrio, Bordeaux 59, are the other ships due today."

Another brief letter was received from the young man by his parents dated April 1, and is as follows:

"Can't write much, for I want to see all I can of this city, as it may be the last chance. I am in Paris for 48 hours. It is some city. Cannot start to explain. Will tell you all when I come home."

"With love,

"JOE."

The following letter has been received by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Roman of this city, from their grandson, Albion T. Gerber of Portland, who is on the "Stars and Stripes":

Kaisersesch, Germany  
March 31, 1919.

"Dear Grandparents:

"It's about time I put over a 'barage' to you again, especially now since Mother has gone to the ranch and probably liaison between you is not so good as when she was in Portland."

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"We are doing guard duty here, where we are at present stationed, but expect to get a change in work within the next few days, but I am afraid it will be for the worst from what I can hear. This work we are doing now isn't very hard on myself, for I only work one day out of four, then as commander of the guard, all I have to do is to walk around and see if everything is going O. K."

"Our mail has surely gotten sidetracked some place. I haven't received a letter from you for so long I think I will have a sick spell if I ever do get any again."

"I still expect to be home by the last of the summer anyway. If all reports we get over here are true, I guess we are about as well off over here as we would be at home any way, for they say lots of the boys are out of work, but I know I have plenty of work awaiting me when I get back."

"All that makes me mad is that the fellows to be drafted are the ones that are going back and getting the good jobs. The first ones over here are the last ones to get home."

"Have some friends up in Belgium that want me to visit them, but don't know whether I want to go or not."

"I am bound to get some mail sooner or later."

The following letter has been received by Mrs. W. R. Blackburn, from her son Floyd, who is with the Engineer Department:

Chatillon sur Seine, Cote D'Or, Fr  
Chatillon sur Seine, Cote D'Or, France  
March 25, 1919.

"Dear Mother:

"Thought I would write you a few lines and tell you that 'The Second Corps School' is just about over. There are only one or two branches holding classes in this course and it will be over April 21."

"All construction was stopped yesterday and I started taking down buildings this morning. There are one hundred and eighty-five prisoners filling trenches, so it cannot be long until everything will be in its former state. I don't know whether we have to take down all the barracks or not, but I hardly think so. Of course, some of them will come down, but I think the French can use some of them as they are. (Let us hope so.)"

"I have sent several boxes of souvenirs home the last couple of days and hope you receive them, especially the seventy-five cartridges. The German prisoners made them for me."

"I suppose you will be thinking of your vacation and looking forward to it before you receive this letter. I hope to spend it with you, but of course it is hard to tell what will happen. Don't know how long it will take us to get things in shape here. The

St. Nazaire, France,  
March 26, 1919.

"Dear Folks:

"Just a few lines tonight to let you know I am still alive."

"We are having some real spring weather here now. Rains more or less every day and real cool at nights, but we should worry, for we will be having some real summer weather again before long. We are near the beach and can go bathing when it warms up again."

"We will begin convoy work before long. Don't think I will like it myself, but most of the men think it will beat guard duty for a change."

"The 31st Division went through here a day or so ago, and will be on its way home across the pond' before long. This division is composed of men from Oregon, Washington and California. Think Armine is with this division."

"Most everyone is of the opinion we will go home before long, but I have given up thinking about it at all. (Guess I can stand it as long as anyone else. There are some here who have me beaten on service stripes.)"

"Well, I guess I will ring off for this time. Can't write when I don't receive any mail. You must write often."

"Tell everyone hello for me. Goodbye."

"With love to all,

"DELL."

Sergeant D. F. Howard,  
115th Co., Transportation Corps,  
Camp Wootton.

A. E. P. France, A. P. O. 701.

(The young man's relatives have written and still writing often, but he has failed to receive the letters.)

Miss Ruth Miller of this city, is in receipt of the following letter from her brother, Private W. D. (Ted) Miller, who is with the 98th Aero Squadron and now on his "way home":

Brest, France,  
March 23, 1919.

"Dear Ruth:

"We pulled out of Tours the 21st. Got up at 4 A. M., pulled the barracks for the last time, called the roll, and went to the Red Cross for breakfast. They had coffee, sandwiches and doughnuts laid out for us, and gave us boys to carry over toilet articles as we went out of the building. This organization sure got some rousing cheers. We talked to the depot and boarded our old friends—the box cars or chevaux d's. Had lots of straw on the floor, and kept fairly warm. It was pretty slow going between Tours and LeMans, and we stayed on the siding there until the next morning."

The Red Cross there had a coffee station in the depot.

"When we got started again we left France behind in a hurry, passing Laval and Rennes and reaching Brest about supper time. First thing they fed us at the big mess hall in the railroad yard, then marched us to camp. The camp is very different from what you might think after all that has been said. There are sidewalks and roads, warm, corrugated iron barracks, good feed, Y's, Knights of Columbus and Salvation Army clubs, and everything going like clock work. The consolidate mess is much better than the one we had at Tours last year. The food is better cooked, in greater variety and you can have seconds. The camp is as good as any I have been in, except for the big number of men, and you can't help but be impressed by the smoothness and efficiency with which the crowd is handled."

"We were deloused Monday, that is, we took a bath with kerosene soap. We stood inside and outside pack inspection yesterday with a mark of 100 per cent, and are presumably ready to leave. However, we are not the only ones her by a good many thousand, and there is no

reason to think that we will get any quicker than the rest."

"A Post, two Oregonians and Willamette Collegian reached here, and I expect there will be more letters soon."

"TED."

WASHINGTON, April 25—The per cent of the Victory loan being taken are taking notes bearing 4 3/4 per cent interest, according to unofficial estimates at the treasury department today. The notes with an interest rate of 3 3/4 per cent are few purchasers.

Subscribers for notes of the loan interest rate, however, are being large quantities, the figures show.

The war loan officials pointed out that the tremendous number of subscribers for notes of the higher interest rate, as compared with buyers of 3 3/4 per cent notes, gave satisfactory evidence of a wide distribution and that a stable market price for the notes appears likely.

The lower interest rate makes the 3 3/4 per cent notes distinctly a "hot man's" bond, according to Louis J. Franklin, director of the war loan organization. He declared that a buyer of government securities ought to afford to absorb the low interest notes in quantities upward of \$100,000, the difference is more than sufficient to offset federal taxes applicable to the incomes of most holders of the notes.

COVENANT IS ADOPTED AFTER BEING REVISED

PARIS, April 28.—The revised covenant of the League of Nations adopted by the plenary session of the peace conference at 5:15 o'clock this afternoon.

The covenant as adopted includes President Wilson's motion, naming Sir Eric Drummond of England as the first secretary general, and naming Belgium, Greece, Brazil and Spain for representation in the league council, together with the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan.

President Wilson, addressing the conference, explained the amendments to the League of Nations convention. He did not read the entire revised text.

In speaking of the amendment recognizing the Monroe doctrine, the president merely referred to it as a new article.

MEXICO REJECTS DOCTRINE

MEXICO CITY, April 25.—The non-recognition of the Monroe doctrine by the Mexican government and the recall from Paris of Alberto J. Pani, minister to France, to await orders in Spain, formed the substance of statements printed yesterday by the Mexico City papers tonight as having been given out officially by Manuel Diego Fernandez, chief of staff and a charge of the department of foreign relations.

J. K. LYNCH DEAD

SAN FRANCISCO, April 25.—James K. Lynch, governor of the state, died at his home in San Francisco, California, at 10:30 a. m. today. He was 67 years of age.

**PRINCE ALBERT**  
the national joy smoke

SAY, you'll have a streak of smokeluck that'll put pep-in-your-smokemotor, all right, if you'll ring-in with a jimmy pipe or cigarette papers and nail some Prince Albert for packing!

Just between ourselves, you never will wise-up to high-spot-smoke-joy until you can call a pipe by its first name, then, to hit the peak-of-pleasure you land square on that two-fisted-man-tobacco, Prince Albert!

Well, sir, you'll be so all-fired happy you'll want to get a photograph of yourself breezing up the pike with your smokethrottle wide open! Talk about smokeluck!

Quality makes Prince Albert so appealing all along the smoke line. Men who never before could smoke a pipe and men who've smoked pipes for years all testify to the delight it hands out! P. A. can't bite or parch! Both are cut out by our exclusive patented process!

Right now while the going's good you get out your old jimmy pipe or the papers and land on some P. A. for what ails you particular smokeshopette!

You buy Prince Albert wherever tobacco is sold. Toppo red bags, stid red tins, handsome round and half round tin humidors—and that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge mellowtop that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.