

# THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN.

A Story of American Life Novelized From the Play by ARTHUR HORNBLow.

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Fascinated by the gay scene around him, Jefferson laid the newspaper aside. To the young American, fresh from prosaic money mad New York, the City of Pleasure presented indeed a novel and beautiful spectacle. How different, he mused, from his own city with one fashionable thoroughfare—Fifth avenue—monotonously lined for miles with hideous brown-stone residences and showing little real animation except during the Saturday afternoon parade when the activities of the smart set, male and female, centered chiefly in such exciting diversions as going to Huyler's for soda, taking tea at the Waldorf and trying to outdo each other in dress and show. New York certainly was a dull place with all its boasted cosmopolitanism.

It was true, he thought, the foreigner had indeed learned the secret of enjoying life. There was assuredly something else in the world beyond mere money getting. His father was a slave to it, but he would never be. He was resolved on that. Yet, with all his ideas of emancipation and progress, Jefferson was a thoroughly practical young man. He fully understood the value of money, and the possession of it was as sweet to him as to other men. Only he would never soil his soul in acquiring it dishonestly.

No, Jefferson was no fool. He loved money for what pleasure, intellectual or physical, it could give him, but he would never allow money to dominate his life as his father had done. His father, he knew well, was not a happy man, neither happy himself nor respected by the world. He had toiled all his life to make his vast fortune, and now he toiled to take care of it. The galley slave led a life of luxurious ease compared with John Burkett Ryder. Battered by the yellow newspapers and magazines, investigated by state committees, dogged by process servers, haunted by beggars, harassed by blackmailers, threatened by kidnapers, frustrated in his attempts to bestow charity by the cry "tainted money," certainly the lot of the world's richest man was far from being an enviable one.

That is why Jefferson had resolved to strike out for himself. He had warded off the golden yoke which his father proposed to put on his shoulders, declining the lucrative position made for him in the Empire Trading company, and he had gone so far as to refuse also the private income his father offered to settle on him. He would earn his own living. A man who has his bread buttered for him seldom accomplishes anything, he had said, and while his father had appeared to be angry at this open opposition to his will, he was secretly pleased at his son's grit. Jefferson was thoroughly in earnest. If needs be he would forego the great fortune that awaited him rather than be forced into questionable business methods against which his whole manhood revolted.

Jefferson Ryder felt strongly about these matters and gave them more thought than would be expected of most young men with his opportunities. In fact, he was unusually serious for his age. He was not yet thirty, but he had done a great deal of reading, and he took a keen interest in all the political and sociological questions of the hour. In personal appearance he was the type of man that both men and women like—tall and athletic looking, with smooth face and clean cut features. He had the steel blue eyes and the fighting jaw of his father, and when he smiled he displayed two even rows of very white teeth. He was popular with men, being manly, frank and cordial in his relations with them, and women admired him greatly, although they were somewhat intimidated by his grave and serious manner. The truth was that he was rather diffident with women, largely owing to lack of experience with them.

He had never felt the slightest inclination for business. He had the artistic temperament strongly developed, and his personal tastes had little in common with Wall street and its feverish stock manipulating. When he was younger he had dreamed of a literary or art career. At one time he had even thought of going on the stage, but it was to art that he turned finally. From an early age he had shown considerable skill as a draftsman, and later a two years' course at the Academy of Design convinced him that this was his true vocation. He had begun by illustrating for the book publishers and for the magazines, meeting at first with the usual rebuffs and disappointments; but, refusing to be discouraged, he had kept on and soon the tide turned. His drawings began to be accepted. They appeared first in one magazine, then in another, until one day, to his great joy, he received an order from an important firm of publishers for six wash drawings to be used in illustrating a famous novel. This was the beginning of his real success. His illustrations were talked about almost as much as the book, and from that time on everything was easy. He was in great demand by the publishers, and very soon the young artist, who had begun his career of independence, on nothing a year, so to speak, found

self in a handsomely appointed studio in Bryant park, with more orders coming in than he could possibly fill and enjoying an income of little less than \$5,000 a year. The money was all the sweeter to Jefferson in that he felt he had himself earned every cent of it. This summer he was giving himself a well deserved vacation, and he had come to Europe partly to see Paris and the other art centers about which his fellow students at the academy raved, but principally—although this he did not acknowledge even to himself—to meet in Paris a young woman in whom he was more than ordinarily interested—Shirley Rossmore, daughter of Judge Rossmore of the United States supreme court, who had come abroad to recuperate after the labors on her new novel, "The American Octopus," a book which was then the talk of two hemispheres.

Jefferson had read half a dozen reviews of it in as many American papers that afternoon at the New York Herald's reading room in the Avenue de l'Opera, and he chuckled with glee as he thought how accurately this young woman had described his father. The book had been published under the pseudonym "Shirley Green," and he alone had been admitted into the secret of authorship. The critics all conceded that it was the book of the year, and that it portrayed with a pitiless pen the personality of the biggest figure in the commercial life of America. "Although," wrote one reviewer, "the leading character in the book is given another name, there can be no doubt that the author intended to give to the world a vivid pen portrait of John Burkett Ryder. She has succeeded in presenting a remarkable character study of the most remarkable man of his time."

He was particularly pleased with the reviews, not only for Miss Rossmore's sake, but also because his own vanity was gratified. Had he not collaborated on the book to the extent of acquainting the author with details of his father's life and his characteristics which no outsider could possibly have learned? There had been no disloyalty to his father in doing this. Jefferson admired his father's smartness, if he could not approve his methods. He did not consider the book an attack on his father, but rather a powerfully written pen picture of an extraordinary man.

The acquaintance of his son with the daughter of Judge Rossmore had not escaped the eagle eye of Ryder, Sr., and much to the financier's annoyance and even consternation he had ascertained that Jefferson was a frequent caller at the Rossmore home. He immediately jumped to the conclusion that this could mean only one thing, and fearing what he termed "the consequences of the insanity of immature minds," he had summoned Jefferson peremptorily to his presence. He told his son that all idea of marriage in that quarter was out of the question for two reasons: One was that Judge Rossmore was his most bitter enemy, the other was that he had hoped to see his son, his destined successor, marry a woman of whom he, Ryder, Sr., could approve. He knew of such a woman, one who would make a far more desirable mate than Miss Rossmore. He alluded, of course, to Kate Roberts, the pretty daughter of his old friend, the senator. The family interests would benefit by this alliance, which was desirable from every point of view.

Jefferson had listened respectfully until his father had finished and then grimly remarked that only one point of view had been overlooked—his own. He did not care for Miss Roberts; he did not think she really cared for him. The marriage was out of the question. Whereupon Ryder, Sr., had fumed and raged, declaring that Jefferson was opposing his will as he always did, and ending with the threat that if his son married Shirley Rossmore without his consent he would disinherit him.

Jefferson was cogitating on these incidents of the last few months when suddenly a feminine voice which he quickly recognized called out in English:

"Hello! Mr. Ryder." He looked up and saw two ladies, one young, the other middle aged, smiling at him from an open carriage which had drawn up to the curb. Jefferson jumped from his seat, upsetting his chair and startling two nervous Frenchmen in his hurry, and hastened out, hat in hand.

"Why, Miss Rossmore, what are you doing out driving?" he asked. "You know you and Mrs. Blake promised to dine with me tonight. I was coming round to the hotel in a few moments."

Mrs. Blake said she would get out here. Her dressmaker was close by, in the Rue Auber, and she would walk back to the hotel to meet them at 7 o'clock. Jefferson assisted her to the porte cochere of the modeste's, a couple of doors away. When he returned to the carriage, Shirley had already told the coachman where to go. He got in, and the facre started.

"Now," said Shirley, "tell me what

you have been doing with yourself all day."

Jefferson was busily arranging the faded carriage rug about Shirley, spending more time in the task perhaps than was absolutely necessary, and she had to repeat the question.

"Doing?" he echoed, with a smile. "I've been doing two things—waiting impatiently for 7 o'clock and incidentally reading the notices of your book."

## CHAPTER IV.

"TELL me, what do the papers say?"

Settling herself comfortably back in the carriage, Shirley questioned Jefferson with eagerness, even anxiety. She had been impatiently awaiting the arrival of the newspapers from "home," for so much depended on this first effort. She knew her book had been praised in some quarters, and her publishers had written her that the sales were bigger every day, but she was curious to learn how it had been received by the reviewers.

Shirley was not beautiful, but hers was a face that never failed to attract attention. It was a thoughtful and interesting face, with an intellectual brow and large, expressive eyes, the face of a woman who had both brain power and ideals, and yet who, at the same time, was in perfect sympathy with the world. She was fair in complexion, and her fine brown eyes, alternately reflective and alert, were shaded by long dark lashes. Her eyebrows were delicately arched, and she had a good nose. She wore her hair well off the forehead, which was broader than in the average woman, suggesting good mentality. Her mouth, however, was her strongest feature. It was well shaped, but there were firm lines about it that suggested unusual will power. Yet it smiled readily, and when it did there was an agreeable vision of strong, healthy looking teeth of dazzling whiteness. She was a little over medium height and slender in figure and carried herself with that unmistakable air of well bred independence that bespeaks birth and culture. She dressed stylishly, and while her gowns were of rich material and of a cut suggesting expensive modistes, she was always so quietly attired and in such perfect taste that after leaving her one could never recall what she had on.

"Tell me," she repeated, "what do the papers say about the book?"

"Say?" he echoed. "Why, simply that you've written the biggest book of the year, that's all!"

"Really? Oh, do tell me all they said!" She was fairly excited now, and in her enthusiasm she grasped Jefferson's broad, sunburnt hand which was lying outside the carriage rug.

He tried to appear unconscious of the contact, which made his every nerve tingle, as he proceeded to tell her the gist of the reviews he had read that afternoon.

"Isn't that splendid?" she exclaimed when he had finished. Then she added quickly:

"I wonder if your father has seen it."

Jefferson grinned. He had something on his conscience, and this was a good opportunity to get rid of it. He replied laconically:

"He probably has read it by this time. I sent him a copy myself."

The instant the words were out of his mouth he was sorry for Shirley's face had changed color.

"You sent him a copy of 'The American Octopus?'" she cried. "Then he'll guess who wrote the book."

"Oh, no, he won't," rejoined Jefferson calmly. "He has no idea who sent it to him. I mailed it anonymously."

Shirley breathed a sigh of relief. It was so important that her identity should remain a secret. As daughter of a supreme court judge she had to be most careful. She would not embarrass her father for anything in the world.

Suddenly Jefferson asked her:

"Have you heard from home recently?"

"I had a letter from father last week. Everything was going on at home as when I left. Father says he misses me sadly and that mother is ailing, as usual."

She smiled, and Jefferson smiled too. They both knew by experience that nothing really serious ailed Mrs. Rossmore, who was a good deal of a hypochondriac and always so filled with aches and pains that on the few occasions when she really felt well she was genuinely alarmed.

The cab stopped suddenly in front of beautiful gilded gates. It was the Luxembourg, and through the tall railings they caught a glimpse of well-kept lawns, splashing fountains and richly dressed children playing. From the distance came the stirring strains of a brass band.

The coachman drove up to the curb, and Jefferson jumped down, assisting Shirley to alight.

They entered the gardens, following the sweet scented paths until they came to where the music was. The band of an infantry regiment was playing, and a large crowd had gathered. Many people were sitting on the chairs provided for visitors for the modest fee of two sous; others were promenading round and round a great circle having the musicians in its center. The dense foliage of the trees overhead afforded a perfect shelter from the hot rays of the sun, and the place was so inviting and interesting, so cool and so full of sweet perfumes and sounds, appealing to and satisfying the senses, that Shirley wished they had more time to spend there.

"Isn't it delightful here?" said she. "I could stay here forever, couldn't you?"

"With you—yes," answered Jefferson, with a significant smile.

Shirley tried to look angry. She strictly discouraged these convention-

al, sentimental speeches which constantly flung her sex in her face.

"Now, you know I don't like you to talk that way, Mr. Ryder. It's most undignified. Please be sensible."

Quite subdued, Jefferson relapsed into a sulky silence. Presently he said:

"I wish you wouldn't call me Mr. Ryder. I meant to ask you this before. You know very well that you've no great love for the name, and if you persist you'll end by including me in your hatred of the hero of your book."

Shirley looked at him with amused curiosity.

"What do you mean," she asked. "What do you want me to call you?"

"Oh, I don't know," he stammered, rather intimidated by this self possessed young woman, who looked him calmly through and through. "Why not call me Jefferson? Mr. Ryder is so formal."

Shirley laughed outright, a merry, unrestrained peal of honest laughter, which made the passersby turn their heads and smile, too, commenting the while on the stylish appearance of the two Americans whom they took for sweethearts. After all, reasoned Shirley, he was right. They had been together now nearly every hour in the day for over a month. It was absurd to call him Mr. Ryder. So, addressing him with mock gravity, she said:

"You're right, Mr. Ryder—I mean Jefferson. You're quite right. You are Jefferson from this time on, only remember—here she shook her gloved finger at him warningly—"mind you behave yourself! No more such sentimental speeches as you made just now."

Jefferson beamed. He felt at least two inches taller, and at that moment he would not have changed places with any one in the world. To hide the embarrassment his gratification caused him he pulled out his watch and exclaimed:

"Why, it's a quarter past six. We shall have all we can do to get back to the hotel and dress for dinner."

[Continued next week.]

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CONTEST NOTICE.

Department of the Interior,

U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Or.,

June 12, 1907.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Edwin E. Stillwell, contestant, against homestead entry No. 1325, made October 4, 1892, for the NW 1/4 of Section 25, Township 23, S. Range 15 W., by Robert A. Doak, contestee, in which it is alleged that said Robert A. Doak has wholly abandoned said tract and changed his residence therefrom for more than two years since making said entry and next prior to the date herein; that said tract is not settled upon and entitled by said party as required by law; that said absence was not due to employment in the military or naval service of the United States in time of war, and parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on July 20, 1907, before C. E. Blom, Notary Public, at his office at Bandon, Oregon, and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock, a. m. on August 15, 1907, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roseburg, Oregon.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed June 10, 1907, set forth facts which show that after due diligence per- sonal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Notice of Street Improvement

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Trustees of the Town of Bandon, Coos Co., Oregon, by order duly passed on the 25th day of June, 1907, and entered in the Journal of its record for that day, proposes and hereby gives notice of such proposal, to improve, grade, repair, replank, and cause sidewalks to be built upon the following named streets, within the limits of the Town of Bandon, to-wit: Fourth, Bluff, Cognille, Pine, Spruce, Pioneer, The Extension of Pioneer, The County Road, known as the Plank Road, and in the Woodland Addition known as Abernathy Avenue, Columbus Avenue, Little Street, known as Pacific Avenue and First Street, said improvements being more specifically described as follows:

1. To build a sidewalk on the East and West side of Bluff Street, beginning at its South line of intersection with Fourth Street continuing Southward to the point where Bluff Street diverts East, and from said point of diversion, said sidewalk to continue upon the West side of said Street, to the South line of intersection with Cognille Street.

2. Also to build a sidewalk on the South side of Cognille Street, in South Bandon Addition to said Town, beginning at the West line of intersection with Bluff Street (prolonged), continuing thence Eastward to Spruce Street.

3. To build a sidewalk upon the East and West side of Pine Street, beginning at the South line of intersection with Fourth Street, continuing Southward to the intersection and merger thereof with Spruce Street.

4. To build sidewalks upon Spruce Street as follows: On the East side thereof, beginning at the North line of intersection with Fourth Street continuing Northward to the North line of the Tappet property; also on the West side of said Street, beginning at the South line of intersection with Fourth Street, continuing Southward to and over with the Presbyterian parsonage; also on the East side of said street, beginning at the South end of the present sidewalk, continuing southward to the Horsfall property, thence continuing on the South side of said Street, to its intersection and merger with Pine, and diversion Southward, and from such point, to build a sidewalk upon the East and West side of said Street, to and even with the South line of said Horsfall property.

5. To build a sidewalk upon the East side of Pioneer Street and upon the East side the Extension of Pioneer Street, beginning at the South line of intersection with Fourth Street continuing Southward to the terminal thereof.

6. To build a sidewalk on Wharf Street upon the East and West side thereof, beginning at the South line of intersection with Third Street in the original Townsite, continuing Southward to the terminal thereof.

7. To build a sidewalk on the West side of the Street commonly known as the County plank road, known in Woodland Addition as Abernathy Avenue, beginning at the South line of intersection with Third Street in the original Townsite, continuing Southward on said side of said Street of road to the North line of intersection with Sixth Street, in said Woodland Addition.

8. The said Board proposes to survey and establish a regular and uniform grade for that portion of Bluff Street, between the North line of its intersection with First or Trio Street and the South line of intersection with Sixth Street, and to grade the said Avenue for the whole width thereof in accordance with the grade so established.

9. To survey and establish a regular and uniform grade for that portion of Little Street, otherwise known as Pacific Avenue, between the South line of intersection with Avater Street, continuing Southward to the South line of intersection with Sixth Street, and to grade the said portion of said street or avenue for the whole width thereof in accordance with the grade so established.

10. Also to establish a regular and official grade upon First Street for that portion between the East line of intersection with Wharf Street, continuing Eastward to the East line of intersection with Homer Street, and upon such portion to reconstruct the sidewalk, and to replank the same, for the whole width thereof, where the same is not in accordance with regulation, with 4 inch planks.

11. It is further proposed that all sidewalks so built, shall conform to the following specifications: Three stringers, 2x6 inches, that all planking shall be 1 1/2 inch in thickness, and that all walks shall be at least 6 feet wide.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN That on or less two-thirds of the property owners on the respective street or streets and avenue or avenues, shall file a written remonstrance with the Recorder of the said Town of Bandon within 10 days from the final publication hereof, which said publication will be the 15th day of July, 1907, remonstrating against the proposed improvements, then an ordinance will be passed by the said Board, appropriating funds for the construction of such sidewalks on the respective streets and for grading and planking the respective streets and avenues so designated above, and said ORDINANCE WILL FURTHER MAKE PROVIDE for the assessment on the adjacent property owners of the respective streets or avenues for all such work or construction on the respective streets or avenues for all such work of construction on the respective streets or avenues, and for carrying out said work in accordance with law.

Dated this 25th day of June, 1907.

C. E. WADE, Recorder of the Town of Bandon.

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