

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN.

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

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY G. W. DILLINGHAM COMPANY.

"Then I'll see him first and the committee afterward, but let them all wait until I ring. I wish to speak with my son."

He waved his hand, and the secretary, knowing well from experience that this was a sign that there must be no further discussion, bowed respectfully and left the room. Jefferson turned and advanced toward his father, who held out his hand.

"Well, Jefferson," he said kindly, "did you have a good time abroad?"

"Yes, sir, thank you. Such a trip is a liberal education in itself."

"Ready for work again, eh? I'm glad you're back, Jefferson. I'm busy now, but one of these days I want to have a serious talk with you in regard to your future. This artist business is all very well for a pastime, but it's not a career—surely you can appreciate that—for a young man with such prospects as yours. Have you ever stopped to think of that?"

Jefferson was silent. He did not want to displease his father. On the other hand, it was impossible to let things drift as they had been doing. There must be an understanding sooner or later. Why not now?

"The truth is, sir," he began timidly, "I'd like a little talk with you now if you can spare the time."

Ryder senior looked first at his watch and then at his son, who, ill at ease, sat nervously on the extreme edge of a chair. Then he said, with a smile:

"Well, my boy, to be perfectly frank, I can't—but I will. Come, what is it? Then, as if to apologize for his previous abruptness, he added: "I've had a very busy day, Jeff. What with Transcontinental and Transatlantic and Southern Pacific and Wall Street and rate bills and Washington I feel like Atlas shouldering the world."

"The world wasn't intended for one pair of shoulders to carry, sir," rejoined Jefferson calmly.

His father looked at him in amazement. It was something new to hear any one venturing to question or comment upon anything he said.

"Why not?" he demanded when he had recovered from his surprise. "Julius Caesar carried it. Napoleon carried it—to a certain extent. However, that's neither here nor there. What is it, boy?"

Unable to remain a moment inactive, he commenced to pick among the mass of papers on his desk while Jefferson was thinking what to say. The last word his father uttered gave him a cue, and he blurted out protestingly:

"That's just it, sir. You forget that I'm no longer a boy. It's time to treat me as if I were a man."

Ryder senior leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"A man at twenty-eight? That's an excellent joke. Do you know that a man doesn't get his horse sense till he's forty?"

"I want you to take me seriously," persisted Jefferson.

Ryder senior was not a patient man. His moments of good humor were of brief duration. Anything that savored of questioning his authority always angered him. The smile went out of his face, and he retorted explosively:

"Go on! Be serious if you want, only don't take so long about it. But



"Well, Jefferson, did you have a good time abroad?"

understand one thing—I want no preaching, no philosophical or socialistic twaddle, no Tolstoid; he's a great thinker, and you're not; no Bernard Shaw; he's funny, and you're not. Now go ahead."

This beginning was not very encouraging, and Jefferson felt somewhat intimidated, but he realized that he might not have another such opportunity, so he plunged right in.

"Father, I am devoted to my work. I even intend to go away and travel a few years and see the world. It will help me considerably."

Ryder senior eyed his son in silence for a few moments; then he said gently:

"Don't be obstinate, Jeff. Listen to me. I know the world better than you do. You mustn't go away. You are the only flesh and blood I have. You see that I want you with me, and now

you take advantage—you take advantage!"

"No, father, I don't," protested Jefferson, "but I want to go away. Although I have my studio and am practically independent, I want to go where I shall be perfectly free—where my every move will not be watched—where I can meet my fellow man heart to heart on an equal basis, where I shall not be pointed out as the son of Ready Money Ryder. I want to make a reputation of my own as an artist."

"Why not study theology and become a preacher?" sneered Ryder. Then more amiably he said: "No, my lad, you stay here. Study my interests—study the interests that will be yours some day."

"No," said Jefferson doggedly, "I'd rather go. My work and my self-respect demand it."

"Then go, go!" cried his father in a burst of anger. "I'm a fool for wasting my time with an ungrateful son!" He rose from his seat and began to pace the room.

"Father," exclaimed Jefferson, starting forward, "you do me an injustice."

Ryder laughed cynically. He went back to his desk, and, sitting facing his son, he said:

"Jefferson, you are young. It is one of the symptoms of youth to worry about public opinion. When you are as old as I am, you will understand that there is only one thing which counts in this world—money. The man who has it possesses power over the man who has it not, and power is what the ambitious man loves most."

He stopped to pick up a book. It was "The American Octopus." Turning again to his son, he went on:

"Do you see this book? It is the literary sensation of the year. Why? Because it attacks me, the richest man in the world. It holds me up as a monster, a tyrant, a man without soul, honor or conscience, caring only for one thing—money; having but one passion—the love of power and halting at nothing, not even at crime, to secure it. That is the portrait they draw of your father."

Jefferson said nothing. He was wondering if his sire had a suspicion who wrote it and was leading up to that. But Ryder senior continued:

"Do I care? The more they attack me the more I like it. Their puny pen pricks have about the same effect as mosquito bites on the pachyderm. What I am, the conditions of my time made me. When I started in business a humble clerk, forty years ago, I had but one goal—success; I had but one aim—to get rich. I was lucky. I made a little money, and I soon discovered that I could make more money by outwitting my competitors in the oil fields. Railroad conditions helped me. The whole country was money mad. A wave of commercial prosperity swept over the land, and I was carried along on its crest. I grew enormously rich, my millions increasing by leaps and bounds. I branched out into other interests, successful always, until my holdings grew to what they are today—the wonder of the twentieth century. What do I care for the world's respect when my money makes the world my slave? What respect can I have for a people that cringe before money and let it rule them? Are you aware that not a factory wheel turns, not a vote is counted, not a judge is appointed, not a legislator seated, not a president elected without my consent? I am the real ruler of the United States—not the so-called government at Washington. They are my puppets and this is my executive chamber. This power will be yours one day, boy, but you must know how to use it when it comes."

"I never want it, father," said Jefferson firmly. "To me your words savor of treason. I couldn't imagine that American talking that way." He pointed to the mantel, at a picture of George Washington.

Ryder senior laughed. He could not help it if his son was an idealist. There was no use getting angry, so he merely shrugged his shoulders and said:

"All right, Jeff. We'll discuss the matter later when you've cut your wisdom teeth. Just at present you're in the clouds. But you spoke of my doing you an injustice. How can my love of power do you an injustice?"

"Because," replied Jefferson, "you exert that power over your family as well as over your business associates. You think and will for everybody in the house, for everyone who comes in contact with you. Yours is an influence no one seems able to resist. You robbed me of my right to think. Ever since I was old enough to think you have thought for me; ever since I was old enough to choose you have chosen for me. You have chosen that I should marry Kate Roberts. That is the one thing I wished to speak to you about. The marriage is impossible."

Ryder senior half sprang from his seat.

"No," he said sternly, "this is your latest act of rebellion, is it? You are going to Welsh on your word? You are going to flit the girl?"

"I never gave my word," answered Jefferson hotly. "Nor did Kate understand that an engagement existed. You can't expect me to marry a girl I

don't care a straw about. It would not be fair to her."

"Don't be a fool, Jeff. I don't want to think for you or to choose for you or to marry for you. I did not interfere when you threw up the position I made for you in the Trading Company and took that studio. I realized that you were restless under the harness, so I gave you plenty of rein. But I know so much better than you what is best for you. Believe me I do. Don't—don't be obstinate. This marriage means a great deal to my interests—to your interests. Kate's father is all powerful in the senate. He'll never forgive this disappointment. Hang it all, you liked the girl once, and I made sure that"

He stopped suddenly, and the expression on his face changed as a new light dawned upon him.

"It isn't that Rossmore girl, is it?" he demanded. His face grew dark, and his jaw clenched as he said between his teeth: "I told you some time ago how I felt about her. If I thought that it was Rossmore's daughter! You know what's going to happen to him, don't you?"

Thus appealed to, Jefferson thought this was the most favorable opportunity he would have to redeem his promise to Shirley. So, little anticipating the tempest he was about to unleash, he answered:

"I am familiar with the charges that they have trumped up against him. Needless to say, I consider him entirely innocent. What's more, I firmly believe he is the victim of a contemptible conspiracy. And I'm going to make it my business to find out who the plotters are. I came to ask you to help me. Will you?"

"I will see him hanged first! He has always opposed me. He has always defied my power, and now his daughter has entangled my son. So it's her you want to go to, eh? Well, I can't make you marry a girl you don't want, but I can prevent you throwing yourself away on the daughter of a man who is about to be publicly disgraced, and I will."

"Poor old Rossmore!" said Jefferson bitterly. "If the history of every financial transaction were made known, how many of us would escape public disgrace? Would you?" he cried.

Ryder senior rose, his hands working dangerously. He made a movement as if about to advance on his son, but by a supreme effort he controlled himself.

"No, upon my word, it's no use dishonoring you. You wouldn't care. I think you'd be glad—on my soul, I do!" Then, calming down once more, he added: "Jefferson, give me your word of honor that your object in going away is not to find out this girl and marry her unknown to me. I don't mind your losing your heart, but don't lose your head. Give me your hand on it."

Jefferson reluctantly held out his hand.

"If I thought that you would marry that girl unknown to me I'd have Rossmore sent out of the country, and the woman too. Listen, boy. This man is my enemy, and I show no mercy to my enemies. There are more reasons than one why you cannot marry Miss Rossmore. If she knew one of them she would not marry you."

"What reasons?" demanded Jefferson.

"The principal one," said Ryder slowly and deliberately, and eying his son keenly as if to judge of the effect of his words, "the principal one is that it was through my agents that the demand was made for her father's impeachment."

"Ah," cried Jefferson, "then I guessed aright!"

"Marry Kate or not, as you please, but I want you to stay here," the elder man said after a pause.

"It's no use. My mind is made up," answered Jefferson decisively.

The telephone rang, and Jefferson got up to go. Mr. Ryder took up the receiver.

"Hallo! What's that? Sergeant Ellison? Yes, send him up!"

Putting the telephone down, Ryder senior rose and, crossing the room, accompanied his son to the door.

"Thank it well over, Jeff. Don't be hasty."

A few minutes later Jefferson left the house.

The door opened and Mr. Bagley entered, followed by a tall, powerfully built man, whose robust physique and cheap looking clothes contrasted strangely with the delicate ultrafashionably attired English secretary.

"Take a seat, sergeant," said Mr. Ryder cordially, motioning his visitor to a chair. The man sat down gingerly on one of the rich leather upholstered chairs. His manner was nervous and awkward, as if intimidated in the presence of the financier.

"Are the national committee still waiting?" demanded Mr. Ryder.

"Yes, sir," replied the secretary. "I'll see them in a few minutes. Leave me with Sergeant Ellison."

Mr. Bagley bowed and retired. Ryder, with his customary bluntness, came right down to business.

"Well, what have you been doing about the book?" he demanded. "Have you found the author of 'The American Octopus'?"

"No, sir; I have not. I confess I'm baffled. The secret has been well kept. The publishers have shut up like a clam. There's only one thing that I'm pretty well sure of."

"What's that?" demanded Ryder, interested.

"That no such person as Shirley Green exists."

"Oh," exclaimed the financier, "then you think it is a mere nom de plume?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what do you think was the reason for preserving the anonymity?"

"Well, you see, sir, the book deals with a big subject. It gives some hard knocks, and the author no doubt felt a little timid about launching it under

his or her real name. At least that's my theory, sir."

"And a good one, no doubt," said Mr. Ryder. Then he added: "That makes me all the more anxious to find out who it is. I would willingly give this moment a check for \$5,000 to know who wrote it. Whoever it is, knows me as well as I know myself. We must find the author."

The sleuth was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"There might be one way to reach the author, but it will be successful only in the event of her being willing to be known and come out into the open. Suppose you write to her in care of the publishers. They would certainly forward the letter to wherever she may be. If she does not want you to know who she is, she will ignore your letter and remain in the background. If, on the contrary, she has no fear of you and is willing to meet you, she will answer the letter."

"Ah, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Ryder. "It's a good idea. I'll write such a letter at once. It shall go tonight."

He unhooked the telephone and asked Mr. Bagley to come up. A few seconds later the secretary entered the room.

[Continued next week.]

If you want your watch to give satisfaction send it to E. J. Arker & Co., successor to V. R. Wilson of Washburn & Co., Coquille.

EL DORADO TONSORIAL PARLORS
P. B. HOYT, Prop.
Located in EL DORADO BUILDING, First Street, Bandon, Oregon. SHAVING, SHAMPOOING AND HAIR CUTTING AT STANDARD PRICES. Bathroom newly fitted up with Porcelain Tub. Hot or Cold Baths 25 cent.

THE MERCY HOSPITAL
At North Bend
Is now open for the reception of patients. The terms are \$10 per week and upwards. For particulars apply to:

Sisters of Mercy
North Bend, Or.
Real Estate List.
2 one acre tracts, adjoining town cheap.
280 acres improved ranch, fine bearing orchard, 30 acres bottom land, 10 miles from Bandon. Large amount of white cedar on it, price \$4000.
House and 2 lots in town, good location, land set out in strawberries, \$550.
House, barn and other outhouses, nearly four acres of ground cleared and under fence, good location near town \$2000. No better investment in the market.
River front ranch, 1/2 mile river front on deep water. 177 1/3 acre ranch land—\$3500.
Houses to rent, Coos and Curry property for sale, ranches of all sizes, in both counties for sale.
Store room to rent cheap in the best part of Bandon.
General merchandise store with stock and fixtures with building and large lot, doing a business of \$25,000 to \$30,000 per year, well located, and long established business, which can be doubled by the right parties. Price \$9000.
Manufacturing plant for sale, Good paying business. Big frontage on deep water. First class business proposition on Coquille river—\$20,000.
A number of first class deep water front mill sites for sale cheap.
2 timber claims, crissed 6,000,000 feet each, mostly white cedar, handy to roads and easy to log. Price \$2500 each.
Lots \$15 and up, located in all parts of town and surrounding addition. Property of all kinds bought and sold at living prices.
We are an old established firm and are reliable. We are no crusty real estate agents. Call and see us, and if we do not have what you want we will get it.
THE BANDON REAL ESTATE & LOAN COMPANY, Rooms 2 and 3, New Denholm Bldg. Bandon, Ore.

Notice for Publication
Department of the Interior, Land Office at Roseburg, Or., August 13, 1907.
Notice is hereby given that Elmer E. Doyie, of Parkersburg, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 11403 made March 25, 1902, for the NE 1/4, SW 1/4, SE 1/4, Sec. 10, NE 1/4, NW 1/4, NW 1/4, NE 1/4, Section 15, Township 29, South, Range 14, West, and that said proof will be made before L. A. Liljeqvist, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Marshfield, Oregon, on Wednesday, Oct. 9, 1907.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of the land, viz: Elmer E. Doyie of Parkersburg, Oregon, Elmer Doyle of Parkersburg, Oregon, Elmer Doyle of Parkersburg, Oregon.
BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Notice for Publication
Department of the Interior, Land Office at Roseburg, Or., August 13, 1907.
Notice is hereby given that Minerva E. Lillie of Arago, Coos Co., Oregon, has filed notice of her intention to make final five year proof in support of her claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 11016 made April 16, 1906, for the S 1/2 NW 1/4, NW 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 15, SW 1/4 SW 1/4, Section 10, Township 29, South, Range 14, West, and that said proof will be made before L. A. Liljeqvist, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Marshfield, Oregon, on Thursday, Oct. 10, 1907.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of the land, viz: Elmer Doyle of Parkersburg, Oregon, Cassius Doyle of Parkersburg, Oregon, Elmer Doyle of Parkersburg, Oregon, Ed Ohman of Parkersburg, Oregon.
BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
United States Land Office, Roseburg, Ore., August 7, 1907.
Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, John M. Long, of Bandon, County of Coos, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 3491, for the purchase of the NE 1/4 of NW 1/4 of Section No. 29, in Township No. 29 S., Range No. 14 West, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before L. A. Liljeqvist, U. S. Commissioner at Marshfield, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 6th day of November, 1907.
He names as witnesses: Chris Long, Frank Bates, Frank Beverly and Edward Ohman, all of Bandon, Coos County, Oregon.
Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 6th day of November, 1907.
BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

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. 13325, made October 6, 1903, for the NW 1/4 of Section 25, Township 29 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 cultivated 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, said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on July 30, 1907, before C. T. Blumenthal, Notary Public, at his office at Bandon, Oregon, and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock a. m. on August 13, 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 personal 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.

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If it is pair of shoes you want, you will find them in the proper styles, Prices and sizes at Lorenz & Hoyt

Notice for Publication.
Department of the Interior, Land Office at Roseburg, Or., August 13, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Evander M. Randleman of Parkersburg, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 11402 made Mar. 25, 1902, for the SE 1/4, SW 1/4, SW 1/4, SE 1/4, Sec. 10, NE 1/4, NW 1/4, NW 1/4, NE 1/4, Section 15, Township 29, South, Range 14, West, and that said proof will be made before L. A. Liljeqvist, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Marshfield, Oregon, on Wednesday, Oct. 9, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of the land, viz: Dewitt C. Randleman of Parkersburg, Oregon, Jobald Hags of Parkersburg, Oregon, Wesley J. Hags of Parkersburg, Oregon, Elmer Doyle of Parkersburg, Oregon.
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