

# The Man From Home

A Novelization of the Play of the Same Name

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By **BOOTH TARKINGTON and HARRY LEON WILSON**

This romance deals with a curious admixture of American plainness and European high life; with a young Indiana girl dazzled by a title and in the clutches of a quartet of sharpers headed by an impecunious British peer; with the girl's Anglomaniac brother, a Russian noble in disguise, an escaped Russian convict and a faithless wife, and most important of all, with the girl's shrewd, witty, courageous, resourceful guardian, Daniel Voorhees Pike of Kokomo. Daniel loves the Indiana girl and is determined to save her from the sharpers even against her own will. Read and you will learn how Daniel, with but a single friend to aid him, faced a most difficult dilemma and why he figured so prominently in an international romance in which heraldry was more important than hearts and cupidry far more conspicuous than Cupid.

## CHAPTER I "IT'S A GIRL!"



**H**IS feet on the desk of the office in the Central Bank building, the gaunt young man with the stern features and the kindly gray eyes that always seemed a perpetual rebuke to the face in which they were set ruminated over the letter he held in his hand. His back was to the door—a half glass door which was also the main and only entrance to the room and which bore upon its translucent surface in ragged letters, worn by the polishing the glass had undergone, the words, "Daniel Voorhees Pike, Attorney at Law."

Pike himself had a queer twist of feature, a sort of whimsicality that pervaded the very atmosphere about him, and the smile with which he regarded the letter he held had a world of reminiscence and sadness in it. As he gazed at it the letter seemed to fade into nothingness, and in its place there rose the picture of a day years before, a day that caused the dingy walls of the office to become tenuous and gauzy, and through the gauze he seemed to see another office—a ramshackle sort of place, with a tin sign showing through the window which informed the passerby that real estate was the commodity dispensed within. To Pike the picture grew yet more distinct, and in the broken bottom cane chair he saw the figure of a heavy faced man in his shirt sleeves engaged in smoking a cornoc pipe.

In another corner of the room he could see a red headed boy poring over a pine table, laboriously copying in a round hand some title deeds. Then, through the reaches of the past, he seemed to hear the heavy faced man remove the pipe from his mouth and heard him speak.

"Dan," he said, "it's a girl!"

And he heard the gasp the boy gave forth as he turned about on his stool.



"Show her to Dan."

and looked with startled eyes into the kindly blue ones that glimmered into his own.

"A—girl!" he seemed to hear the boy say. "A little girl, Mr. Simpson?"

In his fancy he saw the big man nod, saw him place the pipe back in his teeth and extend his two palms until they were a foot or so apart.

"A girl, Dan," he heard, "bout so long. Dan, and purtier than all get out. An' she's goin' to be a big responsibility, my boy. We'll have to sell a heap of lots to pay what she's goin' to cost, Dan—a whole heap of lots."

And gradually the picture seemed to fade away, and, like a dissolving view, its place was taken by another—the picture of a half timbered house that stood back among some trees at the corner of Main and Center streets. He

could see the worn steps leading up to the veranda and himself approaching half fearfully along the gravel walk that led in from the rusty gate.

On the veranda sat the big man with the heavy features and the cornoc pipe, and he heard the voice again bidding him come up. And then there was a call to some one within, and a woman emerged with a white bundle in her arms.

"Show her to Dan," he heard the man's voice say, and then, when the woman had removed a bit of the flannel covering from the little face and he had looked upon it, startled, abashed and marvelously choking as to the throat, the big voice went on again:

"She's going to be Ethel, Dan, that bundle of infancy. And maybe some of these days she'll be getting herself in a tight place, and it's going to be up to you, Dan, to help her out, and you're going to promise me that you'll do it, boy. Horace, the other kid, he'll grow up maybe to have sense, and he'll look out for himself, but it's a tough place for girls, Dan—a mighty tough place."

He could almost hear the hushed voice in which the boy had given the

"That so?" responded Pike almost.

"Of course it's so, man!" replied the other, shaking him vigorously by the shoulder. "Wake up, can't you? It's worth fifteen thousand a year to you!"

Pike turned quizzical eyes upon his friend and folded the letter he held in his hand.

"Much obliged to you, Tom," he said. "I guess I'm kind of upset today. Got a letter here that—jolted me a little. I'm thinking of going away for a spell."

"Going away!" ejaculated his friend with wide eyes. "Going away! Where?"

"I guess I'll take a trip across the water," replied Pike dreamily. "Always wanted to see those foreign parts, those Venices and Romes and Londons. Must be a queer tribe over there, Tom. Not much like us plain folks here, eh? Lots of high and mighty dukes and earls and things and coats of arms and crowns and coaches with white horses, eh?"

Tom Perkins sat down in a chair with a gasp of astonishment. He stared at his friend with frank amazement written on his face and opened his mouth twice before his lips formed the words.

"Europe!" he said at last. "Europe!" he replied. "Say, Tom, you remember Jim Cooley? They sent Jim over there, didn't they? Made him vice consul or something over in London? I'd maybe get a chance to see Jim and talk to him about—about old times."

His voice died down, and he regarded the wall again.

"Never happened to hear of folks over there of the name of—of Hawcastle, did you, Tom?" he went on. "I don't know what sort of business they are in, but I guess they're well to do. Never happened to hear of them, eh?"

Perkins shook his head, and Pike went on:

"Maybe I'll write to Jim Cooley and ask him about these people. Jim'd be likely to know 'em, I guess. Vice consul must be a pretty big bug over there."

and whether the guardees want him to attend to business or not. If you're talking about those kids of John Simpson's, I'd say you've done about all you could be expected to. You've kept the money together, haven't you? You've made it grow. You've sent it along regular—over there. What more could any one want?"

"Maybe that isn't enough." "When are those two coming home?" went on Perkins. "Why don't they come back and spend John's money where it was made—at home?" "I don't believe they're coming back right soon," replied Pike. "Things



Ethel in a big garden hat.

sort of seem to attract 'em over there. It must be a mighty fine place."

"Huh!" replied Perkins disinterestedly. "What's the matter with Kokomo? Why don't that girl come back home and marry and settle down? Tell me that."

Pike smiled queerly, and his head seemed to shrink into his shoulders a trifle as he thrust his hands into his pockets.

"I guess she's going to marry and settle down, Tom, all right," he said slowly. "From what I hear she's going to marry one of those dukes or earls I was mentioning."

"Marry a foreigner!" cried Perkins, jumping to his feet. "Why, I thought she—"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### Notice to Contractors

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received for the improvement and construction of a portion of the county road in Road District No. 19, Coos county, Oregon, known as the "Bandon-Dairyville Road" from Johnson creek southward, according to the specifications on file with the county clerk of Coos county, Oregon, and a copy of such specifications in the hands of S. J. Culver, Special Road Master of R. D. No. 19. Five per cent of amount of bid to be deposited with the county clerk with bid and all bids to be filed with the county clerk of Coos county, Oregon, on or before the 7th day of July A. D. 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. The county court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Dated this 5th day of June A. D. 1909.  
S. J. CULVER,  
Special Road Master of R. D. No. 19.

### Notice to Contractors

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received for the improvement and construction of a portion of the county road in Road District No. 19, Coos county, Oregon, known as the "Bandon-Bear Creek Road," according to the specifications on file with the county clerk of Coos county, Oregon, and a copy of such specifications in the hands of S. J. Culver, Special Road Master of R. D. No. 19. Five per cent of amount of bid to be deposited with the county clerk with bid and all bids to be filed with the county clerk of Coos county, Oregon, on or before the 7th day of July A. D. 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. The county court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Dated this 5th day of June A. D. 1909.  
S. J. CULVER,  
Special Road Master of R. D. No. 19.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the county court of Coos county, Oregon, administrator of the estate of Mary Ann P. Blackberry; all persons having claims against said estate are required to present them properly verified, together with the vouchers therefor, to the undersigned at Bandon, Coos county, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this 3rd day of June A. D. 1909.  
E. M. BLACKBERRY,  
Administrator.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior,  
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Ore.,  
June 4, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Reinhold P. Hemple, of Bandon, Oregon, who, on May 14, 1906, made Homestead Entry, No. 14066, S. R. 03984, for sec 1-4 of sw 1-4, sec 30; e 1-2 of nw 1-4; sw 1-4 of ne 1-4, section 31, township 29 south, range 14 west, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before G. T. Treadgold, U. S. Commissioner, at Bandon, Oregon, on the 21st day of July, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses:  
John Luke of Bandon, Oregon  
John Stillwell of " "  
Robert P. Hunt of " "  
George Cox of " "

BENJAMIN L. EDDY,  
Register.

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"SHE'S GOING TO MARRY THE HON. ALMERIC ST. AUBYN."

required promise and the awe with which he heard that the newest atom of humanity to arrive was already motherless, and then the picture faded again. Then came a succession of similar views.

He saw the dingy real estate office grow into a respectable brick building, and then into a handsome stone edifice, and the heavy featured man turn grayer and grayer and more somber and more hardworking, and he could remember the day when the tiny Ethel was brought to the office for the first time and of the manner in which she began to grow up. He recalled the day when she reached the mature age of twelve and of how he had presented to her a Bible for a gift and of the manner in which he had blushed for all his twenty-five years.

And then he recalled the day when John Simpson had confided to him that the "kids" were to be given advantages and were to be sent abroad to school. There came a blank after that, but he recalled as if it had been but yesterday the feeling with which he had gone off into a corner and wrestled with the grief that had beset him. He could even see the fluttering hand that waved to him from the car window as the train took her and her brother away.

Suddenly the door behind him opened and shut quickly, and quick steps caused him to drop his feet to the floor. He turned and found a visitor at his elbow.

"Dan," said the newcomer, "it's all yours. Jenkins just got a telegram that the K. and G. has decided to offer you the representation for this end of the state."

"Law case?" asked Perkins suddenly. "Sort of," answered Pike quietly. "I don't know that I'd call it just that. Perhaps the trip would be a change anyway. And I'd like to see this man Hawcastle."

"Where does this Hawcastle live?" asked Perkins.

"England. Got a house he calls Hawcastle Hall."

"What about the K. and G.?" asked Perkins suddenly.

"I guess the K. and G. will have to wait awhile."

Perkins stood up resolutely and faced his friend.

"There's something wrong with you, Dan," he said emphatically. "There's something mighty wrong. It ain't like you to go running off this way unless there's something behind it."

He stopped, for Pike was whistling softly to himself, whistling like the man who is striving to recall some tune that is only half forgotten. Then he turned to Perkins.

"Remember that old tune, Tom," he asked—"Sweet Genevieve?"

"Get out!" snapped Perkins. "That's a million years old. Why don't you keep up to date if you're going in for music? What do you care about 'Sweet Genevieve,' anyway?"

"I used to know somebody that sang it—once—long ago," said Pike quietly. "I used to hear John Simpson whistle it years before he died and left all that money to me for those two kids, Tom—he turned suddenly and transfixed his friend with an accusatory finger—"what would you think of a guardian that doesn't guard?"

Perkins regarded him rebelliously. "Depends on whose guardian he is