

The Man From Home

A Novelization of the Play of the Same Name

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SYNOPSIS

Chapter I.—Daniel Voorhees Pike, a rising young Kokomo (Ind.) lawyer, hears that his ward, Ethel Granger-Simpson, is to be married abroad to the son of an English earl. Her father was his nearest friend, and he has long loved the girl.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

"Never mind what you thought, Tom," returned Pike. "I'm telling you she's going to be married. That's why I guess she won't be likely to come back to Kokomo. I guess Kokomo's a pretty poor looking place after a while of those other places she's been seeing."

"How do you know?" asked Perkins, drawing his chair forward.

Pike lifted the letter he had folded up. "I got this from her," he said simply. "Want to know what's in it?"

"Yes," answered Perkins.

"I can't let you read it, but it's from a place in Italy—Sorrento," he went on slowly, mousing the unfamiliar word. "She says she's going to marry the Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn, heir to the ancient house of Hawcastle. And she wants to make a settlement on him. She can't marry without my consent, you know, Tom. If she does the money goes to the Kokomo Orphan asylum."

"Going to give your consent?" inquired Perkins.

"Don't know," answered Pike. "I've got to look the young man over first. I promised John Simpson I'd always look after her. That was when she was born. He said girls sometimes got into a tight place and they'd need some one to pull them out. Sounds good, doesn't it, Tom? Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn. Must be a member of congress or something over there. Maybe he'll be a senator some day. I can't object, Tom, if he's got a show to make a good living for her, can I? Say, what is a settlement, anyway? You don't suppose I've been keeping her short of money, do you, and she's had to borrow?"

Perkins shook his head gloomily. "Don't ask me," he said. "I don't know anything about women. Why, Dan, I thought you'd mapped it out to marry."

"That'll do for that," said Pike quickly. "We'll not talk about that now, Tom. Suppose you go down to Archie Toombs and ask him about Sorrento and how to get there and when a fellow gets there after he starts. I'm going to write a letter to Jim Cooley and get him to hunt up this Hawcastle."

When Perkins had gone Pike pulled open the letter and read it once again. It was the most formal of notes, beginning "Dear Mr. Pike" and ending "Yours sincerely." It contained a brief notice of the writer's intentions, or rather, intentions in the event of a certain contingency that to her seemed inevitable, and trusted that the end would meet with his approval.

He sighed as he folded it and returned it to its envelope.

"And that ends the guardianship," he muttered. "Wonder what I'm going to do with the old house now?"

From a drawer in his desk he pulled a framed picture that showed a delicately featured girl, with big, frank eyes and a wealth of light, curling hair that was half hidden by a big garden hat. There was a smile about the lips that seemed very engaging, and the muslin dress she wore had been accentuated in its simplicity by the art of the London photographer. Pike had preserved the picture, which had been given to him by old John Simpson the day before he died, and he sighed as he looked at it.

Then he laid it face down upon the desk and dropped his chin into his hand. It may have been an hour that he sat there, and in that time never a thought of his legal business crossed his mind. He was busy with a fanciful picture of an unknown city that in spite of his desire seemed to take on the aspects of a larger Kokomo, and in his fancy he could see a big, well knit young fellow bending eagerly over to look into the face of a girl, and he heard her call him Almeric.

"Must be a mighty fine man," he mused—"a fine big man—to capture her."

Then Perkins came in to ask if Pike wished to sail from New York for Havre in two days' time, stating that it would be necessary to leave that night if Pike wished to take passage on her.

"I'll go, Tom," he said. "Maybe you'll drop in here once in a while and tell folks that ask for me that I'll be back in a month or so."

Then he sat down and wrote to Jim Cooley at London.

At that night he stepped aboard an eastbound train and the next afternoon was in New York. Sorrento seemed a long way off, and it was

The Man From Home

By BOOTH TARKINGTON and HARRY LEON WILSON

with a heavy heart that he walked up the gangplank of La Provence.

CHAPTER II.

THE EXILES.

SIX years of life abroad, and these during the most impressionable period of their young lives, had left an indelible imprint upon the two young people.

Horace Simpson had taken to himself the manners of the Harrow and Oxford youth. He had eschewed the society of what he had learned, with parrot-like aptness, to call those "vulgar Americans" and had confined his social intercourse solely to such of the European "haut ton" as he could manage to scrape acquaintance with.

And this last was a somewhat uphill task, for, whatever else one may say about the English, they are inclined to view with very little favor the possessor of no other attribute than money. True, there are exceptions, and these but prove the rule.

Ethel, who had grown into a really beautiful young woman, had followed suit, so far as in her modest powers lay. Such of her school friends as would permit the half formed acquaintance to ripen she had retained. Such others of her own modest beginnings she had quietly but emphatically dropped. From plain democracy she had sought the antithesis, and the leap was all the more an earnest one because of its breadth.

The Simpsons—and they had added their mother's maiden name and linked it to the paternal nomenclature with a hyphen—had been deeply bitten with the aristocratic virus and after a long and arduous struggle had managed to meet Lady Creech.

This titled mondaine had the misfortune to be viciously short of patrimony and inordinately long of lineage, and, while her life of self denial had doubtless labored her, she had a most inordinate value of birth and a distinct appreciation of cash; hence when it came her way to pick the Granger-Simpsons out of the slough of commonplace acquaintance she did it with a royal favor and for a stipulated consideration.

"Really, my dear Hawcastle"—she pronounced it as old sailors pronounce "foe's'tle"—she was wont to say, "really, of course, they are quite impossible, but the girl is an adaptable little thing, and I may be able to make something of her in time, while the boy—ah, I fear I shall have to leave him to you and St. Aubyn."

"Do as you like," replied the Earl of Hawcastle, with some choler, "but keep them out of my way as much as possible. I positively will not be badgered by these unbacked colonists."

"One might stand a quantity of badgering, Hawcastle, for £300,000," at which the genial earl would squirm nervously.

At any rate, the Simpson children began to be seen in the second stratum of London society and met endless numbers of the shopworn nobility, but, sad to relate, never one of the truly respectable. To those who know their London there are several layers of nobility, and the layer the ordinary individual meets, who has no social prestige to begin with, is composed of that peculiar class that lends its name to doubtful directorates, to queer prospectuses, to struggling milliners with an eye on the main chance and who gladly extend unlimited credit to their patrons in return for modest and well put advertisements.

Strangely enough, the Hawcastle-Creech combination did not drag the willing Simpsons into the glittering presence of the real set.

On the contrary, with a somewhat dog in the manger policy, they awakened both the earl and his sister-in-law to the fact that they wished no sharers in those American dollars that John Simpson had sweated his brow for, and as a consequence they proposed a little trip—a quiet, ante-season trip—to Sorrento, where not a guest would disturb them and where matters might be given a chance to right themselves.

And there, strangely enough, the Simpsons met the Comtesse de Champigny and were quite delighted to find the gifted and brilliant Frenchwoman an intimate of the earl's. The second morning of their arrival the gay comtesse put in an appearance and with a promptitude that was astonishing took young Horace under the widowed wing and marked him for her own. And that same morning the noble earl took his equally noble son into the shrubbery and spoke to him.

"You've got to do it, St. Aubyn," he said. "The family honor is at stake. For heaven's sake, marry the little fool! What if her scurrilous name is Simpson? You can make her forget it. We are stony broke, my good boy, and she has a hundred and fifty thou. That will keep us going for another year or two, and if Helene can capture the young ass, Horace, I'll force her to divide with me."

"But it's such a beastly bore, gov-

ernor," drawled Almeric St. Aubyn, and he flicked idly at the rhododendron bushes with his stick.

He was a pale, washed out youth, with an inimitable drawl and a shimmering of intellect that might, if it had been given an opportunity, have resolved itself into a good working imitation of a brain. To his friends he was "that hopeless ass" and to his enemies and debtors—of the latter not a few—"that beastly bounder, St. Aubyn."

"You see, governor," the honorable Almeric went on, "it isn't as if I cared for the little gal. I'm a queer beggar,



"The family honor is at stake."

you know, and it's fearfully rough on a chap to pretend interest in such a little vulgarian. Of course I know we're awfully hard up and all that sort of thing, but—

His noble father seized him roughly by the arm.

"You don't have to live with her, you know," he said savagely. "It will be easy enough to make it so unpleasant for the mix that she'll be glad to go back to the States, and she can't get back a penny. We'll have that tight enough."

The Hon. Almeric laughed. "Oh, all right, old chap!" he drawled. "I'll lift her to the infernal seventh heaven, or whatever you call it. Don't expect me to moon over her, though."

And that compact being settled, the earl went off for his morning walk along the cliff and Almeric to keep his engagement for a morning ride with Ethel Granger-Simpson.

CHAPTER III.

IN DISGUISE.

AN hour later Mariano, the maître d'hotel of the Regina Margherita, stepped out upon the terrace and began to lay a cloth upon one of the small round tables that stood close to the white marble balustrade. On the other side of the wall could be heard the mandolins and guitars of the fishermen, and Mariano glanced up crossly as the song arose upon the morning air.

"Silenzio!" he cried, and for a moment the music died down.

Mariano went at once to the table upon which he had spread the cloth and placed silverware and delicate china upon it, and he was thus engaged when Michele, the commissionaire, appeared at the top of a flight of marble steps that led into the eastern wing of the hotel, fronting on the terrace.

"Here is M. Ribiere to see you, sir," he said softly, with a backward glance over his shoulder, and Mariano straightened up instantly, with a smile of welcome, for Ribiere was an old and valued accomplice in the gentle art of soft Italian legal stealing.

A tall, alert young Frenchman, clad in an English walking suit of gray and carrying a portfolio beneath his arm, ran lightly down the steps and approached the maître d'hotel.

"Ah, Mariano!" he cried as he approached.

The genial Mariano bowed gracefully and rubbed his flexible hands together.

"M. Ribiere!" he chattered gayly. "This is one of the days of days!"

The music burst forth again, and he whirled about angrily in the direction of the lemon grove.

"Silenzio!" he cried, with waving hands. "Silenzio!" and turned again to Ribiere, Michele, with a glance at them, went back within the hotel.

Ribiere turned a warning glance toward the hotel and whispered in Italian:

"Let us speak English. Fewer understand."

Mariano again bowed and spread out his hands in assent.

"I hope m'sieu still occupy the exalt' position of secretar' to monseigneur the gran' duke."

The Frenchman walked quickly to one of the little wicker tea tables that were scattered about, sat down and opened his portfolio.

"We will not mention either the name or the rank of my employer," he said gravely. "There are reasons of state. You understand?"

The maître d'hotel threw up his hands in despair, and his round eyes rolled heavenward.

"Again incognito! Every year he come to thees hotel for two, three or four day, but always incognito!"

Ribiere paid little attention to him, but opened a notebook and removed a fountain pen from his pocket. Mariano shrugged his shoulders and went on setting the table; then stopped and looked up.

"Each time we lose the hope to have it known," he went on, "in Naples, everywhere, are fresh American peoples that would give large pourboire to mingle with his highness."

The secretary lifted a warning finger.

"Have I not said it is to be incognito, and yet you prate of highness in the first breath. Would you wish he shall withdraw his patronage?" He looked staringly at the man opposite him. "See that you do not offend again!" He consulted his watch.

"He comes in his machine from Naples. As on former visits, all is to be as before. No one must guess. To all he must be Herr Grotterhagen!"

"Herr Grotterhagen!" ejaculated Mariano quickly and with astonishment in his round features. "Herr Grotterhagen!"

"He wishes to be known as a German," went on M. Ribiere. "It pleases him to be so thought."

Mariano stood lost in contemplative astonishment.

"What a man," he sighed—"of caprice, eccentricity, so wonderful! Ha!"

The secretary smiled in a superior manner.

"You have said it. Last night he talked by chance to a strange North American in the hotel at Napoli. Apparently he is much interested. Today he has that stranger for companion in his automobile. I reiterate. What use? He laugh for one-half the hour."

Again the maître d'hotel remained lost in astonishment. For some moments he stood with the napkin in his hands gazing out over the wonderful bay that lay before the hotel.

"He is not like those cousin of his in Petersburg and Moscow," he said at last, with a touch of awe in his tones. "And yet, though monseigneur is so good and generous, will not the anarchist strike against the name of even royalty himself? You have not that fear?"

The secretary shivered in the soft warm air and seized his companion by the wrist.

"I have!" he said quickly. "He has not. I take what precautions I can secretly from him. But of what use? You have few patrons?"

A smile crossed Mariano's face, and he shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"It is yet so early in the season. 'Those poor muscled'—he pointed off beyond the gates—"they wait always at every gate to play when they shall see any one coming, but of late they are disappoint. Within, with us in the hotel, are but seex people, all of one party!"

An expression of relief crossed the Frenchman's face, and he opened his notebook quickly.

"Good!" he murmured. "Who are they?"

Mariano scratched his head with one rummative finger and bent his brows upon the table in thought.

"There is milor, an English excellency—the Earl of Hawcastle; there is also his son, the excellency honorable Almeric St. Aubyn; there is Miladi, Cresche, an English miladi, who is sister-in-law to Milor Hawcastle."

Quickly Ribiere jotted down the names in his book and then looked up.

"Three English," he said. "Good so far. Those English are safe."

Mariano went on:

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

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

Notice is hereby given that Kenneth P. Hemple, of Bandon, Oregon, who, on May 14, 1906, made Homestead Entry, No. 140665, R. 03984, for se 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 " "

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