

# The Man From Home

A Novelization of the Play of the Same Name

By BOOTH TARKINGTON and HARRY LEON WILSON

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## SYNOPSIS

Chapter I.—Daniel Voorhees Pike, a rising young Kokomo (Ind.) lawyer, hears that his wad, 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. He goes abroad to arrange with her the business matters connected with her marriage. II.—Ethel Granger-Simpson and her brother, Horace, have become anglophobes and are spending much of their late father's fortune in travel and entertaining. They become intimate with Lady Creech, the Earl of Hawcastle, his son, Almeric St. Aubyn, and Countess de Champigny, an adventuress and associate of the earl's. They are at a hotel at Sorrento, Italy. Ethel promises to marry the son because she craves a title. III.—The Russian Grand Duke Vauli is shortly to arrive at the same hotel incognito as Herr von Gollerhagen. IV.—The Earl of Hawcastle is in need of money and wants his son to get a huge settlement of money on his marriage to Ethel. An escaped Russian bandit is located at Sorrento. V.—For some reason the countess fears the alleged bandit is one Ivanoff. Almeric tells his father Ethel has accepted him.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

"Quite so, quite so!" answered Almeric dazedly, and his father went on: "Shall we dispose of the necessary little details at once—the various minor arrangements, the—er—er—settlement?" and interrupted himself with a friendly laugh and patted Horace upon the back. "Of course as men of the world—our world—you understand there are formalities in the nature of a settlement."

Horace, who was in the seventh heaven of delight at the approaching alliance between one of the ancient houses of Kokomo, Ind., and the honorable line of Hawcastle, broke in eagerly:

"Quite so, of course! I know! Certainly! Perfectly!"

"Then we'll have no difficulty about that, my boy. I'll wire my solicitor tonight and he'll be here within two days," said the earl carelessly. "If you wish to consult your own solicitor you can cable him, of course."

Suddenly Horace seemed taken with a fit of embarrassment.

"The fact is, Lord Hawcastle," he said, "I've a notion that our solicitor—Ethel's man of business, that is—from Kokomo, Ind., where our government lives—in fact, a sort of guardian of hers—may be here at any time. I've heard from friends that he is coming in this direction."

The word had caught Hawcastle's attention, and he leaped at it.

"A sort of guardian? What sort, eh?" he inquired, seemingly taken aback.

"I really can't say," replied Horace apologetically. "Never saw him that I know of. You see, we've been on this side so many years, and there's been no occasion for this fellow to look us up, but he's never opposed anything Ethel wrote for. He seems to be an easy going old chap."

"Hum!" said Hawcastle doubtfully. "Would he consent to your sister's marriage—or the matter of a settlement?"

Horace laughed cheerfully. "I have no doubt of it. If he has the slightest sense of duty toward my sister he'll be the first to welcome the alliance, won't he?"

"Then when he and my solicitor come they can have an evening together over a lot of musty papers, and the thing will be done. Again, my boy, I welcome you to our family. God bless you!"

He wrung Horace's hand again and turned away as if to hide his emotion, but really to wink at the countess.

"I'm overpowered, you know—really overpowered, you know," stammered Horace, fanning himself desperately with his hat.

"Come, Almeric," said the earl, and as the youthful heir to his house arose languidly he sidled close to the countess and whispered in her ear:

"Let him know it's a hundred and fifty thousand."

Then he and Almeric went up the steps into the hotel, leaving Horace and the countess gazing at each other delightedly.

She crossed over to him impulsively and, taking both his hands again, said: "My friend, I am happy for you."

"Thank of it!" said Horace joyously. "In a fortnight at the most dear old Ethel will be the Hon. Mrs. St. Aubyn, future Countess of Hawcastle!"

"Yes," replied the countess, withdrawing her hands and picking up her parasol, "and there is but the little arrangement of the settlement between your advocate and Lord Hawcastle's. But you Americans—you laugh at such things. You are big, so big, like your country!"

Horace followed her across the terrace to the wall.

"Ah, believe me, dear countess," he said, "the great world—your world,

countess—has thoroughly alienated me."

The countess turned her shapely head and looked at him admiringly and with a touch of irony at the surprise she was about to give him.

"Ah, you retain one quality. You are careless, you are free," and she laid her right hand upon his arm, and Horace thrilled at the intimate touch.

"Well," he laughed, "perhaps in those things I am American, but in others I fancy I should be thought something else, shouldn't I?"

She laughed openly at him now, but earnestly withal, and said:

"You are a debonaire man of the world, and yet you are still American in that you are abominably rich. The settlement—such matter as that, over which a Frenchman, an Italian, might hesitate—you laugh. Such matter as £150,000—you set it aside, you laugh. You say, 'Oh, yes; take it!'"

For a moment she feared that Horace would fall over the low parapet, so white did his face become and then so flushed, but the boy was game all through. The generations of simple Indiana stock came to his rescue, and he steeled himself with an effort and replied quietly:

"A hundred and fifty thousand pounds! Why, that's seven hundred and fifty thousand—I say, countess, she couldn't use the money to better advantage!"

There was real admiration in the Frenchwoman's glance this time, for she had lost none of the little byplay, and she admired the courage of the youngster. So she said:

"My friend, how wise you are!"

As she spoke she turned in time to see Ethel come down the steps of the hotel with a book beneath her arm and ran to her, clasping her in her arms and kissing her.

## CHAPTER VII.

SNUBBED!

LARGESSE, sweet Countess of Hawcastle! the woman cried. "Largesse! And au revoir! Adieu! I leave you with your dear brother!"

She ran quickly up the steps with a flirt of her parasol, and Horace took his sister's hand with tears in his eyes. "Dear old sis! Dear old pal!" he said, and she turned a radiant look upon him.

"Isn't it glorious, Hoddy?" she said with exalted tone. "Look!" and held up the book she carried. "It's Burke's 'Peerage.' And Froissart's 'Chronicles'—I've been reading it all over

again. The St. Aubyns were at Crey and Agincourt, and St. Aubyn will be my name."

"They want it to be your name soon, sis," he answered her.

For a moment she turned away and then looked at him straight in the eyes.

"You're fond of Almeric, aren't you, Hoddy? You admire him, don't you, dear?"

"Certainly. Why, think of all he represents, sis!"

"Ah, yes, Hoddy! Crusader's blood flows in his veins. It is the nobility that must be within him that I have pledged my troth to. I am ready to marry him when they wish!"

Horace sighed.

"It will be as soon as the settlement is made and arranged. It will take about all your share of the estate, sis, but it's worth it—a hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

Ethel lifted the book to the level of her eyes.

"What better use could be made of a fortune, Hoddy, than to maintain the state and high condition of so ancient a house?"

He looked at her affectionately and took her hand.

"It does seem impossible that we were born in Indiana, doesn't it, sister?" And the tones of his voice were those of incredulity.

She smiled at him fondly.

"But isn't it good that the pater made his pile, as the Americans say, and let us come over here while we were young to find the nobler things, Hoddy—the nobler things?"

"The nobler things—the nobler things! Why, sis, when old Hawcastle dies I'll be saying offhand, you know, 'My sister, the Countess of Hawcastle!'"

For a moment Ethel remained thoughtful and then turned to her brother.

"You don't imagine that father's friend, this old Mr. Pike, will be—will be queer, do you?"

"Well, the governor himself was rather raw, you know. This is probably a harmless old chap, easy to handle."

"I wish I knew. I shouldn't like Almeric's family to think we had queer connections of any sort, and he might turn out to be quite shockingly American. I—I couldn't bear that, Hoddy!"

There was a note of genuine pathos in her voice, and her brother responded instantly:

"Then keep him out of the way. That's simple enough," he said. "None of them, except the solicitor, need see him."

Almost in a burst like an eruption there came an uproar outside the gates beyond the hotel—wild laughter, riotous cheering and the notes of the tarantella played by mandolins and guitar, then more shouts and cheers and cries of "Bravo, Americano!" and "Yanka Dooda!" Horace ran to the gates, but they were closed, and the uproar continued. Ethel stood by one of the tables, amazement written on her features, and turned to her brother as he came back shaking his head.

"What is that?" she asked tremulously. Lady Creech, all in a flutter, entered from the hotel. At a glance one would set her down for an aristocrat. There was no doubt of it. From the topmost tip of her white hair to the toe of her solid shoe she was an aristocrat.

"One of your fellow countrymen, my dear," she said to Ethel. "Your Americans are really too!"

"Not my Americans, Lady Creech!" said Ethel spiritedly.

"Not our, you know. One could hardly say that, now!" reiterated Horace.

Almeric entered, at once laughing and beating his boot with his crop. Almost exhausted with his mirth, he threw himself into a chair and burst out:

"Oh, I say, what a go! Motor car breaks down on the way here. One of the Johnnies, a German chap, discharges the chauffeur, and the other Johnny—one of your Yankee chaps, Ethel—hires two silly little donkeys, like rabbits, you know, to pull the machine. Then, as they can't make it, you know, he puts himself in the straps with them and proceeds, attended by the populace. Ha, ha!"

He laughed long and loudly.

"I went up to this Yankee chap, I mean to say—he was pulling and tugging along, you see—and I said, 'There you are, three of you in a row, aren't you?' meaning him and the two don-

keys, you see, Ethel, and all he could answer was that he 'picked the best company in sight.' No meaning to it. I had him, you know, I rather think, didn't I?"

At this moment Lord Hawcastle entered with a bundle of newspapers under his arm and proceeded to settle himself at one of the tables. Almeric approached him.

"English papers, governor? I'll take the pink un. I'm off." And he picked up the tinted sheet as he spoke. Ethel came up to him and touched him on the arm.

"Going for a stroll, Almeric? Would you like me to go with you, dear?"

He looked at her vacantly for an instant and then stammered:

"Well, I rather thought I'd have a quiet bit of reading, you know."

Ethel drew back quickly and said in a very small voice:

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

Then she sat down hurriedly by Lord Hawcastle.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE AMERICANS.

THE chatter without continued unabated, and Ethel and the countess walked back to the terrace rampart to stand looking out over the glorious bay.

Horace, still in the seventh heaven of delighted realization, took the Daily Mail from the table on which the earl had thrown it and seated himself to read beside Lady Creech, who was already deep in the Church Register. The earl had buried himself in the Pall Mall Gazette and was apparently oblivious to such minor details as an Italian peasant row.

But to Horace in his highly strung

condition of nerves the uproar was aggravating, and he called to Mariano, who was busily setting the table again: "Mariano, how long is this noise to continue?"

The maitre d'hotel shrugged his expressive shoulders and replied:

"How can I know, m'sieu? We can do nothing."

Michele, who was assisting his chief, smiled covertly at the young man.

"The populace they will not be de-part so long as there shall be the chance once again to observe the North American who pulled the automobile with the donkeys!"

"Merci!" cried Mariano, with vigor. "He have confuse me. He have confuse everybody. He will not be content with the dejeuner until he have the ham and the egg, and he will have the egg cooked upon but one of two sides, and how in the name of the heaven can we tell which of these two sides?"

Mariano was about to continue his grumbling complaint when from the doorway of the hotel there came an interruption. The courier who had spoken with him earlier in the morning stood there and voiced but one word.

"Garcon!" he said softly. But it was like the command of a cavalry officer in its effect, for instantly the maitre d'hotel and his aid stood at attention like trained veterans. The earl evidently was not too deeply immersed to catch the sudden silence, for he looked up from his paper and observed:

"Upon my soul! Who's this?"

Mariano did not turn his head nor relax his attitude of stiff attention, but answered obsequiously:

"It is the Herr von Gollerhagen, a German gentleman, m'lord."

Hawcastle turned with an amused smile to Horace.

"The man who owns the automobile. Probably made a fortune in sausage."

"From within the hotel there came the tones of a heavy though cultivated voice declaiming quietly:

"Noin, nein, Ribiere! 'S macht nichts!"



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