The Man From Home

A Novelization of the Play of the Same Name

By BOOTH TARKINGTON and HARRY LEON WILSON

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SYSNOPSIS

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. He goes abroad to arrange with her the business matters connected with her marriage. II.---Ethel Granger-Simpson and her brother, Horace, have become anglomaniacs and aer 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 Vasili is hortly to arrive at the same hotel incognita as Herr von Grollerhagen. 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 countesse fears the alleged bandit is one Ivanoff. Almeric tells his father Ethel has accepted him. VI.---Horace agrees to persuade his sister Ethel to settle $750,000 on Almeric VII.---Ethel tells Horace of her delight at the prospect of her coming marriage into the ancient family of St. Aubyns. VIII---Von Grollerhagen arrives with Daniel Voorhees Pike on foot, their auto having broken down.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

Von Grollerhagen smiled, when from without the gates came a shout of amusement and wild laughter. Mariano instantly bowed and ran toward the hotel.

"Ha!" he said eagerly. "He return from the kitchen with that national dish."

Michele emerged from the hotel walking backward and carrying a covered dish, while Ethel turned with a little shudder of disgust to the countess.

"How horrible!" she said, and the Frenchwoman patted her shoulder reassuringly.

Immediately following the servitor came Pike, the same self possessed Pike, clad in a linen duster and a straw hat that was decorated with a bright ribbon. If there was anything distinctive about him it was his scarf, which was of that type known as Windsor and much affected by artists in the east and every one in the west. He carried a towel with him and dropped it in one hand as he glanced about.

"Law!" he observed, startled, but amused. "I didn't know there were folks here. Reckon you'll have to excuse me. Here, son!" he called, tossing the towel into Michele's hands and walking over to the table. Hawcastle, Lady Creech and Horace stared unbelievingly. Ethel hid her face, with another little shudder, as Pike, without removing his dust coat, sat down opposite the German.

"You are a true patriot," laughed Von Grollerhagen. "You allow no profane hand to cook your national dish. I trust you will be as successful with that wicked motor of mine."

Pike laughed heartily.

"Lord bless your soul, doc, I've put a self binder together after a pony engine had bucked it halfway through a brick depot," said Pike genially, tucking his napkin inside the collar of his shirt and falling to on the ham and eggs. At the table where sat the Hawcastle party there were expressions of pained agony.

"You have studied mechanics at the university, then?" went on Von Grollerhagen. "Is it not so?"

"University!" returned Pike. "Not much! On the old man's farm."

Hawcastle turned at once to Horace.

"Without any disrespect to you, my dear fellow, what terrific bounders most of your fellow countrymen are?"

Horace mentally writhed under the veiled taunt, but turned quickly with an assent in effect.

"Do you wonder that sis and I have emancipated ourselves?" he asked, and the noble earl, with a softened glance as he thought of the dollars, replied blandly, "Not at all, my dear boy," and turned once more to his paper.

Von Grollerhagen glanced at the three with slight amusement and held out the caviare to Pike.

"Can I persuade you to try one of my national dishes," he asked—"caviare?"

"Caviare?" replied Pike. "I've heard of it, but I thought it was Russian."

"It is also German," answered the other, recovering himself from the start he had given. "Will you not?"

Daniel looked him straight in the eye quizzically.

"I'd never get into the legislature again if any of the boys heard of it," he remarked, "but I guess I'm far enough from home to take a few chances."

Quite slowly and hesitatingly he placed some of the caviare in his mouth and then turned a vacant and pained look upon the German. The latter smiled and observed quickly:

"You do not like it? I am sorry. Here! A taste of the vodka will destroy the caviare."

Mariano quickly filled a glass and passed it to Daniel, who seized it eagerly. This time he sat bolt upright in the chair and exhibited real distress. Then he quickly seized another forkful of the caviare and ate it hurriedly.

"But I thought you did not like the caviare?" said the German.

Daniel breathed quickly for an instant, and the flush died from his face.

"That was to take away the taste of the vodka," he said weakly, and Von Grollerhagen lifted his head and laughed heartily.

"I lift my hat to you, my friend," he said, and Pike looked at him genially.

"You never worked on a farm, did you, doc?" he asked, and the German admitted that such a pleasure had been denied him.

"I guess that's right," went on Daniel reflectively. "Talk about things to drink! Harvest time and the women folks coming out from the house with a two gallon jug of ice cold buttermilk."

Horace shuddered convulsively, and Von Grollerhagen asked:

"You still enjoy those delights?"

"Not since I moved up to our county seat and began to practice law, ten years ago," Pike answered. "Things don't taste the same in the city."

"Then you do not like your city?"

"Like it! Why, sir, for public buildings and architecture I wouldn't trade our state insane asylum for the worst ruined ruin in Europe—not for hygiene and real comfort."

"And your people?"

"The best on earth. Why, out my way folks are neighbors!"

Horace rattled his paper sharply and glanced angrily at the disturber of his harmony. The German went on.

"But you have no leisure class," he objected, and Daniel smiled.

"We've got a pretty good sized colored population," he replied.

The German lifted his hand protestingly.

"I mean no aristocracy—no great old families such as we have, that go back to the middle ages."

Pike laughed seriously, if one might imagine such a thing, and returned instantly:

"Well, I expect if they go back that far they might just as well sit down and stay there. No, sir; the poor man in my country don't have to pay any taxes to keep up a lot of useless kings and earls and first grooms of the bedchamber and second ladies in waiting and I don't know what all. If anybody wants our money for nothing, he's got to show energy enough to steal it. Doc, I wonder a man like you doesn't emigrate."

"Bravo!" cried Von Grollerhagen, with keen delight, while Hawcastle turned with an angry gesture to Horace.

"Your countryman does seem to be rather down on us!"

Horace flushed with mortification and returned:

"This fellow is distinctly of the lower orders. We should cut him as completely in the States as here."

CHAPTER IX.

RECOGNIZED.

THE German was frankly enjoying his guest's conversation and quaint mannerisms and went on:

"I wonder you make this long journey, my friend, instead of spending your holiday at home."

Pike looked up in astonishment.

"Holiday! Why, I never even had time to go to Niagara falls. I'm here on business."

Ethel, who was still standing by the countess, looked at her friend with pained entreaty, and Horace, catching Lady Creech's basilisk eye fixed on him, reddened with mortification.

Daniel carefully folded his napkin and sat back.

"I expect it's about time for me to go and find the two young folks I've come to look after," he said.

"You are here for a duty, then?" asked the German quietly.

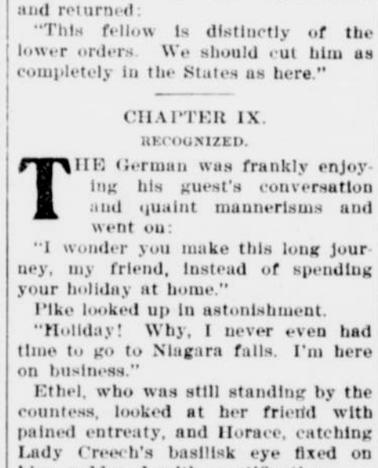
"I shouldn't be surprised if that was the name for it," answered Pike, rising. "Yes, sir; all the way from Indiana!"

Both Ethel and Horace started in horrified amazement and looked at each other with stricken terror on their faces. If this should—

"I—I can't stand this. I shall go for a stroll," said Horace hysterically and rose from the table, while Hawcastle looked at Pike fixedly.

"By Jove!" he said slowly.

"I expect, doc," went on Pike calmly, "that I won't be able to eat with you this evening. You see—you see I've come a mighty long way to look after



"Reason! Why, yes. I'm her guardian!"

her, and she—that is, they—will probably want me to have supper with them."

The horror was closing fast around the other party, and they simply stared.

"Do not tremble for me," observed the German. "Your young people—they have a villa?"

"No," answered Pike, with a smile "They're right here in this hotel."

Horace, with fear lending wings to his scattered senses, sprang to his feet and began to walk toward the grove. Pike looked up.

"I'd better ask," he said, and then, observing Horace, went on addressing him: "Hey, there! Can you"— He stared as the young man, paying no attention, proceeded on his way. Pike raised his voice.

"Excuse me, son, ain't you an American?" As Horace paid no more attention he turned to Mariano. "Here, waiter! Tell that gentleman I want to speak to him!"

Mariano sprang after the retreating Horace.

"Pardon, m'sieu, the gentleman, he wish to speak to you."

Horace whirled in an angry flash.

"What gentleman?" he demanded, and Pike regarded him calmly.

"I thought from your looks," he proceeded quietly, "you might be an American."

Horace planted himself squarely before his interrogator.

"Are you speaking to me?" he demanded haughtily.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Pike genially. "Ain't you an American?"

"I happen to have been born in the States," replied Horace aggressively, and Pike smiled quizzically.

"Well, that was luck," he commented, and as Horace turned again to go he said: "Hold on a minute! I'm looking for some Americans here, and I expect you know 'em—boy and girl named Simpson!"

Horace flushed deeply to the roots of his hair.

"Is there any possibility you mean Granger-Simpson?" he asked, with elaborate sarcasm, but this was lost on Daniel.

"No, sir; just plain Simpson. Granger's their middle name. That's for old Jed Granger, grandfather on their mother's side. I want to see 'em both, but it's the girl I'm really looking for."

"Will you be good enough to state any possible reason why Miss Granger-Simpson should see you?" and Pike started in genuine astonishment.

"Reason!" he reiterated. "Why, yes. I'm her guardian!"

The effect of this simple statement was terrifying. Ethel reeled dizzily and was supported by Mme. de Champigny. The earl rose to his feet, and Horace staggered back.

"What!" he cried.

"Yes, sir," went on Pike—"Daniel Voorhees Pike, attorney at law, Kokomo, Ind."

Horace fell back from him in horrified amazement.

"I shall ask her," he began weakly and shamefacedly, "if she will consent to an interview."

Pike looked at him in amazement in his turn.

"Interview!" he said. "Why, I want to talk to her!"

Hawcastle, with some of his finer feelings aroused, picked up his sister-in-law with his eyes, much as a clever hostess picks up her feminine guests at dinner, and arose, turning to Ethel.

"This shall make no difference to us, my child," he said and, turning sharply, took Lady Creech by the arm and left the terrace. Pike looked at Horace pityingly.

"Don't you understand?" he said. "I'm her guardian!"

For a fleeting instant Horace stared at him and then dropped his chin and walked away.

"I shall never hold up my head again," he said.

The sudden horror of the revelation that Horace had drawn forth bore down upon Ethel's mind with a crushing weight.

To her artificialized understanding the disgrace was more than she could ever hope to bear, and Horace's expressed thought that he should never be able to hold up his head again was but a vivification of her own.

Surely it would have been bad enough, she told herself, if this fearful thing had come upon them privately, but to have it appear in the full light of day and in the very hearing of the family of the man she was about to marry was too cruel.

And with an inward groan she leaned for a moment against the terrace wall where the countess had left her. When the first astonishment had passed and she had time to realize what had occurred, events that had seemed but fleeting impressions rose up before her in all their vivid nakedness. Mme. de Champigny had looked at her with astute contempt, she was sure, and she dimly remembered seeing the look of horrified amazement upon the patrician features of the Earl of Hawcastle.

Then, with an awakened resentment, the fighting blood of the sturdy plebeian Simpson stock, the stock that had upheld its end in the battle against oppression in several wars, came back to her with a rush, and she decided to see this awful man and give him to understand that he must go away at once and never insult her again by his uncouth and vulgar presence. Such business as had to be transacted could be done through an intermediary.

With a bracing of her spirit she stepped forward resolutely and came up close behind Pike as he stood with drooping jaw, gazing in perplexity after the retreating Horace. Ethel cast a look of loathing upon the straight back of the guardian of her peace and ground her little boot heel into the stone flagging. She glanced up and saw that the common German was looking at Pike with grave sympathy and even understanding, and instantly she hated him for it. Then she saw him take his cap from the obsequious Mariano and turn away. When he had gone she said in a low voice:

"I am Miss Granger-Simpson."

CHAPTER X.

THE HUMILIATION.

INSTANTLY Pike turned with a little twist of his lank body and half lifted his hand as if he expected a blow. Then his arm dropped again, and he stood looking at her in calm and interested fashion. As he stared his expression changed to one of mingled tenderness and pride, and when he spoke there was a world of pathos in his voice.

"Why," he said in a low, astonished tone—"why, I knew your pa from the time I was a little boy till he died, and I looked up to him more'n I ever looked up to anybody in my life, but I never thought he'd have a girl like you. He'd be mighty proud if he could see you now."

She turned from him in a smothered rage and then faced him again with cold disapproval in her tone.

"Perhaps it will be as well if we avoid personal allusions," she said resentfully. This man should have no opportunity for bringing up those vulgar, half forgotten family reminiscences if she could help it. He smiled a trifle wanly.

"I don't just see how that's possible," he answered, and she waved her hand indignantly.

"Will you please sit down?" she said and Pike made an awkward bow.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied meekly, with the faintest accent on the last word, and obediently took the chair that Horace had vacated so precipitously. She shuddered at the word he had used and glanced nervously at the hat he was holding in his hands.

"Are—are you really my guardian?" she asked at last, with a trace of heat-

"We could have been spared this—this mortification."

ed unbelief in her tones. Pike smiled at her.

"Well," he said, "I've got the papers in my grip. I expect that"—

"Oh, I know it!" she interrupted explosively. "It's only that we didn't fancy—we didn't expect"—

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ARAB SCHOOLS.

Their Peculiar Methods In Teaching and Studying.

"An Arab school," said a traveler, "is one of the most interesting places in Cairo to visit. The children, with the schoolmaster, sit upon the floor or the ground in a semicircle, and each has a tablet of wood which is painted white and upon which the lessons are written. When the latter are learned they are washed out and replaced by other lessons.

"During study hours the Arab schools remind one of the Chinese, for the children all study aloud, and as they chant they rock back and forth like trees in a storm, and this movement is continued for an hour or more at a time. The schoolmaster rocks back and forth also, and altogether the school presents a most novel appearance as well as sound. Worshipers in the mosques always move about while reciting the Koran, as this movement is believed to assist the memory.

"The desks of the Arab schools are old contrivances of palm sticks, upon which is placed the Koran or one of the thirty sections of it. After learning the alphabet the boys take up the study of the Koran, memorizing entire chapters of it until the sacred book is entirely familiar.

"A peculiar method is followed in learning the Koran. The study begins with the opening chapter, and from this it skips to the last. The last but one is then learned, then the last but two, and so on in inverted order, ending finally with the second chapter.

"During the student's progress it is customary for the schoolmaster to send on the wooden tablet a lesson painted in black and red and green to the father, who returns it after inspection with a couple of plasters pasted upon it. The salaries of the schoolmasters are very meager indeed."—Washington Herald.

Honest Answer.

The stories told of Snetzler, a famous Swiss organ builder, prove that he was a man of rare and incorruptible honesty. At one time the parish officers of a country church applied to Snetzler to examine their organ and make improvements in it.

"Gentlemen," said Snetzler after a careful examination of the instrument in question, "your organ be wort £100 joost now. Vell, I vill spend yoh £100 on it, and it shall den be wort £50!"—London Graphic.

SALT MANUFACTURE.

Economy of Bessemer Process Over Old Evaporation Method.

It seems a far cry between the manufacture of salt and the manufacture of steel, yet by a new method the Bessemer process is now being used for the former as well as the latter. Dirty rock salt is discharged into special furnaces and quickly converted into a molten condition. It is then run into a receiver, through which a current of compressed air is forced, causing all the impurities in the molten mass to either be blown away or forced to the bottom of the vessel, leaving an almost transparent liquid. The latter is poured off in molds and allowed to cool and solidify, forming a block that can be sold in this condition as rock salt or can be broken up and ground in the various sizes required for domestic use.

Salt thus turned out is not only thoroughly cleansed, but bleached as well. The extent to which the cost of salt manufacture is reduced by the converter is claimed to be great, it being asserted that by the evaporation method a ton of coal yields only one and a half tons of salt, while the new method yields fifteen tons of finished salt for each ton of coal used.

The ordinary process of salt manufacture, and one which has been used for many centuries, is the discharging of the quarried salt in water, together with its numerous impurities, and the running of this mixture into evaporating pans. Fire beneath the pans evaporates the water and some of the impurities, leaving the deposit of salt.

Notice of Street Assessment

This is a notice of Street Assessment for Improvement, given and made pursuant to an order of the common council at a regular meeting thereof held upon the 15th day of July, 1909, and the owners of the following designated property will take notice that pursuant to Ordinance No. 112, providing for the improvement of a portion of Spruce street, the following assessments are levied, and entered in the Docket of City Liens, to-wit:

Block 6, lot 1, M. W. Kennedy,	$101 65
" " " 8, Wm Turner,	597 80
" 7 " 4 and 5, Dunham, Boak and Siglin.	59 20
" 11 " north half, -----White,	46 90
" " " south half, G. A. R.,	140 00
" 12 west frontage, J. P. Tupper,	165 90

This notice is given for a period of ten days or three issues of this paper, the first being 22d day of July, 1909, and the third and last the 5th day of August, 1909.

Notice is hereby given, that if the above assessments be not paid to C. Y. Lowe, the city treasurer within 20 days from and after the said 5th day of August, 1909, and a duplicate receipt therefor filed with the city recorder, then the common council may in its descretion order that a warrant be issued by the recorder and directed to the marshal to levy upon each lot so delinquent, and collect by sale such assessmerts in the manner provided by law for the collection of delinquent taxes.

Dated at Bandon Oregon, this 22d day of July, 1909.

C. R. WADE,
City Recorder.

8-3t

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J. E. WALSTROM, Agent, Bandon, Oregon.

E. T. Kruse, managing agent, 24 California St., San Francisco.

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