

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 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 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 gives a title. III.—The Russian Grand Duke Vasil is shortly to arrive at the same hotel incognito 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 countess 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. IX.—Harold, Ethel and the Hawcastle party are disgusted with what they term the "American manners" of Pike. She tells Pike of her identity, as he has failed to recognize her in her European clothes and European deportment. X.—Pike refuses to consent as her guardian to her settling \$750,000 on Almeric, and Ethel is enraged at him.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

She paused, and he went on:
"I expect you thought I'd be considerably older."
"Not only that."
"And I guess you thought I'd neglected you a good deal." There was a touch of remorse in his tone, and he looked idly at the hat he held. "And it did look like it never coming to see you—but I couldn't hardly manage the time to get away. You see, being trustee of your share of the estate I don't hardly have a fair show at my law practice. But when I got your letter eleven days ago I says to myself: 'Here, Daniel Voorhees Pike, you old shellback, you've just got to take time. John Simpson trusted you with his property, and he's done more—he's trusted you to look out for her, and now she's come to a kind of jumping off place in her life—she's thinking of getting married—so you just pack your gripsack and hike out over there and stand by her.'"
During the last half of his speech there was a tone of affectionate regard, at which she bridled resentfully.

"I quite fail to understand your point of view," she said frigidly. "Perhaps I had best make it clear to you that I am no longer thinking of getting married."
"Well, Lord 'a' mercy!" ejaculated Pike, leaning back in his chair and smiling at her, but she affected not to notice the lighter tone and went on:
"I mean I have decided upon it. The ceremony is to take place in a fortnight."
Pike brought the front feet of his chair down with a crash.

"Well, I declare!" he cried.
"We shall dispense with all delays," she went on, and Pike regarded her solemnly for a moment.
"Well, I don't know as I could say anything against that. He must be a mighty nice fellow, and you must think a heap of him." He sighed.
"That's the way it should be." He looked at her. "And you're happy?"
"Distinctly!" said Ethel decisively.
Pike looked off over the blue bay, and then his gaze traveled to where Horace had been standing, and with a start he turned to her again, speaking eagerly:
"It ain't that fellow I was talking with, yonder?"
And she voiced an indignant protest.

"That was my brother!"
"Lord 'a' mercy!" ejaculated Daniel and then recovered himself. "But, then, I wouldn't remember him. He couldn't have been more than twelve when you was home last. Of course I'd 'a' known you."
"How?" demanded Ethel. "You couldn't have seen me since I was a child."
"From your picture, though now I see it ain't so much like you," he answered, and she stepped forward, with astonishment.

"You have a photograph of me?"
"The last time I saw your father alive he gave it to me—to look at."
"And you remembered?"
"Yes, ma'am."
A look of incredulity passed over Ethel's face, and she replied:
"It does not strike me as possible. However, we will dismiss the subject."

"Well, if you'd like to introduce me to your—to your—"
"To my brother?"
"No, ma'am; to your—to the young man."
"To Mr. St. Aubyn?" cried Ethel, recollecting a step. "I think it quite unnecessary."
"I'm afraid I can't see it that way. I'll have to have a couple of talks with him, sort of look him over, so to speak. I won't stay around here spoiling your fun any longer than I can help—only just for that and to get a letter I'm expecting from England."

Ethel bit her lip vexatiously.
"I do not see that you need have come at all. We could have been spared this—this mortification."
"You mean I mortify you? Why, I—I can't see how."
"In a hundred ways," she replied, "every way. That common person who is with you—"
"He isn't common. You only think so because he's with me," returned Daniel sadly, looking down.

"Who is he?" demanded Ethel sharply.
"He told me his name, but I can't remember it. I call him 'doc.'"
"It doesn't matter. What does matter is that you needn't have come. You could have written your consent."
"No, ma'am, not without seeing the young man," answered Pike resolutely.

"And you could have arranged the settlement in the same way," went on Ethel unheeding.
"Settlement! You seem to have settled it pretty well without me," returned Pike, smiling.
"You don't understand," said Ethel impatiently. "An alliance of this sort always entails a certain settlement." She paused. "Please listen. If you were at all a man of the world I should not have to explain that in marrying into a noble house I bring my dot, my dowry."
"Money, you mean?" asked Pike, puzzled.

"Yes, if you choose to put it that way."
"You mean you want to put aside something of your own to buy a lot and start housekeeping?"
"No," she flared. "I mean a settlement upon Mr. St. Aubyn directly."
"You mean you want to give it to him?"
"If that's the only way to make you understand—yes!" she flared.

"How much do you want to give him?" asked Pike thoughtfully.
"A hundred and fifty thousand pounds," said Ethel desperately.
Pike whistled.
"Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars!"
"Precisely that!" said Ethel.

"Well, he has made you care for him," said Daniel. "I guess he must be the prince of the world! He must be a great man. I expect you're right about me not meeting him. I probably wouldn't stack up very high alongside a man that's big enough for you to think so much of as you do him. Why, I'd have to squeeze every bit of property your pa left you."
"Is it your property?" she flared at him.

"I've worked pretty hard" to take care of it for you," he answered gently, and instantly she regretted the sharp speech.
"Forgive me," she pleaded. "It was unworthy of me—unworthy of the higher and nobler things that life calls me to live up to—that I shall live up to. The money means nothing to me. I'm not thinking of that. It is a necessary form."

Pike looked at her keenly.
"Have you talked with Mr. St. Aubyn about this settlement—this present you want to make to him?" he asked.
"Not with him."
"I thought not," he went on amusedly. "You'll see. He wouldn't take it if I'd let you give it to him. A fine man like that wants to make his own way. Mighty few men like to have fun poked at them about living on their wives' money."
"Oh, I can't make you understand!" cried Ethel despairingly. "A settlement isn't a gift."
"Then how'd you happen to decide that just a hundred and fifty thousand

stairway. Pike turned to look after him in mute astonishment and then turned to Ethel. She refused to meet his glance, and the hot blood rose to her face as she felt his scrutiny.
She tapped nervously with her foot, and the astonishment grew in Daniel's face. He looked from her to where Almeric had disappeared and back to her again. Then he took a step forward as if to speak and stopped. Finally the dawning horror in his face took concrete form, and he spoke.
"That!" he groaned. "Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for that! Say, how much do they charge for a real man over here anyway?"
But she was unable to meet his eye. Turning quickly, with her cheeks flaming with shame and anger, she rushed into the hotel and left him standing speechless on the spot.

CHAPTER XI.
A CLASH OF WILL.
IT required some minutes for Daniel Voorhees Pike to get over the amazement that possessed him when Ethel fled from him in such evident confusion.

His usually alert mind seemed incapable of concerted effort in the proper direction, and the dazed look on his face remained there until Mariano came to tell him that his rooms were ready and that Herr von Grollerhagen was awaiting him. Then for the first time he awoke, and with a sigh of resignation as he realized the battle he had before him, he gave a curt order that the automobile, which had broken down on the road to the hotel, should be placed in the entrance garden, for he proposed to do some tinkering upon it.

"If that don't beat"—he muttered to himself and then allowed the re-

angrily. Pike looked up mildly and regarded Horace with interest.
"Eh?" he said and moved to the other side of the machine, rubbing his lean chin with the handle of a monkey wrench.
"I wished to say that the surprise of this morning so upset me that I went for a long walk. I have just returned," said Horace.
He waited expectantly, but Mr. Pike went on abstractedly. "One wore clothes of gray, and seemed to be absorbed in his work, so that Horace was forced to go on."
"I have been even more upset by what I have just learned."
"Why, that's too bad," answered Pike, fishing for a nut in the bottom of the tonneau.
"It is too bad—absurdly—monstrously bad! Lady Creech tells me that my sister did you the honor to present you to the family with which we are forming an alliance—at least to a portion of it."
"Yes, sir," answered Pike, "and promised to present me to the whole possetucky of 'em."
"I'll not listen to you!" cried Horace in a rage. "And I warn you that we shall act without paying the slightest attention to you!"
(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHAT IS BEST FOR INDIGESTION?
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"And he asks you for your property—asks you for it in so many words?"
"Yes, as a settlement."
"And your young man knows it?"
"I tell you, Mr. Pike, I have not discussed it with Mr. St. Aubyn."
Pike laughed.

"I reckon not," he said amusedly.
"Well, sir, do you know what's the first thing Mr. St. Aubyn will do when he hears his father made such a proposition? He'll take the old man out in the back lot and give him a thrashing he won't forget to the day of his death!"
She was about to answer when from a distance came the roll of drums and then the sound of a bugle. The sounds came from afar off, as if below the cliff.

They both stopped to listen. Then the servants came running, with Mariano at their head. They rushed to the wall and leaned over, all excitement. Mariano turned to call to them over his shoulder:
"The bandit of Russia! The soldiers think he is hidden in a grotto under these cliffs!"
As he spoke Almeric ran down the steps with a shotgun in his hand and made for the steps leading down the face of the cliff. Pike turned to Ethel.

"I saw that fellow on the road here. What's he meant for?"
Ethel turned angrily from the lawyer and called sharply to her fiancé:
"Almeric!"
St. Aubyn turned and stopped.
"Hello!" he said.
"I wish to present my guardian to you," and turned to Pike as Almeric approached. "This is Mr. St. Aubyn," she said steadily.

Almeric stared at Pike through his monocle and laughed.
"Why, it's the donkey man, isn't it? How very odd! You'll have to see the governor and our solicitor about that settlement, though. I've some important business here. The police are chasing a bally convict chap under the cliff yonder, so you'll have to excuse me. You know there's nothing like a little convict shooting to break the blooming monotony—what?"
He turned and rushed off down the

Hot and fired, he returned to the hotel with some of his anguish worked off and sought his sister. She, however, was locked up in her own room and would only insist that he go away. So it was from Lady Creech at last that he gleaned some inkling of what had occurred.
It was nearly 6 o'clock when he made up his mind to search out Pike and "have it out with the beggar," as he put it, and he found the obstacle in the entrance garden. As Horace came upon the scene Pike was pounding cheerfully with a hammer upon a bolt-head of the motor car.
He was in his shirt sleeves and wore a long workman's smock close buttoned at the neck. From between his teeth came the unfamiliar strains of "The Blue and the Gray." With a revulsion of feeling Horace approached him.

"Mr. Pike!" he said politely.
"One lies down at Appomattox," went on the song, and Horace stamped impatiently upon the turf.
"Mr. Pike! Mr. Pike! I wish a word with you!" Horace went on, quite



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	Leaves	Arrives
Bandon		Coquille
Coquille	6:00 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Dispatch	7:00 p.m.	3:00 p.m.
Favorite	1:30 p.m.	4:00 p.m.
	Leaves	Arrives
Coquille		Bandon
Favorite	7:30 a.m.	10:30 a.m.
Coquille	3:00 a.m.	11:30 a.m.
Dispatch	4:00 p.m.	5:30 p.m.
Dispatch	1:00 p.m.	5:00 p.m.

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