

# 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 loves 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. XI.—The Russian refugee meets Pike, and the latter shows him a place to hide from the Italian police.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

Pike straightened up a trifle. "Your sister kind of hinted in her letter that you think a good deal of this French lady—the widow. I suppose you have made up your mind to take her for richer or poorer, eh? Now, what's she going to give you?" Horace stopped short in horrified amazement. "Why, I thought you'd charge her something—just a little. Ain't that the way over here?" "It seems impossible for you to understand our motives in trying to lift ourselves above the common herd. You are trying to interfere between us and the fine flower of Europe," went on Horace excitedly. Pike straightened up and looked him in the eye quizzically. "I never heard none of the folks around Kokomo speak of your pa as a 'fine flower,' but we thought a heap of him, and when he married your ma he was glad to get her, and I never heard that he asked for any settlement. When she took him he was a poor man, but if he'd had \$750,000 I'll bet he'd 'a' given it for her." Horace turned short about and retired from the scene. It was evidently impossible to argue with this plebeian. As he went toward the gates he met Almeric and Lady Creech and informed them eloquently of the ill success of his attempt to reason with the lawyer. Then he went out again to the cliff. Almeric accompanied him a few steps and then turned off to the village, for he said he simply must take another look at that pup. And Lady Creech announced that she intended to have "forty winks" in her own room. Five minutes later Daniel, looking up from a superb rendition of "Dolly Gray," saw her glaring at him from her window. Then came the Herr von Grollerhagen from the hotel. He was the same calm, imperturbable individual as ever, and he smoked with the languid abandon of a man born to ease. He approached Daniel with a smile. "You make progress, my friend?" he asked, and Daniel smiled at him. "Your machine's like a good many people, doc. It's got sand in its gear box." At that moment Mariano hastened out and fumbled nervously with the lock on the big gates. Von Grollerhagen turned instantly. "You are locking us in," he said. "No, herr," replied the servant; "I lock some one out—that bandit who have not been captured. The carabinieri warn all to lock the gates for an hour. Soon they will capture that wicked one. M'sieu, this convict is a Russian." With a keen glance, Von Grollerhagen waved the man aside. Daniel smiled. "They've got two companies of the tin soldiers. Out my way the town marshal would have had him yesterday." "My friend, you are teaching me to respect your country, not by what you brag, but by what you do."

"I see how a son of that great democracy can apply himself to a dirty machine while his eyes are full of visions of one of its beautiful daughters." "Doc, there's sand in your gear box!" Then he looked up. "Now, you go down to the kitchen and make signs for some of the help to give you a bunch of nice clean rags." For an instant the German drew himself up haughtily. "What is it you ask me to do?" "Get me some more rags," said Daniel quietly, and Von Grollerhagen bowed low. "I'd go myself, but it wouldn't be safe to leave the machine." "You fear this famous bandit would steal it?" laughed the German. "No; there's parties around here might think it was a settlement." "My friend," Von Grollerhagen said gravely, "I do not understand." "That's where we are in the same fix, doc," said Pike, with a chuckle, and bent over the machine again, while Von Grollerhagen departed on his mission. While Pike worked he thought, and the thoughts finally arrived at the point where he saw that all he had to do to save the girl he had come so far to see was to sit tight on his refusal. He had accurately gauged the noble earl and his interesting son and sister-in-law, and he knew that it was a thousand to one that they would not agree to a marriage if there was no money in sight. "They'll make more'n one bid for old Simpson's money," he assured himself and then looked up quickly, for the leaves on the pergola were rustling in a way that no wind should have caused. As he looked the figure of a man appeared over the top of the vines and a pale face looked into his with imploring eyes. Pike looked at him calmly and knew at once that this was the man the carabinieri were pursuing. "Est ce que vous etes un homme de bon coeur? Je ne suis pas coupable!" ("Are you a kind hearted man? I am not guilty!") he began, when Pike cut him off with a shake of the head. "There ain't any use in the world your talking to me like that," he said mournfully, and the refugee's eyes gleamed with hope. "You are an American?" he said, making preparations to descend. "They haven't made anything else out of me," answered Daniel, and the refugee climbed down and leaned weakly against the car. "If you give me up I shall not be taken alive! I have no weapon, but I shall find a way to cut my throat!" "Are you the bandit they're looking for?" asked Daniel, with interest. "They call me that? How close are they?" asked the other, with sudden fright. Pike looked at the gates and heard a clank of sabers off on the road. "There!" he said and stripped off his blouse. "Did they see you climb that wall?" "I think not," murmured the man. "Do you know anything about automobiles?" asked Daniel, holding out the coat. "Not a thing in the world," replied the other despairingly. "Then you're a chauffeur, all right," returned the lawyer, forcing the rough garment on the man. "Here; climb in under that machine, and don't you dare unscrew anything. Pretend you are fixing." He pushed the refugee toward the machine and saw him wriggle beneath it, then heard Mariano's agitated voice calling in the hotel. An instant later the maitre d'hotel rushed out to the entrance gates and threw them wide open, revealing two carabinieri without, who immediately entered. Then ensued a conversation in Italian that was pure Sanskrit to Pike, who looked on with calm interest. The commandant of the file addressed the lawyer in a long speech, to which Pike smiled and waved a cigar. "Wishing you many happy returns, colonel," he said genially, and Mariano hastened forward. "It is the robber of Russia. They think he climb the wall, the assassin. The others, they surround all yonder. These two, they search here. They ask you please, signore, have you seen him climb the wall?" "No," replied Daniel shortly, turning away. "They ask, then, has any one crossed the lawn?" went on the servant. "No," replied Daniel, and as he spoke one of the men pointed his gun beneath the car at the figure in the long blouse. "He ask who that is, signore," said Mariano excitedly, also pointing. "The new chauffeur for the machine from Paris," answered Pike casually, and, with a bow, the two went off, one to the right and the other to the left. As they disappeared Von Grollerhagen came walking across the grass with some white rags in his hands and an amused smile upon his face. "Is there a new eruption of Vesuvius?" he asked, waving the cloths. Daniel met him and took the rags. "No," he said dryly. "It's an eruption of colonels trying to arrest a high school professor. I've got ntm under your car there, yonder." The start the German gave would have been ludicrous in any other situation. "My friend," he said, "do you realize the penalty for protecting a criminal from arrest?" "I told them he was your chauffeur. We'll be proud of the risk, doc." He turned to the refugee under the machine. "This man owns the car," he went on. "You can trust him the same as your own father." And the German shrugged his shoulders in protest. There was a clatter of arms, and Pike looked up. "Look out!" he said. "The governor's staff is coming back." And as the carabinieri returned he said casually to Von Grollerhagen: "You'll have to get a new front tire, doc. That one is pretty near gone. Better have Jim here put on the spare one when he gets through." The German looked at him. "Do you know what you are asking me to do?" "To have a new front tire put on," answered the lawyer. The police were looking on with interest, and finally Mariano approached. "The carabinieri, with all excuses, beg that you will order the chauffeur to step forth from the machine." Pike made an exclamation. "No, sir! I worked on that machine myself for three hours. He's got his hands full of nuts and bolts and screws half fastened. We want to get the job finished. Tell them to go on up Main street with their Knights of Pythias parade and come around some day when we're not busy." Mariano held a hurried consultation with the carabinieri and turned back. "Because the chauffeur have been engage today the carabinieri ask ten

thousand pardons, but inquire how long he have been known to his employer." "How long! Why, he was raised on doc's father's farm!" "If that is so"—began Mariano. "So? Of course it's so. Tell 'em, doc!" The German looked at Mariano gravely. "You have heard my friend say it." "I have your permission, Herr von Grollerhagen, to reveal your incognito to the carabinieri?" "Is it necessary?" "Otherwise they will not depart." "Very well; tell them. But I rely upon them to preserve my incognito from all others." Mariano smiled. "Monsieur, they depart," and turned to the uniformed men. An instant later these swung through the gate and went their way. Pike looked after them in astonishment. "He must have mesmerized the militia, eh, doc?" and signed to the refugee to come out from the car. He was a pathetic figure as he emerged and held out his hands. "To you both I give thanks"—But Von Grollerhagen cut in: "My American friend has placed himself—and myself—in danger of the penal code of Italy for protecting you. Perhaps you will be good enough to let us know for what we have incriminated ourselves."



"You are an American?"

CHAPTER XII THE Nihilist. WITH a hasty glance about the garden to make sure he was not observed, the refugee approached Von Grollerhagen and Daniel and spread out his hands. As he stepped forward there was a movement of the window curtains in the casement above the doorway to the hotel, and he turned; but, whatever had caused it, the movement had ceased and there was nothing apparent. "The Italian journals call me a brigand," said the Russian, "and in this they are inspired by the Russian legation at Rome. I am known as Ivanoff Ivanovitch, and I have spent nine years in Siberia, nine years of hell. It is ten years ago since I was condemned in St. Petersburg, and you, who know nothing of the horrors of Russian prisons, cannot understand what I have suffered, my friends. I was a professor of languages, a translator in the bureau of the minister of finance, and I was trusted." For a moment he paused and pressed of his scarred hands to his lined forehead, then sighed and went on: "I was also a member of the Blue Fifty, a Constitutionalist, and as such was able to do a little for the cause, the cause, the same, my friend"—he turned to Pike—"for which your forbears suffered and fought—the cause of liberty. I could do but little, though I tried. At last I transferred the funds of the government to the Society of the Blue Fifty. It was a small thing. It was for the cause—not one ruble for myself. I swear it!" Von Grollerhagen started back, with a gesture of repulsion, and Ivanovitch held out his hands. "Not one ruble for myself!" he repeated. "It was for Russia's sake, not mine!" He paused and went on wearily: "But I committed the great Russian crime. I was caught, and through treachery. There was an Englishman who lived in Petersburg. He had contracts with the government. I thought he was my friend—my best friend. I had married in my student days in Paris. Ah, it is the old story!" he cried bitterly. "I knew the Englishman admired my wife, but I trusted her, and I trusted him, and he made my house

his home. So many have done that thing. I had 50,000 rubles in my desk—the funds I had transferred—to be delivered to my society. One day the police came to search, and they found only me—not my wife, not my English friend, not the 50,000 rubles. I went to Siberia. Now I search for those two." He leaned against the automobile and pressed his hands over his face, while Pike and Von Grollerhagen glanced at each other sorrowfully. Finally the latter asked: "It was they who sent the police?" And Ivanovitch replied vigorously: "After they had taken the money and were beyond the frontier themselves. That is all I have against them." For a moment the hunted look left his eyes, and into them came the ravenous gleam of the hunting, starving wolf. His fingers clasped and unclasped themselves spasmodically, and there was a set look about his jaws that spoke ill for the guilty pair should they ever meet this man with the manacles off his hands. The lawyer shuddered slightly as he gazed at him, and he laughed a short, hard laugh. "Looks to me as if that would be about enough to have against them," he said. Von Grollerhagen stood combing his wry beard with strong fingers and evidently studying the case. At last he spoke. "Then by your own confession you are an embezzler and a revolutionist," he said, and at Ivanovitch's start of



"Not one ruble for myself. I swear it!" subject misery and contrition Pike stepped forward and laid his hand on the German's arm. "The man's down," he said gently. "You wouldn't go back on him now?" He waited an instant and then chuckled grimly in a thin, humorous way. "Besides, you've made yourself one of his confederates, doc," he finished. (TO BE CONTINUED)

## LUNAR SUPERSTITION.

Moon's Phases Have No Effect on Animal and Vegetable Life. After exhaustive experiments in potato planting the United States department of agriculture has to say that in season one time is as good as another to put potatoes in the ground. Almost every one, even if he were not reared in the country, has heard of the idea about planting potatoes in the dark of the moon, says Scientific American. The field workers of the department of agriculture have been investigating the matter and have found that 75 per cent of the farmers of this alleged enlightened country put in their crops and do a good many other things about the farm governed solely by the moon's phases. Many farmers will tell you that if you plant potatoes in the dark of the moon they will run to tubers and if in the light of the moon they will run to tops, and crops are planted accordingly. There is usually a basis in fact for any superstition, and the moon superstition is so deeply rooted that a number of experts from the department of agriculture, while going up and down and across the land, have made it their business to study the question and see whether there might not be a germ of truth or at least some reason for the general belief that the moon's phases have an effect on animal and vegetable life. They have concluded after patient investigation that the moon myth is one of the comparatively few myths that date back to pure savagery and has absolutely not an atom of scientific foundation on which to stand. The agricultural experiment stations all over the country have been defying this superstition for several years and raising just as good crops when the moon was one way as when it was the other. Therefore, once and for all, it is conclusively decided that there is nothing to the theory that potatoes should be planted in the dark of the moon.

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|--------------------|-----------|
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| 1:00 p m           | 3:00 p m  |
| Dispatch, 7:00 a m | 10:00 a 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 |
| 4:00 p m           | 5:30 p m  |
| Dispatch, 1:00 p m | 5:00 p m  |

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