

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 craves a title. III.—The Russian Grand Duke Vasil is shortly to arrive at the same hotel incognito as Herr von Grollenhagen. 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 Grollenhagen 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. Von Grollenhagen aids Pike to do this. XII.—The fugitive tells Von Grollenhagen and Pike how he came to be sent to the Siberian mines.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

As he spoke Von Grollenhagen glanced at him quickly, and his eyes took on a tinge of surprise.

"Upon my soul, but I have, my friend!" Then he laughed outright.

"Ah, from the first sight of you in the hotel at Napoli I saw that you were a great man."

Daniel looked at him and grinned in his face.

"What you doing, doc—running for congress?" he asked, and the German joined him in the humor of the situation and then turned gravely to the Russian.

"I fear the carabinieri did not depart without suspicion."

"Suspicion!" echoed Ivanovitch bitterly. "They will watch every exit from the hotel and grounds. What can I do until dark?" Pike interrupted him quickly and motioned to the hotel.

"Why, doc, he's got the whole lower floor of this wing. You're his chauffeur."

"I was about to suggest it," interrupted Von Grollenhagen, in his turn, with some grimness of manner. "I have a room that can well be spared for Professor Ivanovitch."

"How can I ever thank you? God bless you both!" said the Russian, going toward them with outstretched hands.

"Huh! Don't waste time talking about it," said Pike. "I shouldn't be surprised if you were hungry."

He took the refugee by the arm and steered him in the direction of the hotel, and as the three entered the wide door the curtains above the entrance

He kissed her hand rapturously.

were agitated violently and the head of Lady Creech popped out of the casement with the suddenness of a Punch.

From the keen look on her face one might have imagined that had it not been for her deafness she might have heard every word of the conversation that had gone on below her. As it was, after gazing anxiously in the direction of the road she withdrew her head sharply and within a minute came out of the door of the hotel just in time to encounter Horace and Mme. de Cham-

pagny coming in from the grove. She approached them at once.

"Have you seen my brother?" she demanded excitedly. "Where is Lord Hawcastle?"

Horace looked at her with surprise. "On the other side of the garden, Lady Creech," he answered, "down there on the terrace," and watched, with some amusement, the speedy efforts of the grim old lady as she hurried off. The amusement, however, rapidly gave place to a more interesting pastime, for, summoning all his callow courage, he set himself vigorously to hint at a possible union between himself and the noble countess.

It was evident from the first word that the lady was prepared for him and that, while she intended to offer him every bit of encouragement in her power, she would not be satisfied with anything short of a definite proposal and more likely before witnesses if possible.

He made his initial move with some gayety. She returned his banter with her usual seriousness and in answer to his challenge on her somber mood replied:

"But I cannot believe you are always serious, my friend."

"Try me," he demanded eagerly. "Set me some task to prove how serious I am." She smiled at him.

"Gladly," she said. "Complete this odious settlement. Overcome the resistance of this bad man who so troubles your sweet sister."

Horace took her hand and murmured: "You promise me that when it is settled I may speak to you?"

"Yes. You may speak to me—when you please." And at the words he kissed her hand rapturously.

In the meantime the suddenly rejuvenated Lady Creech had found her brother-in-law and had imparted to him words of the utmost importance. She had temporarily forgotten her deafness, or else the agitation that possessed her had removed it, for she was bordering upon "a state of mind."

She walked him back to the hotel when she found him and talked continuously all the way, and as she talked his excitement grew to match her own. As they approached the garden Lady Creech said to him:

"I couldn't hear distinctly, for they mumbled their words, but upon my soul, Hawcastle, even if I couldn't hear well, I saw enough."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LETTER.

AS Lady Creech and Hawcastle entered the garden, where Horace was still holding the hand of the fair countess, they encountered Almeric, who was strolling in aimlessly from the direction of the village. Hawcastle beckoned to him.

"Anything unusual down there?" he asked, pointing to the village.

"Rawther! Carabinieri still hunting that bandit chap," said his hopeful son languidly.

"Don't mumble your words!" snapped the old lady, and Horace and madame turned sharply and confusedly. Almeric made a gesture of impatience and, putting his head close to his respected aunt's ear, shouted:

"Hunting a bally bandit!" at which the old woman screamed sharply. Hawcastle took him by the shoulder.

"What do they say about him?" he demanded.

"That he is still in the neighborhood," replied his heir, with a languid sigh.

"What did I tell you?" asked Lady Creech triumphantly. And the earl made a gesture of impatience.

"Almeric, find your betrothed and bring her here," he said. And the young man trotted off slowly. Horace came slowly forward.

"What's the row, sir?" he asked, and the earl smiled.

"My dear young man," he said, "I congratulate you that you and your sister need no longer submit to an odious dictation."

He was about to say more, but at that moment Daniel came down the steps and walked across the grass to the motor. As he passed the group he smiled genially and observed:

"Looks to me as if it was going to clear up cold."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Pike," answered the earl and motioned the others to leave.

Pike merely nodded his head, and Hawcastle came up to him.

"It is a pity that there should have been any misunderstanding in the matter of your ward's betrothal," he said, and Pike smiled grimly.

"Oh, I wouldn't call it a misunderstanding," he said, and the earl went on.

"It would ill become a father to press upon the subject of his son's merits"—he began, but Pike cut him short.

"I won't talk with you about him," he said. "I don't want to hurt your feelings."

Hawcastle glared at him and was about to reply when Mariano entered with a letter on a tray, which he handed to the lawyer, who regarded it curiously. There was a growing menace in the earl's attitude, and as his anger grew his suavity grew with it.

"There is another matter to which I want to call your attention," he went on, and Pike answered him at once.

"I'll talk about anything else with you," he replied and looked up to see Ethel coming down the steps. She came forward to the earl and said:

"You wished me to come here?"

"I wish to tell you that I see light breaking through the clouds. Have another talk with our friend here, and believe me, all will be well."

With a bow he left the garden, and Ethel stood staring after him. Pike looked up quickly from the letter he was reading and crossed over to her.

"I'm glad you've come," he said. "I've got something here I want to read to you. When I got your letter at home I wrote to Jim Cooley, our vice consul in London, to look up those Hawcastle folks and write me here how they stand."

"You did that?" she cried in anger. "You had the audacity to pry into the affairs of the Earl of Hawcastle?"

"Why, I'd 'a' done that if it'd been the governor of Indiana himself," he replied, with surprise. "Besides, Jim Cooley's 'home folks.' His office used to be right next door to mine in Kokomo. I haven't opened the letter yet, but I haven't much doubt but Jim'll have some statements in it that'll show you I'm right about these people."

"How do you know that?" she demanded heatedly.

"Because I've had experience enough of life!"

"In Kokomo?" she asked scornfully.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered. "There's just as many kinds of people in Kokomo as there is in Pekin, and I didn't serve a term in the legislature without learning to pick underhand men at sight. Now, that earl, let alone his having a bad eye—his ways are too much on the stripe of T. Cuthbert Bentley's to suit me. T. Cuthbert was a Chicago gentleman, with a fur lined overcoat, that opened up a bank in our town, and when he caught the Canadian express three months later all he left in Kokomo was the sign on the front door. That was painted on. But, there, here's the letter. Read it for yourself."

He handed it to her and watched her while she broke the seal and then began to read:

Dear Dan—The earldom of Hawcastle is one of the oldest in the kingdom, and the St. Aubyns have distinguished themselves in the forefront of English battles from Agincourt and Crecy to Sebastopol. The present holder of the title came into it by accident. He was a younger son's younger son and had spent some years in Russia in business under another name. Nothing here in his English record is seriously against him, though everything he has is mortgaged to the hilt.

She finished with a look of triumph. "What a terrible indictment!" she said scornfully. "So that was what you counted on to convince me of my mistake? I shall tell Lord Hawcastle



"What a terrible indictment!" she said.

that you will be willing to take up the matter of the settlement the moment his solicitor arrives."

"I'll shake his head sadly."

"No, I wouldn't do that, because I won't take up any settlements with him or any one else."

"Have you after this my St. Aubyn?" she inquired, her anger at white heat.

"It isn't an alliance with Mr. St. Aubyn you're after," he replied calmly. "You're after something there ain't anything to. If I'd let you buy what you want you'd find it as empty as the judgment day the morning after. You think because I'm a jay country lawyer I don't understand. Why, we've got the same thing at home. There was little Annie Hoffmeyer. Her pa was a carpenter and doing well, but Annie could not get into the Kokomo Ladies' Literary society, and her name didn't show up in the society column four or five times every Saturday morning, so she gets her pa to give her the money to marry Artie Seymour, the minister's son, and a regular minister's son he was! Almost broke Annie's heart and her pa's, too, but he let her have her way and went in debt and bought them a house on Main street. That was two years ago."

Pike paused momentarily.

"Annie's working at the deepo candy stand now," he resumed, "and Artie's working at the hotel bar—in front—drinking up what's left of old man Hoffmeyer's settlement."

She hung away from him in a temper and then wheeled on him in a flash.

"And you say you understand—you who couple the name of a tipping yoke with that of a St. Aubyn, whose ancestors have fought on every field of battle from Crecy and Agincourt to the Crimea?"

"But you won't see much of his ancestors!" complained Pike.

"He bears their name," she answered.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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TAFT AND THE TOILER

The President's Attitude Toward Organized Labor.

STANDS FOR INJUNCTIONS.

Small Crumb of Comfort For the Workingman in the Inaugural—Holds Same Views as Chief Executive as When Judge—What Labor Asks.

In the April number of the American Federationist Samuel Gompers, president of the Federation of Labor and editor in chief of the magazine, devotes several pages to an editorial with the caption "President Taft Consistent With Judge Taft."

Mr. Gompers quotes what President Taft in his inaugural address said about labor and injunctions and in commenting says in part:

"Of course any statement which a man of Mr. Taft's standing may make is entitled to more than passing notice, and particularly is this so when he is also president. Then let us ask, 'Would labor's efforts to secure relief by law from the admitted abuse of the injunction writ make the working men a privileged class of wrongdoers?' In the sense that they would be privileged to commit crimes or unlawful acts without punishment? Let us see. What does labor ask at the hands of the lawmakers?"

"Labor asks and demands that the courts shall treat every citizen alike; that, inasmuch as an injunction is never issued to enjoin other citizens from the exercise of their personal rights, their personal freedom, it should never be issued to enjoin or deny the personal liberty, the personal freedom, of workmen."

"Just before Judge Taft in 1907 left the United States on his trip to the Philippines he as an avowed aspirant for the nomination for the presidency at a public function at Seattle gave his views as to the claims which labor makes regarding the abuse of the injunction writ. The utterance was entirely unexpected and apparently unnecessary."

"President Roosevelt announced that Judge Taft was the man who should succeed him as president."

"Judge Taft, while proclaiming that he would follow the 'Roosevelt policies,' at once took the opportunity to give the corporations, trusts and employers hostile to labor a broad hint as to where he might be found."

"From the time Mr. Taft made that speech at Seattle there was not the slightest doubt among observing men that his nomination for the presidency was a foregone conclusion. He was duly nominated and elected, and in his first utterance as president, in his inaugural address, he repeated his assurances to the 'interests.' He 'made good' to them."

"In his Seattle address, among other things, Judge Taft said in substance that any limitation of the power of the courts to grant and enforce writs of injunction would be bad and dangerous; that the injunction is one of the most valuable, beneficent and essential instruments; that labor's purpose was to create for itself a privileged class of wrongdoers. And he concluded by adding that the remedy proposed in labor's (Pearre) bill to regulate and limit the injunction and thereby secure equal rights of the workers with all others was a most dangerous measure, adding:

"So you see Mr. Gompers' position lacks justice at the foundation. See what the effect would be. It would make a favored class of wrongdoers among the workmen."

"In his recent inaugural address he repeats the same sentiments."

"The president does not seem to be aware that the supreme court has rendered a decision by which the voluntary associations of wage earners, the labor unions, may now be proceeded against as combinations in illegal restraint of trade, mulcted in threefold damages, the unions dissolved and each member sentenced to a \$5,000 fine and a year's imprisonment. Can it be possible that the president does not know of this decision? If he does, are not the workers' rights and interests entitled to the president's consideration as requiring relief at the hands of congress as well as the trusts and business corporations?"

"The only hopeful suggestion in President Taft's inaugural address regarding labor is that congress should pass a law that the government may become liable for accidents to its employees—a proposition, of course, in the right direction, but it is only a crumb, and, oh, what a measly crumb it is!"

"Some of the greatest statesmen of the world have declared that they had no pride of consistency. But when a judge has attained fame by rendering a decision or decree new in character and far-reaching in its effects, and particularly when it is quoted as the best authority, no matter how it invades the guaranteed rights and liberties of the people, it is almost too much to expect that such a judge shall subsequently favor legislation rendering void his decision and his standing as an 'authority.' A statesman, a business man, a workman, a scientist—each and all of them may make a mistake and correct it—a judge, never."

Coopers Establish Death Benefit.

A proposition to establish a death benefit fund of \$50 in the Coopers' International union, recently submitted to the subordinate unions for referendum vote, has been carried. The general executive board is now preparing rules for the distribution of such benefits.

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