

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 Grollehen. 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 Grollehen 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 aided 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 Grollehen aids Pike to do this. XII.—The fugitive tells Von Grollehen and Pike how he came to be sent to the Siberian mines. Horace falls in love with the adventuress, the countess.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

"That's it, and it's the name you want. Nobody could look at you and not know it wasn't him! It's the name! And I'd let you buy it if it would make you happy—if you didn't have to take the people with it. Don't you see they're counting on it? The earl—he's counting on living on you." The Indian became excited. "Why, a Terre Haute pickpocket could see that! And this old Lady Creech—she's counting on it, and this Frenchwoman that's with them—Isn't she trying to land

your brother? The whole kit and bodle of them are on the track of John Simpson's money!"

"I gave Almeric my promise. It was forever, and I shall keep it," she answered slowly, as if she had been impressed with his earnestness. He looked at her quietly.

"I'm not going to let you," he replied.

"Then I'll throw your interference to the winds. I shall marry without your consent."

"Do you think they'd let you?" Pike asked quickly. For a moment she stood still, and then came the sound of the guitars from over the wall. Pike went on after a time.

"Sounds kind of foreign and lonesome," he said. "I'd rather hear something that sounded more like home—'Sweet Genevieve,' for instance. You know it, don't you?"

"I used to," she answered, hanging her head. "It's old fashioned and common, isn't it?"

"That's why I like it, I guess," he answered. "I couldn't get you to sing it for me before I go home, could I?"

She looked at him thoughtfully for a moment.

"I'm afraid not," she answered and went quickly into the hotel, leaving him looking after her curiously.

CHAPTER XIV. BLACKMAIL.

PIKE was still standing with the letter in his hand, looking after Ethel, when he awoke to the realization of what her words meant to him. She had given her promise, and she did not mean that anything in the world should make her revoke it. That promise was sacred to her, just as if it had been spoken before a clergyman.

In his heart Pike knew he would have to give in if he was to make her happy, and yet he knew that in making her temporarily happy he would be making her eternally miserable. If he could have the strength to hold out against her and refuse to sanction the marriage he knew the crew of aristocrats would never accept her without the cash, and that by the terms of John Simpson's will could never be theirs without his consent.

Of his own hopes he could see but the faintest glimmering. He had irretrievably offended the girl, and she would hate him all her life for it, he

feared. His entrance into her new phase of life had been unfortunate. His continuance in it was little else than an insult, according to her way of thinking. And Jim Cooley, whom he had trusted to find the flaw in the Hawcastle escutcheon that he knew had existed, had failed him miserably. The lawyer felt that he was a long way from home. He sighed and turned to where the sun was sinking in a haze of red across the bay. Then he heard the voice of Horace and chiming with it the cultured accents of Lord Hawcastle. Apparently they were coming to seek him. She had reiterated his refusal.

Warily he turned again to the automobile and leaned against it. As he did so he heard Horace say: "But Ethel says Mr. Pike positively refuses."

In return he heard Hawcastle reply: "Leave him to me. In ten minutes he will be as meek as a lamb."

Dumbly Pike wondered what fresh argument the earl had to offer and mentally steeled himself against it. As he looked up he encountered the steady glare of the earl.

"My dear Pike," began the latter, "there is a certain question—"

"I said I would not discuss that with you. I meant what I said," observed Daniel quietly.

"This is another question," went on the other, heedless of the warning or at least unaffected by it.

"Late this afternoon I developed a

would the consequences be?" Pike went on, with lowered eyes, for he would not trust himself to meet those of the nobleman.

"Two years at least in prison for the American!"

"Looks bad for—that American, eh?" Pike inquired whimsically.

Lord Hawcastle stepped close to him.

"If this fellow countryman of yours were assured that the law would be permitted to take its course if a favorable answer to a certain question were not received in an hour within that hotel, what, in your opinion, would the answer be?"

Pike looked up from the letter he was twisting in his hands, and his thin shoulders took on a squarer attitude. He looked his antagonist squarely in the eye, but he did not raise the tone of his voice.

"It would depend a good deal on which of my countrymen you caught. If it depended on the one I know best he'd tell you he'd see you in hades first."

For an instant the earl looked fixedly at Daniel, and his face went red and white by turns. There was a dangerous flash in his eyes, and he stepped a trifle closer and half raised his walking stick. Then, with a muttered oath, he dropped it, picked up his hat from the bench where he had thrown it and walked to the hotel steps.



"HE'D TELL YOU HE'D SEE YOU IN HADES FIRST."

great anxiety concerning the penalty prescribed by Italian law for those fortunate and impulsive individuals who connive at the escape or concealment of certain unfortunates who are wanted by the police.

Daniel looked at him, with a smile.

"So you're all worked up about that, are you?" Hawcastle glared at him, but went on.

"So deeply that I ascertained the penalty for it. For the person whose kind heart has so betrayed him the penalty is two years in prison, and Italian prisons, I am credibly informed, are unpleasant."

Pike unrumpled and folded his letter. "Being in jail ain't much like an Elk's carnival," he observed.

"Even a citizen of your admirable country could not escape if his complicity were proved. If he were caught in the act, I will be please with you."

These last words had an ominous note. "Let us imagine that a badly wanted man appeared upon the pergola here and made an appeal to one of your countrymen who, for the purposes of argument, is at work upon this car. Say that the too amiable American conceals the fugitive under the automobile and afterward, with the connivance of a friend, deceives the officers of the law and shelters the criminal, say, in a room of the lower

He looked about in the growing twilight and pointed dramatically to the window. Pike, now thoroughly interested and with his pulse beating a rapid tattoo, followed his finger. The earl went on:

"Imagine, for instance, that the shadow which appears upon that curtain were that of the wanted man. Would you not agree then to a reasonable request?"

Daniel swallowed painfully, for he saw in some manner that that swaying window curtain which had caught his eye an hour ago had held a distinct menace. It seemed too bad that this should be the end of it all—the defenses he had raised for the girl of his dead friend should be swept away in an instant by a bit of folly.

"What would be the nature of that request?" he asked.

"It would concern a certain alliance—might concern a certain settlement," the earl replied softly.

"If the request were refused, what

"You have an hour," he said, menacingly turning. "At the end of that time—we will know what to do."

Daniel must have stood there ten minutes after Hawcastle had gone, and the twilight came down and enveloped him with its softness. As the lights came out here and there he turned and looked over at the windows of Von Grollehen's suite and noted the shadow still on the window blind.

"Looks to me like doc's in this thing, and ought to be told," he murmured.

He found his way slowly across the grass and up the steps and in another moment tapped upon the door of the German's rooms. The door was opened by Ribbere, who informed him that Von Grollehen was dressing. He found his friend adjusting his white cravat before a mirror.

Within five minutes he had acquainted the other with all that had passed and had received a smile in return. Von Grollehen refused to take the matter seriously.

"Puff!" he said. "Surely you can trust this Lord Hawcastle not to mention it. He must know that the consequences for you as well as for me would be, to say the least, disastrous. Surely you made that clear to him."

Daniel smiled gently.

"No," he answered grimly. "He made it clear to me. Two years in jail, and if I don't make up my mind in fifty minutes from now to do what he wants me to do—"

"What is it that he wants you to do?" asked the German.

"The young lady's father trusted me to look after her, and if I won't promise to let her pay £150,000 for that—well, you've seen it around here, haven't you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Italy has always been the classic soil for fabrications, but in some departments Holland and Paris run her close. Vienna has a specialty for rock crystal and thirteenth century gold work, Florence and Lucca for fourteenth century armor, London imitates the pate tendre of Sevres, Constantinople makes oriental weapons, Madrid Damascus swords, Dresden sculptured ivories, Aix-la-Chapelle pewter plate, Berlin Roman porcelains, Amsterdam wrought iron, Rotterdam Indian porcelains, Odessa tiaras and antique jewelry, while Paris is the chief mart and clearing house for all these products.

Italian bronze statues, now so much sought, are turned out with dexterity and taste in Tuscany. It is said that it was from one of these foundries there issued the group of virtue oppressing vice, assigned to Gian Bologna, which is now the choice treasure of a celebrated French collection. Switzerland makes a specialty of Louis XV. repousse work.

As for renaissance and medieval jewelry, hardly a bit is real, except what is in museums. It is not to be bought. In the disturbed epochs that followed the renaissance precious stones were broken from their settings and sold to meet urgent needs. The same need for extreme dilidence applies to the pretty bibelots of the eighteenth century, watches, chateaux, bombonieres. Of modern fabrication, too, is the enamelled jewelry of the sixteenth century. Vienna turns it out to perfection. And so cunning are the makers that, for example, they take care that the ring on which a locket is suspended should show signs of friction, well aware that the buyer who thinks himself cute will look for this indication.

As for the peasant jewelry, now so much bought and sought in Florence on the old bridge and elsewhere, the genuine is long ago exhausted, for, after all, peasants own but a limited stock. It all consists of clever copies or more often tasteful combinations of old designs. The stones, too, despite their fine designations, are rarely anything else but those marvelously clever tinted rock crystals so ingeniously made in Switzerland and sold by the ton if desired.

Venice is the great depot for ebony inlaid with ivory, and cabinets incrustated with tortoise shell, once its glory and now in their decadence, are still the joy of traveling Americans on the lookout for bargains. Buy if the object pleases you, but do not when you pay your dollars imagine you are exchanging new lamps for old. As for old clocks, grandfather or other, there is not one genuine in a hundred. Ware ivories! They are generally bone or, worse still, celluloid aged by the help of tobacco or of that invaluable hand-maiden, boracic juice.

Nor does even glass defy the artificer. In the Museum of St. Germain can be seen Roman goblets, their outside incrustated with dirt, whose iridescence has been obtained by fish scales fixed upon their surface. Sometimes real bits of iridescent glass film are transferred upon a modern framework. Cologne turns out lachrymatory vases by the gross, not even troubling to copy the old shapes, but using the long narrow bottles in which cheap sweets are sold. These are buried in dung after being smeared with some concoction of which the secret is guarded, and in a little time they issue from retirement patinated and iridescent. Old German and Bohemian glass is also excellently copied in Hamburg and Paris. Venice, too, has not forgotten its traditions and turns out its own old wares.

Sevres and Dresden innocently helped the counterfeiter by selling their not yet decorated pieces, if imperfect, for a trifle. On this genuine ground the forger worked with ease. This traffic has been stopped. Still the forger knows no obstacles or overcomes them, and false Sevres and Dresden are supplied by all dealers, and the purchaser rarely has the minute knowledge that will save him.

In the eighteenth century oriental porcelains were openly made in England and Holland and sent to China for decoration, when they returned as real China porcelain, or the reverse process obtained. The porcelain was made in China and decorated in what was presumed to be the Chinese style in Europe. Paris at the present moment makes and exports old China porcelain, and many a tourist who buys a find at Hongkong or Shanghai merely brings back coals to Newcastle. Rhodian plates are made near Paris in absolute perfection. Except as a matter of sentiment there is no need to seek the old. Be cautious, too, in buying Greco-Roman pottery. It is mostly made at Naples.

Most of the genuine things were snapped up long ago or else are owned by museums or by the heirs of those for whom they were made and who do not need to part with them.—London National Review.

Time's Revenge.

"I wonder if everybody will have what he wants a hundred years from now."

"I doubt it. The men will then probably be agitating for the suffrage."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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