

# 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. Aubyn. 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 the alleged \$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. Horace falls in love with the adventuress, the countess. XIII.—Pike tells Ethel that he can never forget how she used to sing "Sweet Genevieve" back in Indiana. XIV.—Hawcastle tells Pike that he will have him put in jail for sheltering a fugitive from justice unless Pike gives his consent to Ethel marriage with Almeric.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

"I have observed it, if you refer to the son of Lord Hawcastle," answered Von Grollenhagen gravely.

"Well, if I don't agree to that Ivanoff goes to Siberia and you and I to jail," Von Grollenhagen looked at him quickly.

"He threatens that! What do you intend to do?"

"I can't agree. There wouldn't be any trouble to it if it was only me. They could land me for two years or twenty. But I can't do what they want, even to let you and Ivanoff out. It ain't my money. All I can do is to hint that you get out right away. Ivanoff can't go. They've got a ring around this place."

"You could get away, too, my friend," said the German, watching him softly. "You had not thought of that?"

"No, sir, and I'm not going to think of it. But you—"

"As for me, I shall go," said Von Grollenhagen, standing up.

"Well, that's part of the load off my mind. I haven't had the nerve to tell that poor fellow in there, though."

Von Grollenhagen motioned to Ribiere.

"Appellez le monsieur la!" he commanded and pointed to the other door of the chamber. The man opened it at once and beckoned to Ivanoff.

"Ivanoff, some unexpected difficulties have arisen," said the German. "The police have discovered your presence here, and persons who wish evil to my friend have threatened to make trouble. He can do nothing further to save you unless he betrays a sacred trust."

"It's the truth, old man," said Daniel feelingly. "I can't do it."

For a moment the Russian refugee staggered and supported himself with his hand on the table. Then he looked up.

"I thank you for what you have tried to do."

Von Grollenhagen went on:

"In the meantime my friend believes Naples a safe place for me. And so auf wiedersehen."

Pike extended his hand, which the German took.

"Goodby, doc, and God bless you!" he said. And Von Grollenhagen squeezed Pike's fingers.

"To our next meeting," he said and in a moment was gone.

CHAPTER XV.  
"HE'S A RUSSIAN NOBLE!"

THE instant he had disappeared Ivanoff crossed rapidly to the small table near the bedroom and picked up a cigarette from a box that lay there with a bottle.

"I thought so. Russian!" he said, and in answer to Pike's look of inquiry went on. "That man, your friend, who calls himself Von Grollenhagen, is not a German—he is a Russian—not only that—he is a Russian noble. I see it in a hundred ways that you cannot."

"He helped us this afternoon," said Daniel, but Ivanoff did not seem to hear him.

"I have felt it inevitable that I should go back to Siberia ever since I came here!"

"Perhaps"—began Daniel, but the other interrupted.

"There is no 'perhaps' for me. There has never been a 'perhaps' since I met Helene, my wife—she who sent me to the mines, she and my dear English friend."

For a moment Daniel was thoughtful; then he looked up quickly.

"What was his name?" he asked.

"Glenwood—I shall never forget it," the Russian replied. "He had contracts with the ministry of finance. He supplied hydraulic machinery to the government. The name Glenwood means nothing to you, and there are a million Helenes in France. I prayed God to let me meet them before I was taken, but"—He paused as a knock came upon the door. "It is the carabinieri!" he said hoarsely and shrank back.

"Not yet," answered Pike quietly. "Go back to your room. We won't throw our hands into the discard until we're called, and I guess we'll keep on raising." He waited a moment until Ivanoff had retired and then opened the door. Mariano stood without bowing.

"Mladji Creech—she ask you would speak with her a few minutes," he said.

"Where is she?" asked Pike.

"Here, sir," replied the man.

"Tell her to come right in. Ah, come in, ma'am," he went on as Lady Creech appeared in the doorway. When he had closed the door behind her she said coldly:

"My brother-in-law feels that some one well acquainted with Miss Granger-Simpson's ambitions and her inner nature should put the case finally to you before we proceed to extremities," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Daniel.

"My brother-in-law has made us aware of the state of affairs, and we are all quite in sympathy as to what should be done to you, but in the kindness of our hearts we condone your offense—if you accede to our reasonable demands."

Daniel looked at his watch.

"In twenty minutes?" he asked.

"In twenty minutes," she replied frigidly.

"You say he told all of you. Did he tell Miss Ethel?" Daniel asked.

"It has not been thought proper. Young girls should be shielded from everything disagreeable," she answered pompously, and Daniel grinned.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "That was the idea that got me into this trouble. You see, I know your interest in her. I've handled all her accounts."

"If you don't mind we'll omit all tradesmanlike references," remarked the old lady acidly. "It has been suggested that you make this opposition frigidly."

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"I guess we'll keep on raising," because you have a sentimental interest in the young lady yourself. We can comprehend no other grounds."

"Me!" echoed Daniel in surprise. "You can't comprehend. But you can comprehend I could have no hope, can't you?"

"One never knows," replied Lady Creech loftily. "We had thought to offer her an alliance with a family that for 700 years—"

"Yes, ma'am, I know—Creecy and Agincourt," interjected Pike, but she paid no attention.

"—has never been sullied by the low ideals of trade and barter?"

"Wait a minute, Mrs. Creech," said Daniel quickly, tugging at his coat pocket. "I've got a letter right here that tells me your brother-in-law was in business—and I respect him for it—only a few years ago."

"A letter from whom?" demanded the lady angrily, rising.

"Jim Cooley, our vice consul at London. He says Mr. Hawcastle—"

"Mr. Hawcastle!" ejaculated Lady Creech.



"I guess we'll keep on raising," because you have a sentimental interest in the young lady yourself. We can comprehend no other grounds."

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"Jim Cooley, our vice consul at London. He says Mr. Hawcastle—"

"Mr. Hawcastle!" ejaculated Lady Creech.

"Well, I can call a person cap or doc or colonel, but I don't just know how to use the words you have over here for those things. I don't mean any disrespect. Just let me run on in my own way. Jim says your brother-in-law was in business in Russia!"—he stopped suddenly, for an idea had occurred to him—"in business in Russia!" he repeated dazedly. "Why didn't I think of that?"

"Since some of your officials have been spying"—Lady Creech began, but he interrupted.

"Never mind. He was in business in Russia. I don't say he was peddling shoestrings or wieners"—she screamed. "He was probably"—he stopped a moment and looked at her.



"Have you ever heard of the name of Glenwood?" he asked quickly.

"He did not have contracts with the government for hydraulic machinery, I suppose," he asked tensely. The old woman tossed her head.

"Even if he did, he protected the historic name," she replied proudly.

"I believe you," said Daniel fervently. "Glenwood?" he asked quickly.

"Is your mind wandering?" asked Lady Creech. "Glenwood Priory is the name of the property Hawcastle inherited from his mother. Can you state its connection with the subject?"

Daniel almost staggered with the thought—the knowledge that came to him. He looked up.

"That's how he protected it," he said. "He took the name of Glenwood. God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform! Lady Creech, tell your brother-in-law he can have his answer here—in ten minutes."

As she swept from the room in dignified amazement Pike sank into a chair for a moment and fairly glowed with eagerness.

CHAPTER XVI.  
A WHISPER OF VENGEANCE.

THE moment Lady Creech had gone Daniel smiled broadly for the first time since he had set eyes upon Ivanoff. He could see his way clear now to the thorough accomplishment of his mission, and he mentally thanked heaven for putting into his hands such a weapon as the Russian fugitive.

"Glenwood, eh? And he protected the historic name of St. Aubyn, that noble earl; protected it on the surface while he dragged it in the mire of another man's disgrace and humiliation in private. He was a sweet lot, that noble earl! He carried himself high, and his keen eye lost no whit of its dignity and importance from that conscience that must be uneasy within his breast."

And the woman, too, "Helene," Ivanoff had called her. So they had stuck together all those ten years, with Lady Creech as a most complaisant and discreet chaperon—but that couldn't be, for, whatever else Lady Creech might be, worldly wise and haughty, she was at least an English gentleman at heart, and she would have starved rather than connive at a scandal of that sort.

No, Daniel reflected, he would have to leave Lady Creech out of the mess, even though she was a bitter old dame. But Hawcastle should feel the touch of the iron. It should burn him deeply, and the scar would remain.

And the fair countess, who was angling for that addle pated Horace and his share of the estate! That woman, who had deliberately sent a good man to what was worse than death, should he have any pity for her? Not for a single instant.

He leaped up and hastily crossed the room to the writing desk, scribbled a note and, before he put it in the envelope, rang the bell.

As he sealed the note Mariano tapped discreetly at the door, and Pike called:

"Come in!"

"Look here, Mariano, I want you to take this note to Miss Simpson," he said quickly.

"To Miss Granger-Simpson?" asked the man deferentially.

"Yes. Do you know where she is?"

"She walk upon the terrace alone, sir," replied Mariano.

"Then give it to her yourself—to no one else—and do it now!" he went on emphatically, pushing the servant out of the door in his haste. When he had closed it he went to the door of the suit, threw it open and called:

"Ivanoff!"

Almost immediately the Russian came into the room, and Pike noted the suffering upon his face, the look of timid apprehension with which he glanced furtively about. For him there was a carabinieri in every corner.

"Have they come?" he whispered tensely. Daniel went over to him and laid a hand upon the bent shoulder, looking him triumphantly in the eyes.

"Not yet," he answered, and paused. "Ivanoff, you prayed to see your wife

"Certainly. The whole kit and boodle of 'em," he replied. "Excuse me, I haven't time to be elegant, even if I knew how."

"Do you mean my chaperon would disapprove?" she asked, hastily rising.

"I shouldn't be surprised. I reckon the whole fine flower of Europe would disapprove. 'Disapprove!' They'd sand-bag you to keep you away!"

"Then I can't stay," she cried and started for the door. He stepped between her and the exit and raised his hand with a gesture of command.

"Yes, you can, and you will, and you've got to," he said. "I'm your guardian, and you'll do as I say. You'll obey me this once if you never do again. You'll stay here while I talk to these people, and you'll stay in spite of everything they say or do to make you go!" She looked startled and stepped back from him, and he went on:

"God knows I hate to talk rough to you. I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world, but it's come to a point where I've got to use the authority I have over you."

In an instant she flared up.

"Authority! Do you think?"

"You'll stay here for the next twenty minutes if I have to make Creecy and Agincourt look like a peace conference," he snapped. And she sank back into a chair with a gesture of alarm.

Pike went closer to her and spoke more softly.

"You and your brother have soaked up a society column notion of life over here," he said. "You're like old Pete Delaney of Terre Hut. He got so he'd drink cold tea if there was a label on the bottle that spelled whisky."

"You're going too far!" the girl cried.

"They've got you fuddled with labels here," went on the American. "It's my business to see that you know what kind of people you're dealing with."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Interior of the Earth.

The University of Jena has just awarded the prize for the best essay on the condition of the interior of the earth. M. Thiene, who won the University of Jena's prize, did it with the following theory:

The mean density of the earth is known to be more than five times that of water. As the outer layers of the crust have a very feeble density—water 1, rocks an average of 2½—it follows that the interior must have a density of about 7.7, which is that of iron. Again, there is enough accurate information about the rigidity of the earth to make it fairly certain that this is slightly greater than steel. M. Thiene calculates that the crust of the earth is about 630 miles thick, though most of the best authorities are inclined to place it at about thirty miles. If his figures be correct there must be inside the crust an exceedingly dense and rigid core, which he calls barysphere.

Electric Water Purifier.

The mercury vapor lamp is well known, with its ghostly green light. Now, if the lamp is made of quartz instead of ordinary glass a light is produced that is extremely rich in the "ultra violet" rays. That these rays have a germ killing power has been known for some time, but no one suspected that rays from such a lamp were powerful enough to sterilize drinking water. This, however, has been demonstrated by two French scientists, who have just sent the result of their experiments to the French Academy of Sciences.

A mercury lamp made of quartz was placed in a cask of water, which at the end of two minutes was found to be completely sterilized, while the temperature of the water was raised only about 5 degrees.

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The dulcitone of Thomas Machell of Glasgow has the keyboard of a piano, but the key hammers produce sound by striking steel forks—like shankless tuning forks—instead of wires. A semicircular steel spring carries the vibrations from each fork to the sounding board. The tone is softer than that of the piano, but it has great clearness and carrying power and is adapted for solo playing as well as for accompanying other instruments or the voice. Important advantages are the lack of necessity of tuning and the portability. A dulcitone of five octaves weighs but forty-five pounds while a piano of the same range weighs weight of 250 pounds or more.

Those Elaborate Defenses.

"Would you shoot a man who assaulted your veracity?"

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