

# 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 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 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 jehelting a fugitive from justice unless Pike gives his consent to Ethel's marriage with Almeric. XV.—Pike learns that Hawcastle has had a checkered career in St. Petersburg and that he stole the wife of Ivanhoff, the Russian fugitive. XVI.—Von Grollenhagen is revealed as the Russian grand duke.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

and your friend Glenwood before you went back to Siberia."

"The Russian tore himself away with a gasping cry, but Daniel caught his wrist.

"If that prayer is answered through me," he went on, "will you promise to remember that it's my fight?"

Ivanoff covered his face with his hands, and his breath came chokingly. "It is impossible! You wish to play with me!" he gasped.

"Do I look playful?" demanded Daniel. And as he spoke a bugle sounded sharply outside the window off to the right. At the sound Ivanoff shrank into himself, and his fingers trembled in the other's grasp.

"The carabinieri—for me!" he cried.

Both men turned quickly to the window, and Pike thrust Ivanoff behind him as he drew aside the heavy curtain.

"Don't show yourself!" he commanded. But there was a smothered exclamation from the fugitive, and he pointed over Pike's shoulder.

"Look! Near the lamp yonder—there by the gates—the carabinieri!" His arm trembled as it rested for an instant on the American's shoulder, and Pike returned quietly:

"Pouf! They've been there since we hid you beneath the machine." He stopped and shaded his eyes with his hand from the glare of the lamps inside the room, then started. "Why—who on earth—who's that they've got with 'em? Why, good Lord, it's you!"

Ivanoff strained over his shoulder to look and then replied bitterly:

"It is Herr von Grollenhagen! Did I not tell you he was a Russian? He has betrayed me himself! He was not satisfied that others should. Ah, I knew I was in the wolf's throat here!"

Pike swore emphatically and exhaustively.

"Don't you believe it!" he snarled.

"They've arrested poor old doc! Got him as he went out!"

"No!" cried Ivanoff. "They speak respectfully to him! They bow to him!"

"They'll be bowing to us in a minute. That's probably the way these colonels run you in!" snarled Daniel.

As he spoke there was a sharp knock on the outer door, and he seized Ivanoff by the arm.

"Back into the room with you! Wait until I call, and remember it's my fight!"

He was about to add more when the

door opened and Mariano appeared, instantly the American changed his tone to one of severe command.

"And don't you forget what I've been telling you. You got the sand out of that gear box first thing tomorrow morning, or I'll see that you draw your last pay Saturday night!"

Ivanoff caught the idea and bowed silently and then turned and entered the door to the inner chamber, Mariano came forward and bowed.

"Mees Granger-Simpson," said he and went out, standing to one side to make room for Ethel as she entered with a look of complete astonishment on her face. Pike approached her.

"I'm much obliged to you for taking my note the right way," he said. "I've got some pretty good reasons for not leaving this room."

She inclined her head listlessly and fidgeted with the note she held.

"Your note seemed so extraordinarily urgent," she began, but he interrupted.

"It had to be," he said. "Some folks who want to see me are coming here, and I want you to see them here. They'd stopped you from coming if they could."

She flashed a look of disbelief at him.

"There was no effort to prevent me," she said coldly.

"I didn't give 'em time," he smiled.

"May I ask to whom you refer?" she inquired.



IVANOFF SAW NONE BUT HER.

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

"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 Crecy 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."

She dropped her head.

"You're bullying me! I don't see why you talk so brutally to me."

"Do you think I'd do it for anything but you?" he asked.

"You are odious, insufferable!" she cried, with a flash of temper.

"Don't you think I know you despise me?" he asked bitterly. And she flared again.

"I do not despise you. If I had stayed at home and grown up there I should probably have been a provincial young woman, playing 'Sweet

Genevieve' on the organ for you tonight," she said. "My life has not been that, however, and you have humiliated me from the moment of your arrival here. You have made me ashamed of you and myself. And now you have some preposterous plan that will shame me again—both of us—once more before these gentiefolk."

There was a bustling without and some loud talking, and Pike smiled warily.

"I think them gentiefolk are here," he said. As he spoke the door was thrown open, and Lady Creech hurriedly entered, followed by the countess, Horace, Almeric and the earl. The latter bowed sardonically to Pike, and Lady Creech hurried to Ethel with a cry of astonishment.

"My dear child! What are you doing here in this dreadful place with this dreadful person?" she demanded shrilly.

"My dear! Les covenances!" cried madame.

"Ethel! I am surprised! Come away at once!" demanded Horace.

"Oh, I say, you know, Miss Ethel, really!" echoed Almeric. "You can't stay here, you know!"

Pike stopped them with a gesture and said:

"I'm her guardian, and she's here by my authority, and, what's more, she'll stay by my authority."

Horace turned to the earl.

"Lord Hawcastle, will you insist upon Ethel's leaving? It's quite on

got him here now. If I don't agree to hand over you and \$750,000 of the money John Simpson made it means that the man I tried to help goes back to Siberia and I go to an Italian jail for two years or as much more as they can make it."

"Nonsense," cried Hawcastle. But Ethel waved him aside and turned, with a withering look on Pike.

"I know you had some further humiliation in store for me. Do you think I would believe that an English nobleman would stoop—"

Pike interrupted her ruthlessly and bitterly.

"Stoop?" he cried. "Why, ten years ago in St. Petersburg there was a poor devil of a revolutionist who in his crazy patriotism took government money for the cause he believed in. He made the mistake of keeping that money in the house, when this man"—he pointed to Hawcastle—"knew it was there. He also made the mistake of having a wife this man coveted and stole, as he coveted and stole the money. Oh, he made a good job of it! Don't think that tonight is the first time he has given information to the police. He did it then, and the husband went to Siberia!"

Hawcastle was the picture of amazement and horror as he staggered up.

"A dastardly slander!" he cried.

"And he'll do it again tonight!" Pike went on. "I go to an Italian jail"—he whirled and pointed an accusing finger at Mme. de Champigny—"and that same poor devil of a husband goes back to Siberia!"

"It's—it's a ghastly lie!" croaked Hawcastle, his face livid.

"You came for your answer," went on Pike stridently, "and, by the living

"He has betrayed me himself!"

God, I've got it for you!" He stepped to the door of the inner chamber and threw it open.

"Ivanoff!" he called, and the Russian came into the room. At the sight of him Hawcastle fell back against the mantel, and the countess collapsed in a heap on the floor. Ivanoff saw none but her and, striding to her, lifted both clinched hands above her head.

"Ivan—oh, mother of God—Ivan! Don't kill me!" she gasped.

For a moment he stood over her, then collapsed into a chair, where he writhed, sobbing violently.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

No Place Like Home.

A native of Prince Edward Island had gone forth to see the world. When he reached Boston he engaged a room at a modest hotel, intending to remain there while he hunted for work.

"Will you register?" asked the clerk, handing him a pen.

"Register?" said the traveler. "What is that?"

"Write your name."

"What for?"

"We are required to keep a record of all our guests."

The man wrote his name and was about to lay down the pen when the clerk added:

"Now the place, if you please."

"What place?"

"The place you come from. Where do you live?"

"I live on the island."

"Well, but what island?"

The other man looked at him in amazement. Then he said, with an emphasis that left no doubt of his feelings: "Prince Edward Island, man! What other island is there?"

Modern School Methods.

"Read this story by Hawthorne and criticize it," was the order given recently to a high school class. "Note where he violates the rules of narration and write an estimate of the story." When such work is expected of the sixteen-year-old, one no longer wonders that teachers have "expurgated" Dickens and rearranged other books of high standing for use in the public schools.—New York Post.

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