

# 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 Vaasil 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. Von Grollerhagen aids Pike to do this. XII.—The fugitive tells Von Grollerhagen 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's marriage with Almeric. XV.—Pike learns that Hawcastle has had a checked career in St. Petersburg and that he stole the wife of Ivanoff, the Russian fugitive. XVI.—Von Grollerhagen is revealed as the Russian grand duke. Hawcastle and the countess (Ivanoff's faithless wife) are confronted by Ivanoff, and they are horrified at the discovery of their awful secret. XVII.—Hawcastle flees to Naples. XVIII.—Ethel refuses to desert Almeric. She wants to marry him to help him make a career for himself, and to this Pike consents, but he has an idea that the marriage will never occur. XIX.—Almeric refuses to work and insists that Ethel's money be their support when they marry. Ethel turns from him in disgust. Later she talks with Pike. She knows of Pike's love for her. She leaves him to go to a piano to play "Sweet Genevieve".

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

"Money! By Jove! Good girl! Buying the beggar off to keep him from making a scandal for us! How's that?" Lady Creech looked at him with something akin to admiration.

"Almeric! How clever of you! Of course she is! Your father will be pleased. What a pity he didn't wait!"

Daniel appeared at the top of the steps and, seeing the pair, came slowly toward them. As he reached the table where they sat he addressed Almeric.

"Your pa seemed in a hurry last night," he said.

Almeric started violently, but Lady Creech arose and, with a haughty glance, swept into the hotel. Pike looked after her and then back to Almeric.

"Oh, yes," the latter answered. "Had to catch a train—the pater had—he's easily worried by trifles, you know?"

"Well, you don't worry—not too easy, do you, son?"

"Oh, one finds nothing particular this morning to bother one," the young man replied, yawning. "Nothing at all. Of course Miss Ethel is standing to her promise?"

"Yes, she is," replied Pike grimly, and Almeric went on:

"Yes, the governor only thought it best to clear out a bit until we were certain that she manages to draw off this convict chap—what you Americans call 'fixing him,' isn't it?"

Pike lifted a warning hand.

"Don't try to talk United States, son. Just tell me in your own way."

"Why," replied Almeric, "she's been giving him money, hasn't she? You took it to him yourself, didn't you? Naturally we understood what it was for. She's trying to keep the beggar quiet."

"So that's what she sent the poor cuss the money for, was it? That's the way you look at it, eh?" the American asked.

"Why, of course! What other way

not could there be?" asked the other.

"Well, you know I'd sort of gathered it was because she was sorry for him—thought he'd been wronged, but, of course, I'm stupid!"

"Well, say that! I don't know that it was so necessary for her to hush him up, but it showed a very worthy intention in her, didn't it, eh, now?"

Pike looked at him carefully.

"Would you mind my being present when you thank her for it?" he asked, and Almeric laughed riotously.

"Shouldn't in the least if I intended to thank her. It simply shows that she considers herself already one of us. It's perfectly plain—as plain as you are, eh?"

He walked off whistling.

Pike gazed after him with an admirable chuckle. As he turned about he saw Ethel standing at the head of the steps, and there was a sad look upon her face.

"I hear that Lord Hawcastle has left," she said quietly.

"Yes, I saw him go last night," he answered, looking up at her.

"He left very quickly," she said absently.

"He did seem to be forgetting the scenery," the American replied. "Did you see Ivanoff?"

"Yes, I am almost sorry. He made so much of—what I could do."

"There are some good people over here, ain't there?" he ventured, and she looked at him quickly.

"When you are at home again I hope you will remember them," she said.

"I will," he replied.

"And I hope you will forget everything I ever said," she went on.

"Somehow it doesn't seem likely as if I ever would," he returned.

"Oh, yes, you will," she said. "All those unkind things I said to you?"

"Oh, I'll forget those easy," he interrupted quickly, and she went on, almost tearfully:

"And the other things, too, when you're once more among your kind, good home folks—and probably there's one—you'll be so glad to get back to you'll hardly know you've been away—an unworlly girl, one that doesn't need to be cured of—oh, all sorts of follies—a kind girl, one who's been sweet to you. I can see her; she wears white muslin and waits by the gate for you at twilight. Isn't she like that?"

He shook his head.

"No, not like that."

"But there is some one there?" she asked.

He smiled sadly.

"Well, she's only been there in a way. I've had her picture on my desk for a good while. Sometimes when I go home in the evening she kind of seems to be there. I bought a homey old house up on Main street, you know; it's the house you were born in. It's kind of lonesome sometimes, and then I get to thinking she's there, sitting at an old piano that used to be my mother's and singing to me."

"Singing 'Sweet Genevieve'?" she asked quietly.

"Yes, that's my favorite. But, then, I come to and I find it ain't so. No voice comes to me, and I find there ain't nobody but me."

"You'll find her some day," she put in quickly. "I shall think of you often with her listening to her voice in the

twilight. And I shall be far away, keeping the promise that I have made and living out—my destiny."

"What destiny?" he asked gravely.

"I am bound to Almeric by his misfortune. He has to bear a name that is disgraced, and it is my duty to help him bear it—to help him make it honorable again, to inspire him in the struggle that lies before him to rise above it by his own efforts, in the product of his work."

"Work?" asked Pike in astonishment.

"Yes," she went on. "No matter how humbly he begins and no matter what it costs me, I must be with him, helping him. Isn't that true?"

"That's what any good, brave woman would do," he said.

"It must be done. I haven't seen Almeric since last night. I must see him now. I've shirked facing him today. He has always been so light and gay that I dread seeing him bending under this blow. It is my duty to help him bear it."

"Yes; it's your duty all right."

"Then you think I am right. You agree?"

"Yes; I agree," he answered gravely. "I give my consent to your marriage."

"You do?" cried Ethel. And there was a distinct horror in her tone. It was as if the idea shocked her.

"I'll place it in your hands," he answered and then was rudely twirled about by Horace, who had approached



"You'll find her some day."

"I mean that I admire you for your pluck, for your shining unconcern under disgrace, but—"

"Disgraced! Why, who's disgraced? Not even the governor, as I see it! You got that chap called off, didn't you?"

"Whom do you mean?" she asked, wondering in her voice.

"Why, that convict chap. Didn't you send him away? You bought him off so he wouldn't talk, didn't you—gave him money not to bother us?"

She whirled on him like a storm.

"Why, heaven pity you! Do you think that?" she cried.

Almeric was taken aback.

"Oh—what! He wouldn't agree? Oh, I say, that will be a pill for the governor—he'll be worried, you know!"

Ethel went close to him.

"Don't you see that you've got to worry a little about yourself; that you've got to begin to do something worthy that will obliterate this shame? To work—to work!"

"What possible need will there be for that? Why, there's the settlement!"

"Settlement!" cried Ethel, aghast. "You talk of settlement now?"

"Don't you see? The only objection was the settlement, and Mr. Pike's given his consent to that."

"He's consented to that?" she asked.

"With his own lips. Didn't you?" Almeric asked Pike.

"I did," said the lawyer quietly.

She recoiled from the group.

"Yesterday, when I wanted something I thought of value, he refused to let me buy it. Today, when I know that name is less than nothing, he bids me give my fortune for it. What manner of man is this?"

Almeric slapped his leg.

"I don't see that the situation is changed. I don't stick out for the precise amount the governor said. If it ought to be less because of last night—why, we won't haggle over a few thousands."

With a cry of rage and despair Ethel turned on him.

"This is the final word of my humiliation! I felt that you were in shame, and because of that I was ready to keep my word—to stand by you and



WITH A CRY OF RAGE AND DESPAIR ETHEL TURNED ON HIM.

"I protest against this!" cried the young man. "She does not know what she's doing! I for one won't have it!"

"Too late!" cried Ethel, with a choking sob. "He's consented!"

And with a bowed head she ran from them into the hotel.

## CHAPTER XIX. IN SUSPENSE.

HORACE turned on Pike. His voice trembled with suppressed rage.

"A fine guardian, you are!" he said witheringly. "You came here to protect her from something you thought was rotten. Now we all know it's rotten you hand her over!"

The lad paused, and then he laughed bitterly.

"By Jove," he exclaimed of a sudden, "I shouldn't be surprised if you consent to the settlement too!"

The lawyer looked at him gravely.

"My son, I shouldn't be surprised if I did."

"By the Lord, but you play a queer game, Mr. Pike."

"Oh, I'm just crossing the Rubicon. Your father used to say: 'If you're going to cross the Rubicon, cross it. Don't wade out to the middle and stand there. You only get h—ll from both banks.'"

"I beg your pardon," said a voice behind them, and they turned to find Lady Creech. She went on, addressing Horace:

"Mr. Granger-Simpson, have you seen my nephew?"

"No. I've rather avoided that. If you don't mind my saying so," Horace replied.

"I'm sorry, Lady Creech," he went on, "but I've had a most awful shaking up, and I'm thinking of going back home with Mr. Pike. I think he's about right in his ideas. You know we abused him, not only for himself, but for his vulgar friend, yet his vulgar friend turned out to be a grand duke, and look at what our friends turned out to be!"

He stepped quickly to the entrance and disappeared into the hotel. Almeric's voice was heard as, Lady Creech turned to go, and Pike smiled.

"Here he comes now, bending under the blow," he said.

Almeric appeared with a white bull pup, which he handed over to Mariano with the remark:

"Wash him a bit, old chap; tepid water, you know, and a drop of milk afterward—nothing but milk, you know. Be deuced careful, I say!"

As Mariano disappeared with the dog at arm's length Lady Creech said solemnly:

"Almeric, really there are more important things, you know."

"Rot!" replied the young man. "I almost missed him. But I think I'm to be congratulated, you know. Eh?"

"I think you are, my son," said Pike quietly. "I have given my consent."

"Rippin!" declared Almeric. And Lady Creech started forward.

"And the settlement?" she asked. Pike nodded.

"The settlement also—everything!"

Ethel came from the side of the terrace, followed by Horace, who seemed to be arguing with her.

"Of course I never worried, you know," said Almeric. "But I fancy it will be a weight off the poor governor's mind. I'll wire him at Naples, for he'll be glad to know about that bally convict chap—the arrangement you made with him, you know."

"Almeric, I think it's noble to be brave in trouble, but—"

Ethel began, and Pike smiled behind his hand. Almeric looked at her in astonishment.

"I say, you know, you're really got me!"

"I mean that I admire you for your pluck, for your shining unconcern under disgrace, but—"

"Disgraced! Why, who's disgraced? Not even the governor, as I see it! You got that chap called off, didn't you?"

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"This is the final word of my humiliation! I felt that you were in shame, and because of that I was ready to keep my word—to stand by you and

She was playing "Sweet Genevieve!" help you make yourself into a man. Now you ask me to pay you for the privilege. I am released! I am free! I am not that man's property to give

away!"

Lady Creech turned to Almeric.

"This is beyond everything! Give me your arm, Almeric. We will go."

"Most extraordinary girl. Beyond everything, isn't she?"

Together they went into the hotel, and Pike watched them with somber eyes. Horace quietly slipped off through the arbor. Ethel turned to Pike violently.

"What have you to say to me?" she demanded. "What explanations have you to make?"

"None," he answered.

"Because you don't care what I think of you. You were willing to give me up to these people, to let me romanticize about honor and duty, about my efforts to make that creature a man, and you know all the time it was only the money they were after!"

"I shouldn't wonder," he replied.

"Didn't you know that would horrify me? Didn't you see that your consenting, leaving me free to give it to them, would release me?"

"I shouldn't be surprised."

"You mean you've been saving me again from myself? You let me make a fool of myself and then show it to me, and after that you'll deny it! It's like you. Do you think any girl could love a man like that? Go back to your dream girl, your lady of the picture!"

"She won't be there," said Daniel disconsolately.

"She might be," Ethel answered in a different tone.

"There ain't any chance of that. The house will be empty still," he said.

"You might be wrong—for once," she replied, and there were tears in her voice—"just for once!"

With a quick look at him she ran from the terrace and into the hotel. A moment later, while he was staring moodily at the pavement, a piano began to tinkle, and a moment later Ethel's voice came to him. His face lit up, and he stepped closer to the window. Then his arms went out.

She was playing "Sweet Genevieve!"

THE END.

Capital Punishment in Germany.

Although little is heard outside Prussia of capital punishment within the kingdom, the law is by no means a dead letter. In seven years there have been ninety-eight executions, ten of the condemned being women. Silesia heads the list, with twenty-one executions, followed by Brandenburg, Posen and Rhineland.

No executions take place in Berlin, the condemned being taken to the prison at Ploetzensee, in Brandenburg, where they have a standing gallotie.—London Globe.

## WHAT HE WAS TELLING HIM.

An Incident That Ended the Conversation at the Barber's.

"You are very bald, sir," said the barber to little Binks as the latter took up his position in the chair.

"What's that you say?" asked Binks pleasantly.

"I say you are very bald, sir," repeated the barber.

"Who is?" asked Binks.

"You, sir," said the barber.

"What paper did you see that in?" demanded Binks.

"What's that, sir?" asked the barber.

"What newspaper?" repeated Binks.

"I read all the papers, but I didn't see any reference to this. Was it in one of the early editions of the evening papers?"

"Was what, sir?" queried the puzzled barber.

"This thing you were just telling me," said Binks.

"Why, I don't remember telling you"—began the barber.

"About my being bald, you know," said Binks. "You said I was very bald, didn't you?"

"Yes," said the barber, "but I didn't mention the newspapers, sir. Why should it be in the newspapers, sir?"

"Why, because it's news, isn't it?" said Binks.

"I shouldn't say that, sir," said the barber.

"Well, if it isn't news, what in thunder did you tell me about it for?" demanded Binks. "I supposed you had reached the conclusion that I didn't know it. If you find a mole under my left ear while shaving me, break it to me gently, please, and you may omit all mention of the fact that my beard is getting gray. I am trying to stave off a realization of the fact."

But just then the barber accidentally ran his father brush over Bink's mouth, and the conversation ceased.—Lippincott's

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION  
Department of the Interior,  
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Ore.,  
September 11, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas B. Wheeler, of Bandon, Oregon, who, on November 29, 1907, made Homestead Application, No. 14721, Serial No. 04389, for 1-4 of sw 1-4, 1-2 of sw 1-4, and nw 1-4 of sw 1-4, section 33, township 29 south, range 14 west, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final Commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before G. T. Treadgold, U. S. Commissioner, at Bandon, Oregon, on the 27th day of October, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses:  
Robert Walker, of Bandon, Oregon.  
Edwin L. Strader, of " "  
E. L. Spaulding, of " "  
Kenneth Perkins, of " "

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