INTOLERANCE VS AMERICANISM

This country of ours—God bless it forever—
Is suffering now from misplaced endeavor.
The money changers are sucking its blood,
And trailing our liberty in muck and in mud.
They pile higher and higher their illgotten gold
And forget the poor devil that is out in the cold.
They stock their cellars with high priced booze,
From goverment warehouses, run by the Jews,
While you and I, who have not the price,
Must drink poisonous moon, or take their advice
To lay off the stuff—go back and sit down,
While thugs, preachers and bootleggers run our town.
If you, Mr. Man, by chance should get caught
With a bottle of booze, expensively bought,
Our Constable, Sheriff or Chief-of-Police
Would arrest you at once for disturbing the peac e
While County Attorney and four-flushing Judge
Would railroad you through to show there's no grudge.
Your bottle of liquor they confiscate too
And double the fine if it's nothing but moon.
It is safer by far to rob and to kill.
Than to have in your home a two gallon still.
The courts are congested with bootlegging cases,
But moonshine still flows in numerous places
The people are losing respect for the law
Enforcement—ten million—My God! but it' raw.
Ten million dollars and hollering for more,
To enforce the damned law that's rot to the core.
A measure of war our Congress did pass
With four million doughboys rated first class
Heroes they called us and told us to fight
While liberty, freedom and justice took flight.
Volstead then gave us bone-dry prohibition—
My Lord! I exclaim, what a sad exhibition.
Now what of our boasted American plan z
Of live and let live, but live like a man;
A he-man, two fisted, fair minded and right,
Who worshipped good women for whom he would fight
We used to be able to draw a close line
'Twixt the good and the bad—we all knew the sign,
Conditions now are altered and I tell it with dread
That virtue and vice now occupy the same bed.
None of us were saintly and faults we had to spare;
But "we met upon the level and we parted on the square."
We had faith in human nature. It was our working tool.
We believed in and we practiced the Little Golden Rule
The cancer has eaten its virulent path
To the heart of our homes, and it may be God's wrath
That hurls punishment thus to you and to me,
In order to urge us to fight to be free
From long-haired sanctimonious reformers
And low grade ignominous intormers
From hatchet-faced hen who hates all mankind,
And crooked officials with pigs that are blind,
From yellow-backed Congressmen, after the vote
Of a self santified bunch, not worthy of note
From Doctor and Druggist that opulent pair
Of legalized bootleggers, free from law's care;
From ossified, vomity, weak kneed divine,
Who souse up daily on sacrament wine;
From all theconcoctions we drink on a stew,
Hair tonic, lemon extract moon, wine and homebrew.
Now let's get together and make it a fact,
And consign to oblivion THE VOLSTEAD ACT.

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The Colfax Bookplate

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?

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is no property of yours. If Miss Fuller sprang it with her foot, it must have been set. To divert suspicion? It was sprung when I found it, for I reset and sprang it to prove that."

The 10:15 click was explained! But I scarcely noticed the fact.

"Charles!" choked Julia, "are you accusing me of murdering our grandfather? . . . Oh . . . oh!"

For he was shrugging his shoulders mockingly. Mr. Almy intervened:

"Be careful what you say, both of you!"

"I have nothing to say," cried Julia passionately, "except that it is true my cousin went to get that spring-lancet, just as he says, and that he asked no questions. Neither did I ask him any questions after I had picked it up from beside my grandfather, in the law-book alcove last Monday morning!"

"And you leaped to the conclusion that I'd attacked him with it. Wonderful idea!" scoffed Charles, roughly. "What possible motive could I have had for wishing him out of the way?"

"To get that book with the bookplate before he did," answered Julia, steadily; "to get money—quickly. You always need it, Charles; he wouldn't give you all you wanted. Your desire for money is what's sending you to Buenos Aires. . . . And listen! I know I put those Liberty bonds into grandfather's desk, yonder; he asked me to do so. On Tuesday, when I came back from the hospital, they were gone. You are the only person who has a duplicate key to that desk; I suspected that you must have come back to the house unseen—"

("He came back," I murmured to Mr. Almy, "but not unseen. Tell you later!")

"—and taken them. And sure enough, they were sold for you. And I said nothing. But that's aside from the present point. Why did you go to Darrow's on Monday, if not after that book?"

Charles MacIvor flushed with rage, but seeing that he was still in a stronger position than Julia, he glared at her with defiance. She paid no attention to his anger. In fact, she spoke, seeing she must speak, as gently as she did firmly.

"Charles," she said, "it was for you that I hid that spring-lancet."

"For me!"

"Yes. I kicked it under that desk as I ran up the aisle. For you I have kept silence, until you betrayad me, as you think—as I fear you hope. Now I see your absence from Darrow's after ten o'clock has made all my effort useless, foolish. I am in a defenseless position. All I can say of my own movements there that morning is that I spent the whole time searching for Charlhew's 'Notes.' What happened from twenty minutes of eleven until a quarter past, in reference to grandfather, I have no idea. But I have told the truth; my innocence will be proved."

CHAPTER XII

Revelations

"You'll need more than faith for that!" sneered Charles.

I had had enough of him.

"All right," said I, "we'll have some works too. One minute, please!"

My three companions, even Mr. Almy, stared at me open-mouthed, but I did not care, for I was going to make the bluff of my life, which was based, however, on some very careful thinking I had been doing during the last half-hour. There was a bowl of flowers on the table. I snatched them out of the bowl, picked up the bookplate, and laid it carefully on the surface of the water. Holding it there with one hand, with the other I extracted from my hair the sole wire hairpin I always wear out of deference to two helpless male relatives who beg at the most extraordinary times for "a tin one" to clean a pipe with. Next moment I plucked the bookplate forth from the bowl, laid hold of its edge firmly with my left thumb and forefinger, rasped the edge with the hairpin, and then slid the wire loop into a tiny crevice which had appeared on the edge. The damp paper parted farther as the hairpin slipped along. I returned it to its place, grasped the edges of the groove I had made, and pulled gently.

Slowly the bookplate peeled apart, amid a silence unbroken even by breathing. The picture remained in my left hand. In my right was a document. It was printed, with some blanks filled in by hand. I glanced at it, handed it to Julia, and regarded Mr. MacIvor with my sweetest smile.

"I'd never have thought of doing that if you hadn't suggested it wasn't all there," I observed affably.

But Julia interrupted, with a cry that ended all small talk:

"I was right! I knew it, I knew it!"

We all rushed to surround her.

In her shaking hand, slightly blurred by the water, yet still quite legible, its edges trimmed to fit the size of the bookplate which had been so tightly and so indiscernibly affixed to it, was a birth certificate. And on it was set forth that on May 2, 1905, in New York, Julia Grosvenor had been born, the daughter of Miles Harrington (deceased) of Eliot's Crossing, Virginia, and his wife, Mary Grosvenor.

"Well!" said Mr. Almy.

He said it after a long time, during which nobody had spoken. He spoke in a tone of congratulation and relief, in which, however, there was a faint undercurrent of apprehension. I don't know if anyone else noticed that, for certainly Julia was too excited, and as for Charles MacIvor, he passed out of my mind entirely for the moment.

"Of course," resumed Mr. Almy, "that thing had to be somewhere; but I'll tell you frankly now, I had given up hope of finding it, for every clew was exhausted." Julia was not listening, to him, however; her eyes were still devouring the certificate. He took her gently by the arm, and made her sit down. "Listen, please!" he said to her. "I have something else to tell you, some of it as good news as you have just heard. But first I must ask you to forgive me for the suffering you have undergone since your cousin came in a few minutes ago. I had to let him talk; and you'll talk some more, MacIvor, and to better purpose, in a moment!"

"What is the good news, Mr. Almy?" interrupted Julia, feebly.

He seemed to choose his words cautiously.

"When I went to the telephone," he answered, "I learned something I had not expected to hear so soon. I will just tell you now in a word that the person suspected of attacking your grandfather has been arrested. The evidence on which he is detained clears you entirely of suspicion. Details will be available later; just remember, now, you are cleared. And now," he added abruptly, "what you want to know, and are entitled to know, is the story of that bookplate. Out with it, MacIvor!"

For the first time since she had seen the certificate, Julia looked at her cousin. He was vindictive and sulky in his defeat; but Julia was such an appealing figure in her solitude and suffering that he actually spoke with a trace of shame, forced to obey his orders:

"It was your mother who drew that bookplate, Julia."

"My mother!"

"She was a gifted artist—"

"She must have been—oh, far beyond what I am! Why have I never known this? Why haven't I seen any of her other work, all my life?"

"Grandfather destroyed it."

"How did he dare?" flamed the girl. Then she quieted down. "Well, what does it matter after all? She left this bookplate: it was by that that she saved my birth certificate for me! Why are you startled, Charles? Of course I know that! How? Simply because she was my mother, and no one else would have done it for me. You may tell me how she did it!"

Charles had indeed been startled by the unerring divination, and began nervously:

"I was here visiting grandfather a couple of months after you were born, Julia. I was nearly nine years old—old enough to notice lots of things. I sensed there was some kind of trouble about Aunt Mary, your mother. She was very sick, for one thing; she hardly ever went out. Then grand father seldom spoke to her. Sometimes, when she felt well enough, she would draw a little. I liked to watch her. One of a number of sketches I saw her working on was that bookplate. Of course I didn't know then what it was.

"One day she asked me to mail a letter for her. It was addressed to a Mr. Edward Case, whom I remembered having seen at the house more than once, during a previous visit I made. I had liked him; he was friendly, and had shown me some little attentions such as a small boy enjoys. In fact, he had made some impression on me, and as you know now I recognized him last Thursday night. It certainly was a shock, especially as he seemed to have changed scarcely at all. And the most amazing thing was that, in a minute, he appeared to recognize me—"

Charles had not known then, of course, what Mr. Case had told Julia an hour or so ago—that he had seen him off and on, in the neighborhood, undoubtedly, during the course of the years which had passed since his boyhood. Nor did he realize, probably, that his boldly formed features, his dark complexion, were of the type which changes least during growth. But he did suggest the immediate cause of the recognition, as he went on:

"I suppose the presence of the book, in the desk which I was apparently engaged in searching, stimulated Mr. Case's recollections violently. Well, to continue: The night after I had mailed my aunt's letter, I woke up suddenly. I was sleeping in that little room right alongside here; that's now the reception room; the noise that woke me came from this room. I peeped in, and saw my aunt opening that French window, which had creaked. She went out on the balcony. Full of curiosity, I followed her.

"Leaning over the railing, she spoke to some one down in the street: 'You'll give it to Royall?' I recognized Mr. Case's voice in answer: 'I promise.' I saw her drop a small book over the rail. Then I had just time to get back into my room and shut the door before she came back into the house.

"Six weeks later, she died. After a few days, of course, I got used to her absence, and took interest mainly in what happened around me from day to day. I noticed especially that grandfather kept searching, apparently in vain, through her papers for something he wanted very much. Then one day he missed something of his own, an old medical book that had belonged to his father the doctor. He accused me of having taken or mislaid it.

"I knew absolutely nothing about it, and disclaimed all knowledge of it, but he wouldn't believe me. He was very stern, and frightened me. Finally it came back to me that I had seen my aunt drop a book over the balcony that night. I had never told anyone of that experience; I liked knowing a secret that was none of my business, and, though I can't claim much credit, I was fond of Aunt Mary, and would never have done anything to hurt her. Still, now she was gone; and grandfather persistently accused me of having taken that book, so finally, in the hope of placating him, or at least distracting his attention from me, I told him what I had seen that night. Not one word did he say as I told my tale; but at least he never asked me for the book again.

"Well, years afterward grandfather told me what the story revealed to him. The paper he had been searching for was your birth certificate, and when he couldn't find it, he knew your mother had hidden it somewhere, for she would not have destroyed it. He realized, therefore, that she had hidden it most cunningly. She had chosen one of his most valued books for its hiding place. The bookplate would easily conceal the certificate, the book gave a convenient means for handling it, and if she had died before she could dispose of the book, the certificate would probably never have been disturbed.

"But in removing the original bookplate in order to conceal the certificate, he thought she must have torn the former. Hence the need to make a copy, as I had seen her do. Incidentally, grandfather was much vexed that that original should have disappeared, for it was a real Colfax engraving, the only copy he had of his father the doctor's bookplate—"

If Mr. Almy hadn't interrupted, I should have had to, I was so bursting with curiosity, and I should have not been able to compel the answer he received.

"One minute, MacIvor. How did your grandfather happen to own a Colfax bookplate?"

"Hugh Colfax made it just before his death—it was, in fact, his last work—in gratitude for the doctor's having saved the life of Colfax's son, who was a British naval officer, when he was stricken with yellow fever in South America," answered MacIvor, briefly, merely whetting my

"She Went Out on the Balcony. Full of Curiosity, I Followed Her."

curiosity; but he had to go on with his story. "But the main thing was that the birth certificate was missing. Grandfather knew Case had it, and Case had gone abroad directly after your mother's death, Julia, and Prof. Royall Harrington, to whom your mother had referred by name— Have you ever heard of him?"

"I think I've seen his name in the paper," said Julia, reflecting.

"Well, he is your father's elder brother."

"What!"

"Yes, your uncle. He had gone to Oxford the previous summer, on a year's leave from the university. Grandfather knew Case must have taken him the book, that your mother must have told Case the secret in it. He knew Harrington would try to trace you, so he sent you away and kept you away all those years."

"And took my name from me, so you might claim all the property!"

"Well, partly; not altogether."

"What other reason could there have been?"

"Your name was Harrington."

"I don't understand!"

MacIvor pointed to the certificate.

"Your father came from Eliot's Crossing, Virginia. So did the Grosvenor family. There was a feud between those families for decades—"

"No!"

"Yes; and it started so long ago that even grandfather had only a ... idea of what began it. He ... it was a political duel, ... year eighteen hundred, in ... Grosvenor was killed. Of ... father, a boy at that time, ... very mention of the name Har... Grandfather was a hidebound ... servative, you know, knew the ... traditions and held to them ... when he learned that his daugh... married a Harrington, of all ... the world—"

"Where? How?" interrupted ... eagerly.

"I've never known," confessed ... Ivor. "He never told me. ... didn't know everything about ... self; it was a secret mar... course. But when he learned the ... facts about it, I'm sure he resol... wipe out all traces of it. That ... what made him so bitterly deter... to recover that bookplate. After ... fessor Harrington returned ... abroad, grandfather made vari... tempts to regain that book."

"You mean, of course, to ste..." suggested Mr. Almy. "Harr... would never have sold it."

MacIvor nodded.

"And five years ago, he ... it. The professor's library ... robbed—"

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Almy. ... number of rare books were ta... some of them turned up later ... ous of the smaller cities, though ... thief was never traced. You ... say Mr. Grosvenor instigated ...

"He did; he hired the thief, ... thief did a remarkably thorough ... He took a lot of books besides ... Clarihew and disposed of them ... himself, besides taking his ... However, that failure stopped ... grandfather collecting Virginia ... knew if he was known as a co... he would be notified of all the ... books that were put on the ... he could examine all libraries ... for sale, have the run of second ... shops. But he certainly was ... ished that evening when you ... the title of the very book he ... Julia! And there was one ... had that would identify the ... solutely."

"Not the bookplate?" demanded ... Almy.

"Something besides that," ... MacIvor, and pointed to the ... lancet, which was still in ... hand. "He told me when I ... Richmond, to notice, in addi... the bookplate, whether there ... number of small parallel ... here and there on and ... book. He had made them, when ... with that old instrument of ... ther's, he remembered; he ... punished for doing so. I ... was the reason he had the ... lancet with him that Monday ... row's—to compare the scratch ... instrument would cut."

Of all the revelations of the ... noon, this was so far the most ... factory. Hitherto there had ... none as to why the spring-lan... been taken to Darrow's. ... MacIvor was proceeding drea... the close of his story:

"It was that long strain of ... suit of that book, and the ... somehow the copied bookplate ... be noticed, and maybe the ... birth certificate discovered, ... grandfather down. He was ... secret would be revealed; ... science would never let him ... bitterness would never let him ... your mother or you. ... wouldn't have been here much ... in any case."

"Oh, why did he treat her so ... Julia. "His unhappiness was ... ment on him! Why did she ... his unkindness?"

"She had never disobeyed ... cept by her marriage, I ... was dependent on him, as he ... had died before you were born ... I don't know how. His ... would doubtless have helped ... abroad; her health was ... had to be thought of. And ... my mother, her sister, now ... home here. Her divorce ... grandfather very much. ... mother was cut off from ... everybody. But she did ... father to promise her, when ... actually dying, that he would ... you brought up and educated ... Julia, he did better by you ...

(To be continued)

BUSINESS IN COURT SLOW THIS

Ben C. Wing was ar... tember 16 charged with ... The complaint says he was ... 45 miles an hour. He ... $15 and costs. He told ... the fine was too high and ... Kozer and all the high ... cials were friends of his ... that it be reduced but ... could not do this. ... Quentin Ruring was ... September 16 charged with ... through Tigard at the ... miles an hour. He was ... also.

Messrs. Guy Carr and ... ghson went to Knappa ... ing Saturday. They ... bagging one apiece.

Ed Boring and Roy ... leaving for the Boring ... Hebo Friday evening. ... to put in the time deer ...

Lee Carr came home ... Knappa where he is empl... logging camp. He returned ... lowing day.