PIDGIN ISLAND

By HAROLD MacGRATH

CHAPTER X.

When Greek Meets Greek.

WHEN I was a lad—first person, singular, perpendicular again—I entertained several exaggerated ideas, perhaps, concerning the outward appearance of the villain of romance. Now in the woodshed, now in the garret and again from my geography—by the romances published by Mr. Beadle of fearsome memory.

Among these boyish fallacies was an almost ineradicable impression that a man to be a villain must sport a blue-black moustache with danger points and a shiny plug hat atop it all, or a bloody bandanna if he happened to be a pirate.

He was invariably going about the accomplishment of his nefarious plots with much "a-ha-ing" and "o-ho-ing."

For a long time I "shadowed" the alderman in our ward, hoping to catch him in a counterfeiters' den or red-handed in an abduction.

Upon a certain day I was confronted with the appalling information that he was the meekest church deacon in town. It was a rough blow, totally unexpected.

I was staggered.

There was a kink in the social fabric somewhere. Close upon the heels of this disillusion came the thundering revelation which bowled me over completely. The kindly old man with the gray side whiskers who gave me pennies and patted me on the back had made a fortune selling spurious mining stock to orphans and widows and shop clerks.

It took me some time to readjust my outlook upon life. But the final crash which embittered my soul and made a misanthrope of me till I had puppy love was the shattering of the idol to whom I had given my boy's hero worship.

Handsome, young, debonair, poor, courted, famous for his affability, he had married a woman for her money, and had given nothing in return; denied her children, mocked her with his affairs, and was even known to strike her.

Servants' chatter turned this loose. It wasn't a beautiful thing for a boy to learn. I lost faith in humanity, and I haven't regained much even to this day.

My father did not find it necessary to moralize over my questionable regard for the tales of Mr. Beadle.

I myself took them out to the rear of the house and made a bonfire of them.

Shortly after I stumbled upon one D'Artagnan and mildly and his eminence: David Copperfield and Mr. Heep; the false Stuart and Beatrice; Vautrin and the distinguished provincial, Valjean and Javert.

I was sixteen at that time, and I gleaned from that wonderful treasure house—my father's library—that heroes and heroines of all shapes and color were principled men and women—just that—living and dying in honor, roughly or meekly, that all others were true villains.

So, then, I come to Smead.

Put out into the streets at the age of five, he had grown up like a weed, strong, hardy, unprincipled.

To begin with, he had never had any principles, and never acquired any. Later, in his manhood, he wrote down one law for himself: "Don't get found out."

Early in his career he had fallen in with boxers and prize fighters, and he soon became known as a great little "tryout" man. He followed this game for several years, never smoked, never drank, read a good deal, studied and practiced, all known games of chance and corrected his speaking English, learning in some odd way that the well spoken man went farthest.

At twenty, blond as a viking, of beautiful body, affable, winning, he made his first smokeroom trip. The intellectual veneer bewitched all the women aboard and nearly all the men.

It was a profitable trip, as smoke rooms go. He became the most expert ship gambler in the business because he worked alone, which seems rather an impossible feat to the layman. He took infinite delight in playing the gull to his kind and plucking them.

He was twenty-four when he put up his first gambling establishment.

It made money from the start. And with rare foresight he never visited the place at night during the play. He would generally drop into the cashier's office early in the afternoon, balance the accounts and leave.

Thus he was unknown to all save his employees and the police, who blackmailed him regularly once a month. His Atlantic trips now became few and far between.

He began to smoke and drink inconspicuously, for none knew better than he what a good business asset a clean, healthy skin was. He became a member of two or three fairly decent clubs.

He was getting on. The street urchin and the "tryout" man were forgotten.

He married.

She was the daughter of a rich man whose forbears had [illegible] New York was known by another name. The father economically selected for the matrimonial market the beauty of her sex she ran away with Smead and was promptly disinherited. Perhaps the joy lasted two or three months of happiness.

Smead had married her with an eye to the future handouts, and upon seeing them take wings the veneer cracked. He changed his gambling surprises, took up ship gambling again, drifted into the fast set of the city, let his long smothered vices run riot. All the evil in him developed with the sinister rapidity of nightshade.

His sins and sires became multifarious. He tried his hand at smuggling, not for the pecuniary gains so much as for the sporting chance it offered. He became so closely watched as any man in the world, but time after time he slipped through the customs.

Often he was not smuggling at all; just pure devilry to keep the inspectors and the secret service on the jump. They believed he stood alone, never suspecting that he was the brain and heart of a colossal organization.

The poor, foolish woman who married him died of a broken heart, for women die of that as surely as they breathe.

Here you have him, a picturesque villain under his thatch of gray, of a type common enough in cities.

Petty rascality. On the race tracks and in his gambling establishments he was called square, a sporting term for any one not found out. Oh, he was generous and free handed—outside of his home.

And there you have the gist of villainy. It is at his fireside that a man is proved. We who meet him outside at the clubs, in the hotel lobbies, we vote him a first rate chap, but before we give our confidence let us see the wife who waits and watches at home.

* * * * * * *

"Well?"

"Going along finely," said the doctor. "You are naturally robust."

"How long before I'll be able to throw this cane out of the window?"

"Perhaps two weeks, if you are careful. No whisky. I don't think tobacco will hurt you. Good morning."

"No whisky.

Smead grinned at the lighted end of his cigar. They little knew him. He drank because he liked it, not because it had any hold on him.

Give him credit for that much; he could stop it; he had done so many a time. For two weeks, then, nothing stronger than coffee should pass his lips. He scowled down into the brilliant, sunshiny street.

The only man who had ever brought him up with a jolt; a club loafer, a society tea drinker, a fellow who bought his clothes in London and wore spats; a government sneak who had spoiled his sport. He would make Cranford regret the day he had meddled with him.

He looked at his watch.

Eleven o'clock. He ought to be here now, unless the lake was too rough. He peered up at the sky, blue as a robin's egg.

And then the door opened.

"Ha!" said Smead with satisfaction.

"How's the leg?"

"Better. I've cut out whisky for two weeks."

"I told you to. Well, everything on my side runs like clockwork. I'll have Cranford out of the way in a night or two. Now what's your news?"

"The steamer makes Quebec day after tomorrow; perhaps tomorrow night. You trust that agent of yours?"

The son laughed. "Not an inch. Something better than that. Fear. He knows me; a false move means prison."

Smead nodded approvingly.

"The right idea. Now listen. Don't go fooling around the water in the morning. That's the time I'll wire you. May send a night message. I haven't asked you how you got your hands on these things."

"Don't. I shouldn't tell you."

"All right," amiably. "I agreed to back the game for a third. That's enough for me. You've got a head on you. But don't forget that Cranford may have done some advising."

"All due to you. If you hadn't dropped in he'd never dreamed of anything of color. But what's the use of arguing with you?"

"No use whatever. At best he'll never tumble—he'll only worry and wonder. I'd give ten thousand to break him."

"You can break him physically, if you want to."

"What's the good of that? I know his breed. You don't break that sort physically. You break him socially."

"My words. But there's a fine chance of that. I tell you there wasn't a scrap of paper as big as a postage stamp that I did not go over."

Smead took from his pocket a newspaper clipping. He passed it over to his son.

"Ah."

"You never told me about that."

"Why should I have told you? My affair that." The young man laughed. "Good pupil, though. What?"

"Boy," said Smead, "what I've done has been for the love of the sport."

"Ah, indeed! It was just the love of sport that made you teach the boys to [illegible] thumb nail and all that—just love of sport."

"You'll land hard one of these days, Don."

"Supposing I do? But perhaps I shan't. Maybe I'm going to turn over a new leaf, hand up a new country and live straight under another name." The son eyed his father. Smead's face bored into his.

"Go your way, where you like and when. But I'm hanged if you ever lay a hand on my pile when I'm done for."

"That's tough luck! But would you like to know what I'd do with it if you left it to me? I'd give it to orphan asylums, old ladies' homes and hospitals—the places you've helped to fill."

Smead drew in a long breath slowly.

"What did you do with those emeralds—the real stones for which you substituted the paste? I'll tell you this, my lad—I never plucked anything but fat geese. I never took a dollar from a woman."

"You thought you were going to when you married the mother?"

A chalky pallor overlaid the tan on the son's face. "Who shows what you have done?" He stepped close.

With amazing suddenness the great powerful hands of the seated man reached out and caught the young man by the wrists, whirling him to his knees.

With his face but a hand's span away he said: "You puppy, stir and I'll break your wrists, so help me! Try to come it over me with your tongue. Eh? Thought because I can only lay around on one leg I'm something to stick pins in? What the devil's got into you?"

In Smead's heart there was admiration for the nerve of the boy—not a flicker of the eye, nor did the lips even stir.

"Too strong for you, eh?"

"I'll admit that. You were too strong for the mother. I've been thinking about her of late."

"Leave your mother out of this conversation."

"Can you forget her?" panted the boy.

"You were only six when she died."

"Six. That may be, but there were five years of terror crowded into each of them. If you twist any further you'll break the right one, and if you do I'll kill you later on."

Smead flung him aside.

The boy got up, brushed his clothes, rubbed his wrists and wiped the sweat of agony from his forehead. "I've a notion you'll be sorry for this bit of gallery play. You ask me what I did with the emeralds. I dropped them in the poor box at Monte Carlo. A great week! Never told you about it, never let you in." Then, in cold, level tones: "I'll tell you the truth about the Princess Nenia's emeralds. I swore I'd never tell a living soul. Two men she sent to hades were friends of mine, once upon a time honest. I sold the gems and divided the cash between the two widows. I wasn't a legal [illegible] exemption. Not they! [illegible] the wiser. And as for the princess, there are some millions of fools left. So you see, I'm not the pupil you thought I was—weak heart and maudlin sentiment. All Paris said I was in love with her."

"No, they didn't say that. It was the other way around, and you abused her."

"Runs in the family," was the answer.

(to be continued.)

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Our National Capital

Events of Interest from the Seat of Government by the News Special Correspondent, J. E. Jones

COMMENTS ON ESTABROOK

Washington, D. C., Jan. 22.—A dark horse candidate with the slogan of new leadership is causing much concern among the "favorite sons" supporters for the Republican presidential nomination. This new man is Henry D. Estabrook, of Nebraska and New York. The new Richmond in the field promises to be a factor to be reckoned with at Chicago, in June, since he represents elements on which the Republican and Progressive may combine forces.

A significant political move, recorded this week, is the open declaration of Ralph H. Cameron, Republican National Committeeman from Arizona and former representative in Congress from that state, for Estabrook. Cameron said to the U. S. Press Association:

"I am for Henry D. Estabrook for the Republican nomination for President. I am for him, because, in my judgment, he is the one man who can rally Republicans of all elements and shades of opinion to his standard, and, therefore, the one man whose nomination will give us the best assurance of victory in 1916. Obviously, the favorite-son movement in the several states can get nowhere, for it can never develop a national leadership. I see great danger in this favorite-son brand of politics, for it can readily develop a situation that would mean a repetition of the disaster of 1912.

"Republicans generally welcome the new leadership idea. Mr. Estabrook is able, aggressive, sound in his Republicanism, and free of factional entanglements. To me, as a Republican, there is genuine hope and inspiration in his candidacy.

"If the Republican party is to win next year," declared Mr. Cameron, "it must have a candidate for President, a man who was not in any way directly identified with the unfortunate split at Chicago in 1912. He must be sound on the fundamental principles to which we all subscribe, whatever our personal affiliations and prejudices have been.

"Such a man is Estabrook. He is a man of the West as well as of the East, being of New England Puritan ancestry, and having lived the first forty-seven years of his life in Nebraska and Illinois. I believe he was the first man who ever applied the adjective "progressive" to the Republican party, having done this in a speech he made at Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1893. I know that he was the first of our big party men this year to outline a concrete program for national defense and preparedness. He was also the first leader to make a real 'Get-Together' appeal to Republicans and Progressives.

"I can think of no reason why a single man who voted for Taft or Roosevelt in 1912 could not consistently and earnestly support Estabrook in 1916."

That this new dark horse is making progress elsewhere is shown by the stand taken by "The Railroad Employee," of Newark, New Jersey, recognized as the most important railroad labor journal in the United States.

"For the first time in over twenty-five years," says this paper, "the Republican National Committee has met and fixed the time and place for the Republican National Convention, and no one candidate looms up on the political horizon as preeminently the man to be named as the party's candidate for President."

"The reason there is now no 'man of the hour'—no "man of destiny" is that the great body of Republican voters finds neither reason nor assurance of victory in the candidacy of any one of the numerous favorite sons, so-called, and is demanding new and competent leadership.

"Estabrook seems to be, at the present time, the only available new leader in sight. His discussions of the tariff from the fundamental protection standpoint of national defense, and of anti-business agitation and legislation, his attitude toward labor, his criticisms of the Democratic administration's foreign policy, and his 'Get-Together' plea to Republicans of all elements and of all shades of opinion, have attracted widespread attention. He has always kept the faith, and fought for it."

Mrs. Wilson at the Pan-American Reception

Pretty Mrs. Woodrow Wilson the second made her first descent of state down the marble stairs of the White House, perceptibly in the thrall of stage fright, which was human and lovable. One may not be case hardened in a moment. The former Mrs. Galt, an unassuming woman, in her dual distinctions of bride and national debutante, found the situation at the first plunge, an ordeal.

But she smiled gamely. She always smiles, even through the pallor of a crucial crisis.

It was at the extreme event of the social season, the initial reception at the Executive Mansion, always the diplomatic reception in the ante-bellum days, but on this occasion, when the diplomatic foregatherings aren't exactly healthy, the great Pan-American reception. The gusets of honor were the sore-eyed Spanish speaking delegation from South America that have been enjoying unbridled grippe upon our hospitable shores.

Ten minutes or so before the obsequies began, the President himself, came sauntering all unattended down the royal staircase as casually as though he weren't in the least interested in putting off the biggest and most [illegible]ant social stunt that possibly ever befell Washington. He likely stepped down into the kitchen to tell the cook not to forget to make hash for breakfast out of [illegible]urkey left from dinner.

Introducing a Presidential Queen Consort to her new subjects is no everyday affair, my dear, and brides are brides.

[illegible]en the President went back again, oh yes! Now, are you ready? One, two, three, go!

Santelman lined his four scarlet-coated gold-laced buglers alongside the foot of the grand stairway. They bugled a few preliminary buges, and delicious thrills ambled up and down your spinal column as you listened and looked. An instant and than a triumphant burst of the "Star Spangled Banner" from the full Marine Band with its seventy inspired musicians.

There came a clanking of side arms and the gleam of brilliant military accouterments, and the President's fourteen military and naval aides stepped down the stairs two by two, like the animals in the ark, leading the royal procession. Look!

Here comes the bride, tum tum tee-tum! She walked beside her grey-haired husband in obvious palpitation. The supreme hour of her life had struck.

Edith Bolling Wilson has a face of infinite sweetness and appeal with a child-like sweetness about it. While just as pretty and attractive as she needs to be, she is not tecnically beautiful. She inherits from her handsome mother, Mrs. Bolling, whom she exactly resembles, an over wistfulness of the lower part of the face and a mouth unduly generous. The dark eyes are a trifle closely set. The small nose is clear cut and perfect. The dark hair is simply dressed over a sweet, low brow.

Mrs. Wilson's costume for her presentation to the nation was a [illegible] of white satin [illegible] in silver with white [illegible] and jewels about the bodice.

Mrs. Wilson warmed up to the great occasion and greeted her tour thousand guests with untiring grace and sweetness.

Many members of the Bolling family, the President's new "in-laws," were notable in the special rooms of state. When an unfamiliar person would appear in the places of the mighty, the rubbering mob would often say amongst themselves, "is that a Bolling?" and the reply sometimes would wearily come back: "I don't know, but it walks like a Bolling."

The presidential family were all in the best of spirits. The marriage is evidently O.K. ed.

Miss Margaret Wilson looked her best at her stepmother's debut party.

Mrs. Wilson, surrounded by Latin-American guests, laughingly confessed that she was a failure in speaking Spanish. "In fact," she smiled, "the only language that I can speak beside my own, is German, and that because I learned it in the nursery. I understand French but I do not speak it very well.

CONCERNING SUFFRAGE

In America anti-suffragists are criticising the suffragists for wasting money on suffrage agitation that should, in their opinion, be given to mitigate the suffering due to the war. Suffragists reply that their money is spent in acquiring the power to prevent war than in the futile effort to remedy its wrongs.

In France the suffragists meet criticism by calling attention to the fact that unless the vote is given to women as one of the political adjustments following peace, thousands of families through the death of their men of the field of battle will be entirely unrepresented, and so French suffragists also insist on flying the suffrage flag in all kinds of political weather.

"The Suffragist," official organ of the Congressional Union, calls attention to the fact that politicians are busy with plans to catch for their party as much of the Progressive vote as possible, and it reminds them that woman suffrage was one of the planks in the Progressive platform and that a good way to fish for the vote would be to adopt the same kind of bait.

"We had a comparatively easy time in securing suffrage in the West," said Helen Todd at the suffrage hearing before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives. "Out there they cannot understand a civilized people cheerfully allowing their people to beat up against a machine such as exists in our eastern states."

According to the press never was there a hearing like this one. Hitherto suffrage speakers have pleaded with committeemen drowsing in their chairs, but this time the speakers with difficulty found time to answer the questions of the interested Congressmen.

There is one woman in New Jersey who can give them the laugh when she hears people say that when the vote comes in at the door chivalry will go out by the window.

It is the wife of the man who was not long ago arrested in that state for clumsy driving of a new automobile, and who lost no time in assuring the judge his wife was entirely too blame. In fact he brought her right along to testify.

One wonders what he could have done if she had had the vote. Perhaps he might have made her take in washing to pay the fine.

Something new in the line of a program was offered by Mrs. Belmont to her Political Association at its first meeting of the new year when she introduced Mrs. Lucretia Roberts of Arizona who was able from personal experience to tell them. "What it means to be a Lady Sheriff."

Mrs. Belmont, who marches in the front ranks of feminism, probably wished her followers to be armed and ready for every possible duty of citizenship.

ANNA CADOGAN ETZ.
Up-State Woman Suffrage Press.

Hubby's Suggestion.

"Now, would you have a fern for a centerpiece or a rosebush in bloom?"

"My dear, scenery is all right in its place, but your meals are a trifle decorative. Might I make a vulgar suggestion as to a centerpiece?"

"Yes."

"I recommend a beefsteak smothered with onions."—Philadelphia News.

MANY CHILDREN HAVE WORMS

Worms are a common childhood ailment. They make children irritable, nervous and restless, besides robbing the body and mind of proper nourishment. Watch your child. Examine the stools and at first signs of worms give your child a treatment of Kickapoo Worm Killer. They kill the worms, act as a laxative and expell the worms and poisonous waste. Tone the system and Druggist.—Avertisement.

nappy disposition. Only 25c at your druggist.—Avertisement.

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No other farm animal is the cause of so much anxiety to the owner as his dairy cows; sickness gets in in spite of the best of care.

KOW-KURE

Why? This constant strain proves too much for many a good cow; some important function becomes impaired and for want of proper medical assistance she becomes a "backward" cow. In just such cases as these Kow-Kure has made its reputation for success when used to

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Most Eminent Medical Authorities Endorse It.

Dr. Eberle and Dr. Braithwaite as well as Dr. Simon—all distinguished authors—agree that whatever may be the disease, the urine seldom fails in furnishing us with a clue to the principles upon which it is to be treated, and accurate knowledge concerning the nature of disease can thus be obtained. If backache, scalding urine or frequent urination bother or distress you, or if uric acid in the blood has caused rheumatism, gout or sciatica or you suspect kidney or bladder trouble just write Dr. Pierce at the Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N.Y.; send a sample of urine and describe symptoms. You will receive free medical advice after Dr. Pierce's chemist has examined the urine—this will be carefully done without charge, and you will be under no obligation. Dr. Pierce during many years of experimentation has discovered a new remedy which he finds is thirty-seven times more powerful than lithia in removing uric acid from the system. If you are suffering from backache or the pains of rheumatism, go to your best druggist and ask for a 50-cent box of *"Anuric"* put up by Dr. Pierce. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak women and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the blood have been favorably known for the past forty years and more. They are standard remedies to-day—as well as Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for the liver and bowels. You can get a sample of any one of these remedies by writing Dr. Pierce.

Doctor Pierce's Pellets are unequaled as a Liver Pill. *One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose.* Cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

COUGHS AND COLDS ARE DANGEROUS

Few of us realize the danger of coughs and Colds. We consider them common and harmless ailments. However statistics tell us every third person dies of a lung ailment. Dangerous Bronchial and Lung diseases follow a neglected cold. As your body struggles against cold germs, no better aid can be had than Dr. King's New Discovery. Its merit has been tested by old and young. Its use over 45 years. Get an bottle to-day. Avoid the risk of serious Lung ailments. Druggists.—Advertisement.

IF MOTHERS ONLY KNEW

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children relieve Feverishness Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and destroy worms. They break up colds in 24 hours. Used by mothers for 28 years. All Druggists, 25c. Sample Free. Address, Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y. 5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Elba Reynolds, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Olivia Dimick, late of Andover, N Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executors of the Last Will and Testament of the said deceased, at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley, in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of May, 1916.

Dated November 4, 1916.

AMY. J. ADAMS,
FRANK S. CLARK,
Executors.

NOTICE TO CREIDITORS

In pursuance of an order of the Surrogate's Court of Allegany County, New York state, made by Hon. Elba Reynolds, Surrogate of said County of Allegany, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Harriet H. Corwin, late of the town of Andover, Allegany County, New York, deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned, executrix of the will of said deceased, at her residence at Andover, N. Y., on or before the 8th day of April, 1916.

MARY E. HARTRUM
Executrix.

Dated at Andover, N. Y., Sept. 9th, 1915.

Charles M. Lash,
Attorney for executrix,
Andover, N. Y.

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