

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN.

A Story of American Life Novelized From the Play by ARTHUR HORNBLow.

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[CONTINUED.]

"Miss Green," said Ryder senior, addressing Shirley and ignoring whatever it was that the young man wanted to say, "this is my son Jefferson. Jeff, this is Miss Green."

Jefferson looked in the direction indicated and stood as if rooted to the floor. He was so surprised that he was struck dumb. Finally, recovering himself, he exclaimed:

"Shirley!"

"Yes, Shirley Green, the author," explained Ryder senior, not noticing the note of familiar recognition in his exclamation.

Shirley advanced and, holding out her hand to Jefferson, said demurely: "I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. Ryder." Then quickly in an undertone she added: "Be careful. Don't betray me."

Jefferson was so astounded that he did not see the outstretched hand. All he could do was to stand and stare first at her and then at his father.

"Why don't you shake hands with her?" said Ryder senior. "She won't bite you." Then he added: "Miss Green is going to do some literary work for me, so we shall see a great deal of her. It's too bad you're going away." He chuckled at his own pleasantry.

"Father," blurted out Jefferson, "I came to say that I've changed my mind. You did not want me to go, and I feel I ought to do something to please you."

"Good boy," said Ryder, pleased. "Now you're talking common sense." He turned to Shirley, who was getting ready to make her departure: "Well, Miss Green, we may consider the matter settled. You undertake the work at the price I named and finish it as soon as you can. Of course you will have to consult me a good deal as you go along, so I think it would be better for you to come and stay here while the work is progressing. Mrs. Ryder can give you a suit of rooms to yourself, where you will be undisturbed, and you will have all your material close at hand. What do you say?"

Shirley was silent for a moment. She looked first at Ryder and then at his son, and from them her glance went to the little drawer on the left hand side of the desk. Then she said quietly:

"As you think best, Mr. Ryder, I am quite willing to do the work here."

Ryder senior escorted her to the top of the landing and watched her as she passed down the grand staircase, ushered by the gorgeously uniformed flunkies, to the front door and the street.

CHAPTER XIII.

SHIRLEY entered upon her new duties in the Ryder household two days later. She had returned to her rooms the evening of her meeting with the financier in a state bordering upon hysteria. The day's events had been so extraordinary that it seemed to her they could not be real and that she must be in a dream. The car ride to Seventy-fourth street, the interview in the library, the discovery of her father's letters, the offer to write the biography and, what to her was still more important, the invitation to go and live in the Ryder home—all these incidents were so remarkable and unusual that it was only with difficulty that the girl persuaded herself that they were not fragments of a disordered brain.

But it was all true enough. The next morning's mail brought a letter from Mrs. Ryder, who wrote to the effect that Mr. Ryder would like the work to begin at once and adding that a suit of rooms would be ready for her the following afternoon. Shirley did not hesitate. Everything was to be gained by making the Ryder residence her headquarters, her father's very life depending upon the successful outcome of her present mission, and this unhoped for opportunity practically insured success. She immediately wrote to Massapequa. One letter was to her mother, saying that she was extending her visit beyond the time originally planned. The other letter was to Scott. She told him all about the interview with Ryder, informed him of the discovery of the letters and after explaining the nature of the work offered to her said that her address for the next few weeks would be in care of John Burkett Ryder. All was going better than she had dared to hope. Everything seemed to favor their plan. Her first step, of course, while in the Ryder home would be to secure possession of her father's letters, and these she would dispatch at once to Massapequa, so they could be laid before the senate without delay.

So, after settling accounts with her landlady and packing up her few belongings, Shirley lost no time in transferring herself to the more luxurious quarters provided for her in the \$10,000,000 mansion uptown.

At the Ryder home she was received cordially and with every mark of consideration. The housekeeper came down to the main hall to greet her when she arrived and escorted her to the suit of rooms, comprising a small working library, a bedroom simply but daintily furnished in pink and white and a private bathroom which had been specially prepared for her convenience and comfort, and here presently she was joined by Mrs. Ry-

"Dear me," exclaimed the financier's wife, staring curiously at Shirley, "what a young girl you are to have made such a stir with a book! How did you do it? I'm sure I couldn't. It's as much as I can do to write a letter, and half the time that's not legible."

"Oh, it wasn't so hard!" laughed Shirley. "It was the subject that appealed rather than any special skill of mine. The trusts and their misdeeds are the favorite topics of the hour. The whole country is talking about nothing else. My book came at the right time, that's all."

Although "The American Octopus" was a direct attack on her own husband, Mrs. Ryder secretly admired this young woman who had dared to speak a few blunt truths. It was a courage which, alas, she had always lacked herself, but there was a certain satisfaction in knowing there were women in the world not entirely cowed by the tyrant man.

"I have always wanted a daughter," went on Mrs. Ryder, becoming confidential, while Shirley removed her things and made herself at home. "Girls of your age are so companionable." Then abruptly she asked, "Do your parents live in New York?"

Shirley's face flushed, and she stooped over her trunk to hide her embarrassment.

"No—not at present," she answered evasively. "My mother and father are in the country."

She was afraid that more questions of a personal nature would follow, but



What a young girl you are to have made such a stir!

apparently Mrs. Ryder was not in an inquisitive mood, for she asked nothing further. She only said:

"I have a son, but I don't see much of him. You must meet my Jefferson. He is such a nice boy."

Shirley tried to look unconcerned as she replied:

"I met him yesterday. Mr. Ryder introduced him to me."

"Poor lad! He has his troubles, too," went on Mrs. Ryder. "He's in love with a girl, but his father wants him to marry some one else. They're quarreling over it all the time."

"Parents shouldn't interfere in matters of the heart," said Shirley decisively. "What is more serious than the choosing of a life companion, and who are better entitled to make a free selection than they who are going to spend the rest of their days together?"

"Of course it is a father's duty to give his son the benefit of his ripe experience, but to insist on a marriage based only on business interests is little less than a crime. There are considerations more important if the union is to be a happy or a lasting one. The chief thing is that the man should feel real attachment for the woman he marries. Two people who are to live together as man and wife must be compatible in tastes and temper. You cannot mix oil and water. It is these selfish marriages which keep our divorce courts busy. Money alone won't buy happiness in marriage."

"No," sighed Mrs. Ryder. "No one knows that better than I."

The financier's wife was already most favorably impressed with her guest, and she chatted on as if she had known Shirley for years. It was rare that she had heard so young a woman express such common sense views, and the more she talked with her the less surprised she was that she was the author of a much discussed book. Finally, thinking that Shirley might prefer to be alone, she rose to go, bidding her make herself thoroughly at home and to ring for anything she might wish. A maid had been assigned to look exclusively after her wants, and she could have her meals served in her room or else have them with the family, as she liked. But Shirley, not caring to encounter Mr. Ryder's cold, searching stare more often than necessary, said she would prefer to take her meals alone.

Left to herself, Shirley settled down to work in earnest. Mr. Ryder had sent to her room all the material for the biography, and soon she was completely absorbed in the task of sorting and arranging letters, making extracts from records, compiling data, etc., laying the foundations for the important book she was to write. She wondered what they would call it, and she smiled

at a peculiarly appropriate title flashed through her mind—"The History of a Crime." Yet she thought they could hardly intrude on Victor Hugo. Perhaps the best title was the simplest—"The History of the Empire Trading Company." Every one would understand that it told the story of John Burkett Ryder's remarkable career from his earliest beginnings to the present time. She worked feverishly all that evening getting the material into shape, and the following day found her early at her desk. No one disturbed her, and she wrote steadily on until noon. Mrs. Ryder only once putting her head in the door to wish her good morning.

After luncheon Shirley decided that the weather was too glorious to remain indoors. Her health must not be jeopardized even to advance the interests of the Colonus, so she put on her hat and left the house to go for a walk. The air smelled sweet to her after being confined so long indoors, and she walked with a more elastic and buoyant step than she had since her return home. Turning down Fifth avenue, she entered the park at Seventy-second street, following the pathway until she came to the bend in the driveway opposite the Casino. The park was almost deserted at that hour, and there was a delightful sense of solitude and a sweet scent of new mown hay from the freshly cut lawns. She found an empty bench, well shaded by an over-spreading tree, and sat down, grateful for the rest and quiet.

She wondered what Jefferson thought of her action in coming to his father's house practically in disguise and under an assumed name. She must see him at once, for in his lay her hope of obtaining possession of the letters. Certainly she felt no delicacy or compunction in asking Jefferson to do her this service. The letters belonged to her father, and they were being wrongfully withheld with the deliberate purpose of doing him an injury. She had a moral if not a legal right to recover the letters in any way that she could.

She was so deeply engrossed in her thoughts that she had not noticed a hansom cab which suddenly drew up with a jerk at the curb opposite her bench. A man jumped out. It was Jefferson.

"Hello, Shirley," he cried gayly. "Who would have expected to find you rusticated on a bench here? I pictured you grinding away at home doing literary stunts for the governor." He grinned and then added: "Come for a drive. I want to talk to you."

Shirley demurred. No; she could not spare the time. Yet, she thought to herself, why was not this a good opportunity to explain to Jefferson how he came to find her in his father's library masquerading under another name and also to ask him to secure the letters for her? While she pondered Jefferson insisted, and a few minutes later she found herself sitting beside him in the cab. They started off at a brisk pace, Shirley sitting with her head back, enjoying the strong breeze caused by the rapid motion.

"Now tell me," he said, "what does it all mean? I was so startled at seeing you in the library the other day that I almost betrayed you. How did you come to call on father?"

Briefly Shirley explained everything. She told him how Mr. Ryder had written to her asking her to call and see him and how she had eagerly seized at this last straw in the hope of helping her father. She told him about the letters, explaining how necessary they were for her father's defense and how she had discovered them. Mr. Ryder, she said, had seemed to take a fancy to her and had asked her to remain in the house as his guest while she was compiling his biography, and she had accepted the offer not so much for the amount of money involved as for the splendid opportunity it afforded her to gain possession of the letters.

"So that is the mysterious work you spoke of, to get those letters?" said Jefferson.

"Yes; that is my mission. It was a secret. I couldn't tell you. I couldn't tell any one. Only Judge Stott knows. He is aware I have found them and is hourly expecting to receive them from me. And now," she said, "I want your help."

His only answer was to grasp tighter the hand she had laid in his. She knew that she would not have to explain the nature of the service she wanted. He understood.

"Where are the letters?" he demanded.

"In the left hand drawer of your father's desk," she answered.

He was silent for a few moments, and then he said simply:

"I will get them."

The cab by this time had got as far as Claremont, and from the bill submit they had a splendid view of the broad sweep of the majestic Hudson and the towering walls of the blue palisades. The day was so beautiful and the air so invigorating that Jefferson suggested a ramble along the banks of the river. They could leave the cab at Claremont and drive back to the city later. Shirley was too grateful to him for his promise of cooperation to make any further objection, and soon they were far away from beaten highways, down on the banks of the historic stream, picking flowers and laughing merrily like two truant children bent on a self made holiday. The place they had reached was just outside the northern boundaries of Harlem, a sylvan spot still unspoiled by the rude invasion of the flat-house builder. The land, thickly wooded, sloped down sharply to the water, and the perfect quiet was broken only by the washing of the tiny surf against the river bank and the shrill notes of the birds in the trees.

Although it was late in October, the day was warm, and Shirley soon tired of climbing over bramble entangled verdure. The rich grass underneath looked cool and inviting, and the natural slope of the ground affording an ideal resting place she sat there, with Jefferson stretched out at her feet, both watching idly the dancing waters of

the broad Hudson, spangled with gleams of light, as they swept swiftly by on their journey to the sea.

"Shirley," said Jefferson suddenly, "I suppose you saw that ridiculous story about my alleged engagement to Miss Roberts. I hope you understood that it was done without my consent."

"If I did not guess it, Jeff," she answered, "your assurance would be sufficient. Besides," she added, "what right have I to object?"

"But I want you to have the right," he replied earnestly. "I'm going to stop this Roberts nonsense in a way my father hardly anticipates. I'm just waiting a chance to talk to him. I'll show him the absurdity of announcing me engaged to a girl who is about to elope with his private secretary!"

"Elope with the secretary?" exclaimed Shirley.

Jefferson told all about the letter he had found on the staircase and the Hon. Fitzroy Bagley's plans for a runaway marriage with the senator's wealthy daughter.

"It's a godsend to me," he said gleefully. "Their plan is to get married next Wednesday. I'll see my father on Tuesday. I'll put the evidence in his hands, and I don't think," he added grimly, "he'll bother me any more about Miss Roberts."

"So you're not going away now?" said Shirley, smiling down at him.

"He sat up and leaned over toward her."

"I can't, Shirley, I simply can't," he replied, his voice trembling. "You are more to me than I dreamed a woman could ever be. I realize it more forcibly every day. There is no use fighting against it. Without you my work, my life, means nothing."

Shirley shook her head and averted her eyes.

"Don't let us speak of that, Jeff," she pleaded gently. "I told you I did not belong to myself while my father was in peril."

"But I must speak of it," he interrupted. "Shirley, you do yourself an injustice as well as me. You are not indifferent to me—I feel that. Then why raise this barrier between us?"

A soft light stole into the girl's eyes. Ah, it was good to feel there was some one to whom she was everything in the world!

"Don't ask me to betray my trust, Jeff," she faltered. "You know I am not indifferent to you—far from it. But I—"

He came closer until his face nearly touched hers.

"I love you—I want you," he murmured feverishly. "Give me the right to claim you before all the world as my future wife!"

Every note of his rich, manly voice, vibrating with impetuous passion, sounded in Shirley's ear like a soft caress. She closed her eyes. A strange feeling of languor was stealing over her; a mysterious thrill passed through her whole body. The eternal, inevitable sex instinct was disturbing for the first time a woman whose life had been singularly free from such influences, putting to flight all the calculations and resolves of her cooler judgment.

Half unconsciously she listened to his ardent wooing, her eyes shut, as he spoke quickly, passionately, his breath warm upon her cheek.

"Shirley, I offer you all the devotion a man can give a woman. Say the one word that will make me the happiest or the most wretched of men. Yes or no! Only think well before you wreck

my life. I love you—I love you! I will wait for you if need be until the crack of doom. Say—say you will be my wife!"

She opened her eyes. His face was bent close over her. Their lips almost touched.

"Yes, Jefferson," she murmured, "I do love you!"

His lips met hers in a long, passionate kiss. Her eyes closed, and an ecstatic thrill seemed to convulse her entire being. The birds in the trees overhead sang in more joyful chorus in celebration of the betrothal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An eight-hour bill for women in all commercial and mechanical pursuits, except fruit-raising and preserving, is now before the California legislature, and will probably become law.

Kansas City, Mo., is the headquarters of six international organizations of organized labor having a combined membership of nearly 200,000.

BANANA TRADE OF THE UNITED STATES

Value of Bananas Imported in the Last Decade, One Hundred Million Dollars.

Central America and the West Indies Chief Sources of Supply of Product.

Practically the entire banana supply of the United States comes from abroad. Efforts have been made from time to time to develop the banana industry in the extreme south and in California, but the domestic production is inconsiderable when compared with the importation. The banana, while probably a native of India, is now grown in practically all tropical countries, and among a considerable part of the human race ranks as high as do cereal grains among the people of the temperate zones, and it is said to produce more food upon a given area than wheat. The consumption of bananas in temperate zone countries has increased enormously in recent years. They are used chiefly in the natural state but in smaller quantities of this flour are imported into the United States but in such inconsiderable amounts that the Bureau of Statistics has not up to this time enumerated it among articles imported.

Four thousand million bananas were imported into the United States in the calendar year 1910. The banana habit is a growing one in the United States. In the early 80's the value of bananas imported, according to the figures of the Bureau of Commerce and Labor, ranged between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000 per annum; by 1890 the value had increased to \$4,500,000, in the fiscal year of 1900 to nearly \$8,000,000; and in the calendar year 1910, to practically \$12,500,000.

The rapid growth in this class of importations led the Bureau of Statistics a few years ago to call upon collectors of customs for the quantity as well as the value imported, and the figures of quantities, beginning with the year 1908, showed for that year 35,750,000 bunches; in 1909, 39,500,000; and in 1910, a little over 40,000,000 bunches were imported. Assuming that those average 100 bananas to the bunch, a figure which the importers state to be a conservative estimate, the total number imported in 1910 would aggregate approximately 4,000 bananas.

The value of the bananas imported in the last decade aggregates in round terms \$100,000,000. In the calendar year 1901 the total value of bananas imported was \$6,750,000; in 1905, \$9,750,000; in 1907, \$11,750,000; and in 1910, \$12,500,000. These figures of the values of bananas imported are the valuation at wholesale prices in the countries from which exported to the United States, and the average price per bunch was 31 cents, as will be readily seen by dividing the 40,192,958 bunches imported in 1910 into the stated value of 12,433,334. How much money is paid by consumers in the United States for bananas cannot be estimated with accuracy, though the cost of freight, and the profits of importers, wholesalers and retailers must add very materially to the \$12,500,000 paid for them in the countries of production.

Central America and the West Indies are the chief sources of supply of the bananas imported into the United States. Of the 40,000,000 bunches imported in the calendar year 1910, 21,000,000 were from Central America; 13,000,000 from the West Indies; 2,500,000 from South America, principally Colombia and Dutch Guiana; 2,000,000 from Cuba; and about 1,000,000 from other countries. Costa Rica is the largest source of supply in Central America, Honduras second, and Panama third, and Jamaica is the largest source of supply in the West India Islands. The United States is the world's largest importer of bananas. The United Kingdom is the next largest importer, her imports of this articles in the calendar year 1909 being 6,250,000 bunches, as against 39,500,000 bunches imported into the United States in the same year.

TRENCHANT CRITICISM BY BOSTON PAPER

Hub's Foremost Publication Takes Issue With Post Office Official.

The Boston Globe has the following editorial on the order of Second-Assistant Postmaster General, Joseph Stewart:

"To say that Mr. Joseph Stewart, second assistant postmaster general, was disingenuous in trying to make it appear that the union of the railway postal clerks is a secret organization, is to put it mildly. 'Mr. Stewart certainly knows that the railway mail clerks union is not a secret body and that it is affiliated with the A. F. of L., one of whose fundamental rules regarding government employes is that they must obey the rules of their department, despite what they may think of the justice of such rules. In joining a union the postal employes take no 'secret oath' or obligation, and Mr. Stewart is guilty of lack of candor at least in saying that it is incompatible with the postal clerks' obligation to the department that they should assume another oath with a secret organization in the service which may at any time interfere with the obligations which they have assumed upon entering the service.'"

"It is a short-sighted policy. It will not result in getting the best men for the service or in improving the service postal employes, being American citizens, will hardly submit to."

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APRIL NUMBER TWENTIETH CENTURY MAGAZINE

WARNING TO SMOKERS OF NON-UNION CIGARS

The Cigar Makers' union is active in presenting to the public revelations relative to the labor methods of the tobacco trust, especially in the manufacture of non-union cigars. It should be remembered that the tobacco trust also controls the United Cigar Stores company, now doing business in most of the large cities of the country. As an instance of the trust's labor-baiting methods, the conditions of the employes in one of the large centers of the cigar-making industry is thus set forth:

Large non-union factories have located in what is known as Polish town, Detroit, to be close to the cheapest kind of labor, and they are filling their factories with girls and women.

They have a school in which they claim to teach young Polish girls how to make cigars. The girl pays \$5 for tuition and gets no wages for months. Each week, however, she gets a certificate entitling her to \$1 six months later, providing the payroll of the concern shows that she has worked six months faithfully for the firm.

It is declared that these same conditions of employment can be found in all trust factories, which should prove sufficient warning to the smoker of non-union cigars.

REV. HERBERT S. BIGELOW ON RAILROAD GOSPEL

Men Love Darkness Rather Than Light Because Their Dividends Are Evil.

(For the Labor World.)

The railroads have undertaken the education of the people. That is better than buying legislatures. But what are they teaching? Here is a sample, a golden text, posted at the stations of an eastern road:

"To the Public and Employees: If the road is not making money, are you making money?"

That is supposed to be a clincher for the boosting rates. It is a walk-into-my-parlor-said-the-spider-to-the-fly argument. Dear Mr. easy merchant, were you short last week after you had settled all accounts and paid your freight bills? Our dear fellow, let us help you by raising those freight bills. We would relieve your embarrassment by increasing your deficit. Otherwise we might have a deficit. We might have to quit.

The railroads suspend business? Banish the thought? That, Mr. Merchant, is more likely to happen to you. For this Caesar will have his due. Now what is his due? It is this—a fair return on actual investment of capital.

Mr. Railroad Attorney, take your seat. It is not time for your special pleading. The material evidence is not yet in. First, we demand a physical valuation of the property. Why should you stand in the way of the light? Oh, of course, we know, for was it not written, "Men love darkness because their dividends are evil?" We agree, gentlemen, that your business shall pay. But we do not mean to help you make it pay on wretched stock.

We can not readily swallow your little golden text, for we think that you, in emulation of the whale that swallowed Jonah, are trying to take a profit out of the water.

THE MARRIED MEN.

When a man marries, Trouble begins; Buttoning waists, And putting in pins. Looking at bonnets To see if they're straight; Ready to start, Then having to wait, Hunting for robbers, Under each bed; Roused in the night, For a blanket to spread. When the rain comes, Though you're wraped in repose, Roused with a shout, All the windows close. Summoned at morn, To start up the fire; Get in your attire, In your scanty attire, Run to the store, For the food you would eat; Get in the ice, Ere it melts in the street, Hurry to work, Hurry back with your pay—When a man marries, So passes a day.



Say you will be my wife!