

# 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.]

### CHAPTER XIV.

IT was nearly 7 o'clock when Shirley got back to Seventy-fourth street. No one saw her come in, and she went direct to her room and after a hasty dinner worked until late into the night on her book to make up for lost time. The events of the afternoon caused her considerable uneasiness. She reproached herself for her weakness and for having yielded so readily to the impulse of the moment. She had said only what was the truth when she admitted she loved Jefferson, but what right had she to dispose of her future while her father's fate was still uncertain? Her conscience troubled her, and when she came to reason it out calmly the more impossible seemed their union from every point of view. How could she become the daughter-in-law of the man who had ruined her own father? The idea was preposterous, and hard as the sacrifice would be Jefferson must be made to see it in that light. Their engagement was the greatest folly. It bound each of them when nothing but unhappiness could possibly come of it. She was sure now that she loved Jefferson. It would be hard to give him up, but there are times and circumstances when duty and principle must prevail over all other considerations, and this she felt was one of them.

The following morning she received a letter from Stott. He was delighted to hear the good news regarding her important discovery, and he urged her to lose no time in securing the letters and forwarding them to Massapequa, when he would immediately go to Washington and lay them before the senate. Documentary evidence of that conclusive nature, he went on to say, would prove of the very highest value in clearing her father's name. He added that the judge and her mother were as well as circumstances would permit and that they were not in the least worried about her protracted absence. Her Aunt Milly had already returned to Europe, and Eudoxia was still threatening to leave daily.

Shirley needed no urging. She quite realized the importance of acting quickly, but it was not easy to get at the letters. The library was usually kept locked when the great man was away, and on the few occasions when access to it was possible the lynx-eyed Mr. Bagley was always on guard. Short as had been her stay in the Ryder household Shirley already shared Jefferson's antipathy to the English secretary, whose manner grew more supercilious and overbearing as he drew nearer the date when he expected to run off with one of the richest catches of the season. He had not sought the acquaintance of his employer's biographer since her arrival and, with the exception of a rude stare, had not deigned to notice her, which attitude of haughty indifference was all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the Hon. Fitzroy usually left nothing unturned to cultivate a flirtatious intimacy with every attractive female he met. The truth was that what with Mr. Ryder's demands upon his services and his own preparations for his coming matrimonial venture, in which he had so much at stake, he had neither time nor inclination to indulge his customary amorous diversions.

Miss Roberts had called at the house several times, ostensibly to see Mrs. Ryder, and when introduced to Shirley she had condescended to give the latter a supercilious nod. Her conversation was generally of the silly, vacillating sort, concerning chiefly new dresses or bonnets, and Shirley at once read her character—frivolous, amusement-loving, empty-headed, irresponsible—just the kind of girl to do something foolish without weighing the consequences. After chatting a few moments with Mrs. Ryder she would usually vanish, and one day after one of these mysterious disappearances Shirley happened to pass the library and caught sight of her and Mr. Bagley conversing in subdued and eager tones. It was very evident that the elopement scheme was fast maturing. If the scandal was to be prevented, Jefferson ought to see his father and acquaint him with the facts without delay. It was probable that at the same time he would make an effort to secure the letters. Meantime she must be patient. Too much hurry might spoil everything.

So the days passed, Shirley devoting almost all her time to the history she had undertaken. She saw nothing of Ryder senior, but a good deal of his wife, to whom she soon became much attached. She found her an amiable, good natured woman, entirely free from that offensive arrogance and patronizing condescension which usually mark the parvenu as distinct from the thoroughbred. Mrs. Ryder had no claims to distinguished lineage; on the contrary, she was the daughter of a country grocer when the then rising oil man married her, and of educational advantages she had had little or none. It was purely by accident that she was the wife of the richest man in the world, and, while she enjoyed the prestige her husband's prominence gave her, she never allowed it to turn her head. She gave away large sums for charitable purposes and, strange to say, when the gift came direct from her the money was never returned on the plea that it was "tainted." She

shared her husband's dislike for entertaining and led practically the life of a recluse. The advent of Shirley, therefore, into her quiet and uneventful existence was as welcome as sunshine when it breaks through the clouds after days of gloom. Quite a friendship sprang up between the two women, and when tired of writing Shirley would go into Mrs. Ryder's room and chat until the financier's wife began to look forward to these little impromptu visits, so much she enjoyed them.

Nothing more had been said concerning Jefferson and Miss Roberts. The young man had not yet seen his father, but his mother knew he was only waiting an opportunity to demand an explanation of the engagement announcements. Her husband, on the other hand, desired the match more than ever, owing to the continued importunities of Senator Roberts. As usual, Mrs. Ryder confided these little domestic troubles to Shirley.

"Jefferson," she said, "is very angry. He is determined not to marry the girl, and when he and his father do meet there'll be another scene."

"What objection has your son to Miss Roberts?" inquired Shirley innocently.

"Oh, the usual reason," sighed the mother, "and I've no doubt he knows best. He's in love with another girl—a Miss Rossmore."

"Oh, yes," answered Shirley simply. "Mr. Ryder spoke of her."

Mrs. Ryder was silent, and presently she left the girl alone with her work.

The next afternoon Shirley was in her room busy writing when there came a tap at her door. Thinking it was another visit from Mrs. Ryder, she did not look up, but cried out pleasantly: "Come in!"

John Ryder entered. He smiled cordially and, as if apologizing for the intrusion, said amiably: "I thought I'd run up to see how you were getting along."

His coming was so unexpected that for a moment Shirley was startled, but she quickly regained her composure and asked him to take a seat. He seemed pleased to find her making such good progress, and he stopped to answer a number of questions she put to him. Shirley tried to be cordial, but when she looked well at him and noted the keen, hawk-like eyes, the cruel, vindictive lines about the mouth, the square set, relentless jaw—Wall street had gone wrong with the Colossus that day, and he was still wearing his war paint—she recalled the wrong this man had done her father, and she felt how bitterly she hated him. The more her mind dwelt upon it the more exasperated she was to think she should be there, a guest under his roof, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that she remained civil.

"What is the moral of your life?" she demanded bluntly.

He was quick to note the contemptuous tone in her voice, and he gave her a keen, searching look as if he were trying to read her thoughts and fathom the reason for her very evident hostility toward him.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "I mean what can you show as your life work? Most men whose lives are big enough to call for biographies have done something useful. They have been famous statesmen, eminent scientists, celebrated authors, great inventors. What have you done?"

The question appeared to stagger him. The audacity of any one putting such a question to a man in his own house was incredible. He squared his jaws, and his clinched fist descended heavily on the table. "What have I done?" he cried. "I have built up the greatest fortune ever accumulated by one man. My fabulous wealth has caused my name to spread to the four corners of the earth. Is that not an achievement to relate to future generations?" Shirley gave a little shrug of her shoulders. "Future generations will take no interest in you or your millions," she said calmly. "Our civilization will have made such progress by that time that people will merely wonder why we, in our day, tolerated men of your class so long. Now it is different. The world is money mad. You are a person of importance in the eyes of the unthinking multitude, but it only envies you your fortune; it does not admire you personally. When you die, people will count your millions, not your good deeds."

"Every man does, whether he be multi-millionaire or a sneak thief." "You class the two together, I notice," he said bitterly. "It is often a distinction without a difference," she rejoined promptly. He remained silent for a moment or two toying nervously with a paper knife. Then, arrogantly, and as if anxious to impress her with his importance, he said: "Most men would be satisfied if they had accomplished what I have. Do you realize that my wealth is so vast that I scarcely know myself what I am worth? What my fortune will be in another fifty years staggers the imagination. Yet I started with nothing. I made it all myself. Surely I should get credit for that."

"How did you make it?" retorted Shirley. "In America we don't ask how a man makes his money. We ask if he has got any."

"You are mistaken," replied Shirley earnestly. "America is waking up. The conscience of the nation is being aroused. We are coming to realize that the scandals of the last few years were only the fruit of public indifference to sharp business practice. The people will soon ask the dishonest rich man where he got it, and there will have to be an accounting. What account will you be able to give?"

He bit his lip and looked at her for a moment without replying. Then, with a faint suspicion of a sneer, he said: "You are a socialist—perhaps an anarchist!"

"Only the ignorant commit the blunder of confounding the two," she retorted. "Anarchy is a disease. Socialism is a science."

"Indeed!" he exclaimed mockingly. "I thought the terms were synonymous. The world regards them both as insane."

Herself an enthusiastic convert to the new political faith that was rising like a flood tide all over the world, the contemptuous tone in which this plutocrat spoke of the coming reorganization of society which was destined to destroy him and his kind spurred her on to renewed argument.

"I imagine," she said sarcastically, "that you would hardly approve any social reform which threatened to interfere with your own business methods. But, no matter how you disapprove of socialism in general principles, as a leader of the capitalist class you should understand what socialism is and not confuse one of the most important movements in modern world history with the crazy theories of irresponsible cranks. The anarchists are the natural enemies of the entire human family and would destroy it were their dangerous doctrines permitted to prevail. The socialists, on the contrary, are seeking to save mankind from the degradation, the crime and the folly into which such men as you have driven it."

She spoke impetuously, with the inspired exaltation of a prophet delivering a message to the people. Ryder listened, concealing his impatience with uneasy little coughs.

"Yes," she went on, "I am a socialist, and I am proud of it. The whole world is slowly drifting toward socialism as the only remedy for the actual intolerable conditions. It may not come in our time, but it will come as surely as the sun will rise and set tomorrow. Has not the flag of socialism waved recently from the White House? Has not a president of the United States declared that the state must eventually curb the great fortunes? What is that but socialism?"

"True," retorted Ryder grimly, "and that little speech intended for the benefit of the gallery will cost him the nomination at the next presidential election. We don't want in the White House a president who stirs up class hatred. Our rich men have a right to what is their own. That is guaranteed them by the constitution."

"Is it their own?" interrupted Shirley.

Ryder ignored the insinuation and proceeded: "What of our boasted free institutions if a man is to be restricted in what he may and may not do? If I am clever enough to accumulate millions, who can stop me?"

"The people will stop you," said Shirley calmly. "It is only a question of time. Their patience is about exhausted. Put your ear to the ground and listen to the distant rumbling of the tempest which, sooner or later, will be unchained in this land, provoked by the filigree practices of organized capital. The people have had enough of the extortions of the trusts. One day they will rise in their wrath and seize by the throat this knavish plutocracy which, confident in the power of its wealth to procure legal immunity and reckless of its danger, persists in robbing the public daily. But retribution is at hand. The growing discontent of the proletariat, the ever-increasing strikes and labor disputes of all kinds, the clamor against the railroads and the trusts, the evidence of collusion between both—all this is the writing on the wall. The capitalist system is doomed; socialism will succeed it."

"What is socialism?" he demanded scornfully. "What will it give the public that it has not got already?" Shirley, who never neglected an opportunity to make a convert, no matter how hardened he might be, picked up a little pamphlet printed for propaganda purposes which she had that morning received by mail. "Here," she said, "is one of the best and clearest definitions of socialism I have ever read: 'Socialism is common ownership of natural resources and public utilities and the common operation of all industries for the general good. Socialism is opposed to monopoly, that is, to private ownership of land and the instruments of labor, which is indirect ownership of men; to the wage system, by which labor is legally robbed of a large part of the product of labor;

## WOMEN'S COLUMN

Our lady readers are respectfully invited to send us contributions for this column. Such contributions may be either original or selected. EDITOR.

### COFFEE SUGGESTIONS.

An Arab author declares coffee was first discovered in A. D. 1500. He leaves no room for a proviso, and says it may be spelled in four different ways, cahul, kaw-kaw, kaffa and kaffe.

He also says it grows only in Araby, and should be made in the open air in a clay vessel; I once knew a Chicago alderman who insisted it came from Ireland, and should be spelled Kawphy.

Differences of opinion do not detract from its invigorating properties. A cup of coffee at the morning meal is not a luxury, but a necessity to most of us, and only people of decidedly delicate constitutions, or those who possess great mobility of the nervous system, ever feel ill effects from its moderate use in connection with food.

On the contrary, its principles are decidedly helpful in inflammatory troubles, brain fog and nervous headache. Dumas, Hugo, Bernhardt, Modjeska, Disraeli, and hundreds of other brilliant minds testify to its merits.

To make French or dip coffee, measure the required amount into the perforated top of the boiler or into the bag, and over it pour the boiling water. Keep boiling while this percolates through the coffee; then draw off the liquor and again pour through the bag strainer until the strength of the coffee is extracted and the beverage is of the right color and strength. Three times is usually sufficient.

Even by this improved method, very bad coffee may be made if the water is not boiling or if the coffee is not ground very fine. Coffee should never be made by steeping in cold water, for this draws forth and accentuates any unpleasant flavor or evil aroma

to competition with its enormous waste of effort and its opportunities for the spoliation of the weak by the strong. Socialism is industrial democracy. It is the government of the people, by the people and for the people, not in the present restricted sense, but as regards all the common interests of men. Socialism is opposed to oligarchy and monarchy, and therefore to the tyrannies of business cliques and money kings. Socialism is for freedom, not only from the fear of force, but from the fear of want. Socialism proposes real liberty, not merely the right to vote, but the liberty to live for something more than meat and drink.

"Socialism is righteousness in the relations of men. It is based on the fundamentals of religion, the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. It seeks through association and equality to realize fraternity. Socialism will destroy the motives which make for cheap manufacturers, poor workmanship and adulterations; it will secure the real utility of things. Use, not exchange, will be the object of labor. Things will be made to serve, not to sell. Socialism will banish war, for private ownership is back of strife between men. Socialism will purify politics, for private capitalism is the great source of political corruption. Socialism will make for education, invention and discovery; it will stimulate the moral development of men. Crime will have lost most of its motive, and pauperism will have no excuse. That," said Shirley as she concluded, "is socialism!"

Ryder shrugged his shoulders and rose to go. "Delightful," he said ironically, "but in my judgment wholly utopian and impracticable. It's nothing but a gigantic pipe dream. It won't come in this generation, nor in ten generations, if, indeed, it is ever taken seriously by a majority big enough to put its theories to the test. Socialism does not take into account two great factors that move the world—men's passions and human ambition. If you eliminate ambition you remove the strongest incentive to individual effort. From your own account a socialistic world would be a drearily tame place to live in—everybody depressingly good, without any of the feverish turmoil of life as we know it. Such a world would not appeal to me at all. I love the fray, the daily battle of gain and loss, the excitement of making or losing millions. That is my life!"

"Yet what good is your money to you?" insisted Shirley. "You are able to spend only an infinitesimal part of it. You cannot even give it away, for nobody will have any of it." "Money," he hissed rather than spoke. "I hate money. It means nothing to me. I have so much that I have lost all idea of its value. I go on accumulating it for only one purpose. It gives power. I love power—that is my passion, my ambition, to rule the world with my gold. Do you know," he went on, leaning over the desk in a dramatic attitude, "that if I chose I could start a panic in Wall street tomorrow that would shake to their foundations every financial institution in the country? Do you know that I practically control the congress of the United States and that no legislative measure becomes law unless it has my approval?"

"The public has long suspected as much," replied Shirley. "That is why you are looked upon as a menace to the stability and honesty of our political and commercial life."

An angry answer rose to his lips, when the door opened and Mrs. Ryder entered.

(To be continued.)

that a careful cook tries by every effort to retain.

Vienna is celebrated for its wonderful creamy, foamy cafe au lait or coffee with milk. The ground coffee is placed in the boiler and boiled briskly for three minutes, then placed on the back of the range where it will settle and clear, but not grow cold, for five minutes longer. A pint or more, according to taste, of scalded milk is ready in another pitcher, or coffee pot, and on this the hot coffee is slowly poured while it is mixed with a beater or whisk.

This is served with a spoonful of stiff egg white on each small dinner cup and is recommended to American hostesses as the best way to make "company coffee" unless it is necessary to serve after dinner coffee, which must always be strong and black and is taken as a digestive after a hearty dinner.

After dinner coffee must be strong and clear. To procure these results use the white of egg to clarify it and the best brand of heavy coffee procurable.

Clean Coffee Pots. Physicians claim that the unclean coffee pot is one of the worst menaces to health. Housewives often neglect to keep the inside of the coffee pot as clean as the outside. The results is a decided loss in taste and aroma. The inside of the pot should be cleaned every day with powdered knife brick or fine sand. Then after a good scalding with boiling water, put it out for a sun and air bath.

Putting Away Furs. All possible care should be exercised in packing away furs. A cedar chest with a perfectly fitting lid is probably the best receptacle for these garments during the summer months, and although for some reason or other the large chest is not in favor at present, small ones in all manner of shapes are steadily gaining in popularity. Sprinkle turpentine or camphor balls in the box or chest and saturate the paper in which the furs are to be wrapped with one of these preventives against moths.

To prevent the camphor from injuring the skin allow the first wrapper to be of tissue paper. Remember, however, that neither camphor nor camphor balls should be packed away in camphor, as it will turn both furs a hideous yellow. All white furs, such as ermine, fox or lynx, should be wrapped in blue tissue paper, never white or yellow, for the camphor will cause these furs to take on a yellowish tinge.

To Nervous Women. Avoid haste and hurry; these are the things that confuse the brain and make clear judgment impossible. The besetting temptation of the nervous woman is to hurry from one duty to another, in breathless haste, attempting many tasks, yet achieving none of them with dignity or freedom. When such temptation arises, call a halt. Remain quiet for a few minutes; summon back your self-possession, and refuse to do in one hour what should be spread over two.

Habitual nervousness is control of the emotions. Nothing makes such havoc of the nervous system, nothing disorganizes the inner life like anger, fear, worry. These forces must be quelled if the soul is to maintain its supremacy and nervous peace is to be enjoyed; and this is done, not, indeed, by a fiat of the will, but by substituting for these destructive emotions such constructive ones as love, aspiration, after some ideal, faith in God, and reverence for the divine or der of life.—Dr. S. S. McComb, in Harper's Bazar.

### CHOICE RECIPES.

Yorkshire Pudding. Three-fourths pint of flour, three eggs, one and one-half pints of milk, pinch salt, one and one-half teaspoons baking powder. Sift flour and powder together, add eggs beaten with milk, stir quickly into rather thinner batter than for griddle cakes, pour into dripping plentifully greased with beef drippings; bake in hot oven twenty-five minutes. Serve with roast beef.

Rhubarb Short Cake. Cut one small bunch of rhubarb into small bits. Cook in a stone crock with one cupful of sugar and half a cupful of water. Make a dough of ter, one quart of flour, one-half cupful water, one-half teaspoons of baking powder, and milk to make a soft dough. Lay on a greased baking tin and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes. When cool, separate into two parts (upper and lower) without cutting; spread with the rhubarb sauce. Place together and serve with cold sweet cream.

Croquettes. Take some fresh mashed potato, well seasoned, fry to a golden brown in hot fat, croquette shaped. Remove carefully to a hot platter. With a tablespoon make a deep depression in each one and fill with highly seasoned minced chicken. Strew the grated yolks of hard boiled eggs over the tops.

Cleaning Helps. Starch Making—One-half cup good brand box starch (never use bulk or flour), three-quarters cup of cold water, mix with starch; three-quarters teakettle boiling water, stir constantly while mixing and while cooking. Boil slowly for twenty minutes. Teaspoonful of shaved paraffin should be added while boiling. While the starch is cooking prepare a blueing water to add when the starch comes from the stove. Make one starch thinner than the other for articles needing but a little stiffness. Cover both vessels with cloths to keep out the cold air, as this prevents caking on the top which will be sure to spoil your starch.

Cleaning Straw Hats. Soiled and limp straw hats in white and cream color can be nicely cleaned and stiffened by washing in a weak solution of oxalic acid. Remove all trimming. Dissolve one and one-half tablespoonfuls of the crystals in a bowl of warm water and wash hat thoroughly, using a nail brush. Rinse well in two clear waters and dry in sun and air. Men's hats are particularly easy to clean as are all chip,

Milan and stiff straws.

### To Clean Wallpaper.

The following is a most excellent and simple method of cleaning wallpaper and can be used with confidence in every house: Take one quart of flour and stir in 5 cents' worth of ammonia and enough water to make a stiff dough; work and knead until smooth, then wipe the paper with this batch of dough, working it so that a clean surface will be presented with every stroke. Go over the paper in this way and your paper will be clean.

### Nut Pudding.

Two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one-half teaspoonful salt, sifted together. Then add one-half cupful of granulated sugar, add one cupful of milk to two eggs well beaten. Stir this into the dry mixture and add one-third of a cupful of melted butter, beat well. Stir this into this one and one-half cupful of nut meats of your own choice. (I prefer hickory nuts.) Sheam three hours. Serve with a sauce, as follows: One and one-half cupfuls of sugar and three-fourths of a cupful of water, dissolve and, boil to a thread as for icing. Have ready the well beaten yolks of three eggs. Then add gradually the hot sirup over the eggs, stirring briskly. Set aside for icing water to cool, stirring constantly. Add scalding hot boiling water, put it out for a sun and air bath.

### Prune Pudding.

Wash one-half pound of prunes, add two cupfuls of cold water, and let stand one hour. Let simmer until prunes are soft. Remove stones, obtain meat from the stones and add to prunes. Add one and one-fourth cupfuls of boiling water and a cupful of sugar; also stick cinnamon to taste. Let simmer five minutes. Dissolve one tablespoonful of cornstarch in three tablespoonfuls of cold water, add to prunes, and stir till thick, about five minutes. Remove cinnamon, turn mixture into mold, and chill. Serve with whipped cream.

### Apple Cake.

One-quarter pound butter, three-quarters cup of sugar, two eggs, rind of one-half lemon, one and one-half cups flour, one teaspoon baking powder; apples and raisins, one cup, cook together; 10 cents worth of almonds; bake one-half hour. Process: Beat eggs and sugar, melt butter, warm the flour and sugar before mixing, have the apples warm, too; when all together, put half of dough in square tin (grease the tin), then put on the apples and raisins, then the other dough, and on top of that sprinkle the almonds; the trick about this cake is to have every thing warm that you can, and put it quick together; this is not an expensive cake, but it is fit for a king.

### Almond Cake.

Seven eggs, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, one cup of sugar, one-half pound almonds, meats ground fine. Beat whites of eggs to stiff froth, add half of sugar, then beat yolks of eggs and add the remaining sugar and unite the two. Sift the ground almonds, adding a tablespoonful of cornstarch. Add this to the eggs and sugar and bake in a shallow forty-five minutes. The sugar should be well sifted. This makes a good sized cake and is fine.

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