

NEW NOVEL HAS ITS SCENES LAID IN SPOKANE TERRITORY

Several towns in western Montana, northern Idaho and Oregon and eastern Washington furnish the leading characters and the locale for the principal scenes of "The Chrysalis," a stirring novel of the northwest by Harold Morton Kramer, one of the galaxy of Indiana authors, who deals with situations of the strongest emotions and passions that humanity can know in a convincing way, holding the interest to the close of the 400-odd pages. Mr. Kramer passed several years as a newspaper writer in the northwest in the early '90s and was in Spokane and other parts of the west during the late financial disturbance in eastern money centers, which figures prominently in his novel.

The brook is the first recognition of this part of the northwest in literature, and it is predicted by the publishers, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard company, Boston, that the story will be dramatized for the stage for early presentation.

The story opens at a Yale-Harvard football game, which is curiously complicated with the political future of prominent men, and moves to the northwest, with its strong new life and seething mixture of races, the action taking place five years later in Spokane and the Palouse and Big Bend districts. The characters are a United States senator, a member of the supreme court of the United States, bankers, politicians, newspaper men, mining promoters, ranchers and several women, and a half dozen variety theater players, most of whom will be recognized by old-timers.

"The Chrysalis" is a present day romance of the northwest, a drama of lives and hearts of people in whose veins red blood flows. The central figure is a former Yale athlete of the name of Seb Layton, a young lawyer in Spokane, whose life has been embittered by events which occurred several years prior to the opening of the story. He is brought from his get-what-you-want-at-any-price life to better and nobler things by the strength of character of Tess Barr, a girl of the hills, who gives the keynote to the story when she says to Layton:

"A chrysalis is an ugly thing, but it contains possibilities that are beautiful. Maybe your heart has been a chrysalis."

Following a lively description of the Thanksgiving day game on Yale grounds, where, among the thousands of spectators, are Senator Nelson and Judge Granville Garrison, both from the state of Washington, the story unfolds swiftly. The former is accompanied by his daughter, Nelson wants to serve onemore term and then become president, while Garrison has senatorial ambitions. Both are prominent presidential possibilities and have strong followings. If both stay in the race there will be a deadlock on the part of the republicans and a democratic senator will be elected. Nelson is a Yale alumnus and Garrison is a proponent of Harvard than he is of his mother, and they play their teams against each other for the high place. One or the other will rise or fall by the game.

Seb Layton, the half-back, hears the story of the agreement between Garrison and Nelson at the intermission when the score stands Yale 4, Harvard 4, through the Yale coach, who says:

"We've got the game won sure. I'll try an end run, and give you the ball on the next line-up. You can make the final touchdown. By thunder, it is a great opportunity for you."

Layton nodded slowly, saying: "Yes, it is a great opportunity for me. Do you suppose Senator Nelson will stick to their agreement?"

"They've got to. Their agreement was witnessed by too many people for them to back out. Nelson has more to lose than Garrison, because Garrison can stay on the supreme bench for life and have a good thing, but if Nelson is compelled to withdraw from the race his political career is ruined. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see—I see."

"This is your last year at Yale, Seb, and you will finish your football career by making a United States senator—perhaps a president! If I—there's the whistle. I'll give you your chance."

The right end made a desperate effort, but one yard was the best he could do, and again the Harvard rosters began their frantic work, hoping against hope to stouten the hearts of the eleven that was standing in the very shadow of defeat. Time and again the crimson's nine "rahs" sounded, long and deep, while Yale was giving cheer for cheer in the sharp and quick manner customary to the blue and white.

Again the whistle sounded, and the squirming mass of men slowly untangled itself and the players took position, Yale with alacrity, Harvard with bulldog grit that bade them fight to the last second.

Wilkins glanced at Layton. The half-back's face was showing a gray pallor, but his eyes were burning, his lips tight-pressed.

"Signals!" shouted the captain. Layton arose and looked over the heads of the line to where Senator Nelson stood in the automobile, smiling happily, while the girl waved the gaudy pennant and screamed something that was lost in the general uproar.

"Get down, Seb! Play lower—damn it, man, lower—lower!" cried the captain, and the half-back, with the muscles of his mouth drawing deep lines around his face, dropped to the old crouch.

"Fourteen — twenty-two — ten — ninety — five." The ball was snapped, the pass to Layton cleanly made, and the half-back bored forward like a battering ram, crashing through between guard and tackle, while ten thousand voices shrieked in joy or despair.

Then the tumult stilled for an instant. No one could explain just how it had happened, but Layton had straightened up after tearing through the line, and with the Harvard full-back bearing down upon him to tackle, he had in some unaccountable way fumbled the ball, apparently made a desperate effort to catch it as it bounded from his hands, but his fingers struck the ball instead of catching it, and the oval shot straight into the hands of the Harvard full-back, who dashed around the surprised Yale end and fled down the field.

For a moment not a sound came from the sidelines. The Yale full-back had been playing well back to guard

against a possible fluke, and he alone now stood between Harvard and victory. Nimbly the man with the ball sprang aside in an effort to escape being tackled, but the effort was not successful. With a desperate lunge the defender of the goal threw his arms about the other's thighs.

The shock was terrific, and both went rolling over the ground, but with a grip like death, Harvard clung to the ball, and rising to his knees, he threw himself forward full length, his arms reaching just across the precious goal line with the ball as the referee's whistle signaled that the time was up. A roar of victory rolled out from the Harvard side of the field.

Wilkins ran to where Layton stood near the sidelines, his face still showing its pallor.

"Seb—how?" The captain choked, and tears streamed from his eyes. "Explain it! Don't stand like that! I don't want to think—"

His shoulder shook and, dropping his head, he walked away. A man hearing a fattered Yale pennant ran up to Layton and cursed him.

"You're a traitor! You did it purposely, you—youdog! That for you!"

He spat squarely in the face of Layton, but the half-back's clinched fist caught him on the jaw and he went to the ground.

Layton gave the fallen one no further notice. His eyes were on the red automobile, where a small group of people were applying restoratives to a gray-moustached man who had collapsed. Then the half-back turned and walked back to the club house, and no one spoke to him as he passed.

That night, after the game, Joe Bronson, who was Layton's roommate at Yale, said:

"I've come to pack up, Seb, for I've decided to change my room."

"You hopped across to the wardrobe and began throwing things out onto the bed, when Layton said: "That's a fair sample of the true as steel" business we hear exploited so often! Very well. I'll help you pack, and then you may go out and help tear me to tatters. It's the way—"

"Hush that!" Bronson sent a pair of silk pajamas sprawling on the floor and turned to Layton. "We've roomed together too long for that. I left a group of our own fellows this evening because I wouldn't listen to their talk, and a week ago I punched the face of a laboring monkey from Cambridge because he sneered. But I don't think I can room here any longer."

Layton shifted his cigar stub to the opposite side of his mouth, and again hit at it savagely.

"Thanks, Joe. It was good of you, but—"

"No thanks are due, I did it for Yale." He turned again to the work of packing.

The other dropped into a chair and watched his companion in silence for a time. Finally he reached under the table and held a box of cigars toward Bronson.

"Won't you smoke?" he asked, quietly. "The season's ended and you can't breast-bast me now, you know."

There was the faintest suspicion of a smile on his lips as he finished speaking.

The guard half turned toward the cigar, but quickly caught himself and seized a trunk, instead, and dragged it toward the doorway.

"No, I thank you." He straightened up and looked full at Layton. "Seb, I'm going to ask you point blank: Are you going to quit college or finish your course?"

The cigar box was banged down on the table between them, and, quickly leaning forward, Layton brought his clinched fist down on the frail box, smashing the lid to splinters.

"I'll finish!" he exclaimed, his eyes blazing. "No gabbling narrow-heads can drive me away! I know the value of an education, and I'm here to get it. Life has always been a serious thing with me, and I'm glad of it. I'm fitter for this race where everybody is trying to trip one and leave him hunting for a gun with which to blow out his brains! It's every man for himself while we're alive, and I don't think we'll find any bigger devils after the breath leaves us than the ones that are trying their damndest to get us by the throats while we're on earth! I'm going to stay, Bronson! I'm going to stay, and any polly-woggle that doesn't like it can go to hell!"

In the second chapter the scene is shifted to the inland Empire, Mr. Kramer giving his initial sketch of the city of Spokane in these words: "Laying at the northern edge of the 'Palouse country,' as every son of Washington styles it, and close to where the Coeur d'Alenes Mt themselves in rugged grandeur, Spokane draws tribute from hundreds of surrounding miles of that inland Empire. The marvel of the great north-west that Marcus Whitman saved for the United States of America by a ride of 4,000 miles to Washington, Spokane boasts of most of the wonders and delights of the commercial centers of the east, with few of their grimy sorrows, and no city of this continent is more picturesquely framed by nature."

"Thirty-five miles away, Lake Coeur d'Alene has for its outlet the Spokane river, and through all of these miles, between rock walls, the river rushes on with ever-increasing force until with a mighty roar it flings itself in marvelous cataracts over stony precipices in the very heart of the city, and the voice of the falls is the Voice of Industry, a voice whose power is excelled in America by Niagara alone."

"Hundreds of miles to the westward the beacons of Seattle and Tacoma, between the lights far out through the mists of Puget Sound and ships follow the sea's highways from remote corners of the globe to their docks; and, too, close beside this sunset sea Olympia proclaims to the world that it is the capital, that here statesmen assemble to enact the laws and appropriate from the state's treasury."

"But, notwithstanding the truthfulness of this, it is in Spokane that the politicians foregather to smile and smile—and grip the throats of their antagonists. It is in Spokane, with the breath of the flower-splashed Palouse valley sweeping across her troubled breast and with the eye of nature's god looking down upon her from the Coeur d'Alenes' grim watch-towers, that destinies are made and unmade and revealed later in Olympia on the sound."

"The Eagles' Nest" in Spokane is where one of the big scenes is enacted. Mr. Kramer describes the building thus:

"On Riverside avenue an imposing structure rears its granite front full two stories higher than any other building in the city, and from the Rocky mountains on the east to where the Columbia empties its waters into the Pacific on the west it is known as the Eagles' Nest, for every suite of rooms in that magnificent office building is occupied by politicians and lawyers. Fitting appellation? It is for you to judge."

A broad, column-studded entrance from the street is flanked by the usual office directories, with the news stand and cigar cases convenient, while straight ahead heavily wired doors click as they slide open and shut and the elevators speed silently upward with their impatient prey for the 'raggles,' or as noiselessly descend with those who have given battle and withdrawn."

"The third floor front suite is especially handsome and convenient in its appointments, and evidently was designed by one with a far-seeing mind, for the partition walls are of double thickness and deadened until one must shout very loud, indeed, if he wishes to be heard in an adjoining room."

"These were the offices of the Hon. Granville Garrison, representative from the state of Washington to the senate of the United States. Not always were political conferences suggestive of Quaker meetings. Ofttimes some obnoxious county boss must be shipped into line, and not infrequently there were stormy scenes over the hostile one was ready to hold up his hands and answer meekly to roll call."

"Senator Garrison abhorred the stuffy, roll-top desks, and chose as his work bench a large table that stood in the middle of the room, and always when at his work he faced the one door opening into this retreat. Were you to be particularly observant, as you entered the room, you might detect a jagged hole in the mahogany wainscoting back of where Garrison sat, and perhaps you would observe that the hole was but an inch or two higher than the senator's head."

"The explanation lies in the fact that soon after the Hon. Granville Garrison's return to Spokane from his first session of congress he had been waited upon by a wrathful ranchman from over the Big Bend country, who damned Garrison in no uncertain language for his failure to obtain the passage of an anti-barbed-wire fence law for the ranges, and who stamped his high-heeled boots on the polished floor until certain that he was having no effect on the senator, who smiled exasperatingly during all of it. Then there was a flash of blued steel and a bullet chugged into the wall just behind Garrison."

"Before the second shot could be fired the congressman had leaped at the rancher and sent the gun flying from his hands, after which a blow in the region of the ear had accomplished much as a pacifier. For Granville Garrison was not a coward, nor could be classed with that genus since designated by a strenuous president as 'molly-coddles.' In early life he had roughed it on the range, and he was not long into his teens before he could ride a broncho or rope a steer with skill."

"That abundant wealth came to his father as it did to so many cattle kings is another story, and has naught to do with this tale, save as it explains how the boy was able to desert the saddle for school, where he turned to his passion, law, and went steadily upward to the bench of the supreme court of his country. Not an uncommon incident in the land of the stars and stripes, and therefore, more easily understood in this instance."

"In spite of his very active life, or perhaps because of it, he carried his 57 years easily. His step was elastic, his eye clear, his smooth-shaven face ruddy, but his hair was iron gray. Trouble sat lightly upon him, and once he decided upon a thing he was never known to turn from it until he met either success or defeat. Hestancy or compromise had no part in his rule of life."

"Chivalrous and courteous as a court-gallant to women, he seemed neither to seek nor avoid their society, and therefore, was idolized in secret by many, but there had never been a hint of scandal resultant. With men, and hate his enemies, and he reached out the helping hand to his friends, and to pursue relentlessly and crush effectually his enemies."

Another chapter of Mr. Kramer's novel deals with the period before the crash in eastern money centers, which caused such havoc throughout the country in 1907-8. Tess Barr, the girl from nowhere, has a most remarkable influence over Layton, who figures in numerous thrilling escapades in this and subsequent chapters. Gradually the change is brought about until Layton, turning his back on the years of longing for revenge on Warren Nelson, who caused the elder Layton to commit suicide, hearkens to the voice of his conscience and saves the Falls City bank from ruin. Nelson receives word of the threatened ruin while he is in the Palouse country and the novelist brings him to Spokane, thus:

"It was early in the day—a day that American bankers will not soon forget—that Warren Nelson's great touring car left Judge West's home down in the Palouse hills and whirled away in a mad dash for Spokane. A boy had galloped out from Whitman, bearing a telegram that should have reached the financier the night before."

"In the driver's seat sat Nelson, his face as gray as his moustache, but his jaws were hard set, and the car was sent plunging along the uneven road, up hills and down into the valleys, with all of the reckless speed of his engines could develop. In the seat behind Nelson were Joe Bronson and Frances, for the girl had read the alarm in her father's face and had insisted on returning to the city with him."

"With siren howling its warning, the car swept across the Pine creek bridge, turned into the main street of Whitman with a speed that sent the car skidding in a terrifying way, and then, having clung to the road in some marvelous manner, it flashed through the village with the speed of an express train, narrowly escaping collisions with vehicles, and while those of the town were still shouting in alarm the flying automobile was climbing the hill to the north of the

town; the sunlight glinted on it an instant, and then it sped down into the little valley and went springing and lurching and whirring on its way."

"The man who crouched over the steering gear seemed not of blood and flesh; he might have been carved of marble or fashioned of steel. He spoke no word; he gave no sign; for no instant did his eyes falter from the roadway that lay ahead one breath and shot beneath the car the next. The hand of the gauge told off the miles with a rapid sweep, and at last the outer limits of Spokane were sighted."

"The time, Bronson? Nelson shouted, his gaze still on the road."

"Joe took out his watch and, leaning forward, held the dial before the banker. A nod was the reply, and Bronson replaced the watch. Scarcely had he done so than there was a report like the sound of a rifle shot, and one of the rear wheels began pounding and grating over the hard road."

"A punctured tire!" yelled Joe, but Nelson gave no heed."

"Scattered houses appeared here and there and the road became a long, irregular street, but with hoarse howlings the car tore onward, and the crippled wheel jarring in an ominous way at every uneven spot. Quickly the panorama whirling by them brought closer and larger clusters of dwellings, and then one hand shifted from the steering wheel to the throttle, the car being now so far into the city that a more moderate speed was a necessity, but still they dashed on at a pace that carried a constant threat of tragedy."

"Deeper and deeper into the city they sped, and slower and slower the car was driven, but even the last few blocks were reeled off at a speed that caused policemen to shout and others to pause and stare at the reckless flight. With a sweep the car drew up in front of the Falls City bank, and Nelson, pallid of face, stepped to the curb."

"What time is it, Joe?" he asked.

"Five minutes after nine, and—"

"Take Frances home and then come to the bank."

"Nelson turned and walked toward the door, but his steps were unsteady. Bronson drew out his handkerchief and mopped the cold perspiration that was standing out on his brow. He took the driver's seat, but in doing so he found that his legs were strangely weak and his hands unsteady. Frances had collapsed and were huddled down in the seat, pale and battling with nervous sobs. Joe tried to speak to her, but his throat had grown suddenly dry and his words were broken gasps. Then he faced the front and drove slowly down Riverside avenue."

Layton, alone in his rooms, read of the wild day Wall street had experienced; how the crash had come that day, how the speculators had seized the opportunity to hammer the market until all stocks were wavering. The newspaper dispatches told of a rallying of forces and there was a note of optimism, as the king of finance had carefully searched the bushes and found that a panic had been without cause and that they had been deceived by a bogus, and that the following day the street made a brave start, but two of New York's biggest banks closed their doors at noon."

"There's four hours' difference in our time, you know—and the panic is on," said Ned Weyer, state chairman, who had joined him.

Layton sat dumb for a few moments, a myriad of thoughts flashing through his mind.

"And of course, that will hit Spokane. Confidence will be lost and—"

"That's all there is to it. There'll be just as much money as there was before, but nobody can tell what will happen next. Runs have been started. The papers will have to handle it, of course."

"Of course, the papers will have to handle it now—and well have some of the drop, and then we'll be under it when it drops."

Mr. Kramer then tells of a fight in the Falls City bank and the conference with Nelson that followed, describing with dramatic detail how the financial institution and the Northwestern railroad securities were saved from ruin. He shows how the senator was mastered, and then clears up the doubt about the birth of Tess Barr, a cattle rustler in the Rock Lake district, and the capture of his gang, and then the story ends as all exciting tales should. The hero and the idol of his heart are in each other's arms and, the novelist adds, "The last rays of the setting sun spread a mantle of gold on the hills of the Palouse, and then it faded into dusk, but they gave it no heed, for into their hearts had come the dawn."

"The Chrysalis" as all the elements of a strong American novel, as the foregoing extracts, from an advance copy just received, show, and it is believed it will create more than an ordinary stir in the northwest, while at the same time it will be much to exploit this country in the east.

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