

A Man of Mark BY ANTHONY HOPE A ROMANCE OF LOVE TREASURE AND ADVENTURE

(THIS STORY BEGAN MONDAY AND WILL END ON SATURDAY.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jack Martin, local director of an English bank in the South American Republic of Argentina, is bribed by the President of that republic to advance him \$200,000 of the bank's funds.

CHAPTER V. The Stronger Man.

"If you move a step I shoot her through the heart," Martin said to the President, in the quietest voice imaginable. The Signorina looked up as she heard his voice.

"What's the matter with her?" he said. "Fell and sprained her ankle," I replied. "Come, Martin, she's no go, and you know it. A near thing, but you've just lost."

"You're right, Martin," said the President. "I'll give you my word. Take the revolver if you like," and I nodded my head to the pocket where it lay.

"There will be no rescue," said he grimly. "If the Colonel comes," "The Colonel won't come," he said. "Whose house is that?"

"It was my boatman's," "Bring her here. Poor child, she suffers!" We knooked up the boatman, who thus did not get his night's rest, after all. His astonishment may be imagined.

"Not exactly," the fighting was over. A very short affair, Martin. They never had a chance; and as soon as two or three had fallen and the rest saw me, they threw up the sponge."

"But for your scheme I should have come back without a blow," he continued; "but then I should have shot McGregor just the same."

"Because he led the revolt?" "Because," said the President, "he has been a traitor from the beginning even to the end—because he tried to rob me of all I held dear in the world. If you like," he added, with a

shrug, "because he stood between me and my will. So I went up to him and told him his hour was come, and I shot him through the head. He died like a man, Martin; I shot that."

"I could not pretend to regret the dead man. Indeed, I had been near doing the same deed myself. But I shrunk before this calm ruthlessness."

"Another long pause followed. Then the President said: 'I'm sorry for all this, Martin—sorry you and I came to blows.'"

"You played me false about the money," I said bitterly. "Yes, yes," he answered, gently; "I don't blame you. You were bound to me by no ties. Of course you saw my plan."

"I supposed your Excellency meant to keep the money and throw me over." "Not altogether," he said. "Of course I was bound to have the money. But it was the other thing, you know. As far as the money went, I would have taken care you came to no harm."

"What was it, then?" "I thought you understood all along," he said, with some surprise. "I saw you were in a deal with Christina, and my game was to drive you out of the country by making the place too hot for you."

"She told me you didn't suspect about me and her till quite the end." "Did she?" he answered, with a smile. "I must be getting clever to deceive two such wide-awake young people. Of course I saw it all along. But you had more grit than I thought. I've never been so nearly done by any man as by you."

"But for luck you would have been," said I. "Yes, but I count luck as one of my resources," he replied.

"Well, what are you going to do now?" "He took no notice, but went on: 'You played too high. It was all or nothing with you, just as it is with me. But for that we could have stood together. I'm sorry, Martin; I like you, you know.'"

"For the life of me I had never been able to help liking him. 'But killings mustn't interfere with duty,' he went on, smiling. 'What claim have you at my hands?'"

"Recent burial, I suppose," I answered. He got up, and paced the room. For a moment or two, I waited with some anxiety, for life is worth something to a young man, even when things look blackest, and I never was a hero.

"I make you this offer," he said at last. "Your boat lies there ready. Get into her and go; otherwise—" "I see," said I. "And you will marry her?"

"Yes," he said. "Against her will?" "He looked at me with something like pity. 'Who can tell what a woman's will will be in a week? In less than that she will marry me cheerfully. I hope you may grieve as short a time as she will.'"

"In my inmost heart I knew it was true. I had staked everything, not for a woman's love, but for the woman of a girl. For a moment it was too hard for me, and I bowed my head on the table by me and hid my face."

"Then he came and put his hand on mine, and said: 'Yes, Martin; young and old, we are all alike. They're not worth quarrelling for. But nature's too strong.'"

"May I see her before I go?" I asked. "Yes," he said. "Alone?"

"Yes," he said once more. "Go now—if she can see you. I went up and cautiously opened the door. The Signorina was lying on the bed, with a shawl over her. She seemed to be asleep. I bent over her and kissed her. She opened her eyes, and said, in a weary voice: 'Is it you, Jack?'"

"Yes, my darling," said I. "I am going. I must go or die; and whether I go or die, I must be alone."

"My poor Jack!" she said. "It was no use, dear. It is no use to fight against him."

"You love me?" I cried in pain. "Yes," she said; "but I am very tired; and he will be good to me."

"Here was her strange subjection to that influence again. She was strangely quiet, even apathetic. As I knelt down by her she raised herself, and took my face between her hands and kissed me, not passionately, but tenderly."

"Without another word, I went from her, with the bitter knowledge that my great grief found but a pale reflection in her heart."

"Arrived at the boat, I got in mechanically and made all preparations for the start. 'I am ready to go,' I said to the President. 'Come, then,' he replied. 'Here, take these, you may want them,' and he thrust a bundle of notes into my hand (some of my own from the bank. I afterward discovered). Then the President took my hand."

"Good-by, Jack Martin, and good luck. Some day we may meet again. Just now there's no room for us both here. You bear no malice?"

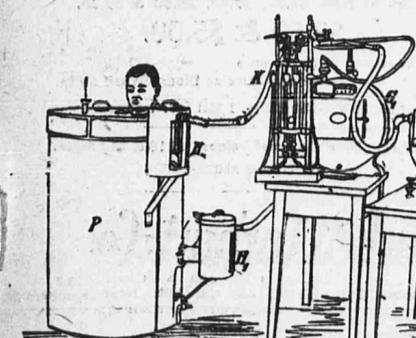
"No, sir," said I. "A fair fight, and you've won." As I was pushing off, he added: "When you arrive, send me word."

I nodded silently. "Good-by, and good luck," he said again. I turned the boat's head out to sea, and went forth on my lonely way into the night.

I thought the episode at an end. But more—much more—was to come.

(To Be Concluded.)

MEASURING PERSPIRATION.



The Germans have recently invented a machine for measuring the amount of perspiration and carbonic acid gas given off by a man in twenty-four hours. The machine is shown in the accompanying picture, with a man shut up in an airtight metal cylinder, which is connected with indicators that show the amount of carbonic acid gas given off. An airtight collar surrounds his neck, his head being on the outside, because the object in view is not to measure the carbonic acid exhaled by his lungs. It can hardly be an agreeable way to spend a day.

THE COOK'S FAILURES.

An expert has here compiled a list of the failures cake bakers make and the reasons for them, which once understood will insure future success: Fruit Sinks to the Bottom of the Cake.

Reason—Badly mixed in; or, moved in the oven before it was set; or, the oven door heavily banged, both causing fruit to fall.

Streaks, Dull - Colored Streaks Through the Cake.

Reason—If just in the center only, it is not sufficiently cooked; if all through the cake, butter and sugar not creamy enough, or, butter not rubbed in thoroughly.

Cake Rises Splendidly at First, Then Sinks in.

Reason—Too much baking powder; or, caked moved; or, oven door banged before it was set.

Cakes Badly Burnt Underneath.

Reason—Bottom heat in the oven too fierce.

Remedy—Stand cake tin in a baking tin, containing about one inch of water. Inches of common salt or sand. These act as non-conductors of heat.

A MODERN LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS. BY HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

A FEW days ago a gentleman of wealth and culture appeared in a Harlem Court as chief prosecutor of his seventeen-year-old son, charging him with burglary and committing his boy to the ordinary processes of the law.

Those who know the most about the environment of the every-day child offender, those who have studied the parentage, the home environment of the juvenile delinquent, have the most sympathy for these victims of degradation and poverty—the little children of vice and misery who start life in a current of wretchedness and deprivation, that naturally carries them swiftly toward the broad ways that lead to the courts.

It is sad enough to have to say that there is nothing surprising in the average case of the child offender. The natural explanation is the one we offer in ordinary cases—the child's inheritance, the child's parentage, his home, his surroundings.

But in the case of Harold Snyder we have a persistent child offender whose parentage is, from every point of view, above the average in intelligence, wealth, education and refinement.

Yet at seventeen his father, Walter O. Snyder, a broker, appears in court to acknowledge that he has failed to make even a law-abiding boy of his eldest son.

Mr. Snyder asks to have his first-born child placed in a public reformatory; asks to have him removed from parental care and from the association of his younger brothers, lest his malign influence shall pervert them also.

At seventeen to be stigmatized for life by a commitment to a public institution!

I confess I have been thinking of this boy's terrible punishment and trying to think it a wise procedure ever since I read of the proceedings in a daily paper. Will Harold Snyder's punishment in a public reformatory make a good man of him?

That is the important question. According to excellent authority, the offenders among the young criminals are largely recruited from public institutions and reformatories.

Will it make a good man of Harold Snyder to send him, an acknowledged thief, to a place where there is a collection of thieves and other criminals, where each is stigmatized as effectively as though the word "Criminal" were branded with a hot iron across his brow?

Will it deter other viciously inclined children from following his lead? The straightest way to make a har out of a child is to suggest to him that he is incapable of telling the truth, to treat him always as one whose word is to be suspected.

I wish I could think the answer to the child-criminal problem lies in the so-called child reformatories.

But I cannot. I know something of children. I loved them and my heart is sore over the fate of the child ever so rightfully convicted of a crime. The contagion of example has been sufficiently demonstrated in the hideous waves of crime which follow some one great atrocity.

Harold Snyder is afflicted with no criminal inheritance, yet every child-loving man and woman must feel that some way, some how in his babyhood he acquired his perverted ideas. Children must get their standards from their surroundings.

We who are parents must acknowledge our responsibility no matter how heartbreaking the result which has come through our inexperience, our lack of wisdom or the surroundings and the associations we have given the child that causes us such anguish.

If there were some way of sending Harold Snyder far from every association of his misguided youth, where but one person and that one his real, earnest, sympathetic friend, would stand by him, where he would have a chance, with every incentive to become an upright man with plenty of hard, compensatory work and everybody expecting him to do his best, appreciating his every honest effort at its proper value, wouldn't a boy of seventeen stand a better chance of a creditable manhood?

THE TOLSTOI PICTURE THAT CAUSED AN ART GALLERY RIOT.



THIS is Bounin's famous Tolstoi picture which has set all Europe agog and led to the recent riot in the St. Petersburg Art Gallery.

At first glance the picture seems harmless enough, representing as it does a group of simple fishermen at work.

But the old man in the center who is directing the task is easily recognizable as Tolstoi, while each of the four other faces is that of some distinguished Russian, who is thus depicted as toiling under the great Communist's directions.

The picture gained instant notoriety. One Sunday recently a large crowd gathered in the gallery where the painting is on exhibition. All at once a man with flaxen hair and beard, of delicate appearance, stepped forward, and before people could quite realize what was going on had scribbled in large black letters covering the whole sky-line the word "Shame."

Instantly there arose a babel. Some called for the destruction of the offender, others for that of the picture. A big man lectured the vandals, saying that people had the right to criticize but not to mutilate.

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IS THE STAGE DOOR "JOHNNY" TO BE FOUND IN MANHATTAN?



"The Wall Street Broker" Seems to Have Taken the Place of the Vacuous Youth.

YOU hear a great deal about the stage-door Johnny, and the popular picture that is called up in the mind's eye by the mention of this species is a male creature between twenty-three and twenty-eight, clothed in the latest fashion, and endowed with an intellect in inverse ratio to his capacity for spending money.

The Johnny is, in the parlance of the classics, a "good thing" for chorus girls, and these young men with sporting inclinations are painted in fancy's eye as waiting in anxious trepidation for the appearance of Mazie or Ethel, to be whisked away to a scene of sparkling glasses, more sparkling wine, and lobster that is Newburg.

In gay Gotham this type of Johnny is more or less of a myth. Over across the pond, in "dear old Lunnnon," this peculiar specimen of the genus homo really exists; but he is indigent to the land of fogs and degenerate nobility.

Gayer Manhattan, however, offers a type that fills the place of the English counterpart, so far as flowers and suppers go. He is the Wall Street broker.

If you really want to see a picture of the New York "Johnny" just stand at the stage entrance of a theatre where there is a popular musical comedy some night. The line of hansom awailing the exodus of the "merry-merry" are not filled with lean and callow youths. There are anxious waiters all right, but not exactly young and tender.

If you would mention "stage-door Johnny" to a chorus girl she would give you a direct line of information to the "Wall Street Broker" does himself proud.

People wonder why the chorus girl should stay on the stage when she is so fortunate as to have friends in Wall Street from whom she can receive valuable tips on stocks (according to the venerable and hoary-headed comic opera jokers), for the life of a chorus girl is a strenuous one. The answer is that she probably would not have so many Wall Street friends if she were not on the stage. The two elements attract each other. There are very few girls in the chorus who have no "Wall Street Broker" on their list of acquaintances.

Of course there are young members of the tribe of Johnnies, but they do not take the really important part played by the Wall Street brokers. The younger constituents are college men who resemble in their ingenuousness more closely the Londoner. The college man is a joy and a diversion—some-times, but the American stage-door Johnny is the Wall Street broker and in the annals of stage lore the Wall Street broker, whoever he may be, and from wherever he may come, whether it be One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street or Park Row, has become a name as significant to Broadway as the miraculous stories of the press agent.

NEW YORK PLAYS IN A NUTSHELL. "THE RUNAWAYS."

MANY people have not the time to attend all the plays that come to New York, but at the same time like to know what such plays are about.

For the benefit of such readers The Evening World publishes the salient features of a few of these plays "in a nutshell." To-day's play is:

Name—"The Runaways." Name of the Playwright—Composer—Raymond Hubbell. Librettist—Addison Burkhardt. Theatre—Casino. Style of play—Musical extravaganza. Place of action—Race course; later Island of Table d'Hote. Time—Present.

Plot—Gen. Hardtack, U. S. A. (Alexander Clark) formerly a waiter, becomes enamored of Josey, a comic opera queen, who tells him of the Island of Table d'Hote, where the most delightful viands may be procured. The entire opera company and all of the racing elements are taken to the island. As Gen. Hardtack's horse, with his son Dave (William Gould) as jockey, wins the race, the romances of Dorothy Maynard (Helen Lord) and Dave, and of the Princess Angelcake (Amelia Stone) and Robert Gray (Van Rensselaer Wheeler) give opportunity for love interest.

Principal characters—Blutch, confederate to Fleeceum, a patent medicine fakir, Arthur Dunn, Gen. Hardtack, Alexander Clark, Dave, William Gould, Josey May, Comic Opera Queen, Dorothy Dorr, Princess Angelcake, Amelia Stone, Beatrice Wheeler and Mary Ann Garland, lady reporters; May and Flora Hengler, chorus characters, widows of the late King Goulash; comic opera girls, jockeys, natives of Isle of Table d'Hote, soldiers, sailors, dancing girls.

Best specialty—Dance of All Nations—Hengler sisters. Greatest hit—Arthur Dunn's song with the six widows, "A Kiss for Each Day in the Week."

Finest song—"My Radiant Firefly," sung by Amelia Stone, with chorus. Most novel song (with kitescope effects), "Suzanna from Urbanna," sung by William Gould and Comic Opera Queens.

Bright lines—Dave asking father for a loan—I'm broke as often as the Ten Commandments. Fleeceum's Blutch, in jail—What are you doing in there? Blutch—I'm doing time.

Gen. Hardtack—I feel so strong I think I'll go out and lick a postage stamp.

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SULTAN & SULTAN. BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st St. & B'way. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15. Henry W. Savage presents the New Musical Comedy.

PRINCE OF PILSEN. Special Price, Wed. Mat. 50c. Sat. 1.15. Evgs. 8.15.

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ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 14th St. & Irving Pl. COMIC OPERA COMPANY. FRANK DANIELS'S OPERA. Prices 25, 50, 75, \$1. Mat. Sat., 2. Eve., 8.15.

14th St. Theatre. THE 4 COHANS. Near 6th Ave. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15. 30 AND 30 CENT. 2D BIG WEEK. RUNNING FOR OFFICE.

VICTORIA, 42d St. & 4th Ave. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15. DAVID BELASCO. In "THE AUCTIONEER."

AMERICAN RESURRECTION. 42d St. & 3rd Ave. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15. Mother's Love.

DALY'S. Broadway and 20th St. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15. In MY LADY PEGGY GOES TO TOWN.

W. STAR. 14th St. & 10th St. Matinee Sat. 2.15. A DESPERATE PLANE. Next, w.k.—Little Church Around Corner.

KEITH'S. B'way & 10th St. In TOWN. 30-GREAT ACTS—30 FANCIES 25c. and 50c.

BIJOU, MARIE CAHILL, LAST 3 TIMES. "NANCY BROWN."

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BELASCO THEATRE. Last Sat. 2. Last 5 Weeks. DAVID BELASCO presents "THE DARLING." BLANCHE BATES. OF THE GUNS.

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GARDEN THEATRE, 7th St. & Madison Ave. Last 2 Nights, 8.30. Last Mat. Saturday, 2.30.

MADISON SQ. THEA., 24th St. & Irving Pl. Evgs. 8.30. Mats. Thursday & Saturday, 2.30. Gen. H. Broadbent's "A FOOL AND HIS MONEY."

HERALD SQ. Evgs. 8.10. Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2.10. GRACE GEORGE IN PRETTY PEGGY.

KNICKERBOCKER THEA., B'way & 38th St. Last 2 Nights at 8. Last Mat. Saturday, 2. Colonial Production.

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