

# ATED REBEL INVASION

By HERBERT QUICK,  
Author of  
"Aladdin & Co."  
"Virginia of the Air Lines," etc.

...native Iowa, honorable office, was Corio, am the victim of the in- republics, as expressed in a primary in Stevens County, Iowa. I am on my way to the great west, where I shall seek to serve newer communities where perjury may not be as ingrained in the nature of the body politic. And I shall shun relations other than professional ones, with persons of youth, beauty, charm, and feminine gender. For by these I am a sufferer. I have with me my notes, and to you is given the first hearing of my side of a case which may become historic.

"The contest is unequal," says Epictetus, between a charming young girl and a beguiling philosopher. Let this be remembered when I am blamed for the havoc wrought upon my political education in Stevens County, Iowa, by Miss Roberta Lee Frayn, of Tennessee. Not that I am a beginner in philosophy. The man who, at my age, has had such a brilliant career in the schools is no more than a field wherein Epictetus so distinguished himself. But neither does the word "charming" adequately describe Miss Frayn, unless one traces back the "charm" to its more diabolically significant root. I expect to write this, my apology, and leave the verdict to posterity.

No citizen of Stevens County is likely to be ignorant of the manner in which Miss Frayn was deposited in my mother's farmyard by the wrecking of a railway train, or how her grandfather, Col. Kenton Vell Frayn, died there in her arms and left the young girl penniless. Judge Worthington, however, as mentioned, was on the train and doubtless assisted in extricating Miss Frayn and her grandfather from the wreckage, but I feel that my own efforts were more effective than was reported. We left the young woman in the care of my mother, and I took the judge with me in my buggy.

He was much distraught as we rode along. I tried to say something in the way of fortifying him, but he repulsed me. "For God's sake, Oscar," I remember him to have said, "don't try to cheer me up until I can get out of my mind the image of that poor young girl and her dying grandfather."

I do not care to criticize the judiciary, but will say that Judge Worthington's early promotion to the bench, and his undeniable competence of person have in a measure induced in him a certain arrogance.

It was triumphantly elected. I went to Eastern and with recognition so far as to be placed on the subcommittee for the investigation of ineptness in the rural schools in the superintendent's section of the National Teachers' Association.

Feeling the growing breadth and fulness of life I returned and assumed my office. Then it was that the Frayn episode may be said to have begun. In a letter from my brother Chester, which I have here, and which runs, using an undignified diminutive:

"Dear Oscar:

"We would like to see you. Mother and all are well, and glad you pulled through, even if you did run behind the ticket slot. Am feeding three loads of steers, and they are making me a good deal of money, and all the feeders think he'll lose money on them. He paid four cents for them. This is about all the news. Can't you get an appointment to see the judge about the Frayn case? His grandfather got killed in that wreck. She wants to teach. She is a Southerner, but an awful nice lady, and but no more to be examined, as she won't let me get her hardly any clothes. She is very sensitive about money matters, and I had to go to her about the funds to buy some material with, and tried to slip in \$20 more, but she caught me at it and cried. I will be strict and make her write out the examination properly, and about the appointment and the questions."

"Yours truly, CHESTER."

"P. S.—Judge Worthington's office is so near yours, you might leave the appointment and the questions in there. The judge will bring them down. He comes quite often now, because he says that the Rogeses and the Worthingtons moved into Iowa in the same wagon train in an early day, and he thinks it strange that that accident that killed 'ol Frayn should have brought the families together again. He thinks that Miss Frayn will make a first-rate teacher, so you need not be backward about the appointment and the questions."

Not alighting one jot or tittle of my official strictness, I informed Chester that Miss Frayn must appear, and be examined as did the funds in the same situation. "Chester is an Ames man, and a fine judge and feeder of cattle, but not fitted for responsibility in boiler letters."

Prof. Dustin, my chief and my only educator and the author of a monograph on the Grube method, had charge of the examination when Miss Frayn appeared. I found Chester smoking a vile pipe in my lodgings when I came home.

"Say, Oscar," said he, "this four-eyed old triathlete won't do. You've got to get in here and do business yourself."

Conjecturing that he meant Prof. Dustin, I inferred that Miss Frayn's papers had been rejected. A glance justified the professor. She had given Robinson as the capital of the United States. A question in physiology called for a description of the iris, and Miss Frayn had answered that, further than that,

"she" was a maid, a dryad, or a nymph, and was pursued by Boreas, or Eolus, or Zephyrus until, turned into a flower, she could say nothing about Iris. The handwriting and drawing were beautiful; but the pages of mathematics were mostly blank, save for certain splashy discolored areas presumably of lachrymatory origin, denoting lack of self-control and scholastic weakness.

"It is," said I, "to think of certifying her. While she has a certain measure of intelligence."

"A certain measure," shouted Chester. "If you weren't a natural-born rascal, I'd— Come up to Aunt Judith's."

I went with him, firm in that solid self-control which gives fixity of character to my nature. I saw in its true light the amiable weakness of my relations which made them slaves to this girl. I felt as stern and austere as a public officer should, and looked it, I believe, for mother was quite in a flutter as she asked me to read a clipping from an Eastern Tennessee paper describing the departure from that region of the several boys who had been expelled.

"From this I learned that Miss Frayn and the colonel had been the last of the Frayns, the family having been exterminated in the Frayn-Harrod feud. This incident had been an engineer in Lee's army. He had given public notice on leaving at noon he would null to the front door of the courthouse, with the revolver of Enoch Harrod, the last enemy shot by the colonel, his version of the origin of the feud. He had carried out this parting piece of bravado with no disturbance except an exchange of shots as the train moved away from the station. I was horrified. Was a person in this barbarous state of culture asking me, Oscar Roges, member of the National Sub-Committee on Tone-Deafness, 'Okey,' said my mother, from behind, 'this is Miss Frayn?'

I looked at her, and was suddenly impressed with the nonexistence of the material universe, except as centered in and consisting of eyes of a ruddy brown like those of fine horses, rufous hair surrounding the small head like a nimbus, and a fine mass of impressions made up of the abstract concepts of timidity, fire, and unquerability. I have reported the matter to the society for physical research, but have received no answer as yet. It was clearly abnormal. She placed her arm about my neck, and I was almost choked with respect.

"Ah, the great man," said she, "of the family Ah have so much cause to love. Here she stepped as if to remain self-control. 'Ah wish mah pah' 'intah,' she went on, 'had—'

"Ting her arm. 'It'll be all right anyway, dear!'

I was considering what to say. Her skin was clear, white, daintily transparent, and of a delicate rose color. Her seldom display owing to stern girls' matric influence; she stood there on Aunt Judith's Persian rug, her petite figure with its rounded curves, half-veiled in a simple, elegant, half-veiled, and there returned upon me the mental vertigo, the lack of cerebral co-ordination, and the obliteration of the material universe.

"Am Ah so ignorant, really?" said she. "Am Ah fond of children; and Ah must find work."

"Why did I hate Dustin? Why could I not see his great eye?" said she. "I fall," said I, "to catch your meaning."

"I mean," said he, growing loud, "that peach-cream complexion, from the States lately in rebellion that you've given a stiffkin, an' your brother Chet by stratacans an' spiles has got himself elected an' put into our school. That's what I mean."

"I infer," said I, "some implied structure upon the character or school management of Miss Frayn, or the personality of the teacher, and the truth," replied Mr. Middlekauff, "We're a-complainin' of this schoolman with the rebel name; and of her grand old-fashioned Frayn treason an' emotional insanity. Try to sit that through your hair!"

"Like lightning a course of policy occurred to me," said Mr. Roges, the director, among your numbers."

"No," said Mr. Middlekauff. "This is kinder informal. An' besides, we'd want our right when we went in for this here. I tell you she's a—a—irrepressible force."

"It is elementary," said I, "that no extra party investigation can have any validity."

"Now, see here, Oscar Roges," hissed he. "I don't take any high-an'-mighty stand-off from a hunkhead that's stinging me when he was a kid! You'll hear this complaint, see?"

I did not weaken, but I allowed his standing in the community and party to outweigh offensive epithets, and in a manner, unoffensively, I took down the complaint, reserving my ruling. As the horrid tale was told I grew sick at the problem before me. I gleaned the details of the situation from my notes:

Miss Frayn (all these things are set down as asserted) had assigned William Middlekauff, whose father was a member of the G. A. R., the comparative greatness of Washington and Robert E. Lee, and had said: "She reckoned Mr. William ought to have won, as he had the strong side." Complained of as against public policy, adhering to armed insurrection, and giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Quere (per O. B.):

is a complaint good after forty years of peace and reconstruction?

All members of the committee said that every boy in the district of more than sixteen years of age was irresistibly attracted to her exact language, "bedaddled over her." (O. B.) Hence, her character must be "wrong" somehow. Two boys, each claiming an exclusive franchise to sweep out for her, had met and had been found kneeling before her, and had been discovered in the act of firing and tied to the feed rack by Allen's hired man, and spanked with the end-of-a-gate of his wagon. Chester Skeser was poorly, and had been found kneeling before her, and had been discovered in the act of firing and tied to the feed rack by Allen's hired man, and spanked with the end-of-a-gate of his wagon. Chester Skeser was poorly, and had been found kneeling before her, and had been discovered in the act of firing and tied to the feed rack by Allen's hired man, and spanked with the end-of-a-gate of his wagon.

"What, daily, Mr. Superintendent?" she exclaimed.

"Daily teaching," said I. "Our law requires it."

"It seems so unnecessary," she said in perplexity. "The young gentlemen will find out all about it in due time; and it is right to expel with the little ones. 'Not having the gift of prophecy, I felt strangely overcome at this astounding speech of tender solicitude for her welfare, and horror at her fearful mistake; but reproved her for jesting at the vice of drinking."

"Vell," said she, with a bubbling laugh. "Why, down home we all regard it as an accomplishment. But Ah reckon you Ah John's about teachin' it. You Ah shall never get used to it. Ah'm afraid; but Ah'm glad you don't mean that about the drinkin'."

Despairing of her understanding, I left her, again conscious of her under-odd and abnormal control. I was astonished to see in the school several boys who might have been great in the fields. They looked at one another sheepishly as I came in, but most of the time they gazed at the teacher, rather than at their book. Not having the gift of prophecy, I could not see in her presence the cloud that would soon overshadow my official life. I took their attendance as proof of the popularity of the school, and studied the philosophers, and sought calm of spirit. Learning from Epictetus that the earthen pitcher and the rock do not agree, and from Lubbock that love at first sight is thought by great minds to be a consistent career, and that I had in large measure reconquered, when, like a bolt from the blue—or at least with much abruptness—into my quiet office, a committee from the Teal Lake Township School Board, accompanied by a number of patrons of the Boges school—all old neighbors of ours—headed by the defeated Mr. Silzer Middlekauff, the former director, and Miss Frayn, the rebel invasion was at the door.

"Mr. Middlekauff," said one, "is the speaker."

"We've got a grievance," said Mr. Middlekauff, "a whole of a grievance in our district; and we've come right to the power-house to fix it. I shall command a consistent, careful consideration," said I. "Please state the case."

"That 'ere railroad wreck," said Mr. Middlekauff, "who was a very forcible speaker at caucuses, 'let loose on our people a scourge in caliker more pestilential than the Huns and Vandals. We come to you as clothed with a little brief authority, an' accessory after the fact, to inquire into the cause of this 'ere fall," said I, "to catch your meaning."

"I mean," said he, growing loud, "that peach-cream complexion, from the States lately in rebellion that you've given a stiffkin, an' your brother Chet by stratacans an' spiles has got himself elected an' put into our school. That's what I mean."

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desperate. She'd think she had no one to defend her—and you know the Frayn way."

"I shall not endeavor," said I, after consideration, "to reconcile medieval notions of honor and personal dignity with proceedings under the Iowa code. Neither do I feel it prudent for me to see this person."

For a few minutes Chester sat grinding his teeth and gripping the desk, and then rushed from the office calling me a white-livered duff, and telling me to go plumb to some place the name of which was cut off by the door's slamming. I sat in the office feeling a sense of unrest, until the time for going to court, where I found Judge Worthington on the bench, Chester sitting at the defendant's table, and no Miss Frayn.

"Are both sides ready in the next case?" asked the judge, without looking at the calendar.

"We wish to put the defendant on the stand for a few questions," said Beasley, Middlekauff's lawyer. "I don't see her in court, your Honor."

"Call the witness," said the judge; and the bailiff shouted three times: "Robert Lefrayne!"

"Has this man been subpoenaed?" asked the judge; "as he is defendant, I don't suppose you thought it necessary, Mr. Beasley."

"We could all see that the pronunciation of the name had misled the judge as to the identity of the defendant."

"To make sure," said Beasley, "we subpoenaed the party. Here is the writ, your Honor, with proof of service."

"Mr. Clerk," said the judge, frowning sternly, "name a bench warrant for Mr. Sherid, attach this witness, and produce him at once. Some of these tardy witnesses will go to jail for contempt if this is repeated! Call for your next!"

"Chester was pale as a ghost, and accented the bailiff as he went out with the warrant. Then he came back and listened with flushes of anger and clenched teeth to the reading of the pleadings, to which the judge seemed to pay no attention. At two, after the intermission, the bailiff, Capt. Winfield, an old G. A. R. man, appeared with Miss Frayn in his arm. He was blushing and fumbling his bronze button, while she smiled at him in a charming, daughterly way that brought back dangerous symptoms of relapse in my psychic nature.

"Call the witness Lefrayne!" cried the judge.

Light, airy, daintily flushed, she floated up to the bench. The fine for contempt died in Forsythe Worthington's breast, as he stared in a sort of delighted embarrassment.

"It was right kind of you, Judge Worthington," she said, looking up into his face, "to send Capt. Winfield to fetch me. He's a real gentleman, and a knife-point, she put off, and at friends with her, Chester's efforts to comfort her. She sat, an alien in an inhospitable land, lodged about by a wall of displeasure at some former insult, and at friends without civility. The judge began stating his decision, giving the argument for the one side and then for the other, as judges do.

"The evidence tends to prove," said he, "that Roberta Lee Frayn has a malign fascination over her pupils—the larger boys especially; that she has lured them into personal attendance upon her rather than study that she has incited young men to duels, brawls, breaches of the peace, and—"

"Proceed, gentlemen," said Judge Worthington.

Beasley gathered up his papers. "Are you the defendant?" asked he.

"Ah don't quite sathah youah meanin'," said she, "but Ah think not, sah."

"You're the teacher of the Boges School, in Teal Lake Township?"

"Oh, yes, sah," said she. "Faldon me! I thought you inquired about something else."

Judge Worthington stared as if struck by a dart.

"Let me see the papers in the case," said he, excitedly.

Beasley handed them up, and the judge examined them carefully. Then he handed them down, turned his back on Miss Frayn, and spoke in a low tone, like one greatly shocked.

"Proceed," said he.

Something in his tone or in the turning of his back seemed to strike upon the witness as if fascinated, Middlekauff ant or hostile. The few questions put to her by the lawyer to lay the foundation for some other bit of evidence did not appear to affect her at all; and when she took her seat between

Chester and my mother, and was reassured by their whispered communications, she looked serene, save when she noted the judge's averted face. Chester's lawyer spoke insistently of spite, prejudice, and unreasonable provincialism as being at the bottom of the case.

"And," he added, "I may add jealousy—jealousy, your Honor, of the defendant's charms of person, which, as a part of the res gestae, are evidence in this case, if your Honor only would observe them."

The judge started and blushed, but still looked steadily away. Mr. Middlekauff looked relieved. Miss Frayn fretted the linoleum with little tops of her toes, and her delicate nostrils fluttered. There was a myotic tension in the air.

"Mr. Chester," said the girl, in a low voice, "seems to be alludin' to— what does he mean?"

Judge Worthington rapped for silence. Miss Frayn's eyes grew bright, and her cheek showed a spot of crimson which deepened as the reading of the affidavit went on. As the legal verbiage droned through the story of the boy's infatuation, I looked at her, and knew that her indignation was swelling fiercely at she scarcely knew what. I began repeating to myself a passage from Seneca.

"Objected to," roared Chester's lawyer, "as incompetent, irrelevant, immaterial, impertinent, and grossly scandalous!"

Miss Frayn clenched her hands and held her breath as if at the realization of her worst fears. Then the judge spoke. "The affidavit," said he, "attributed to Miss Frayn a malign and corrupting influence over the whole neighborhood, and—"

"Sah," she gasped.

"Ruling reserved," said he. "Proceed."

Triumphantly Beasley went on with the resolutions. At last Miss Frayn seemed to understand. She rose with a gesture, and in frozen dignity addressed the court.

"Judge Worthington," said she, "Ah'm not quite certain Ah get the full meanin' of this, but Ah feel that Ah can't permit it to go fu'nal. Ah delect in say to you as a gentleman and an acquaintance, if not a friend, that these Ah things that cannot be said of a lady, sah."

"The defendant," said the judge, after two or three ineffectual attempts to speak "will be heard through her counsel—"

She was hurt and desperate as she sat down, and in a cold and livid fury. With her eyes level and shining like knife-points, she put off, and at friends with her, Chester's efforts to comfort her. She sat, an alien in an inhospitable land, lodged about by a wall of displeasure at some former insult, and at friends without civility. The judge began stating his decision, giving the argument for the one side and then for the other, as judges do.

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arms, Judge Worthington stepped down with a rent across his shoulder, from which he withdrew his fingers stained red. From under the table, where irresistible force had thrown me, I saw him take an unpressing hand, and heard him whisper to her.

"Darling," said he, "you don't understand! Let me explain, sweetheart, and then if you want the pistol back, I'll give it to you loaded!"

Then he stood up and took command. "The bailiff," said he, "will remove the defendant and Mrs. Boges to my chambers. I shall investigate this in camera. I am not hurt, gentlemen, more than a pin's prick, and am able to go on and take such measures as are necessary to protect the court. Remain here until I resume the trial!"

"I can tell you," said Middlekauff, "we'll crawl out where we went in. No body can stand ag'in her at this range like that!"

That Winfield's face was a puzzled and mysterious smile as he emerged from the chambers and Mrs. Boges to my chambers. "You can't subdue these Southerners, Oc," said he.

"The verdict of history," said I, "is otherwise."

"We just reconstructed and absorbed 'em," said he. "I was there, an' I know. The judge thinks we've got to handle this Frayn invasion the same way."

"I fall to get your meaning," said I.

"The way to absorb this rebel host," said the captain, "is to marry it. It's the only way to ground her wire and demagnetize her. I can't undertake the job for reasons known to all. You're sort of responsible for her de-avastatin' course, an' I think it'll effer itself down to Oscar Boges as a brigadier for the good of Teal Lake Township and the welfare of the Boges School."

My emotions were tumultuous. No such marriage could be enforced on me, of course; but duty, duty! Marriage had been to me an asset; he used in my career, which cannot be omitted until a case has been dropped in a slot provided for one.

"On the main point," said the captain, "the court had its mind made up when I came out. This marriage has got to be did. What's to do it is what they're ager'in on."

"Capt. Winfield," said I, "if the public interests require it, if my constituents demand it, I will make the marriage. Dr. Johnson said that marriages might well be arranged by the Lord Chancellor, and Judge Worthington is now sitting in chancery. I will marry the defendant, pro homo publico!"

"Okey," said the captain, in a proper serious manner, though some tittered, "you're a livin' marvel! I'll go back and report."

"Almost immediately, as my heart-beats stiffed me, they emerged from the chamber. My mother was in tears. Worthington bore Miss Frayn on his arm, and both looked exactly happy. Roberta, as I called her in my thoughts, shrunk back bashfully, more beautiful than I had ever seen her. It was a great, a momentous hour for me. I felt that I had settled the case.

"I shall ask the plaintiff," said the judge, "to dismiss this case!"

"On what grounds?" interrogated Beasley sharply.

"Does tell, Forcypeth!" said Roberta, hiding her face on the judge's arm as I approached.

"Because the defendant," the judge replied to Beasley, "has resigned. She is about to be married."

"Didn't I tell you, Oc," said Winfield, slapping me on the back—which in the delightful embarrassment of the occasion I did not resist—"that it was up to you?"

A boy in the audience—I think it was William Middlekauff—caught the judge's statement, and ungrammatically shouted: "Who to?"

"The lucky man!" shouted the crowd.

"As it seemed proper for me to do under the circumstances, I went forward to take Roberta's hand in anticipation of the announcement. Then all went dark before my eyes.

"I am happy," said Judge Worthington, "happy and inexpressibly honored to say that the defendant is to be married to me."

In one of the parks of San Jose, Cal., there are benches which cannot be occupied until a coin has been dropped in a slot provided for one.

## SUFFRAGE HIKERS ON THE ROAD.



GEN. ROSALIE JONES, With newspaper correspondents at head of the gallant army of suffragettes, who marched from New York to Washington.

## BEAUTIES, HUMAN AND CANINE, AT THE DOG SHOW.



Mrs. Mary Winthrop Turner and Her Prize Winner, Dollar Princess. Mrs. Turner is one of the judges at the fashionable Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show, now going on at the Grand Central Palace, New York, and made canine history the second day of the show by changing her decision on the merits of two dogs, bestowing first prize on one dog after she had given the prize to another. The other photograph shows the largest and the smallest dogs on exhibition at the show.