

POETS IN INTERNATIONAL WAR

OVER "SERPENT'S TONGUE" VERSE



The prospect of two celebrated poets engaging in a duel, a flat fight or a red-hot combat of words is causing literary folk in New York to sit up nights in anticipation of the fray. The belligerents are William Watson, the English poet, and Richard Le Gallienne. Mr. Watson has sailed from England vowing to meet Mr. Le Gallienne face to face and find out just why he wrote a certain poem entitled "The Poet With the Coward's Tongue." Mr. Le Gallienne admits his verses were aimed at the Englishman in reply to "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue," which he brands as unparliamentary in the extreme. Mr. Watson says he is coming to make Mr. Le Gallienne eat his rhymes, and the latter says he is ready for any kind of argument from shotguns to boxing gloves.

The Riverman By Stewart Edward White

(Continued.) "Here you join me!" burst out Heinzman. "I must not lose my log! Vat is your proposition?" Newmark broke in quickly. "I've told Mr. Heinzman," said he, "that we would sort and deliver the rest of his logs for \$2 a thousand." "That will be about it," agreed Orde. "But," exploded Heinzman, "that is as much as you agree to drive and deliver my whole cut!" "Precisely," said Newmark. "Put it half all the eggheads of driving the logs myself. Why should I pay you for doing what I have already paid to have done?" Orde chuckled. "Heinzman," said he, "we aren't forced to bother with your logs, and you're lucky to get out so easy. If I turn your whole drive into the river you'll lose more than half of it outright, and it'll cost you a heap to salvage the rest. And, what's more, I'll turn 'em in before you can get hold of a pile driver." "I'll sort night and day," he blustered, "and by tomorrow morning you won't have a stick of timber above my boom." He laughed again. "You want to get down to business straight sudden." When finally Heinzman had driven sadly away and the whole drive, "H" logs included, was pouring into the main boom Orde stretched his arms over his head in a luxury of satisfaction. "That just about settles that campaign," he said to Newmark. "Oh, no, it doesn't!" replied the latter decidedly. "Why?" asked Orde, surprised. "You don't imagine he'll do anything more?" "No, but I will," said Newmark.

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Early in the fall the baby was born. It proved to be a boy. Orde, nervous as a cat after the ordeal of doing nothing, tipped into the darkened room. He found his wife weak and pale, her dark hair framing her face, a new look of rapt inner contemplation rendering even more mysterious her always fathomless eyes. She held her lips to him. He kissed them. Grandma Orde brought the newcomer in for Orde's inspection. He looked gravely down on the puckered, discolored bit of humanity with a faint uneasiness. "Is—do you think—that is—" he hesitated. "Does the doctor say he's going to be all right?" "All right!" cried Grandma Orde indignantly. "I'd like to know if he isn't all right now! What in the world do you expect of a newborn baby?" But Carroll was laughing softly to herself on the bed. She held out her arms for the baby and cuddled it close to her breast. "He's a little darling," she crooned, "and he's going to grow up big and strong, just like his daddy." She put her cheek against the sleeping babe's and looked up sideways at the two standing above her. "But I know how you feel," she said to her husband. "When they first showed him to me I thought he looked like a peanut a thousand years old."

Chapter 26 THE first season of the Boom and Driving company was most successful. Its prospects for the future were bright. The drive had been delivered to its various owners at a price below what it had cost them severally and without the necessary attendant bother. Therefore the loggers were only too willing to renew their contracts for another year. This did not satisfy Newmark, however. "What we want," he told Orde, "is a charter giving us exclusive rights on the river and authorizing us to ask toll. I'm going to try and get one out of the legislature." He departed for Lansing as soon as the assembly opened and almost immediately became lost in one of those fierce struggles of politics not less bitter because concealed. Heinzman was already on the ground. Newmark had the shadow of right on his side, for he applied for the charter on the basis of the river improvements already put in by his firm. Heinzman wanted the improvements already existing con-

Chapter 27 When the Liver is Out of Tune the whole system is off the key—stomach upset, bowels sluggish, head heavy, skin sallow and the eyes dull. You cannot be right again until the cause of the trouble is removed. Correct the flow of bile, and gently stimulate the liver to healthful action by taking BEECHAM'S PILLS the bile remedy that is safe to use and convenient to take. A dose or two will relieve the nausea and dizziness, operate the bowels, carry new life to the blood, clear the head and improve the digestion. These old family pills are the natural remedy for bilious complaints and quickly help the liver to Strike the Key-note of Health Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 5c.

At the close of the fifth year the opportunity came to get possession of two lake schooners. Orde at once suggested the contract for a steam barge. Towing was then in its infancy. Orde thought that a steam barge could be built powerful enough not only to carry its own hold and deck loads, but to tow after it the two schooners. Newmark agreed with him. Thus the firm went into the carrying trade. The most important acquisition was that of the northern peninsula timber. Most operators called the white pine along and back from the river inexhaustible. But Orde saw the time not far distant when the world would be compelled to look elsewhere for its lumber, and he turned his eyes to the almost unknown north. After a long investigation he purchased 300,000,000 feet. This was to be paid for mostly by the firm's notes, secured by its other property. To Carroll, Orde was always the same big, hearty, whole souled boy she had first learned to love. She had all his confidence. Bobby had turned out a sturdy, honest little fellow, with more than a streak of his mother's charm and intuition. "I want to give him all the chance there is," Orde explained to Carroll. "A boy ought to start where his father left off and not have to do the same thing all over again." "Why don't you let him continue your business?" "By the time Bobby's grown up this business will all be closed out," replied Orde seriously. Three years after the conversation last mentioned, which would have made Bobby just eight, Orde came home on a summer evening, his face alight with satisfaction. He believed he had found the opportunity, twenty years distant, for which he had been looking so long. Orde and his wife sat together on the top step. He slipped his arm about her. They breathed deep of the happiness that filled their lives. Two shadowy figures defined themselves approaching up the concrete walk. "Hello!" called Orde. "Hello!" a voice responded. "Taylor and Clara," said Orde to Carroll, with satisfaction, "just the man I wanted to see." The lawyer and his wife mounted the steps. Clara Taylor stopped short and considered Orde for a moment. "Let us away," she said seriously to Carroll. "My prophetic soul tells me they are going to talk business, and if any more business is talked in my presence I shall expire. Come, Carroll; let's wander down the street and see Miss Heinzman." The two sauntered away. "Look here, Taylor," broke in Orde abruptly; "you told me the other day you had fifteen or twenty thousand you wanted to place somewhere." "Yes," replied Taylor. "Well, I believe I have just the proposition." "What is it?" "California pine," replied Orde. "California pine," repeated Taylor. "California's a long way off, and there is no market in there?" "It's cheap," replied Orde succinctly. "I don't say it will be good for immediate returns, but in twenty or thirty years it ought to pay big on a small investment made now." Taylor laughed. "Laugh all you please," rejoined Orde, "but I tell you Michigan and Wisconsin pine is doomed. Twenty or thirty years from now there won't be any white pine for sale." "Nonsense!" objected Taylor. "You're talking wild." "All right," said Orde quietly. "Well, what do you think of Indiana as a good field for timber investment?" "Indiana!" cried Taylor, amazed. "Why, there's no timber there; it's a prairie." "There used to be. And all the southern Michigan farm belt was timbered, and around here. We have our stumps to show for it, but there are no evidences at all farther south. You take your map and see how much area has been cut already. That'll open your eyes. And, remember, all that has been done by crude methods. The demand increases as the country grows and methods improve. It would not surprise me if some day thirty or forty millions would constitute an average cut."

Chapter 27 (Continued.) "Why is it that no one—" "Because," Orde cut him short, "the big things are for the fellow who can see far enough ahead." "What kind of a proposition have you?" asked Taylor after a pause. "I can get 10,000 acres at an average price of \$8 an acre," replied Orde. "About 400,000,000 feet in timber." "That's about 20 cents a thousand," Orde nodded. "And of course you couldn't operate for twenty or thirty years, and there's

Chapter 27 (Continued.) "Newmark & Orde means something to these fellows now." won't pay quite so big as we thought it would," he concluded, with a rueful little laugh. "It will pay plenty well enough," replied Newmark decidedly, "and it gives us a vantage point to work from. You don't suppose we are going to quit at river driving, do you? We want to look around for some timber of our own. There's where the big money is. And perhaps we can buy a schooner or two and go into the carrying trade. Newmark & Orde means something to these fellows now."

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