

# FRAN

BY JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

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### SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She remains in search of him, laughing during the services and is asked to leave. Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and a pillar of the church.

### CHAPTER XXII.

The Street Fair. Littleburg was trembling under the fearful din of a carnival too big for it, when Abbott Ashton, after his weeks of absence returned to find himself at Hamilton Gregory's door. He discovered old Mrs. Jefferson in the front room—this July night—because old age is on no friendly terms with falling dew; but every window was open.

"Fran!" he cried reproachfully as he reached her side. "How have you the heart to run away from me after I've been lost for weeks? Nobody knew I'd ever be found."

Fran gave up flight, and stopped to look at him. A smile slipped from the corner of one eye, to get caught at the corner of her demure mouth. "When you disappeared, you left me yourself. A friend always does. I've had you all the time."

### CHAPTER XXIII.

The Conqueror. After the extinguishment of the Fran-beam, Abbott wanted to be alone, to meditate on stellar and solar brightness, but in this vociferous wilderness, reflection was impossible. One could not even escape recognition, one could not even detach oneself from a Simon Jefferson.

folk, Littleburg citizens were rarely to be seen at such shows until a later and more fashionable hour. Gregory was relieved to find his topmost plank filled with strangers.

"All goes well," he said, pressing Grace's hand. "Nobody will find out that we have been in here."

"Watch for Mr. Clinton," Grace counseled cautiously. "If he comes in, stoop lower."

"They're all strangers, Grace. Providence is with us—there's Simon Jefferson!" He was too amazed to think of concealment.

"Hush! Yes—and Abbott Ashton." Gregory pulled his hat over his eyes.

Into the tent streamed a fresh body of sight-seers. Simon, swinging to the rope that was stretched in front of the big cage, grumbled at being elbowed by weary mothers and broad-chested farmers.

# NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON

## One Goat and Thousands of Cats in the Pound

WASHINGTON.—Statistics as to stray domestic animals and their disposition by the District pound have come to light in the semi-annual report of that institution to the health department. For the greater part of the time of the collection of the pound is taken up with dogs and cats. In the half year just closed there were impounded 2,423 cats and 2,176 dogs, while of other animals there were only six cows, two horses, and one goat. It is provided by law that geese also must be taken into custody when found at large, but in the last half-year, none was found. Other animals required to be taken when straying are bulls, mules, calves, sheep and hogs.

For the latter three classes of animals, pound fees of one dollar are charged for redemption. For geese the charge is 50 cents, and for all other animals except cats, two dollars. Fees collected for the half year just completed amounted to \$692.

Cats are collected only on request of those having them in charge, and are taken to be painlessly killed. They are not even confined for a short period, but put immediately in the actives of the pound are beginning the use of traps for catching cats, but these, too, are placed on private property, and only on request. The traps are so constructed as to confine the cats in a ventilated box, and before they are placed the party making the request must sign an agreement carefully to watch the trap, to notify the pound as soon as possible after the animal is caught, and in case of delay to feed the confined feline.

Dogs, also, after being kept 48 hours in order that owners may have an opportunity to redeem them, are killed by the administration of charcoal gas. Death is painless, experts say, and is accomplished in about half a minute. In the case of cats, death takes place after about a minute.

Some dogs enter the pound as enforced boarders, being quarantined for suspected rabies. Eighteen dogs detained for examination were returned to their owners during the last half year. Of all the other animals collected during the period, 280 were redeemed by their owners, 86 were sold, and 4,209 were turned over to the street cleaning department for disposal.

## Stood Himself on Track and Did Ajax Act

A CAR was whizzing toward the green hills of Virginia, not so far away. The big suburban was crowded with men, women and bundles, and everybody was happy except one passenger who weighed, say, 220 pounds—and every pound a life. He was a noisy man, and he wanted to fight. He was so set for a scrimmage that the motorman finally accommodated him by putting him off the car. Before the hero could get back to his car and start it Mr. Milwaukee was on the track daring him to run him down. The scheme worked, and the 220 pounds worth of jag reeled again.

The motorman with the valuable assistance of the conductor, put the jagman off the car eight distinct and dramatic times. And for eight distinct and dramatic times Mr. Milwaukee stood himself on the track and did the Ajax act. Then a small, anemic man who had also been overzealous in his attempt to make Milwaukee famous, and who was the rolister's companion, took a sudden virtuous zigzag notion to help out the motorman in his good work by sitting on his friend after he had been bounced from the car. You have heard about that rhythmic fly on the wheel of an automobile.

Well, sir, the two created such a rumpus that it attracted the attention of a passenger who had been reading his newspaper at the lower end of the car. He was as heavy a man as Milwaukee, and what weighed more, he was as sober as that judge we do our comparing by. One look out of the window was all he needed to send him to the rescue.

"Hold on—that's my brother; I'll settle him!" And he did. You bet he did! The words were not out of his mouth before he had jumped into the scene of action, flung brother Milwaukee flat on his back and was sitting astride of him—like a temperance Gambrinus straddling an intoxicated cask.

"I've got him where he can't get up; start your car, old man."

The motorman accepted the invitation and the car, with its crowd of men, women and various bundles, went whizzing toward the green hills of Virginia that were almost as far away as when they started.

## Doesn't Believe in Taking Things Too Seriously

THERE is one man in congress who doesn't believe in taking things too seriously. He is Representative Buck Howard of Georgia, a young man with a brilliant sense of humor. Unlike some of his co-workers in congress, he doesn't try to placate newspaper men. He makes friends of them, but doesn't hesitate to tell tales about them.

"One day," said he recently, "a young correspondent was in my office. He had just visited the state department to get news and apparently no news had been forthcoming. So after a while he had come up to congress and had dropped into my place to telephone a line or so to his editors. He took off his receiver, got his office and prepared to dictate a story.

"Take this," he said. "Ha-ab-um—in the event of an armed intervention in Mexico—got that? In the event of an armed intervention in Mexico—ha-a-a-ab-um-m-m!"

"There was a moment of painful silence. Then the man who was taking the illuminating article evidently began to protest against the delay.

"In the event of an armed intervention in Mexico," concluded the reporter, desperately, "it is highly probable that troops will be sent into that country!"

Representative Howard always wonders what the editor said when he read those lines.

## It Is No Longer a Joke to This Congressman

"HEY, Reilly, gimme a ticket for San Francisco! Here's the dollar." So many members of the house of representatives have recently thrust this bit of wit upon the member from Connecticut that it is no longer a joke to him. It all came about through a bill that Mr. Reilly introduced in the house "by request."

The request was made by a man in his district named James L. Cowles.

Long before the parcel post was put into existence Mr. Cowles was advocating it, and so complete had the working of that system become, in his mind at least, that the amount of money required to carry a parcel from Chicago to St. Paul would carry it from New York to San Francisco.

So firm was Mr. Cowles' belief in the feasibility of his scheme that he extended it to apply to the railroads. He advocated a flat rate for freight and passenger transportation, and his flat rate was placed at \$1. This would take a passenger from Washington to Alexandria, across the Potomac river, or from Washington to San Francisco.

"By request," Mr. Reilly introduced a bill in the house to help Mr. Cowles put his scheme into operation. That is as far as it has gone. And that is the reason so many members are thrusting \$1 bills in Mr. Reilly's direction and asking him for tickets to San Francisco.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"We'd better separate," Gregory hoarsely whispered. "We'll meet at the station."

"No. If he sees us, what would be the use? Anyway, he'll have to know tomorrow. . . . everybody will know tomorrow! No," said Grace, overcoming a slight indecision, "the important thing is not to be stopped, whoever sees. Come this way."

"But there's no chance out that way," Gregory returned, with the obstinacy of the weak. "And if he does see us, it won't do to seem to try to hide."

"But we are hiding," Grace said definitely. "Possibly we can keep moving about, and he will go away."

"Why should we hide, anyhow?" demanded Gregory, with sudden show of spirit.

To that, she made no reply. If he didn't know, what was the use to tell him?

Gregory moved on, but glanced back over his shoulder. "Now, he's getting down," he said in agitation. "He's making his way right toward us. . . . All right, let him come!"

"In here—quick!" cried Grace, dragging him to one side. Quick!

A voice stopped them with, "Your tickets, please."

"Oh, no," wailed Gregory, "not into a show, Grace. We can't go into a show. It's impossible."

She spoke rapidly: "We must. We'll be safe in there, because no one would ever suppose we'd go into such a place."

"But Grace," said Gregory firmly, "I cannot—I will not go into a show."

The voice addressed him again: "It's first-class in every particular, lady. There is nothing here to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of the most fastidious. See those fierce man-eating lions that have been captured in the remotest jungles of Africa—"

Gregory looked back.

Robert Clinton was drawing nearer. As yet he had not discovered them, but his eyes, grown fiercer and more impatient, were never at rest.

With a groan, Gregory thrust some money into the showman's hand, and he and Grace mingled with the noisy sight-seers flocking under the black tent.

### SHREWD SCHEME IS WASTED

Man Who "Beat" the Customs Inspectors Might Be Excused for Feeling a Little Annoyed.

The exacting regulations of the customs service bear heavily on the American returning from a trip abroad. The man or woman who cannot find more than the legal limit of \$100 to invest in trinkets, presents, and various personal articles of apparel is rare. To be held up like a criminal and be forced to discuss with inquisitive custom inspectors the value of every little article in one's baggage is vexatious. So people frequently resort to subterfuge.

A man who had been in Siberia on business had an opportunity to buy there at very reasonable rates some beautiful sable skins. He decided that it was too good a chance to make his wife a desirable gift to be overlooked, so out of hundreds of skins he selected a dozen of great beauty. On reaching New York he sought the cooperation of several men friends, and each of them slipped a skin or two



Her Handclasp Was So Hearty That He Was Slightly Disconcerted.

the eternity of nine-thirty; and I'd go anywhere in the world to meet you, even to the den of the Snake-Eater."

"That's the way for a friend to talk!" she declared, suddenly radiant—a full Fran-sun, now, instead of the slender penetrating Fran-beam.

Seeing a leg-lined lane opening before her, she darted forward.

Abbott called—"But I can't promise to talk to you as a friend, when we meet—I mean, just as a friend."

Fran looked back at him, still dazzled. "Only ask you to treat me as well," she said with assumed humility.

Mighty in his stolen power, yet he is a creature and a subject; not a maker of abstract wrong, but a speller of concrete right; he is but a prowling robber, suffered for some mysterious end to haunt the king's highway. And the bend sword he beareth once was a simple plowshare. His pancy of error is but a distortion of the truth. The sickle that once reaped righteousness, beaten from its useful curve, with ax, and spike, and barbed head the marauder's halibut. Seek not further, O man, to solve the dark riddle of sin; suffice it that thine own had heart is to the thine origin of evil.—Martin Farquar Tupper.

Paris Dress Expert.

In Paris the authors have a woman who sets them right as to the dress of the women they write about. She tells them whether they have used the right words to describe the dress and whether the colors that are fashionable are named. The woman who does this is always anonymous, and no one but herself and the author is aware of her existence.

### TRULY A VALUABLE HOUND

Visitor From Costa Rica Tells Story Which Some People Might Find It Hard to Believe.

At last the existence of the banana hound has been shown to be a fact!

A man who just arrived in this country from Tort Limon, Costa Rica, not only knows all about the banana hound, but has a drove of them himself. The gentleman is Hezekiah Spotswood, and for many years the owner of a banana plantation in Costa Rica.

"Is the banana hound a new discovery up here?" he asked in surprise. "My word, how singular! Why, we always have them. They are a very essential adjunct to a banana plantation; indispensable almost, I should say. What is the breed? They are a cross between a pointer and a South American tapir."

"It's a very necessary thing to know when to pick the bananas from the trees, you know. When they have attained a certain shade of green, then is the time. Now it's very difficult to

### No Joy Visit

A Glasgow journalist who was careless of his personal appearance was assigned to write something about a show at a leading Glasgow theater. He presented his card at a box-office. The manager came out and looked at the disheveled visitor dubiously.

"Did you come here to write something about the play—to work?" he asked.

"Do you think I'd come to your theater for amusement?" asked the journalist as he stalked out.—Saturday Evening Post.

### Great American Victory

The battle of New Orleans was fought January 8, 1815. The Americans were under Andrew Jackson. The British under Pakenham, who was killed in the battle. The American forces were eight killed and 13 wounded, while 700 of the British were killed and 1,300 wounded. The Americans were protected by breastworks.

### His Job

"Just a dime to tide me over till I can get a job," pleaded the mendicant. "Would you work if you could find a job?" asked the skeptical philanthropist. "Indeed I would. I never refuse to work when I can find anything to do at my trade." "And what is your trade?" "I'm a strike breaker for egg strikers."

