

The Man From Home

A Novelization of the Play of the Same Name By BOOTH TARKINGTON and HARRY LEON WILSON

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Daniel Voorhes Pike, a rising young Kokomo (Ind.) lawyer, hears that his ward, Ethel Granger-Simpson, is to be married abroad to the son of an English earl. Her father was his nearest friend, and he had long loved the girl. He goes abroad to arrange with her the business matters connected with her marriage. II Ethel Granger-Simpson and her brother, Horace, have become anglo-manians and are spending much of their late father's fortune in travel and entertainment. They become intimate with Lady Creech, the Earl of Hawcastle, his son, Almeric St. Aubyn, and Comtesse de Campigny, an adventuress and associate of the earl's. They are at a hotel at Sorrento, Italy. Ethel promises to marry the son because she craves a title. III—The Russian Grand Duke Vasil is shortly to arrive at the same hotel incognito as Herr von Grollenhagen. IV—The Earl of Hawcastle is in need of money and wants his son to get a huge settlement of money at his marriage to Ethel. An escaped Russian bandit located at Sorrento. V—For some reason the countess fears the alleged bandit is one Ivanoff. Almeric tells his father Ethel has accepted him. VI—Horace agrees to persuade his sister Ethel to settle \$750,000 on Almeric. VII—Ethel tells Horace of her delight at the prospect of her coming marriage into the ancient family of the St. Aubyns. VIII—Von Grollenhagen arrives with Daniel Voorhes Pike on foot, their auto having broken down.

CHAPTER IX. RECOGNIZED.

THE German was frankly enjoying his guest's conversation and quaint mannerisms and went on: "I wonder you make this long journey, my friend, instead of spending your holiday at home." Pike looked up in astonishment. "Holiday? Why, I never even had time to go to Niagara falls. I'm here on business." Ethel, who was still standing by the cottee, looked at her friend with pained entreaty, and Horace, catching Lady Creech's basilisk eye fixed on him, reddened with mortification. Daniel carefully folded his napkin and sat back. "I expect it's about time for me to go and find the two young folks I've come to look after," he said. "You are here for a duty, then?" asked the German quietly. "I shouldn't be surprised if that was the name for it," answered Pike, rising. "Yes, sir; all the way from Indiana." Both Ethel and Horace started in horrified amazement and looked at each other with stricken terror on their faces. If this should—"I-I can't stand this. I shall go for a stroll," said Horace hysterically and rose from the table, while Hawcastle looked at Pike fixedly. "By Jove!" he said slowly. "I expect, doc," went on Pike calmly, "that I won't be able to eat with you this evening. You see—you see I've come a mighty long way to look after



"Reason? Why, yes. I'm her guardian!" he said, and she—that is, they—will probably want me to have supper with them."

"The horror was closing fast around the other party, and they simply stared. "Do not trouble for me," observed the German. "Your young people—they have a villa?" "No," answered Pike, with a smile. "They're right here in this hotel." Horace, with fear leading wings to his scattered senses, sprang to his feet and began to walk toward the grove. Pike looked up. "I'd better ask," he said, and then, observing Horace, went on addressing him: "Hey there! Can you?" He stared at the young man, paying no attention, proceeded on his way. Pike raised his voice. "Excuse me, son, ain't you an American?" As Horace paid no more attention he turned to Mariano: "Here, waiter! Tell that gentleman I want to speak to him!" Mariano sprang after the retreating Horace. "Paroon, w'en the gentleman, he wish to speak to you?" Horace whirled in an angry flash. "What gentleman?" he demanded, and Pike regarded him calmly. "I thought for your looks," he proceeded quietly, "you might be an American." Horace planted himself squarely before his interrogator. "Are you speaking to me?" he demanded haughtily. "I shouldn't be surprised," said Pike genially. "Ain't you an American?" "I happen to have been born in the States," replied Horace aggressively, and Pike smiled quizzically.

"Well, that was luck," he commented, and as Horace turned again to go he said: "Hold on a minute! I'm looking for some Americans here, and I expect you know 'em—boy and girl named Simpson!" Horace flushed deeply to the root of his hair. "Is there any possibility you mean Granger-Simpson?" he asked, with elaborate sarcasm, but this was lost on Daniel.

"No, sir; just plain Simpson. Granger's their middle name. That's for old Jed Granger, grandfather on their mother's side. I want to see 'em both, but it's the girl I'm really looking for." "Will you be good enough to state any possible reason why Miss Granger-Simpson should see you?" and Pike started in genuine astonishment. "Reason?" he reiterated. "Why, yes, I'm her guardian!" The effect of this simple statement was terrifying. Ethel reeled dizzily and was supported by Mme. de Campigny. The earl rose to his feet, and Horace staggered back.

"What?" he cried. "Yes, sir," went on Pike—"Daniel Voorhes Pike, attorney at law, Kokomo, Ind." Horace fell back from him in horrified amazement. "I shall ask her," he began weakly and shamefacedly, "if she will consent to an interview." Pike looked at him in amazement in his turn. "Interview?" he said. "Why, I want to talk to her!" Hawcastle, with some of his finer feelings aroused, picked up his sister-in-law with his eyes, much as a clever hostess picks up her feminine guests at dinner, and arose, turning to Ethel. "This shall make no difference to us, my child," he said, and turning sharply, took Lady Creech by the arm and left the terrace. Pike looked at Horace pityingly. "Don't you understand?" he said. "I'm her guardian!" For a fleeting instant Horace stared at him and then dropped his chin and walked away. "I shall never hold up my head again," he said.

The sudden horror of the revelation that Horace had drawn forth bore down upon Ethel's mind with a crushing weight. To her artificialized understanding the disgrace was more than she could ever hope to bear, and Horace's expressed thought that he should never be able to hold up his head again was but a vivification of her own. Surely it would have been bad enough, she told herself, if this fearful thing had come upon them privately, but to have it appear in the full light of day and in the very hearing of the family of the man she was about to marry was too cruel.

And with an inward groan she leaned for a moment against the terrace wall where the countess had left her. When the first astonishment had passed and she had time to realize what had occurred, events that had seemed but fleeting impressions rose up before her in all their vivid nakedness. Mme. de Campigny had looked at her with astute contempt, she was sure, and she dimly remembered seeing the look of horrified amazement upon the patrician features of the Earl of Hawcastle. Then, with an awakened resentment, the fighting blood of the sturdy plebeian Simpson stock, the stock that had upheld its end in the battle against oppression in several wars, came back to her with a rush, and she decided to see this awful man and give him to understand that he must go away at once and never insult her again by his uncouth and vulgar presence. Such business as had to be transacted could be done through an intermediary.

With a branding of her spirit she stepped forward resolutely and came up close behind Pike as he stood with drooping jaw gazing in perplexity after the retreating Horace. Ethel cast a look of loathing upon the straight back of the guardian of her peace and ground her little boot heel into the stone flagging. She glanced up and saw that the common German was looking at Pike with grave sympathy and even understanding, and instantly she hated him for it. Then she saw him take his cap from the obsequious Mariano and turn away. When he had gone she said in a low voice: "I am Miss Granger-Simpson."

CHAPTER X. THE HUMILIATION.

INSTANTLY Pike turned with a little twist of his lank body and half lifted his hand as if he expected a blow. Then his arm dropped again, and he stood looking at her in calm and interested fashion. As he stared his expression changed to one of mingled tenderness and pride, and when he spoke there was a world of pathos in his voice. "Why," he said in a low, astonished tone—"why, I knew you from the time I was a little boy till he died, and I looked up to him more'n I ever looked up to anybody in my life, but I never thought he'd have a girl like you. He'd be mighty proud if he could see you now."

She turned from him in a smothered rage and then faced him again with cold disapproval in her tone. "Perhaps it will be as well if we avoid personal allusions," she said resentfully. This man should have no opportunity for bringing up those vulgar, half forgotten family reminiscences if she could help it. He smiled a trifle wanly. "I don't just see how that's possible," he answered, and she waved her hand indignantly. "Will you please sit down?" she said, and Pike made an awkward bow. "Yes, ma'am," he replied meekly, with the faintest accent on the last word, and obediently took the chair that Horace had vacated so precipitously. She shuddered at the word he had used and glanced nervously at the hat he was holding in his hands. "Are you really my guardian?" she asked at last with a trace of heat.

The Chilean government has granted a German company a concession to install an electric power plant on the Aconcagua River, in the vicinity of Los Andes. This plant will supply power to run the government railways between Valparaiso and Santiago, a distance of 114 miles, and also will provide light for the cities and towns along the way.



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ed unbeliever in her tones. Pike smiled at her. "Well," he said, "I've got the papers in my grip. I expect that—" "Oh, I know it!" she interrupted explosively. "It's only that we didn't fancy—we didn't expect—" She paused, and he went on: "I expect you thought I'd be considerably older." "Not only that," and Pike looked at her keenly. "Have you talked with Mr. St. Aubyn about this settlement—this present you want to make to him?" he asked. "Not with him." "I thought not," he went on amusedly. "You'll see. He wouldn't take it if I'd let you give it to him. A fine man like that wants to make his own way. Mighty few men like to have fun poked at them about living on their wives' money." "Oh, I can't make you understand!" cried Ethel despairingly. "A settlement isn't a gift." "Then how'd you happen to decide that just a hundred and fifty thousand

During the last half of his speech there was a tone of affectionate regard, at which she bridled resentfully. "I quite fail to understand your point of view," she said frigidly. "Perhaps I had best make it clear to you that I am no longer thinking of getting married."

"Well, Lord 'a' mercy!" ejaculated Pike, leaning back in his chair and smiling at her, but she affected not to notice the lighter tone and went on: "I mean I have decided upon it. The ceremony is to take place in a fortnight." Pike brought the front feet of his chair down with a crash. "Well, I declare!" he cried. "We shall dispense with all delays," she went on, and Pike regarded her solemnly for a moment. "Well, I don't know as I could say anything against that. He must be a mighty nice fellow, and you must think a heap of him." He sighed. "That's the way it should be." He looked at her. "And you're happy?" "Distinctly," said Ethel decisively. Pike looked off over the blue bay, and then his gaze traveled to where Horace had been standing, and with a start he turned to her again, speaking eagerly: "It ain't that fellow I was talking with, yonder?" And she voiced an indignant protest. "That was my brother?" "Lord 'a' mercy!" ejaculated Daniel and then recovered himself. "But, then, I wouldn't remember him. He couldn't have been more than twelve when you was home last. Of course I'd 'a' known you."

"How?" demanded Ethel. "You couldn't have seen me since I was a child." "From your picture, though now I see it ain't so much like you," he answered, and she stepped forward, with astonishment. "You have a photograph of me?" "The last time I saw your father alive he gave it to me—to look at." "And you remembered?" "Yes, ma'am." A look of incredulity passed over Ethel's face, and she replied: "It does not strike me as possible. However, we will dismiss the subject."

"Well, if you'd like to introduce me to your—your—" "To my brother?" "No, ma'am; to your—to the young man." "To Mr. St. Aubyn?" cried Ethel, recalling a step. "I think it quite unnecessary." "I'm afraid I can't see it that way. I'll have to have a couple of talks with him, sort of look him over, so to speak. I won't stay around here spilling your fun any longer than I can help—I'm expecting from England."

Ethel bit her lip vexatiously. "I do not see that you need have come at all. We could have been spared this—this mortification." "You mean I mortify you? Why, I—I can't see how." "In a hundred ways," she replied, "every way. That common person who is with you—" "He ain't common. You only think so because he's with me," returned Daniel sadly, looking down. "Who is he?" demanded Ethel sharply. "He told me his name, but I can't remember it. I call him 'doc.'" "It doesn't matter. What does matter is that you needn't have come. You could have written your consent." "No, ma'am, not without seeing the young man," answered Pike resolutely. "And you could have arranged the settlement in the same way," went on Ethel unheedingly. "Settlement! You seem to have settled it pretty well without me," returned Pike, smiling. "You don't understand," said Ethel impatiently. "An alludance of this sort always entails a certain settlement." She paused. "Please listen. If you were at all a man of the world I should not have to explain that in their little hole-a-hole house I bring my dot up down."

"Money, you mean?" asked Pike, puzzled. "Yes, if you choose to put it that way." "You mean you want to put aside something of your own to buy a lot and start housekeeping?" "No," she flared. "I mean a settlement upon Mr. St. Aubyn directly." "You mean you want to give it to him?" "It's the only way to make you understand—yes!" she flared. "How much do you want to give him?" asked Pike thoughtfully. "A hundred and fifty thousand pounds," said Ethel desperately. Pike whistled. "Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars!" "Precisely that!" said Ethel. "Well, he has made you care for him," said Daniel. "I guess he must be a great man. I expect you're right about me not meeting him. I probably wouldn't stack up very high alongside a man that's big enough for you to think so much of as you do him. Why, I'd like to squeeze every bit of property you've got left you."

"Is it your property?" she flared at him. "I've worked pretty hard to take care of it for you," he answered gently, and instantly she regretted the sharp speech. "Forgive me," she pleaded. "It was unworthy of me—unworthy of the higher and nobler things that life calls me to live up to—that I shall live up to. The money means nothing to me. I'm not thinking of that. It is a necessary form." Pike looked at her keenly. "Have you talked with Mr. St. Aubyn about this settlement—this present you want to make to him?" he asked. "Not with him."

"I thought not," he went on amusedly. "You'll see. He wouldn't take it if I'd let you give it to him. A fine man like that wants to make his own way. Mighty few men like to have fun poked at them about living on their wives' money." "Oh, I can't make you understand!" cried Ethel despairingly. "A settlement isn't a gift." "Then how'd you happen to decide that just a hundred and fifty thousand



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pounds was what you wanted to give him?" he demanded. "It was Mr. St. Aubyn's father who fixed the amount," replied Ethel desperately. "His father! What's he got to do with it?" "He is the Earl of Hawcastle, the head of the ancient house." "And he asks you for your property—asks you for it in so many words?" "Yes, as a settlement." "And your young man knows it?" "I tell you, Mr. Pike, I have not discussed it with Mr. St. Aubyn."

Pike laughed. "I reckon not," he said amusedly. "Well, sir, do you know what's the first thing Mr. St. Aubyn will do when he hears his father made such a proposition? He'll take the old man out in the back lot and give him a thrashing he won't forget to the day of his death!" She was about to answer when from a distance came the roll of drums and then the sound of a bugle. The sounds came from afar off, as if below the cliff. They both stopped to listen. Then the servants came running, with Mariano at their head. They rushed to the wall and leaned over, all excitement. Mariano turned to call to them over his shoulder: "The bandit of Russia! The soldiers think he is hidden in a grotto under these cliffs!"

As he spoke Almeric ran down the steps with a shotgun in his hand and made for the steps leading down the face of the cliff. Pike turned to Ethel. "I saw that fellow on the road here. What's he meant for?" Ethel turned angry from the lawyer and called sharply to her fiancé: "Almeric!" St. Aubyn turned and stopped. "Hello!" he said. "I wish to present my guardian to you," and turned to Pike as Almeric approached. "This is Mr. St. Aubyn," she said steadily. Almeric stared at Pike through his monocle and laughed. "Why, it's the donkey man, isn't it? How very odd! You'll have to see the governor and our solicitor about that settlement, though. I've some important business here. The police are chasing a bally convict chap under the cliff yonder, so you'll have to excuse me. You know there's nothing like a little convict shooting to break the blooming monotony—what?" He turned and rushed off down the stairway. Pike turned to look after him in mute astonishment and then turned to Ethel. She refused to meet his glance, and the hot blood rose to her face as she felt his scrutiny. She tapped nervously with her foot, and the astonishment grew in Daniel's face. He looked from her to where Almeric had disappeared and back to her again. Then he took a step forward as if to speak and stopped. Finally

the dawning horror in his face took concrete form, and he spoke. "That!" he groaned. "Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for that! Say, how much do they charge for a real man over here anyway?" But she was unable to meet his eye. Turning quickly, with her cheeks flaming with shame and anger, she rushed into the hotel and left him standing speechless on the spot.

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