

"JOHN THE FOOL"

By Charles Tenny Jackson. Copyright, 1915. Dobbs, Merrill Co.

(Continued from our last issue.) CHAPTER VIII. In the Face of Failure

It was the next morning that the baron summoned us to Papa Prosper's.

"We all went in the new launch and were received with much pomp and circumstance, but with a certain air of sadness on the part of the baron.

"The others were going along the tiny wharf toward old Prosper on his galleon, when the baron touched my sleeve. 'A moment—Doctor, you and our friend.'

"We followed him aboard the Good Child and into the low-roofed piece. The baron pulled aside a space of sail cloth, and there was a rude chest of thick strips of wood banded with rusty iron.

"Throw it back," our host said, "you see I have the key. It has been in my possession for fifty-four years."

"We looked at him in some astonishment. His airy pretense was quite gone; he was smiling with a brave sadness.

Then Virgil, bending, threw back the heavy and rotted slab of the treasure box. Within that narrow leaded space was an open case elegantly inlaid with pearl, within which was a pair of dueling pistols, beautiful weapons; a tarnished candlestick, a dull brass ship's compass, a mass of rotted wadded stuff, and a pair of molded boots, high and fine of leather and ornamentation.

"There is nothing here of note," I muttered.

"Exactly," said Baron Pohn. "And what there is, I put there."

"You?"

"I, messieurs. It was in 1853. I was second in command of the Black Petrel. It was Armand Drouillot and I who ran her into John-the-Fool cove on a high tide to escape the English sloop-of-war who was laying out of Caminda Pass for the slave traders.

"Last night, after we had hoisted the Black Petrel's chest out of the sunken and shell-filled cabin, I opened it in this lugger's hold where I had left him gazing at the ship's chest. We opened it—but then I found that, even at the last, Armand had played the fox—the documents which he had secreted in the ship's box when we still had hope of escaping on her, were not there. Nothing—not a dollar, a franc, a sou—either! But it was the warrants from Charles the Third of Spain, issued to Gaspard Bouilly, de Drouillot, the adventurer from Bordeaux, who aided the fourth Spanish governor of Louisiana—Don Bernardo de Galves—in the capture of Mobile in 1780, that I sought—and in vain. Yet I saw Armand put the same grants—which were for ten leagues of land on this south coast

into that chest. 'Well, I have played and lost. There is no more now, my friends.'

"We followed him slowly out. Somehow the Baron John had us stilled. For his lady's fortune, in her defense, he had played his obsurdity, but unskillful.

"In the hatchway I found I had taken his hand. He looked down queerly bright of eye from the blinding sunshine.

"Oh, my good friend! I would like to sit again with you in John-the-Fool and growl over our coffee in the summer heat; but the play is out. Isle Bonne is yours and the game is lost."

"Papa Prosper had ambled down the crazy plank wharf, greeting Clell and Mary with unruffled courtesies. Then to us he came.

"Ah, messieurs, dat coffee I mak. Yo' will stop? Isle Bonne, she will entertain yo' wan lecture time again."

"We all were subdued enough; I think it was that gentle-eyed Prosper in his bare feet, waving us courteously to seats in his grateful shade, that made such a thing as belligerence toward the islanders impossible.

Mary was deadly tired from the day's hurricane heat; Clell moodily sitting below her; and the baron and I were busy with our thoughts.

"We were so when Virgil at last came out of the lugger's cabin hold where I had left him gazing quietly into that ship's chest with its foolish rubbish. He looked up and then quietly called to me.

"Just you, Doctor Dick," he said, and went below again.

I went down the wharf and aboard the Good Child to where the Texan sat once more on the broken inner casing of Armand Drouillot's cabin chest from the wrecked slave ship.

"Well?" I said after watching him study the lead box.

"For answer, he reached in his khaki pocket and took out a coarse bundle. There were papers with a skin covering apparently, and tied with fine leather thongs.

"Just this," he shook out the long rude mass before me. I made nothing of it, except a faded seal stamped on it twice. The writing was quite unknown to me.

"I can read Spanish—" Virgil went on evenly. "Listen: the date of this is 1777—and the seal is of the fourth Spanish viceroy of Louisiana. Doctor Dick, what's the use? It goes on to name the grant given to Gaspard Drouillot by grace of the king of Spain—and it is the land we're standing on!"

I stared at him, but spoke quietly. "How did you get it?"

"Kicked this pistol box to pieces. I just had a curiosity. The old chap quit a minute too soon, but I expect his old eyes couldn't see what I saw, anyway. All the time he talked I watched that old shiny gun box. There were two compartments in that case—one under this velvet bottom. And it was locked, but soon as you and

the old boy went out, I broke it. There, rolled up, as though they'd been slapped there in a mighty hurry were these papers—Loure's grants—right from the king of Spain. I sure read enough of that! Why, the looks of it's enough to scare me!"

"Yes?" I queried, for I had not thought as fast as he.

"What would you do, Doctor Dick?"

"I'm not saying. I won't be wholly ruined if the land company blew up tomorrow. But there are at least 20 widows and poor folks who, one way and another, have been led to invest in the Isle Bonne lands through me. Old friends and neighbors, that I got in—somehow, because you said—"

"Don't—" he said. "I got as many mo'! I ain't worrying about those New York fel-los. The speculators and financiers; it's the little ones who—well, they been pretty patient with me—let me vote their stock and I could fight the big fel-los who wanted to pull out all the time. Yes, seh—they stood by me—trustin'—and now—"

He looked out at the blue quiver of heat against the cypress isle—the timber alone of it would fight off disaster if all else quit him.

"Well," he muttered briefly. "I wonder why God made me find it? It wouldn't have been so hard on you—Doctor Dick—or Clell—or anybody. But me—" he looked up to the high silent house. "And she—she's asleep in the—"

and knows she's lost—yes seh—and me—I'm walkin' around with this stuff in my pockets. Yes, seh—and she won't compromise—she'll go away a beggar with that old fool. Yes—seh!"

Then he stood up and put the papers in his pocket. I followed him out and under the awnings of his own boat—the gay little white cruiser with her brasses and mahogany cabin that he had bought in his first exultance of victory to have for journeys 'out front' to the city in busy years of the exploitation and selling of his lands.

"Doctor Dick, will you go send her down here? I can't go fend 'em all. I wouldn't know how to talk. But Laure—the grants are hers—I expect I must pay 'em right into her hands. And tell her we quit—to-morry. I'll jerk the dreges out of the ditch, wire the New York fel-los to get a new manager to pull what he can out of the wreck—and then I'll find a steam-boat to British Honduras. I know a fel-lo m'inn' down the bay. You watch me some-a-time!"

"Tut—you!" I stuttered at him for the tears kept to my eyes.

And I went out and up the hot wharf to Papa Prosper's house. I found them all idling about in Prosper's chairs and hammocks. It was mid-noon now, August in Louisiana, without the Gulf breeze; and that is something bad—"

Mary had stirred her weary head from the hammock. "I wonder what's next?" she murmured. "Clell, won't you fan me again—please?"

He had been, it seemed, even after Laure had come out of her darkened chamber. She had refused a chair, and sat now in a small crumpled heap just in the shade of the door.

When I spoke quietly to her she looked up but without interest. So, without answer, I brought her into the cabin where Virgil sat by the mahogany table.

She looked at Virgil silently, and then sat across from him with an air of indifferent expectancy. I stood in the doorway to the engine room irresolutely. Virgil did not give me a chance to excuse myself and get away gracefully.

It was with his usual blunt sureness that he spoke, waving his hand briefly to the ancient documents upon the table.

"Laure, there they are—I give 'em back to you."

Without understanding, she reached to the papers and drew them toward her, about to read. After a moment she looked up gravely; her bright eyes on the Texan's face.

"What is this all, m'sieu? The French on the margin, I know well enough, though it is queer. But the Spanish—I do not know much of that. Only—here is my name—and she lifted the papers from their leather backing and shook them decisively. "Bouilly de Drouillot—he was the first of us."

Virgil reached a finger to touch the paper at the bottom. "That is his signature—his bond to perform certain things—and in return they gave him this!" His arm went in a sweep out to the forest isle.

"M'sieu—" Her breath was rising quicker. "You mean—this—"

He watched her slim fingers clutch the paper nervously. "Yes—just that. The grants that the king of Spain gave to yo' people, Laure. The papers that the Supreme Court gave you three years to find—and you couldn't—and so you lost!"

"What are you doing with them here?"

He told her. "Why do you give them back to me?"

He could not answer that either to her growing persistence. She laid the ancient grants of her marauding fathers down and looked at him. "I don't believe I would if I had been you," she murmured. "I know it means you are just smashed forever—and I don't be-

A NOVEL A WEEK. Next Week "THE LITTLE GRAYSHO" By Percy J. Brebner.

Here I could have done it, if I had been you."

"Yes, you could. The baron would—dog-gone him!"

"Yes, but they call him John-the-Fool!"

"Sho! And he taught me in the end, I reckon. And I reckon I feel better now. Cleaned out, but I feel better. I'll be on my feet and fightin' in a month. Doctor Dick!"

"Yes, but—" she had taken a step between him and me. "All you've done—the canals, and the pumping station—everything?"

"I'm sorry," he muttered. "I can't put yo' woods and prairie back like it was. But in a year—two years—the Isle Bonne jungles will grow o'er the plant, and the lilies—you won't find a ditch fo' yo' lilies, Laure."

"It wasn't always so," Laure answered slowly. "Do you know that once they kept the sea out and it was all sugar cane and rice from the woods to Bayou L'Ourse?"

And now we're orange trees? Papa Prosper can almost remember—there were little children playing there!"

He was looking out to her blue-green woods, and the old somber sense of failure came on him: "I know. That's what I used to think I'd fight the sea back, too. You—swamp land—such black rich land—I was goin' to beat you—and then sometime show you—what I dreamed of in the beginnin' the little farms and orange rows and home the'd be—yes, seh!—long after I'd been dead. That was what I dreamed of—it wasn't the money—any fool can make money. But the game—that it. To make the earth richer, and some homes happier—afteh yo'd gone and yo' game with you—that's the man's size job I dreamed of!"

She had listened to his exaltation curiously. "Was that it, m'sieu?"

He had turned in the passage-way, his brown crushed hat shading his face from me. "I can't talk to you, now—afteh you beat me."

"Why don't you say you want me to help you?"

"All the time, I reckoned, I'd tell you mo'—when I'd won. Now, yo'd think—because I was beat—I come to you and beg fo' compromise—to fix it up, somehow. Well, I can't—from you!"

He was turning from her, his voice at the nearest break I had ever known in the man, when she came and was at his side.

"Here—here—" I heard her whisper. "I'd rather you would burn them—than to hurt you so! To have you feel that way—to beg of me—when all the time, I waited—wondered—"

I could not understand her clear voice further for his blurring curiously. "To beg of me—" she went on. "Me! When all the time I wasn't trying to hate you!"

Then her voice was lost altogether, and I thought it was muffled against his gray shirt; for after a moment, I heard him whisper: "You mean that—you little?—Why, all the time you was tryin' not to love me—and couldn't make it—go?"

I heard the ancient grants from the king of Spain fall to the cabin floor—from about the height of the Texan's shoulder. Then, as I reached the planks of Papa Prosper's wharf, purposely, making a noise so that they would know I was hastening away I heard Laure speaking so softly that I did not know whether it was a whisper, laughter or a sob.

"Monsieur le Baron! We would have to tell him the Isle Bonne has found another knight besides John-the-Fool! A real knight for the little homes and gardens—and all the children playing!"

"A fool fo' luck," he murmured; "that's me, little Marquise!"

I then went on up the gallerie stairs and heard a siren whistle afar on the lakes, Virgil's second supply steamer coming to the main canal. Then steps behind me, and I discovered that the two from the white boat were following.

"Well," I said; "since you are here, you may as well tell them."

Laure looked at her fat knight, who was sound asleep in the shadow. She was going to him when she found Mary in the hammock and Clell on a low seat by her, holding her hand in much the fashion they did before me in the old days.

"Ab, I always thought, m'sieu, that somewhere nawth—there was a lady!"

"And she had come down to your wilderness, my dear," Mary murmured, "just to escape from her own—that she made for herself! She knows now!"

Laure had reached the baron. She softly dropped the grants from the king of Spain down upon his bosom, and even in his sleep the knight's fat old hand closed upon them. Then Clell had arisen to stare at her—and then at Virgil. There was no mistaking anything, even without the Texan's words and the joy in his eyes.

"You win—Virgil!" Clell muttered. "Well, here, old chap, I made good, didn't I? And the big thing is that Mary knows!"

I turned from the boss and his lieutenant, gripping each other's hard brown hands. Laure was laughing, with her fingers upon the sleeves of both.

"Messieurs! When Monsieur le Baron awakes, I shall tell him I have got the last one—they have all come to our side!—to assist John-the-Fool."

(THE END.)

Secretary Daniels Tells Why Wilson Should Be Reelected



The Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Josephus Daniels. BY HON. JOSEPHUS DANIELS (Secretary of the U. S. Navy.) (Copyright, 1916.)

What is Americanism, and how has it been best defined and illustrated in the days since the European war gave a new meaning to that term?

That is the question every American citizen will ask himself when he goes into the booth to deposit his ballot in November.

When he answers it to his satisfaction he will look to deeds, and not promises. During the past year the gravest issues of half a century have confronted our country.

The question of preserving the freedom of the seas for Americans has not been an academic, but a practical one.

With firmness, without bluster, in consonance with our national policy of keeping free from "entangling alliances," the president has won the greatest victory of bloodless diplomacy in the history of our country.

There were divided counsels in the halls of legislation, in the press, and among the people.

But President Wilson, who, as he says of himself, "I have a single-barrel mind," saw that above everything else the preservation of American rights upon the seas must be preserved, even in the midst of the world war.

With an eye single to this supreme duty, the president has pursued the policy which even his severest critics, unflinching by partisan considerations, have come to approve and applaud.

Not once, but a million times, has the prayer gone up in the days of crises: "Thank God that Woodrow Wilson is in the White House."

"Promises butter no parsnips." The progressives promised a

TODAY'S MARKET PRICES. WHAT RETAILERS PAY. HENS, LIVE, LIGHT. DUCKS, LIVE. BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE. FRESH RANCH EGGS. WASHINGTON CHEESE. WHOLESALE MEATS. MUTTON, WETHERS. DRESSED HOGS. STEER BEEF. SPRING LAMB. FRUIT. LEMONS. BANANAS. ORANGES. CHERRIES. GOOSEBERRIES. LOGANBERRIES. APRICOTS. BLACKBERRIES. CANTALOUPE. STRAWBERRIES. PINEAPPLES. CAL. GRAPE. PEACHES. WATERMELONS. PUMPKINS. CURRANTS. PILE CHERRIES. RED RASPBERRIES. BARTLETT PEARS. GRAPES. VEGETABLES. NEW POTATOES. YAKIMA. LOCAL POTATOES. ONIONS. CARROTS. LETTUCE. HEAD. RADIASHES. FLORIDA GREEN PEPPERS. SPINACH. CUCUMBERS. ARTICHOKES. BEETS. ASPARAGUS. TOMATOES. TELEPHONE PEAS. SUMMER SQUASH. BRUSSELS SPROUTS. TURNIPS. CABBAGE. GREEN ONIONS. AMOCAT. PYRAMID. WHITE WHEAT. DRIED SWEET. OLYMPIC. HIGH FLIGHT. OCCIDENT.

federal trade board and a tariff commission to study all questions relating to tariff taxation. They also favored the income tax.

Their party was defeated, but the democratic administration carries out these reforms.

The fight for an income tax was a long and uphill one. Under the leadership of Mr. Hughes (now candidate for president), the republicans fought the income tax, and their leaders did everything in their power to prevent that fair method of taxation.

It remained for the Wilson administration to incorporate it into law. The falling off of import duties during the war has demonstrated not only the wisdom of depending largely upon the income tax for national needs, but also the absolute necessity of relying upon this new source.

Not only has the country accepted the principle that wealth should contribute more largely to national expenditures, but experience has shown that without the income tax the treasury would not have been able to meet the demands upon it.

When Wilson came into office, the same financial legislation enacted one hundred years ago was on the statute books.

Backed Wise Labor Legislation

Though bankers and business men had urged a system that would prevent panics in periods of prosperity, nothing had been done.

Why? Because republican leaders would permit no legislation except the Aldrich plan, and wise republicans joined with democrats and progressives to secure the federal reserve act—the best piece of constructive legislation of fifty years. In the period of financial collapse all over the world, that act and its wise administration have served to prevent any money panic or money famine in America.

To whom does the country owe the debt for financial stability and freedom from the fear of panic? To Woodrow Wilson and his federal reserve act. That fact, added to appreciation of its beneficence, will cause thoughtful business men to vote to keep in the White House the man who secured this legislation which has succeeded so wonderfully that those who opposed its passage are now its strongest supporters.

To that epoch-making legislation the congress adds a rural credit act. For years European countries have made provision whereby long-term loans could be made to farmers. This country has been deaf to the demand for such provision here until the Wilson administration, after careful study of the workings of such measures in other countries, to draft an act that will be another reason why the voters will vote for Wilson.

About preparedness, what? The democrats go ahead preparing, while the republicans talk about it. The republicans have been in power 16 years. Under their rule the army was reduced, fortifications were not provided, and the navy went to third or fourth place. Already the Wilson policies have done more to increase and strengthen the army in three years than the republicans did in 16 years. This week the house has passed a coast fortification bill that breaks all records, and is a long step toward the protection of our seaports. When the pending navy bill receives the signature of the president it will increase the personnel more in three years than the republicans increased it in 16 years.

"Progress" Has Been Keynote

As to capital ships, submarines, destroyers, aircraft and other naval units, the Wilson navy bill will be so much bigger and better than any former bills as to convince the American people that the hope of our republic being strong upon the seas depends chiefly upon a retention of a democratic administration.

Mr. Roosevelt said, when he was president, that we could not have successfully won the sea battles of the Spanish-American war but for the ships built in the Cleveland administration. The spirit of the Wilson administration toward the navy is manifested in better organizations, increased personnel and in bigger fighting machines, which will shortly carry our navy to a place where it can adequately defend the American shores and American interests.

PROGRESS! That has been the keyword of the Wilson administration. Progress in performance. When the democratic platform is contrasted with the republican platform, it will be seen that the one upon which Wilson stands is one of performance in three short years, while the republicans' contains promises, as to the good things, of what the democrats have already done or are passing through congress, and as to the other promises, they deal with agreeing, if returned to power, to remedy the sins of omission which characterized their 16 years of power.

Read the violent criticisms of the Wilson administration by republican orators before the convention. Then read the platform. They dared not promise what they talked about because they knew the people approved the Wilson policies. They dared not go back to their old pleas that only a high tariff marks prosperity when barns are bursting and spindles running. "An appeal to the belly" will not go down, and if anybody is influenced by the plea of a "full dinner pail," they will vote for Wilson.

"Let well enough alone" and "Keep on leaving well enough alone" are shibboleths that will put hundreds of thousands of Wilson votes in the ballot box.

And those voters, independent and progressive, as well as democratic, who are not moved by domestic legislation containing more reforms than have characterized any administration in this generation will vote for Wilson because in this world's crisis they will not be willing to swap horses crossing stream.

Protect Yourself! Ask For and GET HORLICK'S THE ORIGINAL Malted Milk. Made from clean, rich milk with the extract of select malted grain, malted in our own Malt Houses under sanitary conditions. Infants and children thrive on it. Nourishes and sustains more than tea, coffee, etc. Take a Package Home.

Uncertainties. Life is full of uncertainties for which every one must be prepared by having money. The best and surest way to have money is to get the banking habit. Then you are prepared for any emergency. Deposit your money in this strong, safe bank—where the same careful attention is given the small depositor as the largest one. Scandinavian American Bank. "The Bank That Helps" TACOMA.

There's One and Only One 20th Century Limited. There's one—and only one—water-level route from Chicago to New York. There's one—and only one—railroad station on the Loop in Chicago—La Salle St. Station. There's one—and only one—railroad station on the Subway in New York—Grand Central Terminal. There's one—and only one—20th Century Limited. Lv. La Salle Street Station, Chicago 12:40 noon. Ar. Grand Central Terminal, New York 9:40 a. m. New York Central Railroad. "The Water Level Route"—You Can Sleep. Ten Other Fast Daily Trains including the LAKE SHORE LIMITED—Lv. Chicago 5:30 pm. Ar. New York 5:25 pm. LAKE SHORE No. 6—Lv. Chicago 10:25 am. Ar. New York 9:20 am. Apply to your local agent for tickets and sleeping car reservations, or for complete information call on or address our SEATTLE OFFICE, 714 Second Avenue L. F. Jones, General Agent Passenger Department. NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES. For the Public Service.