

**JOHN RAWN**  
 Prominent Citizen  
 BY  
 Emerson Hough  
 Author of "The Ministerial Bubble"; "54-40 or Fight"  
 Illustrations by  
 Ray Walters

CHAPTER VII.

**A Princely Generosity.**  
 Mr. Rawn went on with the *pr. R.* He was in and out of the market. His money grew. His ambition also grew. He felt coming now upon him another change. He said to himself that he was now about to pass up, into yet another era of his development.

One day, after his usual day's routine, he closed his office door, took his car at the curb, dropped in at his club, imbibed the two cocktails which were now his evening wont, and again emerging, nodded to his chauffeur in the fashion which meant "Home!" They passed on out again through the floating crowd of various and often vulgar vehicles, north-bound—shrieking aloud in a vast united chorus, demanding speed, speed, and yet more speed—along the throbbing arteries of the city's commotion. At last he stopped once more at the front of Graystone hall. "Forty-five minutes, Dennis," said he to his driver, snapping his watch. "Twenty-one miles; you'll learn it after a while."

Mr. Rawn was in exceptional good humor. He was at peace with the world and with his conscience. He looked about him now calmly, with approbation in his gaze. His gardeners had done wonders. The walks were solid and well kept, the green sward sound and flourishing. These late stubbed and desolate trees were now wide, green and branching. The crocus borders were unbroken, the formal monochrome beds, here and there upon the lawn, showed clean-cut and distinct. The tall pillars of his motley house even had a green veiling of ivy, swiftly grown by art, and not by time. On a terrace a bed of foliage plant, thirty feet long, grew in the shape of a word—a magic word—"Rawn." If any passer-by wished knowledge as to the creator of all this, he might read as he ran—"Rawn."

Rawn passed up the steps and looked out through the long hallway from the rear of the house, or rather its rear front, which lay upon the lake shore. Beyond, he could see the faint curl of the distant steamers' smoke against the horizon. He stopped for a moment, drinking in the scene, of which he never tired. There were birds twittering softly in the trees about him. He caught the breath of flowers, coming to him from the halls within. Yes, it was an abode suited for a prominent citizen.

There came to meet him now the quiet footfall which he had come to expect, not always patiently or with pleasure, as the natural end of his day's labors; his wife, Laura, had never forgotten this daily greeting, the old-fashioned wife to her husband, as the latter returned at the close of his day's labor.

He stopped as he heard her slow tread upon the stair. She was coming to meet him. She always did. He, John Rawn, controller of men, a man born to succeed and going yet higher, had only, after all, an old-fashioned wife!

It was an emergency this evening. He was accustomed to meet emergencies. He had come tonight prepared to meet this one.

"Laura," said he, after the servants had drawn the curtains and left them alone in the central room, whither they had repaired after dinner; "sit down here, I want to talk to you a while."

"Yes, John," said she quietly. But she looked at him startled. Her face grew suddenly grave. Be sure the brute advancing to the poll-tax knows his fate. That was the look in Laura Rawn's face now. "Yes, John," she said, knowing what blow was to be hers.

He motioned her to a seat beyond the little table and seated himself opposite. Reaching into a bulging pocket, he brought out a thick bundle of folded papers; long, narrow papers, most of them green, others brown, or pale pink. He pushed this bundle across the table, so that his wife must see it. She reached out a hand, but did not look at it.

"What is it, John?" she said. Her hand trembled, her face went still more weary and gray, became even of an ashy pallor than was its wont.

"It's a trifle, Laura," said John Rawn. "Look at it. There's bonds and gilt-edge dividend-payers for just exactly one million dollars!"

"One million dollars, John! What do you mean?"

"Look at it, see for yourself."  
 "But, John—what does it mean?"  
 "It means a great deal, Mrs. Rawn, a great deal for you. It took some work to make it on my part. There are not ten men in this town today who could draw out of their business clean, unhypothecated securities for a million dollars. I've seen to it that all these are registered in your name. It's my gift to you, without reservation."

You're always so—so kind, John, with me. But I can't take it! It's not mine!"

"It is yours, Laura. And you've got to take it!"  
 "But I don't want to!"  
 "I want no foolishness," he said sternly. "That money is yours. You can use it as you like. Of course, I will counsel with you as to reinvestment the best I can. I don't want to see the interest wasted."

"I don't ever want to see you in need," he went on. "I don't counsel loose investments. My lawyers will also tell you what to do with your money, and they'll put up to you a list of good, safe, savings-bank investments, the kind that fools and sailors ought to have. I'll help you choose, if you like. I don't want to be ungenerous. This is your estate."

"My estate!—But, John, I'm your wife! I don't care for this money. I don't understand it, and I don't want it. I want to be your wife, John, the way I always was—I want to help—I want to be useful to you all the time, as I've always tried to be."

"Precisely, Laura, and I appreciate that feeling very much. I feel the same way. I want to be as useful as I can to you. We have always been loyal to each other, faithful with each other; I know that. There are not ten men worth my money in this town today who can say what I can—that they've been faithful to their wives as I have been to mine. You've been a good woman, and you've worked hard. You say you haven't earned this money, but I think you have. We've been useful, yes, to each other. But when we can't be any more, Laura, why then—"

The tears burst from her eyes now. He frowned, that she should interrupt him, but went on.

"It shall never be said that I was unkind to you, Laura. Indeed, I shall always feel kindly to you—always remember what you have done."

"But you don't, you don't, John!"  
 "I don't? What do you mean by that, Laura? Isn't there the proof? Isn't there a million dollars lying right in front of you on that table? And you say this to me, who has just given you a cold million!"

"That's it, it's a cold million, John," said she bitterly. "It's cold!"

"Good God! The unreasonableness of woman!" said John Rawn, upturning his eyes. "Now I've thought all this out as carefully as a man can I've denied myself, to take this much capital out of my investments and set it aside for you. I can make five millions out of that money in the next five years. But no, I reserve it, and I give it to you for your estate, so that you shall never know want—more money than you ever had a right to dream of having. You do that for a woman, and what does she say? Why, she doesn't want it! Good God!"

"John," she said, "I'll tell her self-control, 'you might as well tell the truth.'"

"What do you mean—the truth?"  
 "It's some other woman, of course!"  
 "I swear to you, Laura, it's nothing of the sort. I've been guilty of no act with any one—"

But she shook her head.  
 "Don't I know?" she said. "It's always another woman. She's a young woman, whoever she is. Why don't you come out and tell me the truth, John? How long before you're going to be married?"

The tears were welling steadily from her eyes, under the lash of the many and bitter torments which are so often a woman's lot.  
 "I say to you again, Laura, there are no plans of that sort in my mind!"

"Then how long will it be before our—our—"

She could not say the word "divorce." She had been an old-fashioned wife.  
 "I've no plans as to that. I was only wanting to discuss the matter quietly tonight, without any disturbance."

"No," she said, "I must not break down! Tell me when does it come, John? But still the tears came, steadily, and she made no effort to stop them."

"When you like. I would suggest that you quietly go to some other place, Laura. That will be best for me. Why—" he added this in a burst of confidence, "—there wouldn't be twenty people around town would know you'd gone! I can keep a close tongue, and so can you."

"But, John, why should you? I've never crossed you in any way. I've always tried to do what you liked. Why should we part? I'll be willing just to live alone here quietly. I can't bear to think of going away. I like my things, John," she said suddenly, and seemingly irrelevantly, "who told you about all these things, these collectors' pieces that you've been getting for so long?"

He winced with sudden self-revelation, astonished at this intuition on her part. He had been sincere in his statement that there was no other woman in his affections. He had only forgotten that he had so affections. He flushed now, but tried to pull together.

"Very well, Laura," said he; "you only prove to me what I've felt for some time. You can't understand me, you simply are not up to my requirements. I'm willing to say you'd be content to live along here, just as we did at Kelly row. I am not content to do anything of the sort. I've been thinking over this, studying over it for some time. There's the answer." He nodded toward the bundle which lay upon the table.

"It's no use trying to make the world all over again, Laura," he said after a time. "We've both done our best, but our best didn't tally. We've hung together. What's right is right. It is right for me to be dragged down by your own limitations—ought I to stop in my own career to conform to that? Would that be right, now, Laura, for a man like me?—Is it right for any man? If you can't go forward,

ought I to go back? If we can't both travel the same gait, whose gait ought to govern? Whatever you do, don't blame me, that's all. But you don't blame me—you do now." A grave look sat upon his face. He felt himself an injured man.

"Yes, John," she said. "I do."  
 "Of course, of course! That's the reward a man gets for loving his wife, treating you as I have. Well, we're not the first to face a situation just this kind. Things travel swifter now than they did when we were children, or when we were married. What did then will not do today. Why blame ourselves for that?—blame the time, the way of the world, the way things go today. This country has changed—it goes faster every year. We've got to keep the pace, I tell you, when we get into it. Those who can't must drop out, and that's all there is about it. I was born for the front, and that's all about that. Don't blame me. I've never blamed you!"

"Then, what do you blame, John?"  
 "Nothing, I say. It's the way life runs. We're married, why? Because we thought we were to have some property to protect. There is much to be said in favor of the marriage institution. It holds property safe under its contract. Property—that's the sign of power! Property is the only reason for marriage; or for government, when it comes to that. Property is the token of power. I've got that! But something else goes with it! Why, Laura, when I look at us both I wonder that I've been patient so long, beld back as I have been by your own narrow ideas. If you'd had your way, you'd have set up Kelly row right where we are now!"

Her face was bowed down upon her arms.  
 This, the more especially as regards that monogamic idea of marriage which the government at Washington harshly seeks to extend over our entire domain. As to the idea of polygamy, much may be said in its favor. Thus, if one be tired of one wife, or bored by another, in polygamy it is easy to shift the domestic scene to a third, and that in wholly good-humored fashion. The idea of divorce has about it something almost personal, as though one were displeased over some matter, as though one held in one's heart something actually of criticism, or dissatisfaction, or maybe condemnation of one's own earlier judgment in the selection of a helpmeet.

Again, even after divorce has been consummated, there are so many small habits to be broken, heritage and hold over of relations but recently sundered. For instance, if one has been accustomed to pork and bottled cabbage at table, and if only one woman has evinced ability to prepare shoulder of pork and cabbage in the proper manner, and if that woman has changed to be one's lately current wife, it is, let us repeat, an annoying thing to find that that particular woman, after deliberately forming and fostering in one a craving for shoulder of pork and cabbage—after having established an addition, as it were, in one's soul for that viand—has with shameless disregard of wifely duty and domestic decency obliged one to divorce her, perhaps ex vinculo, or at least ab mensa et thoro.

And again there may be yet other habits upon the one hand or the other which must be broken or readjusted. If one's wife—or one of one's wives—has been in the habit of leaving her hat on the table near the best view out of the bow window, and if one sees continually this abandoned tatting permanently left there in the confusion of her permanent departure—it is annoying, let us repeat, to be reminded of a habit to whose creator we have said farewell. It causes a mental ennui constantly to be removing tatting or embroidery.

Or, if one's current wife has had the old-fashioned and not wholly well-bred habit of meeting one at the door at the evening, at the close of the day's labors—just as in the evening the cave woman greeted her man at the mouth of the cave to ask him what had been the fortune of the day's hunt—and if now that footfall, ill-bred, yet after all habitual—and was it wholly unwell come, after all—shall have ceased forever, with what equanimity, let us ask, can we regard the memory of the woman who formed that habit and handed down an annoying expectation to her husband, impossible of fulfillment after her departure?

It is, as John Rawn wisely has said, true that much may be said in favor of the idea of marriage; yet upon the other hand, how very much there is that could be said against it, or at least against it as implying an unrestricted continuance, offering no change in association. The which is by way of saying something to prove John Rawn's excellently philosophical course in life to have been quite correct. There could have been no doubt as to the wisdom of his marrying Laura, his wife, in the first place, no doubt as to the wisdom of continuing the marriage relation with her for many years; but, upon the other hand, it is obvious that his idea of the timeliness of the divorce in due season was equally wise. Indeed, the only reservation in his mind in regard to this matter was one of censure for a woman who, having entered into the holy state of matrimony with a gentleman of his parts, had had the temerity to create in his soul an addiction for shoulder of pork and cabbage; who had left her tatting upon the table; and who, departing, had given no future address whither her tatting might be sent! Yes, Laura Rawn had been, without doubt or question, an unreasonable and unkind wife.

Above all it was wrong for a woman to go away and leave her late husband feeling so much alone. Why should he, John Rawn, be allowed to become

CHAPTER VIII.

**The Extreme Monogamy of Mr. Rawn.**  
 It is always more or less annoying to put away a wife. Even if the expense of the process be little, as in these modern days it has come to be, and even if consent thereto be mutual, as is so often the case, there are in practically all cases so many unpleasant attendant features as almost to dispose one to favor the abolishment of the marriage idea, and to condemn it as one not destined to survive in these days of modern competition.



Her Face Was Bowed Down Upon Her Arms.

conscious of a feeling of lonesomeness? Why should he be left to dread the drawing of the curtains at night when there remained only the pound of the surf along the wall, the wall of the wind in the cornice? One chloroforms a formerly prized dog, but misses it. It is much the same way with the divorced wife. Too many unpleasant features attend the process of such separation. Any civilization worth the name ought to devise some method less annoying for this which Mr. Rawn has so fittingly described as the corollary of the marriage rite. Surely our boasted age has its drawbacks, its shortcomings!

Some men in such circumstances brood; some drink; others search out the other woman or woman. John Rawn was cast in different mold. He had, in short, spoken truth when he told his wife that he had no new matrimonial plans. Situated thus, yet handicapped thus in his new-found solitude, but a few days had passed before he sent over for his daughter, Grace, and her husband, Charles Halsey; there being in his mind a plan to mitigate certain unpleasant features of his life as he now found it ordered.

He greeted Halsey and Grace at the door gravely, with dignity, when they came one evening in response to his invitation. They entered, just a trifle awed, as they always were, by the august surroundings of Graystone hall, so different from their own cottage near the factory. The owner of the place looked well the part of owner here. John Rawn still was large and strong, the city had not yet much softened his lines. His hair now was whiter about the temples, but its whiteness left his appearance only the more distinguished. You scarce could have found in all the haunts of prominent citizens a better example of prominent citizen than himself, John Rawn.

The major domo took the wraps of the young people and vanished silently. Rawn, waiting for them in the drawing-room—not in the hall, as once he would have done—with dignity motioned them to places in his presence, even brought a low chair himself for the sad-faced, hunchbacked child which represented the Rawn succession in the third generation.

"Go kiss grandpa, Lola!" said Grace to her daughter; and went to show her the way. But the child turning suddenly, only hid her face in her mother's skirt.

"Laura's timid," apologized the mother. The disapproval on her father's face was obvious enough. He had passed bitter hours alone, pondering over this child, hesitating whether to love it or to hate it, whether to accept it or to regard it as a blot upon his life. He had hoped a grandson, since he no longer might hope a son of his own. This crippled child was the sole Rawn succession. His pendulous lower lip trembled for a time in the self-pity which now and again came to John Rawn. It seemed hard enough that he, John Rawn, president of the International Power Company, should have no better evidence of gratitude on the part of fortune. He hated Halsey all the more. But now he did not lack directness.

"Grace," he said, "I've called you over to-night because to-morrow, as you know, is Friday."  
 "Yes, Pa."

"And as you know, Grace, your mother—that is to say, the late Mrs. Rawn, always had the way—in short, I may say that she induced me to depend upon—I mean to say that always she had shoulder of pork and cabbage for Friday evening. Now, I am left alone, helpless—it is too much!"

Mr. Rawn made no attempt wholly to conceal his just emotion. "Now look at me," he resumed. "Your mother went away, and selfishly neglected to take into consideration this habit, or to provide any means for meeting it. My chef has tried often to prepare this dish. I must say he always has failed."

"Why don't you write to Mrs. Rawn and ask her for the recipe?" asked young Halsey soberly.  
 "That is not practical," rejoined Mr. Rawn icily, "even did I know that lady's present address; as I do not."

His daughter sat gazing straight at him, under her heavy brows, but made no comment. Grace had not improved with years. Her face was heavy, pasty, her expression morose. The corners of her mouth turned down, and deep vertical frown-wrinkles sat between her dark eyebrows.

"But I do not wish that name mentioned again," said John Rawn raising his hand. "I dismissed that thought of asking her aid as something unworthy of me. Let Friday come. I shall seek no aid outside of those from whom it may fitly be expected." Ah, hero!

"Now, Grace," he continued later, turning toward her, "I know very well you're a good housekeeper."  
 "She is that!" Halsey nodded. Continually he forced himself into such approval of his wife as he could compass. Continually he refused comparisons.

"Precisely, and skilled in all the dishes which the late Mrs. Rawn had as specialties. You do not know how things are running here, Grace. I can't get anything done on time, and am deprived of what I really want, Grace, I need a housekeeper!"

"Surely, Pa. Why don't you hire one?"  
 "How much better off would I be in that case? None in the least. No, I want you. You'll have to come over here to live!"  
 The young couple sat gazing at him for a time before making reply.  
 "That's impossible, Pa," said Grace. "I have a home of my own, and it is more than twenty miles from here."  
 John Rawn raised a hand. "I have thought all that out. You reason now

as so many do, when any sudden change in life is proposed to them. You let 'the little things outweigh the larger ones. It was a fault your mother or had. Now the large matter, the real thing, is important thing, is this—that I can not be allowed to live on here in this way with all these annoyances. Too much depends upon me, in business, for me to have the quiet and peace of my life interfered with. I've got to have a clear head—especially on Saturday. Now, then, if you can step in here, my daughter, and establish in some measure the sort of life I have always been used to, evidently that is your duty, and you ought not to balance against it the small inconveniences which that course would cause you and your husband. I'm quite sure you can teach that chef—"

"But, Mr. Rawn, I've got to be at the factory almost day and night!" broke in Halsey.  
 "Precisely. I do not mean for you to make your home here, only Grace. You'll have to stay on where you are. Of course, you can come here at times to report, at least once or twice a week—say Friday night. Very much depends on you, Charles. You know how much I value you, how much I rely on your services. Really, it all depends on you, our success as a company. We've been very patient, although I must say—"

Halsey muttered something under his breath and turned away. His attitude angered Rawn to the point of forgetting himself.

"Never mind what you think about it, young man! It's what I think about it that counts. Grace belongs here, anyhow. She will have a wider life with me. It's time she had some things which she has never known. It may be necessary for us to travel, to see something of this country and Europe. Besides, the child needs care. All these things cost more money than you can afford, young man. Don't try to balk me in what I suggest. It is obviously the right thing to do."

"But how long—"  
 "Indefinitely!"  
 "And you want me to break up my home indefinitely? Well, I must confess I don't in the least see it that way, Mr. Rawn."

"You're selfish, and that's why you can't see it, Charles. Above all things you ought to avoid the vice of selfishness. You are not parting from your wife, but only helping her to a better grade of living. Meantime, of course, your duty to her and to the company is to make a success of your work. Think of the business, my son. There is no good come of selfishness. Try to be just. And for God's sake, also, try to get one of those machines done!"

Halsey only sat and looked at him darkly for a time, making no reply.  
 "It seems to me that I can never get you to understand Charles," resumed Rawn, "that things are not the way they used to be before we came here to Chicago. I'm a bigger man now than I was then. I've grown these last two or three years, my boy. I should not be surprised if eventually I were obliged to make my residence in New York, if not abroad. We are rising in the world, rising very fast, Charles. Do you want to go up with the Rawns, or stay down with the Halseys in this world? Besides, in this case you ought to respect the wishes of your own wife. You want to remember, my dear boy, that my daughter, Grace, is half Rawn as well as half Johnson. The only trouble with her is, the Rawn half has not yet had its innings."

Halsey turned and stared at his wife. He found her sitting with her

along. Don't try to hold Grace over there when she belongs here. Don't be selfish, Charles."

He relented just a trifle. "I don't say this is going to last forever. Pull off success over there for us. I'll tell you what I'll do—the day you can charge a storage battery from one of our second current receivers—finished and in place there in the factory—and run it from the factory up here, I'll make you a present of fifty thousand dollars."

"And about Grace—?" Ah! that comparison—  
 "She'll be a good deal closer to you than she is now. She's half Rawn, I tell you, Charles; and love in a cottage does not suit the Rawn blood to-day!"

"But I'll tell you—" his face lightened a bit at the jest—"you can go on with your broodhood of man ideas over there at the factory. I hope you love them—those brothers who are trying to ruin me and this company! Try them out—associate with them—love them all you can. Compare that life with this, my boy; and when you've done your work, for which you are paid—when you can charge one car at one receiver, and come from that life to this, on your own strength of your brains and your own ability, as I have come here myself—why, I say I'll give you a slice of a million dollars! Then you can compare that life with this, and see how you like the two. I've made up my mind already about that! So has Grace!"

Halsey turned once more to his wife. She had changed in the last few minutes. Her eyes were brighter, her color higher. She was gazing not at her husband nor at her child, but at these rich surroundings.

"I wonder if I could play one of my old pieces on the piano any more now?" she said gaily, rising and walking to the seat of the grand piano which stood across the room from them. "I've been so busy—"

(To be Continued)

School Diseases

Children of school age contract such diseases as measles, scarlet fever and diphtheria much more frequently than older persons. All that has been learned about the modes of transmission of certain diseases, notably diphtheria, indicates that the taking of a large number of children out from their restricted family and neighborhood relationships and bringing them into contact with a much larger group will increase the opportunities for infection. As regards opportunities for infection furnished by the school, it must be admitted that while the slate, the common drinking-cup and the roller-towel are fast passing away, sufficient facilities for the transfer of disease germs still exist in the friendly exchange of pocket hankerchiefs, lip-moistened lead-pencils, chewing-gum and the like. The school playground, as well as the school room, must be considered in its bearing on the subject of school diseases. The significance of school attendance on the public health side lies not only in the assembling of children in a room, but also in the bringing into more or less intimate association a number of children who would otherwise not have met at all. Increasing the number of associates must necessarily increase the chances of infection. Diphtheria and scarlet fever show a marked increase in the autumn when the schools open and an equally definite decrease in the summer when the schools are closed. The discovery of the part played by the healthy germ-carrier throws light on the probable origin of certain obscure cases of infection. Diphtheria in a recent issue of The Journal of the American Medical Association. A child in a family in which a case of diphtheria exists may bear in his throat living diphtheria bacilli without manifesting any sign of disease. If this child is allowed to enter school a playmate may acquire the bacillus without in its turn becoming definitely ill. This second child, however, may take the germ home and pass it on to a non-school-going child in the same family who then may develop a typical case of diphtheria. Methods of control of school and institutional outbreaks of diphtheria are therefore coming to be focused on the detection and exclusion of the carrier. Disinfection of innocent chairs and tables and enforced school closure are in general found to be less effective than the discovery and isolation of the living bearer of diphtheria germs. When school attendance is regulated by bacteriological findings school epidemics quickly subside.

Good Reading Matter

There have been a number of men and women suggested to me that they have books or magazines or papers which they have read and would be glad to give them to some one who would like to read them.

There are many men and women, boys and girls in this county who would be glad to have much more reading matter than they feel able to buy.

In order to help on with a good cause, I will volunteer to make of my office a distributing point for this reading matter.

Those who have good books, magazines or papers that they would like to pass on may leave them at my office and I will see that they reach the hands of people who will read and appreciate them.

I reserve the right to make the following exceptions: I will not receive any reading matter from homes that are infected with tuberculosis, or other contagious diseases, neither will I give out anything except first class reading matter.

Very truly,  
 R. S. TIPTON,  
 County Superintendent.

Advertised Letters

List of advertised letters for week ending February 19, 1911. Aklar, Martin B.; Atkinson, Mrs. Mary E.; Comacho, Margarita De; McCall, J. W.

When calling please say advertised and pay one cent.  
 J. M. Hawkins, P. M.



She Had as Yet Issued No Veto to This Calm Proposal.

dark eyes fixed, now on her father now wandering hither and yonder the rich surroundings in her father's home. To his intense surprise, she had as yet issued no veto to this calm proposal to which they all had listened. In his surprise he forgot comment of his own. What caused his greatest surprise of all was his secret feeling that he was not so reluctant to this arrangement as he ought to be! He pondered Grace, her sour visage, her morose air. He recalled countless angry, irritated words. He looked, and saw no longer any feminine charm. It took all his resolute not to question why he had ever made this choice. Almost he began a certain comparison.

"Now let this end it," resumed John Rawn. "Let comforts, and let luxuries, come where they have been earned. It's the Rawn half of Grace that has earned the luxuries, Charles. If I am willing to give them to her, take what you can get, my son, or comfort and luxury in this life—after you've earned them. But earn them first. Your place is over there at the works. This is your opportunity. Fall in with my plans and I'll carry you