

# The Man Who Forgot

A NOVEL

By JAMES HAY, JR.



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## CHAPTER TWO.—(Continued.)

"Why is it," began Smith, the embodiment of emphasis and fervor, "that neither of the great political parties in this country has ever had the sense or the courage to come out for prohibition? Why doesn't the party that's in power now come out for it? We hear a lot of stuff about the evil corporations grinding down the masses of the people. We read whole columns every day about the high cost of living, the education of the young, and a world peace. We are asked again and again to fight against the ravages of tuberculosis and to cut down the death rate from cancer. Those things are not a drop in the bucket with the death rate, the crime, the poverty, and the women's tears that are caused by whisky."

He put his hand on Waller's shoulder for greater emphasis.

"Mr. Waller," he said, "according to the best figures obtainable, alcohol is killing off every year as many Americans as there have been men killed in many of the great wars of the world in the last 2,000 years. Roll that over in your mind. Picture what that mortality is."

"Say!" interjected Waller, the drawl still in his voice, "do you mean you want me to quote you as attacking directly the party now in power for not coming out for this constitutional amendment for nation wide prohibition?"

The reply was instantaneous.

"Most certainly I do! The big parties and the big leaders of this country have enough to say about every other conceivable subject under the sun. What I want to know now, and what the public has a right to know now, is why this party has failed to declare itself either way on the issue. Why are they immune from the charge of cowardice when they run away from the subject? There must be a reason for this silence in places so high, in places from which come great pronouncements about everything else that touches, or is supposed to touch, the public welfare. What is it? That's what I want explained to me."

"Make that a little more direct, a little more succinct," suggested the newspaper man, his attention utterly absorbed.

"Let's determine," complied Smith, "whether the saloon and the influence of the saloon are so wrapped up in politics that the politicians are afraid to go against it. Let's ascertain why men will not vote down a traffic on behalf of which all of them are afraid to lift their voices in public advocacy."

"And suppose they refuse to notice this challenge, as they probably will?" Waller's drawl elaborated the interview.

"That's their funeral— not mine!" Smith waved his right arm in careless finality.

"Also, suppose they become hostile to the prohibition movement as a result of this attack?"

Smith struck the desk once with his clenched hand.

"Ah!" he declared, exultation in his voice. "They don't dare. That's the remarkable part of this business. They work for whisky, but they do it in the dark. They sling a sop to the public conscience and the public demand by abolishing whisky and its use in the capital building, on Indian reservations, in the army and the navy. But they do the will of the liquor interests when they say to the masses of the people: 'We will not destroy your privilege of self destruction. Our soldiers and sailors will save. But you—oh, you can go to the devil your own way.' Why it would be just as reasonable for the government to pass a law licensing butchers and grocers to sell consumers a certain amount

of typhoid germs every year!"

Waller knew his Washington. Back of his drawl and his cane and his air of boredom was a rare discernment, a fine eye for the real forces in life. He had learned the capital, had studied its strange army—great men doing big things on a large scale, little men trying sly games for small profit, successes with their names on every lip, futile men slipping into oblivion, the pillars of the country's business, the pirates of national and international affairs, the real and the fake. He knew the city—its beauty, its air of careless gaiety, its procession of cocksure men and well dressed women, its thousands of blasted ambitions, its multitude of intrigues and love affairs. "They call it the home of greatness," he had remarked once. "In reality, it's the grave of greatness."

And, since he knew accurately the value of men and their methods, he had swung down the flower hung capital hill, boarded a street car, lounged into his office, and written the story of the Smith interview. He had done it in his forceful, picturesque style, and its publication the following morning had convinced Washington that there had come into its midst a new personality. Senators and representatives laughed at the new arrival. A great many women rose up and called him blessed. Thousands of both men and women throughout the country began to write him letters of congratulation and encouragement. The great prohibition organizations called him into their conferences. Newspapers came to regard him as a regular feature. He had been properly introduced by Cholliewollie.

Then, one night in the middle of June, when the moon hung yellow as gold in the sky, and the slow breeze was heavy with the fragrance of many kinds of flowers, he had been presented to Miss Edith Mallon. She stood on the veranda of a country clubhouse, a knot of men about her, and, as he was about to pass, somebody called him and introduced him. It was during an informal dance, and the drum notes drowned whatever she said in greeting him. He did not notice even how she threw back her head with an odd little motion, as of astonishment, when she saw his face clearly under the electric light overhead. Most people were impressed by the ardour of his eyes. He was used to it.

He asked for a dance, and before it was over she was expressing her surprise that a "reformer" could dance perfectly.

"Somehow," she said, "I had never thought that temperance agitators were human beings."

"On the contrary," he informed her, laughter crinkling the corners of his eyes, "they're the most human and humane beings in the world."

"But!" she remonstrated, and added, a little breathlessly: "I mean you're such a man of—of the world. There's nothing clerical about you."

"Oh, no," he said quietly.

Something in his manner of saying that created in her the desire to seem interested in his principles.

"And your arguments," she said, as they found chairs on the veranda; "I suppose they're the old, familiar biblical things. There aren't any brand new ones, any real discoveries to make congress do what you want it to do, are there?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, detecting the raillery in her voice.

"For instance?" she urged.

They sat near the veranda railing, the soft radiance of the moon falling full upon her, and making her black hair a part of the purple shadows of the night. Her neck and shoulders gleamed through a

filmy scarf, and her face, looking very white, would have been all gravity but for the laughter in her eyes.

"Why do you laugh?" he countered.

His attitude was that of a man seeking valuable information.

"Really," she said quickly, "I'm not laughing—far from it. I never in all my life felt less like laughing. Tell me. What is the new argument?"

"I am arranging," he said seriously, "for the production of a moving picture which will show, among its features, a whisky manufacturer reviewing a procession of his dollars."

"How do you mean?"

"On the dollars will be the figures of the men and women his business has destroyed. It will be quite effective, I think; one by one, the grand total of how many men's lives, and how many women's virtue, he has ruined."

"Oh!" she said, with a quick little intake of her breath. "You are very direct."

He laughed in apology.

"I have to be," he said.

"Whisky is."

"And you really care so much?" she asked, the laughter gone out of her eyes.

"Tremendously," he told her.

"Why?"

"For at least a thousand reasons," he answered, and added: "Ah, there's the music! Will you dance with the agitator again?"

## CHAPTER THREE.

Edith Mallon, a few hours after telling Mrs. Griswold Kane it was enough to know that John Smith was a great man, sat before a slow fire in the parlor of the big house in Massachusetts Avenue and went over in her mind that first talk with him in which he suddenly, almost brusquely, had avoided explaining in detail his reasons for supporting the cause of prohibition so ardently.

"His real reason," she thought to herself; "that is what I would like to know, above all things. It is what he has never told me. I wonder why."

Since then he had seen her frequently, and he had established himself as a national figure. His speeches before the committees of the House and Senate having control of legislation affecting the liquor question had been carried verbatim in the newspapers and had found a tremendous response from the country. His gift for organization had been of incalculable aid to the prohibitionists. And, most of all, his logic, his presentation of the question to individual congressmen, and his incessant industry in every phase of the agitation for the movement he represented, had brought it to the front in public affairs. There was nobody, on either side of the controversy, to deny now that it was no longer a moribund matter. The fire of his spirit had breathed quick life into it and set it in motion.

"There is," he had told her more than once, "so terrific a sentiment throughout the country against whisky and its evils that, if ever the constitutional amendment is put to a vote, it will get far more than the two-thirds majority required in the House and Senate to pass it. Of course there will follow the more or less tedious work of getting the state legislatures to vote for the amendment after it is authorized. But that will come. My only concern is to get prompt action by the House. And your friend Mr. Richard Mannersley is the chief obstacle in my path—he and his blessed committee."

It was for Mannersley that she was waiting now. He and Smith were equally attentive to her. Nellie Kane had described her as the heroine of a political play in which the two men, representing opposite sides of a big national issue, brought to her their various arguments.

Mannersley came in, regretting that congress was about to adjourn, which would necessitate his going back to campaign in his New York district. He looked more like a stock broker than a statesman, his face devoid of any hint of indignation. In spite of his expression of assurance and self-sufficiency, his florid features were too heavy, his light blue eyes were hard, and seemed, somehow, in keeping with his white, wiry

hair brushed straight up from his forehead. His waist line had begun to disappear. He looked under-trained, too much indulged. Edith, while she talked to him, wondered why her father liked him.

"Besides," he was saying, "I hate to go, because it looks like leaving the field to the enemy."

The tone of his heavy baritone voice made her wish she could terminate the interview then and there.

"What enemy?" she asked.

"Mr. John Smith," he replied, succeeding in showing his real opinion that he had nothing to fear from the other man.

"But," she objected, ignoring any personal application of his remark, "the legislative field is clear until December. Nothing can be done until congress reconvenes."

"I don't mean that," he said. "I dislike the idea of your—of his annoying you so much."

"But, really," she laughed lightly, "your concern is unnecessary. He doesn't annoy me at all."

"You mean you really like him?" He pretended to be astonished.

"Yes," she said, unhesitant; "I do."

"You admire this crank?"

He threw back his head, the movement making his thick neck bulge over his collar.

"Yes," she said flatly. "I admire his motives and his fearlessness."

"His reputation for fearlessness came from his brazen attack on our party," he objected, ridicule in his tone. "The world seems to belong to the impudent."

"But the party has never answered that attack," she reminded him.

"Why should it?" Mannersley asked in real surprise. "Why should anybody answer him? I wouldn't."

She regarded him a moment out of grave eyes.

"I wish," she said, "you could see the right of what he asks. As chairman of the committee on amendments to the constitution, it is you who stand in his way. And I would so like to see him win."

Mannersley's eyes showed his chagrin.

"That," he said, "is the very reason I am here this afternoon."

"What has that to do with it—my wishing that you and he might cooperate?"

She regretted the question as soon as she had asked it.

He leaned toward her suddenly, some of the floridness fading from his face, and, when he spoke, his voice trembled with what was, for him, great emotion.

"Simply this," he said. "He and I never can cooperate—and I love you. I want you to marry me."

He was speaking very rapidly. "And the thought of your—your considering him is more than I can stand."

Although she had sensed what was coming, his frank declaration surprised her, so much so that she hesitated a moment before she put the laughing question:

"Are you proposing to me, Mr. Mannersley, or correcting my visiting list?"

"He's attempting to destroy me," he insisted excitedly. She had never seen him so moved. "If his motives, which you admire so greatly, prevail, he will destroy me. Can't you understand what I mean? Political destruction would not matter if he did not adorn it with your approval."

"Oh," she said regretfully, "you exaggerate me, and—"

The expression on his face made her turn in her chair and look toward the door. Wales, the butler, had lifted the hangings.

"Mr. Smith!" he announced.

Mannersley got to his feet instantly, and was saying goodby to Edith as Smith entered the room. The agitator came forward swiftly and took her hand. He turned to Mannersley, greeting him with almost excessive politeness.

Mannersley bowed stiffly.

"When are you leaving?" Smith inquired pleasantly.

"Surely," said Mannersley at the door, "you are not interested in that."

"On the contrary," Smith replied, "I am. I want to have a talk with you before you get away."

"Oh!" the other said dryly, as he took his departure.

"I'm sorry he was so—shall we say crude?" Smith said, taking the chair Mannersley had vacated.

"It's an imposition on you to be annoyed by the differences that grow out of this fight."

She was relieved immensely by Mannersley's departure.

"Nothing about it annoys me," she said seriously. "Sometimes I wish I could help—the fight."

He looked gratified.

"You have, tremendously," he told her. "Every time I talk with you, you give me new inspiration."

He sprang out of his chair, with one of his sudden movements, and leaned against the mantel.

"That sounds trite and inadequate," he supplemented; "but it's more than true."

"I'm glad," she answered, looking up to him for a moment.

"I like it, really—the atmosphere of fight, the knowing that you're going to win in the end. And there's something so very exciting in knowing the mysterious Mr. Smith, the man who has set for himself the task of making congress do a thing it doesn't want to do."

"It isn't particularly exciting, is it?" he inquired gently.

"Of course it is. The mystery in it is enough."

He made no comment on that, although she waited for it. She looked up to him again, the hint of reproach in her eyes.

"You know," she suggested, "I think you might confide in me."

He stood up straight and returned her glance for a moment. When she looked away from him to the fire, he paced the length of the room and back again with his quick, swinging stride.

(Continued Next Week.)

## After the War Is Over.

From the San Francisco Chronicle. The entente allies continue to plan for a continuance of the war or arms by a commercial war. Quite possibly similar arrangements are in progress among the central powers.

It would be foolery. No peace can be permanent which destroys individual liberty by preventing each human unit from buying where he pleases, selling to whom he pleases and shipping as he pleases—with no restrictions except such as each nation may impose by impartial taxation, either for revenue or for protection.

Such a commercial war as the entente allies propose could not but lead promptly to another clash of arms if the contending forces could possibly raise the money.

The peace which the world is clamoring for is a real peace.

A French deputy proposes as an after-war measure a pooling of the merchant shipping of all the entente allies, to which neutrals would be admitted on condition that they would agree not to also enter any central power pool.

It is certain that this country will make no such agreement with either set of belligerents, and we should dislike to think it was not certain that American citizens will be allowed to carry on their individual trading as they have been accustomed to do.

It begins to appear that the most serious question growing out of this war is whether individual liberty is or is not to perish from the earth. Much present writing indicates an expectation that when what is called peace comes individuals will have to do what the official sets them at. Nationalized competition in trade cannot stop short of that.

An instance of improper international trade methods is the recent action of the Australian government in absolutely prohibiting imports of tin plate from this country in order to give the business to Wales, which, with a 10 per cent preference in duty, is unable to hold the Australian market.

That is a good way to provoke international hatred, and if the prohibition directed against this country alone is not disallowed by the British government is likely to do more harm to the cause of the allies than good to the Welsh rolling mills.

Let us have real peace.

## Film Story Urges Thrift.

Isaac F. Marcossion in the Saturday Evening Post.

So vividly was the phrase, "War Savings Week," driven home to England that the war savings committee decided instantly to capitalize the new asset. In a few days hundreds of billboards and fences throughout the kingdom blossomed forth with this sentence, painted in red, white and blue letters: "Make Every Week Savings Week."

Not content with splashing the billboards with the injunction to save, the national committee hit upon what came to be the most popular medium for disseminating the gospel of thrift. It enlisted the movies. A film called "For the Empire" was made by a number of widely known motion picture actors and actresses, who gave their services free of charge.

It is a stirring and graphic story of the war, showing how a certain English lad volunteers at the outset and goes to the front. You get a vivid picture of life in the trenches, shown in actual war scenes. Then you see the young soldier fall gallantly leading a charge; his body is brought home, and he is buried with military honors. Then the screen hurls the question at the audience: "This man died for his country. What are you doing for the nation in its hour of trial?" Now follows a vivid lesson in how to save and buy a war saving certificate. This film had been shown in 1,300 theaters up to October 1 and was booked to be shown in 1,000 more within the next three weeks.

## Woman Raises Algrettes.

Rio De Janeiro.—Senhora Pepa Catardo, an enterprising woman of this city, is making a large income by raising Brazilian herons, the birds that produce the algrette so highly valued by millady's milliner. Senhora Catardo claims the feathers produced by her birds are more beautiful than those brought in by hunters, who are obliged to kill the wild birds to obtain their coveted head crests.

## That Settled Him.

From the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph. The husband—You're not economical. The wife—Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is.

Fernando El Cano, of Santa Rosa, Cal., says he is 115 years old.