SERIAL STORY

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Author of "The Grafters," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

It was a December morning—the Missouri December of mild temperatures and saturated skies—and the Chicago & Alton's fast train, dripping from the rush through the wet night, had steamed briskly to its terminal in the Union station at Kansas City.

Two men, one smoking a short pipe and the other snapping the ash from a scented cigarette, stood aloof from the hurrying throngs on the platorm looking on with the measured interest of those who are in a melee but not of it.

"More delay," said the cigarettist, glancing at his watch. "We are over an hour late now. Do we get any of it back on the run to Denver?"

The pipe smoker shook his head.

"Hardly, I should say. The 'Limited' is a pretty heavy train to pick up lost time. But it won't make any particular difference. The western connections all wait for the 'Limited,' and we shall reach the seat of war tomorrow night, according to the Boston itinerary."

Mr. Morton P. Adams flung away the unburned half of his cigarette and masked a yawn behind his hand.

"It's no end of a bore, Winton, and that is the plain, unlacquered fact," he protested. "I think the governor owes me something. I worried through the Tech because he insisted that I should have a profession; and now I am going in for field work with you in a howling winter wilderness because he insists on a practical demonstration."

"Humph! it's too bad about you," said the other, ironically. He was a fit figure of a man, clean-cut and vigorous, from the steadfast outlook of the gray eyes and the close clip of the Van Dyck beard to the square finger-tips of the strong hands, and his smile was of good-natured contempt. "As you say, it is an outrage on filial complaisance. All the same, with the right-of-way fight in prospect, Quartz Creek canyon may not prove to be such a valley of dry bones as— Look out, there!"

The shifting engine had cut a car from the rear of the lately arrived Alton, and was sending it down the outbound track to a coupling with the Transcontinental "Limited." Adams stepped back and let it miss him by a hand's-breadth, and as the car was passing Winton read the name on the panelling.

"'The Rosemary;' somebody's 20-ton private outfit. That cooks our last chance of making up any lost time between this and to-morrow—"

He broke off abruptly. On the square rear observation platform of the private car were three ladies. One of them was small and blue-eyed, with wavy little puffs of snowy hair peeping out under her dainty widow's cap. Another was small and blue-eyed, with wavy masses of flaxen hair caught up from a face which might have served as a model for the most exquisite bisque figure that ever came out of France. But Winton saw only the third.

She was taller than either of her companions—tall and straight and lithe; a charming embodiment of health and strength and beauty; clear-skinned, brown-eyed—a very goddess fresh from the bath, in Winton's instant summing-up of her, and her crown of red-gold hair helped out the simile.

Now thus far in his thirty-year pilgrimages John Winton, man and boy, had lived the intense life of a working hermit so far as the social gods and goddesses were concerned. Yet he had a pang—of disappointment or pointed jealousy, or something akin to both—when Adams lifted his hat to this particular goddess, and was rewarded by a little cry of recognition.

"She is a friend of yours, then?" he said, when Adams had taken the baited hook open-eyed.

The technologian modified the assumption.

"Not quite in your sense of the word, I fancy. I met her a number of times at the houses of mutual friends in Boston. She was studying at the conservatory."

"But she isn't a Bostonian," said Winton, confidently.

"Miss Virginia?—hardly. She is a Carteret of the Carterets; Virginia-born, bred, and named. Stunning girl, isn't she?"

"No," said Winton, shortly, resenting the slang for no reason that he could have set forth in words.

Adams lighted another of the scented villainies, and his clean-shaven face wrinkled itself into a slow smile.

"Which means that she has winged you at sight, I suppose, as she does most men." Then he added, calmly: "It's no go."

"What's 'no go'?"

Adams laughed unfeelingly.

"You remind me of the fable about the head-hiding ostrich. Didn't I see you staring at her as if you were about to have a fit? But it is just as I tell you; it's no go. She isn't the marrying kind. If you knew her, she'd be nice to you till she got a good chance to flay you alive—"

"Break it off!" growled Winton.

"Presently. As I was saying, she would miss the chance of marrying the best man in the world for the sake of taking a rise out of him. Moreover, she comes of old cavalier stock with an English earldom at the back of it, and she is inordinately proud of the fact; while you—er—you've given me to understand that you are a man of the people, haven't you?"

Winton nodded absently.

"Well, that settles it definitely," was the Bostonian's comment. "Miss Carteret is of the sang azure. The man who marries her will have to know his grandfather's middle name—and a good bit more besides."

Winton's laugh was mockingly good-natured.

"You have missed your calling by something more than a hand's-breadth, Morty. You should have been a novelist. Give you a spike and a cross-tie and you'd infer a whole railroad. But you pique my curiosity. Where are these American royalties of yours going in the Rosemary.?"

"To California. The car belongs to Mr. Somerville Darrah, who is vice president and manager in fact of the Colorado & Grand River road; the 'Rajah,' they call him. He is a relative of the Carterets, and the party is on its way to spend the winter on the Pacific coast."

"And the little lady in the widow's cap; is she Miss Carteret's mother?"

"Miss Bessie Carteret's mother and Miss Virginia's aunt. She is the chaperon."

Winton was silent while the "Limited" was roaring through a village on the Kansas side of the river.

"I have heard somewhat of the Rajah," he said, half musingly. "In fact, I know him, by sight. He is what the magazinists are fond of calling an 'industry colonel,' a born leader who has fought his way to the front. If the Quartz Creek row is anything more than a stiff bluff on the part of the C. & G. R. it will be quite as well for us if Mr. Somerville Darrah is safely at the other side of the continent—and well out of reach of the wires."

Adams came to attention with a half-hearted attempt to galvanize an interest in the business affair.

WINTON TURNED AND WALKED AWAY.

"Tell me more about this mysterious jangle we are heading for," he rejoined. "Have I enlisted for a soldier when I thought I was only going into peaceful exile as an assistant engineer of construction on the Utah Short Line?"

"That remains to be seen." Winton took a leaf from his pocket memorandum and drew a rough outline map. "Here is Denver, and here is Carbonate," he explained. "At present the Utah is running into Carbonate this way over the rails of the C. & G. R. on a joint track agreement which either line may terminate by giving six months' notice of its intention to the other. Got that?"

"To have and to hold," said Adams. "Go on."

"Well, on the first day of September the C. & G. R. people gave the Utah management notice to quit."

"They are bloated monopolists," said Adams, sententiously. "Still, I don't see why there should be any scrapping over the line in Quartz Creek canyon."

"No? You are not up in monopolistic methods. In six months from September 1st the Utah people will be shut out of Carbonate business, which is all that keeps that part of their line alive. If they want a share of that traffic after March 1st, they will have to have a road of their own to carry it over."

"Precisely," said Adams, stifling a yawn. "They are building one, aren't they?"

"Trying to," Winton amended. "But, unfortunately, the only practical route through the mountains is up Quartz Creek canyon, and the canyon is already occupied by a branch of the Colorado & Grand River."

"Still, I don't see why there should be any scrap."

"Don't you? If the Rajah's road can keep the new line out of Carbonate till the six months have expired, it will have a monopoly of all the carrying trade of the camp. By consequence it can force every shipper in the district to make iron-clad contracts, so that when the Utah line is finally completed it won't be able to secure any freight for a year at least."

"Oho! that's the game, is it? I begin to savvy the burro; that's the proper phrase, isn't it? And what are our chances?"

"We have about one in a hundred, as near as I could make out from Mr. Callowell's statement of the case. The C. & G. R. people are moving heaven and earth to obstruct us in the canyon. If they can delay the work a little longer, the weather will do the rest. With the first heavy snow in the mountains, which usually comes long before this, the Utah will have to put up its tools and wait till next summer."

Adams lighted another cigarette.

"Pardon me if I am inquisitive," he said, "but for the life of me I can't understand what these obstructionists can do. Of course, they can't use force."

Winton's smile was grim. "Can't they? Wait till you get on the ground. But the first move was peaceable enough. They got an injunction from the courts restraining the new line from encroaching on their right of way."

"Which was a thing that nobody wanted to do," said Adams, between inhalations.

"Which was a thing the Utah had to do,' corrected Winton. "The canyon is a narrow gorge—a mere slit in parts of it. This is where they have us."

"Oh, well; I suppose we took an appeal and asked to have the injunction set aside?"

"We did, promptly; and that is the present status of the fight. The appeal decision has not yet been handed down; and in the meantime we go on building railroad, incurring all the penalties for contempt of court with every shovelful of earth moved. Do you still think you will be in danger of ossifying?"

Adams let the question rest while he asked one of his own.

"How do you come to be mixed up in it, Jack? A week ago some one told me you were going to South America to build a railroad in the Andes. What switched you?"

Winton shook his head. "Fate, I guess; that and a wire from President Callowell, of the Utah, offering me this. Chief of Construction Evarts, in charge of the work in Quartz Creek canyon, said what you said a few minutes ago—that he had not hired out for a soldier. He resigned, and I'm taking his berth."

Adams rose and buttoned his coat.

"By all of which it seems that we two are in for a good bit more than the ossifying exile," he remarked. And then: "I am going back into the Rosemary to pay my respects to Miss Virginia Cartaret. Won't you come along?"

"No," said Winton, more shortly than the invitation warranted; and the technologian went his way alone.

CHAPTER II.

"Scuse me, sah; private cah, sah."

It was the porter's challenge in the vestibule of the Rosemary. Adams found a card.

"Take that to Miss Carteret—Miss Virginia Carteret," he directed, and waited till the man came back with his welcome.

The extension table in the open rear third of the private car was closed to its smallest dimensions, and the movable furnishings were disposed about the compartment to make it a comfortable lounging room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JOHN HENRY

ON AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

By HUGH McHUGH

[GEORGE V. HOBART]

"Sat Up as a Statue."

Peaches, my wife, acquired the amateur photography bug last week, and it was really surprising how quickly she laid the foundation of a domestic rogues' gallery.

She bought a camera and went after everybody and everything in the neighborhood.

She took about 8,000,000 views of our country home before she discovered that the camera wasn't loaded properly, which was tough on Peaches but good for the bungalow.

Like everything else in this world picture pinching from still life depends entirely on the point of view.

If your point of view is all right it's an easy matter to make a four-dollar doghouse look like the villa of a Wall street broker at Newport.

Ten minutes after my wife had brought the camera home she had me set up as a statue all over the lawn, and she was snapping at me like a spitz doggie at a peddler.

I sat for 219 pictures that forenoon, so I suppose if she snapped like a spitz I must have looked like a setter.

Anyway, before I was through setting I felt like a hen, but when she tried to coax me to climb up on a limb of a tree and stay there till she got a picture of me looking like an owl, I swore softly in three languages, fell over the back fence and ran for my life.

When I rubbershoed it back that afternoon my wife was busy developing her crimes.

The proper and up-to-date caper in connection with taking snap shots these days is to buy a developing outfit and upset the household from pit to dome while you are squeezing out pictures of every dearly beloved friend that crosses your pathway.

My wife selected a spare room on the top floor where she could await developments.

A half hour later ghostly noises began to come from that room and mysterious whisperings fell out of the window and bumped over the lawn.

When I reached the front door I found that the gardener had left, the waitress was leaving, the baby had discharged the nurse, and the nurse was telephoning for a policeman.

"Where is Mrs. Henry?" I asked Mary, the nurse.

"She is still developing," said Mary.

"What has she developed?" I inquired.

"Up to the present time she has developed the cook's temper and she has developed the baby's appetite, and a couple of bill collectors developed a pain in the neck when they couldn't see her; and if things go on in this way I think this will soon develop into a foolish house!" said Mary, the nurse.

A half hour later while I was hiding under the hammock on the front porch, not daring to breathe above a whisper for fear I would get my picture taken again, my wife rushed out exclaiming: 'Oh, joy! Oh, joy! John, I have developed two pictures!"

I wish you could have seen the expression on Peaches' face.

In order to develop the films a picturesque assortment of drugs and chemicals have to be used.

Well, my wife had used them.

A silent little stream of wood alcohol was trickling down over her left ear

"I Have Developed Two Picturues."

into her Psyche knot, and on the end of her nose about six grains of bichloride of potash was sending out signals of distress to some spirits of turpentine which was burning on the top of her right eyebrow.

Something dark and lingering like iodine had given her chin the double cross and her apron looked like the remnants of a porous plaster.

Her right hand had red, white, green, purple and magenta marks all over it, and her left hand looked like the Fourth of July.

"John!" she yelled; "here it is! My goodness, I am so excited! See what a fine picture of you I took!"

She handed me the picture, but all I could see was a woodshed with the door wide open.

"A good picture of the woodshed," I said; "but whose woodshed is it?"

"A woodshed!" exclaimed my wife; "why, that is your face, John. And where you think the door is open is only your mouth!"

I looked crestfallen and then I looked at the picture again, but my better nature asserted itself and I made no attempt to strike this defenseless woman.

"It's Immense."

Then she handed me another picture and said: "John, here is one I took of you and little Peaches!"

Little Peaches is the name of our baby. We call her little Peaches because that's what she is.

I looked at the picture and then I said to big Peaches: "All I can see is Theodore, our colored gardener, walking across lots with a sack of flour on his back!"

"John, you are so stupid," said my wife. "How can you expect to see what it is when you are holding the picture upside down?"

I turned the picture around, and then I was quite agreeably surprised.

"It's immense!" I shouted. "It's the real thing, all right! Why this is aces! I suppose it is called 'Moonlight On Lake Champlain?' Did this one come with the camera or did you draw it from memory?"

"The idea of such a thing," my wife snapped; "can't you see that you're holding the picture the wrong way. Turn it around and you will see yourself and little Peaches!"

I gave the thing another turn.

"Gee whiz!" I said, "now I have it! Oh, the limit! You wished to surprise me with a picture of the sunset at Gouvernor's island. How lovely it is. See, over here in this corner there's a bunch of soldiers listening to what's cooking for supper, and over here is the smoke from the gun that sets the sun—I like it!"

Then my wife grabbed the picture out of my hands and burst into speech.

When the exercises were over I inquired, casually: "Where, my dear, where are the other 21,219 pictures you snapped to-day?"

"Only these two came out good because, don't you see, I'm an amateur yet," was her come back.

Then she looked lovingly at the result of her day's work and began to peel some bicarbonate of magnesia off her knuckles with the nut cracker.

"Only two out of 21,219—I think you ought to call it a long shot instead of a snap shot," I whispered, after I had dodged behind a tree on the lawn.

She went in the house without saying a word and I took out my pocketbook and looked at it wistfully.

Frugality of the French.

The astonishing statement is made that the French people have invested in foreign securities the stupendous amount of above $13,000,000,000, and that in addition to their own public debt, the greatest of any nation, which is an exclusively domestic loan. These gigantic savings are due to frugality and to thrift. Thrift—it was a French trait at the dawn of French history, and has prevailed for centuries. No land has been harried by opposing armies more frequently or more devastatingly and no land ever recovered from desolation so spedily and so completely. France is stronger and richer this moment than ever before, and that, too, in the fourth decade after her utter prostration and spoliation of 1871.

You Must Hustle.

"Hustle" is a word that has come into very general use of late, and is used to express vigorous earnest effort to accomplish a definite purpose. It is not a very elegant word, but it is very expressive. It means, according to Webster, "to force one's way." This seems to be the spirit and demand of this age of fierce competition in business and the professions. If you want business, a desire to attain success in any of the learned professions, you must push for it, or you will be left far in the rear. You cannot sit still and expect wealth and reputation to seek you out. Some apparently hug the delusion that "the world owes them a living," and because they think they are meritorious, they are sure to succeed without any great effort on their part. Who are the men and women who have acquired wealth and fame? asks the New York Weekly. Think over their careers, and you will come to the conclusion that in 99 cases out of 100 they were "the architects of their own fortunes." In other words, they had to hustle. So has it been with all those who are known as self-made men. They had not the advantages that come from wealth, education, or social position. But they had an inspiring ambition that knew "no such word as fail," and whether seeking success in business, or reputation in a profession, or distinction in statesmanship, they labored unceasingly with that one end in view. They rested not until their ambition was gratified. So in all the ordinary walks of life, if you expect success, you must hustle for it with hand and brain. Don't expect others to supply your wants. Supply them yourself. The world is before you, and you have the same opportunity as others have had. Only improve it.

Opposition to the endless flood of immigrants is usually based either upon the fear that they will destroy the market for native labor or the belief that they will lower the standard of citizenship and morality. In either case, says Youth's Companion, the fear is directed against the immigrant himself. At the recent convention, in New York, of the American Social Science association, a danger less often considered was pointed out: that which comes from the second generation. The foreign-born population, according to figures which were given, furnishes more than twice its normal proportion of inmates of penal, insane and charitable institutions; but the children of immigrants are three times as criminal as the children of the native-born, and twice as criminal as the immigrants themselves.

An inquiry conducted by order of the French senate acquits white lead of being a vicious poisoner. So far from being able to find evidence of excessive mortality among journeymen house painters, the committee reports a very low death rate among men of that trade, the average being only one in 7,000 or 8,000. The only excessive mortality was found in districts where the painters mixed too much alcohol with their work. Which is good demonstration that solutions of white lead in alcohol are apt to deposit deadly precipitates, and is timely warning to house painters, at least, to drink spirits in moderation or not at all.

A story is told of a letter received at the post office in Paris bearing the following inscription: "To the Greatest French Poet." The letter carrier was instructed to deliver it to Victor Hugo, who refused to receive it, and sent it to Lamartine. This genius also declined to accept the letter and passed it on to Alfred de Musset. The latter, equally modest, resent it to Victor Hugo, who finally accepted it. The letter had reached its destination. We wonder where a letter addressed "To the Greatest American Poet" would be delivered.

The English tailor who came over to design new uniforms for the members of our army says American soldiers make a better military appearance than the English, German or French warriors. If somebody will hasten to assure us that our soldiers are finer looking than the Japs our confidence will be fully restored.

A 41-story building, which will have a height of 625 feet, is to be erected by a sewing machine company at the corner of Broadway and Liberty street, New York. Now, in order to give a proper artistic effect, somebody should get the adjoining lot and build thereon a one-story bank with Ionic columns.

Two prize fighters have received fatal injuries in the ring within the past six months. The old claim that prize fighting isn't as dangerous as football may have to be modified if the fighters do not exercise greater care.

Col. Watterson wants young men to go south. Another journalist, Horace Greeley, told them to go west, but apparently they go where they blamed please.

If they will put sawdust in the breakfast food, let the consumer insist that it be clean sawdust.