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(Continued.)

"See, boy, how she's growing, this little baby of mine!" the doctor exclaimed, wheeling her about for Stuart's inspection. "Run now, little, and go to bed. I want to look to Jim."

"Well, my boy," said the doctor when she had left, "I've just done a thing which I know was inevitable, but now that it's done I'm afraid I may have made a tragic mistake. Tell me if it's so. There may be time to retract."

"Bivens has threatened to ruin your business?"

"On the other hand he has just offered to buy it at my own price."

"And you refused?"

"To sell at any price, but it's not too late to change my mind. I can call him back now and apologize for my rudeness. Tell me, should I do it? Your eyes are young boys; your soul is fresh from God's heart. You just a little lonely and afraid tonight. Set things for me—sit down a moment."

"There are several reasons why you couldn't have a more sympathetic listener tonight, doctor—go on."

"Grant all their claims," he began impatiently, "for the trust in economy, its efficiency, its value to its cause—this is a free country, isn't it?"

"Theoretically."

"Well, when I hint at such a thing to your modern organizing friend that these enormous profits for the few must be paid out of the poverty of the many—against whom the strong and cunning are thus combining—a simple answer is always ready, 'Business is business,' which translated is the old cry that the first murderer shrieked into the face of his questioner, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' I saw murder in those black bead eyes of Bivens tonight. Do you think he would hesitate to close a factory, to displace a dividend if he knew that he would result in the death of its employees from weakness and hunger? Not for a minute. He hesitates only at a violation of the letter of the criminal code."

"But if you sell your business to these men and retire will you necessarily share in their wrongdoing?"

"It's a very real and tragic sense, yes. I'm a coward. I feel the fight. I've been both a soldier and a merchant. Why should not trade have its heroes as well as war? Why shouldn't I be just as ready to die as a merchant for my people as I was on the field of battle? I am just passing through this world once. There are some things I simply must do as I pass. I can't wait, and the thing that has begun to strangle me is this modern cry for money, money, money, at all hazards, by fair or foul means. I must fight it. I must. Good food, decent clothes, a home, pure air, a great love—these are all any human being needs. No human being should have less. I will not strike down my fellow man to get more for myself while one human being on this earth wants as much."

"You'll never know," Stuart said, with deep emotion, "how much I owe to you in my own life. You have always been an inspiration to me."

"I'm glad to hear that tonight, my boy, for, strange as it may seem to you, I've been whistling to keep up my courage. I've a sickening foreboding of failure. But, after all, can a man fail who is right?"

"I don't believe it," was the ringing answer which leaped to Stuart's lips. "I've had to face a crisis like this recently. I was beginning to hesitate and think of a compromise. You've helped me."

"Good luck, my boy," was the cheery answer. "I was a poor soldier tonight myself until the little vessel told me an obvious lie, and I took courage. He pretended to have come in a mood of generosity, his offer of settlement inspired by love."

"The devil must have laughed."

"So did I—especially when he told me that he was engaged to be married."

"Engaged—to be married?" Stuart made a supreme effort to appear indifferent. "To whom?"

"To Miss Nan Primrose, a young lady I haven't the honor of knowing, and he had the lying audacity to say that he came at her suggestion."

Stuart tried to speak but his tongue refused to move. In a harbor of blind despair he slowly fumbled his way up to his room, entered and threw himself across the bed without undressing. It was one thing to preach, another to face the thing itself alone in the darkness.

CHAPTER V  
Struggle.

THE longer Stuart wrestled with the problem of Nan's yielding to the lure of Bivens' gold the more hideous and hopeless it became. He began to feel that he had been to blame. Why had he allowed the foolish pride of a lover's quarrel to keep them apart for two weeks? When he came downstairs he paused at the door. Harriet was playing and singing again, and the soft tones of her voice were healing. He walked gently to the door of the music room, leaned

the broad veranda of the second floor she was in a flutter of excitement over the perfection of its details. "I think it's wonderful, Jim!" she exclaimed, with enthusiasm. "I've



"I think it's wonderful, Jim!"

never seen anything more nearly perfect. Whose is it?"

Stuart looked into her dark eyes with desperate yearning. "It's yours, Nan?"

"Mine?"

"Yes, dear; this is my secret. I've been building this home for you the past year. I've put all the little money my father gave me with every dollar I could save. It's paid for, and here's the key. I meant to ask you out here to fix our wedding day. I ask you now. Forget the nightmare of the past two weeks, and remember only that we love each other."

Her lips quivered for just an instant, and her hand gripped the rail of the veranda.

"If I'd seen it four weeks ago, Jim, I really don't see how I could have resisted it, but now—she shook her head and laughed—"now it's too late."

"My God! Don't say that, Nan!" he pleaded. "It's never too late to do right. You know that I love you. You know that you love me."

"But I've discovered," she went on, with baiting, half-challenging frankness, "that I love luxury too. I never knew how deeply and passionately before." She paused a moment, looking toward Sea Gate. "Isn't that the anchorage of the Atlantic Yacht club?"

"Yes," he answered impatiently.

"Then that's Mr. Bivens' yacht, the big, ugly black one lying close ashore with steam up. He told me he would send her into drydock today. He was talking last night of a wedding cruise in her to the Mediterranean. I confess, Jim, that I want to shine, to succeed and dazzle and reign. This is perhaps the one chance of my life."

"You can't realize how much the power of millions means to a woman who chafes at the limitations the world puts on her sex. It's too late!"

"Don't, don't say it, Nan!"

"Why not be frank? This little cottage is a gem, I admit. But I've seen a splendid palace set in flowers and gleaming with subdued light. Soft music steals through its halls mingled with the laughter of throngs who love and admire me. Its banquet tables are laden with the costliest delicacies, while liveried servants hurry to and fro with plates and goblets of gold."

Stuart seized her arm with fierce strength that hurt. "You shall not do this hideous thing. You are mine, I tell you, and I am bigger than money. I have the power to think, to create ideas, to create beauty—the power that makes the world. I expect to have all the money we shall need. In the years to come we shall be rich where we seek it or not. But the sweetest days of all life will be those in which we fight side by side the little battles of life in youth and poverty when we shall count the pennies and save with care for the little ones God may send us."

"But life is short, Jim. I can have things now. He has already promised them—a palace in town, another by the sea, a great castle in the heart of the blue southern mountains we used to watch as children and armies of servants to do my bidding. I can live now."

"And you call these trappings and this life?"

"My God, Nan, haven't you a soul? Haven't the life within no meaning for you? To me such luxury is sheer insanity. The possibilities of personal luxury have been exhausted of years ago. It's commonplace, vulgar and contemptible. If you wish for power why choose the lowest of all its forms? The way you are entering is worn, bare by the feet of millions of forgotten fools whose bodies worms have eaten. Not one of them lives today even in a footnote of history."

"And yet, Jim, you know as well as I do that money is the sign of success and power; its absence, of failure and weakness. If you make a mistake in your career you can correct it and begin again. Being a woman, I cannot, for marriage is my only career. A mistake now would be to me fatal."

"And you are making the one tragic mistake no repentance can undo. The deliberate choice of evil, knowing it to be evil. Your heart is mine—mine, I tell you! Do you deny it?"

Again he seized her hand, gripped it fiercely and looked into her eyes with tender, searching gaze.

Nan looked away.

"Oh, Nan, dear, believe me!" he pleaded. "You can't deny this voice within the soul and live. Happiness is inside, not outside, dear."

The lover paused a moment, overcome with his emotion, and he knew by the quick rising and falling of the girl's breast that a battle was raging.

(To Be Continued.)

## "WELL-DONE" MILLINERY

### OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday  
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This opening is of supreme importance to us, because it represents the best efforts at our command; the most perfect exemplification of the season's style creations in Fall Millinery; the very pivot upon which we hope to gain your favor and patronage. It will be a millinery show to which

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### THE RIGHT TO GET WORK

Public Labor Bureau Help Get Jobs For All—Unemployment in Germany Robbed of Tenor—Way to Bring Men And Work Together.

(By Louis Heaton Ping, President of Brooklyn Neighborhoods Association Exclusive Service The Survey Press Bureau)

Hard times bring serious lack of work. But when the country is reasonably prosperous, the difficulty is not so much lack of work as inability to find it. In New York, Chicago and all our great cities, we have countless vacant positions, and thousands of carpenters, masons, laborers, waiters, elevator men, porters, drivers seeking them—blindly groping for a clue. What is more disheartening than to see men lined up before a factory door, day after day, endlessly waiting?

For most work-seekers, the want ads in the daily papers are the usual source of information. By the time the man out of work gets to the advertised job he finds a line of others ahead of him. One of the other men is taken, or the work or pay is not as represented. The day is lost. Day after day is spent in searching; the heart is eaten out, ambition is killed, temper is soured, the seeker for work is less a man after repeated experiences. He loses his nerve.

There are private employment agencies, but many cannot pay the fee. At best, these agencies are as a drop in the bucket. They exist to supply their clients. Their view is that of the employer. It is only incidentally that they find jobs for men.

Gives New York or Chicago or Philadelphia; an average of 50,000 men seeking work and 40,000 jobs seeking men; given the creation of huge buildings; the development of suburban areas; docks and warehouses; tens of thousands of factories; steamers coming, going, loading and unloading; work shifting, now here, now there—does it require more than the most ordinary intelligence to know that the only way to do away with the heart-rending and fruitless search for work is to have a systematic network of labor centers, where the job can seek the man and where all men out of work can register for the job? Each center should be in communication with every other, under a central control, so that if the demand for carpenters in one section is greater than the supply, men can be sent from another neighborhood, where there are more carpenters than jobs. Such a system, of course, be under national or state control. No fee should be paid by the men, and only a small charge should be made the employer. It would be almost self-supporting, and might be made entirely so. And what greater economy could there be in the self-respect of men, the bringing of women and little children, the prevention of suicides?

The city agencies should be in touch with similar employment centers throughout the state and nation. The farmers of the West, praying in vain for men to harvest the crops, could then be supplied from the overflow of the cities. The great railroads, stretching the bands of steel across the Western mountains and prairies, could get their help from the East and would not have to import Chinese and Mexicans.

Unemployment in Germany has been robbed of its worst terrors by the establishment of State labor exchanges and labor colonies. A visit to the labor bureau of Berlin, Munich or Ulm makes the American wish that we were a bit more methodical and logical in our care for the unemployed.

"Take the good old mediaeval city of Ulm as an example. The office is light, clean, and cheerful. The man at the desk is the American wish that we were a bit more methodical and logical in our care for the unemployed."

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### Prettiest Head-Wear

The ladies are invited to inspect my offerings in Fall Millinery, to be placed on exhibition at my parlors

**Wednesday and Thursday  
September 25 and 26**

Here you will find the smartest designs in the season's millinery offerings to be had anywhere. A specialty of Castle Hats, tailored. All are cordially invited to call and inspect.

### M. E. Quigley's

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### FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY

The ladies of the city and vicinity are cordially invited to inspect the latest creations and novelties. Our Exhibition Days are

**Wednesday, Thursday and Friday  
September 25, 26, 27**

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NO CARDS HAVE BEEN ISSUED, ALL INVITED

given a card to the employer who sits it out, stating whether the man is employed or not, and if not, why. If, after diligent effort, suitable employment can not be found in Ulm, the exchange at Augsburg, Munich or some other city is called up on the phone, and whenever there happens to be a place for the man in question there he is sent. Third and fourth class railroad tickets are very cheap in Germany, but the man of work is given a card which entitles him to ride for one-third the regular fare.

This is unemployment robbed of its worst terror—worry.

We are often told that the German way of doing things is too mechanical. Every effort is made to keep the labor exchanges from drifting into machines. In each city, the controlling board is made up of employers, government officials and trade union leaders so that all sides are represented and the angles are rubbed out. Perhaps the German scheme is not the best. Certainly it is better than chaos and indifference which prevails here. We must provide a common ground for the meeting of jobs and men.

Oil is distributed where it is needed, as sugar and tobacco—there is no confusion, no clogging of the wheels,

### AMUSEMENTS

## POLI'S

ALL THIS WEEK

**THE POLI PLAYERS**  
The Greatest Stock Company in America in

**"QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER"**

The Purest, Sweetest and Most Wholesome of Rural Dramas

PRICES: Matinee, 10c, 20c, 30c  
Evening, 10, 20, 30, 50c

## LYRIC

Isham & Houghly, Lessees and Mgrs

## ELEANOR CLEVELAND STOCK CO.

Management Karkunoff & Schrock

**THIS WEEK**  
Matinee Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday  
Viola Allen's Brilliant Success

**"IN THE PALACE OF THE KING"**

Standard Lyric Prices  
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COMING NEXT WEEK

## "THE BATTLE"

## PARK Theatre

TONIGHT AT 8:15  
A Dramatization of that Sensational Novel

**The Common Law**  
by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

PRICES: 25, 50, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50

Thursday, Friday, Saturday  
Daily Matinee at 2:15  
MAX SPIEGEL PRESENTS  
Mollie Williams and Her Co.  
(A Sister Show to the College Girls)  
1,000 good seats for Ladies at Matinee at 10 Cents  
Evenings 15c, 20c, 30c, 50c and a few at 75c  
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FALL STYLES

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### TO RENT

82 Washington Ave., 12 rooms, steam heat house, \$50.00  
25 Laurel Ave., 6 room flat, first floor, all improvements, 40.00  
136 Washington Terrace, 8 room house, \$7.50  
39 Randall Ave., 6 room flat, second floor, 16.00  
65 James St., 5 room flat, 18.00  
425 Brooks St., 5 room flat, 12.00  
247 South Ave., corner Lafayette St., store, 25.00

### ANDERSON AGENCY

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### Kelley's Cigar Store

141 FAIRFIELD AVE.

The best cigars made in imported and domestic brands. Complete line of smokers' supplies.

**JAMES H KELLY**

1912 FALL AND WINTER FASHION PLATES, including the importations, "Revue Parisienne" and "Paris Houses, Robes," 1912, now on sale.

—Post Office News Store—  
11 ARCADE

### TAX LIST—1912.

The Assessors of the City of Bridgeport will meet at the Assessors' Office, City Hall, on the third day of SEPTEMBER, and each week thereafter, to and including the 27th day of OCTOBER, 1912, for the purpose of receiving the sworn lists of all persons liable to pay taxes on personal property, namely, horses, wagons, automobiles, stock in stores, etc., and real estate in the City of Bridgeport, making a description of all real estate, each parcel separately described, (including street numbers), and if he or she shall neglect or refuse to do so, the Assessors shall fill out a list for him or her and add thereto ten per centum of the value of the property.

The attention of non-resident property owners is called to the change in the law relating to the filing of their lists, as failure on their part to list their property during September, drives them of the right of appeal to the Board of Relief.

Special attention is called to section 2302 of the Statutes which states that each parcel of property must be separately and accurately bounded and described.

Post office of each owner must be given.

Office hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., Saturdays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.

P. J. HUGHES,  
LAWRENCE J. GILL,  
JILLUS W. KNOWLTON,  
THOMAS C. BISHEN,  
Board of Assessors.