The Daughter *of* David Kerr

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SYNOPSIS.

Gloria Kerr, a motherless girl, who has spent most of her life in school, arrives at her father's home in Belmont. David Kerr is the political boss of the town, and is anxious to prevent his daughter learning of his real character. Kendall, representing the Chicago packers, is negotiating with Judge Gilbert, Kerr's chief adviser, for a valuable franchise. They fear the opposition of Joe Wright, editor of the reform paper. Kerr asks the assistance of Judge Gilbert in introducing Gloria to Belmont society, and promises to help him put through the packers' franchise and let him have all the graft. Gloria meets Joe Wright at the Gilberts. It appears they are on intimate terms, having met previously in a touring party in Europe. The Gilberts invite Gloria to stay with them pending the refurnishing of the Kerr home. Wright begins his fight against the proposed franchise in the columns of his paper, the Belmont News. Kerr, through his henchmen, exerts every influence to hamper Wright in the publication of his paper. Gloria realizes she is not being received by the best society and is unhappy. She takes up settlement work. Kerr and his lieutenants decide to buy Kerr's paper and ask the editor to meet them at Gilbert's office. Calling at Gilbert's office to solicit a donation Gloria meets Wright.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Some time soon, I hope. I'm sick and tired of it all here, Gloria. Today it has seemed like the game isn't worth the candle. What do you think?"

"I'm all in the dark, too," was her confession. Slowly and surely in the shadow of her shattered hopes and his unhappy conflict of duty and desire were they being drawn closer together than even they had been when they laughed with the spring and dreamed of the days to come in a radiant sunshine of unwhispered love.

"I don't know what to think," Gloria went on in a low tone. "I don't seem to understand Belmont."

"Why don't you go away? Don't you want to?"

"What for? I know the life out there." She made a sweeping gesture which seemed to encompass all the world outside the four walls which shut them in together. "It wouldn't really satisfy me any more—to live as I used to live."

"Yet your life here—" He left the rest to her.

"No, this doesn't satisfy me either."

"In a word, Gloria, you're not happy."

Instead of replying directly, she asked with a dropping of her hands to her sides in a hopeless fashion:

"Is anybody in the whole world happy? Are you happy?"

"Don't you think I am?"

"I'm afraid not."

The appealing way she looked at him, her whole soul welling up in her eyes, brought him to his feet and set him to pacing nervously up and down. He looked fatigued, distressed, beside himself with care. She forgave him everything but his studied refusal to let her share whatever weighed upon him. Could he not see, she thought, how she yearned to tell him that whither he went there she would go also, that his joys would be all her joys and that his burdens would be divided with her, that love divided all sorrow and doubled all joy?

Wright could stand it no longer. He saw her before him, trembling with that same emotion that shook him, aflame with the same fire that burned within him, mutely questioning him with her big, soulful eyes. How could he make amends for that month of neglect except by telling her what she long ago had guessed, but what more recently she had a right to doubt? He felt weak where he wanted to be strong. To hear from her lips that she loved him was all that he needed to make him invincible. With her acknowledged love in his heart there was nothing he could not do.

"Oh, Gloria, I can't tell you what a fight I'm making. You wouldn't understand. Business is business, outside a woman's realm, but I've missed you so much this last month."

At this declaration she caught her breath. Joy, she found, could sometimes prove the twin of pain. That this man, this strong, fearless man, in his struggles had missed her, had intimated a longing for dependence upon her, made her heart bound. Love, even when his banners have been flung forth to the breeze leagues before the castle wall is reached, never ceases to be a surprise when at last the knock at the gate is heard.

"You've no right to say your work is outside of woman's realm if you've missed something a woman could supply."

"Something the one woman could supply," he corrected.

"I must be going," she said, rising from her chair; "I'm afraid Mrs. Hayes isn't coming."

He stepped between her and the door, letting her take several steps forward, because they brought her closer to him, before he said:

"No, Gloria, you must hear me. I didn't mean to speak now, of all times, but it had to be some day, and perhaps it is all for the best now."

The woman leaned her hand upon the table for support, turning half away from him.

"Don't Joe, please don't," she murmured. "I must go."

"No, no, I must tell you. You've asked me if you could help me. I want you to help me; you can help me always. I love you. I want you to be my wife. I have loved you, oh, so long; and, most of all, I've felt that you have needed me. Don't tell me that it was just selfishness, dear, that made me feel that my protecting arms should be about you always. Love is love, a law unto itself alone. We must recognize it and bow to it, because it brings us happiness."

He came a step nearer, but she did not turn to him. She stood half turned away, her eyes downcast, her lips parted into half a smile. Her breath came fast and she could feel her heart beat. Then she heard him say in a lower tone, so gently:

"Nothing to say, Gloria? Can't you believe me?"

She turned to find herself gazing into his eyes.

"Yes, I believe in you—as I believe in my father."

This answer was not enough. He had asked her to be his wife. Not yet had she replied.

"Say that you care for me, Gloria; tell me that you love me."

"I've always cared, Joe; I do love you."

"For better or worse?" He held out his arms.

"To the end of the world," she whispered as his arms were folded about her.

And as their lips met in their first kiss, Wright saw in her eyes the light that never yet has shone on land or sea.

CHAPTER XIV.

Even as Wright held Gloria in his arms there came back to him her words:

"Yes, I believe in you—as I believe in my father."

They were like lead about his heart, and cautioned him that he must get her away from Belmont as quickly as possible. Words of love must be postponed, new-found bliss be treated as commonplace, until he had finished his hard task of persuading her to go away.

"You've made me supremely happy, Gloria. I want you to believe in me and trust me—always."

She smiled up at him her love and confidence as she answered, "I do, I do."

"I want you to be happy, and I know you're not happy in Belmont. You must go away at once. I'll follow you."

"But why?" she questioned. The smile was still there, but surprise peeped forth from her eyes. "I'm happy now."

Wright laughed at her with that delightfully patronizing air of possession that lovers assume, caught her in his arms once more and kissed her.

"I know, dear, but you'll be happier. I can't explain. You wouldn't understand. Can't you trust me?"

"Ye-es, but father would—"

"He won't oppose your going, I know he won't." At thought of David Kerr and the fierce fight they were waging Wright became insistent. "Do this for me, Gloria. You can get a late train for St. Louis tonight. I'll have Mrs. Gilbert go with you. Next week I'll join you, and we'll make plans for the wedding."

"But, Joe, that's so foolish," she complained. "I like Belmont immensely now." Then she struck a more serious note. "Besides, it wouldn't be fair to father. He's put me through, and I'm not going to disappoint him. To go away—well, I feel it would be disloyal."

"You can write him we're engaged," he pleaded. "Then I'll go to see him."

Gloria could not altogether understand his insistence. Then, too, to send her away just after they had found each other was something she could not explain to her father.

Further discussion was put out of the question by the appearance of Judge Gilbert.

"Would you object to waiting for Mrs. Hayes in this office?" he asked, pointing to the room next to that in which the men had been conferring. He smiled as he added, "Mr. Wright came on business, you know."

"I think he transacted it with me, Judge Gilbert," she could not help replying. Then she asked Wright with a smile, "You won't be long?"

He walked with her to the door, to Gilbert's surprise, crossed the threshold and went into the little office. Somehow or other—such things are always mysteries, certainly they are accidents—the door seemed to close of its own accord.

"Wait for me a little while," he said, taking both her hands in his. "It's going to be such a glorious world for us. I never knew what happiness meant till now. To be wherever you were has always made life sweet, but now everything takes on a new meaning transmuted by the glory of being loved by you."

She loosed one hand from his grasp and put it over his mouth.

"Naughty boy, you must go back to work. You're playing truant here I mustn't listen to you. When I listen to you, you make me forget everything but that I love you. And now I want to be alone and think."

To leave her for an instant was like having his life's sun in eclipse. At last she freed herself from his arms and bade him go. He had gone as far as the door, his hand upon the knob, when she quickly crossed the small space between them, threw her arms around his neck and whispered:

"Remember, dear, in whatever you do, I'm with you. May my love and my confidence support you ever."

It seemed to him like a benediction. Again were his arms around her, again their lips pledged their hearts' lasting love. Gently he released himself from her embrace, and with a parting smile was gone.

Wright stepped into the library, his eyes upon Gloria until the closed door shut her from his sight. He turned to find himself face to face with David Kerr.

While Wright had been talking to Gloria, Kerr and Kendall had joined the attorney in the library. As soon as the editor saw with whom he had to deal, he recognized how hard pressed were his friends the enemy, since no go-between was employed. He was being asked to treat with the boss of Belmont himself.

"You know Mr. Kendall and Mr. Kerr," Gilbert said, without resorting to his social manner, as was his custom. This he knew to be a case of diamond cut diamond, and there was no occasion for any seeming show of friendliness.

"I had the pleasure of meeting them at your house."

It was easy to see from the direct opening of the conversation that there was to be little beating around the bush. Gilbert took a chair at the head

"I Like Belmont Immensely Now."

of the long library table. Wright sat to his left, where he could see the door of the room in which Gloria waited for him. Opposite to him were Kerr and Kendall.

"It's been a hot campaign," were the boss' first words, "but we can afford to let bygones be bygones."

Wright was not to be led into any admission which might be used against him later, and therefore would not assent to this.

"What I can afford has nothing to do with it. The one question is: Can Belmont afford to give itself up to this terminal trust that leaves no stone unturned in its effort to steal the streets and parks of the town? That is only the first step. Where do you propose it shall end?"

"That's where you misrepresent our side, Mr. Wright," said Kendall. "The undertaking you speak of is perfectly legitimate, for the direct benefit of Belmont. I challenge you to prove that what you have accused us of being about to do is really the intention of this company. Nothing, sir, is farther from it."

"That's all been gone over," Wright said, turning to the lawyer at the head of the table. "There's nothing new to be said along that line. Was it for this you sent for me, Judge Gilbert?"

"No. I asked you to come over here to consider an offer for your paper. Is the News for sale?"

"That depends. 'For sale' when applied to a newspaper may sometimes have an ugly meaning."

"Of course," Gilbert was quick to add, "I mean as a newspaper property."

"I'm a poor man, Judge Gilbert," Wright began slowly. "I couldn't refuse to consider an offer—"

He got no further, for Kendall exclaimed:

"That's what I thought."

"Wait a minute," Wright asked him, lifting his hand in warning that he had not finished. "You interrupted me before I was through. What I say is this: I couldn't refuse to consider an offer from a proper quarter."

"What does the source matter to you?" Kendall inquired. "You're human. You want money as bad as any of us."

Before replying, Wright's gaze rested for an instant on the door behind which his heart's happiness waited. Her words came to him, strengthening him to meet the tempter: "Remember, dear, in whatever you do, I'm with you. May my love and my confidence support you ever."

"I may want money—need it—worse than any of you," he confessed. "But it must come only one way—honestly."

"Nothin' dishonest 'bout sellin' a paper, is there?" growled Kerr.

"I can't tell in this case until I hear what Judge Gilbert's offer is."

"It's simply this: I have some clients who wish to purchase your paper."

"Mr. Kerr and Mr. Kendall, I suppose."

"Does it make any difference to you?"

"It may to Belmont."

"What's Belmont got to do with it?" asked Kerr.

"A newspaper can't change hands like a stock of groceries," Wright retorted impatiently.

"You know I want to be open and above board with you, Mr. Wright," soothed Gilbert. "So I'll tell you that Mr. Kendall and Mr. Kerr are interested in this offer. I know the paper's mortgaged. What'll you sell for, the purchasers to assume the mortgage and all other debts, and possession to be given this afternoon?"

Wright merely looked at him and shook his head. What he thought he almost hated to say. It hurt him to think that they could believe he would even listen to such a proposition.

"Then," continued Gilbert, "another basis on which to deal would give you nominal control until after election, but my clients would not expect the paper to be so vehement in its denunciations in the next few days."

"Judge Gilbert," the editor replied quietly, but with great earnestness, "that's an offer I don't thank you for. These men haven't enough money to buy my paper."

"You bought the paper," snarled Kerr in an ugly manner.

"Yes," came the answer right back at him, "but you want to buy my self-respect."

The two men glared at each other, but the boss did not deny the assertion. The elder man was beginning to rage inwardly. So accustomed had he become to the exercise of autocratic power in Belmont that he could not reconcile himself to being thwarted, especially when success was so vital to him.

"There's a good profit in it for you," was the conciliatory remark of Judge Gilbert.

"In dollars and cents, perhaps," admitted Wright, "but there are some things that have a greater value than mere money; peace of mind, for instance, and the deserved respect of the community, and honor. I can't sell out the people who are depending on me, the people of Belmont."

The men across the table looked at him as if they thought him crazy. They knew he had foolish ideas, but they had not dreamed he would let such an opportunity slip through his fingers. He was the owner of a newspaper that was losing money every day, and they had as much as asked him to name his own figure for his property. They could not understand how honor was part of the transaction in the sale of a newspaper, even in the last days of a strong fight against the organization. What should he care about the respect of the community when he had money enough to take him out of that community and keep him comfortable until he was ready to get another paper somewhere else to exploit his insane ideas of civic righteousness?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Such Is Life.

"All things are possible to the dreamer."

"Perhaps so, but the one best bet is that he is going to wake up."

ONE MOTION WAS SUSTAINED

Defendant Moved to Mexico and Judge Felt He Showed Confidence in Court's Justice.

Over at Shelbyville, Mo., the other day a state case was called for trial in the circuit court and the defendant, a young farmer, did not show up. After waiting half a day the court declared his bond forfeited and directed the issuance of a warrant.

"That reminds me," remarked a lawyer attending the court, "of a time when a client of mine was 'insulted' by the filing of an information against him charging bribery. He put up to me the rather delicate problem as to whether or not he would go to the penitentiary. I looked at the hand. It didn't cause any enthusiasm. So I decided to grind out a bunch of motions. I demurred to the information and everything else I could think of. The court grimly overruled them as fast as they came in. Each night I burned the midnight oil trying to erect a bulwark between my client and the pen. The next morning the judge would kick the barrier to flinders. Finally I told my man we would have to get ready to face the music—the court wouldn't fool with us any longer. When I again entered the place of trial the court confirmed me—said if I had any more motions I needn't pull 'em out, as he was going to overrule them.

"'I haven't any more motions to make, your honor,' I said. 'But I understand my client has made one.'

"'Has he filed it?'

"'No, sir,' I replied. 'I think he took it to Old Mexico with him. I just now heard of it.'

"After a minute's study the judge said:

"'While his action deserves censure, this court cannot but feel complimented at your man's evident confidence in our disposition to deal out justice.'"

The match industry produces seven matches a day for each man, woman and child in the world.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Compulsory Education Regulations and Illiteracy

WASHINGTON.—Although six states in the Union are still without compulsory school-attendance laws, and four others have laws that apply only partially, definite progress during the past decade is reported in a bulletin just issued by the United States bureau of education. Since 1905 eight states previously without compulsory laws have adopted them, and it is thought to be a matter of only a few years when compulsory school attendance will be in effect in every state and territory of the United States.

The six states still without compulsory school laws are: South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Texas. The four local-option states, where the law is in effect in certain counties only, are Maryland, Virginia, Arkansas and Louisiana.

The bureau's investigation of the subject reveals a close connection between lack of compulsory attendance laws and illiteracy. The states rank in percentage of illiteracy very much in accordance with the length of time compulsory schooling has been in effect and the completeness with which it is enforced.

The states vary widely in number of years and amount of attendance required each year. The period of compulsory attendance is from eight to twelve in North Carolina and Virginia. In most states it is eight to fourteen or fifteen. The present tendency is to raise the upper limit of compulsion. In 17 states the compulsory age limit is sixteen years or above; in Idaho it is eighteen. As a general rule, however, children in all these states are allowed to leave school at fourteen years of age if they secure employment or have completed the eighth grade in school. There is a constantly increasing effort to safeguard the child between fourteen and sixteen years of age, the period of special importance for the vocational preparation of most children.

As little as 12 weeks of school attendance during any one year may be required in Virginia, Oklahoma, Delaware and Nebraska, while in Vermont and other states there must be 150 or more days of actual school attendance every year. Many states require attendance "during the full time school is in session," which may mean anything from 41 to 194 days. Some states secure attendance during long terms by conditioning state appropriations upon the number of days of actual school attendance.

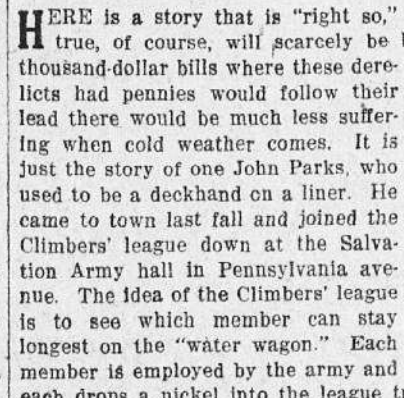
Some Visitors Uncle Sam Does Not Want

THE recent seizure by the New York customs authorities of the village of meadow ants which Mrs. C. W. Morse wished to bring with her from Europe is only an episode in the perpetual war waged against undesirable immigrants, human, animal and vegetable. Mrs. Morse's village, like the one which reached Philadelphia about a fortnight before, was probably a by-product of the increased interest in nature study, but the United States government not only discourages such aids to amateur research but absolutely prohibits them. By a law passed in 1905 the importation of living insects into this country is forbidden and there are other laws which regulate so strictly the importation of larger animals that in many cases no discretion is left to the authorities.

The classic instance of misguided enthusiasm is the introduction in 1869 of the destructive gipsy moth by a scientist named Trouvelot. Trouvelot, a Frenchman by birth, an astronomer in Harvard; unfortunately he was also an ardent entomologist who had devoted much of his leisure time to the consideration of the silk worm industry. In an evil hour he conceived the idea of breeding a hardier worm which might withstand the diseases which then were ravaging rearing establishments in France, and in pursuit of this purpose imported some gipsy moths, intending to cross them with some of the native species found in the United States. It so chanced, however, that he left the window of his study in Medford, Mass., open one day. When he returned a mass of eggs laid by the gipsy visitors had disappeared—apparently it had blown out of the open window. At this point Trouvelot's experiments stopped. Their results did not.

Everything Was All Right Except the Logic

FORMER Senator Joe Blackburn, now in the city, is bringing to light a lot of forgotten anecdotes of the day when a black slouch hat simply had to be worn by a statesman—otherwise he was no statesman at all. Whenever I look at the coterie of statesmen on the hill nowadays who wear brown derbies, I wonder how far along they would have gone in the old black slouch-hat days.



Anyhow, this little story comes from Senator Blackburn.

When Charlie Towne of Minnesota was in the senate, serving his 28-day term by appointment, he made a speech. Sort o' short time to get in a speech in the senate, but he did get it in. It was a rip-snorting speech, full of wit and blood and thunder, just the sort of speech that you do not hear every day in the senate. It was a criticism of the Republican policy in the Philippines, and to tell the truth a lot of Republicans were secretly tickled over it, but just didn't dare say so. Among those present was Senator Depew of New York, who just thought to himself he would take a crack at that brand-new 28-day senator. When Towne had closed and his friends were crowding around to congratulate him, up marched Senator Depew.

"A magnificent effort," he said, "a wonderful speech. Your diction was elegant, your delivery forceful, but your logic was execrable."

But Towne was not overpowered by this. He smiled as he returned the compliment.

"Thank you, senator, for your appreciation of the things in my speech which you could understand."

Buy Coal for Poor With Climbers' League Fund

HERE is a story that is "right so," as they call it down here, and, being true, of course, will scarcely be believed; but if the people who have thousand-dollar bills where these derelicts had pennies would follow their lead there would be much less suffering when cold weather comes. It is just the story of one John Parks, who used to be a deckhand on a liner. He came to town last fall and joined the Climbers' league down at the Salvation Army hall in Pennsylvania avenue. The idea of the Climbers' league is to see which member can stay longest on the "water wagon." Each member is employed by the army and each drops a nickel into the league treasury each week. In the spring the league gives a "banquet" with the nickels saved in winter. The nickels accumulate rapidly, as forty or fifty men belong to the league. When the treasurer reported at a meeting recently that the members had saved $15 in nickels prospects of a fancy "banquet" were bright. The "banquet," by the way, marks the end of the winter and the departure of the league members for the highways. But John Parks upset the program at the meeting. He got to figuring on that "women and children first" rule, and he made a speech. The burden of his words was that he didn't think a bunch of "bums" ought to buy a "banquet" when women and children needed food and coal. Parks made a motion that the $15 saved by the league be used to buy three tons of coal. The motion passed unanimously, and as a result Major Evans, in charge of the army, bought the coal and distributed it between several poor families. Could there possibly be a more glorious charity than this?