

The Honesty of Noah

(Continued From Page Two.)

By Eden Phillpotts

"Noah is the soul of honesty and a straighter man never lived and never will. All these years, while I'd thought that he'd forgot all about me and imagined that I was a free woman, he'd done no such thing; but, on the contrary, always meant to keep me to my word, so soon as ever he was in a position to give me a home. And now a rich uncle of his, what I never much believed in, has gone and died, and left him a keg of beans, and the first thing he thought of was to—"



"I overheard it, though she didn't mean for me to do so."

And he's been wearing out his boots for weeks tramping Plymouth on the chance of meeting me; and he was just off to advertise for me when he comes full steam upon my wench or low—one anchored afore a shiner window at the time."

Mr. Kitchen rumbled his great beard; then he spat into a spittoon, knocked out his pipe, and began to load it again.

"And what have you got to say, Mr. Scobhill?" he asked.

"What I've got to say can't no great odds," I told him cheerfully. "I'll hear you, if you please, because in my judgment what you've got to say be like to settle the affair out of hand. But in any case between gentlemen, we'll no doubt agree that the lady's got to be the first consideration."

"Money's a power, I see," murmured Jane. "You talk like a man with a bit of stuff behind you now, Noah."

"Money can do a lot," admitted the second engineer, "but it can't do some things, and I hope you'll take what I'm going to say in a friendly spirit for all our sakes, Mr. Scobhill. We're all called to face our troubles, and you've had your bit of good luck seemingly; but now I'm afraid you're going to have a bit of darned bad luck."

Jane pulled out her handkerchief. It was for her eyes this time, and Mr. Kitchen rang the bell.

"You'll have one with me now, Stout! Lucky man! I wish I could drink it; but me and Jane daren't touch malt liquor. 'Twould be lingering death to a beamy pair like us."

"Go on," I said. "Why for do you talk about you and Jane Blight as 'a pair'?"

"That's the whole bitter truth," he explained. "When first I asked this woman to marry me—it was on her second voyage in the 'Lady-bird'—she told me your story and I gave it all due weight. But in my judgment you were fairly ruled out by passage of time, and I told her so, and she was thankful to God, because, as she said—being the soul of truth, as you no doubt know—that what she felt for you at the best, compared to what she now feels for me, is bligge to run. Therefore I put it to you that if you was to think to keep her to her first engagement—you'd be doing two things. You'd be breaking her heart—and I shouldn't reckon you was the kind of man who'd like to do that—and you'd be striking up a quarrel with me that would be very bad for your health afore it had gone far."

Of course my feeling was to grasp the second engineer's enormous paw and bless him, but I held in a bit longer and looked at Jane and put on a very melancholy face. I remembered some playacting I'd seen where a good man yielded up

a woman he loved and let another take her.

"And when did you think to be married?" I asked. "How far have you gone with this, Jane?"

"Michaelmas, or thereabouts," declared Samuel. He rumbled in his beard and spat again. I never smelt nothing so horrible as his tobacco, though not very particular myself in the matter. Then silence fell among us.

Scientific Facts of General Interest

Ten thousand passengers sailed in one day this summer on 14 transatlantic liners from New York for Europe, and it is estimated they spent a total of about \$15,000,000 on their trips.

German theater goes are more interesting today in the plays of Shakespeare, Shaw and Wilde than in the production of German dramatists, says the Manchester Guardian.

Friends (Quakers) have had a larger proportion of woman preachers than any other denomination, says President Southard of the International Association of Women Preachers.

One horse, General Custer's Comanche, was the only survivor of the Battle of Little Big Horn, was never ridden afterward and for nearly 20 years drew a United States army pension.

A horseless carriage was used by a Jesuit missionary in ancient China, the machine being driven by a jet of steam playing on a mill-wheel connected by gearing with one of the axles.

Queer pets of sailors of the United States navy include pigs, dogs, parrots, ducks, goats and rabbits and one enthusiast took an Isthmian tiger cub on board the Pennsylvania.

Material for the suspension bridge 420 feet long, over the Colorado

River in the Grand Canyon, was carried 11 miles from the railroad by pack animals down steep, winding trails to the bridge site.

Apartment house life was enjoyed by the primitive Indian of New Mexico, one ruin in Chaco Canyon having 500 rooms and in its day sheltering over 1,000 people.

The bull-fighting arena, now under construction at Bordeaux, France, will seat 10,000 persons and is of concrete and steel along the architectural lines of the college bowls of this country.

More than 50 world's fairs are scheduled for Europe this year, and they are being supplemented by exhibition trains similar to that sent by France to tour Canada last year.

Seeds of the Taraktogenos Kurzii tree, from which chaulmoogra oil, the cure for leprosy, is made, have been secured from Burma by the Department of Agriculture to be planted in Hawaii.

Hotel and household chinaware made in America has been found by recent government tests to be superior in ability to withstand chipping to those of Germany, France, England and Japan.

Kaleteur Falls of British Guiana, reported to be 304 feet high, are considered the highest of voluminous falls of the world, and Yellow

stone Falls, of this country, with a descent of 2,565 feet, are the longest of the "bridal veil" type.

Ancient Greeks played a game they called "harpaston" which had many features similar to the present Rugby football.

Oysters of this country produce food each year equivalent to that furnished by 400,000 dressed steers and because of their existence on plant life and plankton of the seaboard, they really turn waste into food.

Saving of 25,000,000 bushels of wheat last year through the government campaign for more efficient threshing methods not only gave the farmers nearly \$30,000,000 but produced 5,000,000 more barrels of flour, statisticians declare.

More than 600 statues on Easter Island, some of which are 30 feet tall, but all hewn out of volcanic tufa and transported, sometimes four miles, over rough ground, have baffled scientists as to what they commemorate, how made and how moved.

With many of the properties of the grapefruit and without the tendency to squirt when the spoon is inserted, the Thornton tangelo, a cross between the orange, tangerine and grapefruit is commanding attention of the United States Department of Agriculture.

to put against a gentleman at large with his thousands at the bank. So I done according and oowed up.

"Well," I said, "then that lets me out, my dears, and I'm very glad for you and I'm very glad for myself. Love's love every time," I said, "and if Jane here feels that I'm no better than bligge to your run, Mr. Kitchen, then there ain't going to be no bloodshed between you and me, I do assure you. I came for duty, not pleasure; and, though I shall always feel a very good friend to Jane, as I hope she will to me, still there's another woman. I won't say she fills my eyes better than Jane's, because Jane would make two of her; but I will say that I'd a long sight sooner marry her little finger than Jane's whole body. And now I've done my duty. I shall go to my reward."

They were both much interested at this speech, and Samuel Kitchen went so far as to say he'd never met with a higher minded man than me.

"'Twas a very fine thing to hunt for Jane under them circumstances," he said, "and I'm proud to know you, and I hope we shall be friends. And I wish you luck with your young woman, and so do Jane, I'm sure."

"That I do," promised Jane, "and I'd much like to meet her. I hope some day I shall, because I can tell her a few good things about you, Noah, you'd never tell her yourself."

"If you'll do that you can meet her tomorrow," I said. "And if you and your second engineer will take your dinner with me, she shall be there. And we'll all drink to Providence, I'm sure. And now I shall cast about for a house out Mammamend way, if there's any there to let; and so soon as Aggie Bassett can be free of her tobaccoists' shall certainly take her."

And it happened just so within the year; and better friends to us than Kitchen and his wife never was known.

Jane would have her first born called "Noah," after me, because I gave 'em a nice little wedding present of money, I may tell you; and when Aggie, after two girls, had a very fine boy, we called him Samuel, after the second engineer. The man be first in a big cargo boat nowadays; but Jane have long since left the merchant marine and lives in a house down Stonehouse way.

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The Guide Post to Good Books for Children.

Choose one of these books to read each week. Perhaps you had better cut the list out each time and take it with you to your library. If it prepared for the happyland boys and girls by Miss Alice M. Jordan, supervisor of children's work, Boston Public Library. This week she suggests:

- Bidpai, "The Tortoise and the Geese."
Brooks, E. S., "The Story of Christopher Columbus."
Marryatt, Frederick, "Children of the New Forest."
Richards, I. E., "Captain January."
Tasson, Algernon, "The Rainbow String."
Zollinger, G., "The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys."

The World Outside

(Continued From Page Three.)

By Harold MacGrath

by the racking pains fell to the level of dullness.

The money, the emeralds and the watch were gone. Somehow, this adventure did not join up with what he had a right to expect from a man so versatile as Stewart. Four things out of an alley seemed to come from another book. And one of them bore enough to strike a woman. The shot he thought into a new channel. Why hadn't Nancy taken to her heels. His first thought had been to hold the rogues in check to give her time. But after a blow or two, taken and given, he had fought for the thrill and the fun of it, believing that Nancy had run for home, hard by, or for help. Instead, she had come to him and, physically and most thoughtlessly, she resumed thus, because none of the usual hints, without sufficient cause, the fight being in doubt, would have risked a blow at Nancy.

Warning thought, shut with shame! While Nancy had risked much to help him, he had gone on on fighting for the fun of it! Because she liked him—because he meant something to her! From the back of his throbbing head came the recollection of an old man's words—something that Miller had shown him.

Be away with your loot, away with your blood!

All the learning you need is to toughen your cheek.

Tis the stingers, not scholars, who harvest the dollars.

And the wreath's on the head of the museum freak!

But why? In what manner would his death benefit Stewart? He was always coming back to that. The circle had to break in it. But to rob him of his watch, which couldn't be pawned for two bits! He ought not to think of those things, but he could not help himself. If his man Stewart had been the indirect means of his Bancroft's death, the son wanted to know why.

Dangers. Well, that was novel, and the expectation, daily in his thoughts, of finding another dagger and still another, had its thrill. Even if tinged with contempt. All at once he understood—or thought he did. Stewart wanted to drive him out of Ninth street, worry him into new quarters where he would not have any friends. Well, that shouldn't be. Collingwood Jeremiah Bancroft proposed to stay here until the crack o' dawn. Which might be the next time he passed a dark alley. Something about that contract he had signed, perhaps the real solution lay in what Stewart proposed to do with the—"

A hand fell upon the door, and Bancroft welcomed this diversion. The old crowd of supporters would not leave his head in the lurch, when

as the sight of either Nancy or Jenny would.

"Come in," he said thickly. He settled his head in the pillow and trimmed the bedclothes under his chin. It would be foolish to appear as gaining too rapidly, with such success.

But it was a man who entered. And who? The private detective, who should have been, at this hour, a circuitous ten thousand miles away.

"You?"

"Yes, sir. You've met with an accident!" asked the detective, closing the door.

"A slight one. But what are you doing here?"

"Well, I found all you wished to know in San Francisco. Pure luck. Are you well enough to hear the story?"

"Man, man!—go on with it!" This would be better than all the medicine that ever was.

"You see, I got to San Francisco and looked my passage; but I had to wait eight days. So I loafed about the Palace hotel, and picked up a few acquaintances. With one of them I got to talking about South America. To make it short, this man showed to be a merchant in La Paz. What do you know about that for luck? Furs, implements, engines, and all that; and he was on his annual buying trip. He knew all about the Bolivian Emerald

"Go on; don't cut it short; give me everything!" said Bancroft, who felt all his strength returning.

"Stewart bought the mine from the estate of C. J. Kennedy."

"Kennedy?"

"Yes, sir. But here's the odd part of it," went on the detective. "Years ago Kennedy turned over to this dealer in La Paz a power of attorney. That is, he had the power to sell the mine, if any accident should happen to said Kennedy, and to turn the money over to the Kennedy estate. A few years ago this man Stewart turned up in La Paz and bought the mine."

"But where was Kennedy?"

"Vanished completely, years ago. Stopped aboard a ship in Rio Janeiro, and that was the last anybody ever heard of him. Understand, there's a lot of queer holes in this yarn; but what you wanted to know was if a Kennedy had once owned the mine. He had."

"But the holes?"

"It's like this. The moment the La Paz dealer—an American—caught the fact that I was more than casually interested, he shut up like a clam, and I never got another word out of him. I'd play for Kennedy, perhaps, but this Stewart couldn't have been mixed up in it; years too far apart. So I've saved you a lot of money and saved a lot of discomfort. What shall I do with the letter of credit?"

"What?"—astounded.

"I had expected to pay two or three thousand more for the information you have given me. All I wanted to know you have told me."

"Well, sir, that is pretty generous. Would you like me to keep an eye on Stewart? It won't cost you anything."

It was a great temptation. "No. The affair is closed."

"I'm thinking that this Kennedy is the very man who wrote that book on antiques."

"That's a good guess. If I should happen to need you again, I'll send for you. Better go now. I'm groggy. Got mixed up with some street thugs last night, and they battered me up considerably. Good-bye and good luck."

The detective gone, Bancroft's throbbing brain tried to draw something conclusive out of this information. His father had written "Paid Kennedy in Full" recently, while the man himself had vanished nearly twenty years ago. Bancroft began to suspect that instead of solving the riddle he had merely cited Peilan on Cass. Still, Kennedy was substance of a sort. If Bancroft wouldn't have to trouble his brain on that score again. But in what manner had his father stirred the curiosity of Stewart? The old circle, the old circle!

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