

CHAPTER I.

What's In a Name?

To possess two distinctly alien red orpuscles in one's blood, metaphorcally if not in fact, two characters or Individualities under one epidermis, is, in most cases, a peculiar disadvanage. One hears of scoundrels and saints striving to consume one another in one body, angels and harto being a curse, these two warring mate blessing: as in the case of George P. A. Jones, of Mortimer & Vones, the great metropolitan Oriental rug and carpet company, all of which has a dignified, sonorous sound. George was divided within himself. This he would not have confessed even into the trusted if battered ear of the Egyptian Sphynx. There was, lowever, no demon-angel sparring for points in George's soul. The difficulty might be set forth in this manner: On one side stood inherent common sense; on the other, a boundless, roseate imagination which was likewise inherent-a kind of quixote imag-Ination of suitable modern pattern. This alter ego terrified him whenever it raised its strangely beautiful head and shouldered aside his guardianangel (for that's what common sense is, argue to what end you will) and pleaded in that luminous rhetoric under the spell of which our old friend

Sancho often fell asleep. P. A., as they called him behind the he was vice-president in his late father's shoes he didn't wabble round than any one else. So, at the age of in them to any great extent. In a fifteen, when he was starting off for crowd he was not noticeable; he preparatory school, he was advised didn't stand head and shoulders above to choose for himself. He was an obehis fellow-men, nor would he have dient son, adoring his mother and idolbeen mistaken by near-sighted per- izing his father. He wrote himself sons, the myopes, for the Vatican's down as George Percival Algernon dium height, beardless, slender, but and to learn the rug business from tough and wiry and enduring. You the cellar up. On the face of it, it may see his prototype on the streets looked like a big job; it all depended a dozen times a day, and you may upon the boy. also pass him without turning round for a second view. Young men like be admired; you did not throw your not that of the casual passer-by. His and possess a finesse in cruelty that bumps, in the phraseology of that only Indians can match; and it did science, were good ones. For the rest, not take them long to unearth the fa-

a mother; proud of having had so honest a sire; and if either of them had endued him with false weights he did his best to even up the balance.

The mother had been as romantic as any heroine out of Mrs. Radcliff's novels, while the father had owned to as much romance as one generally finds in a thorough business man, which is practically none at all. The very name itself is a bulwark against the intrusions of romance. One can bles; but ofttimes, quite the contrary not lift the imagination to the prospect of picturing a Jones in ruffles temperaments become a man's uiti- and highboots, pinking a variet in the midriff. It smells of sugar-barrels and cotton-bales, of steamships and railroads, of stolid routine in the office and of placid concern over the daily news under the evening lamp. Mrs. Jones, lovely, lettered yet not

worldly, had dreamed of her boy, bayed and decorated, marrying the most distinguished woman in all Europe, whoever she might be. Mr. Jones had had no dreams at all, and had put the boy to work in the shipping department a little while after the college threshold had been crossed, outward bound. The mother, while sweet and gentle, had a will, fron under velvet, and when she held out for Percival Algernon and a decent knowledge of modern languages, the old man agreed if, on the other hand, the boy's first name should be George and that he should learn the business from the cellar up. There were several tilts over the matter, but at length a truce was declared. It was agreed that the boy himself ought to counters, was but twenty-eight, and if have a word to say upon a subject which concerned him more vitally Apollo in the flesh. He was of me Jones, promised to become a linguist

The first day at school his misery began. He had signed himself as P. A. must be intimately known to George P. A. Jones, no small diplomacy for a lad; but the two initials. arm across his neck, first-off. His standing up like dismantled pines i hair was brown and closely clipped the midst of uninteresting landscape, about a head that would have gained roused the curiosity of his schoolthe attention of the phrenologist, if mates. Boys are boys the world over,



He Haunted the Romantic Quarters of the Globe; He Was Romantlo.

of kindly, shy, blue eyes. rance or silliness, seeing nothing be gered. Many a time he had returned youd what the eyes see, seldom gave to his dormitory decorated (not in not know how to make himself at mother) with a swollen ear, or a tractive, and was mortally afraid of ruddy proboscis, or a green-brown the opposite, or opposing sex. He eye. There was a limit, and when could bullyrag a sheik out of his cam- they stepped over that, why, he prothe same effect upon him that the George was no milksop; but Percival prodding stick of a small boy has Algernon would have been the Old tact and kindness the truly beautiful he been named George Henry William thoughts of this young man's soul, sadly demanded of fate why a sweet, dean boy like this one had not been sent to her in her youth. You see, it is invariably the lay-figure and not plained. What was good enough for Prince Charming that a woman mar-ries, and that matrimony is blind-lt seemed just an ordinary matter man's buff in grown-ups.

he observed the world through a pair | tal secret. For three years he was Percy Algy, and not only the boys pered, became known in strange Young girls, myopic through igno laughed, but the pretty girls snighim a second inspection; for he did accord with the fond hopes of his els' saddle-bags, but petticoats and ceeded to the best of his ability to lace parasols and small Oxfords had solve the difficulty with his fists. upon a retiring turtle. But many a Man of the Sea on broader shoulders worldly-wise woman, drawing out with than his. He dimly realized that had Jones his sun would have been many diameters larger. There was a splendid quality of pluck under his apparent timidity, and he stuck doggedly the worldly-wise woman knows that to it. He never wrote home and com-

of routine for him to pick up French Many of us lay the blame upon our and German verbs. He was far from parents. We shift the burden of wonering why we have this fault and and his memory was sound. Since ack that grace to the shoulders of his mother's ambition was to see him our immediate forbears. We go to an accomplished linguist, he applied office each morning denying that himself to the task as if everything have any responsibility; we let in the world depended upon it, just

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Che MAN ON THE BOX etc. .

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pure strain of golden romance, side | embroideries, and perhaps more com by side with the lesser metal of practicality. When he began to read the masters he preferred their romances in secret, and when his mother discovered the fact she cried over the sentimental verses. The father had to be told. He laughed and declared that the boy would some day develop into a good writer of advertisements. This with ridicule, was enough to set George's muse a-winging, and she never came back,

After leaving college he was given go where he pleased for a whole year. George started out at once in quest of the Holy Grail, and there are more of men and women of her class and roads to that than there are to Rome. One may be reasonably sure of getting into Rome, whereas the Holy Grail (diversified, variable, innumerable) is always the exact sum of a bunch of hay hanging before old Dobbin's nose. Nevertheless, George galloped his fancies with loose rein. He haunted romance, burrowed and plowed for it; and never his spade clanged musically against the hidden treasure, never a forlorn beauty in distress, not so much as chapter one of the Golden Book offered its dazzling first page. George lost some confidence.

Two or three times a woman looked into the young man's mind, and in his guilelessness they effected sundry holes in his letter of credit, but left his soul singularly untouched. The red corpuscle, his father's gift, though it lay dormant, subconsciously erected barriers. He was innocent, but he was no fool. That one year taught him the lesson, rather cheaply, too. If there was any romance in life, it came uninvited, and if courted and sought was as quick on the wing as that erstwhile poesy must.

The year passed, and while he had not wholly given up the quest, the practical George agreed with the romantic Percival to shelve it indefinitely. He returned to New York with thirty-two pounds sterling out of the original thousand, a fact that rejuvenated his paternal parent by some ten years.

"Jane, that boy is all right. Percival Algernon could not kill a boy like

"Do you mean to infer that it ever could?" Sometimes a qualm wrinkled her conscience. Her mother's heart told her that her son ought not to be shy and bashful, that it was not in the nature of his blood to suspect ridicule where there was none. Perhaps she had handicapped him with those names; but it was too late now to admit of this, and useless, since it would not have remedied the evil.

Jones hemmed and hawed for a "No," he answered; "but I was afraid he might try to live up to it; and no Percival Algernon who lived up to it could put his nose down to a Shah Abbas and tell how many knots it had to the square inch. I'll start him in on the job tomorrow."

Whereupon the mother sat back dreamily. Now, where was the girl worthy of her boy? Monumental question, besetting every mother, from Eve down, Eve, whose trials in this direction must have been heartrending!

George left the cellar in due time, and after that he went up the ladder in bounds, on his own merit, mind you, for his father never stirred a hand to boost him. He took the inerest in rugs that turns a buyer into collector; it became a fascinating pleasure rather than a business. He became invaluable to the house, and acquired some fame as a judge and an appraiser. When the chief-buyer retired George was given the position. with an itinerary that carried him half way round the planet once a year, to Greece, Turkey, Persia, Arabia, and India, the lands of the genli and the bottles, of arabesques, of temples and tombs, of many-colored turbans and flowing robes and distracting tongues. He walked and always in a kind of

mental enchantment. The suave and elusiva Oriental with his sharp practices, found his match in this pleasant young man, who knew the history of the very wools and cottons and silks woven in a rug or carpet. So George prosplaces, by strange peoples; and saw romance, light of foot and eager of eye, pass and repass; learned that romance did not essentially mean falling in love or rescuing maidens from burning houses and wrecks; that, on the contrary, true romance was kaleldoscopic, having more brilliant facets than a diamond; and that the man who begins with nothing and ends with something is more wonderful than any excursion recounted by Sin-

mattered little, and the sounding title with a distinct shock that he realized the mother and the father had been with him so long that he had forgotwound; and after a time he drifted, here. as all shy, intelligent and imaginative

forting than all these, good books. The proper tale of how the afore said iridescent goddess jostled (for it to their novels. He even wrote poetry scarce may be said that she led) him into a romance lacking neither comedy nor tragedy, now begins with a trifling bit of retrospection. One of those women who were not good and who looked into the clear pool of the boy's mind saw the harmless longing quiet laughter, unburdened as it was there, and made note, hoping to find profit by her knowledge when the pertinent day arrived. She was a woman so pleasing, so handsome, so adroit, that many a man, older and wiser a modest letter of credit and told to than George, found her mesh too strong for him. Her plan matured, suddenly and brilliantly, as projects

caliber without variation do."

Late one December afternoon (to be precise, 1969), George sat on the tea-veranda of the Hotel Semiramis in Cairo. A book lay idly upon his knees. It was one of those yarns in which something was happening every other minute. As adventures go, George had never had a real one in all his twenty-eight years, and he believed that fate had treated him rather shabbily. He didn't quite appreclate her reserve. No matter how late he wandered through the mysterious bazaars, either here in Egypt or over yonder in India, nothing ever be fell more exciting than an argument with a carriage-driver. He never carried small-arms, for he would not have known how to use them. The only deadly things in his hands were bass-rods and tennis-racquets. No. nothing ever happened to him: vet he never met a man in a ship's smokeroom who hadn't run the gamut of thrilling experiences. As George wasn't a liar himself, he believed all he saw and most of what he heard.

Well, here he was, eight and twenty, a pocket full of money, a heart full of life, and as hopeless an outlook, so far as romance, and adventure were concerned, as an old maid in a New England village.

"George, you old fool, what's the use?" he thought. "What's the use of a desire that never goes in a straight line, but always round and round in a circle?"

He thrust aside his grievance and surrendered to the never-ending wonder of the Egyptian sunset; the Nile feluccas, riding upon perfect reflections; the date-palms, black and motionless against the translucent blue of the sky; the amethystine prisms of the Pyramids, and the deepening gold of the descrt's brim. He loved the Orient, always so new, always so strange, yet ever so old and familiar.

A carriage stopped in front, and his gaze naturally shifted. There is ceaseless attraction in speculating about new-comers in a hotel, what they are, what they do, where they come from, and where they are going. A fine elderly man of fifty got out. In the square set of his shoulders, the flowing white mustache and imperial there was a suggestion of militarism. He was immediately followed by a young woman of twenty, certainly not over that age. George sighed wistfully. He envied those polo-players and gentleman-riders and bridge-experts who were stopping at the hotel. It wouldn't be an hour after dinner before some one of them found out who she was and spoke to her in that easy style which he concluded must be a gift rather than an accomplishment. You mustn't suppose for a minute that George wasn't well-born and well-bred, simply because his name was Jones. Many a Fitz-Hugh Maurice or Hugh Fitz-Maurice might have been- But, no matter. He knew instinctively then, what elegance was when he saw it, and this girl was elegant, in dress, in movement. He rather liked the pallor of her skin, which hinted that she wasn't one of those athletic girls who bounced in and out of the dining-room, talking loudly and smoking cigarettes and playing bridge for sixpenny points. She was tall. He was sure that her eyes were on the level the bitter of acid in the knowledge healthy human longing, the only longwith his own. The grey veil that that no one ever came up to him and ing worth while in all this deep, wide, drooped from the rim of her simple slapped him on the shoulder with a - | round old top; to love a woman and Leghorn hat to the tip of her nose ob "Hel-lo, Georgie, old sport; what's the by her be loved. scured her eyes, so he could not know that they were large and brown and his shoulder was always bristling with man with the reversible cuffs arrived; indefinably sad. They spoke not of spikes, born of the fear that some one and George missed his boat. a weariness of travel, but of a weari- was making fun of him.



ness of the world, more precisely, of the people who inhabited it.

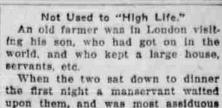
She and her companion passed into the hotel, and if George's eyes veered again toward the desert over which the stealthy purples of night were creeping, the impulse was mechanical; he saw nothing. In truth, he was desperately lonesome, and he knew, moreover, that he had no business to be. He was young; he could at a pinch tell a joke as well as the next man; and if he had never had plished its deadly purpose, what he called an adventure, he had seen many strange and wonderful things and could describe them with who was an intimate friend of the that mental afterglow which still lin- mythological gods. They liked her apgers over the sunset of our first ex- pearance so well that they one day pressions in poetry. But there was gave her a box, casket, chest, or whatalways that hydra-headed monster, for ever it was, to guard. By some marever getting about his feet, numbing velous method, known only of gods, his voice, paralyzing his hands, and they had got together all the trials never he lopped off a head that an- and tribulations of mankind (and some other did not instantly grow in its of the joys) and locked them up in a cure accomplished. Treatment place. Even the sword of Perseus this casket. It was the Golden Age, could not have saved him, since one as you may surmise. You recall Eve has to get away from an object in and the apple? Well, Pandora was a order to cut it down.

Had he really ever tried to overhands with an ivory replica of the Taj

Perchance his mother's spirit, hovering over him this evening, might have been inclined to tears. For they do say that the ghosts of the dear ones are thus employed when we are near to committing some folly, or to exploring some forgotten chamber of Pandora's box, or worse still, when that lady intends emptying the whole contents down upon our unfortunate heads. If so be, they were futile tears: Percival Algernon had accom-Pandora? Well, then, for the bene-

fit of the children. She was a lady forecast of Eve; she couldn't keep her eyes off the latch, and at length her ome this monster? Had he not wait- hands-Fatal curiosity! Whirr! And ed for the propitious moment (which everything has been at sixes and at you and I know never comes) to sevens since that time. Pandora is throw off this species from Hades? eternally recurring, now here, now It is all very well, when you are old there; she is a blonde sometimes, and and dried up, to turn to ivories and again she is a brunette; and you may metals and precious stones; but when take it from George and me that there

a fellow's young! You can't shake is always something left in the casket. George closed the book and consult-Mahal, nor exchange pleasantries with ed his sailing-list. In a short time he a Mandarin's ring, nor yet confide joys | would leave for Port Said, thence to and ills into a casket of rare emer- Naples, Christmas there, and home in aids; indeed, they do but emphasize January. Business had been ripping. one's loneliness. If only he had had He would be jolly glad to get home a dog; but one can not carry a dog again, to renew his comradeship with half way round the world and back, at his treasures. And, by Jove! there least not with comfort. What with was one man who slapped him on the all these new-fangled quarantine laws, shoulder, and he was no less a person duties, and fussy ships' officers who than the genial president of the firm, wouldn't let you keep the animal in his father's pariner, at present his your state-room, traveling with a four- own. If the old chap had a daughfooted friend was almost an impossi- ter now. . . And here one comes bility. To be sure, women with at last to the bottom of the sack. He poodles. . . And then, there was had only one definite longing, a



in his attentions to the old farmer. After watching his antics for a bit the guest exclaimed: "What the mischlef are ye dancin'

about like that for? Can ye not draw in yer chair and sit down? I'm sure there's enough here for the three of as."-London Mail. A small boy doesn't find it very

amusing to do the things his parents are willing to let him do.

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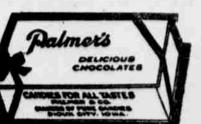
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It is by the passion of sympathy that we enter into the concerns of bad or any tale by Scheherazade. But are moved, and are never suffered to he still hoped that the iridescent god- be indifferent spectators of almost dess would some day touch his shoul- anything, which men can do or suffer. der and lead him into that maze of For sympathy must be considered as And then into this little world of are put into the place of another man, business and pleasure came death and affected in a good measure as he and death again, leaving him alone is affected; so that this passion and with a twisted heart. Riches may either partake of the nature of those which regard self-preservation, of vice-president still less. It was and turning upon pain may be a source of the sublime; or it may turn upon ideas of pleasure, and then, whatever has been said of the social ten to make other friends. From affections, whether they regard socione thing to another he turned in ety in general, or only some partic-

the boss do the worrying. But George as he knew that when the time came he would apply himself as thoroughly to the question of rugs and carpets.

The boss do the worrying. But George as he knew that when the time came he would apply himself as thoroughly to the question of rugs and carpets.

Under all this filial loyalty ran the limit the world depended upon it, just as all shy, intelligent and imaginative men drift who are friendless, into the silent and intimate comradeship of in animate things, such as jewels, ivories, old metals, rare woods and ancient able of grafting a delight on wretch-

Effects of the Passion of Sympathy, edness, misery and death itself. It is a remarkable production and well deothers; that we are moved as they fact, has been the cause of much rea- was his interest in knowledge that he romance so peculiar to his own fancy. a sort of substitution, by which we a fiction; and next, the contempla- comprehensive encyclopedias of the we see represented. I am afraid it is a practice much too common, in inquiries of this nature, to attribute the cause of feelings which merely arise from the mechanical structures of our bodies, or from the natural from or constitution of our minds, to certain conclusions of the reasoning faculty on the objects presented to us; for I have some reason to apprehope to soothe the smart, to heal the ular modes of it, may be applicable hend that the influence of reason in producing our passions is nothing near so extensive as is commonly be lieved.-Edmund Burke.

First Encyclopedia.

a common observation that objects in serves the fame that for so many ages the reality which would shock, are, belonged to it. Pliny, who died in 79 in tragical and such like representa- A. D., was not a naturalist, a physician tions, the source of a very high spe- or an artist, and did not pretend to be cies of pleasure. This, taken as a the wisest man of his time, yet such soning. This satisfaction has been devoted the leisure hours of a busy commonly attributed, first, to the com- public life to compiling the work fort we receive in considering that which did a vast amount of good in so melancholy a story is no more than the world and paved the way for the tion of our own freedom from evils present time. bank's most reliable and entirely trust

good word?" for the simple fact that

The most ancient attempt at what

is called in these days an "encyclopedia" was Pliny's "Natural History." This old work, a very high authority throughout the Middle Ages, is really Still With Them. "I see that Holder isn't one of your

At exactly half after six the gentle-

CTO BE CONTINUED.)

This Girl Was Elegant, in Dress, in Movement.

ed employes." "Why so?" "He's been at his desk 30 years. I notice that it's always the trusted and reliable that go away to Canada."-Browning's Magazine.

Good Holder for Safety Matches. matches, intended to be hung on a wall, but which can be folded for carof a New Yorker.