

Cap'n Warren's Wards

by JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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THE CAPTAIN FORCES MALCOLM DUNN, SOMEWHAT UNWILLINGLY, TO ACT A MAN'S PART

Synopsis.—Atwood Graves, New York lawyer, goes to South Densboro, Cape Cod, to see Captain Elisha Warren. Caught in a terrific storm while on the way, he meets Cap'n Warren by accident and goes with the latter to his home. The lawyer informs Cap'n Warren that his brother, whom he had not seen for eighteen years, has died and named him as guardian of his two children, Caroline aged twenty, and Stephen, aged nineteen. The captain tells Graves he will go to New York and look over the situation before deciding whether he will accept the trust. The captain's arrival in New York causes consternation among his wards and their aristocratic friends. The captain makes friends with James Pearson, a reporter; then he consults with Sylvester, head of Graves' firm. The captain decides to accept his brother's trust. Sylvester is pleased, but Graves expresses disgust and dismay.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

The captain said "that he would be down later on to talk things over. Meanwhile, if the 'papers and such' could be got together, it would 'sort of help along.'"

When Mrs. Corcoran Dunn made her daily visit to the Warren apartment that afternoon she found Caroline alone and almost in tears. Captain Elisha had broken the news at the table during luncheon, after which he went downtown. Stephen, having raved, protested and made himself generally disagreeable and his sister correspondingly miserable, had departed for the club. It was a time for confidences, and the wily Mrs. Dunn realized that fact. She soothed, comforted and within half an hour had learned the whole story. Incidentally she learned that a possible five hundred thousand was the extreme limit of the family's pecuniary resources.

"Now you know everything," sobbed Caroline. "Oh, Mrs. Dunn, you won't desert us, will you?"

"You may depend on Malcolm and me, dear," Mrs. Dunn declared. "We are not fair weather friends. And, after all, it is not so very bad. Affairs might be very much worse."

"Worse! Oh, Mrs. Dunn, how could they be? Think of it! Stephen and I are dependent upon him for everything. We must ask him for every penny. And whatever he says to do we must do. We're obliged to."

On Thursday after luncheon as Captain Elisha sat in his own room reading a book he had taken from the library there came a knock at the door. "Come ahead in!" ordered the captain. Caroline entered. Her uncle rose and put down the book.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "is it you? Excuse me. I thought 'twas the commodore—Edwards, I mean. If I'd known you was comin' callin', Caroline, I shouldn't have been quite so bossy."

"Thank you," answered his niece. "I came to see you—on—I suppose you might call it business. At any rate, it is a financial matter. I sha'n't detain you long."

Captain Elisha was a trifle disappointed.

"Oh," he said, "on business, was it? I hoped—I didn't know but you'd come just out of sociability. However, I'm mighty glad to see you, Caroline."

"Captain Warren," she began, "I-I came to ask a favor. I am obliged to ask it because you are our—she almost choked over the hated word—"our guardian, and I can no longer act on my own responsibility. I wish to ask you for some money."

Captain Elisha nodded gravely.

"See," she said, "Well, Caroline, I don't believe you'll find me very close fitted. I think I told you and Steve that you was to do just as you'd been in the habit of doin'. Is your regular allowance too small? Remember, I don't know much about such things here in New York, and you must be frank and aboveboard and tell me if you have any complaints."

"I have no complaints. My allowance is sufficient. It is the same that father used to give me, and it is all I need. One of the maids, Annie, has trouble at home, and I wanted to help her."

The captain nodded once more.

"Annie," he repeated, "that's the rosy faced one, the Irish one?"

"Yes. Her father was seriously injured the other day and cannot work. His hip is broken, and the doctor's bill will be large. They are very poor, and I thought perhaps—" She hesitated, faltered and then said laughingly, "Father was very sympathetic and liked to have me do such things."

"Shol! Shol! Sartini! Course he did. I like it too. I'm glad you came to me just as you did, Caroline. How much do you want to start with?"

"I don't know exactly. I thought I might ask our own doctor to attend to the case and might send them some delicacies and food."

"Good ideal! Go right ahead, Caroline. How'd the accident happen? Anybody's fault, was it?"

Caroline's eyes snapped. "Indeed it was!" she said indignantly. "It was a wet morning after a rain, and the pavement was slippery. Mr. Moriarty, Annie's father, was not working that day, and he had gone out to do the family marketing. He was crossing the street when an automobile, recklessly driven, so every one says, drove directly down on him. He tried to jump out of the way and succeeded, otherwise he might have been killed, but he fell and broke his hip. He is an old man, and the case is serious."

"Dear, dear, you don't tell me! Poor old chap! The auto feller—did he help? Seems to me he ought to be the one to be spendin' the money. 'Twas his fault."

"Help! Indeed, he didn't! He and the man with him merely laughed as if it was a good joke, put on speed and disappeared as quickly as possible."

"Why, the mean swab! Did this Mr. Moriarty or the folks around get the license number of the auto?"

"No. All they know is that it was a big yellow car with two men in it."

"Hey? A yellow car?"

"Yes. Somewhat similar to the one Malcolm—Mr. Dunn—drives."

"So, so! Hum! Where did it happen?"

"On St. Nicholas avenue, near One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street."

"Eh? St. Nicholas avenue, you say?"

"Yes." Caroline rose and turned to go. "Thank you, Captain Warren," she said. "I will tell Dr. Henry to take the case at once."

The captain did not answer immediately. With his chin in his hand he was gazing at the floor.

"Good afternoon," said Caroline.

Her uncle looked up.

"Er—wait just a minute, Caroline," he said. "You have your doctor go right ahead and see to the old man, and you order the things to eat and whatever's necessary. But afore you give Annie or her father any money I'd kind of like to figger a little mite."

His niece stopped short, turned and stared at him.

"Oh," she said slowly and icily, "I understand—thoroughly. Don't trouble to 'figure,' as you call it. Oh, why did I humiliate myself? I should have known!"

"Caroline, please—" But the girl had gone, closing the door after her.

Half an hour later the captain called upon Malcolm Dunn, who was much surprised to see him.

Captain Elisha took the offered chair and dropped his hat on the floor beside it.

"Well," observed the young man after a moment, "what's the trouble, admiral? Better get it off your chest, hadn't you? We're private enough here."

"I came to see you about an automobile," said the captain.

"An automobile?" The young man was so astonished that he actually removed his feet from the desk. Then he burst into a laugh. "An automobile?" he repeated. "Captain, has the influence of the metropolis made you a sport already? Do you want to buy a car?"

"Buy one?" It was Captain Elisha's turn to show irritation. "Buy one of them things? Me? No. Mr. Dunn, 'tain't that. But one of the hired help up to our place—Caroline's place, I mean—is in trouble on account of one of the dratted machines. They're poor folks, of course, and they need money to help 'em through the doctor's and nursin' and while the old man's out of work. Caroline was for givin' it to 'em right off. She's a good hearted girl, but I said—that is, I kind of coaxed her out of it. I thought I'd ask some questions first. Here's the first one: Don't it seem to you that the right one to pay for the doctor's and nursin' and such of Mr. Moriarty—that's Annie's pa—ought to be the feller who hurt him? That feller instead of Caroline?"

"Sure thing! If you know who did it he's your mark."

"Um-hm. So I thought. And if he was a right minded chap he'd be glad

to help the poor critter, providin' he knew what damage he'd done, wouldn't you think so?"

Malcolm nodded sagely, opened his mouth to speak and then closed it again. A sudden recollection came to him, an alarming recollection.

"Where did this accident happen?" asked Mr. Dunn, his condescending smile absent.

"At the corner of St. Nicholas avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street. It happened last Friday mornin' a week ago. And the car that hit him was a yellow one. Naturally, when I heard about it I remembered what you told Mr. Sylvester and me at the club that afternoon. I understand how 'twas of course. If you'd known you'd really hurt the poor old man you'd have stopped to see him. I understand that. But—"

"Look here," interrupted Dunn sharply, "did Caroline send you to me?"

"Caroline? No, no! She don't know 'twas your automobile at all. But afore she spent any of her money I thought you'd ought to know, because I was sure you wouldn't let her. That's the way I'd feel, and I felt 'twas no more'n honest to give you the chance. I come on my own hook. She didn't know anything about it."

Malcolm drummed on the desk with nervous fingers.

"Well," he growled pettishly, "how much will it take to square things with the gang? How much damages do they want?"

"Damages? Oh, there won't be any claim for damages, I guess. The Moriartys don't know you did it, and there's no reason why they should. I thought maybe I'd see to 'em and do whatever was necessary, then you could settle with me, and the whole business would be just between us two. Outside the doctor's bills and food and nursin' and such all the extra will be just the old man's wages for the time he's away from the factory. 'Twon't be very heavy."

"All right! I'm in it, I can see that, and it's up to me to get out as easy as I can. I don't want any newspaper publicity. Go ahead. I'll pay the freight."

Captain Elisha arose and picked up his hat.

Malcolm, frowning heavily, suddenly asked a final question.

"Say," he demanded, "you'll not tell Caroline or Steve a word of this, mind?"

The captain seemed surprised.

"I guess you didn't catch what I said, Mr. Dunn," he observed mildly. "I told you this whole business would be just between you and me."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Thank You, Uncle."

CAPTAIN ELISHA had been pretty well satisfied with the result of his visit to young Dunn at the latter's office. Malcolm had surrendered, perhaps not gracefully or unconditionally, but he had surrendered, and the condition—secrecy—was one which the captain himself had suggested.

Captain Elisha found some solace and forgetfulness of the unpleasant life he was leading in helping the stricken Moriarty family. Annie, the maid at the apartment, he swore to secrecy. She must not tell Miss Caroline of his visits to her parents' home. Dr. Henry also, though he could not understand why, promised silence. Car-

oline herself had engaged his services in the case, and he was faithful.

"Goin' to be a pretty expensive job, ain't it, doctor?" asked the captain of the physician.

"Rather, I'm afraid."

"All right. If expense is necessary don't be afraid of it. You do just what you ought to and send the bill to me."

"But Miss Warren insisted upon my sending it to her. She said it was a private matter and one with which you as her guardian had nothing to do."

"I know. Caroline intends to use her own allowance, I s'pose. Well, let her think she will if 'twill please her. But when it comes to the settlement call on me. Give her any reason you want to. Say a—er—wealthy friend of the family come to life all at once and couldn't sleep unless he paid the costs."

"But there isn't any such friend, is there, Captain Warren? Other than yourself, I mean?"

Captain Elisha grinned in appreciation of a private poke. "There is somebody else," he admitted, "who'll pay a share, anyhow. But, anyhow, you saw wood or bones or whatever you have to do, and leave the rest to me. And don't tell Caroline or anybody else a word."

News from the Moriarty sick room continued favorable for a time. Then with alarming suddenness a change came. The broken hip was mending slowly, but poor Pat's age was against

him, and the shock and long hours were too much for his system to fight. Dr. Henry shook his head dubiously when the captain asked questions. And one morning at breakfast Edwards informed him that the old man was dead.

Captain Elisha, though not greatly surprised, was shocked and grieved. It seemed such a needless tragedy, almost like murder, although there was no malice in it. And the thought of the fatherless children and the poverty of the stricken family made him shudder.

But just before evening his business had disappeared. He had just returned to his room, after stepping into the hall to drop his letter in the mail chute, when his niece knocked at the door.

"Captain Warren," she began hurriedly, "the last time I came to you—the last time I came here, I came to ask a favor, and you—I thought you—"

"Yes, Caroline," he said gravely, "I know what you mean. Won't you—won't you sit down?"

"Captain Warren," she began once more, "the time I came to you in this room you were, so I thought, unreason-

able and unkind. I asked you for money to help a poor family in trouble, and you refused to give it to me."

"No, Caroline," he interrupted, "I didn't refuse; you only thought I did."

She held up her hand. "Please let me go on," she begged. "I thought you refused, and I couldn't understand why. I was hurt and angry. I knew that father never would have refused me under such circumstances, and you were his brother. But since then, only today, I have learned that I was wrong. I have learned—"

She paused. The captain was silent. He was beginning to hope, to believe once more in his judgment of character, and yet with his hope and growing joy there was a trifle of anxiety.

"I have learned," went on his niece, "that I was mistaken. I can't understand why you wished to wait before saying 'yes,' but I do know that it must have been neither because you were unkind nor ungenerous. I have just come from those poor people, and they have told me everything."

Captain Elisha started. "What did they tell you?" he asked quickly. "Who told you?"

"Annie and her mother. They told me what you had done and were doing for them, how kind you had been all through the illness and today. Oh, I know you made them promise not to tell me, and you made the doctor and nurse promise too. But I knew some one had helped, and Annie dropped a hint. Then I suspected, and now I know. Those poor people!"

The captain, who had been looking at the floor and frowning a bit, suddenly glanced up to find his niece's eyes fixed upon him, and they were filled with tears.

"Will you forgive me?" she asked, rising from her chair and coming impulsively toward him. "I'm sorry I misjudged you and treated you so. You must be a very good man. Please forgive me."

He took her hand, which was swallowed up in his big one. His eyes were moist also.

"Lord love you, dearie," he said, "there's nothing to forgive. I realized that I must have seemed like a mean, stingy old scamp. Yet I didn't mean to be. I only wanted to look into this thing just a little—just as a matter of business, you know. And I—Caroline, did that doctor tell you anything more?"

"Any more?" she repeated in bewilderment. "He told me that you were the kindest man he had ever seen."

"Yes, yes. Well, maybe his eyesight's poor. What I mean is did he tell you anything about anybody else bein' in this with me?"

"Anybody else? What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothin', nothin'." I joked with him a spell ago about a wealthy relation of the Moriarty tribe turnin' up. 'Twas only a joke, of course. And yet, Caroline, I—I think I'd ought to say—"

He hesitated. What could he say? Even a hint might lead to embarrassing questions, and he had promised Dunn.

"What ought you to say?" asked his niece.

"Will you forgive me?" she asked.

"I thought you refused, and I couldn't understand why. I was hurt and angry. I knew that father never would have refused me under such circumstances, and you were his brother. But since then, only today, I have learned that I was wrong. I have learned—"

How to Live Cheaply.

There is at least one family in England which can pump its fingers at Lord Rhonda and whose members are not to be found in food queues. The head of the family recently wrote to a London newspaper that himself, wife and family of four have lived for 14 weeks wholly on raw vegetable salads made of grated turnips, carrots, parsnips, beets, cabbages, etc., together with fruit salads, toast and porridge, and says they are all much stronger and healthier as a result. They use neither tea nor coffee and grow their own vegetables, and so may be regarded as the most independent family in England.—New York World.

Full of Emotion.

Little Elsie had been told by her mother that a dog wags his tail to show that he is pleased, while a cat switches his tail when he is angry. A few days later Elsie discovered her favorite pussy purring contentedly before the open fire while her tail swayed luxuriously back and forth over the rug behind her. The little girl, her eyes wide with wonder, ran to her mother.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "I don't see how Silver Belle can be so glad at one end and mad at the other at the same time!"

Low Visibility.

"This is an up-to-date hotel, all right."

"In what particular?"

"It has a luxuriously furnished smoking room for ladies."

"Suppose a man's wife were in there and he wanted to see her a minute?"

"I guess he'd have to call her out if he wanted to get a good look at her. The atmosphere inside is rather thick."

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Her Paradoxical Position.

"A vessel is different in one way from anything else."

"What is that?"

"It is when she is tied up that she can't make any knots."

All But.

Grandma—He'd make you a good husband by all accounts.

Bessie—All accounts but bank account.

Most men who are willing to do good are not in position to make good.

Win the War by Preparing the Land Sowing the Seed and Producing Bigger Crops

Work in Joint Effort the Soil of the United States and Canada

CO-OPERATIVE FARMING IN MAN POWER NECESSARY TO WIN THE BATTLE FOR LIBERTY

The Food Controllers of the United States and Canada are asking for greater food production. Scarcely 100,000,000 bushels of wheat are available to be sent to the allies overseas before the crop harvest. Upon the efforts of the United States and Canada rests the burden of supply.

Every Available Tillable Acre Must Contribute; Every Available Farmer and Farm Hand Must Assist

Western Canada has an enormous acreage to be seeded, but man power is short, and an appeal to the United States allies is for more men for seeding operation.

Canada's Wheat Production Last Year was 225,000,000 Bushels; the Demand From Canada Alone for 1918 is 400,000,000 Bushels

To secure this the must have assistance. She has the land but needs the men. The Government of the United States wants every man who can effectively help, to do farm work this year. It wants the land in the United States developed first of course; but it also wants to help Canada. Whenever we find a man we can spare to Canada's fields after ours are supplied, we want to direct him there.

Apply to our Employment Service, and we will tell you where you can best serve the combined interests.

Western Canada's help will be required not later than May 5th. Wages to competent help, \$59.00 a month and up, board and lodging.

Those who respond to this appeal will get a warm welcome, good wages, good board and find comfortable homes. They will get a rate of one cent a mile from Canadian boundary points to destination and return.

For particulars as to routes and places where employment may be had apply to: U. S. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE, DEPARTMENT OF LABOR, DES MOINES, IOWA

GOT HIS CITIZENSHIP PAPERS WHY CHART LACKED DETAIL

Judge Decided That Man With Two Sons in the Army Was Fully Entitled to Them.

Wife Found It Simply Impossible to Put Down All the Remarks Her Hubby Had Made.

When an alien gives two sons to the American army he is entitled to citizenship, although he may not know much about the Constitution of the United States. So ruled Judge Thompson recently when he granted final papers to Antonio Potente, an Italian laborer. Potente is sixty years old and has been here 19 years. He flunked completely upon questions concerning the Constitution.

"Why do you want to become a citizen?" he was asked.

Potente, who found difficulty in understanding the English language, managed to explain:

"I want to be naturalized for my two boys who are in the army."

"Any man who has given two sons to the service of this country is attached to the principles of America and is entitled to citizenship," remarked Judge Thompson.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Resented the Snub.

An Irishman was at work on a hoisting machine that carried hods of bricks to the top of a building, and brought them down empty. Happening to get caught, he was carried to the top floor, and in the orderly but rapid progress of the machine was brought to the ground rather suddenly. A fellow-workman leaned from the second story scaffolding and cried:

"Are you hurt, Pat?"

"You go to the divvie!" shouted Pat. "I passed you twice and ye never spoke to me."

Contrariness.

"Speaking of the Kaiser's contrary or arbitrary attitude in this peace talk," says a well known legislator, "reminds me of the Kansas farmer who was elected to the state legislature a few years ago. The farmer was called to the chair during a session to act as speaker pro tem. A motion was made to lay a certain resolution on the table. The speaker put the motion like this:

"All those who want the resolution to lay on the table say aye! All those who want to be contrary say no!"

Musical Beginnings.

Mrs. Boynton caught a glimpse of her young son going to the library one afternoon concealing something behind him. Upon investigation, she discovered he had a new porous plaster which he had found in the medicine closet.

"Why, Edmund," said the mother, "what in the world are you going to do with that plaster?"

"I am going to see what tune it will play on the piano, mother," replied the boy.—Puck.

Why She Broke It Off.

Dick—Every one says I'm a puzzle. Tess—In that case there's only one thing for me to do—give you up.

No Trouble.

"Have any trouble with your daughter's beaux?" "No; I use this 'Stop-go' signal in the parlor."

Combination.

"What's the matter with that nut?" "He's a natural-born screw."—Baltimore American.

A spring gun has been invented for casting fishing lines farther than can be done by hand.




"Will you forgive me?" she asked.



"Well, how much will it take to square things?"

Carter's Little Liver Pills

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A Remedy That Makes Life Worth Living

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

ABSENCE of Iron in the Blood is the reason for many colorless faces but **CARTER'S IRON PILLS** will greatly help most pale-faced people