

The Man Nobody Knew

By HOLWORTHY HALL

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"EVEN STEPHEN!"

Synopsis.—Dick Morgan of Syracuse, N. Y., a failure in life, enlisted in the Foreign Legion of the French army under the name of Henry Hilliard, is disgraced by a photograph to guide them in restoring his face. In his rage against life he offers in derision a picture postcard bearing the radiant face of Christ. The surgeons do a good job. On his way back to America he meets Martin Harmon, a New York broker. The result is that Morgan, under the name of Hilliard and unrecognized as Morgan, goes back to Syracuse to sell a mining stock. He is determined to make good. He tells people of the death of Morgan. He finds in Angela Cullen a loyal defender of Dick Morgan. He meets Carol Durant, who had refused to marry him. She does not hesitate to tell him that she had loved Morgan.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

It was perhaps five minutes before that door was reopened, and during the interval, Hilliard had an opportunity to wonder if the doctor had revised his office hours; otherwise, he should now be down in the Physicians' building, receiving patients. It occurred spontaneously to Hilliard that both Carol and her father were conceivably harassed by contrition, but as he estimated the extent to which their sorrow might go . . . judging by Carol's distress of last night, and the potential tranquility of the doctor today—he was possessed of gripping emotions. Had they cared so deeply for him, then? Angela and Carol had said so; but he had doubted what he most wanted to believe. Was this additional proof? Had the doctor cared so deeply that in order to hold converse with Dick Morgan's sole executor, he would interrupt the "sacred routine of his practice? Too late! Too late to care, too late to sympathize, only the winter garment of repentance was left for them! Hilliard couldn't comprehend why, when he had risen this morning so refreshed in mind and body, he should now be so unutterably wearied in both.

Carol returned, followed by a gentleman of sixty; and as the doctor entered, the room was suddenly permeated by an atmosphere of calm, and kindly peace. He was a large man, large of feature, and large of instinct; his forehead was that of an intellectualist; his eyes were those of a dreamer; his chin denoted rugged capabilities, and the stubbornness of unswerving ethics.

"Mr. Hilliard?" His voice was pitched low, but its resonance was striking. Thirty years ago the doctor had been a famous baritone; and there was still one church in town which dated its musical supremacy from the choir he had organized and directed.

"Doctor Durant?" The two men clasped hands firmly. Hilliard, experiencing the dreaded sinking sensation which came upon him as often as he exposed himself to yet another old acquaintance, hardened as he perceived no recognition in the doctor's eyes. The inevitable reaction left him momentarily weak.

"It was good of you to take this trouble, Mr. Hilliard. I appreciate it." Hilliard's denial was highly courteous; it was harder to hate the doctor than he had planned.

"No, doctor—it would only have been blamable if I hadn't." "I insist that it's good of you. . . . You knew Dick intimately, I understand."

Hilliard nodded. "Very intimately, sir, considering the length of time." He perceived that Carol was holding the letter lightly folded in her hands; she intercepted his glance, and colored proudly.

"It . . . it did belong to me," she said, subdued. "And I can never thank you enough . . . never . . ."

"My daughter," said the doctor, presently, "has told me the one great fact." He paused, then went on gravely. "I accept it, and it needs very little comment. What most concerns me now is to know the lesser facts. I have some hope, Mr. Hilliard, that you can make the lesser seem the greater; and the greater, the less. I want you to clear up the one cloud that still dims our knowledge. I hope you can tell us something about Dick's reasons for doing this thing—for going abroad at all, and for enlisting, and for—"

Hilliard winced; the doctor's autopsy on his character was considerably more disconcerting than Mr. Cullen's had been.

"Doctor Durant, I can't think it's fair to put Dick's motives under the microscope like that! Why not forget everything but the attending circumstances to the one great fact. He—"

"I'm not unfair," said the doctor slowly. "I've never been unfair if I could help it, and certainly not to this man, above all others. Here is a case in which a man who left us most unheroically comes back to us, in spirit at least, as a hero. The particular

thing he did is a fact. I'm proud of him for it—and so far, for that, and for that only. But it isn't true that by itself alone it made him a hero. And when I said that I'm interested in the lesser facts, I mean that Dick's reasons for going into the war at all may be the proof that he was a hero—and that any physical bravery he may have shown has nothing whatsoever to do with it. Please don't misjudge us. We're not trying to belittle anything Dick did; it's neither fitting nor possible. But what we want to know is where the credit lies—with Dick, a reasoning, inspired, determined man, or with Dick, intoxicated by danger. In the latter case, his heroism would appeal to us as a detached incident, having no relation to his earlier life or to our own; it would be something to bring us pride for that, but for nothing else. In the other case, the knowledge of the why, in addition to the what, would bring us . . . But about Dick?"

"You can be happy, then," said Hilliard uneasily, "because he went over, I believe, in the firm conviction that every man has two countries—his own and France."

"Yes?" The doctor sat down abruptly.

"As long as you're interested in what he did before he was wounded—"

"And afterward, Mr. Hilliard."

"—Rather than how he was hurt, let me assure you that as far as I know, from the first day he landed, I don't believe he thought once about his own misfortune. He had them, I know. But if you've got any manhood in you, you can't think of your own troubles, over there. It's too fearful. The Carrel-Dakin solution heals all sorts of wounds, Doctor Durant, all but the worst wound of all—and that's what every man who has any humanity and any sympathy about him gets when he first sees France. His heart is torn clear out of him. He can't sleep, he can hardly live with his own thoughts. And that quiet resolution you speak about—it's enough if it comes to a man there! I don't care what he had in his mind when he left you; I don't care what it was that led him to go overseas; I don't care what his purpose was when he sailed; I know that when he stood on French soil there wasn't an atom of selfishness or self-pity in him. It wasn't a question of adventure; it wasn't a question of drowning his sorrows; it was a question of his doing anything and everything he could to help out. Let me tell you something." Hilliard sat on the edge of his chair. "It's possible that you never thought of Dick Morgan either as a martyr or a fatalist. Nor do I think he was. But when he was brought to Neuilly there was among his papers a little sort of field diary—I'm sorry it was lost, so I haven't it to show to you, but I saw it often—and under the date of his first tour of duty in the front line trenches was scribbled this, quoted from Rousseau: 'The dead carry to the grave, in their clenched fingers, only that which they have given away.' Doctor Durant, Dick went into this war in the belief that the only way to reclaim his life was to sacrifice it. Does that answer your question?"

There was an utter stillness. It had been a superb fiction, but Hilliard,

thinking obliquely of Angela, was only partly sentient of his baseness.

"Thank you," said the doctor, and glanced at his daughter. "Yes. He had the making of a splendid man. I knew his parents and his grandparents. His career in Syracuse hadn't anything to do with his heredity, Mr. Hilliard; it was the result of badly chosen environment. He chose it himself, and he had all a young man's interest in temptation. But when those temptations were removed, when he was free to revert to his family traditions, why then he could—"

"It would please me a great deal more, doctor, if you looked at him independently and maybe a little less ac-

demically—if you didn't go so far beyond the actual facts."

"How do you mean?" "Why," said Hilliard, "for one thing, in laying so much stress on his grandparents, Dick was the one who went overseas; his grandparents didn't! And his grandparents didn't go into action on the western front singing Stevenson's 'Requiem' at the top of their lungs and knowing that it was mighty appropriate, as Dick did!"

"What?" said Carol, straightening. "What's that?" "The doctor's negative was quiet, but decisive. 'A man doesn't rise to heights of glory without some reason for it, Mr. Hilliard. But a man can resist his inheritance for a good many years, and suddenly stop resisting and revert to his family type. He can do it voluntarily or involuntarily. It's what we call atavism.' He paused and smiled sadly. 'The pity of it,' he said, 'is that in spite of his having failed in everything he tried to do in Syracuse, he would have made us proud of him, sooner or later, if he had stayed on here. I'm positive of that.'"

"Pity!" Hilliard straightened. This was the third time in two days that he had caught the intimation that he could have come home decently and humbly and been forgiven.

"Not that I pity him for what he accomplished, or what it cost him," warned the doctor. "I don't; I was very fond of the boy, Mr. Hilliard, but I wouldn't for the world have had him do anything else than what he did. No—but I do pity him because he can never know what we think; because he can never know how much we gladly forget; because he can never know why we are proud of him."

Hilliard's pupils were distended. "You were rather harsh with him, doctor, as I—"

"We were just, Mr. Hilliard." "But if you recall the gist of Portia's speech . . ."

"I do!" The doctor regarded him pacifically. "And it's very seldom that mercy is asked to temper justice except after it's become evident that justice is actually going to be just. Let's not deceive ourselves. And let's not put each other in the position either of attacking or defending Dick. It's not the time for that now. He's done all that any man can do, and he was a most lovable boy—most lovable."

Hilliard nervously addressed himself to Carol.

"I hope you agree with your father, Miss Durant—that eventually he'd have succeeded in Syracuse?" "I never doubted it," she said loyally.

And then the three of them fell simultaneously to musing, and for the space of a minute or two there was quiet; the sort of quiet which comes just after the benediction. It was the benediction which Carol had bestowed upon a wretched sinner who sat there wondering how he could ever escape from the tolls of his own cleverness.

"How long are you to be in town, Mr. Hilliard?" inquired the doctor, irrelevantly.

"That I can't say, sir. I had no other errand than this."

"You've never been here before? That is, you haven't friends here?" He had expected this question and prepared for it.

"Several years ago," he said casually. "I came to Syracuse half a dozen times one winter—on business. I suppose I could find my way around even now, if I had to. But comparatively speaking, I'm a stranger."

"You're a business man, Mr. Hilliard?" "I told you he was, dear," said Carol.

Hilliard nodded. "Yes, Doctor Durant. That is—I was. I have no business connections now. That's why my plans are so uncertain."

Again a heavy silence. Hilliard was cursing the impetuous haste which had caused him to lie himself into an invulnerable network.

"I'm sorry," said the doctor, rising abruptly, "but I've a consultation at half-past twelve. Thank you again, Mr. Hilliard, for coming to us; you've lightened my heart tremendously. I hope we shall see you again before you go."

"I hope so," said Hilliard, dully. He was whipping his brain to find a way out; but how could he explain those manifold, cruel falsehoods which once he had thought to be his retribution?

The doctor gave him a cordial smile, a parting pressure of the hand, and went out directly, leaving the two young people quite alone.

Hilliard, impelled to go and equally constrained to stay, fidgeted in his yaciation. He was uncomfortable and unhappy, yet curiously enough he had no inclination to depart. He assured himself that he cared not the snap of his finger for Carol Durant; on the contrary, he was intolerant of her very presence; still he lingered, wishing that he hadn't stultified himself.

"And you really came all the way up here just to be kind to us?" she said. "Just to be kind to Dick," he corrected.

Carol was winking hard; Hilliard sprang to his feet. He could never

bear to see a woman cry; it was intolerable to him who she was, or what the circumstance; he was powerfully affected—distracted. His single aim was to console her—it was a selfish aim designed primarily to relieve himself.

"But it's easy to see," he said desperately, "why he was so anxious to have me come. I . . . I have twice as many reasons to envy him now, Miss Durant. . . . I really have. And . . . and, unlike your father, I can pity him, too, for—"

"Oh!" she said, smiling tremulously up at him through the misty veil of her tears. "But you see, Mr. Hilliard . . . you're quite mistaken . . . I . . . I wasn't pitying Dick; I was pitying me!"

He bit his lip sharply. No reproach could have gone deeper.

"That was your letter, you said?" "Oh, yes," she said. "It couldn't have been for anyone else! Thank you so much . . . for bringing it . . ."

He was trying to analyze the emotions which stirred him. He had told himself over and over again that his love for her was numb; and yet here he was . . . unsteadily balanced . . . tormented by her grief . . . and lying to her in the next sentence—to protect his previous lies, and to give to her what comfort he could.

"I want you to have his war cross, Miss Durant. . . . I think it belongs to you more than to anyone else. I . . . He stopped and stood irresolute; for she had broken down completely. He watched her and slowly the blood burned in his cheeks! He tried to order his thoughts, to select his action . . . if he still loved her, he was there to console her; if not . . . he ought in all humanity to console her just the same, even if it took another of those inexcusable deceptions. For an instant he was on the point of succumbing to a wild impulse to blurt out the truth and take the consequences . . ."

He started; for she had motioned to him—motioned him away. He hesitated . . . was it love, or repentance, or only his disquiet to see a woman cry? She motioned again, hysterically . . .

Hilliard's brain snapped; Syracuse had sung his praise too late. The doctor with hisisms and dissections was too late—Carol herself was too late with tears. His jaws came together; he glanced at her once more and then, in obedience to her gesture, he turned and tiptoed quietly from the room. The front door closed quietly behind him. The danger of succumbing was over, and he believed, permanently, and yet . . .

"Even Stephen!" he whispered as he went down the steps.

CHAPTER VI.

Ordinarily Mr. Cullen was satisfied to bring a single evening paper home with him and when he laid it on the hall table it was generally creased down the financial page; but tonight he brought two, and each of them had wrinkles across the market reports and were folded so as to feature the departments devoted to local news. The Journal had beaten the Herald by two sticks and a dick, but the Herald had honored Dickey Morgan with a kindly editorial and both papers had stated explicitly where Hilliard was making his headquarters. Mr. Cullen would have been seriously offended if he hadn't been mentioned at least once in each paper; and this is no more a reflection upon his vanity than the fact that he cherished a lively anticipation for what the Post-Standard was going to say about the case tomorrow morning.

Nevertheless, there was a fly in the ointment—not very much of a fly, to be sure, but still appreciable; and after all, it isn't the size of the invader that counts. Mr. Cullen was generous; Mr. Cullen was hospitable; but Mr. Cullen was also the tiniest bit of a snob—not a carping, contemptuous, supercilious snob, but a healthy, hearty, open-spirited snob, frank in his liking for the things he liked—and one of them was to be somebody, and have the neighbors know it. He liked to fraternize with important men; he liked to see his name in the paper now and then; he liked to feel superior—just one harmless little degree more consequential—than his next-door neighbor. And the neighbor, of course, had to share this conviction, or there wasn't any purpose in it.

And Mr. Cullen, with all his ingenuous weakness for prominence, hadn't known until the evening papers told him so, hadn't even suspected (although now he was trying busily to persuade himself that he had suspected it all along, from one thing and another) that his guest was a mining engineer of international reputation, and independently wealthy to boot. It was enough to discomfit any host! It was enough to annoy any man, whether average or not, who prided himself (and most of us do) that he had unusual discernment, and was a Good Judge of Human Nature. And so, when he met Hilliard and Angela at the head of the garden he began to fire away pointblank at Hilliard; and this as barely after the greetings, and a

question as to the state of Hilliard's health, and before Angela had found an opportunity to get a word in edgewise.

"Understand you're a mining man, Mr. Hilliard," he said, pleasantly. "I used to be," said Hilliard. "I've retired. I thought I told you so the first night I was here."

"Oh, yes—you did say something about it, but—" Mr. Cullen laughed with the fullness of one who has unearthed secrets. "It took some of our bright young newspaper crowd to ferret out the facts. You're too modest—that's what's the matter with you!"

As Hilliard smiled in deprecation Angela, crowing triumphantly, snatched for the papers.

"Where is it?" she cried. "Where . . . oh!" And relapsed into beatific calm, devouring the none too conservative paragraphs with all her might. The cold-typed repetition of the well-known story sobered her considerably; still, it was for Hilliard's and her father's names that she grieved; and as for the paenegyric of Morgan, that was only an added garland to the wreath which was already his.

"Russian and English syndicate wasn't it?" asked Mr. Cullen. "Yes," said Hilliard. "English and Russian."

Mechanically, he began to rehearse the technical subtleties which he hadn't expected to find use for within



He Began to Fire Away.

a brace of fortnights. It was well, however, to be prepared; and the time to plant the seed of desire is when the prospect is willing.

"Mighty interesting game—mining," said Cullen. "Let's wander down by the fountain; shall we? . . . I don't know why it is, but it sort of fascinates me—guess it does everybody. More romance in it than most lines. Here Angela looked up sharply, and gurgled with wicked satisfaction, and sent a lifted eyebrow signal across to Hilliard.

"Yes," said Hilliard, "but there's more tragedy, too. I suppose that's the law of compensation getting to work. Big profits call for big risks."

"This was for and in Cullen's eyes; and it had its effect."

"Oh, but the ratio's the same in almost any business, Mr. Hilliard, isn't it? It's about the same theory. Savings banks pay three to four per cent, but they never made a man rich yet. But copper has!"

The fascination of a mine for a man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Uncultivated Philippine Land. Surveys of the Philippine islands have shown that of the total of 120,000 square miles, the cultivated area is only 14,000 square miles, the remainder embracing 61,000 square miles of commercial forests, 11,000 of non-commercial forests, 14,000 of unexplored and small islands, and various areas promising mineral products. The cultivated lands include 2,189,000 acres of rice, 1,236,000 of abaca or Manila hemp, 880,000 of coconuts, 440,000 of sugar cane, 145,000 of tobacco, 18,000 of mahogany, 28,000 of cacao, and 2,000 of coffee.

On Genius. Genius gets the world's praise because its work is a tangible product, to be bought, or to be had for nothing. It bribes the common voice to praise it by presents of speeches, poems, statues, pictures, or whatever it can please with. Character evolves its best products for home consumption; but, mind you, it takes a deal more to feed a family for 30 years than to make a holiday feast for our neighbors once or twice.—Holmes.

Children's Theology. A little girl explained God's omnipresence by saying that he was everywhere without going there. A small boy, reflecting on the misdeeds of Satan, remarked: "I don't see how he ever got to be so bad when he had no devil to put him up to it."

"Get Rich Quick." Writing a song that catches on is one of the shortest cuts to wealth. Sir Arthur Sullivan received \$50,000 in royalties for "The Lost Chord," and "My Pretty Jane" remunerated its composer to the tune of \$10,000 a line!—Boston Post.

Opportunity is a fine thing. So fine in fact, that some of us miss it.

Home Town Helps

TREES SERVE TWO PURPOSES

Give Beauty to Town and Will Be Source of Revenue to Future Generations.

The women's clubs of the country have organized for state-wide tree planting. In California each district of the federated clubs has been supplied with tree-planting data from the association. In Georgia the tree planting was done in the winter by the Georgia federation, when thirty-one memorial groves were planted under the direction of Julia Lester Dillon. In Delaware the federation is co-operating with the great road-building program there in order to have the highways of the state become one big "road of remembrance." "This is one of the biggest programs before any state," says Charles Lathrop Pack, president of the American Forestry association. "Every state should watch what General du Pont and the state of Delaware does. Samuel C. Lancaster, the highway engineer who built the Columbia river highway, has submitted a comprehensive plan to General du Pont. This includes tree planting on an intelligent scale.

"The greatest educational campaign the country ever saw is being worked out through the schools of the country. The coming generation will know the value of forestry to the country in which it lives. Our forests are like a bank. We must deposit in them if we hope to draw out. Through the planting of trees and the study of outdoor life the children will easily take up the economic side of the subject and understand what must be done toward saving our forests."

MAKE WAR ON TREE PESTS

Method by Which School Children May Be of Great Service to the Community.

Public school children of Trenton, N. J., are setting a good example to the country in their war on the tussock moth. The American Forestry association at Washington wants to receive reports on what other cities are doing in this regard and would like to find the city with the best record in collections. In the Trenton Times this account is found.

"Boys and girls of the public schools of the city are still continuing their activities in the tussock moth campaign, and their last report shows that during the month the boys and girls have collected 1,284,899 cocoons. Last year the pupils collected 2,000,000 during the entire campaign, and their total this year will far exceed that.

"A splendid record has been made by the McClellan school pupils, who head the list with 1,186,795 cocoons. The other schools reported as follows: Centennial, 2,237; Cook, 15,049; Hamilton, 18,050; Hewitt, 46,000; Jefferson, 2,867; McClellan, 1,186,795; McKinley, 5,063; Parker, 953; Washington, 2,610; Columbus, 11,152; total, 1,285,899."

Poisoning Field Mice. Field mice are very destructive to fruit trees this year and do not overlook some ornamental trees. The mice can be poisoned by cutting apples into pieces about an inch square and placing a small amount of powdered strychnine in each piece. Poisoned wheat can also be used to kill mice. Walley gives the following formula: Sift five quarts of clean wheat and drain. Take two-thirds of a cupful of white sugar, dissolve with sufficient water to make a syrup, add powdered strychnine, stir thoroughly until a thin paste is formed. Pour this on the damp wheat. Stir thoroughly for at least fifteen minutes. Add one pint of powdered sugar, stir; add five to ten drops of rhodium and the same quantity of oil of aniseed. Scatter where the mice are troublesome.

Washing the trunks of trees in mild weather with lime wash in which is placed paris green, sulphur and tobacco dust will usually keep rabbits and mice away.

On Tearing Down Houses.

Property is the fruit of labor; property is desirable; is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is homeless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built—Abraham Lincoln in reply to a letter from the Workmen's Association of New York.

Plants Along Walls.

Soils near walls are usually too dry in summer and too poor. Before planting take out the soil to a depth and width of three feet, adding manure, and leaf mold if it is to be had. After mixing, return the soil and allow it to settle. Climbers and other plants may then be grown there successfully. Water will be required daily during hot weather.

Plant Trees and Shrubs.

A tree or two and a few shrubs about a house make a great difference in its appearance either winter or summer.