

The Man Who Forgot

A NOVEL

By JAMES HAY, JR.



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CHAPTER XXV—(Continued).

"But I merely wanted to tell you," concluded the Man Who Could Handle It, "that nobody can handle it. It'll get you in the long run or the short. The shorter, the better. It may take a month or it may take 10 years, but some fine morning you wake up and find your master right there at the side of the bed, and he reaches out and puts his cold, clammy fingers around your throat and leads you to the bottle. When that happens, my friend, it's all over but the shouting. You belong to the saloons or the club bars, and you wonder when the undertaker will come along and be kind to you and bury you. You hope it will be soon, but it never comes quite soon enough. The stuff you could handle, handles you quite thoroughly. It introduces you to the death-in-life." He made an elaborate bow. "Remember me. You can't forget me. You'll see me every day, everywhere—the Man Who Could Handle It."

He turned on his heel and went down the street without a backward glance. Smith, looking up to the sky, wondered how long it had been since the Man Who Could Handle It had been able even to realize that there were nights when the moon hung in a silver wash.

That was a hard night for the agitator. His office force, working overtime every night now, went home at 11. He stayed on until 12, laboring with his work, fighting desperately against depression, denying himself to all callers and telephone calls.

A few minutes past midnight Waller came in and reported: "There's nothing from Shanghai tonight."

CHAPTER XXVI

The agitator's first thought the following morning was of a woman's figure leaning toward him in a doorway and swaying like a reed in the flow of heavy waters. And, immediately upon that, came the picture of her as she had stood the day before, grieved but valiant. He put the image of her out of his mind, his effort in doing so being as direct and palpable as if he had tried to lift a tremendous weight with his right arm.

While he dressed and breakfasted in his rooms, he looked at the headlines in the Washington and New York papers which were brought to him every morning. There it was before him: the story of himself, his confession and defiance, Mary Leslie's story, all topped with the big lettered headlines that ran anywhere from two columns wide to the breadth of the whole front page. His photograph and Mary Leslie's were reproduced by each paper.

Few people have had the sensation of being tried by the press. It is, in a way, more terrible than being tried by a court. In court there is always the chance of appeal, against the newspaper court there is no redress. A man, sitting alone at breakfast, sees his face in the printed page, reads the things he has said and the things others have said about him, realizes at first imperfectly that he is the one on whom the glare is turned, and comes to know, finally, that he must stand up and take it all. Big men have spent years trying to overtake the effects of a newspaper article—and have not succeeded.

Smith read Cholliewollie's article to the end.

"Good boy!" he thought gratefully. "At least you don't draw when you write."

He examined the other headlines and stories with what he tried to make a judicial mind. On the whole, he was immensely gratified. He had been given the best of it so far. Several of the writers had intimated that the woman's story and her demeanor could not command belief. Others had built their lead on Smith's contention that, if her story were true, it merely proved the righteousness of his fight against whisky. One of the New York papers ran an editorial on the matter sounding a ringing alarm against anybody weakening in support of him at

such a critical time in the movement.

Thinking gratefully that the world was very kind, he was laying down a paper when his eye caught the Shanghai date line. Evidently, from the small space given to the dispatch, it had come in too late to permit of its being displayed largely.

There was, it said, a house with the red-lacquered balcony on the Foochow road, as Mary Leslie had described it.

There was a Portuguese, Charlie by name, who owned it, and now, since the opium trade had been discontinued, conducted it as a restaurant.

The Portuguese was not rich in details. His memory was vague. But he remembered a wild American named Gardner and a woman who used to be seen with him. He did not know whether they were married.

There had not been time, when the cablegram was written, to make any other investigation, in the official records or elsewhere, regarding the alleged marriage.

He was reading the dispatch for the third time when a bellboy brought him a note. The envelope had not been stamped. It had been left, late the night before, the boy explained, with directions that it should be delivered to him early in the morning.

On a sheet of notepaper was written:

You are your own tomorrow.

It was signed "Edith Mallon." His brain reeled. The memory of her standing in the doorway, the fragrance of her hair the day she had stood close to him on the edge of the river, the thought of her brave sweetness—these things came as a blessed relief from the momentary but deep depression he had felt after reading the cablegram from Shanghai. He got up and raised one of the windows so that he might breathe the fresh air. He drank it into his lungs in great gulps. A group of photographers stood on the pavement below, waiting for snapshots of him as he started to his office on what everybody regarded as the decisive day in his career. He understood some of that.

He thrust Edith's note into his pocket and put on his overcoat and hat. As he left the room, he was forcing through his brain the triumphant thought: "This is the day! This is the fight!" It was as if he called his own soul to arms.

Once in his office, he became the storm center of the country's political thought that day. Waller, with both hands full of telegrams, met him in the reception room. Smith did not know it, but the newspaper man had had only two hours of sleep.

"You don't have to read them," Waller said, the drawl in his voice not hiding his elation. "They're all good—all for us." "This early!" Smith was surprised.

"Most of these are night letters, sent after the afternoon's hit the street yesterday. But some, sent this morning, have come in already."

They were in the inner office, and Smith was taking off his coat. "What do they say?" he inquired impatiently.

"They say you're all right. Those few words sum up more different kinds of laudation, assurances of support, and genuine admiration than I ever saw on paper."

Smith gave him a swift, keen look, with the question: "And no other kind?"

"Oh, of course, some," Waller replied, his enthusiasm unabated, "but, so far, we're sweeping the towns and outlying districts!"

The agitator sat down at his desk and opened the first of the letters that had been placed there for him.

Cholliewollie looked at him a moment in undisguised wonder.

"Say! What is this you're exhibiting, real nerve? Or are you just numb and can't think?"

"Why?"

"Here you are, up against the hottest, bitterest fight in the world

and you sit down to read your mail!"

"What else is there to do?" Smith inquired, eyeing him seriously.

"Don't you want to read the telegrams?"

"If I did that, I'd put in the whole day at it."

One of the stenographers brought in a new batch of yellow envelopes.

"You see," he added.

"Oh, I know!" Waller admitted. "But can't you show some nervousness, some excitement?"

Smith's smile was one of great affection.

"I can't," he said. "We've got just a week to put this thing over. The days aren't long enough to let us do the work we should do. It is a hot fight, as you say. They think they have a chance to ruin this demonstration. Well, I'm just a little hotter as a fighter than they are. Believe me, I am. And I'm fighting now. I'm going through this mail to see what needs attention. After that, we'll see what else needs attention. Fighting is working."

"By Jove, you're right!" Waller agreed. "But what do you want done with these messages?"

"If you'll do it, keep track of them, read them all, and don't bring any to me unless it deals with some delegation wishing to cancel its engagement to come to Washington. If any others need answering, you answer them. Will you do that?"

"Certainly, you know I'll be on this job until night. But"—he held up several unfolded telegrams—"here's one from a governor, one from the biggest bishop in the west, two from senators, one from—"

"I know, I know. But they were to be expected, in a way, weren't they? Such men as those stand for the cause, not for me. That's the thing I hate. I'm afraid of being a dead weight on the movement, not a help to it."

"You might be a weight," Waller drawled, smiling slowly, "but not a dead one. And how about the newspaper men?"

"I'll see them at 11 this morning, as usual, of course—and this afternoon."

As a result of these arrangements, while the agitator, methodical and effective, stayed at his desk, dictating necessary correspondence, conferring with men and women on countless details of the arrangements in town and out, and maintaining his grasp on the whole scheme, Cholliewollie became the buffer against which the waves of the country's sentiment and opinions broke. He answered innumerable telephone calls, local and long-distance, meant to cheer and encourage Smith. With the aid of a stenographer, he opened and read out, after a fashion, tabulated the telegrams. They came from all sections, from everywhere, delivered in batches of fours, eights, and dozens. They were from politicians, ministers of the gospel, wealthy men, prominent men, women, philanthropists, city and state leaders in the prohibition movement, people representing, it appeared, all walks of life, all professions, and all callings.

The vast majority expressed the determination of the senders to stand by Smith and the demonstration, no matter what was said about him. A few called the story, all of it, including Smith's statement, a fake pure and simple. Others said they knew it was a huge conspiracy hatched by the whisky interests. Some demanded to be told by Smith whether he really had forgotten who he was or was trying to hide disgraceful conduct behind a subterfuge.

From this shade of unbelief others swung to ridicule and abuse a few vituperation. These were the natural expressions of men who had been opposed to him all along and now seized on the opportunity to harass him. However, they were not strong enough numerically to dash Waller's spirits. "We've caught them right, so far," he thought. "Now, can we stay on top for a week?"

A few minutes after the agitator's interview with the correspondents at 11—which brought out nothing new—Cholliewollie walked into the inner office. His face was solemn.

"Here," he said, handing Smith a telegram, "is the first message regarding one of the delegations to the parade."

It was dated Seattle, Wash., and was directed to the agitator.

Smith read it aloud:

Seven hundred leaving this state this afternoon for Washington. Seattle delegation escorted to train by bands and thousands of men and women. We are solid for you out here.

Waller grinned.

"That shows you," he rejoiced, "that there will be no deserters."

The afternoon wore on, Smith at his desk—conferring, arranging, directing, assuring himself by telephone and telegraph that the special trains and railroad fare were being provided as previously stipulated with the railroad companies, the banks, and the county and city managers of the movement—and Waller shouting frantically over the telephone or de-vouring with his eyes the incessant flood of yellow paper on which were printed the messages of good cheer from almost everywhere.

At the 6 o'clock meeting with the newspaper men several showed telegrams from their papers saying that the proofs of the marriage in Shanghai had not yet materialized.

When the usual routine of questions and answers ended, Avery moved a step nearer to the agitator. Snappily dressed, alert as ever, and speaking in frank, terse sentences, he made an impressive figure.

"Mr. Smith," he said, "we want to tell you we are with you. We've seen your work. We know you. We know what sort of a man you are. And, from now on, you'll get all the help possible from us. We wanted you to know that."

Smith bowed to Avery and swept the semicircle of faces with a glance that seemed to single out each man and thank him.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a low tone, "I cannot find words to bear the burden of my debt to you. It is you who can win this fight. I thank you all. It is wonderful."

He turned quickly and went into his private office.

Waller, arriving at his own office a few minutes past 7, was told by the managing editor:

"A crowd's gathering in front of the agitator's office. They've got a band. They want to show their confidence in him."

"Yes," he replied, "I knew about that."

"I'll get somebody else to cover that," the other went on. "What I want from you tonight is a blanket story covering all the other events of this kind throughout the country. We've got bulletins from nearly every city, saying there will be mass meetings tonight as expressions of confidence in Smith. It ought to make a big story."

"It'll be a crackerjack," Cholliewollie assented.

All that evening Waller, gathering material for his story, read the dispatches that came in from the press associations and the paper's correspondents. From every city came the news that John Smith's name had lit the fires of enthusiasm. The office boy went in and out, piling up the details of the story. It seemed to Waller that the spirit of the agitator rushed from city to city through that marvelous winter night. With his actual physical eye he could see the swaying of the singing, cheering crowd as it swept down Market street in San Francisco. He could hear the singing, catch the gleam of the banners under the electric lights, feel the glow of the people's ardor.

The clicking wires changed the scenes of the drama continuously. It claimed no one city, no one section, for its setting. Washington street in Indianapolis, Second avenue in Seattle, and the East Side in New York were merely flashing parts of the wave of feeling that called men to the streets and made them lift their voices to the stars. Fifth street in Cincinnati, Milk street in Boston, Michigan avenue in Chicago, the public squares of smaller cities—all were places devoted men and women, ignoring the jeers and, at times, the missiles of the other side, congregated to show their scorn of those who fought against the cause and its leader.

And the man whose glowing spirit and unflagging zeal had kindled an enthusiasm which swept from coast to coast stood at his office window, bowing his thanks while a member of congress delivered an address from the pavement below, and a band played, and a crowd that flowed far over into the capitol grounds cheered and sang.

The managing editor had been right: It was a big story.

And the one-time bored and blase Mr. Waller, having crammed all the details of it into his brain, sat down at his typewriter to make it a "crackerjack."

(Continued Next Week)

By far the most beautiful of the trees of Uruguay, South America, is the mimosa. This tree is an evergreen, and grows to a height of about forty feet. Even when not in flower it is handsome on account of its dark green fernlike leaves and gray-green trunk. The flowers are like little balls of golden yellow pollen, and they have a sweet scent. They cover the branches of the tree from top to bottom and at a distance one would almost say the whole thing was made of gold, or had been transplanted from fairyland.

FARMING NOW A BUSINESS

The Modern Day Farmer Applies Business Methods and Seeks More Than a Living on the Farm.

A nation-wide cry is being made for more economy and greater production, and probably never was the need of foodstuffs equal to that of the present. Grain prices are the highest in the nation's history and today the agricultural fields of America offer inducements that are unequalled in any other line of commerce or business. The ideal life is that close to nature, enjoying the freedom of God's great outdoors and fulfilling a duty to humanity by producing from a fertile soil that which is essential to the very existence of a less fortunate people who are actually starving to death for foodstuffs that can be produced so economically in the United States and Canada.

High prices for all grain, undoubtedly, will be maintained for a number of years, and it appears a certainty that the agriculturist will reap a bounteous return for his labor and at the same time carry out the demands of patriotic citizenship. A wrong conception has been generally noticed as to "Life on the Farm." It has been, to a large extent, considered as only a place to live peacefully and afford a living for those who are satisfied with merely a comfortable existence. Such a wrong impression has been created in a measure, by the lack of systematic business principles to farming in general. But today farming and agriculture have been given a supremacy in the business world and require the same advanced methods as any other line of commerce. In no other business does a system adoption pay better than on the farm, and it is certain that there is no other line of work, that, generally speaking, needs it as much. The old idea of getting a living off the farm and not knowing how it was made and following up the details of each branch of farming to get the maximum of profit, at the least expense, is fast being done away with.

Farming is now being considered as a business and a living is not sufficient for the modern agriculturist; a small per cent on the investment is not enough, the present-day farmer must have a percentage return equal to that of other lines of business. The prices for produce are high enough, but the cost of producing has been the factor, in many places, that has reduced the profit. It is the application of a system to the cost of various work on the farm that it is possible to give figures on profits made in grain-growing in Western Canada.

Mr. C. A. Wright of Milo, Iowa, bought a hundred and sixty acres of land in Western Canada for \$3,300 in December, 1915, and took his first crop from it in 1916. After paying for the land in full and the cost of cultivating it and marketing the grain, he sold his grain at \$1.55 a bushel (a low price compared with the present market), had a surplus of \$2,472.67. His figures are as follows:

4,487 bushels worth	
\$1.55 at Cham-	
pion	\$6,954.85—\$6,954.85
Threshing bill 11c	
per bushel	493.57
Seed at 95c	144.00
Drilling	100.00
Cutting	160.00
Twine	50.00
Shocking	40.00
Hauling to town	
3c	134.61
Total cost	1,182.18
Cost of land	3,300.00
	\$4,482.18—\$4,482.18
Net profit after	
paying for farm	
and all cost	\$2,472.67

S. Joseph and Sons of Des Moines, Ia., are looked upon as being shrewd, careful business men. Having some spare money on hand, and looking for a suitable investment, they decided to purchase Canadian lands, and farm them.

With the assistance of the Canadian Government Agent, at Des Moines, Ia., they made selection near Champion, Alberta. They put 240 acres of land in wheat, and in writing to Mr. Hewitt, the Canadian Government Agent at Des Moines, one of the members of the firm says: "I have much pleasure in advising you that on our farm five miles east of Champion, in the Province of Alberta, Canada, this year (1916) we harvested and threshed 10,600 bushels of wheat from 240 acres, this being an average of 44 bushels and 10 pounds to the acre. A considerable portion of the wheat was No. 1 Northern, worth at Champion, approximately \$1.85 per bushel, making a total return of \$19,610, or an average of \$81.70 per acre gross yields. And by aid of a thorough system were able to keep the cost of growing wheat at about 25 cents a bushel."

Messrs. Smith & Sons of Vulcan, Alberta, are growers of wheat on a large scale and have demonstrated that there is greater profit in Western Canada wheat-raising than probably in any other business anywhere. Speaking of their experience, Mr. Smith says:

"I have three sections of land at the present time and am farming yearly 1,200 to 1,400 acres of land. My returns from the farm for the past two years have been around 200%, that is

for every dollar I have spent I have received three, now I do not know where you can do that well.

"This is surely the country for the man with the small capital as the land is still reasonable in price, payments in long term and work of all kinds for every man to do. I feel that if I was turned out here without a dollar that in less than ten years I could own a section of land and have it well equipped."

Western Canada's soil and climate is suitable to raising large and profitable yields of wheat. Many so large that those not acquainted with the facts hesitate to believe the reports sent out by the farmers in that country. As an evidence of their sincerity in reporting correct yields affidavit of a couple of grain growers are reproduced.

"I, Newell J. Noble, of the town of Nobleford, Province of Alberta, do solemnly declare that from 1,000 acres of wheat on the said farm there was in the season of 1916, threshed 54,233 bushels of wheat, being at the average of 54 bushels and 23 pounds per acre. And that from 394.60 acres of oats on the said farm, there was threshed in the said season of 1916, 48,506 bushels of oats, being at the average of 122 bushels and 30 pounds per acre.

"And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing it to be true and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of The Canada Evidence Act." NEWELL J. NOBLE.

A Woman Takes Affidavit as to Yields.—On January 4, 1917, Mrs. Nancy Coe of Nobleford made oath as follows:

In the matter of yield of wheat, oats and flax on my farm for harvest of 1916, I, Nancy Coe, of the town of Nobleford, Province of Alberta, do solemnly declare that I threshed from 115 acres on my farm 6,110 bushels of wheat (machine measure, which it is believed will hold out in weights fully about three-fourths of the crop already having been weighed), being at the average of 53 bushels and 3 pounds per acre, and that from 43 acres of flax on stubble ground, I threshed 933 bushels of flax, being at an average of 20 bushels and 38 pounds per acre, and that from 5.06 acres of oats I threshed 586 bushels, machine measure, being at an average of 115 bushels and 27 pounds per acre.—Advertisement.

BUILDING GIANT FLY TRAPS

Schoolboys Make Device Which Will Catch Half a Million Disease Spreading in Season.

Fly traps that will catch 500,000, or 50 quarts of flies in a season will be built this spring by some of the boys in the Grand avenue manual training center, Irving P. Lorentz, the instructor, is making a model, and will soon have some of the boys constructing the device as a side line, according to the Milwaukee Journal.

A square framework is made of narrow strips of wood, and within the frame is placed a cone of wire netting. In the model of Mr. Lorentz an ordinary glass jar is used in place of the wooden frame. A banana peel or similar refuse is placed as a bait at the bottom of the trap. When the trap is crowded with flies, they can be killed by dipping the filled trap into boiling water.

"The idea is excellent," Mr. Lorentz said. "The construction is simple, so that seventh or eighth grade boys should easily be able to make it. At the same time it is inexpensive, the cost of materials probably not exceeding 50 cents. If all the centers encouraged the making of these traps, it would prove a most effective weapon against the fly. Such a trap would kill the flies before they even got into the homes."

Too Deep for Paw.

Little Willie—Say, paw, why is an amateur concert called an entertainment?

Paw—My son, I cannot tell a lie; I do not know.

NERVOUSNESS AND BLUES

Symptoms of More Serious Sickness.

Washington Park, Ill.—"I am the mother of four children and have suffered with female trouble, backache, nervous spells and the blues. My children's loud talking and romping would make me so nervous I could just tear everything to pieces and I would ache all over and feel so sick that I would not want anyone to talk to me at times. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills restored me to health and I want to thank you for the good they have done me. I have had quite a bit of trouble and worry but it does not affect my youthful looks. My friends say 'Why do you look so young and well?' I owe it all to the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies."



—Mrs. ROBT. STROPEL, Sage Avenue, Washington Park, Illinois.

If you have any symptom about which you would like to know write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free of charge.