

The Man Who Forgot

A NOVEL

By JAMES HAY, JR.



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CHAPTER XXVIII—(Continued.)

As he passed, the crowds on the sidewalks became storming, roaring, frantic lines of white. Ribbons and handkerchiefs filled the air. It was as if, at his coming, the sea of humanity on each side rose toward him like the shrill crest of a wave. As far as he could see the avenue was fringed to right and left with the rising and falling solid lines of white. The tumult of the applause was like the roar of the sea. To his ears the roar of the men's voices dominated, and now and then the shrill bravos of the women cut through the heavier tone.

They cheered him because he had done a great thing. He had called the country to Washington, and it had come. They felt this—felt, even, that he had called each one of them personally, and that, while their great motive had been their hate of whisky, his voice had been the one to unite them. They had secured their places to look at him, and would fall in lines as the procession passed them.

Every few yards he bowed to right and to left, his clean-cut, wiry figure bending gracefully from the waist. Now and then, passing a high building whose windows swarmed with humanity, he waved his gauntleted hand. He was smiling, and, somehow, so vibrant was his spirit, so intense his emotion, that the men and women, who lined the pavements persuaded themselves that he smiled at each of them in turn. There was about him nothing of theatric. He rode down that long lane of thundering applause, a strong man, a brilliant personality, doing simply well the thing he had planned to do, carrying to fruition the great dream that had been his—the dream at which many had sneered at first, the dream which millions now loved.

Twenty yards behind him were the two bishops in a carriage, and behind them five hundred little girls in white. After that came the apparently endless line of marching men and women—the singing clubs, delegations from various states, companies of men, troops of women. And, when the end of the line came, all those who had stood on the sidewalks fell in. He led them to the right of the peace monument and up the roadway on the right hand side of the capitol, halting on the east plaza. So nicely had the thing been planned that the marches from North Capitol street flowed into the grounds on the west front as the agitator's division had occupied the east plaza and the surrounding territory. Those from the east joined the agitator, and those from the south went to the west of the grounds.

On the east side a great band played hymns, and the people sang. On the west side a singing club sang "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Back farther, on the edges of the crowd, other bands played.

The agitator dismounted on the plaza, and, going back to the carriage, escorted the two bishops to the top of the east steps on the House end of the building. There, at the front of the stand, among senators, representatives, and men and women who had spent years, some of them a lifetime, in the fight for prohibition, the venerable Bishop Rexall took his seat. Smith, leaving him, went with Bishop Fraydon through the building to the west front.

There were to be no speeches. "On that day," Smith had said weeks before, "we will pray to God and command congress."

There was no program, save the bishops were to offer prayer, and the people were to sing and to stand there, a commanding army enveloping the home of the government, until they saw the sign that what they asked had been granted. The sign to be the running of a huge white ribbon to the top of the flagpost over the House end of the building.

In the line that followed Smith a fat man had ridden alone in a carriage. It was Vetter.

He was far enough to the front to catch the thunder of applause that greeted Smith and to watch the glow the leader's passing had

left in the faces of the thousands on the sidewalks. There was upon his face, also, a glow.

"How they love him!" he thought. "It is worth living to have seen this."

He, like the others, loved him. That was, he reflected, the secret of the agitator's great gift of leadership. The man's spirit had reached out and charmed a nation.

CHAPTER XXIX.

John Smith paced to and fro in Crawlford's committee rooms. After escorting Bishop Fraydon to the west side of the capitol, he had gone back into the building, and, taking an elevator, had reached the subway that leads from the capitol proper to the building occupied by the offices and committee rooms of most of the representatives. Walker, who had been close to him ever since he had arrived at the east plaza, had protested.

"No," the agitator had answered, "this is the proper thing to do. This is a demonstration of the strength of prohibition sentiment in this country. There are friends of mine in the crowd. In their excitement some of them might be tempted to try to make it a personal triumph of mine. That would not do. You know it wouldn't."

For that reason he had effaced himself from the scene.

The room in which he waited the result Crawlford's motion to have the House pass the national prohibition measure faced the inner court of the big building from the first floor on the south side. He had opened one of the big windows and, even at that distance, with the other side of the huge structure towering between him and the vast throng, he could hear faintly the bands and the singing. There was upon his face a shadow of the smile he had worn while riding down the avenue. He felt nothing but supreme confidence in the outcome. The weariness he had known for the past few days had fallen from him. He was at his best, brave, brilliant, tuned to the top of his wonderful energy.

Suddenly the singing and the music of the bands stopped as if the great column of noise had been cut by the stroke of a knife. He knew what that meant, the dead silence. Crawlford had risen at his place in the House and put the motion, and, at a signal, the two bishops, holding their hands aloft, had begun their prayers for its passage.

He stood by the window, silence all about him save for the plashing of the big fountain in the center of the courtyard. He knew, as well as if he had seen it, the tremendous effectiveness of those prayers—the bared heads of the thousands of men, the bowed heads of the thousands of women, the quiet of the children.

The singing began afresh. He stood and watched the fountain, a tall column of water moved slowly by the breeze until it looked like a big, new flower hanging in the air. He thought of the figure of a woman swaying in a doorway like a reed moved by the flow of cold and heavy waters. Where was she at that moment? How had it gone with her? He wondered if there was in her heart one-half the fierce hunger for love that he felt. He had not seen her since that day in her home when the Leslie woman had told her story. But he knew that she waited for him, expected to see him that evening. Walter had brought him that message from her.

And yet, there was the immutable fact: he could not claim her, had no right to permit her to come him. When could he throw off the chains that bound him? Would he ever know his own past? His thoughts went to Vetter. Yes; he would go back to Vetter at once and take up again the weary, heart breaking work of trying to find something, some light, however faint, to pierce the darkness behind him. If only Vetter could!

He threw back his shoulders with a swift movement and looked up to the blue sky and laughed.

"Vetter can! he said to himself. 'Vetter must! Vetter will! It will come right! It must.'"

The corridor door was flung open, and Waller rushed in. Enthusiasm at last had him by the throat. He even had forgotten his cane.

"Old man," he shouted, "it's marvellous, immense! I never saw anything like it. You've got 'em—got 'em sure!"

"Give me the news," Smith demanded swiftly.

"They've just started to call the roll."

"How was Crawlford? Was he very effective?"

"You bet he was! He stood up, tall, powerful looking, pale with excitement."

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "I rise to offer a privileged motion."

"The gentleman will state it," said the speaker.

"Mr. Speaker," Crawlford came back amid a stillness throughout the House that was spooky, "I move that the committee on amendments to the constitution be discharged from further consideration of the resolution providing for an amendment to the federal constitution for nation wide prohibition in the United States, and that the House, without further delay, proceed to vote on my motion to pass the resolution."

"He said that in a way which foretold victory. He said it in such a way that everybody went raving, stark mad. In the galleries and on the floor you could hear the rebel yell, the Yankee yell, and every other kind of a yell. Members and spectators had hysteria. Men were pounding each other on the back. You couldn't hear the speaker's gavel. Some of the women in the galleries were screaming. Men stood up and shrieked without knowing that they were shrieking. It took 20 minutes to quiet the members and the galleries. The thing showed, once and for all, whether people hate whisky."

Smith drew a deep breath.

"It must have been very fine," he said, something like reverence in his voice.

"And all those thousands and thousands of people on the outside!" Waller's dramatic description rushed on. "You couldn't see them, and you couldn't hear much more than a whisper from them, there in the chamber of the House. But their spirit was there. And it was a mighty thing. It was as if they reached out and touched congress with their hands. You were right when you said they would pray to God and command congress. That's what they did. That is what they are doing now—making the House of Representatives adopt that Crawlford motion!"

"How long will it take to call the roll, to get the complete vote?"

"About 40 to 50 minutes. But it's a foregone conclusion. We've won. We've won, I tell you!"

Waller slapped him on the back. "I know we have. I knew we would," Smith said quietly.

"Yes," Waller agreed. "That's what got me the first time I talked to you. You knew this thing would win. By George, you're a wonder!"

Smith looked at him a moment a little wistfully.

"Am I?" he asked.

Waller knew he referred to the Leslie woman's story, which, although it had not hurt him in the fight for prohibition, remained as an obstruction which he could not put out of the path of his happiness without regaining his memory.

"You'll beat that, too!" the writer assured him. "Why, you can beat anything!" His tone changed. "I wish I could find that blushing rose, that uncalloused conscience, that perfect man, the Simpson individual. He knows about you."

Smith, ignoring that suggestion, asked:

"Have you seen Miss Mallon today?"

"Yes," Waller replied a little reluctantly.

Smith noticed the hesitation.

"What is it?" he inquired quickly.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I think she's hiding around somewhere, waiting to be the first to congratulate you when the vote is announced."

"In this building?"

"I believe so."

"What room?"

Waller laughed.

"Say, now," he protested; "don't pump me any more. I refuse to disclose a woman's plans. Besides, what's the use? She's so apt to change them, you know."

The corridor door opened again, this time to admit Senator Mallon.

"May I come in?" he asked, hesitating.

"Certainly," the agitator invited him.

Waller turned to Smith.

"I'm going back to the press gallery. I'll come back with the figures on the vote."

He rushed out, leaving the door open. Smith could hear his footfalls far down the corridor as he ran.

The senator came farther into the room.

"Mr. Smith, good afternoon," he said, speaking with difficulty, even diffidence.

"How do you do Senator?" Smith answered him coolly.

"I have come," Mallon went on, "to thank you, if you will permit me."

"To thank me? For what?"

"For your unusual generosity."

The senator was beginning to strike his ordinary, suave conversational pace. "For the past week Washington has been crazy, absolutely crazy, about this whisky business. Several men have had their careers cut short by being identified with the whisky interests. I—I have to thank you for my escape."

"No," Smith corrected him, his voice still cool. "You have your daughter to thank."

"At any rate, I felt that I must come to express my gratitude—to you."

"Was it gratitude, senator," the agitator asked, his tone tinged by contempt, "or was it fear?"

He made a swift, deprecatory bow, and added: "I should not have said that to Miss Mallon's father."

The senator bowed.

"Politics is politics," he said smoothly. "The great trouble about whisky is that there isn't anything you can say in favor of it in a stump speech."

"Yes, that's true."

"And I've got political sense enough to know that no man who wants to stay in politics can vote against your prohibition people any longer."

"You mean," Smith asked in surprise, "that you've come over to us?"

"I mean I've been driven over to you," the old man explained. "Every big thing has two kinds of men on its side—those who vote from conviction and those who vote from fear. You were right just now. Mine is one of the 'fear votes.'"

"But the country will know the difference."

"The country's too busy to bother much about motives," Mallon gave it as his opinion. "What the country wants is results."

"I wouldn't be too sure about it in a thing of this kind, because—"

"Oh, well," the senator interrupted, "that will have to take care of itself. After the Senate does what the House is doing now, and the resolution has passed both bodies, it will have to be ratified by the legislatures of 36 states. When the fight is made in my state—if there is any fight—you'll find me with you. That's all there is to that." He hesitated a moment. "There's something else I wanted to speak to you about."

"What is it?"

"Confound it all!" he exploded. "I wish you'd tell me who you are. I wish to thunder I knew what it is you've done."

Smith gave him a long, sharp look.

"Senator," he said earnestly, "I don't know."

"I wish you did. I wish you'd talk. You see—my daughter—"

"Your daughter is still my friend, senator," Smith cut in quickly. "Please don't attempt to tell me she is not."

Mallon exploded again.

"Your friend! I should say she is. If she ever finds out who you are and untangles this Leslie woman's story, she'll marry you so quick it will make your head swim!" He stepped closer to Smith. "She's in the next room," he confided. "She asked me to come with her. I thought I hoped I could fix this up. But I can't. You won't talk."

"Senator," the agitator demanded, "why will you persist in disbelieving me? I tell you alcohol can destroy anything in a man. It has destroyed my memory. I tell you I don't know who I am. I cannot remember what I was."

Mallon looked disappointed.

"Then," he said, "that's all. It's ended. My daughter can't marry a man who already may have been married. That's a dead sure thing."

He put his hand on the knob of the door on the right, leading into Crawlford's larger office.

"No, it isn't ended," Smith said with great determination, and followed Mallon. "I must speak to Miss Mallon!"

(Continued Next Week.)

The United States has no national flower, but efforts have been made to have the goldenrod adopted. This flower is abundant through an enormous area of the continent.

Elections in Land of Nippon.

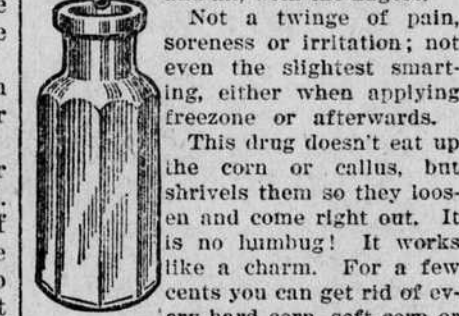
The Japanese people are satisfied with the result of the election of April 20, but agitation regarding expense attending a canvass for a seat in parliament is renewed. The same argument is heard as those after the last general election, according to East and West. The Chugal Shogyo estimates the cost of 600 candidates at not less than \$2,640,000! This is more than representatives in the United States expend, but senators have been known to pay half a million for seats in that body. The Chugal says the government spent \$200,000 for supervising the election, which, to Americans, will appear moderate. This sum includes "stumping trips" through the country by cabinet ministers; members of the opposition paid their own expenses. The editor regrets that so many men entitled to vote fail to exercise their high privilege. Repeated dissolution of the diet not only causes political disturbances, he argues, but imposes heavy financial loss upon the nation and upon individuals.

PAIN? NOT A BIT!
LIFT YOUR CORNS
OR CALLUSES OFF

No humbug! Apply few drops then just lift them away with fingers.

This new drug is an ether compound discovered by a Cincinnati chemist. It is called freezone, and can now be obtained in tiny bottles as here shown at very little cost from any drug store. Just ask for freezone. Apply a drop or two directly upon a tender corn or callus and instantly the soreness disappears. Shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can lift it off, root and all, with the fingers.

Not a twinge of pain, soreness or irritation; not even the slightest smarting, either when applying freezone or afterwards. This drug doesn't eat up the corn or callus, but shrivels them so they loosen and come right out. It is no humbug! It works like a charm. For a few cents you can get rid of every hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, as well as painful calluses on bottom of your feet. It never disappoints and never burns, bites or inflames. If your druggist hasn't any freezone yet, tell him to get a little bottle for you from his wholesale house.—adv.



Then Silence.

They were dancing merrily, this young man and the young woman, and were talking of nothing at all, when suddenly the girl asked:

"Have you enlisted?"

"No," answered the youth.

"Haven't you joined the Officers' Reserve corps?"

"No, not yet. I haven't thought much about that sort of thing."

"Haven't you done anything about the war?"

"No," the youth replied.

Whereupon the girl stopped dancing.

"I wish you would take me to a sent. I don't think I want to dance with you."—Washington Star.

WATCH YOUR SKIN IMPROVE
When You Use Cuticura—The Soap to Purify and Ointment to Heal.

On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Continue this treatment for ten days and note the change in your skin. No better toilet preparations exist.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

In a Sense.
"I ache all over from working in my garden yesterday."

"Growing pains, eh?"

The hardest work some men do is inventing excuses to keep them from exerting themselves.

The Effects of Opiates.

THAT INFANTS are peculiarly susceptible to opium and its various preparations, all of which are narcotic, is well known. Even in the smallest doses, if continued, these opiates cause changes in the functions and growth of the cells which are likely to become permanent, causing imbecility, mental perversion, a craving for alcohol or narcotics in later life. Nervous diseases, such as intractable nervous dyspepsia and lack of staying powers are a result of dosing with opiates or narcotics to keep children quiet in their infancy. The rule among physicians is that children should never receive opiates in the smallest doses for more than a day at a time, and only then if unavoidable.

The administration of Anodynes, Drops, Cordials, Soothing Syrups and other narcotics to children by any but a physician cannot be too strongly decried, and the druggist should not be party to it. Children who are ill need the attention of a physician, and it is nothing less than a crime to dose them willfully with narcotics. Castoria contains no narcotics if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Foresight.

"When one of those musty thrones topples over in Europe do you suppose there is much dust?"

"Not as much as you might think. Most monarchs are crafty enough to put their dust away in a safe place before a revolution starts."

Pain is no longer pain when it is past.—Margaret J. Freston.

CULTIVATE! CULTIVATE!

Produce More Food. But at the Lowest Cost.

A trip through most of the grain growing districts of Western Canada, and information received from authentic sources, reveals that the spring seeding of wheat, barley and oats is finished and the grain is having a most rapid growth. Men of farming experience here say that the conditions are similar to those years when there was an abundant harvest reaped. During the past year a number of new settlers came into the country, and they will undoubtedly have a good crop this year. This added to the normal acreage, made considerably less by the lack of labor owing to the number who have gone to the front, will give a fair general yield. It is surprising the growth that this country is capable of producing.

Wheat has this spring germinated and shown three or four inches growth in five or six days, and with anything like favorable weather, harvesting should commence about the 15th of August, or a little over one hundred days from first seeding. Hundreds of farmers throughout this vast country paid for their entire holdings out of one year's crop and it would not be surprising if the same experience met a great many more this year.

The best authorities on the wheat situation give it as their opinion that for many years to come, wheat prices will be high. They base their opinion on a scientific calculation and their reasoning seems to be sound. Anyway, it is quite evident that for some years to come, the producer of wheat will be amply rewarded for any effort he may make to develop this branch of agricultural industry. Money may be made on the high-priced lands of the wheat-growing districts of the United States, but it is a question if these high-priced lands would not be more profitably employed in other branches of farming than in growing the smaller grains, leaving it to lands just as productive for wheat, less expensive to operate, and with a much smaller initial price, to provide the world with this necessity of life. Here is where Western Canada, with its vast rich fertile plains, its low railway rates, its exceptionally good shipping privileges, its excellent climate, and its perfect social conditions, has a combination of advantages not possessed by any other portion of the continent.

Furthermore, these lands, of unexcelled quality, are extraordinarily cheap, while for the man who does not care to undertake farming on so extensive a scale there is the free homestead which offers him all the opportunity for which he is looking.

The prospective purchaser will have no difficulty at all in making a selection of a fine piece of land, well located and convenient to transportation, which may be had for from \$15 to \$25 an acre, and the railway companies or other holders of large tracts are always glad to sell on easy terms. Or if he desires a farm that is already under cultivation and improved, many such are to be had from farmers who already have made comfortable fortunes and are ready to retire.

It is not to the grain grower only that Western Canada offers great opportunities. If one wishes to go in for cattle raising, there are great stretches of range land both free and for lease; and in many sections of the country there are the finest of grazing lands that may be purchased at very low prices.

The appeal which has been sent out both by the United States and Canadian governments, for an unstinted, unlimited production of food stuffs to prevent what might otherwise be a famine throughout this great continent—and then consequently, throughout the world—should in itself arouse all the ambition and desire in the heart and soul of the man who is not fighting at the front, to produce all he can. In addition, there is the potent fact that no chances are being taken in answering the appeal. Take it from either standpoint you answer the country's call, although not fighting, and you are also insured against any loss by the high prices that are bound to exist for some time. Whether it be in the United States on its excellent grain lands or in Canada on its splendid grain lands, all should do their bit.—Advertisement.

"Money makes the mare go," and also the dogs of war.

Girls Won't Agree.

While we cannot wholly indorse the plan to impose an extra tax on bachelors, we are frank to say, having been one for many years, that it is worth it.

—Topeka Capital.

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