

# THE ROSE-GARDEN HUSBAND

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

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But Phyllis, when this was satisfactorily concluded, went back to the great business of seeing how much Allan could walk. He sat down again after a half dozen steps, a little tired in spite of his excitement.

"I can't do much at a time yet, I suppose," he said a little ruefully. "Do mean to tell me, sweetheart—come over here closer, where I can touch you—you're awfully far away—do you mean to tell me that all that staid me was I thought I couldn't move?"

"Oh, no!" explained Phyllis, moving her chair close, and then, as that did not seem satisfactory, perching on the arm of Allan's. "You'd been unable to move for so long that when you were able to at last your subconscious mind clamped down on your muscles and was convinced you couldn't. So no matter how much you consciously tried, you couldn't make the muscles go till you were so strongly excited it broke the inhibition—just as people can lift things in delirium or excitement that they couldn't possibly move at other times. Do you see?"

"I do," said Allan, kissing the back of her neck irrelevantly. "If somebody'd tried to shoot me up five years ago I might be a well worn now. That's a beautiful word of yours, Phyllis, inhibition. What a lot of big words you know."

"Oh, if you won't be serious!" she said. "We'll have to be," said Allan, laughing, "for here's Walls, and, as I live, from the direction of the house. I thought they carried our friend the tramp out through the hedge—he must have gone all the way around."

Phyllis was secretly certain that Walls had been crying a little, but all he said was, "We've taken the tramp to the lock-up, sir."

But his master and his mistress were not so dignified. They showed him exhaustively that Allan could really stand and walk, and Allan demonstrated it, and Walls nearly cried again. Then they went in, for Phyllis was sure Allan needed a thorough rest after all this. She was shaking from head to foot herself with joyful excitement, but she did not even know it. And it was long past dinner-time, though every one but Lily-Anna, to whom the happy news had somehow filtered, had forgotten it.

"I've always wanted to hold you in my arms, this way," said Allan late that evening, as they stood in the rose-garden again, "but I thought I never would. . . . Phyllis, did you ever want me to?"

It was too beautiful a moonlight night to waste in the house, or even on the porch. The couch had been wheeled to its accustomed place in the rose-garden, and Allan was supposed to be lying on it as he often did in the evenings. But it was hard to make him stay there.

"Oh, you must lie down," said Phyllis hurriedly, trying to move out of the circle of his arms. "You can't stand till we find how much is enough. . . . I'm going to send for the watchman next week. You wouldn't mind now, will you?"

"Did you ever want to be here in my arms, Phyllis?"

"Of course not!" said Phyllis, as a modest young person should. "But—"

"Well, my wife?"

"I've often wondered just where I'd reach to," said Phyllis in a rush. "Allan, please don't stand any longer!"

"I'll lie down if you'll sit on the couch by me."

"Very well," said Phyllis; and sat obediently in the curve of his arm when he had settled himself in the old position, the one that looked so much more natural for him.

"Mine, every bit of you!" he said exultantly. "Heaven bless that tramp! . . . . . And to think we were talking about annuities! . . . . . Do you remember that first night dear, after mother died? I was half-mad with grief and physical pain. And Walls went after you. I didn't want him to. But he trusted you from the first—good old Walls! And you came in with that swift sweeping step of yours, as I've seen you come fifty times since—half-flying, it seemed to me then—with all your pretty hair loose, and an angelic sort of a white thing on. I expect I was a brute to you—I don't remember how I acted—but I knew you sat on the bed by me and took both my wrists in those strong little hands of yours, and talked to me and quieted me till I fell fast asleep. You gave me the first consecutive sleep I'd had in four months. It felt as if life and calmness and strength were pouring from you to me. You stayed till I fell asleep."

"I remember," said Phyllis softly. She laid her cheek by his, as it had been on that strange marriage evening that seemed so far away now. "I was afraid of you at first. But I felt that, too, as if I were giving you my strength. I was so glad I could! And then I fell asleep, too, over on your shoulder."

"You never told me that," said Allan reproachfully. Phyllis laughed a little.

"There never seemed to be any point in our conversations where it fitted in neatly," she said demurely. Allan laughed, too.

"You should have made one. But what I was going to tell you was—I think I began to be in love with you then. I didn't know it, but I did. And it got worse and worse but I didn't know what ailed me till Johnny drifted in, bless his heart! Then I did. Oh, Phyllis, it was awful! To have you with me all the time, acting like an angel, waiting on me hand and foot, and not knowing whether you had any use for me or not! . . . . . And you never kissed me good-night last night."

Phyllis did not answer. She only bent a little, and kissed her husband on the lips, very sweetly and simply, of her own accord. But she said nothing then of the long, restless, half-happy, half-wretched time when she had loved him and never even hoped he would care for her. There was time for all that. There was going to be long, joyous years together, years of being a "real woman," as she had so passionately wished to be that day in the library. She would never again need to envy any woman happiness or love or laughter. It was all before her now, youth and joy and love, and Allan, her Allan, soon to be well, and loving her—loving nobody else but her!

"Oh, I love you, Allan!" was all she said.

(THE END.)

# THE UNKNOWN MR. KENT

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## Chapter One

There are just three sorts of men in this world who have an ambition that is worth a cuss! Hermits, billionaires, and burglars; and all they ask is to be left alone," declared John Rhodes on the day when, with painstaking attention to details, he took the last precautions to obliterate his footsteps and disappeared. He might have added, "I'm one of 'em," and if the inquisitive had asked which one, would probably have answered, "Burglar."

Furthermore, there were numerous financiers over different sections of the globe who would have agreed with him heartily, perhaps vociferously. Not that the methods by which, with amazing and cumulative steadiness, he had acquired his vast fortune were more reprehensible than those of other financiers; but because he was endowed with such appalling foresight, steadiness of nerve, and ingenuity of resource that it seemed impossible to drive him into a corner and keep much of a disappointment to rival him there. And this was naturally magnates. His most peculiar characteristic, however, was such a morbid hatred for publicity that even those who could have identified him on the street were few and it became a tradition that, whenever possible, his business was transacted through agents. Also that of these agents Richard Kent was the one who effected nearly all the largest deals; also that if there was any truth in the adage, "Like master like man," Rhodes must have been a "terror," inasmuch as, in the parlance of the street, Kent was a "Hum-dinger!"

It was admitted that Kent could be neither bribed, influenced nor employed, because, at different times all these tactics had been tried unsuccessfully. There were diverse opinions of him. Some agreed with that expressed by a certain renowned financial light, pillar of a fashionable church, advertised as a philanthropist, moralist, and patriot, who declared wrathfully, "Kent is nothing more or less than a blithering ass! A fool! Why, do you know, he's so stupid that he can tell Rhodes' money from his own? He refused fifty thousand dollars I offered him as a gift, when all he had to do to get it was to tell me whether Rhodes was a bull or a bear on Steel Common? Plain dishonest, I call him!"

Others, disagreeing, liked him because he kept his word; but most of those were unimportant people, who therefore, didn't count.

That Kent was astonishingly qualified to act as Rhode's agent in foreign countries, some were aware; for amongst his conspicuous talents was that of languages, of which he made a hobby. This was proven by the assertion of a distinguished polyglot, who could have given "cards and spades" to the average university professor of languages, being a waiter in a Broadway restaurant.

"He's a heller!" said he. "Talks at least five languages, each one better than the other. And he can cuss in all five of 'em. Found it out one night when he got sore at the head waiter, who was a bit uppish, because there was a short change on his meal bill, a hold-up in the cloak room, pair of gloves swiped from his overcoat pocket by a page boy and the waiter handed him coffee with a harmless little roach in it! And that ain't all, either. He'd had a row at the front door with a chauffeur because the guy flipped his flag and tried to double the fare before this Kent could look at the dial. Fine chances an honest workman's got with him, eh? He ain't no New Yorker, because if he was, he'd stand for it, and what's more, he'd like it. Besides, a perfect gent don't make no fuss over little things like them. He can talk some, all right, believe me, but he's either a Boston feller or a piker. Give me one live one from Pittsburgh or Goldfields, every time. You can tell what they are when they blow in; but these big square-jawed guys like that Kent is awfully hard to place, and every once in awhile I make a mistake with his kind!"

Yet on one point every one agreed that being Kent's loyalty to Rhodes. And this fidelity found further proof when the master financier disappeared, inasmuch as at some where near the same time, or at least within a few weeks after it had been announced that Rhodes had gone on an extended vacation, Kent likewise departed from New York. Presumably to attend his employer's interests abroad. He said

that was why he was going; but he lied, this being his blunt idea of diplomacy as employed in many national and social circles.

And so, having lied when he stated that he was going abroad in behalf of the formidable Mr. Rhodes the square-jawed Mr. Kent was now turned loose on war-stricken Europe for a holiday to wander as his somewhat erratic fancy dictated, and cheerfully agreeing with himself that he "didn't care a continental cuss" where the renowned John Rhodes was, what he was doing, what he wanted to do, or what he did. All that Mr. Kent, the agent, desired, was that Mr. Rhodes, the financier, should leave him, Mr. Kent, undisturbed. He was rebellious.

"John Rhodes," said he to himself, "has bossed me around and run me here and there, like a small boy hopping a cat over hurdles in the cellar, until I'm sick and tired of it. He's pair me well, and I'm fairly well off; but I've sure earned every cent I ever got out of him. He's gone on a long vacation. So shall I. And if John Rhodes doesn't like it he can go to—"; but at that point of his meditations caution, or perhaps some of his loyalty to Rhodes overcame his disregard of that amiable employer under whom he had prospered, and caused him to take the precaution of leaving word with sundry bankers of New York, London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna where Rhodes could find him if desiring his services.

And so strong is the habit of discipline and obedience, on second thought he arranged that mails might be forwarded enclosed in protective envelopes, keeping him informed concerning certain financial transactions entrusted to him by Mr. Rhodes. From all of which it might be conjectured that, despite his mutinous disposition, he cautiously realized that, without the fat commissions afforded by John Rhodes, Richard Kent might shrivel as thin as a living skeleton in a freak museum, and be compelled to seek another patron endowed with purse, power, and authority.

Mr. Rhodes' disappearance was noted; Mr. Kent's wasn't. Watchful financiers rumored it that Mr. Rhodes was travelling in the far East intent on new plunder; but about Mr. Kent there were no rumors at all, and for the simplest of reasons, that Kent had hopped completely beyond the reach of rumor; had hopped almost out of the unknown world, beyond finance, railways, automobiles, and state highways, into the unknown, unchanging, sixteenth century village of Steinweg. Accompanied only by his factotum, Ivan, who for years had gone with him, everywhere, he had found in Steinweg his two great objects, fish and freedom. Probably he would not have admitted and sentimental or artistic interest in the quaint village itself, with its single crooked street, lined by houses whose gables seemed forever to reach across and whisper of conspiracies, the next robber baron raid, or the public flaying of some poor wretch accused of stealing a purse or a ham. He might have admitted the comfort within the old houses, once one had passed through the low doors to the cool interiors where low ceilings, heavy beams, ancient fire-places, blackened wainscotings and all, were lighted by the cross shadows cast through the narrow windows with tiny leaded panes. This would have been his excuse for renting one of those quaint houses in the quaint street—renting it and all it contained, including the aged but competent widow who owned it. Proof of his daring! It requires nerve to rent a house, although anybody can rent a house.

(To be Continued Next Week)

### Making a Lion Love a Lamb.

From Stories to Boys.

Mr. Bostock has told how he succeeded in making a lion and lamb firm friends.

"I placed in the lion's cage all sorts of toys of the animal variety—cotton sheep, horses, rabbits—in fact, a regular Noah's ark," said Mr. Bostock. "Then I specialized on manufactured sheep, but it took a long time for the lion to find out that they were not good to eat. Finally a live lamb was introduced. At first the lion looked surprised, and then lay down and gently pawed the stranger. The lamb did not like this, and drawing back a pace or two butted the lion in the mane. This appeared to amuse the lion greatly; he playfully rolled over on his back, while the lamb butted again. Now they are fast friends, and an insurance company would be justified in taking the lamb as a first class risk."

A special traffic court will handle all cases of injuries by vehicle drivers in Detroit and all offenders are to be jailed, according to the new ruling. Eight hundred fatal traffic accidents in the past three years, resulted in only three convictions for manslaughter.

## CENSUS RETURNS.

San Francisco, 508,410 (increase 91,468, or 21.9 per cent); Los Angeles, 576,480 (increase 256,232, or 80.5 per cent); Pasadena, Cal., 45,334; Fresno, Cal., 44,616; Stockton, Cal., 40,296; Pittston, Pa., 18,494; Everett, Mass., 40,109; Pensacola, Fla., 31,025. Passaic, N. J., 53,824; Butler, Mo., 2,702; Poplar Bluff, Mo., 2,042; Rolla, Mo., 2,077; Salem, Mo., 1,771; Pike county, Arkansas, 12,397; Armstrong county, Texas, 2,816; De Soto, Mo. (corrected figures), 5,302.

## DEMOCRATS SAY G. O. P. MAY SPLIT

### Declare Third Party Movement or Lack of United Effort Would Mean Disaster for Republicans.

Washington, June 11.—Administration supporters are pleased at what they regard as the possibility of division among the republicans assembled in Chicago. A third party movement or even lack of united effort they declare, would enable them to win with ease in the November elections.

### Democrats and the Treaty.

It is also a matter of some enjoyment to them that the question about which most of the republican differences have resolved—the treaty—is an issue created by President Wilson, the leader of the democratic party.

The democrats, of course, plan to endorse the League of Nations at their convention in San Francisco, with a plank which would allow reservations that would not "impair the essential integrity" of the league structure.

They believe a straight forward, lucid declaration will make an appeal to the voters who feel that the sacrifices of war should result in some benefits.

If the republicans in an effort to keep peace in their own house dodge the issue to satisfy the irreconcilables the democrats believe that the equivocation or confusion will react decidedly in their favor.

### How About Pershing.

Officers of General Pershing's staff here today said they had no knowledge of a move, said to be fostered by Edward E. Goitra, democratic national committee man from Missouri, to put the general forward for the democratic presidential nomination.

### CARUSO'S SERVANTS TO BE QUESTIONED

#### Detectives Believe They May Have Been "In" on Jewel Robbery.

Easthampton, L. I., June 11.—Judge Hiram Shell and the Easthampton court will move out to Enrico Caruso's summer castle to question 11 servants in the hope of learning who stole Mrs. Caruso's automatic jewel chest and its contents, valued at \$500,000 on Tuesday night.

Maid, cook, gardeners, butlers and chauffeurs—all are prisoners. "Tonight in this fascinating white jewel of a house, set in a lawn of emerald, for they are not permitted to leave the Caruso premises until District Attorney Leroy Young has had a chance to question them regarding the incidents of Tuesday night.

The frequent reiteration by the score or more of detectives scouring the grounds, of their suspicion that the robbery was an "inside" job, has caused some uneasiness in the ranks of the servants. And it was thought that Young, in forbidding them to get off the spacious grounds, hoped the guilty one would betray himself by attempting to defy the order.

Twenty more stolid and husky plain clothesmen came out from New York today. Twelve of the newcomers were set to raking a large clump of woods known as the Briar Patch. They are to work abreast and cover every inch of the woods in the hope of finding some of the diamonds, pearls or emeralds hidden among the leaves or underbrush.

Caruso, now on tour in Cuba, who cabled his wife not to fret about the robbery and that he would replace the jewels immediately, also stated in his message that he did not suspect any of the servants.

## SIoux FALLS HIT BY SEVERE STORM

### Wind Blows Baseball Grandstand Over Fence—Downtown Section Suffers.

Sioux Falls, S. D., June 11.—A terrific wind accompanied by hail and rain swept up the Sioux valley from the south shortly before 6 o'clock tonight, leaving considerable property destruction in its wake.

Limbs were torn from trees, outbuildings were flattened and windows were broken.

The grandstand of the South Dakota league club here was blown over the fence into an adjoining street. Several plate glass windows in the downtown section were broken.

## OMAHA GIRL INTO THE NAVY ALMOST

### Disguised as Boy She Made Attempt at Springfield, Ill. —Physical Examination too Much.

Springfield, Ill., June 12.—Agnes Behen, 16-year-old Omaha girl, almost became a glib here. Disguised as a boy she succeeded in passing inspection at the local navy recruiting station until ordered to prepare for physical examination.

A jauntily looking lad sauntered into the recruiting station and stated he wanted to enlist in the navy. At first glance Chief Quartermaster R. J. Stirling took him for an unusually good looking chap; then a closer look at his face and a glance at the slender hands put a doubt in his mind.

"Go into the next room and prepare for physical examination," the officer commanded.

The boy went, but when the recruiting officer went to give the examination Agnes was sitting in a corner crying and no nearer ready for the examination than she had been when she entered the room.

She confessed she was a girl, 16 years old, and that she had come from Omaha, "bumming" her way on a freight train. Upon being questioned she stated she had money. She left the office with shattered hopes of becoming a jockey.

### GIRL PREFERRED MAN TO GOING TO SCHOOL

Lincoln, Neb., June 12.—Fourteen-year-old Ella Meyers, a country girl who attended the town school of Hendley whenever it suited her convenience, apparently preferred the society of a man many years her senior to the school room, is now paying for her folly. She was sent to the state industrial school for girls at Geneva.

Clyde Longsine, the man in the case has appealed to the supreme court from his conviction in Furnas county. He was sentenced to three months in prison and fined \$300. The complaint contained two counts, kidnapping and contributing to the delinquency of the child.

In her testimony the girl said: "I didn't go to school very much. Only just when I got ready."

### FATHER DRIVES MOWER INTO OWN CHILD

Beatrice, Neb., June 12.—Clarence Myers, a farmer residing near this city, while cutting alfalfa accidentally ran the mower into his 3-year-old son who had wandered into the field and went to sleep while waiting for his father to make a round of the field. One foot was severed and an arm badly mangled before the child's father could stop the machine. Although in a critical condition physicians have hopes of saving the child's life.

### YOUNG WOMAN DIES DAY SET FOR WEDDING

Deshler, Neb., June 12.—Freda, 19 years old, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bostleman, died suddenly but a few hours before the time set for her marriage. She had been employed at the local farmers' store and came home in the evening in apparently good health, expiring a few minutes later.

### NEBRASKAN PAYS \$1,000 FOR BULL AT PAVILION

Norfolk, Neb., June 12.—Lou Ray, Norfolk livestock raiser, bought the Norfolk \$1,000 Hereford bull at the sales pavilion here. The dedication program closed Thursday morning when 103 Herefords were sold at an average of \$218 each.

### ESCAPED CONVICT CAUGHT, BUT IS NOT HELD

Lincoln, Neb., June 10.—Dick Barrett, one of the two convicts who escaped two weeks ago from the reformatory camp in Johnson county, spent three hours in the jail at Belleville, Kan., the other day, but was able to bluff the sheriff into releasing him. Barrett's capture was told by telephone to the state law enforcement bureau, and the sheriff told to hold the man. The sheriff promised to do so, but when the officers arrived there he said that he had nothing on the man and let him go.

### IS STILL A QUESTION OF WHO FIRED FATAL SHOT

Corned Bluffs, Ill., June 11.—The question of who killed George Mikesell, is no nearer solution this afternoon, after many hours of hearing witnesses by the coroner's jury than it was at the beginning. Numerous direct contradictions have been made by witnesses. Mrs. Mikesell is making a hard fight, especially against Jim Harbor, her former husband, although she is also very bitter against George Sierck and his wife.

### ITALIAN STRIKE ENDED.

London, June 11.—The general strike called in sympathy with the strike of agricultural workers in the province of Bari, Italy, has been declared off, according to a Rome dispatch to the Central News. Hundreds of anarchists have been arrested.

### MAXIME DENIES PLOT TO GET \$40,000 IN FIGHT

San Francisco, June 11.—Maxime Dempsey was subjected to a grilling examination by Attorney Gavin McCabe in the "Slacker" trial of Jack Dempsey in federal court today.

She clung firmly to her story and efforts to break her testimony failed. She denied she had plotted to get \$40,000 from Dempsey in case he won the Carpenter fight.

### Neglected Presidential Aspirants.

From the New York Post.

Somewhere in Michigan a statesman is grieving because after his earnest race for the republican nomination in 1916 his renewed candidacy this year secured few voters. He is W. G. Simpson. Henry Ford had the honor of defeating Mr. Simpson in the Michigan primaries four years ago. This year a rank outsider named Johnson did it.

Somewhere in Illinois William Grant Webster is watching the progress of this second campaign for the presidency, though Illinois has actually plumped for an upstart called Lowden. The place of Henry D. Eastbrook of New York and of his fame will not remain empty.

We gather from a circular headed "For President: Samuel Harden Church, naming another eminent easterner. Mr. Church has the support of the Cameron (Mo.) Sun and the Kingston (Mo.) Mercury. He had a striking reception recently in the Breckinridge (Mo.) opera house and photographs are extant of the log cabin in which he was born in the west. He is now a Pennsylvanian, and the fact that political observers think the Knox boom will come so nothing is doubtless connected with Mr. Church's appearance in the lists.

### No Hints for Her.

From the Boston Transcript.

"Well, I see that sugar has gone up some more."

"In it?" she replied.

"And they're still raising rents."

"Look here!" she exclaimed, frowning. "If you wish to have our engagement broken off, say so. I always hate to have people beat around the bush in a case of this kind."

It now costs 4 cents to send a letter within the boundaries of Great Britain, according to the new postal law.

### City of Noise.

Harr A. Franck in Century Magazine.

Havana may not hold the noise championship of the world, but at least New York City is silent by comparison. Unmuffled motors beyond computation, tram cars that seem far more interested in producing clamor than speed, bellowing vendors of everything vendible, are but the background of an unbroken uproar that permeates to every nook and cranny of the city. Honest hotel keepers tell you frankly that they can offer every comfort except quiet.

### Macaulay's Hobby.

From the Kansas City Star.

The pleasant coffee room of the old "Star and Garter" at Richmond, which was burned in 1869, was patronized by statesman, politicians and writers. Saturday evenings it was regularly visited by a middle aged gentleman of rather large shirt collar which formed a conspicuous feature of his attire. He would dine alone at a particular corner table, and after dinner it was his humor to build up before him a pyramid of tumblers and wine glasses, which he topped with a decanter. Occasionally the whole structure would topple over and litter the table with ruins. Then the middle aged gentleman would rise, pay his bill, including the charge for broken glass and depart. The waiters knew him well. He was Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay.

Another transport arrived in New York, June 2, carrying the bodies of 219 Americans who had died while in military service abroad.

San Francisco school teachers must not wear dresses which come above the shoe top, according to the city school board, low shoes or high ones not mentioned.