

THE SEARCH

By Grace Livingston Hill-Lutz

Copyright, 1919, by J. B. Lippincott Company

She remembered him in her youngest school days, the imp of the grammar school, with a twinkle in his eye and an irrepressible grin on his handsome face. Nothing had ever daunted him and no punishment had ever stopped his mischief. He never studied his lessons, yet he always seemed to know enough to carry him through, and would sometimes burst out with astonishing knowledge where others failed. But there was always that joke on his lips and that wide delightful grin that made him the worshiped-afar of all the little girls. He had dropped a rose on her desk once as he lounged late and laughing to his seat after recess, apparently unaware that his teacher was calling him to order. She could feel the thrill of her little childish heart now as she realized that he had given the rose to her. The next term she was sent to a private school and saw no more of him save an occasional glimpse in passing him on the street, but she never had forgotten him; and now and then she had heard little scraps of news about him. He was on the football team and the baseball team. She knew vaguely that his father had died and their money was gone, but beyond that she had no knowledge of him. They had drifted apart. He was not of her world, and gossip about him seldom came her way. He had long ago ceased to look at her when they happened to pass on the street. He doubtless had forgotten her, or thought she had forgotten him. Or, it might even be that he did not wish to presume upon an acquaintance begun when she was too young to have a choice of whom should be her friends. But the memory of that rose had never quite faded from her heart even though she had been but seven, and always she had looked after him when she chanced to see him on the street with a kind of admiration and wonder. Now suddenly she saw him in another light. The laugh was gone from his lips and the twinkle from his eyes. He looked as he had looked the day he fought Chuch Woodcock for tying a string across the sidewalk and tripping up the little girls on the way to school. It came to her like a revelation that he was going forth now in just such a way to fight the world foe. In a way he was going to fight for her. To make the world a safe place for girls such as she! All the terrible stories of Belgium flashed across her mind, and she was lifted on a great wave of gratitude to this boy friend of her babyhood for going out to defend her!

All the rest of the straggling line of draft men were going out for the same purpose perhaps, but it did not occur to her that they were anything to her until she saw John Cameron. All those friends of her own world who were training for officers, they, too, were going to fight in the same way to defend the world, but she had not thought of it in that way before. It took a sight of John Cameron's high bearing and serious face to bring the knowledge to her mind.

She thought no longer of trying to get away. She seemed held to the spot by a new insight into life. She could not take her eyes from the face of the young man. She forgot that she was staring. She could no more control the swelling thoughts of horror that surged over her and took possession of her than she could have controlled a mob if it had suddenly swept down upon her.

The gates presently lifted silently to let the little procession pass over to her side of the tracks, and within a few short minutes the special train that was to bear the men away to camp came rattling up, laden with other victims of the chance that sent some men on ahead to be pioneers in the camps.

These were a noisy jolly bunch. Perhaps, having had their own sad partings they were only trying to brace themselves against the scenes of other partings through which they must pass all the way along the line. They must be reminded of their own mothers and sisters and sweethearts. Something of this Ruth Macdonald seemed to define to herself as, startled and annoyed by the clamor of the strangers in the midst of the seariness of the

moment, she turned to look at the crowding heads in the car windows and caught the eye of an irrepressible youth:

"Think of me over there!" he shouted, waving a flippant hand and twinkling his eyes at the beautiful girl in her car.

Another time Ruth would have resented such familiarity, but now something touched her spirit with an inexpressible pity, and she let a tiny ripple of a smile pass over her lovely face as her eyes traveled on down the platform in search of the tall form of John Cameron. In the moment of the oncoming train she had somehow lost sight of him. Ah! There he was stooping over a little white haired woman, taking her tenderly in his arms to kiss her. The girl's eyes lingered on him. His whole attitude was such a revelation of the man the rollicking boy had become. It seemed to pleasantly round out her thought of him.

The whistle sounded, the drafted men gave one last wringing hand clasp, one last look, and sprang on board.

John Cameron was the last to board the train. He stood on the lower step of the last car as it began to move slowly. His hat was lifted, and he stood with slightly lifted chin and eyes that looked as if they had sounded the depths of all sadness and surrendered himself to whatever had been decreed. There was settled sorrow in all the lines of his fine face. Ruth was startled by the change in it; by the look of the boy in the man. Had the war done that for him just in one short summer? Had it done that for thousands who were going to fight for her? And she was sitting in her luxurious car with a bundle of wool at her feet, and presuming to bear her part by mere knitting! Poor little useless woman that she was! A thing to send a man forth from everything he counted dear or wanted to do, into suffering and hardship—and death—perhaps! She shuddered as she watched his face with its strong uplifted look, and its unutterable sorrow. She had not thought he could look like that! Oh, he would be gay tomorrow, like the rest, of course, with his merry jest and his contagious grin, and making light of the serious business of war! He would not be the boy he used to be without the ability to do that. But she would never forget how he had looked in this farewell minute while he was gazing his last on the life of his boyhood and being borne away into a dubious future. She felt a hopelessly yearning, as if, had there been time, she would have liked to have told him how much she appreciated his doing this great deed for her and for all her sisters!

Has it ever been fully explained why the eyes of one person looking hard across a crowd will draw the eyes of another?

The train had slipped along 10 feet or more and was gaining speed when John Cameron's eyes met those of Ruth Macdonald, and her vivid speaking face flashed its message to his soul. A pleased wonder sprang into his eyes, a question as his glance lingered, held by the tumult in her face, and the unmistakable personality of her glance. Then his face lit up with its old smile, graver, oh, much! and more deferential than it used to be, with a certain courtliness in it that spoke of maturity of spirit. He lifted his hat a little higher and waved it just a trifle in recognition of her greeting, wondering in sudden confusion if he were really not mistaken after all and had perhaps been appropriating a farewell that belonged to someone else; then amazed and pleased at the flutter of her handkerchief in reply.

The train was moving rapidly now in the midst of a deep throaty cheer that sounded more like a sob, and still he stood on that bottom step with his hat lifted and let his eyes linger on the slender girlish figure in the car, with the morning sun glinting across her red-gold hair, and the beautiful soft rose color in her cheeks.

As the train swept past the little shelter shed he bethought himself and turned a farewell tender smile on the white-haired woman who stood watching him through a mist of tears. Then his eyes went back for one last

glimpse of the girl; and so he flashed out of sight around the curve.

CHAPTER III.

It had taken only a short time after all. The crowd drowned its cheer in one deep gasp of silence and broke up tearfully into little groups beginning to melt away at the sound of Michael ringing up the gates, and telling the cars and wagons to hurry that it was almost time for the up-train.

Ruth Macdonald started her car and tried to bring her senses back to their normal calm wondering what had happened to her and why there was such an inexpressible mingling of loss and pleasure in her heart.

The way at first was intricate with congestion of traffic and Ruth was obliged to go slowly. As the road cleared before her she was about to glide forward and make up for lost time. Suddenly a bewildered little woman with white hair darted in front of the car, hesitated, drew back, came on again. Ruth stopped the car shortly, much shaken with the swift vision of catastrophe, and the sudden recognition of the woman. It was the same one who had been with John Cameron.

"Oh, I'm so sorry I startled you!" she called pleasantly, leaning out of the car. "Won't you get in, please, and let me take you home?"

The woman looked up and there were great tears in her eyes. It was plain why she had not seen where she was going.

"Thank you, no, I couldn't!" she said with a choke in her voice and another blur of tears, "I—you see—I want to get away—I've been seeing off my boy!"

"I know!" said Ruth with quick sympathy, "I saw. And you want to get home quickly and cry. I feel that way myself. But you see I didn't have anybody there and I'd like to do a little something just to be in it. Won't you please get in? You'll get home sooner if I take you; and see! We're blocking the way!"

The woman cast a frightened glance about and assented:

"Of course. I didn't realize!" she said climbing awkwardly in and sitting bolt upright as uncomfortable as could be in the luxurious car beside the girl. It was all too plain she did not wish to be there.

Ruth manoeuvred her car quickly out of the crowd and into a side street, gliding from there to the avenue. She did not speak until they had left the melting crowd well behind them. Then she turned timidly to the woman:

"You—are—his—mother?"

She spoke the words hesitatingly as if she feared to touch a wound. The woman's eyes suddenly filled again and a curious little quiver came on the strong chin.

"Yes," she tried to say and smothered the word in her handkerchief pressed quickly to her lips in an effort to control them.

Ruth laid a cool little touch on the woman's other hand that lay in her lap:

"Please forgive me!" she said, "I wasn't sure. I know it must be awful—cruel—for you!"

"He—is all I have left!" the woman breathed with a quick controlled gasp, "but, of course—it was—right that he should go!"

She set her lips more firmly and blinked off at the blur of pretty homes on her right without seeing any of them.

"He would have gone sooner, only he thought he ought not to leave me till he had to," she said with another proud little quiver in her voice, as if having once spoken she must go on and say more, "I kept telling him I would get on all right—but he always was so careful of me—ever since his father died!"

"Of course!" said Ruth tenderly turning her face away to struggle with a strange smarting sensation in her own eyes and throat. Then in a low voice she added:

"I knew him, you know. I used to go to the same school with him when I was a little bit of a girl."

The woman looked up with a quick searching glance and brushed the tears away firmly.

"Why, aren't you Ruth Macdonald? Miss Macdonald, I mean—excuse me! You live in the big house on the hill, don't you?"

"Yes, I'm Ruth Macdonald. Please don't call me Miss. I'm only 19 and I still answer to my little girl name," Ruth answered with a charming smile.

The woman's gaze softened, "I didn't know John knew

you," she said speculatively. "He never mentioned—"

"Of course not!" said the girl anticipating, "he wouldn't. It was a long time ago when I was seven and I doubt if he remembers me any more. They took me out of the public school the next year and sent me to St. Mary's for which I've never quite forgiven them, for I'm sure I should have got on much faster at the public school and I loved it. But I've not forgotten the good times I had there, and John was always good to the little girls. We all liked him. I haven't seen him much lately, but I should think he would have grown to be just what you say he is. He looks that way."

Again the woman's eyes searched her face, as if she questioned the sincerity of her words; then apparently satisfied she turned away with a sigh:

"I'd have liked him to know a girl like you," she said wistfully.

"Thank you!" said Ruth brightly, "that sounds like a real compliment. Perhaps we shall know each other yet some day if fortune favors us. I'm quite sure he's worth knowing."

"Oh, he is!" said the little mother, her tears brimming over again and flowing down her dimpled cheeks, "he's quite worth the best society there is, but I haven't been able to manage a lot of things for him. It hasn't been always easy to get along since his father died. Something happened to our money. But anyway, he got through college!" with a flash of triumph in her eyes.

"Wasn't that fine!" said Ruth with sparkling eyes, "I'm sure he's worth a lot more than some of the fellows who have always had every whim gratified. Now, which street? You'll have to tell me. I'm ashamed to say I don't know this part of town very well. Isn't it pretty down here? This house? What a wonderful clematis! I never saw such a wealth of bloom."

"Yes, John planted that and fussed over it, said his mother with pride as she slipped unaccountedly out of the car to the sidewalk. "I'm very glad to have met you and it was most kind of you to bring me home. To tell the truth"—with a roguish smile that reminded Ruth of her son's grin—"I was so weak and trembling with saying good-bye and trying to keep up so John wouldn't know it, that I didn't know how I was to get home. Though I'm afraid I was a bit discourteous. I couldn't bear the thought of talking to a stranger just then. But you haven't been like a stranger—knowing him, and all—"

"Oh, thank you!" said Ruth, "it's been so pleasant. Do you know, I don't believe I ever realized what an awful thing the war is till I saw those people down at the station this morning saying good-bye. I never realized either what a useless thing I am. I haven't even anybody very dear to send. I can only knit."

"Well, that's a good deal. Some of us haven't time to do that. I never have a minute."

"You don't need to, you've given your son," said Ruth flashing a glance of glorified understanding at the woman.

A beautiful smile came out on the tired sorrowful face.

"Yes, I've given him," she said, "but I'm hoping God will give him back again some day. Do you think that's too much to hope. He is such a good boy!"

"Of course not," said Ruth sharply with a sudden sting of apprehension in her soul. And then she remembered that she had no very intimate acquaintance with God. She wished she might be on speaking terms, at least, and she would go and present a plea for this lonely woman. If it were only Captain La Rue, her favorite cousin, or even the president, she might consider it. But God! She shuddered. Didn't God let this awful war be? Why did He do it? She had never thought much about God before.

"I wish you would let me come to see you sometime and take you for another ride," she said sweetly.

"It would be beautiful!" said the older woman, "if you would care to take the time from your own friends."

"I would love to have you for one of my friends," said the girl gracefully.

The woman smiled wistfully. "I'm only here holidays and evening," she conceded, "I'm doing some government work now."

(To be continued next week.)
At Pueblo, Colo., a red racer snake attacked an automobile, biting and puncturing a tire.

WARD PUT IN COUNTY JAIL CELL

Son of Millionaire Baker Re-Arrested in Great Killing Mystery—Resigns as Commissioner of Police.

White Plains, N. Y., May 26.—(Wall Picture of Ward and Wife Page 15) Universal Service.

ter S. Ward, who confessed that he slew Clarence Peters May 16 last, spent Thursday night in the county jail.

The son of the millionaire head of a baking company, who claims that he slew Peters in self-defense when the latter blackmailed him, was re-arrested late Thursday on an order of Supreme Court Justice A. H. F. Seeger. Ward had previously been at liberty in \$10,000 bail, awaiting inquiry of the coroner into Peter's death.

Ward drove to the sheriff's office in his own automobile, accompanied by Sheriff Werner and Elwood Rabinold, one of his counsel. After he had been in the sheriff's office for more than two hours, Rabinold drove away in Ward's automobile.

Ward seeks freedom. From a reliable source it was learned that Ward's counsel went to the home of District Attorney Weeks and conferred with the prosecutor. An agreement was said to have been reached by which Ward was to spend the night in the county jail and that Friday an application for a writ of habeas corpus to secure his release on bail would be made.

District Attorney Weeks, who is also mayor of White Plains, explained that the order for Ward's re-arrest had been issued on his (Weeks') request following a conference with the justice.

In the affidavit which was made by Weeks, the district attorney pointed out that Ward is held in \$10,000 bail by the coroner pending an inquiry into the cause of Peter's death. Weeks said that bail now appears insufficient. Ward was originally arrested on a technical charge of manslaughter.

Wouldn't Permit Bond. In making it plain that he is not satisfied that Ward killed Peters in self defense, the prosecutor called the attention of the court to the fact that during the time when the blackmailers are alleged to have been threatening Ward, that the latter attempted suicide. He said he believed that Ward should be held without bond.

The re-arrest of Ward was second in importance only to an announcement by Weeks that he would hold over the grand jury to hear testimony in the slaying of Peters. This was taken to mean that much evidence is in the hands of the officials which is not generally known.

Sheriff Werner sprang a surprise late in the day when he said that he had two revolvers which are supposed to have been used in the gun battle between Ward and Peters. A few hours previously the sheriff said that the finding of the weapons would clear up "an interesting phase of the case."

The sheriff said: "The shells of one of the revolvers compares with the shell found on the spot where Peter's body was discovered. The gun supposed to have been used by Peters has five shells in the magazine and that under the trigger has been exploded. This conforms with the story told by Ward that Peters fired one shot at him."

Ward Resigns Office. Ward has resigned his position as police commissioner of New Rochelle.

In the letter to the mayor Ward said: "In order to relieve you of any possible embarrassment, I hereby resign as police commissioner and I express to you my appreciation of the kindly consideration you have at all time shown me."

Coroner Fitzgerald sides with the district attorney in his belief that there is some cause to doubt Ward's story of the killing. The coroner said:

"I am not going to hold the inquest until I can get sufficient evidence to make Ward talk. As things stand now, Ward has his constitutional rights and need not say anything concerning the details leading up to the alleged black mail scheme. We are checking up his story more rapidly than ever to investigate his claim of self defense. I can say honestly that the whole story does not ring true to me."

Descriptions have been sent out to police in other cities of "Charley Ross" and "Jack." Ward alleges that the two took part in the pistol battle that resulted in the slaying of Peters.

BY WINIFRED VAN DUZER
Universal Service Correspondent
New Rochelle, N. Y., May 26.—A woman can stand by while the treasures of her heart are torn and spoiled, her lips locked on the word that would save them and save herself.

This is what Mrs. Beryl Curtis Ward, wife of Walter S. Ward, self confessed slayer of Clarence Peters did here Thursday.

She had given her husband a promise of silence. She kept her promise and kept her secret even though she declared it would have cleared his name and probably prevented his re-arrest on a manslaughter charge Thursday.

Whether unsoundness lay in the mind of Ward and he struck down an innocent man, or whether 19-year-old Clarence Peters, whose confession or defense will be forever withheld, was indeed a slinking blackmailer and well dead after all, the effect is the same upon a corner of Sutton terrace one of the show places of this town.

ACTRESS SLAIN IN CHICAGO

Chicago Cops Seek Gay Youth For Strange Death of Mrs. Fannie Gilman, Third Victim Of Mystery House.

BY A. J. LORENZ,
Universal Service Correspondent.

Chicago, May 26.—The secrets of strange lives are not always locked in their graves.

Death Thursday revealed, as if by irony, what Mrs. Fannie Gilman was able to hide in life.

The strangler's cord, drawn tightly around her throat, failed to suppress the whisperings that the former vaudeville actress, Marie Wendt, was living a "double life."

Her nude body was found in a squalid tenement, where she was known as Rosie Greenberg.

In her fashionable uptown apartment she was known as Mrs. Fannie Gilman, the grief stricken mother and wife.

Gay Companion of Dudes. In cafes she was the gay companion of young men—of one young man in particular whom the authorities are seeking for her strange death.

Frank Gilman, her husband, broke down when the authorities told him that his wife had recently been arrested in the company of a young man at the "mystery house," where her body, partly covered by a tattered quilt was found.

Hers was the third violent death in the "mystery house" within three months. The building, once the childhood home of Mayor William Hall Thompson, the authorities say, never reveals its secrets.

"But we are going to make it break its silence," Capt. James McCann, who is investigating the Gilman death, declared.

Gilman and Five Are Held. Gilman and five lodgers in the tenement are being held by the authorities.

Mrs. Gilman is the second victim of the strangler's cord to be found in the old Thompson home on Sangamon street.

The room on the second floor in which the body was found bore evidences of a struggle.

Police authorities are working on the theory that a "moonshine" or "dope" orgy preceded the death of the pretty actress. The body was covered with bruises.

WALLACE MAY QUIT CABINET

Resignation Soon May Be Result of "War" With Fall Over Departmental Control of Alaska.

Universal Service
Washington, May 26.—Henry C. Wallace, secretary of agriculture,

may resign from the cabinet soon as the result of differences with Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall, over departmental control of Alaska.

The feud between the two cabinet heads probably will be decided within the next week, when President Harding submits to congress his plan for re-organizing the government to save approximately \$300,000,000 annually. The plan which was completed recently by Walter F. Brown, the president's representative on the re-organization committee, is understood to recommend transfer of Alaskan control to the interior department.

Intimate friends of Secretary Wallace, stated Thursday that he stands ready to resign if the bureau of forestry and public roads are taken from his department. The transfer of these bureaus which has been bitterly contested by Secretary Wallace and W. B. Greely, chief forester, would permanently establish administration of Alaska to the interior department. Secretary Fall has frankly stated that if the transfer takes place he immediately will "fire Mr. Greely." The latter has opposed Fall's Alaskan policy on the ground that it would mean throwing open the vast resources of the territory to private exploitation. Secretary Fall's contention is that under the past policy of conservation Alaskan development has been paralyzed.

President Harding has been compelled to withhold his re-organization program from congress several times and try to stop the battles between the two factions. Every time he turns his back, however, the flags of discord break out anew, until finally he has practically decided to let congress settle the controversy by passing it the whole re-organization scheme.

POPE AKS HARDING TO CONTINUE AIDING STARVING RUSSIANS

Universal Service
Special Cable Dispatch.
Rome, May 25.—Pope Pius XI has written a letter to President Harding urging him to continue American aid to starving Russians, it became known Thursday night.