

THE SEARCH

By Grace Livingston Hill-Lutz

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He was carried back in spirit to the day he left for camp. To the look in her eyes as he moved away on the train. The look had been real then, and not just a fleeting glance helped out by his fevered imagination. There had been true friendliness in her eyes. She had intended to say good-bye to him! She had put him on a level with her own beautiful self. She had knighted him, as it were, and sent him forth! Even the war had become different since she chose to think he was going forth to fight her battles. What a sacred trust!

Afar in the distance a bugle sounded that call to duty. He had no idea how the time had flown. He glanced at his wrist watch and was amazed. He sprang to his feet and strode over the ground, but the way no longer seemed dusty and blinded with sunshine. It shone like a path of glory before his willing feet, and he went to his afternoon round of duties like a new man. He had a friend, a real friend, one that he had known a long time. There was no fear that she was just writing to him to get one more soldier at her feet as some girls would have done. Her letter was too frank and sincere to leave a single doubt about what she meant. He would take her at her word.

Sometime during the course of the afternoon it occurred to him to look at the date of the letter, and he found to his dismay that it had been written nearly four weeks before and had been traveling around through various departments in search of him, because it had not the correct address. He readily guessed that she had not wanted to ask for his company and barracks; she would not have known who to ask. She did not know his mother, and who else was there? His old companions were mostly gone to France or camp somewhere.

And now, since all this time had elapsed she would think he had not cared, had scorned her letter or thought it unimportant! He was filled with dismay and anxiety lest he had hurt her frankness by his seeming indifference. And the knitted things, the wonderful things that she had made with her fair hands! Would she have given them to some one else by this time? Of course, it meant little to her save as a kind of acknowledgment for something she thought he had done for her as a child, but they meant so much to him! Much more than they ought to do, he knew, for he was in no position to allow himself to become deeply attached to even the handiwork of any girl in her position. However, nobody need ever know how much he cared, had always cared, for the lovely little girl with her blue eyes, her long curls, her shy sweet smile and modest ways, who had seemed to him like an angel from heaven when he was a boy. She had said he did not know that he was helping her when he burst through the hedge on the covering Chuck Woodcock; and he would likely never dare to tell her that it was because he saw her fright and saw her hide behind that tree that he went to investigate and so was able to administer a just punishment. He had picked that rose from the extreme west corner of a great petted rose bush on the Wainwright lawn, reaching through an elaborate iron fence to get it as he went cross-lots back to school. He would call it stealing now to do that same, but then it had been in the nature of a holy rite offered to a vestal virgin. Yet he must have cast it down with the grin of an imp, boorish urchin that he was; and he remembered blushing hotly in the dark afterwards at his presumption, as he thought of it alone at night. And all the time she had been liking it. The little girl—the little sweet girl! She had kept it in her heart and remembered it!

His heart was light as air as he went back to the barracks for retreat. A miracle had been wrought for him which changed everything. No, he was not presuming on a friendly letter. Maybe there would be fellows who would think there wasn't much in just a friendly letter to a lonely soldier, and a sweeter or two more or less. But then they would never have known what it was to be so lonely for

friendship, real friendship, as he was.

He would hurry through supper and get to the Y. M. C. A. hut to write her an answer. He would explain how the letter had been delayed and say he hoped she had not given the things to someone else. He began planning sentences as he stood at attention during the captain's inspection at retreat. Somehow the captain was tiresomely particular about the buttons and pocket flaps and littel details tonight. He waited impatiently for the command to break ranks, and was one of the first at the door of the mess hall waiting for supper, his face alight, still planning what he would say in that letter and wishing he could get some fine stationery to write upon; wondering if there was any to be had with his caduces on it.

At supper he bubbled with merriment. An old schoolmate might have thought him rejuvenated. He wore his schoolboy grin and rattled off puns and jokes, keeping the mess hall in a perfect roar.

At last he was out in the cool of the evening with the wonderful sunset off in the west, on his way to the Y. M. C. A. hut. He turned a corner swinging into the main road and there, coming toward him, not 20 feet away, he saw Lieutenant Wainwright.

CHAPTER VI.

There was no possible way to avoid meeting him. John Cameron knew that with the first glance. He also knew that Wainwright had recognized him at once and was lifting his chin already with that peculiar, disagreeable tilt of triumph that had always been so maddening to one who knew the small mean nature of the man.

Of course, there was still time to turn deliberately about and flee in the other direction, but that would be all too obvious, and an open confession of weakness. John Cameron was never at any time a coward.

His firm lips set a trifle more sternly than usual, his handsome head was held high with fine military bearing. He came forward without faltering for even so much as the fraction of a waver. There was not a flicker in his eyes set straight ahead. One would never have known from his looks that he recognized the oncoming man, or had so much as realized that an officer was approaching, yet his brain was doing some rapid calculation. He had said in his heart if not openly that he would never salute this man. He had many times in their home town openly passed him without salute because he had absolutely no respect for him, and felt that he owed it to his sense of the fitness of things not to give him deference, but that was a different matter from camp. He knew that Wainwright was in a position to do him injury, and no longer stood in fear of a good thrashing from him as at home, because here he could easily have the offender put in the guard house and disgraced forever. Nothing, of course, would delight him more than thus to humiliate his sworn enemy. Yet Cameron walked on knowing that he had resolved not to salute him.

It was not merely pride in his own superiority. It was contempt for the nature of the man, for his low contemptible plots and tricks, and cunning ways, for his entire lack of principle, and his utter selfishness and heartlessness, that made Cameron feel justified in his attitude toward Wainwright. "He is nothing but a Hun at heart," he told himself bitterly.

But the tables were turned. Wainwright was no longer in his home town where his detestable pranks had goaded many of his neighbors and fellowtownsmen into a cordial hatred of him. He was in a great military camp, vested with a certain amount of authority, with the right to report those under him; who in turn could not retaliate by telling what they knew of him because it was a court martial offense for a private to report an officer. Well, naturally the United States was not supposed to have put men in authority who needed reporting. Cameron, of course, realized that these things had to be in order to maintain military discipline. But it

was inevitable that some unworthy ones should creep in, and Wainwright was surely one of those unworthy ones. He would not bend to him, officer, or no officer. What did he care what happened to himself? Who was there to care but his mother? And she would understand if the news should happen to penetrate to the home town, which was hardly likely. Those who knew him would not doubt him, those who did not mattered little. There was really no one who would care. Stay! A letter crackled in his breast pocket and a cold chill of horror struggled up from his heart. Suppose she should hear of it! Yes, he would care for that!

They were almost meeting now and Cameron's eyes were straight ahead staring hard at the big green shape of the theater a quarter of a mile away. His face under its usual control showed no sign of the tumult in his heart, which flamed with a sudden despair against a fate that had placed him in such a desperate situation. If there was a just power who controlled the affairs of men, how could it let such things happen to one who had always tried to live up to right life? It seemed for that instant as if all the unfairness and injustice of his own hard life had culminated in that one moment when he would have to do or not do and bear the consequences.

Then suddenly out from the barracks close at hand with brisk step and noble bearing came Captain La Rue, swinging down the walk into the road straight between the two men and stopped short in front of Cameron with a light of real welcome in his eyes, as he lifted his hand to answer the salute which the relieved Cameron instantly flashed at him.

In that second Lieutenant Wainwright flung past them with a curt salute to the higher officer and a glare at the corporal which the latter seemed not to see. It was so simultaneous with Cameron's salute of La Rue that nobody on earth could say that the salute had not included the lieutenant, yet both the lieutenant and the corporal knew that it had not; and Wainwright's brow was dark with intention as he turned sharply up the walk to the barracks which the captain had just left.

"I was just coming in search of you, Cameron," said the captain with a twinkle in his eyes, and his voice was clearly distinct to Wainwright as he loitered in the barracks doorway to listen. "I went down to Washington yesterday and put in the strongest plea I knew how for your transfer. I hope it will go through all right. There is no one else out for the job and you are just the man for the place. It will be a great comfort to have you with me."

A few more words and the busy man moved on eluding Cameron's earnest thanks and leaving him to pursue his course to the Y. M. C. A. hut with a sense of soothing and comfort. It never occurred to either of them that their brief conversation had been overheard, and would not have disturbed them if it had. Lieutenant Wainwright lingered on the steps of the barracks with a growing curiosity and satisfaction. The enemy were playing right into his hands: both the enemy—for he hated Captain La Rue as sin always hates the light.

He lounged about the barracks in deep thought for a few minutes and then made a careful toilet and went out.

He knew exactly where to go and how to use his influence, which was not small, although not personal. It was characteristic of the man that it made no difference to him that the power whose owner would have been the last man to have done what he was about to do with it. He had never in his life hesitated about getting whatever he wanted by whatever means presented itself. He was often aware that people gave him what he wanted merely to get rid of him, but this did not annoy his pleasure in his achievement.

He was something of a privileged character in the high place to which he betook himself, on account of the supreme regard which was held for the uncle, a mighty automobile king, through whose influence he had obtained his commission. So far he had not availed himself of his privileges too often and had therefore not as yet outworn his welcome, for he was a true diplomat. He entered this evening with just the right shade of delicate assurance and humble affrontery to assure him a cordial welcome, and gracefully settled him-

self into the friendliness that was readily extended to him. He was versed in all the ways of the world and when he chose could put up a good appearance. He knew that for the sake of his father's family and more especially because of his uncle's high standing, this great official whom he was calling upon was bound to be nice to him for a time. So he bided his time till a few other officials had left and his turn came.

The talk was all personal, a few words about his relatives and then questions about himself, his commission, how he liked it, and how things were going with him. Mere form and courtesy, but he knew how to use the conversation for his own ends:

"Oh, I'm getting along fine and dandy!" he declared effusively, "I'm just crazy about camp! I like the life! But I'll tell you what makes me tired. It's these little common guys running around fussing about their jobs and trying to get a lot of pull to get into some other place. Now there's an instance of that in our company, a man from home town, no account whatever and never was, but he's got it in his head that he's a square peg in a round hole and he wants to be transferred. He shouts about it from morning till night trying to get everybody to help him, and at last I understand he's hoodwinked one captain into thinking he's the salt of the earth, and they are plotting together to get him transferred. I happened to overhear them talking about it just now, how they are going to this one and that one in Washington to get things fixed to suit them. They think they've got the right dope on things all right and it's going through for him to get his transfer. It makes me sick. He's no more fit for a commission than my dog, not as fit, for he could at least obey orders. This fellow never did anything but what he pleased. I've known him since we were kids and never liked him. But his has a way with him that gets people till they understand him. It's too bad when the country needs real men to do their duty that a fellow like that can get a commission when he is utterly inefficient besides being a regular breeder of trouble. But, of course, I can't tell anybody what I know about him."

"I guess you needn't worry, Wainwright. They can't make any transfers without sending them up to me, and you may be good and sure I'm not transferring anybody now without a good reason, no matter who is asking it. He's in your company, is he? And where does he ask to be transferred? Just give me his name. I'll make a note of it. If it ever comes up I'll know how to finish him pretty suddenly. Though I doubt if it does. People are not pulling wires just now. This is war and everything means business. However, if I find there has been wire-pulling I shall know how to deal with it summarily. It's a court martial offense, you know."

They passed on to other topics, and Wainwright with his little eyes gleaming triumphantly soon took himself out into the starlight knowing that he had done 15 minutes' good work and not wishing to outdo it. He strolled contentedly back to officers' quarters wearing a more complacent look on his heavy features. He would teach John Cameron to ignore him!

Meantime John Cameron with his head among the stars walked the dusty camp streets and forgot the existence of Lieutenant Wainwright. A glow of gratitude had flooded his soul at sight of his beloved captain, whom he hoped soon to be able to call his captain. Unconsciously he walked with more self-respect as the words of confidence and trust rang over again in his ears. Unconsciously the little matters of personal enmity became smaller, of less importance, beside the greater things of life in which he hoped soon to have a real part. If he got this transfer it meant a chance to work with a great man in a great way that would not only help the war but would be of great value to him in this world after the war was over. It was good to have the friendship of a man like that, fine, clean, strong, intellectual, kind, just, human, gentle as a woman, yet stern against all who deviated from the path of right.

The dusk was settling into evening and twinkling lights glomed out amid the misty, dust-laden air. Snatches of wild song chorused out from open windows:

She's my lady, my baby,
She's cock-eyed, she's crazy.
(To Be Continued Next Week)

RETURNS SLOW IN COMING

Possible Defeat of Mrs. Anna Olesen, Democratic Candidate for U. S. Senate, Is Forecast on Early Reports.

Universal Service.
St. Paul, Minn., June 20.—Possible defeat of Mrs. Anna D. Olesen, candidate for the United States Senate on the democratic ticket, who had been conceded the nomination over two men opponents, was forecast on early returns from Monday's primary election, which showed Mrs. Olesen receiving a slight plurality in a light democratic vote. Those reports were from the city of Minneapolis, where Mrs. Olesen was believed to be especially strong.

Frank B. Kellogg, republican candidate for United States senator, was leading his ticket with 263 votes against 22 for Mrs. Olesen in the first precinct reporting.

The first three precincts to report on United States senator and governor gave Kellogg, republican, 445; Lundeen, republican, 124; Mrs. Anna D. Olesen, democrat, 44; Thomas J. Meighen, democrat, 11.

For governor, Preus is leading by a large majority against the independent candidate, Ellsworth, and the entire ticket is following Preus.

Miss Grace Kaercher is defeating Herman Mueller, present clerk of the supreme court. In three precincts she has 296 to Mueller's 116.

HALE WINS BY GOOD MARGIN, INDICATION

Augusta, Me., June 20.—Early returns in the Maine primaries Monday night indicate the re-nomination of Frederick Hale to the United States Senate by a good margin.

On the basis of returns received up to midnight Hale had 54,000 votes as to 13,000 for Davies and 7,000 for Guernsey.

Despite a last hour fight on the religious issue, Governor Baxter has been re-nominated, it is indicated.

This is the first time that women have voted in the state-wide primaries in this state. This fact, coupled with the heavy down pour of rain that fell most of the day made the total vote uncertain. It is believed, however, that it will fall below the estimate of 75,000.

Mildred Harris Lets Munson Kiss Her But Denies She's Engaged

Universal Service.
Chicago, June 20.—Mildred Harris denied her reported engagement to Arthur Knox Munson Monday.

But when the former wife of Charlie Chaplin stepped from a New York train it was Munson who greeted her with a kiss and she did not resist.

Miss Harris, accompanied by her mother, arrived for a theatrical engagement here.

"I think it is horrid of the papers to say I'm engaged to Byron Munson," she said. "I don't intend to marry anyone—not until I'm 24, at least. I was only 17 when I married Mr. Chaplin. He wanted me to give up my work then. Now, just when I'm beginning to climb the heights I don't mean to give any one the right to make such a request of me again."

Miss Harris was accompanied by her mother, who greeted Mr. Munson warmly.

Mr. Munson is a Chicago broker and wealthy.

DEAN BANS "SIREN"



Miss Gertrude Hayes, a burlesque queen, was to have performed at the senior banquet of the college of Liberal Arts of Boston university, but Dean William M. Warren, of the university, got wind of it and absolutely refused to permit the appearance of the burlesquer at the final get-together of the students.

WOULD CONTROL FLYING.

Washington, June 20.—Declaring that not a single life was lost in straight commercial flying last year, the aeronautical chamber of commerce, in a report to Secretary of Commerce Hoover, made public Monday, urged limitation and control of stunt flying.

A. O. U. W. CONVENTION ON.
Des Moines, Ia., June 20.—The Supreme Lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen convened at the A. O. U. W. home here Monday for a five day session. The order initiated 200 candidates Monday night.

JOHN BULL, UNCLE SAM BE CLOSER

At Pilgrim Society Banquet Justice Says Britain and U. S. Should Act Together for Good of World.

Universal Service.
Special Cable Dispatch.
London, June 20.—"The united action of Great Britain and the United States in world matters is sure to make for world peace," said Chief Justice William Howard Taft, in a speech at the Pilgrim society banquet in his honor Monday night.

The former president carefully avoided controversial politics, explaining that supreme court justices must not publicly discuss them. Regarding American participation in European questions, Justice Taft said:

"We are making progress. We are acquiring a consciousness of our partnership with the nations of the world and our share of the responsibility for what the world does."

Says Treaties Great Step.

"A great step forward has been made by the signing of the treaties affecting the Pacific and Far East. This is most significant not only because of the importance of what the treaties really achieve, but because of the moral effect upon us and upon the nations who joined with us in asserting the interests of all in respect to each and of each in respect to all.

"We have suffered from the war, but we suffered less than our European allies and our wealth and property have been much less affected. While that increases our comparative powers, it also increases our responsibility. Our people know this. They know too that united action between Britain and the United States in world matters is sure to make for peace."

"Of Utmost Importance."

"I think, therefore, that it is of the utmost importance that the friendly relations between the two great countries which have been maintained, sometimes under the most trying conditions for a century or more, should be made closer, not only for the benefit of both, but for the welfare of the world.

"As a citizen with no official mandate, I beg the Britons whom I am addressing not to be misled by the temporary ebullitions of one faction or another but to count on a fundamental public opinion in the United States in respect to our foreign relations which will always prevail in a real exigency, and which regards the maintenance of friendship with Great Britain as most necessary for the peace of the world."

PAVEY MAY KNOW FATE BY TONIGHT

Iowa Supreme Court to Pass Upon His Appeal and Other Slayings.

Des Moines, Ia., June 20 (Special).—The Iowa supreme court has convened for the June term, the last before its adjournment for the summer—to pass upon the appeals of three murderers and the release of Ernest Rathbun.

Ira Pavey, of Sioux City, convicted to hang for the murder of Claude Letner of that city, Eugene Weeks and Orris Cross, sentenced to die for the murder of George Fosdick, Des Moines grocer, probably will know their fate by Tuesday night. The Weeks appeal is to be ruled on, and Cross, although he has no case pending in court, is an important witness, so his execution has been delayed pending the decision on Weeks' appeal. Ernest Rathbun, sentenced to life in prison for statutory offense and then pardoned by the then Governor Harding will be in court again.

WARD'S SISTER TELLS OF BLACKMAIL PLOT

White Plains, N. Y., June 20.—The sweeping inquiry instituted by Justice Joseph J. Morschauser to ascertain whether George S. Ward, Walter, his son, the confessed slayer of Clarence Peters, and others conspired to defeat the ends of justice got under way late Monday.

Shortly after 5 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford Wood, brother-in-law and sister of the accused young millionaire, arrived in White Plains, and were immediately taken before Justice Morschauser for interrogation.

They were met by Allan R. Campbell, attorney for Ward.

According to rumors circulated about White Plains, Mrs. Wood, a housewife of some note, told Justice Morschauser a detailed story of the blackmail plot against her family which culminated on the morning of May 16; when her brother sent a bullet crashing through the breast of Clarence Peters on the lonely Kenisco road.

"TOUGH" DAY FOR HIM.

Washington, June 20.—This was a busy day for A. M. McDonald, of the Patterson and McDonald Ship Building company of Seattle.

He received a check for \$27,000 in settlement of his claims against the United States shipping board.

He was advised that claims for a sum almost as large against the Commonwealth of Australia have been allowed.

And last, but not least, he was presented with twins, a boy and a girl, by Mrs. McDonald, who is in Garfield hospital here.