

# THE SEARCH

By Grace Livingston Hill-Lutz

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Sunday morning as he walked to church with his mother he wondered why he had never gone more with her when he was at home. It seemed a pleasant thing to do.

The service was beautifully solemn, and Dr. Thurlow had many gracious words to say of the boys in the army, and spent much time reading letters from those at the front who belonged to the church and Sunday school, and spoke of the "supreme sacrifice" in the light of a saving grace; but the sermon was a gentle ponderous thing that got nowhere, spiced toward its close with thrilling scenes from battle news. John Cameron as he listened did not feel that he had found God. He did not feel a bit enlightened by it. He laid it to his own ignorance and stupidity, though, and determined not to give up the search. The prayer at the close of the sermon somehow clinched this resolve because there was something so genuine and sweet and earnest about it. He could not help thinking that the man might know more of God than he was able to make plain to his hearers. He had really never noticed either a prayer or a sermon before in his life. He had sat in the room with very few. He wondered if all sermons and prayers were like these and wished he had noticed them. He had never been much of a church goer.

But the climax, the real heart of his whole two days, was after Sunday dinner when he went out to call upon Ruth Macdonald. And it was characteristic of his whole reticent nature, and the way he had been brought up, that he did not tell his mother where he was going. It had never occurred to him to tell her his movements when they did not directly concern her, and she had never brought herself up to ask him. It is the habit of some women, and many mothers.

A great embarrassment fell upon him as he entered the grounds of the Macdonald place, and when he stood before the plate-glass doors waiting for an answer to his ring he would have turned and fled if he had not promised to come.

It was perhaps not an accident that Ruth let him in herself and took him to a big quiet library with wide-open windows overlooking the lawn, and heavy curtains shutting them in from the rest of the house, where, to his great amazement, he could feel at once at ease with her and talk to her just as he had done in her letters and his own.

Somehow it was like having a lifetime dream suddenly fulfilled to be sitting this way in pleasant converse with her, watching the lights and shadows of expression flit across her sensitive face, and knowing that the light in her eyes was for him. It seemed incredible, but she evidently enjoyed talking to him. Afterwards he thought about it as if their souls had been calling to one another across infinite space, things that neither of them could quite hear, and now they were within hailing distance.

He had thanked her for the sweater and other things, and they had talked a little about the old school days and how life had changed people, when he happened to glance out of the window near him and saw a man in officer's uniform approaching. He stopped short in the midst of a sentence and rose, his face set, his eyes still on the rapidly approaching soldier:

"I'm sorry," he said, I shall have to go. It's been wonderful to come, but I must go at once. Perhaps you'll let me go out this way. It is a shorter cut. Thank you for everything, and perhaps if there's ever another time—I'd like to come again."

"Oh, please don't go yet!" she said putting out her hand in protest. But he grasped the hand with a quick impulsive grip and with a hasty: "I'm sorry, but I must!" he opened the glass door to the side piazza and was gone.

In much bewilderment and distress Ruth watched him stride away toward the hedge and disappear. Then she turned to the front window and caught a glimpse of Lieutenant Wainwright just mounting the front steps. What did it all mean?

## CHAPTER IX.

Ruth tried to control her perturbation and meet her guest

with an unruffled countenance, but there was something about the bland snug countenance of Lieutenant Wainwright that irritated her. To have her first pleasant visit with Cameron suddenly broken up in this mysterious fashion, and Wainwright substituted for Cameron was somehow like taking a bite of some pleasant fruit and having it turn out plain potato in one's mouth. It was so sudden, like that. She could not seem to get her equilibrium. Her mind was in a whirl of question and she could not focus it on her present caller nor think of anything suitable to say to him. She was not even sure but that he was noticing that she was distraught.

To have John Cameron leave in that precipitate manner at the sight of Harry Wainwright! It was all too evident that he had seen him through the window. But they were fellow townsmen, and had gone to school together! Surely he knew him! Of course, Harry was a superior officer, but Cameron would not be the kind of man to mind that. She could not understand it. There had been a look in his face—a set look! There must be something behind it all. Some reason why he did not want to be seen by Wainwright. Surely Cameron had nothing of which to be ashamed! The thought brought a sudden dismay. What did she know about Cameron after all?

A look, a smile, a bit of boyish gallantry. He might be anything but fine in his private life, of course, and Harry might be cognizant of the fact. Yet he did not look like that. Even while the thought forced itself into her mind she resented it and resisted it. Then turning to her guest who was giving an elaborate account of how he had saved a woman's life in an automobile accident, she interrupted him:

"Harry, what do you know about John Cameron," she asked impulsively.

Wainwright's face darkened with an ugly frown.

"More than I want to know," he answered gruffly. "He's rotten! That's all! Why?" He eyed her suspiciously.

There was something in his tone that put her on the defensive at once.

Oh, I saw him today, and I was wondering," she answered evasively.

"It's one of the annoyances of army life that we have to be herded up with all sorts of cattle!" said Wainwright with a disdainful curl of his baby moustache. "But I didn't come here to talk about John Cameron. I came to tell you that I'm going to be married, Ruth. I'm going to be married before I go to France!"

"Delightful!" said Ruth pleasantly. "Do I know the lady?"

"Indeed you do," he said watching her with satisfaction. "You've known for several years that you were the only one for me, and I've come to tell you that I won't stand any more dallying. I mean business now!"

He crossed his fat leather puttees creakily and swelled out, trying to look firm. He had decided that he must impress her with the seriousness of the occasion.

But Ruth only laughed merrily. He had been proposing to her ever since he got out of short trousers, and she had always laughed him out of it. The first time she told him that she was only a kid and he wasn't much more himself, and she didn't want to hear any more such talk. Of late he had grown less troublesome, and she had been inclined to settle down to the old neighborly playmate relation, so she was not greatly disturbed by the turn of the conversation. In fact, she was too much upset and annoyed by the sudden departure of Cameron to realize the determined note in Wainwright's voice.

"I mean it!" he said in an offended tone, flattening his double chin and rolling up his fat lips importantly. "I'm not to be played with any longer."

Ruth's face sobered: "I certainly never had an idea of playing with you, Harry. I think I've always been quite frank with you."

Wainwright felt that he wasn't getting on quite as well as he had planned. He frowned and sat up:

"Now see here, Ruth! Let's talk this thing over!" he said,

drawing the big leather chair in which he was sitting nearer to hers.

But Ruth's glance had wandered out of the window. "Why, there comes Bobbie Wetherill!" she exclaimed eagerly and slipped out of her chair to the door just as one of Wainwright's smooth fat hands reached out to take hold of the arm of her rocker. "I'll open the door for him. Mary is in the kitchen and may not hear the bell right away."

There was nothing for Wainwright to do but make the best of the situation, although he greeted Wetherill with no very good grace, and his large lips pouted out sulkily as he relaxed into his chair again to await the departure of the intruder.

Lieutenant Wetherill was quite overwhelmed with the warmth of the greeting he received from Ruth and settled down to enjoy it while it lasted. With a wicked glance of triumph at his rival he laid himself out to make his account of camp life as entertaining as possible. He produced a gorgeous box of bonbons and arranged himself comfortably for the afternoon, while Wainwright's brow grew darker and his lips pouted out farther and farther under his petted little moustache. It was all a great bore to Ruth just now with her mind full of the annoyance about Cameron. At least she would have preferred to have had her talk with him and found out what he was with her own judgment. But anything was better than a tete-a-tete with Wainwright just now; so she ate bonbons and asked questions, and kept the conversation going, ignoring Wainwright's increasing frown.

It was a great relief, however, when about half-past four the maid appeared at the door:

"A long distance telephone call for you, Miss Ruth."

As Ruth was going up the stairs to her own private phone she paused to fasten the tie of her low shoe that had come undone and was threatening to trip her, and she heard Harry Wainwright's voice in an angry snarl:

"What business did you have coming here today, you darned chump! You knew what I came for, and you did it on purpose! If you don't get out the minute she gets back I'll put her wise to you and the kind of girls you go with in no time. And you needn't think you can turn the tables on me, either, for I'll fix you so you won't dare open your foot mouth!"

The sentence finished with an oath and Ruth hurried into her room and shut the door with a sick kind of feeling that her whole little world was turning black about her.

It was good to hear the voice of her cousin, Captain La Rue, over the phone, even though it was but a message that he could not come as he had promised that evening. It reassured her that there were good men in the world. Of course, he was older, but she was sure he had never been what people called "wild," although he had plenty of courage and spirit. She had often heard that good men were few, but it had never seemed to apply to her world but vaguely. Now here of a sudden a slur had been thrown at three of her young world. John Cameron, it is true, was a comparative stranger, and, of course, she had no means of judging except by the look in his eyes. She understood in a general way that "rotten" as applied to a young man's character implied uncleanness. John Cameron's eyes were steady and clear. They did not look that way. But then, how could she tell! And here, this very minute she had been hearing that Bobbie Wetherill's life was not all that it should be and Wainwright had tacitly accepted the possibility of the same weakness in himself. These were boys with whom she had been brought up. Selfish and conceited she had often thought them on occasion, but it had not occurred to her that there might be anything worse. She pressed her hands to her eyes and tried to force a calm steadiness into her soul. Somehow she had an utter distaste for going back into that library and hearing their boastful chatter. Yet she must go. She had been hoping all the afternoon for her cousin's arrival to send the other two away. Now that was out of the question and she must use her own tact to get pleasantly rid of them. With a sigh she opened her door and started down stairs again.

It was Wainwright's blatant voice again that broke through the Sabbath afternoon stillness of the house as she approached the library door:

"Yes, I've got John Cameron all right now!" he laughed. "He won't hold his head so high after he's spent a few days in the guard-house. And that's what they're all going to get that are late coming back this time. I found out before I left camp that his pass only reads till 11 o'clock and the 5 o'clock train is the last one he can leave Chester on to get him to camp by 11. So I hired a fellow that was coming up to buddy-up to Cam and fix it that he is to get a friend of his to take them over to Chester in time for the train. The fellow don't have to get back himself tonight at all, but he isn't going to let on, you know, so Cam will think they're in the same boat. Then they're going to have a little bit of tire trouble, down in that lonely bit of rough road, that short cut between here and Chester, where there aren't any cars passing to help them out, and they'll miss the train at Chester. See? And then the man will offer to take them on to camp in his car and they'll get stuck again down beyond Wilmington, lose the road, and switch off toward Singleton—you know, where we took those girls to that little out-of-the-way tavern that time—and you see Cam getting back to camp in time, don't you?"

Ruth had paused with her hand on the heavy portiere, wide-eyed.

"But Cameron'll find a way out. He's too sharp. He'll start to walk, or he'll get some passing car to take him," said Wetherill with conviction.

"No, he won't. The fellows are all primed. They're going to catch him in spots where cars don't go, where the road is bad, you know, and nobody but a fool would go with a car. He won't be noticing before they break down because this fellow told him his man could drive a car over the moon and never break down. Besides, I know my men. They'll get away with the job. There's too much money in it for them to run any risk of losing out. It's all going to happen so quick he won't be ready for anything."

"Well, you'll have your trouble for your pains. Cam'll explain everything to the officers and he'll get by. He always does."

"Not this time. They've just made a rule that no excuses go. There've been a lot of fellows coming back late drunk. And you see that's how we mean to wind up. They are going to get him drunk, and then we'll see if little Johnnie will go around with his nose in the air any longer! I'm going to run down to the tavern late this evening to see the fun myself!"

"You can't do it! Cam won't drink! It's been tried again and again. He'd rather die!"

But the girl at the door had fled to her room on velvet shod feet and closed her door, her face white with horror, her lips set with purpose, her heart beating wildly. She must put a stop somehow to this diabolical plot against him. Whether he was worthy or not they should not do this thing to him! She rang for the maid and began putting on her hat and coat and flinging a few things into a small bag. She glanced at her watch. It was a quarter to five. Could she make it? If she only knew which way he had gone! Would his mother have a telephone? Her eyes scanned the C column hurriedly. Yes, there it was. She might have known he would not allow her to be alone without a telephone.

The maid appeared at the door.

"Mary," she said, trying to speak calmly, "tell Thomas to have the gray car ready at once. He needn't bring it to the house, I will come out the back way. Please take this bag and two long coats out, and when I am gone to the library and ask the two gentlemen there to excuse me. Say that I am suddenly called away to a friend in trouble. If Aunt Rhoda returns soon tell her I will call her up later and let her know my plans. That is all. I will be down in tow or three minutes and I wish to start without delay!"

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Not the Hollywood Brand. In a drive by the Boy Scouts of Pomona 1,068,378 pins, tacks, nails and bits of glass were picked up. The object of the undertaking was to rid the community of as many as possible of the menaces to automobile tires. The Automobile Club of Southern California, under whose auspices the drive was conducted, evidently is old-fashioned enough to still have faith in that nursery jingle: "See a pin and pick it up. And all your life you'll have good luck." But the club did not ask the boys to take the word for it that luck would come—at some far-off date. Substantial rewards in cash and trophies were offered—hence the million and more objects which were collected.

## BRITISH TO FUND DEBT TO AMERICA

Delegation Will Arrive in Washington in September, Says Lloyd George.

Universal Service. Special Cable Dispatch. London, July 18.—The British financial delegation will arrive in Washington early in September to arrange for the funding of the British debt to America, Premier Lloyd George announced in the House of Commons Monday.

The premier declined to entertain the plan of cancelling the allied debts to England as long as her debt to the United States is outstanding. He said: "The debt cancelling plan has a serious disadvantage, placing this country which is a large creditor in respect to war advances and reparations, in a position of paying in full all it borrowed while collecting nothing."

Universal Service was informed that Chancellor of the Exchequer Horne is the most likely to be the head of the financial mission to Washington and will be assisted by Sir Basil Blackett, comptroller.

Lloyd George has been assured that American officials and financiers have the highest opinion of Horne to whom much credit is given for Britain's post-war recovery. Numerous economic experts will be included on the mission.

## 10,000 WHISKY PERMITS STOLEN

Theft From U. S. Resulting in Enormous Release of Booze Involves Capitalists and Politicians.

Universal Service. Washington, July 18.—Official confirmation of the theft of 10,000 whisky withdrawal permits and confirmation blanks from the bureau of engraving and printing and the prohibition bureau, is available Monday night from records on file in the bureau of internal revenue.

The missing permits are permits to purchase form 1410-A, Nos. 178,001 to 184,000 inclusive. Confirmation sheets missing are form 1410-D Nos. 376,000 to 400,000.

In addition to the established fact that 10,000 cases of whisky have been withdrawn from a Freeport, Pa., distillery by persons in possession of a block of the stolen permits, the investigation to fix responsibility for the original thefts took a sensational turn Monday.

Inquiry revealed that the operatives actually engaged in the case were so close to the point where arrests could be made they were told by their superiors to halt until new "political bearings" could be taken.

"Who's Who" in Whisky Ring. Names already involved in the web of evidence assembled include:

One of the men indicted in New York some months ago and still under bond in connection with illegal whisky withdrawals; two men recently, it not still connected with the prohibition enforcement bureau in New York city. A notorious bootlegger and smuggler of whisky of New York city, whose picture is in the rogues' gallery at police headquarters in New York; another capitalist-bootlegger, who makes his headquarters in Asbury Park, N. J., and operates along the New Jersey coast.

This last man, although wealthy from his operations in whisky, is well known to the authorities of several eastern states, as a gunman and bad character generally.

At least one former member of the Pittsburgh prohibition unit, who is now making his headquarters in Canada, is also involved. It is said this former Pittsburgh agent at one time had in his possession the stolen and forged permits upon which large withdrawals were made from a Pennsylvania distillery. The papers were ordered sent Washington, but instead they disappeared from the files of the Pittsburgh office at about the same time the prohibition agent resigned from the service and left the country.

Many Politicians Involved. Threaded into the story which connects the individuals of criminal records are the names of politicians in at least three states and twice that number of cities.

Just how the stolen permits were obtained from the vaults of the bureau of engraving and printing and the big safe in the prohibition bureau here is not altogether a matter of conjecture with the probers. This is the most delicate part of the story, and is said to be responsible for the temporary halt in the investigation. It is unquestionably responsible for the cloak of secrecy with which the entire staff has been surrounded.

The official confirmation of the withdrawal of the permits and confirmation blanks is on file in the bureau of internal revenue dated May 23, 1922, signed by James E. Jones, acting prohibition commissioner.

Abe Rubin, of Findlay, Ohio, went west to escape the heat this summer. He is at Keechelus, Wash., suffering from two frozen toes, one of which may have to be amputated.

## VINCENT ASTOR BURNED AS PLANE CATCHES FIRE

Newport, R. I., July 18.—Vincent Astor was burned about the hands Monday when his \$25,000 hydroplane in which he was about to ascend, caught fire in the bay off the New York Yacht club.

The commission for the erection of a monument in the Argonne region of France in memory of the Missouri heroes who gave their lives in the world war, has been awarded to Mrs. Nancy C. Hahn, of St. Louis.

## RAIL UNIONS UNEASY OVER U. S. PLANS

Jewell Again Seeks Peace While Strike of Million Men Looms and Strikers Fear Uncle Sam to Use Bayonets.

Universal Service. Chicago, July 18.—W. L. McMenmen, representing the labor group on the United States labor board, and E. M. Jewell, president of the railway employees' department of the American Federation of Labor, were reported Monday night working on a plan for settlement of the shopmen's strike to be laid before the labor board within a few hours.

The plan, it was reported, would include calling off the strike after the roads had agreed to restore seniority rules, abandon farming out shop work and going before the labor board for a new hearing on the wage question, and also, establishment of adjustment boards to settle all questions except that of wages.

The plan is similar to one proposed several days ago, but which was not acceptable to the railroad executives.

### U. S. TO USE ARMS?

Chicago, July 18.—The railroad strike had reached a chaotic stage Monday night. The day was marked by conflicting reports, the railroads claiming they were successfully filling the places of strikers; union officials claiming the strike was spreading and predicting a million rail workers would be involved unless the roads acceded to their demands.

The eyes of the country centered on Washington, from where it was expected the next peace move would come. Rumors that the government would attempt to restore peace by force of arms if necessary was discussed guardedly in union circles. Fear was expressed that such a movement would result in widespread disorder.

"Bayonet Will Mean Trouble." "Our men are always ready to reason and will obey the laws of the country but it will mean trouble if you try to force them with the bayonet," said a high union official who for obvious reasons declined to permit his name to be used.

Timothy Healy, president of the stationary firemen and oilers, claimed the strike of his men was 100 per cent. They went on strike Monday morning. About 8,000 men were involved.

"Over 1,000,000 railroad men will be on strike within from three days to a week," Mr. Healy said. The 400,000 maintenance of way men of the country would join the shopmen and the firemen and oilers in their strike, he predicted.

E. F. Grable, president of the maintenance of way employees, said a strike would not be authorized before Thursday and he hoped a strike would be averted. Mr. Grable had just returned from Washington, where he had laid the case of the men before President Harding.

Peace or Greater Strike? Mr. Grable will meet with grand lodge chairmen in Detroit Thursday and it will then be determined whether peace negotiations shall continue or a strike be called.

No new plans for ending the strike are pending before the United States labor board, it was said at headquarters of the board Monday night. Ben W. Hooper, chairman, said, however, that the board was always ready to consider any matter laid before it. Informal conferences were reported being held with a view to bringing a concrete plan before the board.

Eugene V. Debs, leader of the great American railway union strike in 1894, issued an appeal to all union men to "strike, vote and fight together." Mr. Debs came here several days ago from his home in Terre Haute, Ind., for treatment in a sanitarium. His friends said he would take no active part in the strike.

Statement by Debs. After referring to promises made to the workers during the war and what he termed the failure of the government to fulfill them, Mr. Debs said: "The struggle is entering upon its critical stage and whether the tolling hosts shall emerge in triumph and establish industry and social democracy in the world or go down in humiliating defeat for another historical period of economical bondage, depends entirely upon the capacity of the workers to muster their forces and stand together, strike together, vote together and fight together all along the line."

Federal court injunctions were extended and made more sweeping in several districts during the day. In New Orleans four roads secured permanent injunction against strikers interfering with new workers.

The old question of states' rights was raised in Arkansas when attorneys representing the strikers went into federal court in Fort Smith to combat federal injunctions on the ground that the United States railroad labor board in issuing its wage decision had attempted to assume control over men engaged solely in interstate commerce. It was contended such regulation lies wholly within the states.

## DOVER RESIGNS, MELLON ADMITS

Universal Service. Washington, July 18.—Elmer Dover, it was officially admitted at the treasury department Monday has resigned as assistant secretary of the treasury. The admission was made on authority of Secretary Mellon.

The resignation, presented to President Harding some days ago, was effective Saturday, July 15.