## The Grand Babylon Hotel By ARNOLD BENNETT.

### CHAPTER I. Millianaire and Waiter.

Jules, the celebrated head waiter of the Grand Babylon, was bending formally towards the alert, middle-aged man who had just entered the

me an Angel Kiss." "Pardon, sir?" "Bring me an Angel Kiss, and be geod enough to lose no time." "If it's an American drink, I fear we don't keep it, sir." The voice of Jules fell icily distinct. "No, no," said Racksole quickly, "In don't want any 'I'm afraids." This is business. "My name is Rack-al formula. It was part of her dally duty to discourage guests who de-sired to see Mr. Babylon. "No, no," said Racksole quickly, "In don't want any 'I'm afraids." This is business. "My name is Rack-

"I didn't suppose you did keep it. but you can mix it, I guess, even in this hotel."

said Jules distantly. A few minutes later Jules sat in

conclave with Miss Spencer, who had charge of the bureau of the Grand Babylon had first raised its massive chimneys in London. Her knowledge

"Who's No. 107?" Jules asked this blackrobed lady. Miss Spencer examined her ledgers. "Mr. Theodore Racksole, New York." "I thought he must me a New Yorker," said Jules. "Says he wants an 'Angel Kiss'-maraschino and cream, if you please. I'll see he doesn't stop here too long." Miss Spencer smiled grimly. She knew, of course, and she knew that Jules knew, that this Theodore Rack sole must be the unique and only Theodore Racksole, the third richest man in the United States, and there-fore probably in the world. Never-theless she ranged herself at once on the side of Jules. In the world Theodore Racksole, the third richest man in the United States, and there-fore probably in the world. Never-theless she ranged herself at once on the side of Jules. In the world of hotels it was currently stated that, next to the proprietor, there were three gods at the Grand Babylon-ulues the head waiter. Mire Suppor-tion and the Grand Babylon-ulues the head matter. The price was four hundred thousand good-will." "I will put one question to you,

Jules, the head waiter: Miss Spencer, and, most powerful of all, Rocco, the renowned chef. The Grand Babylon, though it wave advertised in though it

never advertised itself, stood an easy first among the hotels of Europefirst among the hotels of Europe-first in expensiveness, first in ex-clusiveness, first in that mysterious quality known as "style." It was the only hotel in London with a genuine separate entrance for royal visitors constantly in use. The Grand Baby-lon counted that day wasted on which it did not entertain., at the lowest, a German prince or the Maharajah of some Indian state. When Felix Babylon-after whom the hotel was christened-founded the hotel in 1869 he had set himself to cater for royal.

he had set himself to cater for royal-ty, and that was the secret of his riumphant eminence. If there was one thing more than

another that amazed the Grand Babylon-put its back up, so to speak -it was to be compared with, or to be mistaken for, an American hotel. The Grand Babylon was resolutely opposed to American methods of eat-

ing, drinking and lodging—but espe-cially American methods of drink-ing. The resentment of Jules, on be-ing requested to supply Mr. Theodore Racksole with an Angel Kiss, will an amba therefore be appreciated. "Anybody with Mr. Theodore

"Anybody with Mr. Theodore Racksole?" asked Jules, continuing his conversation with Miss Spencer. "Miss Racksole—she's in No. 111." "She's where?" he queried, with a peculiar emphasis. "December 2015 Participation of the room, very softly—a man of for-ty, thin, with long, thin hands, and an inordinately long brown silky mustache. "December 2015 Participation of the room of t

millionaire for he was unknown to London, this being his first visit to Europe for over twenty years. Had anyone done so, and caught the expression on his face, that man might have trebled for an explosion which aged man who had just entered the smoking-room and dropped into a bas-Babylon into the Thames. Jules re-

Ket-chair. "Yes, sir?" repeated Jules, and there was a shade of august disap-proval in his voice. "Oh!" said the alert, middle-aged man, looking up at length. "Bring me an Angel Kiss." "Pardon, sir?" "Bring me an Acet I for the the state of th

this hotel." "This isn't an American hotel, sir." The alter, middle-aged man sat up straight. "Get a liquor glass," he said half curtly, "pour into it equal quantifies of maraschino cream and creme de menthe. Don't stir it; don't shake it. Bring it to me." "I will send the drink to you, sir." Said Jules distantly.

said Jules distantly. A few minutes later Jules sat in conclave with Miss Spencer, who had charge of the bureau of the Grand Babylon. Miss Spencer had been bureau clerk almost since the Grand Babylon had first raised its massive

time." With a gesture Mr. Babylon inchimneys in London. Her knowledge for Bradshaw, of steamship services, and the programs of theaters and music-halls was unrivaled. "Who's No. 107?" Jules asked this

"Thirty-four thousand pounds per

"I buy," said Theodore Racksole, smiling contentedly: "and we will, if

tions after dinner." "I have not dined," said the mil-lonaire, with emphasis, "and in that connection will you do me a favor? Will you send for Mr. Rocco?"

"Rocco is a great man," murmured Mr. Babylon as he touched the bell. "My compliments to Mr. Rocco," he said to the page who answered his summons, "and if it is quite con-venient I should be glad to see him here for a moment." "What do you give Rocco?" Rack-

sole inquired. "Two thousand pounds a year and

the treatment of an ambassador.' "I shall give him the treatment of an ambassador, and three thousand." "You will be wise," said Felix





"She's where?" he queried, with a peculiar emphasis. "No, 111. I couldn't help it. There was no other room with a bath-room and dressing-room on that floor." "Why didn't you tell Mr. Theodore Racksole and Miss Racksole that we were unable to accommodate them?" "Because Eabs was within hear-ing." ing

ing." Only three people in the wide world ever dreamt of applying to Mr. Fellx Babylon the plaful but mean ab-breviation-Babs: those three were Jules, Miss Spencer and Rocco. "You'd better see that Miss Rack-sole changes her room tonight," Jules said after another pause. "Leave it to acq son w chased you t "Th" "Th" At 8 o'clock precisely dinner was served in the immense salle a-manger. At a small table near one of the windows a young lady sat alone.

windows a young lady sat alone. Her frock said Paris, but her face unmistakable said New York. It was a self-possessed and bewitching face, the face of a woman thoroughly ac-customed to doing exactly what she liked, when she liked, how she liked. "Sorry to keep you waiting. Nel-la." It was Mr. Racksole. Nella-her proper name was Helen-smiled

parent. 'You always are late, father," she

said. "Only on a holiday," he added. What is there to eat?"

"Nothing." "Then let's have it. I'm hungry." "Say, father," she said with seem-ing irreverance, "had you forgotten its my birthday tomorrow?"

"Have I ever forgotten your birth day. O most costly daughter?"

"On the whole you've been a most satisfactory dad," she answered sweetly, "and to reward you I'll be content this year with the cheapest Lirthday treat you ever gave me. Only I'll have it tonight." "Well," he said, with the long-suf-

fering patience, the readiness for any surprise, of a parent whom Nella had thoroughly trained, "what is it?" "It's this. Let's have filleted steak to several cities in Italy from volca.

"It's finite. Let's have inlicted steak and a bottle of Bass for dinner to-night. I shall love it." "But, my dear Nella," he ex-claimed, "steak and beer at The Grand Babylon! It's impossible!" "I said steak and Bass." Miss Packeds as her small white teach

"I said steak and Bass." Miss Racksole set her small white teeth. There was a gentle cough. Jules stood over them. Theodore Rack-sole hesitated one second and then issued the order with a fine air of carelessnes: "Filleted steak for two, and a bottle of Bass."

"It's not on the menu, sir," said Jules. "Never mind. Get it. We want it.

"Very good, sir."

Jules walked to the service door and merely affecting to look behind, came immediately back again. "Mr. Rocco's compliments, sir, and he re-grets to be unable to serve steak and Pass tonight, sir." "And who is Mr. Rocco?"

did not feel hungry and she could afford to wait. "Excuse me a moment Nella," said Theodore Racksole quietly, "I shall be back in about two seconds," and he strode out of the salle-a-manger. No one in the room recognized the

"Rocco," said Felix Bat me introduce Mr. Theodore Racksole, of New York." "Sharmed," said Rocco, bowing. "Ze-ze vat you call it, millionaire?" "Exactly." Racksole put in, and

continued quickly: "Mr. Rocco, I wish to acquaint you before any other per-son with the fact that I have purchased the Grand Babylon hotel. you think well to afford me the

privilege of retaining your services I shall be happy to offer you a re-muneration of three thousand a "Three, you said?"

"Three. "Sharmed." "Snarmed." "And now, Mr. Rocco, will you oblige me very much by ordering a plain beefsteak and a bottle of Bass to be served by Jules—I particularly desire Jules—at table No. 17 in the dining-room in 10 minutes from now? And will you do me the honor of

And will you do me the honor of lunching with me tomorrow?" Mr. Rocco gasped bowed, muttered something in French and departed. Five minutes later the buyer and seller of the Grand Babylon hotel had seller of the Grand Babyion noter had each signed a curt document, scrib-bled out on the hotel notepaper. Felix Babyion asked no question, and it was this heroic absence of curi-osity, of surprise on his part, that more than anything else impressed Theoderse Packsole

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Five Sentenced to Jail

for Dry Law Violations Five men who pleaded guilty yesterday in federal court to liquor law violations, thinking they would be let off with fines, were sentenced to jail by Judge T. Blake Kennedy of Cheywho is presiding here this

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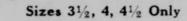


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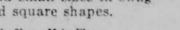
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