

# The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

A....  
Continued  
Story.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)  
"Why she?" interrupted Sunlocks.  
Jason paused, and said, "Have you anything against her?"

"No indeed," said Sunlocks. "A good, true woman. One who lately lost her husband, and at the same time all the cheer and hope of life. Simple and sweet, and silent, and with a voice that recalls another who was once very near and dear to me."

"Is she not still?" said Jason.  
"God knows," scarce can tell. Sometimes I think she is dearer to me than ever, and now that I am blind I seem to see her near me always. It is only a dream, a foolish dream."

"But what if the dream came true?" said Jason.  
"That cannot be," said Sunlocks. "Yet where is she? What has become of her? Is she with her father? What is she doing?"

"You shall soon know now," said Jason. "Only ask tomorrow, and this good woman will take you to her."

"But why not you yourself, Jason?" said Sunlocks.  
"Because I am to stay here until you return," said Jason.

"What?" cried Sunlocks. "You have to stay here?"  
"Yes," said Jason.

"As bondman to the law instead of me? Is that it? Speak!" cried Sunlocks.

"And why not?" said Jason, calmly. There was a silence for a moment. Sunlocks felt about with his helpless hands until he touched Jason and then he fell sobbing upon his neck.

"Jason, Jason," he cried, "this is more than a brother's love. Ah, you do not know the risk you would run; but I know it, and I must not keep it from you. Any day, any hour, a dispatch may come to the ship outside the order that I should be shot. Suppose I were to go to the dear soul who calls for me, and the dispatch came in my absence—where would you be then?"

"I should be here," said Jason, simply.  
"My lad, my brave lad," cried Sunlocks, "what are you saying? If you cannot think for yourself, then think for me. If what I have said were to occur, should I ever know another moment's happiness? No, never, though I regained my sight, as they say I may, and my place and my friends—all save one—and lived a hundred years."

Jason started at the thought, but there was no one to look upon his face under the force of it, and he wriggled with it and threw it off.  
"But you will come back," he said.  
"If the dispatch comes while you are away, I will say that you are coming, and you will come."

"I may never come back," said Sunlocks. "Only think, my lad. This is winter, and we are on the verge of the Arctic seas, with five and thirty miles of water dividing us from the mainland. He would be a bold man who would count for a day on whether in which a little fishing smack could live. And a storm might come up and keep me back."

"The same storm that would keep you back," said Jason, "would keep back the dispatch. But why hunt after these chances. Have you any reason to fear that the dispatch will come today, or tomorrow, or the next day? No, you have none. Then go, and for form's sake—just that, no more, no less—let me wait here until you return."

There was another moment's silence, and then Sunlocks said, "Is that the condition of my going?"  
"Yes," said Jason.  
"Did this old priest impose it?" asked Sunlocks.

Jason hesitated a moment, and answered, "Yes."  
"Then I won't go," said Sunlocks, stoutly.

"If you don't," said Jason, "you will break poor old Adam's heart, for I myself will tell him that you might have come to him, and you would not."

"Will you tell him why I would not?" said Sunlocks.  
"No," said Jason.

There was a pause, and then Jason said, very tenderly, "Will you go, Sunlocks?"  
And Sunlocks answered, "Yes."

Jason slept on the form over against the narrow wooden bed of Michael Sunlocks. He lay down at midnight, and awoke four hours later. Then he stepped to the door and looked out. The night was calm and beautiful; the moon was shining, and the little world of Grimsey slept white and quiet under its covert of snow. Snow on the roof, snow in the valley, snow on the mountains so clear against the sky and the stars; no wind, no breeze, no sound on earth and in air save the steady chime of the sea below.

It was too early yet, and Jason went back into the house. He did not lie down again lest he should oversleep himself, but sat on his form and waited. All was silent in the home of the priest. Jason could hear nothing but the steady breathing of Sunlocks as he slept.

After a while it began to snow, and then the moon went out, and the night became very dark.  
"Now is the time," thought Jason, and after hanging a sheepskin over the little skin-covered window, he lit a candle and awakened Sunlocks.

Sunlocks rose and dressed himself without much speaking, and sometimes he sighed like a down-hearted man. But Jason rattled on with idle talk, and kindled a fire and made some coffee. And when this was done he stumbled his way through the long passages of the Iceland house until he came upon Greeba's room, and there he knocked softly, and she answered him.

She was ready, for she had not been to bed, and about her shoulders and across her breast was a sling of sheepskin, wherein she meant to carry her little Michael as he slept.

"All is ready," he whispered. "Can she be recovered?"  
"Yes, the apothecary from Husavik said so," she answered.

"Then have no fear. Tell him who you are, for he loves you still."

And hearing this, Greeba began to cry for joy, and to thank God that the days of her waiting were over at last.

"Two years I have lived alone," she said, "in the solitude of a loveless life and the death of a heartless home. My love has been silent all this weary, weary time, but it is to be silent no longer. At last! At last! My husband has come at last! My husband will forgive me for the deception I have practiced upon him. How can he hate me for loving him to all lengths and ends of love? Oh, that the blessed spirit that counts the throbbings of the heart would but count my life from today—today, today—wiping out all that is past, and leaving only the white page of what is to come."

Then from crying she fell to laughing, as softly and as gently as if her heart grudged her voice the joy of it. She was like a child who is to wear a new feather on the morrow, and is counting the minutes until that morrow comes, too impatient to rest, and afraid to sleep lest she should awake too late. And Jason stood aside and heard both her weeping and her laughter.

He went back to Sunlocks, and found him yet more sad than before.  
"Only to think," said Sunlocks, "that you, whom I thought my worst enemy, you that once followed me to slay me, should be the man of all men to risk your life for me."

"Yes, life is a fine lottery, isn't it?" said Jason, and he laughed.  
"How the Almighty God tears our little passions to tatters," said Sunlocks, "and works His own ends in spite of them."

When all was ready, Jason blew out the candle, and led Sunlocks to the porch. Greeba was there, with little Michael breathing softly from the sling at her breast.

Jason opened the door. "It's very dark," he whispered, "and it is still two hours before dawn. Sunlocks, if you had your sight already, you could not see one step before you. So give your hand to this good woman, and whatever happens hereafter never, never let it go."

And with that he joined their hands.  
"Does she know my way?" said Sunlocks.

"She knows the way for both of you," said Jason. "And now go. Down at the jetty you will find two men waiting for you. Stop! Have you any money?"

"Yes," said Greeba.  
"Give some to the men," said Jason. "Good-bye. I promised them a hundred kroner. Good-bye! Tell them to drop down the bay as silently as they can. Good-bye!"

"Come," said Greeba, and she drew at the hand of Sunlocks.  
"Good-bye! Good-bye!" said Jason.

Sunlocks held back a moment and then in a voice that faltered and broke he said, "Jason—kiss me."

At the next meeting they were gone into the darkness and falling snow. Sunlocks and Greeba, hand in hand, and their child slept as its mother's bosom.

Jason stood a long hour at the open door, and listened. He heard the footsteps die away; he heard the cheak of the crazy wooden jetty; he heard the light splash of the oars as the boat moved off; he heard the clank of the chains as the anchor was lifted; he heard the oars again as the little smack moved down the bay, and not another sound came to his ear through the silence of the night.

He looked across the headland to where the sloop of war lay outside, and he saw her lights, and their two white waterways, like pillars of silver, over the sea. All was quiet about her.

Still he stood and listened until the last faint sound of the oars had gone. By this time a woolly light had begun to creep over the mountain tops, and a light breeze came down from them.

"It is dawn," thought Jason. "They are safe."  
He went back into the house, pulled down the sheepskin from the window, and lit the candle again. After a search he found paper and pens and wax in a cupboard and sat down to write. His hand was hard, he had never been to school, and he could barely form the letters and spell the words. This was what he wrote:

"Whatever you hear, fear not for me. I have escaped, and am safe. But do not expect to see me. I can never rejoin you, for I dare not be seen. And you are going back to your beautiful island, but dear old Iceland is the only place for me. Greeba, good-bye; I shall never lose heart. Sunlocks, she has loved you, you only, all the days of her life. Good-bye. I am well and happy. God bless you both."

Having written and sealed this letter, he marked it with a cross for superscription, touched it with his lips, laid it back on the table and put a key on top of it. Then he rested his head on his hands, and for some minutes afterwards he was lost to himself in thought. "They would tell him to lie down," he thought, "and now he must be asleep. When he awakes he will be out at sea, far out, and all sail set. Before long he will find that he has been betrayed, and demand to be brought back. But they will not heed his anger, for she will have talked with them. Next week or the week after they will put in at Shetlands, and there he will get my letter. Then his face will brighten with joy, and he will cry, 'To home! To home!' And then—even then—why not? His sight will come back to him, and he will open his eyes and find his dream come true, and her dear face looking up at him. At that he will cry, 'Greeba, Greeba, my Greeba,' and she will fall into his arms, and he will pluck her to his breast. Then the wind will come sweeping down from the North Sea, and belly out the sail until it sings and the ropes crack and the blocks creak. And the good ship will fly

along the waters like a bird to the home of the sun. Home! Home! England! England, and the little green island of her sea!"  
"God bless them both," he said aloud, in a voice like a sob, but he leapt to his feet, unable to bear the flow of his thoughts. He put back the paper and pens into the cupboard, and while he was doing so he came upon a bottle of brandy. He took it out and laughed, and drew the cork to take a draught. But he put it down on the table untouched. "No," he said to himself, and then he stepped to the door and opened it.

The snow had ceased to fall and the day was breaking. Great shivering waifs of vapor crept along the mountain sides, and the valley was veiled in mist. But the sea was clear and peaceful, and the sloop of war lay on its dark bosom as before.

"Now for the signal," thought Jason.  
In less than a minute afterwards the flag was floating from the flag-staff, and Jason stood waiting for the ship's answer. It came in due course, a clear-toned bell that rang out over the quiet water and echoed across the land.

"It's done," thought Jason, and he went back into the house. Lifting up the brandy-bottle, he took a long draught of it, and laughed as he did so. Then a longer draught, and laughed yet louder. Still another draught, and another, until the bottle was emptied, and he flung it on the floor.

After that he picked up the key and little house rang with his thick voice and his peals of wild laughter.

The old priest came out of his room in his nightshirt with a lighted candle in his hand.  
"God bless me, what's this?" cried the old man.

"What's this? Why, your bondman, your bondman, and the key, the key," shouted Jason, and he laughed once more. "Do you think you would never see it again? Did you think I would run away and leave you? Not I, old mole, not I."

"God bless me, gone?" said the priest, glancing fearfully into the room.  
"Gone? Why, yes, of course he has gone," laughed Jason. "They have both gone."

"Both!" said the priest, looking up inquiringly, and at sight of his face Jason laughed louder than ever.  
"So you didn't see it, old mole?"  
"See what?"  
"That she was his wife?"  
"His wife? Who?"  
"Why, your housekeeper, as you called her."

"God bless my soul! And when are they coming back?"  
"They are never coming back."  
"I have taken care that they never can."

"Dear me! dear me! What does it all mean?"  
"It means that the dispatch is on its way from Reykjavik, and will be here today. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Today? God save us! And do you intend—no, it cannot be—and yet do you intend to die instead of hang?" he roared the best.  
"Well, what of that? It's nothing to you, is it. And as for myself, there are old scores against me, and if death had not come to me soon, I should have gone to it."

"I'll not stand by and witness it."  
"You will, you shall, you must. And listen—here is a letter. It is for him. Address it to her by the first ship to the Shetlands. The Thora, Shetlands—that will do. And now bring me some more of your brandy, will you, to put myself in Jason's place."

The sailors drew up in a line on a piece of flat ground in front of the house whereon the snow was trodden hard. Jason came out looking strong and content. His step was firm, and his face was defiant. Fate had dogged him all his days. Only in one place, only in one hour, could he meet and beat it. This was that place, and this was that hour. He was solemn enough at last.

By his side the old priest walked, with his white head bent and his nervous hands clasped together. He was mumbling the prayers for the dying in a voice that trembled and broke. The morning was clear and cold, and all the world around was white and peaceful.

Jason took up his stand, and folded his arms behind him. As he did so the sun broke through the clouds and lit up his uplifted face and his long red hair like blood.

The sailors fired and fell. He took their shots into his heart, the biggest heart for good or ill that ever beat in the breast of man.

VII.  
Within an hour there was a great commotion on that quiet spot. Jorgen Jorgensen had come, but come too late. One glance told him everything. His order had been executed, but Sunlocks was gone and Jason was dead. Where were his miserable fears now? Where was his petty hate? Both his enemies had escaped him, and his little soul shrivelled up at sight of the wreck of their mighty passions.

"What does this mean?" he asked, looking stupidly around him.  
And the old priest, transformed in one instant from the poor, timid thing

he had been, turned upon him with the courage of a lion.  
"It means," he said, face to face with him, "that I am a wretched coward and you are a damned tyrant."  
While they stood together so, the report of a cannon came from the bay. It was a loud detonation, that seemed to heave the sea and shake the island. Jorgen knew what it meant. It meant that the English man-of-war had come.

The Danish sloop struck her colors, and Adam Fairbrother came ashore. He heard what had happened, and gathered with the others where Jason lay with his calm face towards the sky. And going down on his knees he whispered into the deaf ear, "My brave lad, your troubled life is over, your stormy soul is in its rest. Sleep on, sleep well, sleep in peace. God will not forget you."

Then rising to his feet he looked around and said: "If any man thinks that this world is not founded in justice, let him come here and see: There stands the man who is called the Governor of Iceland, and here lies his only kinsmen in all the wide wilderness of men. The one is alive, the other is dead; the one is living in power and plenty, the other died like a hunted beast. But which do you choose to be: The man who has the world at his feet or the man who lies at the feet of the world?"

Jorgen Jorgensen only dropped his head while old Adam's lash fell over him. And turning upon him with heat of voice, old Adam cried, "Away with you! Go back to the place of your power. There is no one now to take it from you. But carry this word with you for your warning: Heap up your gold mine like the mire of the streets, grown mighty and powerful beyond any man living, and when all is done you shall be an execration and a curse and a reproach, and the poorest outcast on life's highway shall cry with me, 'Any fate, oh, merciful heaven, but not that! not that!' Away with you, anyway! Take your wicked feet away, for this is holy ground!"

And Jorgen Jorgensen turned about in an instant, and went off hurriedly, with his face to the earth, like a whipped dog.

VIII.  
They buried Jason in a piece of unthought ground over against the little wooden church. Sir Sigfus dug the grave with his own hands. It was a bed of solid lava, and in that pit of old fire they laid that young heart of flame. The sky was blue and the sun shone on the snow so white and beautiful. It had been a dark midnight when Jason came into the world, but it was a glorious morning when he went out of it.

The good priest learning the truth from old Adam, that Jason had loved Greeba, bethought him a way to remember the dead man's life secret at the last. He got twelve Iceland maidens and taught them an English hymn. They could not understand the words of it, but they learned to sing more to an English tune. And, clad in white, they stood around the grave of Jason, and sang these words in the tongue he loved the best:

Bears like an ever rolling stream,  
Bears all our sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

On the island rock of old Grimsey, close to the margin of the Arctic sea, there is a pyramid of lava blocks, now honey-combed and moss-covered, over Jason's rest. And to this day the place of it is called "The place of Red Jason."

(The End.)  
From Glory to the Junk Pile.  
The value of a cup defender after she has won the American cup and maintained the honor and supremacy of Yankee boat building, was aired in the supreme court in New York the other day. Like the broken-down race horse, the cup defender was relegated to the junk pile after she had outlived her usefulness. William Strickler is suing J. Oliver Iselin to recover \$500 commission claimed on the sale of the Defender. Mr. Strickler, on the witness stand, said he had heard Mr. Iselin wanted to sell the Defender for junk, and he introduced M. Samuels & Sons, who bought the \$150,000 boat of two years ago for \$50,000. The jury, after a few minutes' retirement, returned a verdict for Mr. Iselin.

He Took Its Measure.  
Apropos of Irving's revival of "Coriolanus" and the moderate success which it met, it is related that just before the production, Sir Henry Irving, Sir Alexander McKenzie, who wrote the music, and Sir Alma Tadema, who designed the scenery, were holding a conference on the stage one afternoon. A super, who stood near, said to his chums: "Three blooming knights. 'Yes,' said the other, 'and three blooming nights is about all the blooming piece will run.'"

Valuable Biblical MSS.  
Parts of a magnificent manuscript of the gospel of St. Matthew were found last year near Sinope and bought for the Bibliotheque Nationale at Paris. Two of the pages which were missing have been recently discovered at Maripol, on the Sea of Azov, and bought by the local museum. The volume was made of vellum, tinted with purple and written in large golden uncials in Greek.

Mayflower Descendants.  
Mayflower descendants have organized a branch society in Wisconsin. To join the order one must be a lineal descendant of a passenger who came over to this country in 1620 and landed on the stormy New England coast in the winter of 1620. Of the new society, which has twenty-eight members, all but four are women.

Chicago's Thousands of Dead Letters.  
Postmaster Coyne, of Chicago, says that about 10,000 letters of local origin for local delivery are sent to the dead letter office from the Chicago postoffice every month because of the effective addresses and the failure of the writers to have their return cards on the envelopes.

Tacitus is praised by everybody because he praises nobody.

The most populous country, according to area, is Holland.

Be sure you are right—then pause a moment for reflection.

# Commoner Comment.

Extracts From W. J. Bryan's Paper.

## A Strange "Moulding Force."

General MacArthur's official report has been made public, and conveys the impression that after all we have not completely subjugated the Filipinos. General MacArthur says that the attitude of the people who have declared for peace, and that of the leaders of the federal party must not attributed "entirely to unreserved pro-Americanism." It would be unsafe, so General MacArthur thinks, "to assume the conservative forces as constant factors, the friendly operation of which can be relied upon irrespective of external influences."

(General MacArthur makes it very plain that the forces of neither the army or the navy should be reduced. He gives us a word of hope when he says: "In due time and beyond any question, if beneficial republican institutions are permitted to operate with full force, the Filipino people will become warmly attached to the United States by a sense of gratitude.")

We may obtain a hint as to the beneficial republican institutions which General MacArthur has in mind by his statement that "in the meantime the moulding forces in the islands must be a well organized army and navy." And General MacArthur assures us that "anything in the immediate future calculated to impede the activity or reduce the efficiency of these instruments will not only be a menace to the present but put in jeopardy the entire future of American possibilities in the archipelago."

It is rather strange to be told that in the opinion of representatives of the greatest republic on earth "beneficial republican institutions" are represented by a condition in which "the moulding force" is "a well organized army and navy." It may be true that under this "moulding force" the Filipinos could be subjugated, but it is open to serious doubt whether such a force would so operate upon the Filipino people that they would become "warmly attached to the United States by a sense of gratitude."

The Greatest Need of Cuba.  
A recent issue of the Chicago Tribune contains an editorial under the caption of "Cuba's Needs." It is not necessary to waste any time reading the editorial in question, for it does not come anywhere near setting forth the chief need of Cuba. That need is expressed clearly and fully in the resolution adopted by congress on April 18, and in the platform adopted by the republican national convention in 1896.

The congressional resolution declared that "The people of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent." Continuing, the resolution says: "That it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the government of the United States does demand, that the government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters. \* \* \* The United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is completed, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

The republican national platform of 1896 said: "From the hour of achieving their own independence, the people of the United States have regarded with sympathy the struggles of other American peoples to free themselves from European domination. We watch with deep and abiding interest the heroic battle of Cuban patriots against cruelty and oppression, and our best hopes go out to the full success of their determined contest for liberty." What does Cuba need? Merely the fulfillment of a solemn congressional pledge and the carrying out of the platform upon which the present administration rode into power the first time.

During the "dark democratic days" of 1895 the republican organs shed barrels of bitter ink over the woes of the woolgrowers, who had been "ruined" by free wool. But in August, 1895, medium grade wool was quoted at from 16 to 24 cents on the Boston market. Wool is now "protected" to the limit, yet strange to say medium grade wool in August of 1901 is quoted on the Boston market at from 11 to 17 cents. Has the Dingley law slipped another cog?

Mr. Alger declared with vehemence that he would not resign, and then retired to private life to write a history of embalmed beef. Secretary Long denies with emphasis that he is to retire from the cabinet, which gives rise to the suspicion that we are soon to have another naval history of the war with Spain.

A boat four thousand years old has been brought to New York from Egypt. The motive of those who brought it over is not known but perhaps they expect to hold it until Uncle Sam gets into another war and then sell it to him for use as an army transport.

Those San Francisco smelter robbers failed to make their steal plant profitable. They should have engineered things so as to secure protection for their industry.

The democrats of Maryland did not have to worry about the negro vote in that state until the gold democrats began to support the republican ticket.

The Iowa republican convention "resolved" against trusts. Up to date the trusts have not shown any symptoms of heart failure.

## A Forgotten Truth.

The Gallatin Democrat, of Shawneetown, Illinois, has resurrected an old speech made by President, then Congressman, McKinley. The following extract shows how the president has changed for the worst during the last decade:

"Human rights and constitutional privileges must not be forgotten in our race for wealth for commercial supremacy. The government of the people must be by the people, and not by a few of the people. It must be by the consent of the governed, and of all the governed. Power, it must not be forgotten, which is secured by wrong or usurpation, is soon dethroned. We have no right in law or morals to usurp that which belongs to another, whether it be property or power."

This is sound doctrine, but it is entirely out of harmony with republican policies at this time. When we outgrew the Declaration of Independence and the constitution, we outgrew high ideals that all parties formerly appealed to and the patriotic expressions of those who formerly aspired to leadership.

Neely Will Probably Go Free.  
The United States district attorney announces that he does not think that Neely, the republican politician charged with Cuban frauds, can be convicted. It has been discovered that there is no authority to require witnesses to go to Cuba to testify against Neely and the witnesses decline to go. It will be remembered that during the campaign it was repeatedly stated by republican politicians that the prosecution of Neely would be carried on with all possible vigor. At the same time, however, it was freely predicted that Neely would not be convicted. The predictions appear to have had good foundation.

Best Form of Giving and Receiving.  
On August 6th the Standard Oil company declared a dividend of 8 per cent. This brings the dividends for this company for the year 1901 up to 40 per cent. It is estimated that the dividends for this year will reach 50 per cent. John D. Rockefeller's share in the dividend for August 6th is said to have been \$3,300,000. Not long ago Mr. Rockefeller said that the best form of giving was the payment of wages. It cannot be doubted that Mr. Rockefeller is fully convinced that the best form of receiving is Standard Oil dividends.

The Maryland democrats met in state convention and adopted a platform which dealt entirely with state issues. Aside from a general endorsement of "Jeffersonian principles" the platform makes no reference to national questions. As the legislature elected this fall will choose a United States senator some reference should have been made to the questions upon which the senator will have to act. If Mr. Gorman is elected he may feel free to construe Jeffersonian principles to suit himself. An endorsement of the Kansas City platform would have given the public some idea as to what to expect in the way of national legislation in case of democratic success.

Owing to the fact that the congressional elections are more than a year in the future, the g. o. p. managers are not worrying themselves graver over the steel strike situation. The wise wage worker will postpone his strikes until such time as the g. o. p. managers realize the necessity for action.

Laboring men who were deceived by the "full dinnerpail" and "protection to American industry" slogans in 1900 are earnestly requested to look into the dinnerpails of the striking steel workers, and to note the actions of the gigantic steel trust "infant."

General Kitchener has issued another proclamation, this time to the effect that hereafter all Boers captured with arms will be transported for life. Kitchener will now proceed to capture before he can transport.

The federal judge who sent a striker to jail for asking a fellow laborer to stand by him would shudder violently at the idea of sending to jail a trust magnate who asked another trust magnate to stand by him under similar conditions.

The steel trust is capitalized for \$1,000,000,000 and arbitrarily fixes prices and wages so as to pay dividends on that enormous sum. But what is the assessed value for taxation purposes of the steel trust's property?

"We assert the sovereignty of the people over all corporations and aggregations of capital," says the Iowa republican platform. What humorous things those Iowa republican platform makers can say.

It is well to make note of the fact that the navy bureaucrats are doing most of the fluttering.

Adjutant-General Corbin will represent the United States army at the coronation of King Edward. The wise Englishman will not, however, form his opinions of our army by the sample sent over.

Naturally the republican organs and orators fly to the aid of Senator McLaurin. The old adage about birds of a feather still holds good.

Senator McLaurin is entitled to some sympathy. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat has rushed to his defense.