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IN THE LIVES OF MEN

DR. MALLORY

THE UNDAUNTED

# IN THE LIVES OF MEN

BY

ALAN HART



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To the family  
at number thirty-five.



Whatever, in connection with my professional practice, or not in connection with it, I may see or hear in the lives of men which ought not to be spoken abroad, I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret.

—*The Oath of Hippocrates.*

# I

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## *Fairharbor, City of Destiny.*

Boring through the crowd, a valise in either hand, young Jim Winforth came to a sudden stop at the end of the station platform and stared up at the huge white wooden arch which bore this legend in bold black letters. A grin twitched at the corners of his wide mouth. The old town was putting on airs.

Jim glanced around looking for his father, and saw near at hand three pretentious hotel buses, each painted with vividly colored pictures of Mount Sehoma, the highest peak in the Cascades, and each drawn by a spanking team of bay horses with copped tails and tight checkreins. Beyond them were a handful of cabs for hire and then a few private carriages. Here the young man's gaze fell upon his mother's erect full-bosomed figure.

He saw her lean forward sharply to speak to her driver, and a little gleam of amusement flickered in his dark eyes as he watched Cap Jones' familiar figure climb slowly down from the front seat of the surrey and start toward him. Any suggestion that he belonged to the servant class had always annoyed Cap. "By gum," he was in the habit of saying, "I may work for Doc Winforth's wife, but I ain't no flunkey."

Between the cramped wheels of the carriage Jim paused to



look up at his mother. A handsome woman of forty-eight whose dark brown hair showed only a strand of gray here and there, she was smiling down at him complacently.

"Well, mother," he said, reaching up to kiss her cheek. "How are you? Have you been waiting long?" He glanced back at the crowded platform. "I guess I must have missed dad in the jam."

The smile on Mrs. Winforth's face died away. "Your father was called out at supper time and couldn't come down."

"I'll bet it was a confinement, wasn't it? That's the sort of thing that catches a man at the table."

"I'm sure I don't know. I never ask your father about his cases. Hurry, Cap, and get ahead of the other teams. I'm almost smothered with dust."

Jim was about to say he was sorry to have inconvenienced her when he remembered that his mother always had complained about the things she liked to do.

"There's a big crowd here tonight, isn't there?"

"Oh, about as usual, I think. There are two thousand people coming in from the east every month, they say, now that the switchback over the mountains has been finished and trains don't have to go down the Columbia to Portland and then back north. Fairharbor is three times as large as it was when you went away eight years ago. The real estate men are rushed to death. Mrs. Bain says her husband never gets to bed before midnight any more."

His brown eyes twinkling, Jim climbed up and sat down beside his mother. It was evident that she enjoyed boasting of the boom, and no wonder, for as long as he could remember she had insisted that Fairharbor would eventually be the metropolis of the Puget Sound country and the terminus of the Northwestern Pacific Railroad.

The carriage rolled out into lower Pacific Avenue. Jim remembered this street as a narrow lane winding among tall fir stumps. Here he had waded in forbidden puddles and picked wild blackberries in season, and somewhere down here, he recalled, a drunken logger had fallen face down in the mud one

winter night and suffocated. But now it was a business thoroughfare lined with new brick buildings and tall false-front stores and saloons. Beneath the carriage wheels the loose planking rumbled noisily. The steep bluff that formed the east side of the avenue was cut at intervals by precipitous cross streets Jim had never seen before. On the wooden sidewalks a dense throng of men milled up and down; at the clatter of hoofs they turned to stare for a moment, then resumed their loud talk and hurried on.

"It certainly looks like a boom town, all right."

Deborah Winforth smiled in satisfaction. "I always told your father Fairharbor would be a city one day. And now he sees that I was right. As soon as the railroad got through, things began to change."

A familiar acrid odor filled Jim's nostrils. On vacant lots along the avenue he could see stumps burning in the twilight.

"That corner is being cleared for a new furniture store," observed Mrs. Winforth proudly. "And the new headquarters building for the railway is going up on the next block."

Jim turned to look at the shell of brick and mortar and was thrown half out of his seat when the carriage jerked to a sudden stop. A horse car, lurching crazily out of one of the steep side streets, tore across the avenue, clearing the noses of the Winforth team by an inch. Jim caught a glimpse of the driver sawing at the lines and staring back with startled eyes.

"My goodness, such recklessness!" exclaimed Deborah. "Can't you be more careful, Cap? We'll be run into one of these days if you're not."

Before he could say "Yes, ma'am," Jones was obliged to discharge a mouthful of saliva and tobacco juice, and young Winforth remembered that this was the land of almost universal tobacco chewing.

Cap clucked to the horses and wrapped the reins more firmly about his hands. "Somebody told me they was goin' to fire that feller. He has a runaway with his car pretty near every week."

But this news made little impression on Jim's mind for he



had just recalled the day when he and Max Fischer had tried a plug of Horseshoe in the barn at the foot of the garden with very uncomfortable results. At the recollection he chuckled softly.

Mrs. Winforth glanced at her son questioningly. She regretted that he was not tall like his grandfather Peters, but the energy of his compact body and luminous dark eyes would partly compensate for the four inches he fell short of her father's six feet. And he had a strong face with high cheek bones and white teeth and a wide mouth like her own. There was a sort of maleness about him that would appeal to women, and Deborah reflected with pleasure that this would be good for the practice.

Moved by a passing warmth, she spoke softly. "I'm glad you're home. We need you, your father and I. It's been dreary since Patricia passed away, with you and Margery both gone."

These words and the sigh that went with them threw Jim into confusion. He doubted whether he had thought twice of his defective younger sister since he left home and he had certainly felt no grief when his father wrote that she was dead. But now it appeared that he was expected to say something sympathetic and he was embarrassed that he could think of nothing.

Mrs. Winforth sighed heavily again. "I suppose the poor child is better off, but it's hard for a mother to think so."

In the dusk her son stared at her curiously. Was she really mourning the girl whose existence she had always done her best to ignore?

The team wheeled sharply to the left, off the planking into the deep dust of a cross street, and began to climb a steep hill.

"How did you think Margery looked when you saw her last week?"

At this question Jim started. Suddenly the tale he had concocted to account for his failure to see his sister in New York seemed thin and unbelievable.

"Well, mother, to . . . to tell the truth, I didn't see her. You see, the boat was late docking and I had only twenty-four

hours in town and a thousand things to do." The young man hurried on enumerating his errands to instrument dealers and surgical supply houses, trying to make the recital convincingly detailed. "I asked her to meet me at the hotel and have dinner with me, but she couldn't get away."

Deborah emitted another sigh and Jim knew at once that she did not believe him.

"I should have thought you would have stayed over, if necessary, to see your only sister. She was barely thirteen when you left home, and now that Patricia is gone you two are all that are left of our family."

Jim frowned in helpless resentment. Why must she drag Patricia into everything, and why couldn't she accept what he had told her? What if he had stepped out that night in New York with some fellows he'd known in medical school and had more to drink than he should? Every man went on the loose now and then and women would be wise to conceal their doubts. If he ever married he would see to it that his wife did not ask such questions.

Nervously he stroked the short stiff black mustache he had grown in Vienna. He'd better not invent any more excuses. It would do no good. His mother had always been able to tangle him up and make a fool out of him. He turned half-way round in the seat and looked behind. They were now almost on the crest of First Hill, and Fairharbor and its half-moon bay lay below them. That long streak of white lights was Pacific Avenue, and back of it, among the hills sloping up from the harbor, arc lights flickered in the dusk. From the waterfront rose a loud hum—the sound of the jostling crowds on the street.

Cap Jones turned to the right and drove north again, paralleling the bay.

"It seems funny not to go on back of the hill, to the old house," said Jim in a voice he meant to be conciliatory.

"I was glad to see the last of that place," said his mother coolly. "That dreadful old house, almost impossible to keep clean, and so old-fashioned and inconvenient! Where we are



now we have a wonderful view of the harbor and the mountains. And the location is much nicer for your father, too. . . . Here's the old Fischer house. You remember it, of course, and Max and Christopher."

Jim started again, and it took him a moment to realize that his mother could not possibly know that his chief recollection of the Fischer boys concerned their experiments with Horseshoe Plug and certain anatomical investigations carried on in the Winforth barn with the co-operation of two small girls of their own age.

"Oh, yes, mother. I wonder where they are. I haven't seen them for a long time."

"Why, they're both here in Fairharbor. Mr. Fischer moved the company headquarters out here two years ago and Max, I understand, is in the offices and Christopher in the camps on the peninsula."

Jim's dark eyes gleamed with amusement. "Well, that's where Chris belongs—out in the brush."

Mrs. Winforth looked severe. "You shouldn't speak like that. Christopher will be an important man in the lumber business someday."

"When I knew him Chris was a fathead," insisted Jim. "He could never make his grades in school, and he flunked out of college. Max was all right but Chris was never any good."

Deborah refrained from saying anything more about the Fischers. Her son had been away from her for a long time and he had come back a man. She must manage him, of course, but she must do it without letting him know what she was doing. He could be very useful in consolidating her social position in Fairharbor. There was no catch like an eligible young bachelor.

"This is Mr. Archibald's new house, Jim. And the one across the street is the Bains'. He is a real estate man and they have a nice looking daughter. I hear they are trying to make a match between her and Frederick Archibald. . . . That big place you see over there is Mr. Ramsden's. He is president of the land company and very rich. And just next



door is the Benedicts'. She has such an attractive girl visiting her this summer—a niece, from Ohio. . . . That is the Radford home. He is planning to build a smelter here. . . . And here is our new house."

Cap Jones swung the team across the crosswalk with a flourish and Jim looked up at the home he had never seen. Square, three stories high, with a rounded tower at each front corner and a metal cock's comb along the ridge of the roof, it towered up in the glare of the sputtering arc lamp on the corner like an ugly forbidding fortress.

"Well, you're right in the middle of the royal families, anyhow."

"'Royal families!' What an expression! I don't know what you mean." There was as much displeasure in Mrs. Winforth's voice as though she had never heard her husband speak in these terms of the Fairharbor plutocracy.

Jim laughed uneasily. He could hardly tell her he had picked up the expression from his father's letters.

"Oh, that's what some people call that crowd. And, at that, it's better than the name the men on the skidroad used to have for the swells—'the dog salmon aristocracy.'"

He saw Deborah stiffen, her black-lashed hazel eyes hot and angry. And, seeing this, he asked himself why he always had this impulse to annoy her. He could gain nothing by speaking with contempt of the people she admired, and after all he had nothing against the Bains and the Ramsdens and the Benedicts, who were only names to him, while he had gone to school with Fred Archibald and the Fischer boys and chummed with Max when they were in the eighth grade. Half-repentant, he said he would look up Chris and Max right away.

At the foot of the porch steps Cap climbed down slowly to take out Jim's valises, but Mrs. Winforth sat waiting for her son to help her descend from the carriage before she led the way proudly into her new home.

## II

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LATER that evening, when his mother had gone up to bed, Jim left the stuffy sitting room with its red velvet drapes and Brussels carpet and went out on the porch to wait for his father. Even at this distance from Pacific Avenue he could hear murmurous sounds as though some huge animal were stirring in the streets. On the tideflats along the waterfront, like bright flame-colored eyes in the night, he could see the waste burners of the sawmills, and in the cool breeze that blew fitfully up the hill from the bay he caught the familiar scent of salt water.

He stretched his train-cramped legs comfortably and took a deep breath of the fresh mild air. It was good to be home again. Not that he hadn't liked his classmates in medical school in New York or enjoyed his two years in Vienna and the glimpses he had had of Paris and Leipzig and Berlin; but there was something about this western country, once a man knew it, that made him homesick whenever he went away. Here was Fairharbor—booming, bustling, exuding an optimism that would make anyone feel like dusting around, trying to amount to something.

Tomorrow morning Jim meant to get to work. In the west a man stood on his own feet or went down. For that Jim was prepared. He had an excellent education, and if he failed it



would be nobody's fault but his own. But he did not intend to fail. There was a place waiting for him, he was not afraid to take his chances. Not every young doctor starting out had such an opportunity. And fewer still had fathers like his.

Jim had always been close to James Anthony. Even when he was still too small to go to school he had gone with his father on his trips into the woods and to the ranches and villages around the Sound. These journeys the boy found prodigiously exciting, for Dr. Winforth was sent for only when there was trouble—cut heads to be sewn up, sick people to be tended, fingers and toes the loggers had chopped off to be put back on, broken bones to be set. Before he was out of knee trousers Jim knew all about the skidroads on which the bull whackers hauled logs from the forest and had seen men crushed into bleeding jelly by falling trees. Nobody had to explain to him, as he grew older, why people called the part of town where the loggers holed up for the winter the skidroad.

Of all Fairharbor, this section had fascinated him most. There, on the lower avenue and the ramshackle side streets, during the rainy season when work in the camps stopped, the lumberjacks crowded into cheap hotels and lodging houses, and there once or twice a day they wolfed down cheap food and cup after cup of strong coffee in dingy lunch counters or Chinese restaurants. They were clean enough, these men from the woods, but their overalls were nearly always ragged and their shirts and mackinaws patched and worn. Sometimes they got drunk and fought with all the savagery of their ancestors, medieval Norsemen who hewed each other to pieces with axes. Jim could still remember one veteran of the logging camps who claimed to have had every tooth in his head knocked out except two incisors, one below the other, between which he held precariously the stem of a corn cob pipe.

The loggers were also tellers of tall tales to which the small boys of Fairharbor listened avidly. The woods bred stories of Gargantuan breakfasts—three dozen fried eggs to a man, and foot-high stacks of hot cakes—and strange metaphoric speech. Who but these skidroad "windjammers" would



call a horse a "hay-burner" or refer contemptuously to soft drinks as "bellywash" or ask a waiter for "cackleberries and grunts" when they meant eggs and bacon?

In the daytime the idle lumberjacks hung around the employment offices on lower Pacific Avenue and straggled boisterously in and out of pool rooms and saloons, but at night they lent their ears to soap box orators who held forth about trade unions and economics or to earnest long-haired evangelists who stood around portable organs and sang old-time hymns. Every evening a queue of men followed the Salvation Army band to its appointed corner and loitered there listening to the blue-uniformed zealots. But here and there along the street gentry of a different sort declaimed the marvellous powers of Santa Wanna's Lung Restorer, King of Consumption, or extracted teeth from victims so gagged and bound that they could not protest audibly.

Idly remembering these things, Jim grinned and ran his hands through his thick soft black hair. After all Fairharbor had been an interesting place to grow up in; very likely it would be just as interesting for a young physician starting out on his career.

It was after eleven o'clock when a buggy turned in from the street. It did not come up the new driveway to the house but went on toward the barn at the lower end of the yard and by that token Jim knew it was his father's.

Seeing no light when he drove up except the one in Deborah's room upstairs James Anthony had taken for granted that the boy had gone to bed too and grumbled to himself that this was no time for a man of his age to be coming home from a call and that he was too old to be prowling around like this at night when he was already worn out by a hard day in the office. But now, while he stood in the dark unhitching the second tug, he heard Jim calling, "Dad! Are you there?" and in a flash he forgot that he was tired, forgot the case he had been sweating over all evening, forgot that he was fifty years old and had a headache from worrying whether he had done the best thing

for that wretched woman he had just left. In the gloom of the barn he turned toward his son's voice and found a warm hand fumbling for his.

James Anthony and Jim, both tongue-tied by their emotions, stood silent, each thinking things he would have liked to say but did not know how. Over and over in the older man's brain rang the words, "It's Jim—my boy—home at last!" He lived again the moment when he had held his first-born in his arms and the day the baby had learned to walk and the eight years he had been away. But he said only, "Well, Jim, I'm glad you're back."

The doctor and his son were evenly matched for height, neither of them tall, but Jim's hair was thick and soft and black, his father's thin and wiry and gray. His brown eyes and smooth dark skin and thin muscular hands Jim had from his father too; only his wide thin-lipped mouth came from his mother—that and the abounding physical vigor which James Anthony often thought made him tired just to watch. Jim, Dr. Winforth had long suspected, would live almost as tempestuously as Deborah did.

The older man laughed softly for sheer delight in his son's presence and turned to take the mare out of the shafts.

"Why don't you call Cap and let him put up Daisy?"

James Anthony made a deprecatory gesture with one hand. "Well, Cap must 've been asleep for an hour or two and I don't suppose he likes to be routed out any more than I do. Besides, it'll only take a minute."

Once in the house Dr. Winforth led the way to the small study off the sitting room where he kept a few books and a desk and sometimes saw patients on Sunday or at night.

"Let me look at you, Jim. It's four years since I saw you."

The face that looked back at him was strong and sure of itself. At sight of the cleft in the chin James Anthony smiled, for Jim had once been desperately afraid it would turn into a dimple. The two watched each other for a moment, each searching for evidence of time's passage. The older face was softer than the boy's, its eyes kinder, its jaw less determined.



"You'll do, Jim." Winforth laughed quietly. "I guess you'll have to. No chance to exchange you for somebody else now." He hung up his derby hat and set down his heavy obstetrical kit. "Have a cigar? I got Jess to order me some of the brand you were smoking when I went back to see you four years ago." James Anthony held out the box. "Well, sit down and tell me what's new. You've been in Vienna and Paris and New York and all over the place since I stuck my nose out of Fairharbor."

Jim drew up a chair with relief. Somehow he had imagined that his father might ask an accounting of the time and money he had spent abroad; other fellows had told him their fathers had put on "a heavy act" when they were launching on their careers. And so Jim had made ready to confess his misdeeds, the loss of his virginity, the acquisition of a taste for good whiskey, even the dose of gonorrhea he had had the first year in Vienna. He was even prepared to promise the circumspect behavior Fairharbor required of young doctors. But he was glad that none of this was to be required of him, and in his relief it suddenly came to him that probably James Anthony had done the same things when he was young and therefore did not need a verbal confession.

With a new composure Jim lighted his cigar and held the match for his father.

"You always knew everything that was going on, I remember, dad. There's probably nothing I can tell you that you don't know already. Unless it's the new antiseptic everyone's making such a fuss about. Lots of men think it will replace carbolic, they say it isn't so irritating and has less absorption too. I believe it's a by-product of coal-tar. They call it Lysol. Funny sounding name."

James Anthony nodded.

"Then Billroth has come out with a new wrinkle in tuberculous abscesses. He opens wide, cures out clean, packs with iodoform and glycerine, and closes without drainage."

The older man nodded again, not mentioning the fact that he



had used much the same method with one of the Archibald girls in 1886.

"But what about Koch and his cure for consumption?"

"Not a word out of him when I left Vienna. All kinds of rumors about it but nothing more than rumors."

"Well, I wish the old fellow would find a cure for diphtheria." Dr. Winforth smoothed the gray hair above his forehead. "I lost a lot of youngsters with it last winter, and I hate losing children. But I guess I'm asking too much even for Robert Koch." James Anthony seemed to shake off his momentary depression. "Let me tell you, Jim, that I think we've done something more important in the United States than any of the things you mentioned just now. Welch has isolated the pneumonia germ and Halsted has got a decent rubber glove. I always scrubbed my hands till they were sore and in spite of it I had stitch abscesses every now and then. But now that I wear gloves when I operate I don't get those nasty little infections."

James Anthony leaned back, smiling over these American ideas. Then a yawn overtook him and he glanced at his watch. "Good Lord, it's midnight! We'd better be getting to bed. There'll be plenty of time to talk from now on."

Upstairs Dr. Winforth slipped quietly into the small room off Deborah's where he slept, and sat down absentmindedly on the edge of his bed. He could not help wondering whether his wife was really glad to see Jim again. She had never exhibited the traditional devotion of mother to son, and it seemed to James Anthony that both he and the boy were included in her general dislike of men. In her own way she had been proud of Jim's record in medical school but her husband knew quite well that she was far more concerned with Margery's career.

Winforth drew a deep breath and braced his hands on his knees. The real reason for this attitude, he was sure, was that Deborah had always blamed him for Patricia. Repeatedly she had told him there was no feeble-mindedness in her family and whenever he answered that such things might crop up oc-

casionally in any line of descent she had always smiled unbelievably. For years now he had watched this resentment at the defective child creeping into and coloring her attitude toward Margery and Jim. The girl Deborah meant should have her chance at any cost, the boy could do as he liked.

It seemed hardly possible that it was twenty-seven years since he had met her—a bright-faced girl of twenty-one—on a little steamer that carried passengers up and down the Sound. He had never been quite sure whether it was her lively interest in things around her or her abounding vitality that first attracted him. Her father and mother, quite countrified people, struck him as an honest, hard-working couple who deserved more for their pioneering than the little ranch they had been able to wrest from the wilderness, and her sisters were all healthy, young married women engrossed in their husbands and babies. He had drifted into marriage, James Anthony realized now; he had not really meant to propose to Deborah Peters and settle down in the hamlet of Fairharbor. But, for all that, they had been very happy until they discovered Patricia's condition.

And even now, in spite of their long-standing estrangement, he felt he owed his wife a good deal. For it was her unshakeable faith in the future of their town that had kept them there after the panic of '73 sent the prospects of the hoped-for railroad glimmering and during the early 80's when it seemed that Seaforth and not Fairharbor would be the Puget Sound terminus of the Northwestern Pacific. Left to himself, he admitted, he would probably have moved away and missed the big boom brought about by the completion of the railway and the influx of settlers from the east. It was no wonder Deborah felt that she had accomplished much for the Winforth family.

And now that they had their new home on Prospect Way among the aristocrats of the town, there would be only one thing left to make her satisfaction with life complete—Margery's successful debut in grand opera. On that Deborah's heart was set as it had never been set on anything else. She

was already talking of sending the girl abroad after another year or two in New York.

Slowly James Anthony took off his shoes, stealthily he set them down beside the bed. He did not want to wake his wife; he did not want to listen to her comments on Jim or her plans for Margery. Marriage had given them little in common, and his relationship with his son he cherished as something peculiarly his own in which Deborah could have no part.

Through the door between their rooms he could hear her heavy rhythmic breathing. A broad smile came over his face. How outraged she would be if he told her she snored! "Hitting the knots," the millhands called it.

Still smiling he stood up and began to empty his pockets noiselessly on the dresser. It was time he got to sleep for this was the day when the partnership of Winforth and Winforth, Physicians and Surgeons, was to be launched.



### III

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THE Fairharbor to which Jim Winforth had come home was indeed a town changed overnight into a city. Into it were pouring hundreds of visitors all eager for an opportunity to batten on the big boom, and upon these visitors the older settlers themselves grew fat. Conrad Bain, the real estate dealer, a fat pasty-faced man, boasted how he had made a fortune between 1887 and 1890 on an original investment of five dollars in office rent and bragged that he would make another in street railways. Ramsden, the presiding genius of the Fairharbor Land Company, a subsidiary of the Northwestern Pacific, had made so much in commissions that he was about to build a church in memory of his mother and to the glory of the name Ramsden. Waterfront listings soared and he who did not buy his lot today for a thousand dollars was likely to pay two thousand next month.

According to the land company's prospectus Fairharbor was to be not only the western terminus of the Northwestern Pacific but also the home port of a great fleet of steam and sail carrying lumber and fish and grain to Asia and South America and Europe and Australia, and as such it was in crying need of more merchants and bankers and manufacturers and ship chandlers and brokers and lawyers and capitalists and dentists and bookkeepers and even laborers. Westbound tourists in

Palace pullman and dining cars were beset with booklets describing the new El Dorado. There were even now twenty churches in the City of Destiny. Three new schools were going up, a college was projected, a public library offered twenty-five hundred books to prospective readers. Cable cars were about to replace horse cars as electricity had replaced gas, and Pacific Avenue would be paved before another winter. There were fifteen new brick business blocks under construction and three new theaters promised lavish entertainment for the next season. Nearly a thousand residences were being built and the new sixty-five thousand dollar Terminal Bay Hospital was almost completed. Real estate transactions in the past twelve months had amounted to more than fourteen million dollars, and Henry Archibald, local magnate, had now presented the city with twenty-eight acres of ground for a public park.

Rumors were afloat everywhere about Fairharbor. Men were said to have made fortunes by buying stump land on the outskirts of town and selling it when new subdivisions were opened on their property with torchlight parades and music by the brass band. John D. Rockefeller was so impressed with the City of Destiny that he bought waterfront footage, and Rudyard Kipling and Bill Nye came from far to marvel at this metropolis in the making.

There were other stories as well of more limited circulation. It was said that the wooden sidewalks and street plank-ing caught fire so often from discarded cigar butts that the chief of the fire department had refused to run to the fires any longer and demanded that the city council buy him a horse and buggy. Those citizens who did not approve of higher education complained because the principal of the high school started classes in Latin and geometry, and those who took the public morals seriously were vexed because the "Duke of Fairharbor," Rodman Montgomery, rich by inheritance from his father-in-law who had bought land for the railroad in the 70's, was buying statuary in Paris for the park Mr. Archibald had given the city and the report had it that two of the female figures were undraped. Even the more realistic were alarmed



when they read in the morning *Bugle* that an old man who distrusted banks and had buried his savings under a stump behind his cabin the other side of First Hill had been murdered for his money.

At the news that a new church was to be built at an intersection where there stood already a saloon, a theater, and the residence of a very large family, one of the wags of the lower avenue said the four would represent salvation, damnation, recreation, and creation; and the same man, upon observing that the church was to have four towers, said they must stand for the Father, Son, Holy Ghost, and the Fairharbor Land Company. A progressive barber on a side street, finding his business reduced by increasing competition, employed three good-looking young women to read the daily paper to his customers while they were shaved or shampooed, and by this means emptied every other shop in Fairharbor. It was even said that, when this new wrinkle was rumored in Honest John Erskine's saloon, every man there left his drink and rushed out to see if it was true.

Along "whiskey row," the Samson and Delilah bar where Fairharbor Republicans made their headquarters put in a new bar of cherry and mahogany. Not to be outdone, the Damifino across the street appeared with a horse-shoe bar gold and silver plated. In order to maintain its reputation as the toughest joint on the Sound during a summer when killings were scarce, Billy the Mug's staged a murder, bribing the victim to play dead at the sound of a blank cartridge.

The loggers on the skidroad complained when they heard that Mother Damnable had cleared fifteen thousand dollars in the last six months off her house down on Lava Flats and was about to sell out to a madame from Chicago who was called Diamond Mary because she had had two large diamonds set into her front teeth. The men grumbled for fear the new woman would raise prices and turn the pimps loose to rob her customers clean.

Before he had been home many weeks Jim Winforth could have added to these tales afloat in boomtime. Did he not



know, for example, that the Park Association was beset by financial difficulties and at loggerheads with the landscape gardener they had imported from New York who had turned out to be, so it was said, an anarchist and therefore quite unfitted to design anything for the City of Destiny? Did he not know also that a committee of worried citizens had written Rodman Montgomery that any female statuary destined for Archibald Park must be fully and properly clothed? Had he not seen the stern and pompous Ramsden, commonly referred to by the vulgar as H. T. (Hot Time) Ramsden, reduced to a panic-stricken old man by the discovery of a thirteen-year-old girl giving birth to an infant in the stable of his carriage house? And did he not have proof that H.T. did a thriving business in lots that lay in water fathoms deep at ebb tide?

Besides all this, he had been called in his father's absence to the bedside of Arthur Monteith, founder and president of the Savings and Loan Association, and had found the man so ill of pneumonia and so terrified of death that he eased a guilty conscience by confessing that he had faked suicide in Philadelphia and come west in order to escape a prison term for embezzlement. Jim had moreover attended Henry Archibald when he sat down on a loaded revolver and wounded his fat posterior, and he had given medical attention to one of Mother Damnable's girls who was black and blue from the beating young Frederick Archibald had given her. And more important than any of these things—Jim had earned the good will of Honest John Erskine, opium and Chinese smuggler, shanghaier and saloon keeper. He had assured the police after an autopsy on a sailor whose body had been found in a row boat under a wharf, that the dead man had expired from Bright's disease and not from poisoning. The fact that this statement was the truth revealed by the post mortem seemed to be beyond Honest John's capacity to understand.

Indeed Dr. Jim was now, at last, learning his home town. And at the same time he was learning to think for himself and to keep his mouth shut about most of what he knew.

## IV

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THE twice-a-week hops at the Fairharbor Hotel were as much a feature of summer in the City of Destiny as the cool nights that blessed the wooded hills above Terminal Bay. Thither came the young and the near-young with their chaperons, to dance and flirt and wander through the hotel gardens on the bluffs above the harbor. There all was done in seemly fashion; it was never necessary to run such notices in the *Bugle* as the one found in the *Seaforth Advertiser*. "There will be a dance at the St. Charles tomorrow night, to which the public are invited. No disreputable characters will be admitted." The "disreputable characters" who annoyed Seaforth society were barred from the Fairharbor balls by the simple expedient of requiring evening dress of all attendants, for certainly no disreputable person would possess a swallow-tail coat and all ladies who appeared in décolleté could be assumed to be as spotless morally as they were physically.

With the character of the dancers thus assured, the chaperons had only to sit in the lounges, glancing into the ball-room now and then but for the most part chatting or playing cards, while the younger set addressed themselves to the social preliminaries to reproduction. When the Fairharbor Hotel was first opened, before the big boom had actually begun, the *Advertiser* had sarcastically referred to it as "an imperial



boarding house imbedded in a sea of mud," thus disregarding entirely the fact that its lines were good and its proportions excellent. But the *Bugle* had retorted by pointing out that it had been furnished by Farnsworth of Philadelphia at a cost of fifty thousand dollars and that the oven would bake two hundred and fifty pies at once. Even so, in the first winter of its existence, when the mud on unplanked Pacific Avenue was so deep that bus, team, and driver must all be washed after every trip to the dock, the Fairharbor Hotel had begun to shed a certain glamour over its surroundings and now it had drawn into its focus much of the social life of the new city.

The grill was conceded to be modern and daring in the extreme. Under a low beamed ceiling, huge square pillars rose massively and on the rough stone walls were carved quotations from Omar Khayyam and slightly ribald verses. Young ladies whose escorts could pay the price of dinner here felt themselves sophisticated and cosmopolitan.

The bar was less unusual but even it boasted the presence of a tame black bear who wore a collar and astonished newcomers by stepping up to the bar and taking a mug of beer between his front paws and drinking it without spilling a drop. This accomplishment, however, contributed to Jock's untimely end, for one night the beast slipped his collar and lumbered out into the street where he was shot by a patrolman unaccustomed to meeting bears on his beat. But even in death Jock served the Fairharbor well, for his meat was barbecued and his skin was stuffed and put up in the lobby where visitors stared at it for many years.

The spacious lobby boasted two large stone fireplaces in which porters kept log fires constantly blazing and before them guests were always sprawling in deep leather chairs and divans. The guest rooms were many-windowed and a surprising number possessed connecting bathrooms, while maids came in at night to turn down the blankets and lay out sleeping garments—if they could find any. Some of the hardy pioneers still slept as God made them.

On the opposite side of the lobby from the grill was the



great ballroom and there on Wednesday and Saturday evenings during the summer gathered the youth of the "royal families" and such others as could scare up evening clothes, to dance and to appraise the members of the opposite sex. At first Jim went out very little. Intent on building up a practice and busy with his father's evening office hours, his need for social contacts was small. Besides, he had quite accidentally discovered a girl who was willing to minister to him without expecting him to marry her. A new recruit in an old profession, Mollie Sheridan had come to see the elder Winforth professionally and in his absence had consulted Jim instead. A little later she had not been loath to move into the Great Western Hotel and spend her days in leisure in return for spending a night now and then with Dr. Jim. All these factors kept Jim from attending the early hops but one evening early in July he appeared in company with Max and Christopher Fischer.

Max and Chris were tall blonde young men whose blue eyes and flaxen hair and pink-and-white faces made them look younger than they were, but the resemblance between them went no further. Max, the elder, was inclined to be liberal and thought himself something of an intellectual: he had read Henry George's *Progress and Poverty* and Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, he favored women's rights abstractly and approved the temperance movement because of the good it might do wage-earners who were prone to spend their money in Honest John's saloon and other dives of iniquity. His brother Christopher was slow witted and had an inclination to settle disagreements with his fists; he wasted no time pondering social problems, he was not encumbered with scruples, and he did not care how much his father's employees spent for liquor.

By contrast with these two, Jim seemed slight and dark and more adroit than either of them. Deft enough to avoid presentation to girls he thought likely to be wall flowers, he talked easily of opera and Vienna to the chaperons and smiled at the sight of other young men mopping their faces and swelter-

ing in heavy black suits and high collars. In the bar he listened to the caustic comments of a guest who had had more than he could carry well and had been asked by one of the patrons to hold his partners less closely.

"Damned, snotty little town! Putting on airs like the Four Hundred in New York!" he cried in a besotted voice, calling all who heard him to witness that Fairharbor was a nest of hypocrites. "Why, you even make the chippies stay over on Front Street in the afternoons. Now, in Seaforth, they come down Hemlock Way every day at three o'clock, a regular parade. But not here. Oh, no. You want to pretend there aren't any in Fairharbor. Damned if I wouldn't rather live in Seaforth!"

This was too much for the patriotic younger set and they ejected the critic from the bar and the hotel.

Once again in the ballroom, Jim's wandering eye fell upon a girl he had not noticed before. She had a mass of red-gold hair and a tilted nose, and she was dancing with a youth whom Jim did not know.

"Who is she?" he inquired of Max Fischer who had just come up beside him. "That girl in green over there."

Young Fischer smiled with an air of superiority. "Her name is Rachel Kingston. She's a niece of Mrs. Benedict's, out here for the summer. A daisy, isn't she?"

Jim agreed, and a little later when he had been presented to the young lady he agreed more heartily than before.

"Miss Kingston," he lied, "I've been watching you all evening. Do you know you're the best looking girl here tonight?"

Well brought-up and still a little shy, Rachel blushed at the hot, restless, dark eyes looking into hers. "You must not have seen many girls, Dr. Winforth."

"Oh, yes, I have. Too many." He picked up her program. "Have you a dance left, by any chance?" He looked down and came upon the name of the voluble critic who had just been put out. "Oh, here's one, thank goodness. This fellow won't be back, Miss Kingston. I saw him leaving a few minutes ago."

Something about the girl made him want to dance with no



one else. He talked and laughed and heard his own words without knowing what he had said, and after their dance he led her outside into the gardens and found a seat where they could look down over the bay.

Rachel told him she had always lived in Ohio but she admitted that she was thrilled with the west. The climate, the Sound, the trees, the city—everything was exciting and different, not cramped and crowded like the older part of the country. And Uncle Francis and Aunt Martha were lovely, they took her everywhere and showed her so many things she had never seen before. It would seem dull at home after this summer in Fairharbor.

Although he had meant to make love to her, Jim felt his desire to do so ebbing away. This frank, gay, young thing was so obviously unconscious of the effect she had on him that he drew a little away from her. Claspings his hands around one knee, he watched her as she talked. Hair like spun gold with a reddish cast, soft dead-white skin, blue eyes, and turned-up nose. He did not smell the fragrance of the roses in the garden or see the glowing sawdust burners on the tideflats below or the rows of lights climbing the hills back of the waterfront and ringing the harbor in their curve. But he was conscious of a sense of fate. He had come home to find this girl, she belonged here, she had been meant for him from the beginning.

They were still sitting there talking when they heard the orchestra playing *Home, Sweet Home*.

At Rachel's conscience-stricken cry that she had had the dance before this with Max Fischer, Jim laughed. "Well, if he didn't have sense enough to find you, he didn't deserve the dance."

But he gave her his arm and they started across the lawn. Then, in the dusk of a corner of the porch, he paused.

"When do I see you again? Couldn't I come around this afternoon and take you driving? There are a lot of places around here I'd like to show you."

Rachel laughed softly—a gay, rippling sound that sent little



shivers down his back. "Why, yes, Dr. Winforth, I'd love to go driving. . . . About three, then?"

But at three o'clock Jim was helping improvise an operating room in the Radford house. Mrs. Radford had been suddenly taken ill and, since her husband did not approve of hospitals, the Winforths were about to operate on her at home.

The patient obeyed all orders and made a good recovery for which she gave all due credit to her doctors. But Jim nursed a grudge against her, for Max had taken Rachel out that Sunday afternoon and now they were going everywhere together. But to put a spoke in Max's wheel was not to be thought of: they had been friends too long.

## V

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TOWARD mid-summer James Anthony spoke to Jim of an idea that had come into his mind.

"What would you say to fixing up your grandfather's old place across the Sound so you and I could go out there sometimes when things get too thick in town?"

Jim hesitated a moment. "But mother," he began.

"She hasn't anything to say about the ranch. When the old people died I bought it from her and her sisters. Cash in the bank is easier to split four ways than a brush farm. Besides, she wouldn't go near the place on a bet, now that she's got her new house in town." Dr. Winforth smiled in the fashion that his son was beginning to see covered a good deal of shrewdness. "Why don't you run over there next Sunday anyhow and take a look around?"

And so, three days later, Jim caught the early morning ferry for Port Gannon, as he had often done when he was a boy on his way to his grandfather's homestead. But when he disembarked at the mouth of Ten Mile creek he was a little startled to find that the straggling village he had known so well had changed into an ugly sawmill town with wharves and lumber yards strung along the waterfront and the millhands spending their Sunday leisure loafing around the pool hall and saloon or pitching horseshoes. And as soon as he struck out

upstream he realized that the lumber company had ravaged the whole countryside since he had seen it last.

Eight years before it had still been possible to walk the four miles from the Sound to the ranch on huge fallen tree trunks without setting foot to the ground. John Peters had, indeed, cleared a road for hauling in supplies but it was narrow and winding and bordered on each side by towering cedars and Douglas firs. Only in the alder flat along the creek did any trees grow except evergreens. And all the years he had been away Jim had remembered this dense, dimly lit forest whose floor was thick with down-timber and vine-maple and wild flowers in their season. It was too late now for spring beauties or rhododendron but Jim caught himself watching every rocky point for bright yellow stonecrop and sniffing the warm air for the subtle fragrance of thimbleberry.

But the forest was gone. The tall firs and cedars had been sawed off at shoulder height, and among the stumps and dead brush and charred logs there grew nothing but a tangled stand of wild vetch and the tall stalks of lavender-pink fireweed. Even the alders in the creek bottom were gone, replaced by a rank growth of weeds and brush through which the stream brawled in its rocky bed. And the once shady, winding wood lane was rutted and dusty and open to the blazing sun.

When, a half-mile from his grandfather's place, Jim finally came to the edge of virgin timber, he stopped to look back at the barren, stump-dotted wasteland behind him and his smouldering resentment broke into words. "Confound the Fischers! Max steals the girl I wanted, and his father and Chris ruin the country!" Then the young man plunged on again, too angry to enjoy the damp coolness of the forest or notice the wild currants and scarlet-berried devil's club beside the trail. And because he was so exasperated by all men had done to the wilderness he was unprepared for what the wilderness had done to the work of his grandfather's hands.

Thirty-odd years on the frontier had netted John Peters a twenty-acre ranch in the midst of a virgin growth of hemlock and cedar and Douglas fir. On one side of the clearing he



had built his home under the gray-barked alders beside the creek. Here summer after summer Jim had come to bathe in the icy water of the stream and fish its riffles for trout, to climb the cherry and apple trees in the little orchard behind the woodshed, to gather wild blackberries for his grandmother and learn to milk the cow. And here he had always been happier than at his mother's home in Fairharbor.

But now a huge cedar had fallen across the pasture, dividing it into two parts; second growth had invaded the fields once sown to hay and clover; weeds had over-run the garden. Around the fruit trees dry grass stood waist high, and the rose bushes grandmother Peters had tended so carefully spread their long, spragging runners far and wide along the ground. The house stood desolate, with two-by-fours nailed across the doors and windows; the porch floor had caved in and spindly weeds straggled upward through the holes. Only the alders along the stream were just as Jim remembered them, although there were still to be seen along the margin of the old garden a few clumps of sweet briar and rhododendron.

Controlling his sense of outrage, Jim threw off the knapsack in which he carried his lunch and a pair of clean socks and set about taking stock of the situation. He soon found that there was no damage inside the house that a couple of good workmen could not mend within a month. The porches must be repaired, the fireplace rebuilt, the parlor and downstairs bedroom thrown together into one large sitting room where one could eat before an open fire. Then they could probably bring out some of the furniture discarded when Deborah moved the family into the new house on Prospect Way and make the place very comfortable in an unpretentious fashion.

The space upstairs had never been divided and Jim decided it had better be left as it was, except for bunks built in to replace the ugly wooden bedsteads with their tall, gimcrackery-covered headboards. Then some hooks for clothes and the thing would be done.

He poked about in drawers and closets but found nothing of value. His mother and her sisters had evidently appropriated

towels, sheets, and bedding. But in a dark corner he came upon a chamber pot—the sole personal relic that remained to bear witness of the family once housed beneath this roof.

Outside there were other things to be done. The well must be cleaned out and a new pump and a windmill and water tank put in. The moss-covered roof must be replaced before winter, the grass cut, and the brush slashed and burned; the rest could wait until spring.

Having finished his inspection, Dr. Jim went out and sat down under an old apple tree in the orchard, where presently in the warmth of midday he dozed off into delicious drowsiness. When he roused himself it was after noon and he was hungry. He was still lazily considering whether he should go at once to get his lunch when he saw a couple come out of the woods into the old pasture. Plainly they thought the place deserted for they walked hand in hand and stopped now and then to kiss each other. Winforth grinned as he watched them. There must be a picnic somewhere about; these two in their light city clothes had not walked far.

"I suppose I ought to get up or shout to warn the lady of my unholy presence. But I don't think I will." Jim stretched his body on the ground again and turned over, facing away from the lovers. "There, I'm the ideal chaperon. Can't see a thing."

For what seemed a long while he lay drowsing and blinking through half-closed eyes at the pattern of sun and shade on the ground beside him, then cautiously he sat up and looked around. There was no one in sight, and Jim rose and shook down his crumpled trousers. Then he started for he had heard a sound he recognized—the low passionate outcry of ecstasy.

For a minute he stood perfectly still. He heard nothing more. But he was afraid to betray himself by walking away through the dry grass, particularly as he did not know exactly where the pleasure-seeking pair were hidden. And so he sat down again, half resentfully. Why should picnicking kids come here in search of forbidden fruit?

Then some yards away he saw a man's red head appear



above a log. The fellow was looking down, saying something in a low tone. Suddenly a jay squawked and the man looked around quickly. Jim recognized him at once. It was Edmund Blackburn, editor of the *Bugle*, a man a few years older than himself. Blackburn, Jim had heard it told, had come to Fairharbor from Portland because he had never heard anyone in Portland laugh or seen a smile in the newspaper office where he worked; he had learned his business in the east where he had enjoyed a temporary fame as the author of the headline, "Jerked to Jesus," over the story of a hanging.

A broad smile twitched Dr. Jim's thin lips. So Edmund Blackburn brought his girl out into the fields in the way that had been old since the world was young. He was probably afraid of being caught if he went down to a whorehouse on Lava Flats or kept a woman in town, so he was using grandfather Peters' old pasture lot. There was something so absurd about the whole thing that Jim laughed to himself.

Then he sobered quickly. There was nothing funny about this urge that made men mad for women. James Anthony came into his son's mind; had he found a way to manage desire instead of being a slave to it?

Blackburn was still standing behind the log and Jim still sitting under the apple tree, his thoughts wandering, when a girl's fair head appeared below Blackburn's. Almost without volition young Winforth looked at her. She had her back to him and he did not recognize her. Then, much to his relief, the pair went away as they had come.

Late in the afternoon Jim walked back to Port Gannon to catch the ferry to Fairharbor. Once he thought he heard voices and laughter in the direction of the old wagon road, but he saw no one. Only when he reached the dock did he find that he had been right in suspecting there had been a picnic in the woods nearby, for there were three carriage loads of young people waiting at the ferry slip. And the driver of the first hack was red-haired editor Blackburn of the *Bugle*.

Now thoroughly curious, Jim scanned the rest of the party. The only girl in the group whose hair was blonde enough for



the amorous nymph in the pasture was Caroline Bain, the daughter of the real estate magnate of Fairharbor. Not only that but Mrs. Bain—a pale, fat woman of forty-two or -three, whom he instinctively disliked—was apparently the chaperon of the party.

Jim strode off to the opposite end of the dock, telling himself as he went that it was not every mother who had the distinction of preserving appearances at the affair during which her daughter was seduced. The situation, it seemed to him, had sensational journalistic possibilities but he thought it unlikely that Mr. Blackburn of the *Bugle* saw them just now.

## VI

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THE Max Fischers, Deborah assured her husband and her son, were an ideal couple. They had returned in November from their wedding trip to New Orleans and southern California and all the women in Fairharbor, so Mrs. Winforth said, saw how Max could scarcely keep his eyes off his bride.

"His hands, they mean," mumbled James Anthony into his plate.

"James!" exclaimed his wife. "What a vulgar thing to say! And at the table, too!"

"That's the only place I ever see you these days," retorted Dr. Winforth.

Apparently oblivious to this remark Deborah went on praising Rachel and Max as a model pair. Neither of them, she said, ever went out alone; if one had to stay home, both stayed. And furthermore the young husband had been seen stealing a kiss at the theater and holding his wife's hand at church under cover of the hymn book.

Jim looked across at his father.

"Max has it in the most malignant form, dad. He talked to me last summer when he first got engaged and he was out of his head then."

Thoughtfully James Anthony finished his egg. Had he been

wrong then when he suspected that Jim was upset by Max's marriage?

In spite of his dislike of gossip, the things his mother said and others like them which he heard here and there stuck in Jim's mind. It galled him to see Max with Rachel, and for weeks after their return from their honeymoon he had avoided them. But as the winter came on he began finding excuses for going where he was sure he would meet them, and whenever he was in their company he kept keen dark eyes upon them. Were they as happy as his mother said? Certainly they were inseparable—had he wished to find Rachel alone it would have been impossible—and Max still wore the dazed look of the lover. But something he could not put a finger on made Jim believe that things were not all they seemed.

He had just come to a stern decision to put all this stuff out of his mind, when he went to a dinner party at which he was seated directly across the table from Rachel. Almost at once his physician's insight caught the sensuous, faintly opulent air he had learned to associate with early pregnancy. Suddenly the truffled quail on his plate became odious and his hands grew damp and sticky with sweat. He could feel perspiration starting out on his face and neck and the muscles tightening in the pit of his stomach. Hastily he turned to the woman on his right and began to discuss the comic opera company which had just opened the new Fairharbor Theater to standing room only.

Next night, with sharpened perceptions, he looked at Mollie Sheridan. She was a good-looking young woman with an air of wholesomeness about her that seemed to belie her former occupation. Her chestnut brown hair curled vigorously away from her face and her blue-gray eyes looked at the world with a deceptive frankness. Until now Jim had given little thought to her state of mind. She had been grateful for his skill as a physician and the quick relief it brought her, and she had seemed to slip easily enough into the relationship that grew up between them. So far as he could see, she was satisfied to live as she was: she had more money to spend and better



clothes than she had had before, she read a good deal, and she often went shopping in the afternoon or walked over to see the grading and planting in Archibald Park. But to ask whether she was happy had not occurred to him before.

Now as he watched her he wondered whether she attracted him simply because she was impulsive and sexually alive. Her body was robustly built, somewhat like his mother's, but Mollie was still slender and thinly fleshed.

As she passed him, clad in a softly draped yellow tea gown he liked particularly, Jim reached out and pulled her down on his lap.

"Mollie," he asked, "are you happy? Don't you miss seeing other girls or other fellows than me? Or going to parties?"

She turned her face away from him before she answered. "No, I don't mind. I never was much for parties."

There was something not quite convincing in her voice. Jim took her firm round chin in his hand and twisted her head until he could see her eyes.

"Honestly, Mollie? Cross your heart and hope to die?"

The girl smiled at the childish expression and nodded.

"You're lying to me. Don't deny it, Mollie. I can tell. You aren't happy."

But the girl stuck to her story. She hadn't been feeling well, she had a cold tonight and that made her eyes red and her voice hoarse, but she was happy. Of course she was. Why shouldn't she be?

Another time Jim might have been disarmed by her protestations, whether he felt entirely convinced or not, because it would have been convenient to believe her, but now his senses were alert and his own frayed nerves made him feel the faint quiver of the girl's hands when he held them.

"Your hands are pretty, Mollie. Mine look ugly beside them, all rough and covered with hair."

"Oh, no," cried the girl, "I like your hands. They're hard and warm and strong—not like a woman's."

Then, too late, she saw that she had betrayed herself, and she tried to spring up and run away. But Jim held her back.

So she was unhappy. And she did love him. He was surprised, and yet somehow not surprised. But what was he to do about it? What could he do? Sudden impulses, half-formed thoughts raced back and forth; his thighs began to tingle.

Mollie stopped struggling and huddled down against him; he put his arms around her, felt her body shaking. Here was a pretty kettle of fish! This girl putting on a scene as though she were an innocent young thing just fallen in love for the first time, when she'd been living with him for months!

But presently she stopped crying and lay quietly, now and then putting her handkerchief to her eyes. Slowly the warmth and pressure of her body began to arouse a familiar response in him. After all they had been together a lot, she had a real attraction for him, it was more than just physical relief. And she was pretty. She had an air about her, she was better looking than Caroline Bain, for instance, who thought herself such an all-fired swell.

Jim picked up the hand that held the handkerchief and looked at it. Her fingers were long and shapely and well-kept.

"Mollie," he asked suddenly, "how would you like a ring for this finger?"

She did not understand. "Oh, I'm not much for jewelry. There are lots of other things I'd rather have."

"I don't mean just any ring, Mollie. I mean a diamond . . . and a wedding ring."

"Oh!" She crumpled up again and snatched her hand away. "Don't tease me. About things like that! Please!"

"But I'm not teasing, Mollie. I'm asking you to marry me. So you can live somewhere else and see other girls and go places like other people."

The girl sat up and stared at him with streaming eyes. "You don't mean it. We couldn't! Not here in Fairharbor. Not ever!"

"I do mean it, Mollie. Why shouldn't we get married if we want to?"

"But I . . . I'm a . . ."

"Well, what of it? Haven't I been sleeping with you since



last summer? And if you're fit to sleep with, you're certainly fit to marry. Now, stop crying and wipe your eyes and kiss me. I haven't had a real kiss all evening."

Mollie Sheridan's lips had always been soft and warm but now they clung to his with a passion he had never felt before. Instinctively his body turned to meet hers; her heart thudded against him and her hands ran over his face and hair.

"Oh, Jim," she whispered. "Oh, Jim, I do love you! I'll always love you! Take me, dear! I want you."

But some remnant of his mother's Puritanism held him back and he sat up and thrust her away from him. "No more of that, Mollie. Not until we're married."

Repulsed, the girl first pouted and then laughed with tear-filled eyes.

"You men! You're like all the rest of them. You sleep with any girl who'll let you except the one you're going to marry. Well, don't think you can scare me on our wedding night."

But Jim was as obdurate as only the son of Deborah Winforth could be and went away without more than kissing Mollie. It did not occur to him—as it had not occurred to his mother twenty years before—to ask what such sudden abstinence might do to his partner in sex. Aflame with desire, he strode stubbornly along the rickety wooden sidewalk that followed the ups and downs of the street. By George, he would show Max Fischer that there were others who could marry and beget a child! He would show Rachel she wasn't the only woman who attracted him. He'd give the fellows at the Samson and Delilah something to talk about. He and Mollie would elope tomorrow, go off together, down to Portland perhaps. He'd get a license and have everything done properly—marriage certificate and all. No more hole-and-corner stuff for him!

Then he remembered how he had felt the night in the hotel gardens when he had first met Rachel; he had kept his hands off her, hadn't even tried to kiss her. He had never felt that way about Mollie. The preachers would say it was because he didn't respect her, because she had given herself to him without



the sacrament of marriage. Sacrament! Jim laughed at the thought. Didn't men all do the same thing whether they were married to the women or not? There wasn't much that was holy about most wedding nights. Suppose Rachel had seemed too boyishly frank for passion, suppose she still seemed too much a little girl to be carrying a child, what of it? Mollie was healthy and strong, she knew about men, she knew him, just what he liked and how to please him. He would marry her tomorrow, let come what would.

While Jim thrashed sleeplessly through that night, James Anthony too fidgeted in his bed in vain pursuit of rest. Deborah, it seemed to him, had been snoring for hours, and he could find no way to keep the sound of her raucous breathing out of his ears. At last he crept stealthily out of bed. Since he could not sleep, he might as well have a clandestine whiskey-and-soda to quiet his nerves. Smiling faintly, he felt his way downstairs to the dining room.

He was worried about Jim and he had his doubts about Mollie. Girls of her sort passed on infections and they often blackmailed the men who kept them. He felt vaguely that he ought to talk to his son about it, but he was hampered by an instinctive reticence about intimate matters and more than a little afraid of stirring up the black stubbornness the boy had from his mother.

Dr. Winforth mixed his drink and tried to think of some subtle way of approaching Jim. Failing this, he filled his glass a second time, but still inspiration did not come. It was not until four o'clock, when he was once more lying wideawake in his bed, that he thought of a practicable scheme.

In the morning when Jim came down to breakfast, his face was sallow, his eyes sunken and dark.

"Hello, son. Have a good night? No calls?"

"No calls, dad. I slept like a top."

"Liar!" thought James Anthony.

"Sit down, Jim. Don't wait for your mother. She's staying in bed. She thinks she has a cold coming on."

Over his cereal Dr. Winforth watched his son and reflected

how much more peaceful life would be for the young if there were no such thing as sex. Then, knowing the value of an abrupt onset, he said suddenly, "Would you do me a favor, Jim?"

The younger man looked up quickly. "Why, sure, dad. What is it?"

"Well, you know they want me to go east to buy that new surgical equipment for the hospital, but I don't see how I can get away just now. I've got too many sick people on my hands to be gallivanting around the country. And besides, I'm behind the times. I wouldn't know up-to-date stuff when I saw it. You could do the job a lot better."

To his task of persuasion James Anthony brought all the tact and indirection life with Deborah had taught him. He emphasized his dislike of long train trips and his unfamiliarity with modern hospital practice, said he dreaded leaving the mild climate of Puget Sound for the melting snow and floods of early spring in the east, put his request once more on the ground of a personal favor. And in the end Jim weakened, as his father had known he would.

"When would I have to go, dad?"

"Within two or three days. You ought to be in Chicago next week."

There was a sudden spark in the young man's smouldering dark eyes. James Anthony saw his face harden into swift recklessness.

"All right, then. I'll start tomorrow."

"You'd better take the day off to get ready, if you're going to leave so soon. I'll look after your patients for you."

"Thanks, dad. I wish you would. There are some things I want to look after, that I can't very well leave for anyone else."

Jim gulped down the food on his plate and hurried off with no further explanation. Disturbed by the rashness he had seen in his son's face, James Anthony wondered whether he had done a wise thing or not. What was on the boy's mind and what was it he had to do before he left Fairharbor?



Those questions dogged Dr. Winforth day after day as he went about his work after Jim had gone, but they were not answered until six weeks later when the new sterilizers and operating equipment had all been put into use and James Anthony was being put to it to explain Jim's prolonged absence. Then a letter came explaining that the young man had used his last day at home to take Mollie Sheridan to Seaforth and marry her.

"Mollie seemed to have a cold when we started east but I didn't dream it was anything serious. . . . There's no use beating around the bush, dad. She has tuberculosis—galloping consumption. Her throat is involved, she can scarcely swallow or speak out loud. And, to add to the complications, she is pregnant—had been for some time before we were married.

"The specialists here in Chicago tell me nothing can be done for her. The outlook is hopeless. She simply has no resistance to the disease.

"She couldn't stand the trip home, so I must stay here with her till everything is over. There's nothing else to do and it won't be long.

"I wish you would tell mother—she'd be sure to find out if we tried to keep it from her—but I'd rather other people didn't know. Mollie is my wife, she is carrying my child, and I don't want the Fairharbor gossips licking their chops over her. The fact that she has been promiscuous makes her no less lovable or generous or warm-hearted. And it's my fault she's dying when she's only twenty-three. . . ."

To read and re-read this letter James Anthony stayed late at the office. But in spite of his son's request he concealed the reason for Jim's absence from Deborah until a telegram came containing the code word agreed upon to convey the news that Mollie and her unborn child were dead. Then, far into the night, he heard his wife turning and tossing in her bed. But when she came down the next morning to breakfast she made no comment on the situation, merely looked at him with black-lashed hazel eyes that seemed harder than ever and asked if he knew when Jim would be home.

It was a beautiful warm June evening when Dr. Winforth



went alone to the station to meet his son. All day he had been trying to think of something to say that would express his mingled relief and understanding, but the instant he met Jim and looked into the haggard young face he forgot all he had to say.

"Hello, son. I'm glad you're back."

"Hello, dad. I'm glad to be here."

And that was all; it was as though nothing had happened.

But, James Anthony reminded himself, the ordeal of Deborah remained.

As they drove up the avenue, he looked more closely at Jim, saw that he seemed both tired and older than his twenty-six years.

"Mollie," he began gently.

"I buried her in Chicago, dad. There was no point I could see in doing anything else."

Nothing more was said as the mare trotted up the planked street and turned off to climb First Hill.

It was, Jim suddenly realized, a summer night very like the one of his homecoming a year ago. There was the same soft cool breeze, the same faint tang of salt water in the air, the same air of eagerness in the crowds on the avenue. It was only he who had changed.

As the buggy swung into the driveway he saw his mother open the front door and come to stand like a statue in the pool of light at the head of the steps. He first went toward her, then at arm's length stopped short and looked at her questioningly.

"Well," she said in the icy voice she used for those in disgrace.

For an instant the young man flinched before her; then, to his father's joy, he straightened his shoulders, lifted up his head, and stared straight back into her angry face.

Quietly James Anthony clucked to the mare and drove off toward the stable. The boy was not broken after all; Deborah's reception had been good for him. He would be himself again.

## VII

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THE following autumn Mrs. Winforth went to New York to visit Margery. Not long after she departed, a wave of grippe swept over the Sound country and Jim and his father were both very busy. This was the younger man's first experience—though by no means his last—with an epidemic that spread like a forest fire and consumed the strong and robust along with the frail. Fatigue poisoned his body and when James Anthony too was taken ill anxiety made him touchy and irascible.

Affairs were in this state the evening he found Mr. Bain in the office. Testily the real estate magnate said that he had been waiting nearly an hour.

"Most people have to wait longer than that these days," retorted Dr. Jim, unlocking the door of his consulting room. "Come in," he went on somewhat ungraciously, flinging his hat at a hook and turning to confront the obviously worried big-wig. He did not like Bain's looks: the creases of perpetual petulance that wrinkled the man's pale flabby face were offensive. What if he had made a fortune in three years? James Anthony said he might as well have stolen it at the point of a gun in five minutes.

"Who's sick at your house?"

The plutocrat cleared his throat hesitatingly. "Well, I'm not sure anyone is, doctor. That's what I came to talk to you about. I think perhaps . . ."

Dr. Jim sat down wearily.

"I wasn't in bed all last night, Mr. Bain, and I have a lot of people to call on yet this evening. So if no one is ill in your family you'd better go along and come back some other time. Father is sick too, you know, and the hospital is full."

But Conrad Bain was not in the habit of being dismissed and he refused to be hurried in the telling of his story. As Jim listened his temper grew shorter.

"Are you or are you not," he demanded at last, "trying to tell me you think your daughter is going to have a baby?"

Bain coughed deprecatingly and lowered his pale blue eyes.

"Well, doctor, I am not positive, you understand. But I do have my suspicions. It would be easier for me to talk to your father—one father to another, you know. My daughter is an innocent girl and there are men in Fairharbor who would not be above taking advantage of her."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Bain, I know all that. But there are other things than pregnancy that will cause a woman's abdomen to enlarge."

The great man's smooth cheeks flushed. "Really, doctor, it is unfortunate your father isn't here. He would . . ."

"I know how unfortunate dad's illness is better than you do, Mr. Bain. But he can't see anyone and so I'm afraid you'll have to put up with my plain speaking or get another doctor. Now, just why do you suspect that your daughter is pregnant? Does her mother think so too? And has she . . ."

"Please." Conrad Bain threw up a fat pasty hand. "I really can't tell you. I don't know. I haven't inquired into details of that sort."

"Oh, I see. You've simply leaped to the conclusion that your daughter is in trouble because her waist measure is increasing."

In vain the distressed father protested that this was not so.

"I can't tell a thing without examining the girl. The details



you find so indelicate are very important in a case of this kind."

When a few minutes later the telephone rang and Jim went to answer it, Mr. Bain slid hastily out of the office. From the corner of an eye Jim watched him go. "Reminds me of a slug! Well, I won't give the girl away—not to him—even if she does use our old pasture for her stamping ground."

Later in the week he came in from lunch one day to find Caroline herself waiting for him. She was alone and she spoke to him in a voice so low and brittle that it seemed about to break.

"There's something wrong with me, Dr. Winforth, and I want to find out what it is."

When Jim had finished his examination she sat down beside his desk and looked at him. "Well?"

The young physician stared curiously at the pale pretty face and slate-blue eyes and the hair another generation would have called platinum blonde.

"Miss Bain, is there any reason to suspect that you might be pregnant?"

"Yes."

The girl paused a moment. "Then that *is* it."

Jim nodded. "I'm afraid so. Sorry—but there's no use trying to fool you now."

Caroline sat quietly in the chair he had offered her. Her face seemed to blanch still more but she sat perfectly still except for the fingers that pleated and unpleated her handkerchief. Something kept Dr. Jim from suggesting that other people were waiting for him and would she mind stepping outside. This girl had nerve, she didn't squeal, it didn't seem fair. After all Blackburn was an attractive chap, just old enough to dazzle a nineteen-year-old, and probably an ardent suitor.

"When father finds out," said Caroline in a dead voice devoid of emotion but charged with certainty, "he'll kill me."

"Oh, no, really, Miss Bain. It can't be as bad as that."

But the girl looked at him with the slate-blue eyes so like

Conrad's and repeated, "Oh, yes, he will. You don't know my father. He'd kill me before . . . it came, if he could. To avoid the disgrace."

Jim caught the desperation in her voice. This was not ordinary fright or foreboding, but a fear beyond either.

"I suppose you couldn't . . . take it?"

The flicker of hope in Caroline's face died out as Jim shook his head. "Too late for that. It could have been done once, but not now."

The girl sank back into her conviction of disaster. "Then there's nothing to do but go on as I have been. Lacing and all that." She rose suddenly as though to escape the four walls that hemmed her in. "Thank you for telling me the truth, Dr. Winforth. I had to be sure. And how much do I owe you? I'd rather not have the bill sent through the mail."

But the recollection of Conrad Bain drumming his fat white fingers on the table, hinting at his daughter's condition, burned up the caution that had so far restrained Dr. Jim.

"Listen, you mustn't take it this way. You're not the first girl in Fairharbor to have an illegitimate baby, you know. Your father won't kill you. He wouldn't dare. Sit down and let's talk this over. There must be something we can do. We've got to pull you through this mess somehow. It won't be long now. Maybe the man would help you."

But Caroline refused to say who was the father of her child; she shook her head when Jim suggested she make a trip east or down to Portland before time for her confinement. Her face was drawn and white but in her eyes there was something hard that never changed, and when she left the office she had committed herself to no plan for her own protection.

At first the young doctor considered discussing the situation with James Anthony: a dozen times he was on the verge of telling his father everything, including the episode he had seen in the pasture, and a dozen times he put it off. Then, while he was still hesitating, Cora Bain came in, white and frightened, to talk with him at her husband's behest about



Caroline. At once Jim saw that Conrad had been hinting everything and asserting nothing, and his anger at this man whom he disliked blazed up once more.

"I have already examined your daughter, Mrs. Bain. She consulted me some time ago. She has an abdominal tumor, of what sort exactly I do not know. There are at least ten or twelve types I can think of that must be considered in the differential diagnosis. As soon as he is able, I want to have my father examine her also. We may need to watch her for some time to make sure just what we are dealing with. It may even be necessary to put her into the hospital for a little while, to have certain tests made." Jim could see relief stealing over Mrs. Bain's colorless face. "Eventually it may mean an operation. Not now, you understand"—seeing fright welling up again in the woman's pale gray eyes—"not for some time, in fact. But you may rest assured that we will take every precaution and ask for consultation if it seems advisable before we resort to surgery."

Lulled by this outpouring of words that seemed to promise all she could ask, Cora Bain went home to assure her husband that, whatever might ail Caroline, she was not about to have an illegitimate baby and left young Winforth to wonder what had possessed him to talk so much and get still further involved in what promised to be a nasty situation.

But having got in he could not get out. From time to time he talked reassuringly to Mrs. Bain and occasionally he saw the girl. He gave her no hint that he knew of her relations with Ed Blackburn; that was her affair, not his. And from day to day he put off asking James Anthony's advice. A strange fatalism about the whole situation slowly enveloped him.

One night while he was in this state of mind he dropped into the Damifino for a drink before going back to the office for evening hours and encountered Blackburn at the bar having a gin rickey. He had met the red-haired editor there before and now he looked at him with a curiosity whetted by the interview he had had with Caroline.



"Newspapermen must find out a lot of things they aren't supposed to know," he observed.

The editor of the *Bugle* laughed. "No more than you do," he retorted. "Of course I know why most of our leading citizens had to leave home and come out west, but so does your father. Say, if that man ever opens up, it'll put the papers in the shade."

This statement so strangely apropos startled Jim and before he had more than asked himself whether Caroline had at last confided in her lover, Blackburn, made loquacious by his second gin rickey, was off on a stream of talk.

"Certainly I know a lot of dirt. But it wouldn't be healthy to hint in the *Bugle* that old Ramsden might have been mixed up with that kid that had a baby in his barn a while back, or that Fred Archibald can't get into a whorehouse any more because he has such bizarre tastes. I know Honest John Erskine smuggles Chinese coolies into the country at fifty dollars a head and shanghai's sailors. I even know the current quotation for opium laid down in his saloon via a tunnel from the waterfront. I know how much Mother Damnable made off her joints last year. And just to show you I'm not one-sided, I know it's not good to have the sewers discharge on the beach above high tide mark. I can smell 'em just as well as you can when the wind blows in-shore."

Blackburn pushed back his hat and pounded the bar with his fist.

"Take politics, for instance. The Republicans call me a tramp and a ward-heeler and I call them lamp-post protectors. The *Bugle* is an 'insignificant, dirty, lying rag,' and the other paper is a 'scandal-sheet full of the outpourings of the rats who infest our city hall.' But all the mud-slinging means nothing, it keeps people's minds off what's going on, so the fellows in the know can get theirs."

"What would happen if you printed the truth?"

"Happen? Say, what would happen if you told your patients the bald, unvarnished truth? You wouldn't have any.

Same with me. Let me actually say what's happening and hell would burst loose. And what good would it do? Tell me that. Just suppose I said the lumber industry would be the ruin of this country, which it is, what would happen to me, seeing that this same industry furnishes the payroll out of which every merchant in town makes his profit? Maybe you think I don't know old man Fischer stole his timber or that the railroad got its land-grant by holding up the government. And maybe you think I'm blind and can't see the Chinamen being smuggled in to build the Cascade tunnel or don't know that, when the fellows they're working for are through with them and throw the Chinks out of their jobs, there's going to be hell to pay around here. But what can I do, going up against the Fischer Lumber Company or the Northwestern Pacific or Henry Archibald and the other contractors?"

Ed Blackburn called loudly for another drink and while he was waiting for it went on talking.

"The year before you came home we had the devil of an epidemic of typhoid here, with the hospital half or two-thirds full of cases. Now all the sewage from First Hill runs straight into Lake Pleasant and ten thousand people drink water from the lake. Personally I don't like sewage in my drinking water, but nothing would be done—except to me—if I wrote this up in the *Bugle*. And here's something in your wickiup, Winforth. These patent medicine fakers drive around town all the time in stovepipe hats, making speeches on the corners and selling barrels of worthless dope. Well, why don't you doctors go out and tell the people the truth about them? There's a pair of fellows on the avenue right now, but I haven't noticed you or your father or any other good doctor doing anything about it, any more than that quack Jaffray down the street. Oh, you needn't look so surprised. I know he's a crook even if he is one of the *Bugle's* best advertisers. Nobody but a crook would print all those phony testimonials or drive around a town like Fairharbor with a team of white horses and a nigger in purple livery. Jaffray doesn't fool



anybody but boobs with his little wooden bottles of God knows what, and those same boobs are the ones who fall for liver regulators and stomach bitters."

More talkative than usual by this time Blackburn besought Jim to go up the avenue with him. "Come on. You've got time to spare. I want you to see this one fellow. He's a better actor than anybody that's ever been at the Fairharbor Theater, I can tell you."

Two blocks from the Damifino, the editor and Dr. Jim came upon a group of men clustered about a carriage in which stood two individuals in tall silk hats and satin-faced Prince Alberts. The taller of the two held at arm's length above his head a dark bottle.

"My friends," he cried, "I hold here in my right hand the greatest boon ever laid on the altar of suffering humanity. It saved my life years ago and that of my comrade." The speaker laid a large white hand on the shoulder of the shorter man who was taking bottles out of a box and piling them in rows on the front seat of the carriage. "We had both been given up to die. The doctors had told my poor old mother that I had less than six months to live, they had assured my friend here that the Grim Destroyer had marked him to pass through the gates even sooner.

"But in this, our hour of gloom, we came upon a modest notice tucked away in a corner of the little paper in our home town back in Indiana. 'Dare we hope?' whispered my comrade hoarsely when he read it. 'Dare we, Nathaniel?' 'Hope is free, dear friend,' I answered."

Looking about him, Jim saw men's faces turned upward, avid eyes on the man who spoke to them.

"We were so poor, gentlemen, so poor that we must borrow paper and envelope to write to the Good Samaritan who offered help. We told him we had no money to pay for our treatment, but in spite of this he answered by return mail. He did not ask a fee or chide us for importunity or refuse our humble plea. No, indeed! Instead, he sent us postpaid six bottles of this marvellous medicine you now have the oppor-



tunity to buy for the merest fraction of its worth. It seemed to us that a giant arm had been thrust out to save us from the abyss of death."

The orator paused dramatically. Blackburn nudged Dr. Jim with an elbow. The circle of rapt faces tightened in around the carriage.

"My friends, before those six bottles of the great Elixir were gone, my comrade and I were on the road back to health and vigor. Another half-dozen and we were completely cured. It was then we decided to repay our debt to Dr. Astley, the great physician, by bringing his wonderful remedy before the people of the United States. The doctor is too modest and self-effacing to do this himself. He prefers to live frugally, devoting his life to the compounding of this marvellous medicine. But we pointed out to him how wrong it is to deprive suffering men and women of the life-giving Elixir and at last won his consent to our plan of bringing it before the public.

"Gentlemen, my comrade and I do not love display and ostentation. We loathe this handsome carriage in which we ride, the expensive clothes in which we dress. We too are simple men who love the simple ways of life we learned as boys on the farm. But tell me"—the speaker's voice rang out like a clanging bell over the listening group—"how many would heed if we walked in shabby suits and dusty shoes peddling the great Elixir from door to door? How many would buy? Who would be healed? Remember there was One far greater than we who was long ago despised and rejected by those He came to save!"

The sight of the spellbound men around him made Jim's sudden anger surge up; his heart beat faster and something went hard in the pit of his stomach. What a brazen fraud! If this sleek faker and his partner had ever been near death it must have been at the end of a rope. But the fellow had his audience hanging on his words.

"The physicians in Fairharbor, my friends, will tell you I am a quack. They will say our remedy is worthless. Wherever we go, my comrade and I, the doctors persecute us. They

say our master is a quack too—he who yearns only to serve mankind ‘without money and without price.’ That, gentlemen, is because the M.D.s are all united in one huge trust, an octopus that lives and fattens on the blood of dying men and women. And the result is no workingman can afford to be sick: it costs a dollar every time he sets foot in a doctor’s office and more if he calls the physician to his home. Besides, the doctors will guarantee nothing, at any price.

“And now consider Astley’s Great Blood Elixir, my friends. It is positively and absolutely guaranteed to cure all chronic nervous disorders, deafness and catarrh, ulcers, eruptions, neuralgia, and rheumatism. To banish pain, to purify the blood, to heal syphilitic poisoning and female disorders. It is the faultless family medicine. A dozen bottles will renew your manly vigor and make life a pleasure once more!”

The orator paused again, a smile crept over his face. Only the eyes, Jim saw, were still cool and calculating. He stretched out toward the crowd the hand that held the bottle.

“Only three dollars—think of it, men! Only three dollars a bottle! Enough for a month at the price of three visits to a doctor’s office. Let those among you who are suffering the effects of youthful folly and indiscretion embrace this opportunity. If you have wives or daughters afflicted by the complaints peculiar to their sex, take them home a bottle. A written guarantee to every purchaser—his money back if he is not satisfied with the treatment. Dr. Astley believes that Americans who earn their living should be encouraged to practice economy, and so with each sale of six bottles to one person there goes a coupon entitling him to a rebate on his next purchase of Elixir. The saddest thing is, my friends, that we have only two boxes left. Some delay in shipment has left us with only forty-eight bottles on hand. But there will be no advance in price, gentlemen. Three dollars is our figure. Only three dollars, guarantee and rebate coupon included. Who will be the first . . . ? Ah!”

The dark bottle passed into the fingers of a man in work-



ing clothes in the front rank of the crowd and Jim heard the clink of silver dollars in the faker's palm.

"Who next? Remember, gentlemen, this is positively the only stock on Puget Sound. Guaranteed to cure chronic nervous disorders, fits, deafness, ulcers, catarrh, eruptions of the skin, rheumatism, female complaints, and syphilitic poisoning. Complete recovery or your money back. . . . Thank you, my friend."

Those in the rear of the group jostled forward, hands reached across shoulders to seize bottles and surrender silver in exchange. An elbow dug into Jim and someone trampled on his feet.

"We'd better clear out," said Edmund Blackburn in his ear. "Pretty soon someone in this crowd will come out of his spell and recognize one or the other of us."

Carefully the two young men worked their way free of the throng. When they stopped halfway down the block to look back the quack was still talking and hands were still lifted toward him. The editor glanced at his companion and grinned.

"I may be spifflicated but I can see that this makes you mad all over. The trouble is, what can you do about it? People just naturally fall for that kind of stuff. Fellows like these two or Jaffray clean up money by the barrel while you and your father work like galley slaves for yours. You ought to take a leaf out of their book and play for the suckers. The world is full of them."

Dr. Jim looked up into the long freckled face and the mocking green eyes flecked with yellow.

"By God, I'm going to buy every bottle those fellows have got and smash them all over their heads."

He turned and started to run back toward the group around the carriage.

For an instant Edmund Blackburn watched him with astonished eyes, then his face lighted up and, plunging after Jim, he grabbed him by the arm and dragged him back.

"Here, you young rooster!" he shouted. "Don't you know



any better than to pick a fight here? I don't mind fighting, understand, but I want the odds halfway even. You tackle that fellow now and the mob will stove both our heads in, pronto. Come on along with me and cool down. We might have another drink and talk things over some more."

Before Jim went up the hill to his office that night he had, to his considerable amazement, realized that he liked Blackburn. The man had a light touch: he saw through the patent medicine quack and laughed at him, he jeered the medical men in town for not exposing the vendors of fake remedies and impostors like Jaffray and in the same breath admitted it was unlikely that any such exposure would make much impression on the public.

"Life is so damned entertaining," said the editor as they separated, "it would be a shame to spoil it by taking things too seriously."

## VIII

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IN his hospital gown Dr. Jim stood, a motionless pillar of white, in a dimly lighted room, staring down at a small red face on a pillow. His eyes were on the newborn infant but his whole world of professional conduct was falling to bits under the impact of facts and human need. Rash and impulsive though he was, Jim Winforth had always accepted the code of his profession as immutable and now he was bewildered to see it break under the stress of tragedy and suffering. His dark face beaded with sweat, he saw that it was no good saying he had let himself in for this by trying to avert Caroline Bain's disgrace. It was no use berating himself now for not having talked the predicament over with his father, it was no use calling himself a fool for his pains. Here, under his hands, was this healthy baby boy he had delivered not three hours ago.

Nor was that all. It was, indeed, he thought desperately, only the beginning of his dilemma. For Caroline, spent from her ordeal, lay at this instant in her aunt Margaret's home four blocks away utterly dependent upon this woman, her mother's sister, and himself for the preservation of her good name, and—most horrible of all—Rachel, white-lipped and a widow, lay here in the hospital a few feet away, unaware that her child had been born dead.



Sadly as he needed James Anthony's advice, he could not get it now without imposing on the older man part of the responsibility for what he had already done and whatever he might do next. This was so unfair that Jim instinctively rejected the idea. No, he had got into this mess himself and now he must get out as best he could. But there were so many people to be considered, so many unforeseen complications.

He rubbed a hand blindly across his eyes. That Max Fischer was dead seemed still unbelievable. It was only the morning before that the summons had come to take James Anthony across the Sound to Fischer logging camp number four. And he had come back with two mangled lumberjacks still alive and Max's body. The same huge cedar had felled all three. Max had been killed outright and the two loggers, wrapped in bandages and blankets sodden with blood, demanded instant care; over them father and son worked all afternoon.

Then James Anthony had gone away. "I've got to get out a little while, Jim," he explained. "I must think of something to say to Mr. Fischer and his wife."

His father gone, Jim had checked the orders for the injured men and then walked down to the little doctors' office in the hospital where Miss Foster, the head nurse, had promised to send him a tray of coffee and sandwiches. But he had not yet eaten anything when he was called to the telephone. It was Caroline's aunt Margaret calling to tell him that her niece had just taken poison. Without finding his hat, Jim grabbed a bag and ran to Mrs. Stirling's house four blocks away.

While he pushed a tube down the girl's throat and washed out her stomach, he listened to the story her aunt had to tell. Conrad Bain and his wife were in Portland and she had promised to keep Caroline while they were away. She had had her suspicions about her niece, Mrs. Stirling admitted, and now that there was no further chance of evasion between them she proposed to see Caroline through, as befitted a woman who had grown daughters of her own. At this Jim gasped

with relief. Margaret Stirling, a physical replica of Cora Bain but much more balanced mentally, was the sort who would keep her promise and her home would be far better than the small private hospital where he had thought he would have to send the girl.

But no sooner had Caroline been revived than her pains began. Having examined her and given her morphine, the doctor rushed back to the hospital for his obstetrical kit. There he saw the Fischer carriage in the driveway and ahead of it James Anthony's horse and buggy.

Leaping up the steps in consternation, Jim bumped into the head nurse just inside the door. At sight of him, she gave a little cry of relief.

"I've been looking for you everywhere," she cried. "One of your father's patients has begun to hemorrhage and Dr. Winforth has taken him back to the operating room. And Mr. Fischer just arrived with his son's wife in precipitate labor. I'm afraid she's not in good condition but your father can't leave the surgery."

The ordeal of examining Rachel sickened Jim. He saw at once that she must know about Max for she lay on her bed, her face blanched white and tears dried on her cheeks. It was only when her pains seized her that she seemed to come alive; it was not that she cried out but that on the instant she turned into a mass of struggling muscle. Never before had Jim sensed so deeply the unhuman side of birth. Rachel was no longer a woman but only the vehicle of insistent life demanding its right of independent existence. As he worked over her, his fingers trembled and his brain whirled like a pinwheel. He ought to hate her—it was the loss of her that had made him marry Mollie Sheridan and condemned him to watch her die with his own child unborn. And now Max too was dead! Jim caught his breath and called for Miss Foster to mop his face.

It was then he caught the curious expression with which the nurse obeyed him. The two of them were alone with Rachel. The other nurses were busy with their own patients.



or helping James Anthony upstairs in the operating room. Now, above all, he must let no one, least of all Miss Foster, suspect that anything was wrong. He looked up away from the two women and stared out of the window. Widow! He half-whispered the word, then thrust it from his mind.

But the thought of death brought Caroline back into his field of consciousness. He dared not call another doctor for her. He must somehow take care of both confinements at once.

That was the beginning of bedlam. Half beside himself, he ran to Mrs. Stirling's and then back to the hospital. Back and forth, back and forth. And as he went he saw the light in the surgery where his father was fighting for a man's life. "Five lives," he thought as he stumbled toward the room where Rachel Fischer twisted in agony. "Two here, two there, and one with dad," he whispered as he plunged upstairs to Caroline.

There was no time for him to nurse her along as he should have done for fear disaster would in his absence overtake Rachel, but when he was at the hospital he could remember nothing but the hard eyes and drawn mouth of the girl whose reputation was in equal jeopardy with her life.

And he had at last accomplished the impossible: he had delivered Caroline of a healthy bawling son and carried him back to the hospital and put him in an unoccupied room near Rachel's. Within the hour her baby too had been born and Jim had fetched the tiny, stillborn body here to try artificial respiration and stimulants. But it had all been useless and now the child lay—a puny blue-gray corpse—on the table beside the window while Jim stood over the crumpled face and closed eyelids of Caroline Bain's unwelcome son.

Miss Foster was with Rachel. Had she realized the infant was dead when he brought it out? Could anyone else suspect anything? Had Mrs. Stirling any plan for her niece's illegitimate child? Would James Anthony accept whatever was told him at face value? Would anything be gained by letting Fairharbor pillory Caroline or condemning Rachel to child-



less widowhood? Was it fair to stigmatize this newborn with his illegitimacy? That, after all, was the crux of the thing. Rachel and Max and Caroline and Ed Blackburn were all of them grown and supposed to know what they were doing. But this kid . . .

Jim watched the sleeping infant. What a scrap of bone and meat to stir up such a commotion! For a moment he caught himself wishing this one too had been born dead. Then everything could have been hushed up easily enough. But at this instant the child pursed his lips into the position for suckling and uncurled his fingers. Against his will Dr. Jim bent down closer, then touched one small red fist. It closed around his strong brown finger.

At the touch something hardened in the man's eyes. For a minute longer he watched the infant, then straightened up, his face shining and determined, with the baby in his arms. Down the corridor he darted and into the room where Miss Foster was hastily putting things to rights. Swiftly he crossed the floor and laid the baby down on the coverlet beside Rachel.

From the pillow her pale face looked up between great masses of red-gold hair. The blue eyes that met his were brimming with tears and a faint sound that would have been a sob in anyone less exhausted came to his ears.

"Here, here, now, none of that! Look at your baby. Here he is—seven pounds and a half, and every ounce a boy!"

Across the bed Miss Foster lifted startled, rather severe gray eyes to the doctor's face. He stared back without flinching. Slowly the nurse's mouth relaxed. Then she picked up the child with cool, competent hands.

"Let me help you, Mrs. Fischer. I've handled more babies than you have. There, that's better."

Two hours later Jim stood talking with Margaret Stirling in the hallway of her home.

"You will . . . dispose of the . . ."

"I have." The man's voice was brusque and non-committal.

"Already?" Mrs. Stirling was astonished.

"Already."

"I suppose you wouldn't want to tell me . . ."

"No. Far better not to."

"I suppose you're right, doctor. Only he was so little." Mrs. Stirling drew a long breath. "It seems inhuman—rather. . . . But of course there's Caroline."

Jim scowled. Yes, indeed, there was Caroline. Hadn't she all along been more considered than anyone else in this mixup?

"How often shall I give her the gruel, doctor? . . . And water whenever she asks for it? . . . Yes, I'm sure I can take care of everything. I've had a good deal of experience with sick people." Then a trace of anxiety crept back into Mrs. Stirling's voice. "You think the . . . wound will be . . ."

"Sure." There was an airiness in Jim's manner that deceived neither his hearer nor himself. "I made a good long incision and put in plenty of stitches. One look at it would convince anybody she's had an operation. But if I were you I'd show it to one or two women who come in. You know what I mean. That will convince them when nothing else ever would."

"Yes, doctor. I think you're right. You've been very clever to think of all this and I shall do exactly as you say."

Impulsively Margaret Stirling held out her hand. "Let me tell you how much I appreciate all you've done for Caroline—and her father and mother and me. And will you send your bill to me, as soon as it's convenient?"

Jim pulled open the front door with a jerk. "Oh, damn the bill!" he sputtered as he grasped his hat. Then he stopped and looked back with a grin. "When you write Mrs. Bain you might just tell her I said I'd never seen an ovarian cyst so large."

In spite of all that had happened in the night just past Mrs. Stirling laughed. "I'll do that, too, Dr. Winforth."

"Fine!" cried Jim and ran down the porch steps. "I'll be in again later in the day."

He did not look back at the woman, who watched him with friendly eyes as he hurried down the sidewalk. He was too busy with his thoughts, and they did not concern Caroline Bain. It was all one with him whether he ever saw her again.



## IX

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FAIRHARBOR had turned into a city so suddenly that the pioneers were bewildered. To be sure, in the days when there was nothing more than a village in a setting of forest that held it close against the bluffs bordering Terminal Bay, they had had grandiose dreams of the City of Destiny, but sometimes now they felt that their town had been snatched out of their hands by the railroad and the land company and the newcomers.

All during the sixties and seventies these first settlers had talked and schemed for a railroad and when this dream came true they thought that they had achieved their goal. But instead this was only the beginning of the big boom that was to dazzle the eyes of the whole country for five years of profit-taking on a grand scale. Streets were blocked by towering piles of brick and timbers, saloons and gambling houses moved into elaborate new quarters and the more pretentious ones ceased to employ roughnecks to deal with unruly customers, mile after mile of board sidewalks were laid, houses sprang up among the stumps and brush of new additions, the water company engineers were driven frantic in the search for streams, however polluted, which they could divert into their mains, building permits to the value of more than a million and a half dollars a year were issued, and one street

car franchise after another was ground out by the city council. The *Bugle* printed boiling editorials on the superiority of cable cars over horse cars. A promoter turned up one day with a scheme to bring ice from Mount Sehoma, seventy miles away, in a wooden flume. A new wing was added to the Fairharbor Hotel and the Blackwell Comic Opera Company played *Paola* with standing room only for a week.

The cornerstone of a six-story department store was laid with patriotic fervor on Decoration Day to the accompaniment of brass bands and perfervid oratory, and its proprietors had their initial stock of goods shipped across the country in freight trains with muslin banners tacked to the cars proclaiming to all who had eyes to read the fame of the City of Destiny. Archibald Park, graded, seeded, and planted after a year and a half of political squabbling, was presented to the city by the Park Association at a gala, out-door fête at which the landscape architect who had designed it was to be seen prowling alone on the outskirts of the crowd, as effectively isolated by the persistent rumor that he was an anarchist as he could have been by the plague.

The first great ship to carry Fairharbor flour to the Orient sailed out of Terminal Bay with thirty-two thousand sacks in her hold and the new Fischer shipyard launched the first vessel built on its ways. A big freighter brought in the first cargo of silk, tea, sugar, and firecrackers to be trans-shipped by rail to the Atlantic seaboard and was met opposite North Point by a tug bearing the mayor, a brass band, and official welcomers. On the bluffs a cannon had been rigged up to fire a fifteen-shot salute to the harbinger of eastern trade, but it burst after the fourth shot and James Anthony and his son spent most of the morning patching up the victims.

A booklet issued by the Chamber of Commerce announced that it was only a matter of a few years before Washington would have a dozen cities with populations of more than 50,000 and boasted that her forests were equal in area to the state of Iowa and that "the cut of our sawmills now covers about two million feet per day, yet it will be over a hundred



years before this vast timber country will perceptibly feel this immense consumption."

Two street car companies, each properly enfranchised by the city fathers, began to lay track on the street in front of the hospital. One gang worked at night and the other company's men tore up the freshly laid rails every morning before going to work on their own. The patients complained that the noise of mauls and spikes kept them awake all night and the medical society protested so vehemently that finally both companies were enjoined from further construction until a legal settlement could be reached about the right of way.

The first Woman's Club was organized, with Mrs. Ramsden as president and Mrs. Benedict as secretary. Mrs. Ramsden immediately appointed committees on art, literature, drama, music, science, education, and philosophy and sat back to watch the members work. Presumably because she had a daughter studying in the east, Deborah Winforth was made chairman of the music committee and, since she knew nothing of the art beyond a humming acquaintance with *Little Annie Rooney* and *After the Ball*, she found this a formidable task. But a few months later, when another group of women organized a choral society and announced an annual concert, Mrs. Winforth accepted the challenge and energetically began to promote a series of recitals by professional artists for the coming winter.

Daniel Radford's smelter was completed and shipped out its first cargo of silver and copper and gold. Conrad Bain got a franchise for a car line out to North Point where the towering stack of the smelter belched out plant-destroying fumes, but heavy rains and land slides held up construction so that only by working double shifts did he manage to get a car over the line on the last day stipulated for the completion of the project. This first trip had been advertised widely and no fares were charged; many ladies of the town made a point of going on it. At the dinner table Deborah reported to James Anthony and Dr. Jim that it had taken over an hour to make the five-mile run because the engineer and conductor had



been obliged to stop along the way more than once to cut wood for the locomotive that pulled the car. She had been annoyed also, it appeared, by the cinders that blew back from the smoke stack of the engine and burned holes in the ladies' gowns.

At this complaint James Anthony smiled acidly.

"It wouldn't have done Bain any harm to wait until he had things in shape for his damned cars."

Deborah clucked in deprecation. "You shouldn't talk about Mr. Bain that way, James. He is a very important man. And you couldn't expect him to forfeit a thousand dollars a day."

"I wouldn't expect that man to do anything but try to make money," retorted Dr. Winforth, but when he saw the frown that came over his wife's face he said no more.

More than ever, now that they were living on Prospect Way, did she cherish her acquaintance with the Bains whose ugly, gabled and turretted house shed prestige on her own new home. For the Winforths had been picked up bodily and moved. Minnie and Cap Jones had come along, but Minnie was now confined to the kitchen and pantry and Cap to the carriage house and back garden. Both of them Deborah had browbeaten into wearing something approaching a uniform. Minnie's costume was of black saten and she disliked it so heartily that she revenged herself on her mistress by wearing the waist unbuttoned, and Cap covered up his new brown outfit with voluminous blue overalls and jumper. Besides these two there was a house boy, Ah Sing, a soft-footed Chinese, who waited on table and did the cleaning.

But in spite of the continuing boom there were a few lines of business that were falling off. The enterprise of smuggling Chinese coolies into the country in violation of the law, long one of John Erskine's most profitable sidelines, began to decline so rapidly that several of the steamers that had plied the Sound for years were laid up. For the situation foreseen by Edmund Blackburn had now come to pass: the railroads were finished and the Cascade Tunnel had been completed

and the demand for cheap Oriental labor had vanished. Not only this but white workingmen began to complain bitterly of Chinese competition. Along the waterfront in Fairharbor and Seaforth there sprang up colonies where most of the coolies flocked when the construction jobs closed down. To be sure, many of them found work in the houses of well-to-do citizens and others got seasonal employment in hop yards around the Sound, and some started hand laundries which undercut the rates of the existing steam laundries, but most of them were reduced to a hand-to-mouth existence.

Being fond of pork, the Chinese kept a good many hogs which they fattened on slop collected from door to door and carried down to the colony in buckets suspended from the ends of a long pole balanced across stooped shoulders. It soon became an accepted sport for Fairharbor boys to string wires across the sidewalks to trip unwary bearers of garbage, and the fact that solid citizens and members of the Chamber of Commerce who ventured out on foot at night without a lantern sometimes sprawled over these wires did not endear the Chinese to the American public. Even the gentle James Anthony, gathering himself and his bag up after such a fall, had been known to swear lustily at the "damned Chinks," although for the most part, remembering that it was American contractors like Henry Archibald who had brought the Orientals into the state in the first place, he regarded the whole anti-Chinese agitation as ludicrous.

Dr. Winforth more than once told his son about the banquet given at the Fairharbor Hotel in honor of contractor Archibald after the completion of the Cascade Tunnel. "Henry has looked like a Poland China hog ever since I first saw him, and there he sat at the head of the table, round and red and full as a tick, boasting how he'd given the white men who worked for him on the job a dinner at which they ate a hundred turkeys and he gave away five thousand cigars. And when somebody asked if it was really true that nobody was killed on the tunnel, Henry laughed and bawled out, 'You bet your life it's true! Not a soul was bumped off—only four-



teen or fifteen Chinks!' And, by God, Jim, he thought that was funny."

As the impetus of speculative building died down and there were fewer bankers and merchants and saloon keepers clamoring for quarters and fewer families came into town demanding houses to live in, the call for labor slackened. All the men squeezed out of the building trades could not find places in the sawmills and sash-and-door factories and the foundry and the new furniture factory, or the shingle mills and brick yards and railroad shops. Some of them found work planking streets and laying the fir blocks on a concrete base with which Pacific Avenue was at last actually being paved, but before long there were more men than jobs and discontent raised its head.

Besides this, the population of Fairharbor was beginning to change. The pioneers who had taken up claims along the shore and astonished the Indians with wooden turbines and little sawmills were dying off, and their sons who had gone into business in their home town found it advisable to cultivate respectability. Not that they were above pocketing easy money but that they had no stomach for being caught off base and consequently shunned open association with men like Honest John Erskine and Harry Chalmers, proprietor of the Damifino saloon and owner of the *Bugle*. Magnates like H. T. Ramsden and Emil Fischer, Henry Archibald and Conrad Bain, of course, were above censure by reason of their wealth, and others like Francis Benedict, secretary of the land company and cousin of the great H.T., were immune from criticism by reason of their social prestige, but the rank and file of merchants and bankers and professional men felt obliged to preserve the semblance of righteousness.

Then there was a handful of citizens who kept prodding the city officials for their connivance at evil. These were mostly comparative newcomers—ministers and teachers and a few cracked-pot lawyers—and with them were grouped the more militant church women. They objected to the flagrancy with which saloons and gambling houses ran on Sunday and after legal closing hours, to the red light district on Lava Flats



and lower Pacific Avenue, and particularly to the afternoon appearance in fine weather of the prostitutes in stylish carriages on the drives in Archibald Park. They held meetings and passed resolutions calling on the mayor and the chief of police to enforce the Sunday closing ordinance and keep loose women off the streets. The politicians laughed at these resolutions but the more astute among them were beginning to wonder if they might not eventually have to trim sails before a gale of moral indignation. It was therefore welcome news to them to hear that the reformers had joined the ranks of the laborers in selecting the Chinese as a scapegoat.

More blatant and less intelligent than Blackburn, Knox of the *Seaforth Advertiser* began the onslaught upon the Orientals with an inflammatory editorial. "Men are out of employment on the Sound. And why? Because 150,000 Chinamen on the Pacific coast stand between them and jobs. The question of the day is, who shall claim the first right—American citizens or heathen impostors?"

These sagacious sentences Blackburn quoted to Dr. Jim one evening when they were in the Samson and Delilah bar having a whiskey-and-soda together.

"Smart fellows, over in Seaforth. Why, there aren't that many Chinks on the coast any more than there are a million. I'll bet that in Seaforth and Fairharbor put together there aren't more than fifteen hundred. But that makes no difference. Old man Knox is publishing this rot because the boys over there have been stealing the town blind, what with street car franchises and paving and street grading, and they've got to keep people's minds off that sort of thing. If anything was to leak out, it would be too bad for Knox and company, that's all. I only hope my boss don't get the same notion. You can't ever tell what the fellow who owns your paper may want you to do next."

In which misgiving, it soon appeared, editor Blackburn was well justified. For one evening not a week later Harry Chalmers sent for him.

Blackburn found Chalmers in his office behind the bar-

room of the Damifino, smoking a long cigar and watching the smoke that floated above his head.

"Well, Ed," he began affably enough, "the enemy has delivered himself into our hand."

"How do you mean?"

Chalmers smiled and turned his marble-like blue eyes upon his subordinate. He was not the typical big-bellied saloon keeper; he was tall and slender and wore his long fair hair parted in the middle and strained his words through a drooping yellow mustache. Now he pushed his flat derby back from a high forehead and proceeded to explain.

"Why, the reformers had another one of their meetings last night at the Reverend Wilson's church and got all heated up over the Chinks. The stool pigeon I sent up there says they almost passed a resolution telling the yellow bellies to get out of town within thirty days."

"What of it?"

"What of it?" Chalmers stared up at Blackburn. "Say, what's the matter with you? Can't you see through a picket fence? If those bastards get excited about the Chinamen they'll stop yelling about crooked games and street walkers and closing hours. That's what of it! I don't want these damned White Ribboners coming down here, holding prayer meetings in front of my place, and that's what they're doing back east."

"I'm afraid I haven't much influence with the reformers and the W.C.T.U.," said Blackburn slowly.

"The hell you haven't got influence! You're running the *Bugle* and a newspaper's always got influence. Now listen. I want you to rake up some hot stuff and let 'em have it. Editorials and stories both. Here's a lead for you. That ordinance the council passed last week about space per person in sleeping rooms was aimed at the Chinks. They live down in those shacks packed in like sardines. Now you send a fellow down there or go yourself, and count 'em and measure up the space. Then we can sick the health officer onto them for being unsanitary. That'll do for a starter."



The editor did not answer at once; he stood quite motionless with his green, gold-flecked eyes fixed on the wall above Chalmers' head. His unresponsiveness annoyed the saloon keeper.

"Well, why don't you say something? Don't tell me you're for the Chinks, or the God damned reformers!" The man shot out his words as though he were firing a gun.

"Oh no," exclaimed Blackburn hastily. "It isn't that. Only I . . ."

But his tone did not convince Chalmers; he looked at the newspaperman with eyes gone suddenly iceberg blue.

"Well, you'd better not be, I can tell you that. Not if you know which side of your bread the butter's on. Now you lam out of here and see what you can scare up for the *Bugle*. I want such a stink raised about the Chinamen that the women and the damn preachers'll be too busy to stick their noses into my business for the next six months. See?"

Slowly and unhappily Blackburn went out through the bar; he did not stop for a drink but went on up the hill toward the *Bugle* building. On the way he passed Jim Winforth and the doctor waved a friendly hand, but Ed did not notice him. The evil day he had dreaded was upon him and he did not have the guts to resign from the paper and get out.

The investigation of the Chinese quarter, loudly called for by the *Bugle* in one stirring editorial after another, was immediately espoused as their own cause by the reformers. Two of the ministers endorsed it on Sunday from their pulpits and the Reverend Wilson, the energetic Methodist pastor, used Blackburn's news stories as his text. The project soon began to take definite form and approving letters came in from respectable citizens who believed in "America for Americans." Mr. Wilson brought the matter before the ministerial association and found his own anti-Chinese sentiments shared more or less vehemently by all except the Catholic priest, the rector of St. Paul's, and the Unitarian pastor. These three men, he soon found, were opposed to any movement to expel the Chinese by force.



"These people live in crowded quarters because they can't help themselves," asserted Father Kenrick. "No one will rent them decent rooms. And they're no dirtier than whites would be under the same conditions."

The Episcopal clergyman did not express himself so vividly but his passive resistance was almost as effective as the more vocal opposition of the other two nonconformists. Mr. Stockton, the Unitarian, who was usually very mild-mannered, said firmly, "I quite agree with Father Kenrick and Mr. Constable. As a matter of fact, with our sewage system what it is, it seems to me we ought to thank the Chinese for carrying off as much slop as they do to their pigs. My church will oppose any attempt to run them out by violence."

Balked in his hope that the ministerial association would head the movement to purge Fairharbor of aliens, the Reverend Mr. Wilson had no notion of subsiding. Instead he decided to investigate for himself, and so selected three other like-minded gentlemen of the cloth and led them forth on a survey of the Chinese district. None of these pious, well-dressed men had ever seen the slums of a great city; if they had they would not have been so horrified by what they saw on the Fairharbor waterfront. It was true that the Chinese lived in crowded wooden shacks and tumble-down buildings; it was true that they had few windows to begin with and seldom opened those they had; it was true that there were more occupants per sleeping room than the new city ordinance permitted and that bunks were built in tiers; it was true that there were a few old men lying about stupefied with opium smoke and that the odors from the pigpens were strong and penetrating. Bathrooms did not exist and the ministers never thought to look for simpler apparatus for personal cleanliness. They did, however, remember to measure the rooms and count the bunks, and they reported to the council that the Chinese were flagrantly violating the ordinance requiring five hundred cubic feet of space for each person in sleeping quarters. Furthermore, they related with gusto how they had pried open trap doors and broken into closets and found

images that had shocked their Protestant souls, and how horrifying were the huge vats of dirty soapsuds in which the Chinese washed the clothes sent to their laundries. Mr. Wilson, indeed, vowed that he would never send another shirt to a Chinese laundry as long as he lived. The whole quarter, he shouted, was filthy and unsanitary, and the water in the vats was not changed for months at a time.

In the heat of their indignation and concern for the public good, Mr. Wilson and his committee began to canvass the business men, asking them not to sell or rent any property to the heathen and not to patronize their laundries. The first request most of the men were inclined to agree with, but the second had little effect because the Chinese did better work for less money than the steam laundries and were far less destructive of clothes. It finally became necessary for the committee to go to the mayor and get him to wangle from the city council another ordinance declaring all Chinese wash-rooms a nuisance.

The attempt to enforce this ordinance, however, bade fair to wreck the whole anti-Chinese movement. The first Oriental to be arrested for maintaining a nuisance in the form of a laundry was promptly found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of fifty dollars. The Chinaman then called upon the judge to pay a delinquent wash bill of twenty dollars and asked the city attorney for as much more on his account; only in this way, he explained in broken English, could he pay the fine assessed. In spite of all attempts to keep this occurrence secret, the story leaked out and the saloons and the lower avenue roared with laughter at the expense of the city administration.

It was at this point that Harry Chalmers ordered Blackburn to get out something new—"red hot stuff, Ed. That's what we need"—and sent for the mayor. These two practical men of affairs were in agreement on many points: the advantages of a race-war when public scrutiny might otherwise threaten the city hall, the inadvisability of disturbing the saloon business or the gambling joints or the red light dis-



trict, the villainy of preachers and temperance advocates and reformers in general, the desirability of getting someone else to head the Chinese expulsion movement.

"The chief of police and the sheriff are all right, Mr. Chalmers," said the mayor, "but you can't expect them to do a whole lot, any more than you or me. It wouldn't look right to the voters. But we might be able to do something with the unions. Last spring, you recollect, the carpenters was raisin' hell about the Chinks bein' hired on buildin' jobs. Now, maybe, if we egged them on they'd start things goin', and we wouldn't have to mix up in it much."

Chalmers was doubtful; he pointed to the decline of the Knights of Labor and said he didn't like unions anyhow. "What we need is some good hot mass meetings with somebody to get the boobs mad enough that they'll do something."

"I guess maybe you're right, Mr. Chalmers," said the mayor thoughtfully. "Yes, I guess you are, all right. And say"—the man's face brightened—"I know exactly the fellow you want for this job. Mike Jasper. He's your man."

"He's the man that bites chunks out of whiskey glasses over at Erskine's place, isn't he?" inquired Harry Chalmers.

"Yes, he hangs around there and works for Honest John part of the time. But that ain't all he's done. Why, he was a pimp down in Frisco and he's been a bouncer on Barbary Coast and quite a while ago he was an organizer for the Knights of Labor." Then the mayor went on to enumerate Jasper's other good points; it seemed that the man was possessed of two huge hands and an unbreakable skull and a complete inability to know when he was licked. But, better than all, he was an orator of sorts.

"Gosh, you'd ought to hear him talk to a crowd of loggers or squareheads, Mr. Chalmers. Why, it ain't no time until he's got 'em so stirred up that they'd murder their next door neighbors for nothin'. He just makes up the stuff as he goes along and, by God, he can even make me see red."

At the last recommendation Chalmers smiled sardonically, but he told the mayor to send this paragon of practical poli-

tics in to see him the next day. "If he's good, he's got a job right now."

It was further agreed that the gamblers and saloon keepers in Seaforth should be sounded out on the Chinese situation with a view to co-operation between the two towns and that the mayor should write to San Francisco for the details of their expulsion of the Orientals. Meantime the *Bugle*, Chalmers promised, would fan the flames.

Thereafter small bands of men and big boys whom the police were never able to catch, much less identify, began to roam the waterfront at night, beating any Chinese who were out after dark and stoning their houses. This, the *Bugle* was careful to point out, was because "nearly every Chinaman in this city at present is carrying a firearm of some sort which he takes especial pains to show to ladies and children." It was left to the imagination of the reader to picture the bravery of the unarmed Americans who dared punish these foreign thugs. Shortly some Chinese hop pickers outside Fairharbor were set upon in the night while asleep in their tents and three of them were killed by their hardy assailants. A few days afterward, Americans employed in the coal mines east of Seaforth attacked the Chinese working in the cook shacks and beat nine of them half dead.

The first mass meeting, in spite of all this, seemed to have been called too soon, for cooler heads in the audience prevailed over all Mike Jasper could do and succeeded in carrying a motion to appoint a committee to consider plans for dealing with the unwelcome Orientals. This pleased neither the mayor nor Harry Chalmers.

"A committee!" snorted the saloon keeper when he heard the news. "A committee! That's the best way on earth to be sure nothing ever will be done."

"You let me tend to things, Mr. Chalmers," pleaded the mayor. "I'll get a crowd together, a kind of a hand-picked one, that'll do as they're told. The trouble was them God damned reformers packed that other meetin', and Jasper ain't so good talkin' to people like them."



"You mean he's nothing but a rabble rouser and none too good at that," retorted Chalmers.

After another day or two during which the *Bugle* carried carefully worded stories about the "innate viciousness, filthiness, and immorality" of the Chinese, and their lack of all decency and the "utter degradation of white labor" which their presence entailed, a second mass meeting was held at which a Law and Order League was formed. This league, proceeding immediately to its first meeting, elected the mayor president by acclamation and demanded that he make a speech.

"Fellow citizens," began the reluctant official when he had finally been led to the platform, "I don't know who's responsible for wishin' this new job onto me. I got plenty to do right now, bein' mayor of the best town, by gum, on the Pacific Coast. That's job enough for any man."

The speaker paused for the cheers of patriotic citizens to subside.

"Now, I like everybody and I want everybody to like me. I ain't even got anything against the Chinks. It ain't their fault they was born on the wrong side of the earth. That's something they got to settle with God. He was the one that let it happen. But it ain't right that they should be over here in Fairharbor, takin' the bread out of the widow's mouth and spreadin' disease and death among us.

"There's a lot of men out of work these days. They can't get jobs because the Chinamen will work for next door to nothin' on account of the way they live. If all you folks ate rats and birds' nests and didn't wear anything but a shimmy tucked into your pants and slept four in a bed and in bunks on top of one another, why you could work for four bits a day too. But you're Americans and God forbid that you—any of you—should ever have to live like that!"

The audience clapped violently in appreciation of the mayor's sentiments and here and there a man strategically placed shouted, "That's the stuff! Go to it, Bill!"

"Now," continued the speaker, "I want it understood that

there won't be any violence in Fairharbor. Law and order—that's what I believe in. And there won't be any policeman battin' you over the head with his billy-club for exercisin' your constitutional rights to hold meetings and say what you think about the Chinks. The police are here to protect American citizens. This is your country and you got a right to do as you please in it."

The crowd applauded this less altruistic statement as vigorously as they had the mayor's pious solicitude for the maintenance of the American standard of living.

"Now I'm no orator and I don't aim to keep you here all night. I want to go home and get to bed and I guess most of you do too. But before I sit down out there with the rest of you where I belong, I got one more thing to say—and this is it. I believe in a man's right to work where he pleases, how he pleases, and when he pleases. Free labor—that's what built up this country of ours. The American workingman is free and, by God, he's got to stay free! Chinese cheap labor must go, before it ruins our city and our homes."

The roar that rolled up from the hall was proof that the mayor had struck a keynote that appealed to everyone. But there was to be another speaker for when the chairman, hammering violently with his gavel, had restored something approaching order he announced that Dr. Jaffray, "one of the best known physicians in the whole state," would now address the meeting. At this James Anthony and his son, sitting inconspicuously near the side of the hall, exchanged glances of surprise.

Dr. Jaffray who was a tall imposing man with a great shock of bushy dark hair and a black beard advanced to the front of the platform with a dignity of bearing that silenced his audience at once.

"My friends," he began in a deep resonant voice, "I was loath to come here tonight for more than one reason. I dislike being misjudged and there are men in Fairharbor who are quick to read in every act of mine, simple though it is, a



dishonorable motive, who condemn me as a menace to the public good and denounce me as a quack."

The corners of James Anthony's mouth drew back in a little smile. "That means us," he whispered to Jim, winking cheerfully.

"But that is neither here nor there," continued Jaffray. "I ought not to mention it. It is unseemly to bring one's personal trials into public discussion. Only"—his voice became sad and plaintive—"it is wearing to bear continual criticism. There are times, fellow citizens, when I become so depressed by this atmosphere of constant disapproval that I am driven to take down the files of letters in my office written to me in gratitude by patients who feel that my poor efforts have helped restore them to health and strength and loved ones."

"The man should have been an actor," whispered Jim.

"Well, he almost struck water that time," muttered James Anthony, hunching down in his seat as he observed the hostile glance of his neighbor.

"This unworthy motive, then, this reason for dreading to come before you, gentlemen, I must ask you to disregard as a momentary selfish weakness, for there was a consideration that compelled me to speak to you tonight—one that I am not ashamed of. It is now four years since I took my seat in the city council and I must stand or fall by my record. When the time comes for you to go to the polls, I ask you to investigate my actions as councilman. If you find them unmanly or cheap or contrary to your best interests or the good of Fairharbor, I ask you now, in the name of democracy, to vote against me. If I have been an unworthy servant, I command you to repudiate me at the polls. For it was the dread of proving myself unworthy of your confidence that drove me here tonight, against my own wishes. There is something now known only to a handful of scientists that you have the right to know, that you ought to know. Indeed, you *must* know it before you can consider the Chinese situation intelligently. The presence of these aliens in our midst . . ."

There was a disturbance in the rear of the hall, loud voices were raised, the words, "You can't come in now." Then a shriek, "But my mother is dying!" The audience craned their necks, forgetting the speaker.

"What's this?" boomed Dr. Jaffray, leaning out over the edge of the platform.

A boy ran up the aisle, sobbing. "My mother, doctor! She's dying!"

"Just a moment, my lad," shouted Jaffray. "I'll be with you in a moment. Gentlemen," he went on, "my duty as a physician comes before my duty as a member of the body politic. I must ask you to excuse me. But may I say just one more word before I go?"

"The Chinese will be a menace to you as long as they remain in our city. And not to you only, but to your wives and children. For these men of another race bear within them a deadly weapon that you know not of. Allowed to live among us, they will introduce that ancient, infectious, and incurable malady called leprosy, the germs of which—once distributed—can never be eradicated but will fasten themselves leech-like upon us, an eternal and consuming pestilence! Even that is not the worst. Let but one generation of half-breeds come into being and this leprous taint will be diffused in our blood and forever implanted in our race! Consider this, gentlemen, before you come to a decision."

Before the audience could breathe for consternation, Jaffray disappeared from sight. Then pandemonium burst loose.

Jim stared at his father. "They believe it, dad," he exclaimed. "That tripe!"

"Of course they believe it," answered James Anthony. "And so would you if you didn't know better. Jaffray is an artist. That's why he's dangerous. . . . Let's get out of here while we can."

The two men scrambled to their feet and climbed over the legs between them and the aisle.

"Was that boy bursting in here staged too, do you suppose?"



"Certainly it was staged," said Dr. Winforth tartly. "I know the kid. His mother died five years ago. She was a patient of mine."

In the entry James Anthony paused to put on his overcoat.

"This thing will go fast now, Jim. Listen!"

Inside a hoarse voice was shouting, "Who's got a right to the jobs—us Americans or them heathen? Down with the Chinks! They ain't human anyhow. To hell with 'em!"

"That's Mike Jasper. And how he can handle a mob! I sometimes think," continued James Anthony as he picked his way down the steps, "that democracy will never work until we get rid of the people."

## X

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BUT that night's events gave the anti-Chinese movement an impetus nothing could check. The next week two hundred delegates from Fairharbor attended a huge rally in Seaforth. The visitors were welcomed by ardent proponents of Americanism in the neighboring city, and a great conclave assembled in an open square to listen to impassioned speeches about the menace that confronted the Sound country.

During the meeting the chairman read a telegram from a town in Idaho reporting that five Chinese had just been lynched there for a murder they were accused of committing. These glad tidings were greeted by fresh applause, and the additional information that the pole to which the culprits were handed had broken under their combined weight so that the whole execution had to be done over before they could be pronounced dead, brought only catcalls and laughter.

After this there was a monster torchlight procession on Hemlock Way. In line marched patriotic Americans to the number of a thousand, and on the sidewalks a great throng of Seaforth's inhabitants milled up and down, shouting to the marchers and to each other. Bonfires were built and the wooden walks and paving caught fire in so many places that the fire department was kept on the run all evening.

Above the parading men swung huge illuminated trans-



parencies on which the artistic zeal of the whole Sound had spent itself.

"No more Chinese cooks!"

"Down with Mongol slaves!"

"Discharge your Chinamen!"

"Rats, rats, rats!"

"White laundries for white men!"

"The Chinks must go!"

The *pièce de résistance* was an enormous colored transparency which showed a male figure labelled "Free Labor" chained to a stake marked "Monopoly," while over the workman towered a pyramid of Chinese crying "Me workee cheap."

Wherever this display passed it was greeted with cheers. But on a corner far down Hemlock Way, after the parade had gone by, two roughly dressed men looked at each other in bewilderment.

"I guess," said one of them, with a pronounced Swedish accent, "these fellers all fergit how Mr. Archibald want Chinamen to make tunnel."

"Yah, ey tank so," said the other. "All right then they work cheap, but not now."

\* Behind the two a policeman paused swinging his club suggestively.

"What you bohunks talkin'?" he demanded. "Don't sound like American to me. Mooch along now, before I pat you on the lip, you squareheads. This ain't no place for foreigners."

On this point the Chinese were rapidly coming to agree with the policeman. Discharged from construction jobs and mines and ranches, they poured into Fairharbor and Seaforth. Many of them, alarmed for their safety, took ship for the Orient or left by train for Portland and San Francisco. The activities of the anti-Chinese committees did nothing to reassure those who remained. These men went in little groups of twos and threes from store to store and house to house, threatening anyone who retained a Chinese employee or servant. The chief of police, despite reassurances from the mayor, got cold feet and swore in fifty extra patrolmen. The

Oriental themselves were trying to settle up their affairs so they could leave, but the more prosperous sent word to the city hall that they wanted remuneration for the personal property they would have to abandon. One group who had sold out their business went secretly to the Marine National Bank and put two thousand dollars into a joint account; the certificate of deposit they tore into four pieces and told the banker that, when it was safe to do so, they would paste the fragments together and mail them back to him. Then and not until then should he forward this money.

A good many business men objected to the agitation. The manager of the Fairharbor Hotel protested that he was losing employees whom he could not easily replace with whites, and the bankers were appalled to see thousands of dollars drawn out by frugal Chinese to be carried away to a foreign country. Emil Fischer who disapproved of the whole affair and Daniel Radford who disliked anything that interfered with business circulated a round-robin guaranteeing the maintenance of peace and order in Fairharbor and induced many of the business men to sign it. But when they came to the Winforths, they got a set-back.

"I won't sign the thing," said James Anthony after he had read it.

"Nor I," exclaimed Jim. "How can these fellows maintain order? They couldn't split a rick of stovewood, much less stop a mob."

"The boy's right, Mr. Fischer," said James Anthony. "All these men put together couldn't keep order in this town, the way things are now. And, mark my words, they'll be worse before they're better."

Dr. Winforth spoke the truth. Bonfires and torchlight parades signalled another mass meeting at which a Committee of Fifteen was appointed to take charge of the expulsion. A deadline was set for November second, and the Orientals were informed that they must leave town by that time or take the consequences.

The saner reformers were appalled at the trend toward



violence and even the Reverend Mr. Wilson was so dismayed that he secretly sent word to the governor of the state asking for troops to be called out. The governor, in return, suggested that the sheriff of Fairharbor county appoint a hundred special deputies, and declined to assume the onus of requesting federal forces or mobilizing the militia. Of all the ministers only Father Kenrick could think of anything to do: seeing that there was now little hope of avoiding violence he quietly had himself made one of the special deputies and wormed his way into the circle of plotters, where he set about preaching caution.

The hot heads, however, felt that the Chinese were too slow about leaving and so they organized another secret group, each member of which in turn organized a "cell" of nine men none of whom knew the identity of anyone except their leader. Thus an endless chain was formed, mostly composed of people already disposed to mob action. Adroitly Father Kenrick, having learned from a parishioner of this organization, made his way into it also, hoping to be able to report its doings to the original Committee of Fifteen, where he had able co-operation from Emil Fischer and Daniel Radford, both of whom were heartily sick of this mare's nest which had at last come to menace the prosperity of every business in Fairharbor. These men spent much of their time trying to tame the tempestuous members of their own committee and the tidings brought by the priest that the secret organization meant to eject the Chinese and burn their houses stirred them to send a final warning to the aliens and to call an all-night meeting of the Committee of Fifteen for November second.

That evening, on his way back to the office after dinner, Dr. Jim ran into Father Kenrick and exchanged greetings with him. When the priest had gone on, Jim looked after him and pursed his lips. Something, he told himself, was about to burst loose. No doubt of it. "But, as Ed Blackburn says, what can I do about it?"

Thoughtfully he unlocked his private office and glanced out to see if there was anyone in the waiting room. There to his

astonishment he saw Edmund Blackburn. The editor was pale and he sat with one foot on a chair in front of him.

"Hello there! What's wrong with you?"

Blackburn looked up with a sickly grin. "I took a header in the press room this afternoon and twisted my ankle."

There was no questioning the injury; the ankle was black and blue and twice its natural size. Skillfully Jim prodded it with thin quick fingers and watched the face on which the freckles now stood out in bold relief against a background of pallor.

"Well, by George, you've not only sprained it but broken it. At the external malleolus, down here where I've got my thumb."

Blackburn winced and stared at Jim.

"Broken it! Good Lord, I didn't mean . . ." He bit off the words but not soon enough.

Jim looked up sharply and his brown eyes bored into the green ones. After a moment's scrutiny the editor laughed shortly.

"Well, what of it? I didn't mean to let the cat out of the bag, but between a doctor and a newspaperman there ought not to be any trouble over secrets. I'll tell you the truth, Winforth. I'm sick of this Chinese business. But Chalmers has got me in a corner. I've been writing bilge all fall. It's a frame-up to keep people's attention off the gangs here and in Seaforth, so they can go on grabbing the boodle and running both towns wide open. Election is just around the corner and it would be too bad if the voters smelled a rat before next spring. But I'm sick of the whole mess, and having Chalmers twist my tail all the time, and watching these poor boobs that march in the parades and do the dirty work while the head fellows sit back like gentlemen and pull the strings. It's all a gag, like 'rolling the drunks' in the calaboose. They take a fellow into the station and while he's being entered somebody frisks him. Then next morning they turn him loose, minus his watch and his money. And what can he do about it?"

"But . . ." began Jim.



"But nothing. Hell's going to pop here in the morning and if I can't walk I can't be in on it. See? Now don't look like a bloated Presbyterian, Winforth. I tell you this stuff is all lies made up out of whole cloth. The Chinks don't do anybody any harm. But I'm in debt and I can't afford to lose my job on the *Bugle*. That's the whole story in a nutshell. Now wrap up my damned leg and let me get out of here. I didn't mean to break it but it's worth it—pain and all."

Not a flicker of an eyelid betrayed the agony Ed Blackburn endured while Dr. Jim set and splinted his ankle, and when the job was done the man hobbled off on a pair of crutches unearthed from James Anthony's office.

"Queer devil," thought Jim as he watched the receding back. "Nerve enough to have a broken leg set without a whimper, and scared to death of losing his job! I wonder whether he's still mixed up with Caroline Bain, or knows there was a baby."

But these unprofitable speculations were quickly dispelled by the appearance of another patient. There were a good many cut and bruised heads those days among the more active patriots in Fairharbor.

Unable to get Ed Blackburn's prognostications out of his mind, Dr. Jim went to bed that night in an apprehensive mood, but for once he was not disturbed by the telephone or doorbell and so slept soundly until morning when, just as he was getting up, a call came from James Anthony.

"Can you come over and help me with Mrs. Radford? I just delivered her and now she's hemorrhaging."

Jim flung on his clothes and, seizing the obstetrical bag that always stood ready in his room, ran down Prospect Way to the elaborate ugly house where Daniel Radford lived, stumbling in his haste over the nails that stuck up out of the wooden sidewalk. Only seventeen months ago his father and he had operated on Mrs. Radford for appendicitis and he knew James Anthony had warned her against pregnancy too soon after convalescence.

"I guess dad warned the wrong person," Jim told himself

as he turned into the gate. He scowled as he thought of Radford—a cold-eyed, hardbitten man of forty-odd who seemed to have no desire for anything but profits. "If the fellow must have children, whether or no, why couldn't he wait till it was safe?"

Breathing hard Dr. Jim ran up the stairs and found his father in the hallway in a blood-spattered gown.

"Too late, son. She's gone. I never saw such a hemorrhage. No one could have done anything." He checked his son's startled exclamation. "What I want you to do now is to find Radford."

"Why, isn't he here?"

"No. He hasn't been here all night. He's down at the Fair-harbor Hotel at a meeting of that damned Committee of Fifteen. I tried to get him but the clerk wouldn't call him to the telephone, said he'd had orders not to disturb the meeting under any circumstances. I must stay here and look after the baby—he's puny and not in very good shape—but Radford ought to know what's happened, committee or no committee."

"I'll find him. And no hotel clerk will stop me." The young man put down his bag and turned to descend the stairs.

"When you see him, tell him . . . No, don't tell him anything except that Mrs. Radford died twenty minutes ago. He'll find out that the child's crippled soon enough."

Jim cast a startled glance at his father, but hurried on without asking anything more. He was glad he hadn't been on this case; since the night he had attended Rachel and Caroline Bain at the same time he had found obstetrics more distasteful than before. It was a damned disagreeable business, he reflected, getting into the world, and the world was not too nice a place after you got into it. The premonition of trouble he had had last night was justified after all; here was this tragedy happening under James Anthony's watchful eye.

The young man paused a moment at the front gate. An unbroken silence lay upon the harbor; the vessels at anchor in the bay, the freight cars in the railroad yards, were motion-



less in the gray light. But some spirit of dread rose from the waterfront in spite of the quiet and enveloped Jim. He listened intently for some sound which he could hold responsible for the foreboding that had come over him again.

Then suddenly the mill whistles began to blow, but instead of their usual morning blasts they blew over and over in a chaotic succession. Jim started. In the old days that had been the signal for fire—a big fire. But now it meant something else. "The Chinese!" he exclaimed.

Below him, at the foot of the bluff, he could see through the thin gray mist that hung over the waterfront columns of men pouring like trickles of dun-colored syrup. With them were teams and wagons. Distant shouts drifted up to Winforth's ears. He saw figures detach themselves from the mob and disappear into the tumbledown buildings fringing the bay shore and come out again with things which they hurled into the waiting wagons. Here and there small human shapes ran about, seeking escape, but the rabble engulfed them and swept on.

Jim remembered what James Anthony had said. "I sometimes think that democracy will never work until we get rid of the people."

But this was no time for philosophizing. Daniel Radford was down there some place and he didn't know his wife was dead. Young Winforth buttoned his coat tightly around him and ran down Prospect Way at top speed.

By noon there were six hundred shivering Chinese huddled into a warehouse at the end of a long dock waiting to be driven aboard the ship that was to take them to San Francisco. Their erstwhile homes lay in smouldering ruins.

Torn by a sense of failure Father Kenrick had plodded wearily up First Hill to his church, asking himself why God had not seen fit to help him prevent this lapse into barbarism. The Reverend Mr. Wilson was frantically appealing to the governor by wire for troops to be sent to Fairharbor to keep the peace, and Ed Blackburn was vomiting his way out of the stupor that had kept him unconscious all night. But the mayor

and Harry Chalmers were opening a congratulatory bottle in Chalmers' private office back of the bar in the Damifino.

And Daniel Radford was staring at James Anthony, trying to understand that he was for the second time a widower and this time the father of a crippled child. He had stared in the same uncomprehending way the first time Dr. Winforth told him his son had been born with only one arm, but now he sprang up, jerked open the door, and tramped heavily down the hall to look at the infant again. It could not be true that he, Daniel Radford, self-made and wealthy, had a crippled child; it must not be true. But when he turned down the blankets once more, there it was—that stub ending above the elbow. Radford banged out of the room and slammed the door behind him. The sudden loud noise made the baby start and begin to wail feebly.

From the doorway through which Mrs. Radford's body had been carried three hours before, James Anthony watched the bewildered master of the house with brown eyes full of pity, then turned in the direction of the crying Radford heir.

In all Fairharbor only Deborah Winforth and one or two other woman dared congratulate themselves on their deeds of the morning. For Deborah, having acquired her first Chinese servant at the same time she moved into her new house, had no intention of losing him; she met the committee that came to seize him at the front door and, glorious in her rage, chased them down the drive and out into the middle of the street with a broom. Having learned that one or two other women had performed similar exploits, she informed her husband and Jim at the dinner table that it took her sex to handle situations like that.

"Men are always afraid of us, in a pinch," she said as she eyed the subdued Ah Sing removing the soup plates. "If fifty women had gone down to the waterfront this morning in a body, they could have broken up that mob."

Silently James Anthony looked at the soft-footed Chinese padding around the room, then at his wife's self-satisfied countenance and his son's skeptical dark face. "By God," he



said to himself, "I believe she's right. If she'd gone down there, I bet every one of those six hundred Chinks who're on that boat would still be right here at home."

And, in spite of all the tragedy he had seen that day, James Anthony smiled as he reached for the bread. Perhaps if everyone had a simple single-track mind like Deborah's, it would be better after all.

## XI

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It was that winter that the Terminal Bay Hospital, built and managed by the Presbyterian church, burned down one morning during a cold snap when the ground was covered with a thin layer of snow. As James Anthony remarked afterward, it seemed strange that God took so little care of an institution set up by a church and advertised in the *Bugle* as concerned with both "the healing of the body and the saving of the soul." But whether God took note of the catastrophe or not, the hospital burned completely since there was no water in the mains in that part of town. The chief of the fire department, dashing up at great speed in his new official buggy, explained that the reason there was no pressure was that everyone had their faucets open, letting the water run lest the pipes freeze up and burst. As a bit of reasoning this was excellent but as fire-fighting it was not so good. The wooden building, into which at least part of the sixty-five thousand dollars contributed by pious Presbyterians in Fairharbor and elsewhere had unquestionably gone, was devoured by the flames in less than an hour.

Against this background, individual bravery stood out boldly. Only one nurse fainted; the rest dug blankets out of storerooms and wrapped them around the patients who were carried out of the blazing structure by firemen and doctors



and a handful of bystanders. When the last man had been borne outside and his cot set down at the end of a long row of other cots and there was time to survey the damage, it was found that the most serious human casualty was the singeing of the heavy drooping mustaches affected by the firemen. The patients, most of whom had fever, suffered little more than inconvenience, and for once—to the surprise of the head nurse—something had happened without a baby being born in the midst of it.

In consequence of this disaster Fairharbor was left without a hospital. And now it began to appreciate what it no longer had. The medical men were worried; they knew it would be months before the church could raise money and rebuild—if they ever did—and none of the physicians in town, except possibly Dr. Jaffray, had the means to put up a new hospital. Jaffray, it was soon rumored, was actually considering such an undertaking, but he was a man no reputable physician would associate with. He had come to Fairharbor on the eve of the big boom and opened pretentious offices on the ground floor of the best building available on Pacific Avenue. The high rent was more than offset by the expanse of window space he had for advertising. Not only that, he took a full page in the *Bugle* once a month and filled it with testimonials from grateful patients. Furthermore he was in the habit of making professional calls in the evening, and his shining carriage with its colored coachman in purple livery and team of sleek white horses was a familiar sight in the City of Destiny. Jaffray called himself a "macrogenetic physician," but where or when he had taken medical training he never divulged. This, however, was no handicap in the eyes of the public nor did it hamper Dr. Jaffray in his work; he limited himself to six secret formulae which he dispensed at his office in wooden bottles the size of a man's thumb. These mixtures were distinguished from each other by being marked with six different letters, and Nostrum A was frequently used simultaneously for patients with tuberculosis and others with cancer or typhoid.

But Jaffray had a large practice and a growing bank ac-

count and owned several choice lots on the avenue besides a stack of railroad shares and municipal bonds. He considered seriously the possibility of building a new hospital and dropped hints to this effect which immediately threw the doctors into a dither and brought the temperature of the county medical society to a boil.

A meeting was called by the physicians to discuss the state of affairs. Without a hospital in Fairharbor, surgery would have to be done in the homes or the doctors' offices unless the patients were moved to Seaforth. Of these three alternatives the latter was unspeakable, for there was increasing rivalry between the City of Destiny and her slightly smaller but extremely ambitious neighbor. Each denounced the other for padding the census and seducing merchants and manufacturers to settle within her boundaries, each called herself the future metropolis of the Pacific Coast. Under such circumstances it was unthinkable that Fairharbor physicians should patronize the Seaforth hospital, but at the same time it was almost equally impossible for them to use a hospital built and managed by a quack like Jaffray.

A canvass of the county society quickly showed that the doctors could not raise money enough among themselves to put up the brick building Fairharbor needed for a hospital. At this point, when pessimism had engulfed the meeting, James Anthony got up and inquired in his pleasant way if he might have the floor for a few minutes.

He reminded them that he had been in Fairharbor when it was no more than a village and that he had practiced there continuously through the boom of the seventies and the lean years that followed as well as the recent era of prosperity. Much of that time he had done without a hospital because there was none. He could do so again. So could the rest of them, and without getting all excited about it. Sooner or later another hospital would be built and until then they must simply work in their offices or in their patients' homes and do the best they could. It would be hard, it would be incon-



venient, it would be unpleasant, but since when had doctors begun to shy at things because they took time and energy?

With mounting pride Dr. Jim watched his father quiet the worried medical men and unobtrusively maneuver them into adjourning with the situation still open for discussion. But a few weeks of reversion to the old regime showed him how time-consuming and unsatisfactory the old-fashioned way of practice was and set him mulling over all sorts of strange projects for a new hospital to replace the one the Lord had so inconsiderately allowed to burn down.

## XII

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DURING the winter following her illness at the home of her aunt Margaret, Caroline Bain developed a coolness toward Max Fischer's young widow which her mother found both displeasing and perplexing. This coolness, it seemed to Cora Bain, was only one of the changes that had come over the girl since her operation ; again and again she remarked to her sister, Mrs. Stirling, that Caroline had never been the same since. Indeed, her daughter had intermittently been a mystery to Cora ever since she was born, and sometimes she wondered how she and Conrad had between them produced a girl in whom their own shapeless pallor had been transformed into a vivid blonde radiance and stiffened with a hardness derived from neither of them. But the fact remained that in her present mood Caroline was a social handicap rather than the ace in the hole she had been before. Most emphatically the daughter-in-law of the Emil Fischers and the niece of the Francis Benedicts was not one to be snubbed or ignored and yet Caroline seemed always on the verge of doing one or the other.

Not for all her father's fortune would the girl have admitted that she resented the glamour of romantic tragedy that clung to Max's lovely young widow, but deep in her heart a sense of unfairness rankled. Had she not gone through an ordeal



worse than merely losing a husband of a few months, and yet she had been obliged to scheme and lie about her illness. She had been reduced to the ignominy of taking shelter with aunt Margaret, she had been goaded that last awful night to the point of attempting suicide. And yet no one sympathized with her as they did with Rachel whose black clothes only set off her blue eyes and red-gold hair. Caroline began to scrutinize her own face every morning in her mirror for signs of suffering and, more than a little chagrined to see no evidence of being blighted, became more and more vexed with the kindness shown Rachel and her baby. Publicly she exhibited a coldness so conspicuous by contrast as to attract even Jim Winforth's notice.

This distracted the young man's already restless nights. Mollie Sheridan and Caroline and Rachel seemed to lurk like ghosts just beyond the threshold of consciousness ready to pounce upon him whenever he tried to sleep. The three girls and their three babies, and he himself tangled up with all of them. How much did people know about his unhappy marriage? Had Caroline found out anything, or Mrs. Stirling? Was it possible that Miss Foster had talked, after all? She was the only person besides himself ever to have seen Rachel's stillborn infant, but she was the soul of professional ethics and the persistent foe of hospital gossip. No, he felt sure somehow that Miss Foster at least had kept her mouth shut. Had there really been any leak at all? Had Caroline changed her mind and confessed to Ed? She was hard enough to enjoy putting a man on the spot, reflected Jim. And so weird possibilities pursued one another through his sleepless nights, and he came to spend more and more time at the office and to resort more often late in the evening to the Samson and Delilah or the Damifino where he usually ran into Blackburn.

Christopher Fischer, who had always lived in the shadow of his older brother acutely aware that he was not the first-born, was bent on obliterating all trace of Max. While his father and mother were still numb with grief, he stripped his brother's old rooms and moved in his own things, tearing

down book shelves and putting up racks for fishing gear and guns. Early one Saturday morning he appeared in Jim Winforth's office with an armload of books.

"You used to be pretty thick with Max when we were kids. So I thought maybe you might take some of his junk. I want to get rid of it."

Somewhat startled Jim asked him to pile the books in a corner and listened to Chris blustering about his plans to change the routine in the offices in town besides bossing the logging camps. Was the fellow completely devoid of regret for Max, full of nothing but a hankering to cut down trees and make money? There had always been something likeable and simple and unspoiled about Max just as there was about old Emil, but Chris . . .

Then suddenly Jim realized that the man was talking about Rachel and the baby. "Sniveling little beggar" was the way he referred to his small nephew and there was something queer in his eyes when he spoke of Rachel. Jim felt his hands tingle and the blood pound in his head, but he managed to control his temper and let Chris rush off undisturbed, complaining loudly how he was overworked.

The swine! What did he mean, thinking of Rachel like that? Wrathfully young Winforth turned over the volumes Chris had left behind. There was that book of Bellamy's Max used to talk about—*Looking Backward*—and here, worn and interlined with pencil jottings was Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*. Resolutely Jim stacked the volumes on the corner of his desk and called in his first patient. But that evening, instead of going down to the Samson and Delilah when office hours were over, he opened Bellamy's book and began to read. Fascinated by the picture of a new world, he carried the book home and read on and on, after he had gone to bed, until from sheer exhaustion he fell asleep with his light still burning.

Could he have seen through the roofs of Fairharbor that night, he might have found it even more interesting than *Looking Backward*. At the front of their own house Deborah



turned on her back and began to snore and James Anthony, next door, stirred uneasily as the rasping sound invaded his dreams. Three blocks away Daniel Radford tossed in vain quest of sleep, still resentful that his wife had died and left him with a cripple on his hands, and in a room down the hall the baby's nurse sleepily warmed the child's two o'clock feeding, eying the single hand the hungry infant flung up as he whimpered for his food.

Across Prospect Way Emil Fischer and his wife were abed in the large square mansion they had built in 1880, unaware that their surviving son had not yet come in. At the moment Chris was sleeping with a servant girl of the Ramsdens' whom he had lately seduced, thus saving the cost of a night at Mother Damnable's. Rather more than half-drunk Edmund Blackburn was walking unsteadily down the steps of an obscure warehouse on the waterfront.

Conrad Bain had just started up in alarm from a nightmare in which he had been beating frantically on the doors of a closed bank, to find Cora, his wife, padding barefoot through the door bent on finding out if Caroline's light was still on. It seemed to Mrs. Bain that since her operation the girl slept poorly. Just now she was rewarded for her maternal solicitude by a metallic, "No, I'm not asleep. . . . Yes, I'm all right. Leave me alone, can't you?" With injured feelings Cora padded back on her bare fat feet and crept into bed again beside the aging flabby man for whom she had long ago ceased to feel any but the mildest and most sexless affection.

Having crumpled one of his large ears by turning on his side, H. T. Ramsden was moving his long narrow side-whiskered head restlessly on the pillow and mumbling in his sleep. Home from a poker game at the Federal Club in which he had won a hundred and twenty-five dollars, Henry Archibald was confronted by his son in the hall of his stately home and was shouting at the boy, "Where've you been now, to get your clothes torn half off you? If you've been beatin' up some wench again, I'll be God damned if you can't settle with her



yourself. I'm sick and tired of going around, squaring up things for a fellow like you." Wherewith, Archibald slapped his son over the side of the head and stumped noisily upstairs, ignoring the terrified figures of his wife and daughters who had been listening through half-open doors to Frederick's humiliation.

Down on the waterfront, Honest John Erskine was closing the trapdoor through which a stupefied sailor had just been dumped into a waiting boat, pondering meanwhile whether to open the safe and put in the gold he had just pocketed and whether it was safe to keep the package of gum opium he had received that afternoon in the place. On the bar, where he could not miss noticing it before he left the saloon, lay a bundle containing a doll with curly hair and eyes that opened and closed which he was taking home to his small daughter, Janet.

In the back room of the Damifino Harry Chalmers was going over the night's takings and wondering how he could trip the faro dealer into betraying himself. Up at the far end of First Hill the mayor was dreaming of re-election and of describing to enthralled audiences his brave stand against the Chinese for the freedom of American labor.

The joints along the skidroad were closed, the painless dentist and the long-haired evangelists were gone, but down the avenue toward Lava Flats straggled several men whose intentions were serious though by no means honorable.

In the handsome home of the Benedicts' on the bluff above the harbor Rachel Fischer was nursing her small son and smiling as she looked down on the top of his head where she could see a little fuzz of gold. She had just decided to name him Malcolm because she could not bear to call him Max and yet she knew his grandfather wanted him to have his father's initials if not his name. In an agony of tenderness she strained the child to her until his snub nose was buried in the softness of her breast and he grunted and pulled back for air.

Across the hall Martha Benedict lay wideawake in a luxurious bed beside the man she had married twenty years be-

fore and was now trying to decide whether to divorce. Mrs. Benedict had not always felt like this about her husband, and had the elder Benedict survived the panic of '73 with his fortune intact she would probably have lived an idle but fairly happy existence. But, as it fell out, shortly before their baby was born they were flung on their beam ends by the panic and Francis was thrown into a haphazard career as handyman for a large and well-to-do family connection. He collected rents and foreclosed mortgages, found buyers for property and ejected undesirable tenants, attended directors' meetings and did as he was told, played messenger boy back and forth across the continent and reaped a meager living for doing so. Slowly the lean dark young man who had been full of laughter and very much in love with his wife grew sour-spirited and sullen.

When his cousin, Harvey T. Ramsden, offered Francis the post as secretary of the Fairharbor Land Company in 1884, he and Martha were glad to go west even though it did seem a little like going back from civilization to barbarism. Their only child had died in infancy and there was nothing to hold them in New England. The big boom was about to strike Puget Sound and the position with the land company carried a salary of twelve thousand a year besides inclusion in the local plutocracy.

Under this unexpected reversal of fortune, Francis Benedict's vanity came to flower. He turned into a creature who thought nothing good enough for him and flew into a rage at the least opposition. He joined the Federal Club as one of the charter members, he built an elaborate bow-windowed house much larger than two people needed, he maintained a well-stocked cellar and drove a team with roached manes and docked tails and went out four or five nights a week, because any cousin of H.T. had a social position to maintain. The thin dark face Martha had once thought so handsome became peevish. The tenderness he had sporadically shown her in the old days gave place to occasional violent demands for sexual satisfaction, and finally love died altogether and Mrs. Bene-



dict began to change into a middle-aged dumpy little woman with ash-blond hair and sad gray eyes.

In the hope of making her life less empty, Martha had persuaded her brother in Ohio to send his daughter to Fairharbor for a long visit or perhaps to stay and make her home, but the precipitate romance between Rachel and Max Fischer had wrecked that plan. For a little while after Max's death Martha thought the sight of Rachel in her black clothes had softened Francis a little but he soon relapsed into surly preoccupation. He was drinking heavily, she knew; he flew into a rage when his Chinese boy put the wrong buttons in his shirt, he was seldom to be found in his office during the day, and once he came home at night he was speechless until he left again the next morning.

Two hours ago Martha had found him standing in the middle of their bedroom, swaying a little on his feet, staring at nothing, and a sudden conviction of disaster had seized her. Something had happened to Francis, something awful, something he was keeping from her.

In the darkness a long slow tremor ran over her. What had made her run to him, crying out, "What's the matter, dear? Tell me. Let me help you." He had slapped her with the flat of his hand and called her a bitch and told her to leave him alone. And now he had come to lie beside her, motionless but not asleep. How had he dared to strike her and then come to her bed afterward? Did he think nothing but violence had any place between them?

For an hour they had lain there, neither moving nor speaking. But now, shaking with apprehension, she crept out, every instant expecting he would seize her and drag her back. But he did not stir and, once at the door, she ran out and locked herself into the spare room.

Francis listened to her flight without moving; it seemed to him that he was beyond thought or action. "A rat in a trap, a squirrel in a cage," something inside him seemed to say. There was hypnosis in the words. "A rat in a trap. A squirrel in a cage." Still motionless he lay and stared up at the ceiling

lost in darkness. There was nothing to do, no way to escape.

Sounds from the harbor floated up to his ears. For an hour the fog-horn at North Point had been bellowing rhythmically. He tried now to place the melancholy note on the piano. "C" was it, or the "D" above? Without moving his lips he made a thin dry noise in the back of his throat and listened acutely as though this were of great importance.

As a background for the fog-horn came the crash of breakers at the foot of the bluff. It was windy and the bay was rough. He could hear the sharp staccato notes of small craft nosing their way through the fog like yapping terriers—tugs coming in from trips on the Sound, freighters starting toward the peninsula, fish boats getting an early start. And there would be others, Benedict knew, that crept noiselessly into port on foggy nights; the Chinese had mostly been smuggled in that way and there was still plenty of money in the opium trade. Weren't they always dredging up pounds of it whenever they looked for bodies or tried to raise sunken vessels? And there were skiffs that waited under the docks for sailors who had had knockout drops put in their liquor and were to be rowed out to the ships waiting in the harbor for crews.

In the darkness Francis Benedict licked his lips. Those men would wake up out at sea with heaving stomachs and aching heads, but they would be away from their debts and the staring faces of their wives. Was it really impossible for him to get away without leaving a clue? It had been done once. Tom Ridgway had gone out alone in a rowboat and vanished; some boys had found the skiff with Tom's hat and coat in it. Only the men in the Federal Club knew that Tom had been bankrupt and that Henry Archibald had seen him a year or two afterwards on the street in New York.

When he went, if he ever did, H.T.—damn his eyes!—wouldn't let it come to an open scandal with Martha going out to work in kitchens as Mrs. Ridgway had done. Oh no, not H.T. He had regard for appearances and no stomach for disgrace. He would hush up anything that might reflect on the land company. The land company! He had actually



thought his job there would be something, but he was Ramsden's alter ego now just as he had once been Uncle Ezra's in Boston. That was all. He was sick of H.T. and his smug flat face, he was sick of the town site maps on the walls and the glib-tongued salesmen and the glittering offices over the Marine National Bank. He was nothing but a figurehead, a glorified clerk who was kept on because he was a cousin of the boss and made a good impression on strangers.

Not until he realized this, Benedict reassured himself, had he begun to drink so much or to gamble and bully Martha. But it wasn't his fault he did those things; a man had to assert himself somewhere. The company officials and the salesmen and clerks knew he was only a strawboss, and so he had taken to playing the market. And he had done pretty well at it too, until this God damned hotel bobbed up.

What on earth had made the railroad back such a thing anyhow? Fairharbor had no need for another elaborate high-priced hotel away up on the bluff above the harbor and a mile from the center of town. But there it was—the skeleton of a building that would never be finished, a silly thing from the start. Benedict rubbed his head angrily on the pillow. Why had he plunged, he of all people? Because Bain and Archibald and Fischer and Radford did? But they, all of them, were millionaires while he had only that measly thousand a month.

Besides, the boom was due to burst. They had gone too far, too fast. There wasn't the business these days that there had been: lots weren't selling so fast, the lumber trade with Australia and South America and San Francisco had slacked off, there weren't as many freighters and windjammers at anchor in the bay, there weren't so many cargoes being transhipped from the Orient, the railroad freight rate was too high for lumber to go out that way. Men were out of work, the skidroad was crowded. And one of the bankers had been sniffing around wanting more security on Benedict's loans.

It had been easy before, too easy. Money right under his fingers. There wasn't any direct check on the secretary. It had been simple—giving receipts without a duplicate and

holding out the money. And, when you came right down to it, the whole thing was more H.T.'s fault than his own. It wasn't right to put a man into such temptation: making him live on a thousand a month among men who were making money hand over fist. And now his last chance to make a big haul had gone with the new hotel, abandoned when less than half finished. He might have known it, he said bitterly to himself; anything he went into was bound to fail, while all H.T.'s undertakings flourished. That was always the way.

And then there was that mix-up in Spokane with the Ursprung woman: she might be down on him any day now. And that would finish the business.

Everywhere there was trouble in the air. All this pow-wow about silver and the gold standard. Populists going around making speeches, stirring things up. Farmers in the Middle West talking about ten cent corn and ten per cent interest, and agitators telling them to raise less wheat and more hell. After the election things would begin to pop. That fat-faced Cleveland was figuring on the White House for another four years and after that anything might happen.

Benedict sprang out of bed and fumbled in the dark for his slippers. He could stand this no longer. What would happen to him? What chance had a little fellow? If there should be another panic like the one in '73! He tottered when he thought of it. His head was splitting, there was a horrible taste in his mouth. He must get some sleep before morning.

In the bathroom he fished a bottle out of the laundry hamper where he had hidden it among the dirty clothes and gulped down a tumblerful of whiskey. He felt the warmth of it in his belly, giving him strength. Then he took another glass and presently found himself sliding, his back against the wall, until his bottom bumped the floor. There he fell asleep, his head hanging to one side, his mouth open. And there he woke up.

It was broad daylight and Martha was standing in the door, watching him as though he were a slug in her cherished garden.



## XIII

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MRS. WINFORTH was better pleased with her own attainments than with those of her menfolks. Her new house was as big and as high and nearly as imposing as the great H.T.'s. The front yard sloped gently to the sidewalk on Prospect Way and behind, where the ground fell off sharply toward the bluff, there was a garden with rose bushes set in long straight rows. The grass was coming up on the newly laid lawn and there were two maples and a madroña between the house and the street. At the foot of the garden was the carriage house where Cap Jones slept in rooms overhead and the blacks and other driving horses were stabled below.

But Jim had taken to the bicycle. He had bought one of the new safeties with rubber tires, for a hundred and twenty-five dollars, and in spite of his mother's protests persisted in using this undignified means of transportation. It was more convenient than a horse and buggy and the young man, it seemed to Deborah, positively enjoyed careening up and down the precipitous streets with his medical bag strapped to the handlebars and his trousers gathered about his ankles with clips.

James Anthony, it was true, had not taken to bicycling but his wife was annoyed at stories she heard of him riding around asleep in his buggy. The mare, Daisy, pranced and arched

her neck but that was only showoff, and she was really quite content to stand at one hitching post after another while the doctor made his calls, and when he fell asleep she cocked one eye backward over a shoulder and trotted off with him to the office, the hospital, or the stable as suited her best. People began to watch for him nodding while he rode from house to house and to make friendly jokes about it, the point of which Deborah did not enjoy.

She was, to be sure, partly mollified by the growth of the practice and collections. The office account of Winforth and Winforth at the Marine National Bank grew steadily and Jim had to rent another room to accommodate patients and equipment. Appendicitis was becoming fashionable, "adenoids" had been added to the vocabulary of anxious parents, surgical technique was advancing so fast that the abdomen was about to become the exercise ground for would-be surgeons, and the Winforths did more operations month after month. Koch's cure for consumption had burst upon the world and proved a vain hope. There had been two successive winters with epidemics of grippe that slew their thousands. Cholera imported from Europe had brought down quarantine on New York and Welch of Johns Hopkins had discovered the germ of gas gangrene. There were many articles in the medical journals discussing the care of typhoid fever patients and the proper time to operate for appendicitis, and rumors that someone in Germany had developed an antitoxin for diphtheria.

On the smaller stage of Fairharbor there were also vexing problems for the doctors. Summer after summer typhoid ran rampant, tuberculosis filled an astonishing number of graves every year, smallpox and measles and scarlet fever increased as population grew until they almost over-shadowed the dreaded diphtheria. The sewers opened on the beach above high tide mark and the odor arising from them on warm July nights was sickening. Open ditches carried the waste from the lower avenue and alleys were foul with garbage and refuse. Privies stood in many back yards and flies bred in dunghills



behind stables. Food was not inspected and dairymen whose cows fell ill promptly sold them for beef.

But when Jim called attention to these things he did not make himself popular. In self-defense he sent samples of milk for examination and read to the medical society the bacteriologist's report that the milk was swarming with germs. He told the other doctors that he had seen dairymen wash their milk cans in water he knew to be contaminated with typhoid organisms. He tried to organize a milk crusade and a movement to remodel the sewage system. He gave point to his criticism of the city health office by recounting the health officer's ignorance of scientific developments; this loyal servant of the mayor flipped a coin to decide whether a smear from a child's throat was positive for diphtheria or not.

These activities, although they led to no immediate results, made the dairymen hate Jim and roused the grocers to combat the idea of food inspection, but they also brought him increasingly into public notice. The more intelligent women approved of his public health proposals, and Mrs. Ramsden spoke commendingly of them one day at the Woman's Club. This stimulated Deborah's latent pride in her son. Better trained and more forceful than his father, he might yet be a credit to her. Even now his surgical success was being talked about in town and the *Bugle* now and then referred to him as "Dr. Jim Winforth, the rising young surgeon." And sometimes his mother surprised in her husband's eyes a satisfaction she had never seen there before, and on those occasions she took a pleasant pride in their son's growing reputation.

Then, of course, the boy was still the most eligible bachelor in Fairharbor. Few people seemed to know about the Mollie Sheridan interlude and Deborah soon pushed this episode out of mind just as she had once put aside the memory of the hapless Patricia. Besides, Margery was coming home for the summer before going abroad to continue her training and her time must be carefully planned.

It was now four years since the girl had gone to New York to study and Mrs. Winforth was anxious for her to dazzle

her home town by her accomplishments. Once that was achieved, Deborah's position in Fairharbor would be buttressed against all possible attacks. There would remain as reminders of her humble origin only her sisters and their commonplace husbands and children. Even the absurd renovation of her father's old ranch across the Sound undertaken by James Anthony and Jim turned out to be an asset, for one day Mrs. Ramsden happened to mention in Deborah's hearing that her husband had just bought a site for a country home out near Liberty Lake. By the time Margery actually arrived, her mother was quite accustomed to refer casually to "our country place on the peninsula. Just a simple western ranch, you know, but the doctor and Jim enjoy it so much, after the city."

Inasmuch as he had not seen his sister since she was a child of thirteen, Dr. Jim looked forward with curiosity to meeting her now, a young woman of twenty-three with finishing school and four years of New York behind her, but he was off on a trip to one of the Fischer logging camps the evening she reached home and so did not see her until the next morning at breakfast. The trace of malice he still felt toward her stemmed from his recollections of her as a small girl in pig-tails who tagged him and Max Fischer and spied on them when they read dime novels or experimented with cigars or attempted anatomical investigations. So he strolled carelessly into the dining room whistling *Ta-ra-ra-ra Boom-de-ay* to conceal his inquisitiveness, said "Hello there, Margery," and promptly asked his mother whether Ah Sing "couldn't get a wiggle on, I'm in a hurry."

The girl was glad to follow his example of carelessness; being a daughter of James Anthony's she disliked emotional scenes. But she was considerably more curious about her brother than he was about her and so she eyed him whenever she could without attracting Deborah's attention. Jim had always been disdainful of girls and their queer habits, and when she saw him last he had been a slim dark boy with nervous manners and smooth cheeks. Now he was grown-up



and very masculine, and he talked with the composure of a man twice his age. His cheeks despite a morning shave were blue with incipient beard, he wore a short dark mustache and brushed his soft thick black hair smoothly back off his forehead, and there were lines at the corners of his mouth that lent him a touch of sternness. Even his hands that had once been covered with scabs and scratches were thin and hairy and blunt-fingered.

Covertly Margery watched her family, sensitive for atmosphere. Before that first breakfast was over she had caught it. Although Deborah still had her way in many things Jim was not under her thumb and even James Anthony in some subtle fashion seemed less subdued than he had once been.

"Do you ride a bike?" asked Dr. Jim suddenly.

Deborah frowned but her daughter did not notice it in time to change her answer. "Oh, yes. I love to ride, don't you?"

"Sure, I do. I'll see about getting one up here for you. I'd like to take you for a spin out to Liberty Lake Sunday. They've just finished the cinder path out there. Maybe we could take a tandem."

With difficulty Mrs. Winforth kept from voicing her annoyance. Open opposition, she had learned, did not work well with Jim. But this would never do. It was bad enough for him to be flying around town on a wheel but it would be far worse for Margery to begin racing about with him on a bicycle. So she cast about for a less conspicuous way to prevent Jim and Margery from seeing too much of each other, and soon found an ally in Frederick Archibald.

Deborah knew Fred was supposed to be wild and once or twice she had heard mysterious hints about him which she did not understand, but he would make an admirable beau for the summer; he was lively and good-looking and the heir to a fortune. After all, it wasn't as if she were looking for a husband for her daughter. Margery was only home for a few weeks and Fred would serve admirably as a stop-gap.

And so no intimacy grew up between Jim and his sister,

for Margery was out nearly every night and seldom got up for breakfast with the family. He had the impression of a tall graceful young person who looked superficially a good deal like Deborah in her younger days; she had a straight nose, a full red mouth, and hazel eyes with none of the hardness in them he saw in their mother's. But he also had a vague feeling that Margery was no match for the older woman.

The fact was that the girl was enjoying herself. Although she had been away at school for four years and had practiced faithfully every day, she was not as passionately interested in her career as her mother was, and now she felt herself happy in forgetting scales and French verbs. But the flattering reception Fairharbor society gave her music stirred her natural vanity and made her discount a little the opinion of her teacher in New York who had advised her that her voice was not of operatic caliber. It was very pleasant to have girls of her own age Oh-ing and Ah-ing over her plan to go abroad to study and to listen to young men assuring her that she sang like an angel. What she did not realize was that she was so sweet and friendly and so gracious of manner that she could have sung with the voice of a ripsaw and yet been applauded. Perhaps after all, she said to herself, she had a better voice than Cerminatti thought. But, all the same, it was nice to lie in bed late in the morning and go to parties every day and not worry about hours of practice.

And so she went about gaily with Fred Archibald and the fashionable set of young people. Fairharbor was still of two minds about chaperons: the pioneers thought them an affectation and the imported nabobs were reluctant to be too rigid about social conventions so long as they, a minority, must take their profits out of these unconventional westerners. Consequently young women saw much more of their escorts than girls of comparable standing in the east.

Frederick was not the only young man who fell victim to Margery's indefinable charm, but the fact that Deborah favored him was an advantage he needed for Margery herself was not much taken with him. She found his hands damp and



hot whenever he touched her and thought he was inclined to hold her too closely when they danced. But her natural kindness kept her from refusing his company although she insisted on keeping some time free for the other beaux who flocked around her.

"If that sister of yours were to stay at home," said Ed Blackburn to Dr. Jim one evening when they met in the Damifino, "Fred Archibald might reform."

"What's that? What's she got to do with that fellow?"

The editor shrugged his shoulders. "How should I know? She's been going around with him a good deal, and I hear he's cut his whiskey down to a mere pint a day and stopped gambling almost altogether. If she had an eye for business, she might get quite a sizable settlement out of Henry by taking the boy on permanently."

"Oh, yes? Well, let me tell you no sister of mine is going to marry that bum. I'll see to that."

But no such measures were to be necessary for when Jim went home that night he found Margery on the front porch laughing and talking with two young men from Seaforth, and further covert observation convinced him that the girl was in no danger from Fred while surrounded by so many admirers. The course of later events proved him right.

For Mrs. Winforth was no less astute than her son. During the summer she discerned in her daughter a streak of softness that she did not trust; left to herself, she thought, the girl would fall in love with one of the men who were hanging around her and marry him. Obviously men liked Margery and she liked them. And there was no persistence in her make-up: she had actually told James Anthony that sometimes she thought she would just as soon stay at home and have a good time as go abroad to study. She had the same softness that made Jim hang around the old ranch and rave about the way the Fischers were destroying the timber on the peninsula. But he had deep in him a streak of hardness from the Peters' side of the family which had been left out of the girl altogether.

Deborah had not originally intended to go with her daughter to Italy but now she saw that only by keeping a watchful eye could she be sure of Margery. And they had spent too much money on her to stop now. To do that would be to admit defeat, and defeat was not in Mrs. Winforth's vocabulary.

So just before Thanksgiving she started across the continent with the girl. In December they sailed from New York. The winter passage might be rough, but no matter; it was time Margery was at work again.



## XIV

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WHEN Dr. Jim came hurrying up to Erskine's saloon he saw Honest John in the doorway waiting.

"Well, get a move on! Get a move on! I been waitin' for you I don't know how long."

"I came right over just as soon as I could gather up my stuff."

"You never busted no guts hurryin', doc. When I send for a man I want him to come a-runnin'."

The saloon keeper's bullying words made Jim angry. "Oh, you do, do you? Well, then, I guess you don't want me. I don't come running for anybody."

Belligerently the two men glared at each other. Winforth's eyes were shining with ill temper, Erskine's face was scarlet with wrath. The absurdity of the situation struck Dr. Jim first, suddenly he began to laugh.

"Well, what in God's name are we quarreling about?" he exclaimed. "This doesn't make sense. What's wrong, Erskine?"

Slowly the anger faded from Honest John's small bright dark eyes.

"I ain't quarrelin', doc. I ain't even mad about anything. I'm worried, that's all. My kid's sick."

"Then let's not waste any more time. Where is she?"

Two blocks from the saloon, in an alley, stood the little four-room house in which lived Honest John's small daughter and her mother, an ex-prostitute from Nevada whom he kept under cover as much as possible. The child—a girl of about three with long golden curls—was lying on a sofa in the front room and even in the gas-light Jim could see the livid blue of her lips and ears. There was a little crow in her breathing and in her throat telltale creamy splotches.

"It ain't diphtheria, is it, doc?" asked Erskine anxiously as he followed the doctor into the kitchen.

At Jim's nod the man dropped down in a chair beside the table and groaned. His wife hesitated in the doorway, looking from Honest John to Dr. Jim, rolling her hands aimlessly in her apron.

Winforth tried to reassure Erskine. He pointed out that this was the first case of the winter, that early cases were seldom severe, that he would go after the thing hard and the child would probably be all right in a few days.

"I'll leave a couple of prescriptions at Wilson's. You'd better get them right away."

"Stop at the place, doc, and tell the barkeep to send a fellow after the stuff. Wilson's too damn slow."

The misery in the coarse round face touched Dr. Jim.

"Now, listen, this is no way to act. Diphtheria isn't as bad nowadays as lots of people think. It's the idea of it that scares them."

Honest John looked up. "Don't give me none of that belly-wash, doc. I seen too many kids goin' to the graveyard. She ain't goin' to get well—not her."

And the next day it seemed as though Erskine had been right. The child was worse, her thin little body had become a flaming furnace. For the first time since he came to Fairharbor Honest John did not go to his saloon, but sat glowering in the kitchen or tramped heavily in and out of the sickroom, while his bedraggled, terrified wife scuttled about with hot fomentations and gargles, an unacknowledged fear in her eyes. No one knew as well as she that her sole remaining hold



on Honest John lay in the child. Not without reason had she called the baby Janet—God's grace—for it was her existence that kept her mother on the thin edge of respectable matrimony.

In the afternoon Jim brought his father to see the small patient. With the skill of long experience James Anthony made a rapid examination and quietly suggested a change of applications.

"Sometimes resorcin and glycerin will do the trick. It's worth trying anyhow. And I'd give her a little whiskey every half-hour or so, too."

Erskine grasped at this: if it was whiskey would do any good, she should have the best and oftener than that. James Anthony warned him gently against getting the child drunk and his calmness seemed to comfort Honest John a little, but Jim was not deceived.

"I'm afraid she won't pull through," said Dr. Winforth when he left the house with his son. "She's got that look about her I've learned to associate with death. That's what I hate about diphtheria; it kills them so young. Now if she was grown I wouldn't care half so much. Don't be surprised, Jim. You'll feel the same way when you've been practicing medicine for thirty years."

But the young man could not accept defeat. Before going down to his evening office hours he followed his father upstairs.

"Dad, how far is a fellow justified in going with treatment he isn't sure of? You know how people are always raving about doctors 'experimenting' on their patients."

James Anthony did not answer at once. He stared out of the window at the lights down along the waterfront, but he did not see them; he saw instead all the uncertainty he had known, the times he had taken a chance and the times his courage had failed. Finally he turned back toward his son.

"It depends on your patient, Jim. If you're sure she'll die of what's wrong with her, try anything that offers any hope at all. You'll be criticized and blamed oftener than you're

thanked, but that's not the point. I'm telling you what you ought to do."

"And the responsibility?"

"The responsibility is part of it, Jim—part of the doctor's job."

At nine o'clock Dr. Jim found Janet's pulse thready and irregular, her breathing shallow and gasping. In her eyes there was a strange glazed look and her finger tips were as livid as her ears. Honest John was still sitting in the kitchen but now there were three empty bottles along the wall and he held a whiskey glass in his hand when he lurched up to meet the doctor.

"Damn you, you're lettin' her die! Die, I tell you! D'you hear me? And when she's gone, by God, I'm goin' to wring your neck, choke you. You doctors are all alike. Sons of bitches, every one of you! Always experimentin' on other people's kids and killin' 'em!"

The man shook both his fists in the air over his head. "You kill her and I'll kill you!" he bellowed.

Upon Dr. Jim's overwrought nerves the threat fell like a whiplash. Without thinking he lashed out at Erskine's face and, catching the man on his unprotected chin, knocked him flat on the floor. Trembling, he stood over the saloon keeper and shouted to Mrs. Erskine to stay in the other room where she was.

"So you're going to kill me, are you? We'll see about that. I've done all there is to do, and now I'm going to do more. And if you open your mouth about what you're going to do to me, I'll pound you into a jelly!"

Back beside the child's bed Jim fished out of his bag a little package which he unwrapped with shaking fingers. All day he had been debating whether to use it or not. He knew nothing about it except what Franz Warnack with whom he had studied in Vienna had written him. It was a sample of the serum that had cured animals experimentally infected with diphtheria bacilli. Warnack, who had been fond of Jim and admired his quickness to grasp new ideas, had described von



Behring's experiments and his own observations and, as an unprecedented favor, had sent his former pupil the first vial of the serum ever to leave Germany. Jim knew from Warrack's letter that it was crude stuff, that it had not been used on human beings. He was sure that if he used it and the girl died, Honest John would stop at nothing; murder had been an incidental part of Erskine's business too long for him to be squeamish about a doctor. Many a shanghaied sailor from his joint was at the bottom of Terminal Bay and many a Chinese coolie being smuggled into the country had been knocked in the head and dumped overboard when capture seemed imminent.

But not three hours ago James Anthony had said responsibility was as much part of a doctor's duty as the trial of anything that offered hope. There was no time to wait and think things over any longer. The child was going to die if he didn't do something and do it soon.

Jim smoothed the pale skin of the little girl's abdomen; it was lax and flaccid under his finger tips.

In three long strides he crossed the room and thrust his head into the kitchen. "Have you got any hot water, Mrs. Erskine?" he demanded.

The woman made a fluttering, futile gesture. "The wood's all so wet I can't get the fire to burn good." She opened the firebox and poked at the smouldering sticks.

"Erskine, get up and go and borrow some dry wood!" ordered Jim. "Hurry!"

The drunken man leered stupidly for a moment, then got unsteadily to his feet and staggered out. Jim watched him lurch down the alley before he turned to Mrs. Erskine again.

"Here, here, that isn't the way. Fold up your paper and fan the fire. Like this. And don't stop. I need that water."

Then, sure he would not be interrupted for a few minutes, Dr. Jim shut the door and went back to his patient.

It was more than a week afterward that he met Honest John on the street. They had last seen each other the morning

after Janet had had her antitoxin, and Erskine had been blubbering with astonishment and relief. But he was far from blubbering now. Panting with haste he rushed up and seized Dr. Jim's hand.

"I been expectin' you in the place to see me, doc. I can't stay home when I don't absolutely have to, you see. Everything goes haywire when I ain't around. But I wanted to tell you I appreciate what you done for the kid that night." It was raining and blowing, and the wind fairly tore the words out of Honest John's mouth. "Now, I ain't much for soft-soapin' a man like some fellows I could mention, but I don't have to have anybody tell me there ain't no other doctor around here could've done what you did. I ain't much to look at nor my place neither, but there's a reason why they call me 'Honest John.' Men comin' in off the boats or out of the woods leave their money with me when they first hit town and they know they'll get it back when they want it. Most of it, that is. I got to get a little for accommodatin' them. That's only fair. But, by God, doc, I pay my debts. And I got influence in this town. Why, I got something on nearly every son of a bitch in Fair-harbor, and nobody tells me where to head in!" Drops of rain blew against the man's red cheeks and mingled with the sweat of his embarrassment. "What I mean is that any time you want money or need anything done or some help with the city council, anything like that, you come to me and, by God, you'll get it!"

With this off his mind Erskine began to grin a bit sheepishly.

"Say, what was it you give the kid anyhow? The stuff you had to have all the boilin' water for?"

This caught Jim completely by surprise. Ought he to tell this man even now what he had done? Would it be wise, or fair to his profession? But he had to say something. Suddenly it occurred to him that one medical word would sound like any other to Erskine.

"Oh, that was something I got from Germany. Antitoxin they call it."



"Antitoxin," repeated Honest John. "Why, you know that sounds kind of pretty. Antitoxin. Say, I like that word. I been goin' to name my place something, only I couldn't think of a name. All the joints on the avenue have got such fancy titles: the Samson and Delilah and the Damifino and Billy the Mug's. Well, none of them fellows is goin' to have anything on me. I'm calling my place the Antitoxin."

Within forty-eight hours the Antitoxin, long Fairharbor's base of operations for shanghaiers and smugglers, took rank among the resorts of the City of Destiny, and much to the amusement of James Anthony Jim had a photograph made of the saloon with its windows covered by the ornately lettered new name to send to Franz Warnack who was now working in von Behring's laboratory in Berlin.

It was about a week later that inspiration came to Dr. Jim. He was walking home late one night from a confinement with his heavy grip in one hand and a lantern in the other—for the streets outside the business district were still poorly lighted and abysmally muddy—and when the idea struck him he forgot to watch where he was going and so stumbled into a huge puddle in which he instantly sank almost to his knees. But so trifling a mishap did not dampen his enthusiasm, and he ran the last few blocks down to Prospect Way.

But when he got home all the lights were out except a dim gas flame in the hall and he restrained his impulse to get James Anthony out of bed. By morning second thought had taken the edge off his assurance but his determination to try his idea was stronger than ever. During the afternoon he found opportunity to maneuver a conversation with his father toward the subject of patients' promises.

James Anthony smiled indulgently. "They mean well, son. That is, they do at the moment, because they think you've saved their lives. But gratitude evaporates faster than ether. A patient's promise is like an I.O.U. written on blotting paper; it runs away."

At this Jim's face fell but before long he had argued himself back into buoyancy.

The next morning he came down to breakfast so obviously elated that his father eyed him sharply. What was in the wind? The boy was up to something. The older man had a moment's shuddering apprehension lest another venture into matrimony impended, and the dread of it took away his appetite. But while they waited on the porch for Cap to bring Daisy and the buggy around, Jim spilled his news.

"I've got one patient who lives up to his promise, dad. To the tune of one hundred thousand dollars."

James Anthony jerked his head around and stared at his son.

"What on earth are you talking about?"

The young man grinned and rolled his sweet morsel under his tongue.

"Well, dad, I stayed down town last night to see John Erskine. After Janet got well he told me to come to him whenever I wanted anything, and so I put it up to him that we needed a hospital worse than anything else. And, by George, the old boy came through! Say, but he must have made a wad of money down in that joint of his. He acts as though a hundred thousand was chicken feed."

"Oh, he's made a fortune here, there's no doubt about that."

James Anthony's face was very serious. "But not all out of the saloon. His shanghaiing and smuggling have been more profitable probably than the joint itself. Remember that sailor you did a post on when you first came home? Well, he came from Honest John's. It turned out that he hadn't been doped but lots of them have been and more than one's been dumped overboard too. Nobody knows how much opium or how many Chinese he smuggled in, but he's made a crop of hopheads around here and every cent of his money is dirty. You'd better think this over, Jim."

But the more he thought the more confused Jim was, and when Erskine sent word that the money was in the bank waiting for him he still hesitated. At the prospect of a decent hospital that James Anthony and he could run as they liked the young man's mouth watered, but he could not get what



his father had said about Erskine's money out of his head. Then a recurrent wave of grippe and pneumonia struck Fairharbor and he was too busy to worry over ethics.

At six o'clock one evening a few weeks later James Anthony threw open the door of his son's waiting room and called, "Jim, come here a minute." In the private office the younger man could see a well known Fairharbor attorney sitting with a portfolio of legal looking documents beside him. He thought a suit for mal-practice was being threatened and the quick temper he had from his mother's people flared up.

"What the devil?" he exclaimed.

"Keep your shirt tucked in," said his father. "Read that again, Mr. Burke, will you?"

The purpose of this visit, explained the lawyer suavely, was not to represent a disgruntled client but to read a will. Mother Damnable—née Priscilla Arnold—who had died recently of pneumonia had left James Anthony her property in Fairharbor, consisting of four choice lots on the lower avenue and the bawdy house which she had operated for over ten years at a handsome profit. The balance of the estate, some four hundred thousand dollars in cash and securities, was willed to the woman's last surviving relatives, a cousin and a niece in eastern Canada.

Madame Arnold, the lawyer said, seemed to have had good reason for the bequest. He rolled out the words sonorously: "in grateful remembrance of the generous and ungrudging professional care the said Dr. James Anthony Winforth has rendered over a period of years and the uniform skill and courtesy with which he has treated both me and my employees."

When Mr. Burke had finally taken himself and his documents off, Jim looked at his father, still sitting blank with astonishment, and began to laugh. As the older man's bewilderment increased, he laughed louder.

"Dirty property, dad," he gasped. "Dirty property to match Honest John's dirty money."

But as the implications of the situation began to dawn on him, he sobered.

"Don't you see what we can do, dad? Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face. Building a hospital is one thing and maintaining it is another. But now we've got Erskine's hundred thousand for building, and you can rent Mother Damnable's property for enough to run the hospital. . . . Sure, you can. Don't be such a pessimist. Diamond Mary will be tickled pink to get a lease on the house and the lots are all occupied. Can't you see how it'll work out, dad? Suppose the money is dirty, we'll do something decent with it. It'll be a new wrinkle for the profits of a saloon and a gambling joint and a fast house to put up a hospital and keep it going."

Ultimately Jim brought his father around to his way of thinking and they began to plan the new institution. Both men were thrilled when ground was broken for the building and Jim listened with pride while James Anthony explained their policy to the medical society.

"We have all had to work under great handicaps since the old hospital burned. It has been hard for us and hard for the patients. Modern surgery, especially, demands more and more institutional care. But now things will be different for us all. It is true that my son and I will control the new hospital but that doesn't mean that it will be closed to other men. Every good doctor, every careful, competent surgeon in Fairharbor, will be welcome there—he and his patients—and the care will be the same for everyone. Only the quacks and the incompetents will be kept out, and you know who they are without my reading their names."

Once more, at his father's plea that no one else was as well fitted for the task, Jim went east to buy equipment, and while he was away James Anthony watched with eyes in which there was again the eagerness of youth the slowly developing shape and form of the new institution. And when he had a spare moment he pondered over a name for it.

There was the connotation of shelter and kindness. It must



be a haven for people who were tired and sick, a refuge for the old and the helpless, a place where life and death and happiness and sorrow all met and dwelt together. It must be a harbor for human beings in trouble just as Terminal Bay was a harbor for ships.

James Anthony had always thought the bay was beautiful. He could see it from his office windows—a great half circle of blue-gray water between steep wooded bluffs and so deep that old timers still told how seagoing vessels in the early days had tied up to trees on the bank while they loaded cargoes of shingles and spars and squared timbers. Now the harbor was always dotted with windjammers and steamers and the mosquito fleet that carried freight and passengers between the cities and towns around the Sound. At sight of them Winforth's soft brown eyes filled with pleasure: they meant work for men who had to earn their living. The same thought made him overlook the ugliness of the warehouses along the docks and the railroad yards fringing the tidelands: without them there could be no city. It was a similar feeling which made him tolerate the lumber industry, for lumber had always been the mainstay of Fairharbor's trade and with it Fairharbor must rise or fall. It was part of the boom, part of the times.

Like his son James Anthony loved the Sound, the mountains, and the forests. But he understood why the people around him hated trees. The pioneers of the Pacific Northwest found a country where there was scarcely standing room. Before they could build a house or plant a garden or sow a field they must clear the land. Their fuel was wood, their dwellings were made of logs, their villages were huddles of wooden buildings in the forest. They had to plow around stumps or pull them out with back-breaking toil. And second growth invaded the acres they had wrested from the wilderness the moment they relaxed their labors. Before they could make roads they must fell trees, and across these narrow lanes the winter storms blew down the giant shallow-rooted firs. It was no wonder that the pioneers looked upon the

forest as an enemy or that their children had inherited that feeling.

But they had forgotten that the forest had also been their opportunity. The first pay crop in the state had been lumber, for hardly had the settlers hewed out a foothold in the woods than vessels appeared in search of timber for rapidly growing San Francisco. And ever since the lumber trade had been the economic mainstay of Puget Sound. It was a well paid business to cut down trees and made room for houses and fields. The lumber industry had made millions for men who owned ships and timberland or sawmills or shingle mills, for merchants and bankers and gamblers and saloon keepers and hotel proprietors and prostitutes—for everyone indeed except the men who did the hardest work and took the greatest risks.

For years James Anthony had dealt with men maimed in the woods and mills—men with their feet split open and their legs cut off, with their heads crushed and their backs broken and their fingers gone. Every day workmen were drowned or mutilated and died in agony. But no one seemed to think of them, least of all Emil Fischer and Chris. The doctor knew that the loggers were themselves partly to blame; they were careless, they got drunk on Sunday and went to work on Monday tired and slow-witted. But he wondered if other men would not do the same if they lived as the lumberjacks did, in stinking crowded bunkhouses where there was no way to dry off except around a red-hot drum stove and no way to keep from being verminous and filthy. What wonder if, in winter when the camps were closed, the loggers jammed into the lodging houses and cheap hotels on the skidroad and drank rot-gut whiskey and lost their savings in gambling joints and got diseases in the whorehouses? For even in a logger's life there must now and then be something besides falling trees and lousy bunks and steaming underwear.

It was of these men and the sailors on the vessels in the harbor that James Anthony thought most when he tried to



find a name for the new hospital. Most of his work and his son's was with the casualties of the lumber business, those battered men who were brought to them every day of their lives. From his desk he could see the boats swinging at anchor, lying beside the wharves. The wind blew briskly across the water ruffling it into sparkling whitecaps in the fitful wintry sunlight. Beyond the bay the Sound, and beyond it the open sea with great green breakers pounding on long miles of ocean beach. But these ships had found safe anchorage here. The word caught his attention. Anchorage! A harbor, a haven or refuge. The *Anchorage*. He had it. That would be the name of his hospital and Jim's.

And by early spring the *Anchorage* had raised its three stories of red brick on the crest of First Hill above the harbor and the *Bugle* was carrying columns of eloquent praise for its convenient arrangement, its imposing appearance, its modern equipment. "At last," wrote Ed Blackburn, "the City of Destiny has a hospital worthy of the name, a hospital to which she can point with pride even while she cherishes the devout hope that each of its eighty spotless beds will remain forever unsullied by the touch of the bedpan."

Into the task of equipping the *Anchorage* Dr. Jim flung himself with all his impetuous energy. He came home from the east with new ideas and set purposes. He installed a surgery finer than any other in the state, he set aside space on the ground floor for an emergency room and doctors' office, he fitted up a small operating room beside the maternity ward so that new-born infants and their mothers need not be taken to the general surgery, he set aside an isolation wing for contagious diseases.

"Do you think it's safe to do this?" inquired James Anthony nervously. "Diphtheria and smallpox and scarlet all in one building."

"That's the way the newest hospitals are built, dad. Germs don't walk around or crawl through walls. They have to be carried by people, and if we're careful and mind our p's and q's everything will be hunky-dory."

The "grand opening of the *Anchorage*," as the *Bugle* reported at length, "has stricken the whole city with amazement and admiration for the wonders of modern science and those men of vision who have carried this enterprise to its magnificent completion—the Doctors Winforth."

"I can't help wondering if it will ever be full," said James Anthony as he stood on the sidewalk and looked uncertainly at the hospital. There it was, solid red brick, and three stories high, with the land all about it still littered with the heaps of dirt and gravel cast up during the process of excavation. Dr. Winforth was tired; the chattering noisy crowd that had milled through the building all afternoon had annoyed him and worn his nerves threadbare. Just now he was sure the *Anchorage* would never be a success.

Jim looked at him with affectionate dark eyes.

"Sure, it'll be full, dad. Full and running over. There's always work for us doctors, you ought to know that." Then his face grew impish, like a street urchin's. "Besides, you know, there's always the income from Mother Damnable's property to fall back on."



## XV

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THE frontier had gone but men of Dr. Jim's age did not know it. And neither did most other people in Fairharbor. Only here and there were shrewder men who saw that the golden age of the old west was over—the days when a man could get a hundred-and-sixty acre homestead by living on it five years and a railroad could wangle from Congress a land grant one hundred and twenty miles wide from the Mississippi to the Pacific with mineral rights, waterpower, and town sites thrown in for good measure. Among these clearer sighted men were James Anthony and Emil Fischer. Both of them sensed that the last decade of the nineteenth century was to see that brawling lawless greedy energy that had spanned the continent in a hundred years flare up in one last wild blaze before the country settled down to the unmitigated pursuit of profits and mass production. Both of them believed that the swagger and wastefulness and roistering expansion of the 70's and 80's were gone with the mastodon.

Besides all that, Emil saw that his business must change with the times. Once he had been content to escape the poverty that had driven him, a poor German immigrant lad, out of his fatherland at the age of sixteen. But his native shrewdness warned him that the timber of Michigan and Wisconsin would not last his lifetime and found an open door to fortune

in the Homestead Act and the Timber and Stone Act and the railroad land grants. Made a director of the Northwestern Pacific, he eyed the vast domain presented to the road by the federal government—25,600 acres for every mile of track laid down in the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, and Washington—and soon he began to acquire timberland for himself. From the Northwestern Pacific he bought 900,000 acres at six dollars an acre and elsewhere he picked up what he could. Already he could foresee the day when the Fischer company would own a third of the standing timber in Washington and half of that under private ownership in Idaho. He had schemed and planned and brought this empire into being and he was of no mind to stand still now. It had been his fertile mind that contrived the arguments that convinced the courts that any stream that would float logs was legally navigable, and he had found tourist travel a way to evade the provision in the Timber and Stone Act that no individual might take up more than one tract of timberland. Trainloads of clerks and school teachers who visited the west coast in summer found it easy to file timber claims and profitable to transfer these claims a little later to a polite gentleman in Minneapolis who was a dummy for the Fischer Lumber Company.

Emil Fischer had made his home in Fairharbor for years and now that he had "sugared off" the last of his holdings in Wisconsin and Minnesota and was concentrating his business in the Puget Sound country he meant to take advantage of local conditions and adapt his methods to the situation under which he operated. At first he had been content to buy and hold timber for the future, but the big boom with its enormous demand for building material swept him into logging and manufacturing, and now sawmills and shingle mills and sash-and-door factories as well as logging camps had taken on the name of Fischer. There was no such thing as standing still; it was change or perish. And Emil was astute enough to see that one day he would have to modify his technique of acquiring timberland, learn to steal more covertly, and acquire political power to protect his purse. If he managed to escape



such necessities, his son and grandson would not for they would live in a different world than he. And Emil had little confidence in Chris; the boy had always depended on his fists instead of his head, he was rough and hard spoken and far less intelligent than his older brother had been. The loss of Max had staggered Fischer, and the manner of his going had stirred the natural instincts of kindness which he retained. This was responsible for Emil's presence in Dr. Winforth's office to discuss the matter of medical care for his employees.

Mr. Fischer was a short, round-bodied, round-faced little man whose hair and eyes and clothes were all gray. He was quiet, he contributed liberally to the church and to those charities he approved of, and when he had time he was humane. The sight of his son's dead body lying beside the mangled though still breathing bodies of the loggers who had been hurt with him still haunted Emil. Although it did not occur to him that there was any possibility of reducing the hazards of logging, he found it distressing to think of high-climbers being picked up off the ground after falling a hundred and fifty feet, or of fallers and buckers lying crushed and broken in the woods, and he hated the sight of men in the shingle mills with stumps where their fingers should have been. There must be some way to get injured men taken care of more promptly than they had been, and now that there was a fine new hospital in Fairharbor it seemed to Fischer that the time had come to make some arrangement about it. Dr. Winforth he knew to be a man of integrity and a physician of skill and long experience, and he was therefore prepared to drive not too close a bargain.

The two elderly men sat down opposite each other, each with his own purposes and thoughts, quite unaware that they were making history in the Sound country. Underneath the kindly impulse stemming from his son's violent death, Fischer was motivated by a less unselfish desire. The previous summer the shingle workers in his employ had had the audacity to organize a union and there were rumors now of other similar movements and of demands for higher wages and

shorter hours and even vague threats of a strike. Emil Fischer considered labor unions an invention of the devil but he preferred to avoid violence if possible. He had fired every agitator and organizer he could find in the mills and camps, and now he proposed to conciliate his men with a new system for taking care of them when they were hurt.

He and James Anthony were fairly well matched. Both more thoughtful and better informed than most men of their day, Fischer's shrewdness was balanced by Winforth's caution and self-control. Besides, James Anthony no less than Mr. Fischer had his convictions and sympathies. For thirty years he had been patching up loggers and millhands and since he belonged to a profession whose end was the saving of life he had come to dislike this industry whose workers were too often its victims as well. Now, confronting Emil Fischer, he remembered that only the bank knew how much Emil was worth and reflected that no one man could have earned a tenth of Fischer's fortune by his own exertions. The rewards of the lumber business were unevenly distributed: Emil had the money and his men their broken bodies. It was not only the fallers and swampers crushed by falling trees and flying limbs or the boom-men drowned beneath their logs or the edgermen whose fingers were trimmed along with the boards, it was the bunkhouses with neither mattresses nor blankets, where men slept in straw among the bedbugs, and the skid-road in winter where men spent all they had saved in the woods on cheap liquor and poor food. James Anthony could remember too much of this world of men maimed by their jobs and diseased by their pleasures.

Warily he eyed the lumber magnate and circled round the nub of the situation, making tentative suggestions and observing Fischer's reactions, ready to withdraw his proposals at the first flicker of elation in the gray eyes on the other side of the desk. He saw at once that the cost of medical care would come out of the men's pockets under the new system just as surely as it did now, but he knew that practice among the loggers had always been unsatisfactory. They were poor



paying patients at best: they were out of work during the rainy season from December to March and during that time they spent whatever they had saved up in the camps. The married ones had nothing to fall back on in emergencies because it took all they made to keep their families, and the bachelors fell victim to skin games and pimps and hard liquor. Not that James Anthony blamed them for that: he understood quite well how overpowering were the temptations of saloon and bawdy house and gambling joint to men who spent half their working lives in the woods far away from women, in lousy bunkhouses with air-tight windows. Whatever arrangement he and Emil Fischer made would be an improvement: it would at least keep the men from going to quacks and insure them hospitalization and intelligent treatment. Besides this, there was the *Anchorage* to be maintained and kept going. And the income from Mother Damnable's property was hardly enough to keep it out of the red. No, this contract with Fischer would be a good thing for him, too, from the financial standpoint.

He watched Emil covering a sheet of paper with rows of small neat figures. The man was a close bargainer, that was true, and yet suddenly Dr. Winforth remembered the day he had brought Max home dead.

Then Fischer looked up and said, "Make it six bits for the single men and a dollar and a quarter for the married ones," and James Anthony knew that he too had remembered.

The lumberman pushed a memorandum over for Winforth to sign. The doctor read it through and took up his pen, then stopped.

"Now, now, Mr. Fischer. I said no babies at that figure, and no clap. It would take every cent Jim and I could earn to treat these fellows for what they pick up down on Lava Flats."

And so it was agreed and next day a formal contract was drawn up between the Fischer Lumber Company, president Emil Fischer, and Drs. James A. and J. A. Winforth.

## XVI

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AFTER a long day of prosperity the sunset of the big boom was approaching, but at first no one recognized it was a sunset. To most it seemed rather the promise of prolonged good fortune for the morrow. The last year of the boom was as thoughtless and merry as the first, for were not eight million dollars flowing from hand to hand in real estate transactions and new buildings going up to the tune of a million and a half? And who could dream of disaster when George W. Vanderbilt was investing a third of a million in Fairharbor property and over sixty conventions were to meet in the City of Destiny that year?

There were other enlivening events too. In the spring shortly before the city elections, an enormous wooden tabernacle was thrown together in five days for Evangelist W. Stanton McKenna who held services for three weeks and bellowed so loudly about the torments of hell that fully twenty-three hundred converts fled from the wrath to come into the sheltering arms of this stalwart crusader against sin. So hypnotic was the man that on his last Saturday in town nearly every store closed from ten o'clock until noon and again from three to five, so that McKenna's special prayer services might be crowded to the doors.

Dr. Winforth, going past the tabernacle as the crowd poured



out from the second of these meetings, drew up to watch his fellow citizens.

"We're about alike, Daisy. Blowing off steam is just as good for humans as it is for horses. You prance and pretend to get scared, and these folks pretend they've been saved. Only they don't understand what they've been up to while I believe you do—part of the time, anyhow." The mare cocked one ear backward—her master often talked out loud like this—and trotted on down the planked street. "But underneath, Daisy, they're just the same as they were before."

The municipal election seemed to prove James Anthony's point. Fairharbor was still too engrossed in local affairs for national issues to arouse much interest except among the shabby men without jobs who stood on the corners along the lower avenue, talking about the People's Party and silver coinage and easy money. Even the prospect of that bulky Democrat, Grover Cleveland, settling himself for a second term in the White House did not seem to alarm the City of Destiny. But there was extraordinary interest in the election bet that was paid by Thomas Bassett, local Democratic chairman and county commissioner, who had agreed that if his party lost the city election he would stand a bombardment of rotten eggs from the Republican chairman.

A comparatively light vote was cast at the polls but there was a crowd out to watch the thick-set, bearded politician march down the avenue to his punishment at five o'clock on the next afternoon. Dressed in blue overalls, an old overcoat, and a broad-brimmed black hat, and followed by three or four hundred men and boys, Bassett swept down Pacific Avenue, turned left toward the waterfront, and came to halt against the high board fence along the alley behind the City Livery Stable. From the direction of the wharves a group of Republicans materialized to gather opposite.

Someone produced a sack of eggs which were counted and shaken gingerly by a representative of each party. Then the victorious Republican retired thirty paces and began to pelt his antagonist. Unhappily for Bassett, he was an excellent

marksman and in less than two minutes the Democrat's beard was dripping with egg-white while the yolks ran in turgid yellow streams over his bushy eyebrows. There was nothing to do but brace himself against the board fence behind him and squeeze his eyes tight shut and try to hold his breath.

Animated by the strange impulses that move crowds, the throng of sovereign voters who watched these proceedings cheered and roared with laughter. Stoically they endured the stench blown back into their own faces for the sake of seeing a county official pay off his bet in this good old-fashioned way.

The sport had gone on for a quarter of an hour when the victim's knees were suddenly seen to buckle. Noticing this, Honest John Erskine who was in the front row of spectators roared out, "Hey, there! That's enough. He's played out!" The men near him took up the cry. "Yeah, let him go. He's had enough. Turn him loose."

At this Bassett straightened up again and stared out at his tormenters from under the wide hat brim now dripping with egg-white, but the next moment he staggered and fell in his tracks.

Instantly Honest John produced a rope and, running in with averted face, made it fast around the man's middle and towed him away down the alley. At the back door of the Antitoxin saloon a waiting bartender helped strip the politician and lug him inside to the washroom. Once bathed and dressed in clean clothes, Thomas Bassett accepted Erskine's invitation to "have a little drink and kind of talk things over."

Meanwhile the crowd had broken up into little groups who went their way, jeering and shouting smutty epithets at the knot of discomfited Democrats who lingered, leaderless, behind the livery stable. From his safe perch on top of the fence, Ed Blackburn climbed down with a serious preoccupied face.

"At last Honest John's got his hooks into the Democrats. And that won't be so good for the Republicans, I'm afraid. I wonder what the old boy's got up his sleeve."

It was some time before the full import of the alliance be-



tween Bassett, professional politician, and Honest John, leader of Fairharbor's "underworld," dawned upon the editor, and in the interval other exciting things came to pass.

Soon after the election, Harry Chalmers was murdered and the commotion that ensued held the center of the stage in Fairharbor for nearly six months in spite of darkening financial skies and two other murders and eleven suicides. The airing of the local tenderloin provoked the Reverend Mr. Wilson to declaim from his pulpit "the vice that corrupts the heart of our fair city" and inspired in growing boys a burning desire to learn more about the lower avenue and Lava Flats.

"Judas Priest!" exclaimed Blackburn to Dr. Jim one evening when the two met on the street, "if ever anybody was sick of a murder, I'm sick of this one. I wish I never had to write another line about it."

Jim grinned slyly and said, "Sure you wouldn't use your 'Jerked to Jesus' headline again if they hang Juanita Ursprung?"

The editor scowled and half swung away, then looked back at Jim and began to laugh. "You never forget anything, do you, Winforth? Well, I wish to God I'd never thought of those three infernal words! Besides, they won't hang the woman. They won't even convict her. They never convict women of murder out here in the high-minded west!"

"You sound as if you wanted them to, Ed."

"Well, I'll be damned if I know what I want," said Blackburn thoughtfully, taking off his hat and running his fingers through his unruly red hair. "It's a relief not to have Harry on my neck all the time. He was a crook all right, but now he's dead I see I kind of liked the bastard—when he wasn't twisting my tail about something."

At first public opinion seemed to take much the same course. There was a sensation when the saloon keeper was found gasping his last in the Great Western Hotel, with Mrs. Ursprung standing over him with a smoking revolver in her

hand, and in spite of the preoccupation with Mr. Cleveland, Fairharbor made the front page all over the country. But when Chalmers had been buried and it was found that he had left less than five thousand dollars, interest died down. Honest John Erskine took over the *Damifino* and the *Bugle*, and the alleged murderess languished almost forgotten in the county jail.

Fairharbor had just settled back after this sensation when local society was set agog by invitations to the wedding of Caroline Bain and Frederick Archibald. Although he had heard rumors about these two, Jim was startled when he opened the opulently engraved missive and read the stilted words, "Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Ernest Bain request the honor of your presence"; behind them he sensed some hidden reason for this alliance of two fortunes.

He had not seen Caroline since the New Year's reception at the Fairharbor Hotel. That night she was dressed in black velvet, so that she seemed taller and more slender than ever, and her pale hair gleamed like silver. Jim stopped and watched her; he had seen but little of her since the night he had carried away her newborn child and sewed up the long neat incision in her skin that had proved such an effective backing for her aunt Margaret's story of an emergency operation, but something about her had always interested him.

He had grinned to himself, thinking what a sensation he could make if he cared to tell what he knew about the glittering heiress. Did she, he wondered, ever go back to grandfather's old pasture or have anything more to do with Ed? Did she ever think about her baby, and if she did did she care what had become of it? Was it true that she was going with Fred Archibald?

Later when he danced with her, Jim realized that she told less about herself than any other girl he had ever known. He studied her curiously, at short range. She was so blonde, her hair so nearly silver, her eyes so pale blue, that she should have looked a nonentity like her mother. But she did not.



Whereas Mrs. Bain's features had fattened and run together like putty in a mold, Caroline's were as smooth and firm as steel.

When he asked her if he might find Fred for her—"I think I know where he is"—she answered calmly, "So do I. In the bar, where he always is. Please don't bother, Dr. Winforth. It really doesn't matter."

And when he took her in to supper the girl insisted on egg-nog instead of sherry. "I feel like drinking tonight, and that's proper for New Year's Eve. We must have a toast to 1893. I'm sure it will bring me . . . something unusual."

It was after the toast had been drunk that Ed Blackburn came along and, to Jim's surprise, sat down and began to talk to Caroline. For all anyone could tell by watching them, these two might have known each other twenty-four hours or ten years. Blackburn's narrow worldly-wise face looked at the girl good naturedly as he rallied her about the future.

"Something is about to pop in the City of Destiny, Miss Bain. As a matter of fact, something has popped already. Here we've had a nice, up-to-date murder, to start with. Now it's up to the ladies of the four hundred to give us some excitement. They can't expect the demimonde to do it all." Then the man got up and bowed sharply to Caroline and went away.

The girl sat erect and statuesque and looked after him. Jim got the impression that she was watchful, and when she spoke her voice seemed strained. "What a peculiar person!"

That was all she had said, and now Jim felt like repeating the expression about her. For her to marry Fred Archibald was more than peculiar. She must have heard about him, and her father must know the sort of fellow he was. Not that Conrad was anything to boast of himself, but . . .

James Anthony, on the opposite side of the breakfast table, broke in on his son's reverie.

"I see you got one too, Jim. They're kind of lavish with the paper and engraving, aren't they?"

"Well," Jim hesitated a moment. "It seems a strange match."

"Nearly all marriages are," answered the older man.

Something about the way he spoke made Jim look over at him sharply. James Anthony's soft brown eyes were kindly, his face lined and worn, his chin a little weak. As suddenly as though a blind had been rolled up between them, Jim realized that his father was thinking of his own marriage. It had indeed been a queer match, the young man reflected, when Deborah Peters married James Anthony, and he had paid a large price for the privilege of being her husband.

"Fred is a rotter, of course," Dr. Winforth went on after a moment. "But it isn't all his fault. Henry has always brow-beaten his wife and the kids. The youngsters were all afraid of him. Once I was there when he beat all of them, one after the other, with two watching while he whipped the third. I always thought that explained Fred's notion of beating up women for pleasure. Henry's been a hog all his life and he'd no business to expect a son of his to be any better than he is."

Jim remembered the pale hardness of Caroline's face and eyes.

"Maybe Caroline can manage him, dad."

"I wish her luck," replied James Anthony. "But I don't expect her to have it."

Driven by an impulse he did not stop to analyze Jim put on his evening clothes and went with his father to the wedding.

The Bains were Presbyterians but Mrs. Archibald was a charter member of St. Paul's and her husband contributed a fat check twice a year, so that it was easily arranged to have the ceremony in the Episcopal church. Henry Archibald was determined that this should be the most elaborate wedding ever seen in the City of Destiny and to this end imported a florist from San Francisco to take charge of the decorations and arranged for a lavish supper at the Fairharbor Hotel after the service at the church. Before this enthusiasm the Bains were swept headlong. Of the contracting parties only Caroline seemed to keep her head. She stood for fitting after fitting of her wedding gown with a stoic casualness that struck the dressmaker as very odd, but her fiancé drank and



played cards every night at the Samson and Delilah until long after midnight and then went tearing up Prospect Way, pounding his horses with the butt of the whip and careening around corners with two wheels off the ground.

As he watched young Archibald coming in to meet the bridal procession, Jim noticed the recklessness that hovered over the young man's loose lips and the bravado that stared from his prominent gray eyes. He was a hard-looking customer and Jim thought it highly appropriate that Chris Fischer with his yellow hair and red face should be his best man. They were two of a kind although either would have been insulted to hear it.

Music swept through the church, the subdued hum of voices died away, there came the swish and rustle of women's skirts, the doors opened, and the stately procession advanced. Caroline's father walked with her and Jim smiled to see that, so far from the girl leaning on him, she seemed to be supporting his approach to the altar. Short and plump in his black clothes, pale and flabby-faced, Conrad slid down the aisle while Caroline, her fair head overtopping his by an inch, moved on as hard and polished as he was fat and flaccid. She scarcely looked at Fred when he stepped forward to join her.

To Jim there was something faintly repulsive in the ritual these two were going through. ". . . Into this holy estate these two persons present come now to be joined. If any man can show just cause why they may not be lawfully joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace. I require and charge you both . . ." Tormented by a desire to stand up and interrupt Jim fidgetted in his seat.

Then it was all over and Caroline and Fred turned around, and Jim was caught up with his father in the crowd. People were smiling and bowing and saying what a beautiful ceremony it had been, and hurrying away to drive down to the hotel for the reception and wedding supper.

"Let's not go down there," said James Anthony. "It will be a jamboree and Henry might get up and tell how much it cost him and how many turkeys were killed and how many

Park and Tilford's best imported olives he and Conrad had to buy. I'd rather go home and go to bed—that is, unless you really want to go and watch the animals perform."

An impulse no better understood than the one that prompted him to come to the church made Jim little loath to do as James Anthony wished. He was suddenly nervous and depressed; there was that strange quivering in the backs of his thighs and the heaviness in the pit of his stomach that he had learned to associate with unpleasantness. When he had dismissed the cab that brought them home and his father had gone in, Jim lingered on outside alone.

He saw the light flash on upstairs and smiled to himself; in Deborah's absence James Anthony had thrown her room and his together and was using them both. He seemed to enjoy the extra space. Presently the young man walked back into the garden and stood smoking a cigar and looking down over the harbor. He remembered the hum of excitement that rose from the waterfront on the night he came home three years ago. Now what he heard seemed different: it was muffled, lower pitched, and tonight it seemed almost menacing. The glare of Pacific Avenue cut across the darkness like a bright scar, but it seemed less glittering than usual. The bay was farther away. The hills that rose in steep terraces behind the avenue towered above the harbor in defiance.

He could hear distant clankings of metal as ships swung at anchor in the deep water of the bay. The lighthouses at the harbor entrance blinked rhythmically at each other. The fires in the incinerators along the tidflats glowed fitfully with the breeze, and the sharp odor of tidewater swept up to his nostrils.

Smoking furiously Jim paced back and forth and wondered what was wrong with him. He had never thought he was a sensitive person easily influenced by the atmosphere around him and he was exasperated by the premonition that had fastened upon him. He told himself angrily that there might be some sense to it if he had been in love with Caroline Bain, but he was not and never had been. Of course, the



wedding had made him remember by contrast the brief and unimpressive ceremony through which he and Mollie had gone two years before, but there was more to it than that. Perhaps, he reflected, the lack of physical satisfaction had something to do with it; that sort of thing had become increasingly difficult since Mollie's death. He was paying now for his rash venture into matrimony. Not until two o'clock did he go up to bed, and then he fell asleep from sheer weariness and bewilderment.

But he soon forgot his depression in a rush of work. A half-dozen major operations and more than that many confinements, an office full of patients every day and more than their share of night calls kept both James Anthony and his son preoccupied. Jim barely glanced at the *Bugle* and *Progress and Poverty* lay unopened on his bedside stand, but he did notice the item in the paper to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Archibald had gone to San Francisco whence they planned to sail later in the month on a trip around the world. There was fulsome flattery in that paragraph: "the well known realty and street car magnate, Mr. Bain . . . and Henry Archibald, the most prominent and successful contractor in the Pacific Northwest . . ." Jim flung down the *Bugle*, scowling. Ed would say he couldn't help printing this stuff, it had to be done. But . . . Well, the fellow simply didn't have any guts, that was what ailed him. And then the picture of Blackburn sitting with compressed lips and the sweat dripping off his face while his broken ankle was set flashed into young Winforth's mind to contradict that judgment.

The next day James Anthony came into Dr. Jim's office, his face pale and worried. He sat down on the corner of his son's desk without taking off his flat-topped derby.

"By Godfrey, it was a near thing this morning with the Marine National."

"Why, what's the matter? Some bookkeeper run off with the cash?" Jim spoke lightly and his father looked at him with puzzled eyes. The boy had been in a brown study for a

couple of weeks, going around as though he were only half awake, but he must surely have noticed something the last two days.

"This is no joke, Jim. If the clearing house hadn't advanced fifty thousand dollars the bank couldn't have opened this morning."

"What?"

"It's true. You know I don't take stock in rumors. There've been stories out about every bank in Fairharbor one time or another the last year and I never believed any of them. Just after you got home, you remember, there was a scare about the Farmers'. Spite work that was. And so I discounted the tales that've been going around about the Marine National. But there's a full fledged run this morning and more trouble brewing."

When Jim went out he saw for himself that what James Anthony had said was true. In front of the Marine bank was a long queue of anxious looking people staring enviously at those who had got into line early in the morning and were now coming out with their cash in hand. From mouth to mouth sped stories: . . . the bank was paying only half the deposits . . . it was paying in silver and currency, not in gold . . . there was no more gold in Fairharbor . . . there was no gold anywhere on the coast except in San Francisco . . . it was all Cleveland's fault . . . Damn the Democrats, anyhow! . . . all the banks in town were going to close . . . none of the stores would accept checks. And as these rumors spread they grew and changed and produced panic in all who heard them. In spite of the steady stream of depositors coming out with their money in their hands, the line lengthened constantly.

Jim was standing, watching the file of worried people, remembering that the Marine was the Winforths' bank too, when Honest John Erskine came along.

"Quite a sight, ain't it, doc?" he asked, waving a fat hand at the line-up.

"Rather an awful one, it seems to me."



Erskine grinned. "Now, that's kind of funny. You're used to seein' people die, that don't make you blink an eye. But you feel bad because these guys can't get their money in a hurry. Well, let me tell you something. There's nothin' wrong with the Marine National, but there ain't no bank anywhere can pay off its customers when they all come pilin' in at once. Banks can't keep that much money on hand, none of 'em."

Erskine spoke in a loud voice and Jim could see people turning to look at him.

"Banks can't just set on the money people put in 'em. They got to invest it, just like anybody else, get it out at interest. They can't keep it in a box all ready to give it back the minute anybody takes a notion. Like I just said, there ain't no bank anywhere can do that. And you'd think these galoots'd know that by this time."

A small man with woebegone eyes who had been listening ventured a question. "Did you say there wasn't no bank in town could pay its accounts, Mr. Erskine?"

Honest John turned his bright dark scornful eyes on the questioner.

"Well, what do you think? What are banks for? If you just wanted a place to keep your money, why didn't you bury it somewheres in a tomato can? But, oh no, you want to make something on it. And now you're out here, startin' a run on the bank, so's to be sure none of you'll get anything." Erskine spat a mouthful of tobacco juice so close to the small man's foot that he jumped. "Numbskulls! All of you! What good d'you think you're doin' down here, anyhow? Damn sight more sensible if you'd all go home where you belong. But you ain't got sense to see that even when somebody tells you."

Honest John turned again toward Jim, winking as he did.

"D'you know what these nitwits are doin' with the money they're drawin' out of the bank, doc? Well, some of 'em bury it in the backyard or under a stump. It won't be a week until there'll be an epidemic of stealin' around town. And some of 'em hires a safety box and carries the cash right down into the basement of the bank and locks it up there. And a whole

push of 'em is over at the post office, gettin' money orders on towns in British Columbia, made out to themselves. And this mornin' there was two fellows on the boat takin' about fifteen thousand up to Vancouver to put it in the banks over there. Now, ain't that patriotic, I ask you. It was all right to make their money here but at the very first sign that everything won't always be clam soup and waffles the whole kit and caboodle of 'em starts hot-footin' it for Canada. Why, there ain't enough guts in this whole gang to fit out one respectable earthworm!"

But Honest John's rough tactics, although they brought an angry flush to more than one face in the line, did nothing to check the run. People went on drawing out their money and burying it or sending it out of the country. And, obscurely, Jim felt there was something to be said for them—many gray-haired and twisted with labor, all frightened and bewildered.

That night the clearing house at the request of Henry Archibald, owner of the majority of the stock in the Marine National, advanced the bank a second hundred thousand on the security of a mortgage on the building. The next morning a committee of four left for Portland to try to raise money: H. T. Ramsden, Conrad Bain, Daniel Radford, and Arthur Monteith of the Savings and Loan Association were the emissaries. They departed bravely enough but by noon the following day they had telegraphed word of their failure. That night Archibald asked the clearing house association for two hundred thousand on his personal note but before the deal went through a wire came from a correspondent bank in New York demanding of the Marine National a hundred thousand.

There was nothing of the Poland china hog left about Archibald when he faced the next morning, first, the members of the clearing house, and then, the directors and officers of his own bank. He had not been in bed five hours in three nights, and had not slept five minutes of that time. He had not shaved, his red face had fallen into perpendicular folds of anxiety and his hair tumbled untidily over his forehead. He



had had almost nothing to eat for seventy-two hours and his wrinkled clothes hung loose and baggy about his middle. He had no apology to offer, no favors to ask.

"Gentlemen," he said to the clearing house, "you have advanced all the bank is worth. I can ask you for nothing more."

"Gentlemen," he said to his directors and officers in a hoarse, hollow voice, "the bank won't open for business this morning. We're . . . I'm broke."

Word of this disaster spread over town like a pestilence. The lines in front of the other banks lengthened. That evening the Farmers' Bank reported to the clearing house that eighty-two per cent of its deposits had been withdrawn and it would not open in the morning. The Brokers' National, President Applegate stated, was wiped out so far as capital and surplus were concerned, but he had secured a quarter of a million through family connections in New York and hoped on the strength of this to weather the storm.

Day after day typewritten notices appeared on the doors of banks that had closed overnight, stating that they were in the process of reorganization; day after day shabbily dressed men and women and others, panic-stricken though not yet shabby, read these notices and shuffled aimlessly away, their minds swept vacant by disaster. Before the banks still open desperate depositors formed in line, forlornly hoping to get part of their savings in cash.

Ed Blackburn walked the avenue, watching the crowds now too terrified to be noisy, and went back to write the short paragraph that appeared next morning in an inconspicuous corner of an inside page in the *Bugle* to the effect that the Lumbermen's Bank had temporarily suspended payments but was expected to reopen within the fortnight. Late at night when he was alone in his office he toiled over other masterpieces of evasion.

"In default of further actual bad news such as demoralized the city last week, the scaremongers today had recourse to

rumor. But they were not as successful as they would like. The stock market broke heavily early in the day, the brunt falling, it is true, on Northwestern Pacific stocks and bonds. This gave the croakers an opportunity to circulate a report that the June interest coupons could not be met. This was and is a complete falsehood, and was emphatically denied at railroad headquarters. Everyone knows that the Northwestern Pacific, like many individuals, has fallen upon unpleasant times and that money is not easy to come by in days like these; under such circumstances it reflects credit on the railroad that its officers have been able to secure funds to meet these payments. . . ."

As he read these words over to himself, Blackburn's face twisted into a sickly grin. "A gem of indirection and misinformation, if ever there was one," he thought. "That stock isn't worth papering the wall with, right now! But what of it? The *Bugle* must be loyal to Fairharbor and her progenitor, the Northwestern Pacific."

Forty-eight hours later the editor confronted President Drummond of the Fairharbor National in the office of the bank.

"You can trust me. I'm careful what I print, you know that. Tell me the truth."

"I have told you, Blackburn. There's nothing in the rumors around town. Our doors will be open tomorrow just as they have been all through the panic. The Fairharbor National is absolutely sound."

"There isn't an absolutely sound bank in the state, Mr. Drummond. That's what they told me at the Lumbermen's too, at the very moment a special agent of the comptroller was in the vaults. That's what they said at the Savings and Loan, and when the receivers took over there was nothing left but the furniture and a dollar and ten cents somebody had overlooked." Blackburn's voice cracked a little. "I've got an account here. Not much, of course, as accounts go, but it's all I've got and it seems like a fortune to me. I haven't drawn



it out because it didn't seem quite decent, at a time like this. I suppose it's gone, like the others?"

Drummond lifted a haggard face blazing with shame and rage.

"Certainly it's gone. You're no better than the rest of us. Everything's gone. What else did you expect?"

"Nothing," said Blackburn. "Nothing."

He watched Drummond fall forward across his desk, weeping. All he could see after that was the top of the banker's bald head and his hands, clenching and unclenching over the edge of the desk.

"Nothing," whispered Blackburn. Then he ran out with the sound of Drummond's sobs pursuing him. He was halfway to the *Bugle* office before he remembered to put on his hat.

## XVII

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THEIR wedding tour abandoned, Caroline and Frederick came back in haste from San Francisco and disappeared within the Archibald mansion on Prospect Way. Presently it was announced that Henry would sell his carriages and horses at auction and that Fred would accept a position should one be offered him, but Jim observed that there was no visible rush for his problematical business talents. Caroline seemed as cool and self-possessed as ever; although her mother-in-law did not appear in public, young Mrs. Archibald was occasionally seen on the street cars where it was generally believed she rode free, but she seldom purchased anything and never asked for credit.

Conrad Bain was reduced to jelly. His backside wobbled when he walked, his flabby hands were always damp with sweat, and consternation shone in his slate-blue eyes. As his prosperity crumbled away he was seen on the avenue in crumpled shirt and dirty collar. His wife's features confronted the gaze of her acquaintances with no more stamina than the congealed lard which they resembled and she spent much time with her sister bewailing the disaster that had overtaken Conrad. When Mrs. Stirling had listened to her weeping as long as she could she would observe that Cora was making a nuisance of herself and ask her to go home.



Panic seized upon those who had neither property nor bank accounts. Clerks and bookkeepers were discharged, factories and sawmills and foundries were closed, employees were laid off in the railroad shops, and longshoremen idled on the docks where no ships were moored. People who still had jobs opened pay envelopes on shrinking wages. The courts were swamped with petitions in bankruptcy.

As soon as the demand from sawmills tapered off, the logging camps began to close and the loggers drifted into the skidroad. Along the lower avenue the itinerant painless dentists reappeared on their beats and the long-haired singing evangelists again set up their folding organs on the street corners and resumed their quest for souls that might be saved for the world hereafter.

The churches opened a soup kitchen for the unemployed and put up posters asking the men to refrain from profanity while eating. Some of the more militant ladies associated in this undertaking even remonstrated about clean shirts and body odors and were outraged by the response.

"Ain't no God damned wench goin' to talk to me about how I smell," cried one of the angry lumberjacks as he issued forth from the soup kitchen. "I guess how a man smells has got nothin' to do with his bein' hungry. And how in hell can I wash when there ain't no water where I live? I ain't no moocher but I got to eat, ain't I?"

Wood was the universal fuel and men with bucksaws over their shoulders tramped after the loads of cordwood to beg the privilege of sawing it. People flocked out into the hills back of town to pick berries and then sold them from door to door. Men who had driven their own carriages dug clams and gooey ducks on the beach and fished for salmon from docks and row-boats. And more than one woman who had once entertained in private dining rooms at the Fairharbor Hotel hunted work as cook or maid in houses where she had formerly been a guest or made beds and swept floors in boarding houses for her keep. Arthur Monteith, once president of the Savings and

Loan, did the janitor work and ran the elevator in the building to which he still held title. A German restaurant offered a merchants' lunch for ten cents and the men who gathered there to eat, bewildered by the evil days that had befallen them, sat far beyond the noon hour discussing the panic. It was the common opinion that a boom like Fairharbor's was a natural and desirable state of affairs but that depression was the act of an unfair God.

One night during this period, Dr. Jim was summoned to the county jail. There he found Mrs. Ursprung in the matron's quarters in the act of aborting. She was bleeding profusely and the doctor said she belonged in the hospital but the sheriff would not let his only murderess out of his sight.

"No, I won't do it—not even if you go and get your pa to come down to help you. It ain't often we get a killer in here. Mostly they get shot before we even see 'em. And now I got this woman shut up here I aim to keep her till her trial comes off. But, you understand, I ain't goin' to be ornery about it. It wouldn't hardly be fittin' to keep her in a cell while she's sick, so I'll fix up that little room alongside the matron's and you can move her in there for as long as you need to."

And thus it was arranged.

To his considerable surprise Jim found that a certain kindness had infused the attitude of the jail personnel toward Mrs. Ursprung. At his second visit he found her clad not in the coarse grayish gowns provided for female prisoners who fell ill, but in a voluminous garment belonging to the matron herself.

"It ain't much," apologized that functionary. "It'd go around her twice, I know. But the poor thing ain't used to bein' in jail."

Even the sheriff when he inquired after his prisoner called her "the pore little woman." And Jim himself, when he had averted her immediate danger and had time to look at her, perceived that she was not his idea of a murderess. Juanita Ursprung was a small woman whose wavy chestnut hair was



astonishingly like Mollie Sheridan's, it seemed to Jim, and she cowered a little whenever she heard loud voices in the corridor.

"I guess she's always had a pretty hard time of it," said the matron soberly. "I'm sure glad you pulled her out of this, Dr. Winforth. I thought she was a goner that night when I run down and seen all that blood in her cell."

James Anthony seemed to be taken aback when his son told him about the plight of the prisoner-patient. He fidgeted about the room and finally came back to sit down beside Jim's desk and drum his fingers on it.

"I suppose," he said slowly, "that I ought to tell you about her. You see, she came to me last fall. She wanted me to treat her so she could have a baby. I knew she was Harry Chalmers' woman and I didn't want to get mixed up with him, so I refused. But she came back again to talk to me. She told me she'd been married when she was just a girl, down in California, and had a child that died when it was a month or two old. But she seemed to be in love with Chalmers, or at least she had a notion that if she had a baby by him he might marry her. I told her he never would, but she wouldn't listen to me. She said she'd go to Jaffray if I wouldn't help her. So rather than let her go to that quack I began treating her. She came regularly and did just as I told her for quite a while. Then she stopped coming and I took for granted she was discouraged and had decided to quit. But maybe that wasn't it, after all."

"Of course, it wasn't," exclaimed Jim. "She got pregnant and when Chalmers still refused to marry her, she up and shot him."

The older man smiled faintly. "I'm afraid you're jumping at conclusions, my boy. Mrs. Ursprung isn't the devil some people say she is but she's not an angel either. Not by any means. I wish I'd never treated her. I feel like I'm responsible for the mess she's got herself into. Funny how much damage a man can do that he never intends to."

It was the next evening that Ed Blackburn telephoned Jim and asked him to drop into the *Bugle* office before he went

home. Jim found the editor alone, looking almost as serious as he had in the first week of the panic.

"Sit down and make yourself comfortable, Winforth. And fix yourself a drink. This is probably the last decent whiskey I'll be able to buy so don't take it all. . . . Now, I want to ask you something. Did you do an abortion for a certain party in the county jail this month?"

Jim set down his glass and stared angrily at Blackburn.

"I did not! Not that it's any of your damned business! I'll have you to understand . . ."

Ed leaned back in his chair and grinned. "All right. All right. Calm yourself. Let's say she had one all by herself, and you just cleaned up the mess. Is that better?"

"Who's been running to you, telling you I do abortions?" demanded Jim. "That's what I want to know."

"Sh-h-h!" said Blackburn. "Don't holler so. The whole town will know about it. And never mind who told me. Let's just say it was a little bird. But I'm glad it was a natural, old-fashioned one. That'll help work up sympathy for her."

"What in the devil are you driving at?"

"Oh, Lord, Winforth, you'll never make a diplomat. And don't get so mad about everything. Nobody's going to think you had anything to do with it. Only just don't pretend to me that you haven't fallen for Juanita Ursprung. When the matron at the jail buys tid-bits for her and the sheriff calls her 'the pore little woman,' a fellow like you couldn't hold out against her." But at the angry flush that rushed over Jim's face at this, Blackburn held up his hands in mock alarm. "All fooling aside, Winforth, I'm going to start a campaign in the *Bugle* day after tomorrow to get her off, and I wanted to be sure of my medical facts. That's all."

"But what on earth?" exclaimed Jim.

"One of your friend Honest John Erskine's ideas. And not a bad one, at that. He's found out all the dope about the Ursprung woman and Chalmers and he thinks a little newspaper campaign in her behalf would be a good thing right now. Kind of get people's minds off the panic and all that."



The doctor stared. "But she shot him. They found her with the gun in her hand, and she's never tried to deny it."

"Oh, fooey! That's got nothing to do with it. Didn't you ever hear of a woman defending her virtue?"

"Not a kept woman."

"Any woman, Winforth. Any woman. That's where skill comes in. And that means me. I'll run a few sad stories about the little woman in her cell, holding a little shirt or sock to her bosom and thinking of the joy that might have been hers had Fate only been less malignant. Weeping for the happiness she has missed, don't you see? Nothing blatant, you understand—all kind of subdued and refined. And then we'll get a church woman or two to call on her and have a short interview with a couple of the preachers. Once a bellwether or two among the respectable get started, the rest will be easy."

Blackburn laughed at the blank astonishment in his visitor's dark face.

"You'll be surprised how delicately I can hint at all this, Winforth. I won't have to say anything outright. And when a few stories get going by word of mouth, that will finish the job. Why, by the time she comes to trial, everyone will be praising her for shooting Chalmers and no jury in western Washington would convict the woman."

Suddenly the picture of Mrs. Ursprung lying on her cot, flinching at the harsh voices in the jail corridor, flashed into Jim's mind. He remembered how her hair looked like Mollie's where it curled up from the nape of her neck.

"You don't know anything else that would help put her in a favorable light, do you?" asked Blackburn.

Jim started. "Why, yes, I do," he exclaimed. And he poured out what James Anthony had told him about Mrs. Ursprung's desire to have a child.

"That cinches it," cried Blackburn. "She's as good as acquitted right now!" He paused and sipped at his drink, then looked up with the mockery dying out of his green, gold-flecked eyes. "After all, she has had a dirty deal. Harry was all set to ditch her. I know that from a note I found in his

desk at the saloon. He'd found another woman he thought could bring in more money."

Once more the editor paused and took a swallow of whiskey. Then he went on, "You deserve to know the rest of the story, now you've told me what you have. So here goes.

"Juanita Ursprung's mother hung out down in Lava Flats some place years ago. She started the girl in the business when she was old enough. First she lived with an old-timer around here, a gambler called Handsome Billy Barker. That was about the time you went away to school or a little later. He kept Juanita in style but the old woman got restless and dragged her off down to California. I suppose that's when she married the Ursprung chap.

"Anyhow, the girl came back to Fairharbor when the boom began, and Harry Chalmers fell for her. I've suspected he might've married her then if he hadn't had a wife back east. Anyhow he liked her looks and set her up in a flat, and everything went fine at first.

"But after a while Harry got notions. The Damifino made a lot of money and so did the *Bugle*, and he began to buy mines over in Idaho and Montana. Then he remodelled the saloon and put in that gold and silver bar and bought two or three houses down on the lower avenue. And the first thing he knew he needed money. The next thing was that he thought Juanita could make it for him.

"He set her up in a house, at first in Whatcom and then over across the line. I suppose he threw it up to her about Handsome Billy and the kind of woman her mother had been. Honest John says they used to fight like cats and dogs because she didn't like going back into her old trade. But Harry lost so much money and yammered so loud that she gave up being a madame and took to blackmail.

"And who do you think your friend Erskine says were the last prize packages she got her hooks into?"

"I haven't the foggiest notion, Ed."

"Well, get a good hold on your chair while I tell you. Henry Archibald and Francis Benedict. . . . No, not Fred. The old



man. It seems Juanita went over to Spokane a good deal and when Henry was running back and forth after the tunnel was done he fell into her hands. Honest John says she trimmed him good and plenty. And later Benedict walked into her trap. That took the pressure off Archibald but it was pretty tough for Francis. One minute after H.T. found out he was paying blackmail to a fast woman Benedict's job would go glimmering. Plain and fancy stealing is one thing to his lordship but whoremongering is something else again. So he paid through the nose. It seems that Harry owed the Marine Bank a lot of money, and here was his woman blackmailing old Archibald and Francis Benedict—both stockholders in the bank—to keep Harry going. You can see there were elements of poetic justice in the situation."

"And then she decided to get out of it," said Jim slowly. "I see now why she got the idea of having a baby and getting Chalmers to marry her."

"Sure. It was a good idea. But it wouldn't work. Harry had another woman on the string that he thought could drag in more money. So he said No and Juanita shot him. And that was the end of that chapter."

"But where does Erskine come in? What's all this got to do with him?"

Blackburn laughed and reached for the whiskey bottle, the mockery coming back to his eyes.

"Oh, that's the snapper-ending to the whole story. Here are two members of the local four hundred—Archibald and Benedict—who were likely to get smeared up if Juanita actually came to trial. If she should tell what happened between her and Chalmers on the stand, the scandal would have ripped the plutocracy wide open. So they went to Honest John and offered to let him have the *Damifino* and the *Bugle* without assuming the mortgages on either, if he'd get the case settled. That was just before the crash and Erskine saw a chance to twist their tails for all he could get out of them. But now, with the bank gone and business like it is, I guess he thinks they're both squeezed dry. Anyhow he comes and tells

me all about it, and then I go up to the jail to see Juanita and get wind of her recent illness. Now I'm all set and day after tomorrow the crusade will begin."

"But I don't see how you can be sure you'll get her off," protested Jim.

"You're a simple-minded creature, aren't you? Did it never occur to you that the *Bugle* is now the property of the rising political boss of Fairharbor? Yes, I mean Honest John. He's hand-in-glove with Tom Bassett and the Democrats, and the Populists and all the other windbags are with them. Now, do you see? The answer is politics."

Blackburn winked at Jim and fell into a long silence from which he finally roused himself with an effort.

"Politics is a dirty game. But I don't want them to hang Juanita Ursprung. It isn't fair for any man to ride a woman like Harry did her. He got what was coming to him, no more, and if she had a chance I kind of think she might turn out to be a pretty decent woman. She's still young."

Dr. Jim looked up sharply but Ed was staring at the street lights outside the window, his mouth and eyes grim and set.

On the autumn day when Mrs. Ursprung was declared not guilty by a jury of her peers Jim remembered this conversation. But he did not repeat it to James Anthony the next morning when the older man came in with a copy of the *Bugle* in his hand and remarked in an acid tone that Blackburn's editorial on the verdict sounded as if he was awarding the woman an order of merit for having removed Harry Chalmers, undesirable citizen, from their midst. After all, Jim reflected, it was just as well that James Anthony did not know anything more that was discreditable about Henry Archibald; he disliked the man enough already. And, as for Francis Benedict, he was Rachel's uncle and whatever touched him was too close to Rachel to be taken lightly. The case was over and Juanita Ursprung would go her way. It was just as well.



## XVIII

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BESIDES the soup kitchen operated by the churches, there were two other practical attempts to deal with the jobless men in Fairharbor. One of them was the work of Honest John Erskine.

"Say, doc," he said to Jim Winforth when he spied the young man in the Damifino one evening about dinner time, "I wish you'd come down some night and take a look at the old Antitoxin. I been down and out more 'n once myself and I know what these fellows down on the skidroad like. They don't want soup, not them. They're hungry and no dishwater is goin' to fill them up. Come on down and size up my lay-out compared to the one the Four Hundred are runnin' over on the avenue."

It chanced that Jim did not have many patients that evening and so about ten o'clock he met Honest John and they went down to the waterfront together. Erskine shoved open the doors of the Antitoxin and the pungent smell of unwashed flesh rushed out.

"These guys ain't petunias," exclaimed Honest John. "But then most of 'em ain't got anything to put on but what they're standin' in, and besides they ain't no place for 'em to wash. I'm kind of figurin' on fixin' up some bowls out back a little later. . . . Now, come on over here, doc. I want you to see our stew."

Erskine led the way toward the rear of the room where there stood a large range and on it two wash boilers. He grabbed a ladle and began to stir the contents of the nearest boiler. For a moment a savory odor displaced the stench of dirty men; thick chunks of meat and pieces of potato and carrot floated up to the top.

"This ain't no Baptist-Presbyterian dishwater. There's ten pounds of meat goes into each one of these here cans every morning and I've told the boys to see to it that there's vegetables and meat in every bowl they dish out. If I ever catch any of 'em skimpin' on the fellows, it'll be too bad—and not for me either."

Honest John looked at Dr. Jim with pride on his coarse red face. Silence had fallen upon the room as soon as he came in and now a hundred faces were turned toward him and the air was as charged with approval as it was with the sharp smell of the unwashed.

"Every hungry man in Fairharbor is welcome to two bowls of stew every day, once between eleven o'clock and noon and again around nine or ten at night. No questions about whether they've had a bath or got a dime left, no matter how they come to be here. That ain't my business. All I want to know is, are they hungry."

It was a good-natured crowd that surrounded Erskine and his guest. Most of them Jim could classify at sight: loggers in stagged, ragged-bottomed blue overalls, sailors in fragments of shipboard garments, mill hands in stained faded work shirts. They were loud-voiced but not quarrelsome, and they had left off their horseplay to listen to Honest John.

"At midnight we chase everybody out that's got a place to sleep and the rest of the boys stay here all night. No beds, but then most of these fellows don't know too much about springs and mattresses anyhow. They just sprawl out wherever they can, in the chairs and on the floor. But I got a man that keeps the fire goin' and puts down fresh sawdust and sweeps it up the first thing in the morning."

The faces that watched Erskine, Jim saw, were coarse-



featured with the rough skin of exposure to sun and wind; most of the men were thin but only a few were hollow-cheeked and fewer still looked sick. Most of the lower lips bulged with "snooze" and many cheeks with cuds of tobacco, and here and there was a pair of sharp satirical eyes.

"Nothin' said about spittin'," laughed Honest John. "But the ones that sleep here know they'll have to lay in it and so they swallow their spit or get rid of it outdoors." There was a low rumble of laughter at this. "And there's no drinkin' for the stew-eaters, doc. Regular customers the same as ever, of course, but no fellow out of a job has any business hittin' the booze and he don't get a chance to in here. There's lots of things he needs more 'n he does liquor." The murmur of sound that greeted this statement of policy seemed to have no tinge of resentment.

Jim looked around curiously. Card games were going on at some of the tables and men stood around, giving advice to winners and losers alike. Blowhards and soreheads both got the raspberry from these spectators. Others drifted back to lounge around the big stove in the center of the rear wall, talking, pulling each other's hat brims down, scuffling their feet in the sawdust. A thin line still waited to be served with stew.

At a battered piano, cater-cornered from the soup-boilers, sat a thin long-necked individual banging out old tunes, sacred and profane. Sometimes a group would begin to sing, thumping out the rhythm on each other's shoulders. *Down Went McGinty* was popular—someone always started the words as soon as the pianist played it—and *Where Did You Get that Hat?* with obscene variations was another favorite. At the moment a tenor was wailing the verse of *When You and I Were Young, Maggie* and on the chorus one voice after another joined in until the melancholy strains were deafening.

Jim glanced quickly at his host when he heard the man singing. There was unconcealed pleasure in his small dark eyes. "The fellow likes this," thought Jim. "He laps it up. But then so do the preachers—and actors—and politicians. So why not Honest John too? This will mean votes in '94 and '96. But

suppose it does. These men are hungry and he's feeding them."

A covert movement in the far corner of the room caught Jim's eye. Under cover of the excitement of Erskine's visit and the singing, a thin ragged little man had pulled down his trousers and was taking a "shot in the leg." Honest John followed the direction of Winforth's glance and spoke to the doctor out of one corner of his mouth.

"Just an old hophead that hangs around the place. You can't do nothin' with him, he's an old-timer with the stuff, and so I just told the boys to leave him alone and not pay any attention to him. There ain't no use turnin' him over to the cops to get banged on the head and put in the calaboose."

Jim nodded but he wondered whether the hophead might not have learned his habit in more prosperous days on dope he bought from Honest John. There were tunnels opening into the cellar of this very saloon that led down to the bay shore, and through them opium and Chinese had been smuggled for years. A grin flickered on young Winforth's thin lips. Erskine—dive-keeper, opium smuggler, shanghaiar—played the philanthropist very sensibly: as a charitable institution the Anti-toxin was better than the respectable but bare and dispiriting soup kitchen on the avenue. The reason, of course, was that Honest John had a flair for human contacts, he knew how to handle men, he had an instinctive liking for them and he made them like him. He was, Jim decided, an even more remarkable benefactor than Emil Fischer.

For Fischer was the other man who was doing something to meet the emergency precipitated by the panic. Only the day before Jim had ridden past the wooden tabernacle built for Evangelist McKenna and unused since his revival meetings and found it being rebuilt. Curious, he had left his bicycle on the sidewalk and gone inside to look around. There he had seen workmen putting up long rows of wooden bunks and bricklayers building chimneys for the huge drum stoves that waited for their stovepipes, and there he had found Chris Fischer pacing up and down with a scowl on his red face.

Young Fischer was growing thick in the neck and the brick



color of his skin made his fair hair paler by contrast. As Jim watched, he stumbled over a loose board and swore at a carpenter who happened to be near him.

Winforth grinned and said, "Hello, Chris," and grinned again when the man started and whirled around.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" exclaimed Fischer irritably.

"What's going on here?"

"Just one of the old man's brain storms, that's all. He's gone soft since Max died. First, he gave your father that contract to look after the men in the camps and mills, and now I'll be damned if he isn't going to set up a flophouse. For the hoboes. If you ask me, I think the Catholic priest talked him into it."

Jim's eyes sparkled. Chris had always been bullheaded and slow-thinking; it would never occur to him that his father might have done this on his own.

"You mean the men who're out of work, I suppose."

"I mean these bastards down the skidroad. Hoboes, tramps, bums. Whatever you want to call them."

"Well, Chris, I don't think the names fit very well. Most of those men work hard enough when there's anything for them to do."

Fischer paused and stared suspiciously at Jim.

"You sound like a God damned Populist. Maybe you think they ought to be put up at the Fairharbor and fed in the grill on white tablecloths."

"Maybe I do. And maybe I'm a Populist. But if I am, it's none of your business, Chris. The loggers are as good as I am and I don't think they're any worse than most of the people who do go to the Fairharbor." Dr. Jim's dark eyes were smouldering now. "I'll go farther, and say that it's perfectly appropriate for your father to furnish a flophouse for the lumberjacks. Why shouldn't he? Hasn't he made millions out of them? Haven't they worked for a dollar or two a day and had their heads split open and their hands and feet chopped up, so the Fischer Company could sell lumber at a profit? They've earned three times over every cent of wages they've got. And I wonder how you'd like to live in a lousy bunkhouse in the woods all

spring and summer and then come into town in the fall and get rolled for all you'd made."

Two or three of the workmen stopped to stare at the young man in his modish, loose, double-breasted blue suit and silk four-in-hand. He looked like a swell but he talked like a soap-boxer. He looked up at the big man who towered angrily above him, but he was not afraid.

"You're a bully, Chris. And it's time somebody told you. But no man who works for the company dares to. So I will. I despise your business. Look what it does to the men—cripples them, uses them up, makes them live like hogs when they're at work, and throws them out to shift for themselves the minute anything goes wrong."

"Well, Christ, it's a free country. Nobody has to work in the woods unless he wants to," cried Fischer, so puzzled by Jim's outburst that he could think of nothing else to say.

"That isn't true. It may have been once, but it isn't now. There's no frontier left and the country isn't free. A man who works for wages must do whatever he can and make the best of it."

Then at the sight of the angry bewilderment in Fischer's blue eyes, Jim's indignation began to die down, and he gave a little embarrassed laugh. "Sorry, Chris. I didn't mean to blow off, but you rubbed me the wrong way, calling all these fellows who're out of work bums and hoboes."

The entrance of a drayman interrupted him.

"Where'd you want these here water closets put, Mr. Fischer?" inquired the man.

"Oh, hell, I don't know," exclaimed the young lumberman. "Any place you can find room to set them, I guess. The old man's crazy, that's all," he continued fretfully. "Imagine putting in those things!"

"Not crazy," said Jim briskly. "Merely intelligent."

"Oh, that's some more foolishness. I don't believe in germs."

"I wouldn't expect you to, Chris. But you will some day. You'll get typhoid, drinking water from somebody's privy, and then you'll change your mind."



Laughing at the perplexity on young Fischer's face, Jim went out and rode off down First Hill on his wheel.

At the corner of Ninth and Fairharbor Avenue he met Rachel pushing a go-cart with a child in it. He had not seen her often during the last two years, for the Fischers believed in conventional mourning and Max's widow had gone out very little. But now she was coming out of her retirement. At the sight of her a familiar hard knot formed in the pit of Jim's stomach. He jumped off his bicycle uncertain whether to speak to her or not.

But just then Mrs. Stirling came out of a shop and accosted the girl. Jim lingered, hesitantly, at the curb.

"Oh, Mrs. Stirling, how nice to see you!" he heard Rachel say. "And this is Malcolm. You haven't seen him since he began to walk, have you?"

Rachel bent down over the child with simple straightforward pride and pushed back his bonnet. "I want you to see how much hair he has now, and how red it's turning."

Jim started, then stared fascinated at the little boy. His head was covered with tight ringlets of fiery red-gold, much brighter than Rachel's.

"Grandmother Fischer was afraid he wouldn't have my hair." The voice seemed to Dr. Jim to come from a great distance. "So often children don't inherit red hair even when it's on both sides of the family."

A mad impulse to laugh seized Jim Winforth. He leaped on his bicycle and rode away down the hill toward the avenue without speaking to either of the ladies. So this was what it was like to be a conspirator suddenly confronted with the work of one's hands!

## XIX

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DEBORAH WINFORTH thoroughly enjoyed the winter and spring abroad. In spite of having no acquaintance with European languages to start with, she rapidly acquired enough French to find her way about Paris and when Margery was settled in Milan she asked the girl's teacher to recommend a tutor in Italian. After this Deborah made such rapid progress that her daughter who had found German very difficult in school was convinced that the older woman had a real flair for languages.

Unfamiliar climate and foreigners made no impression on Mrs. Winforth: she was abroad for the first and, she felt, probably the only time in her life and she meant to get all she could out of it. Her naturally observant nature absorbed impressions swiftly; she watched the people around her with the eyes of a hawk. When she and Margery went to concerts she noted the dress and manners of the well-dressed, aristocratic looking people in the audience. At the extremely respectable pension where they lived, she gave careful heed to drawing room etiquette and the table manners of the hostess. Particularly did she watch the way these people approached their betters and treated their servants. Whatever else she might or might not gain from this trip, she determined to go home with



a continental tang to her manners that would silence forever any criticism by the local plutocracy.

When, early the next summer, she sailed for home she was well pleased with her achievements. The attitude of the stewards and waiters on the ship told her that she was—on the surface at least—indistinguishable from a lady. Her inborn physical dignity, her erect carriage and calm expression all combined to give her presence, and a native dislike for loquacity kept her from personal disclosures that would have spoiled the illusion. She had, also, discovered that it was more impressive to be Mrs. James Anthony Winforth than plain Mrs. J. A. Winforth, and that J. Anthony would by this time be considered vulgar by people who knew. Secure in her new social poise, well pleased with Margery's situation and prospects, she gave herself up to enjoyment of the voyage and wasted little time thinking about the daughter she had left behind in Milan or the husband and son awaiting her on the Pacific Coast.

This was, perhaps, a good thing for there were points about all of them that would have annoyed her had she known them. For example, Deborah was so untutored in music that she had read into the mildly flattering remarks of Margery's new instructor agreement with her own conviction that her daughter had a voice of operatic caliber. And, on the other hand, she had no idea how much maneuvering it had taken her men to get together the liberal remittances that followed her each month.

She did not know that a storm had broken over America. If anyone had said "Populist" to her, she would scarcely have known what the word meant. She did not know that, just as she left the United States, four radical senators and eleven congressmen had been elected by a combination of the People's Party with the Democrats. The current demands for government ownership of telegraph systems and railroads and the remonetization of silver on a basis almost equivalent to gold would have been so much Greek to her. She had never heard of William Jennings Bryan or of Governor Altgeld of Illinois. In a vague way she knew that times were hard and that Fair-

harbor was no longer in the midst of a boom, but she would have been incredulous had she been told that men were working a whole day for a bowl of soup and throwing bricks through windows in order to get food and lodging in jail. She knew far more about Ward McAllister's standing as the social czar of New York than she did of the unreasoning terror that had seized railroad magnates and financiers upon learning that Bryan had been re-elected to Congress on a radical platform.

Accordingly she proceeded calmly, according to schedule, to the World's Fair at Chicago where she continued her education for several weeks longer. The Fair—a colossal display of white stucco studded with domes and faced with classic fronts in the Parisian style—did not impress her from the architectural standpoint as it would have done before she had seen Paris and London and Rome. But the glittering lights reflected in the lagoons, the bands and the noise of the Midway gave her an impression of vast excitement and seething energy which her robust nature found agreeable. Dutifully she went to exhibits, plodded through the Fisheries Building and gazed dubiously upon the Indian woman in stone who leaned eternally upon a bull at the entrance to Agricultural Hall. With approbation she noted that the painters for the most part used floating drapery or the contortions of posture to conceal the sexual organs of their nudes and was correspondingly shocked by Bartlett's stark naked *Ghost Dancer* and Maison's enthusiastically nude negro on a donkey. She went to hear Lillian Russell in *La Cigale* and complacently decided that Margery could have done it better.

But the thing Mrs. Winforth most enjoyed at the Fair was the congresses. There was a Congress of Religions which she attended and from which she received a strange new pleasure because she felt she was being intellectual and broad-minded. There was a Purity Congress which she relished even more because it made her feel so superior to men, in spite of the fact that she was told that prostitution as an organized business was flourishing in the United States. Even the hint that Catholic choir boys were given to abominable though anony-



mous practices did no more than give her a temporary shock.

The recently established Antisaloon League she heard publicly congratulated and blessed by Susan B. Anthony and Frances E. Willard, both of whom Deborah examined curiously from a considerable distance. There were Women's Club receptions at which she caught thrilling glimpses of the famous Mrs. Potter Palmer who was said to have driven a nail of precious metals into the Women's Building and of Mrs. Burnett, the author of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. The presence of Miss Willard and Jane Addams gave her misgivings: she did not feel sure about people who set about reforms. Of course things ought to be changed but there was always something queer about reformers. So Deborah dismissed these things from her mind and contented herself with noncommittal silence when the White Ribboners demanded of Chicago's bedeviled mayor that all loose women should be forbidden the Fair grounds.

Remembering at the last minute that she had brought nothing from Europe for either her husband or her son, she hastily went in search of gifts and allowed a salesman to sell her two scarfpins of Trilby's foot in gold. Had she been more familiar with the novel that had just made such a sensation in *Harper's* magazine, she might not have selected those particular presents. But everyone now referred to feet and shoes as "Trilbies" and respectable young women posed as Trilby in tableaux, and the women's clubs debated Trilby's morals, so it seemed to Deborah that the heroine of this tale must be quite fit for a man to wear in his scarfpin.

When she reached home on the evening train, she found at the station to meet her only Cap Jones with the blacks and the surrey.

Jones saw at once that Mrs. Winforth was a different woman than when she went away; there was something about her now that both embarrassed and intimidated him. Nervously he touched his hat brim with a forefinger and gathered up her valises.

"The doctors is both busy, so I had to come by myself. They was called out right after supper."

But Deborah did not hear what Cap was saying. There was an unfamiliar air about the depot, only a few people had got off the train and there was but a handful to greet them. The hotel hacks had lost the glittering freshness of their paint, the barkers' bawling voices were no longer assured but shrill and demanding. The two or three cabs in the ranks looked shabby and their drivers anxious. Even Cap's back as he walked slowly ahead of her with the heavy bags dangling from his hands seemed queerly changed as though he felt apologetic.

Then they reached the carriage and he was cramping the wheels for her to get in and piling the valises on the front seat. It was almost dark and the street lamps had been lighted along Pacific Avenue. Cap drove out of the station grounds and up the long street with a familiar flourish of whip and lines to the familiar accompaniment of rattling planks, but Deborah felt something new and strange in the atmosphere. There were crowds of men on the sidewalks but they walked slowly and there was none of the old air of bustling about them. They stared at the surrey passing them rapidly and it seemed to her there was hostility in their gaze.

Further uptown she noticed empty stores and vacant windows. The Marine Bank stood with drawn blinds and reflected into her eyes the light from the street lamps. The Farmers' Bank and the Lumbermen's were closed, they exuded an air of staleness. When Cap turned off to climb the hill toward Prospect Way she looked back down at the long avenue paralleling the harbor; it seemed less brightly lighted than it used to be and the sense of excitement that had once risen from it like a vapor was absent. Only the cloud of dust that enveloped her and stopped up her nostrils seemed the same. She began to realize that the panic of which James Anthony had written vaguely and briefly in his letters had been worse than she thought.

As the carriage turned into her own driveway she looked up



at the house, half expecting that it too would be changed in some strange fashion. But it stood high and square and uncompromising and quite unaltered. Quickly she drew up her shoulders and lifted her bosom: there must be nothing in her appearance or demeanor to indicate that she noticed any difference. Her bold dignity, unsettled for a moment, she drew about her again and descended from her seat with unruffled composure.

"You may set my valises inside the hall," she said to Cap.

Silently the man followed her up the steps and through the front door, beyond which the soft-footed Ah Sing waited to meet his mistress returned from Europe.

## XX

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It was after eleven when Deborah heard buggy wheels on the drive and, a few minutes later, slow footsteps on the stairs. She left her half-empty valise and went to the door of her room and waited. Presently James Anthony's head appeared between the banisters at the top of the staircase. It seemed to her that he was very slow; even now he had not looked up to see if she was there. Then she noticed that he was wearing a Vandyke and that his hair seemed thinner.

"Ah, Deborah!" he exclaimed as she stepped forward and his eyes fell upon her. "How are you, my dear? I saw the light and knew you must have come." He kissed the cheek nearest him. "You're looking very well indeed."

She returned his kiss and eyed him appraisingly as she answered.

"Well, I can't say as much for you, James."

His hair grew in a little fringe above his ears and his collar was wilted and his trousers baggy at the knees.

"Huh?" he said, as though he had not understood. "Oh, now, I think you'll find everything in pretty good shape. Minnie had Ah Sing hard at it, cleaning and dusting all week."

The Deborah of a year ago would have made open scorn of this, knowing quite well that she would find a layer of dust on the whatnot and collections of fuzz in the corners of the



closets, but the Deborah newly returned from Europe and the World's Fair said only, "I dare say" and left him to infer her true belief if he could.

But her finesse was lost on James Anthony. He stood awkwardly before her, his feet shifting on the carpet, his mind divided between the scene he had just left and the perverse resentment that now he would have to go back to his own little room. No more throwing the doors open and turning on all the lights and enjoying the sensation of spaciousness. And Deborah would be going through his closet, throwing away clothes she thought worn out or too shabby and the comfortable old shoes he had been wearing around the house. She might even want him to shave off the small beard he had grown since she went away. Then he stiffened a little and put up a hand to his chin; it was so much less trouble to trim it than to go to a barber shop every day and have the upper layer of his skin taken off. Come what might, he wouldn't have it off.

But, surprisingly, Deborah approved of the Vandyke. It made her think of men she had seen wearing them abroad, she told him, fashionable, wealthy men.

"It's quite distinguished and professional looking, James."

"I suppose you're unpacking," observed James Anthony, glancing in at a pile of clothes on her bed.

"Only my valises. The trunks won't be up before morning. Then I shall have many things to show you—and Jim. Oh, how is Jim?" she asked suddenly as though she had just thought of him.

"He's all right."

"He's out on a call?"

"Yes." James Anthony's voice lost all the life it had acquired during the interchange of remarks about his beard. "He stayed with Mrs. Benedict while I came home."

"Is someone ill there? I hope it isn't Mrs. Benedict."

"Martha Benedict," said Dr. Winforth with sudden hardness, "is as well as any woman could be expected to be whose husband has just killed himself."

"What?" Deborah stared at her husband, suspecting that

he might be trying to shock her or say one of those subtle things she never quite comprehended. "Killed himself!"

"Exactly. Francis Benedict shot himself tonight. And Jim and I have both been over there most of the evening."

Then, before his wife could collect herself for any more questions, he turned down the hall into his own room and closed the door after him.

James Anthony was a little exasperated that Benedict's suicide should have so unnerved him. He was used to violent deaths—any doctor had to be who took care of loggers and sawmill hands—and there had been eleven other suicides in Fairharbor since the panic, but nothing had shaken him so much for a long time as what he had seen this evening. Indeed, now that he had time to think, he realized that he must have had some sort of premonition when the call first came, for otherwise he would not have telephoned Jim before he left for Benedict's. And yet no one had said anything definite; just that muffled voice saying over the wire that there had been an accident and would the doctor come at once.

James Anthony undressed and went to bed, but there he was more restless than ever. Ah Sing had not drawn down the under sheet snugly enough at the bottom, the pillows were too soft, he could hear Deborah moving about next door, opening and shutting doors and drawers methodically. How could she go on so calmly after what he had just told her? Then a feeling of guilt crept over him; after all, he hadn't met his wife as a husband should. Although, if it came to that, she wasn't his wife, hadn't been for many, many years. He had hardly missed her, he suddenly realized, while she was away except to enjoy her room and his added comfort. Seeing so little of her meant nothing any more.

James Anthony smiled sadly and sat up in bed. He would never go to sleep if he didn't stop thinking. Perhaps a warm bath would be relaxing enough to do the trick. He found his robe and slipped softly out of the room. But, sitting waist-deep in the tub of warm water, he still found his mind going back to the Benedicts.



For some time he had heard rumors that Martha was about to leave her husband, and it had been whispered that she might actually divorce him. But to such gossip James Anthony gave little credence. Besides, he made it a point to let other people's domestic affairs alone just as he wished his own to be left inviolate. Suppose Mrs. Benedict were thinking of divorce, there were worse things and one of them, Winforth suspected, might be living with Francis Benedict.

Of course they must have been hard hit in the panic. Everyone had been. Of the twenty-one banks in Fairharbor at the beginning of the year only seven had survived, and people who had to earn a living were either out of work altogether or trying to make ends meet on half of what they used to make. Rents had catapulted downward and no one would buy property at any price. The skidroad was crowded, the Antitoxin was still a flophouse, the soup kitchen was open every day, and Emil Fischer's remodelled tabernacle was packed every night with penniless men. The *Anchorage* was full too, and he and Jim were as busy as ever, but collections had fallen off two-thirds. It was no use sending out bills, it only wasted the stamps. Every month he tore up and threw away ledger sheets on outstanding accounts. People without money couldn't pay their bills.

It was the income from the bawdy house he had leased to Diamond Mary that kept the hospital going. Punctually every month the rent arrived in gold coin. And sometimes Honest John brought money to Jim. If there was any remonstrance, the saloon keeper pounded the table and said his take at the Damifino was holding up well and Janet was red cheeked and healthy.

"You don't, neither one of you, understand," he cried one day. "People 'll give up lots of things, even when it hurts like hell to do it, but they won't give up their vices. They always drink and gamble and go to whorehouses. That business is always good. Take it from me, I know what I'm talkin' about."

And the Winforths had come to agree with Honest John, as time went on, and fortified by the wages of sin they had been

able to go about their work efficiently. But things like tonight's experience swept away James Anthony's calmness if not his efficiency. Shivering a little, though not from cold, he leaned forward and turned on the hot water. For he had just remembered how he had found Francis Benedict sprawled forward over a hunting rifle with the top of his skull gone and his brain, somewhat lacerated but quite whole, on a shelf behind and three feet above his body. The man had made a good job of it, and with remarkably little messiness.

Even more than the sight of him, his wife's behavior had shaken Winforth. For Mrs. Benedict, facing catastrophe, had reverted to the attitude of her youth: dead by his own hand, her husband was no longer the reckless selfish man she had learned to hate but the light-hearted laughing boy she had married years before. The loss of the man she had lived with since '89 would have been a relief, the death of the lover he had suddenly become once more was more than she could bear. And so she simply sat and stared and moved her hands aimlessly and answered questions with any words that rose to her tongue.

It was Rachel Fischer who opened the door for James Anthony. She was very pale and her blue eyes were startled and full of horror, but she said in a voice pitched too low to reach her aunt, "Uncle Francis has just shot himself, Dr. Winforth." Then with a fortitude he had never credited her with, the girl led him through the house and down into the woodshed. There she stopped. "I don't want to see him again, unless I must. You see, doctor, I'd run over to see Aunt Martha when I heard the shot and ran out here and . . . and found him."

James Anthony wasted little time on the object in the corner. Francis Benedict's accounts, whatever they might be, were settled. After a minute the doctor threw a sack he found on the floor over the brain on the shelf and turned back toward Rachel.

"Where's Mrs. Benedict? Does she know?"

"Yes." Rachel put a hand on the door jamb. "Yes, she knows. She's waiting inside."



James Anthony took the girl's arm. "Come, my dear. This is no place for you."

In the hall he saw a white-faced maid opening the door for his son. Jim paused uncertainly. "What is it?" he exclaimed. "Is the baby ill? Or you?" he demanded, looking at Rachel.

The girl made a little gesture of denial. "No, no. I'm all right. It's Uncle Francis." Then she broke out crying and ran into the sitting room where Martha Benedict sat alone.

James Anthony reached out toward the hot water tap again. Then stopped. Deborah would want a hot tub tonight, he must not use all the warm water. Hastily he jerked out the plug and pulled down a towel from the rack above the tub.

What if Deborah had been in Mrs. Benedict's place? How would she have acted? As this speculation crossed his mind James Anthony stood still with the towel suspended above his shoulders. What had made him think of such a thing? He was no man to be killing himself and Deborah would certainly never sit, picking at her dress in that stunned, fluttering fashion, saying over and over, "But I loved you, Francis, I've always loved you. Why did you do it? . . . I loved you . . . Why did you . . . I've always . . ." No, Deborah would sit bolt upright as she did at church and . . .

Then he heard her in the hall; in a moment she was at the door.

"James, have you used all the hot water?"

Furiously he began to rub his back dry.

An hour later he heard Jim come upstairs, heard his lagging footsteps pass the door, wanted to go out and ask how Jim had left Mrs. Benedict and her niece, whether there was someone staying the night with them. But before he was out of bed he remembered the strained anxiety in Jim's voice and the fear in his eyes when he came hurrying up the Benedicts' hall toward Rachel. James Anthony sank back with a sudden startled understanding. Better leave the boy alone tonight, he would have plenty to think about. Besides, they might wake Deborah talking in the hall outside her door.

Stealthily Dr. Winforth pulled open the bureau drawer in

which he had formed the habit of keeping a bottle of whiskey for restless nights. So long as he knew Jim was home, he would take a drink and go to sleep. If he didn't, morning might find him unequal to the day before him.



## XXI

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DR. JIM lay stretching, feeling the sheets against his skin, drifting slowly back to consciousness. It was good to sleep like this, away from the din of town—nine hours of peace with only an owl or two hoo-hooing in the distance. More than ever the old house on Ten Mile would be a refuge this spring. He and James Anthony had been overworked all winter; all the patients whom the other doctors had to stop treating for nothing came to them. It wasn't the doctors' fault, the Winforths both knew; they had families to support and they couldn't afford to go on forever with patients who couldn't pay. But not once in all the months of panic and bankruptcy was the income from James Anthony's property in the red light district tardy; that kept the *Anchorage* going and offset part of the deficit that accumulated steadily month after month in the downtown office.

Jim laughed softly and ran thin fingers through his soft black hair. It was just as Honest John had said: the only perfectly safe investment was in people's vices. Drinking and gambling and fornication were perennial and as dependable as the equinox.

The young man looked at the watch under his pillow and turned over for another luxurious half-hour in bed. It was four months since he had been out here for a night. The weather

had been rainy and there were always operations in the morning and a crowded office in the afternoon. James Anthony couldn't stand up to emergencies any more, things like the Benedict affair left him limp for days together. They ought to have an assistant. Perhaps Diamond Mary could be induced to pay a little more rent. Jim smiled doubtfully. Hardly a chance of that when rents in general had tumbled to fifty per cent of what they had been before the panic. Too bad Mother Damnable hadn't left a few more bawdy houses.

Dr. Jim reflected how queer a performance was life. Here was his father taking money enough to run the hospital from a madame. Here was Fairharbor, once a quiet country town, then a hectic embryonal metropolis, now a boom city gone sour. James Anthony had always said it would have been better if the railroad had chosen another terminus and left Fairharbor to grow more naturally; no good had come of the big boom with its delusions of grandeur. Jim remembered how he had found things when he first came home: the crowds, the speculation in real estate that made men rich in a twelve-month, the avenue blocked with piles of brick and mortar, new buildings going up everywhere, the bands and torchlight parades and oratory that heralded the opening of new additions, the sewers draining into the water supply, emptying on the beach, the car lines straggling up the steep cross streets from the avenue.

At the top of the pile the clannish colony of "royal families" on Prospect Way into which his mother had broken at last. A notch below, the merchants and local self-made plutocrats, his father and Ed Blackburn and the other professional men. And at the bottom the loggers on the skidroad and the other people who worked for wages, clerks and bookkeepers, the mayor and Commissioner Bassett and Honest John, the gamblers and dive keepers and ladies of joy. It was a strange mixture, and stranger than ever since the bottom had fallen out. Henry Archibald, still red of face but noticeably narrower in the beam, was hunting a job for Fred and a contract for himself. Caroline walked the upper avenue pale and cold and aloof, buying nothing, talking to no one. Conrad Bain in terror clung



fast to what the storm had left of his street car franchises and mortgages and bonds, and even the great H. T. Ramsden, his shaven chin more grim than ever between side whiskers, walked to his office these days instead of riding behind a coachman and, once there, growled ominously at his shrunk and terrified force of clerks and salesmen. Tighter lipped than ever, Daniel Radford got up at six o'clock and went to the smelter on the street car along with the few employees he still kept on. The whole town exuded fear as a sweating man exudes perspiration.

It was only the "lower classes," as Ramsden called them, who seemed to Dr. Jim to have shown any fortitude or sportmanship. It was true that at first they too had stampeded and started the runs on the banks that made recovery of their savings impossible. But, now that money and jobs were gone, they had become human again. The loggers were less fearful than the ex-plutocrats; the clerks less downcast than their former employers. The skidroad once more jeered at the "dog salmon aristocracy" whose courage had run at the approach of trouble as candle grease runs at the approach of heat.

But there were people besides the wage earners who had kept their heads. His mother, for instance, was too tough-fibered to break in an emergency and James Anthony had a secret store of endurance that had never failed him in a crisis. And there were others. Emil Fischer, for example.

Fischer was a strange man. He took orders from no one and little advice. He could see the necessity of making a contract for the medical care of his employees, but to the need of sanitation in the camps he was obdurately blind. Over and over Jim had explained how the absence of outhouses meant the washing of excrement into creeks and rivers by the winter rains, and the perpetuation of typhoid; how men were kept verminous and made susceptible to colds and grippe by being housed sixty to the bunkhouse. He had proposed that he or his father go through the camps and vaccinate all the men, that Fischer put up bunkhouses with movable windows and build latrines and provide a place where workers could wash

themselves and their clothes. But the lumberman could not or would not see the necessity of such measures.

Less and less reassuring was the outlook for the loggers and millhands. The single men huddled into squalid rooming houses on the skidroad and the married ones into unpainted shacks outside the city limits. In overalls and work shirts and heavy shoes and mackinaws, they milled up and down the lower avenue in winter, in pool halls and employment agencies and cheap saloons. Those who had wives went back at night to their crowded shanties to sleep and beget within the bodies of tired bedraggled women unwelcome children, while the bachelors slept in the sawdust on the floor of the Antitoxin or rolled up in the bunks of the old tabernacle Emil Fischer had remodelled, and lived on the watery decoctions served in the soup kitchen on the avenue or the more substantial stew provided by Honest John Erskine. This, Jim was beginning to see, was the reward they reaped for work.

He sat up suddenly in bed and threw back the covers. He had come out here to sleep and rest, not to cudgel his brain about unemployment and economics. He grabbed a blanket and, wrapping it around him, ran downstairs and out on the porch. Spring had come early this year and Ten Mile creek was splashing and brawling in its rocky bed as it usually did a month later. The man glanced about him at the sunlight dappling the ground, then ran across the yard to the bank of the stream, dropped his blanket on the gravel and his night shirt beside it, and jumped into the water. Hardly deep enough to swim in, it was an icy stimulant to the nerve endings in his skin and brought him alert in an instant. He splashed vigorously and in an uprush of well-being began to sing *Two Little Girls in Blue*. The noise of the creek drowned his voice and he bawled the louder. Hardly anyone came up along the old trail from the Sound and, as the Fischer logging operations extended back into the hills, the wagon road of his grandfather's later years had also fallen into disuse.

As he hopped back across the gravelly bank to retrieve his blanket Jim remembered that he had seen but one woman on



the place since he had come home. And that was Caroline Bain, the day she had had her tryst with Edmund Blackburn in the old pasture. Jim picked up his night shirt, thrust his feet into his slippers and wrapped the blanket around his dripping body. He recalled so vividly the couple coming hand in hand across the meadow, the soft outcry from their covert, the man's red head rising above the log, that he laughed aloud as he ran back to the porch. In spite of the difficulties into which Caroline's pregnancy had plunged him, he never thought of the affair without amusement tempering his annoyance. And he had not yet found out whether Blackburn knew that Caroline had had a baby, whether he ever had had anything more to do with her, or whether he had merely been obliging a girl who craved experience.

Queer things happened to people, Jim reflected, as he dressed and built a fire and put on water to heat. To Christopher Fischer, for instance. Out of his element when the camps closed down, Chris protested violently at his father's conversion of the old tabernacle into a flophouse for the unemployed, then fell into a fit of sulkiness and stopped going down to the lumber company offices in town. If he couldn't be on the production end, he vowed he would work nowhere. And so he had built a miniature race course on one of the prairies south of town, near Liberty Lake, and was trying to turn the safety bicycle into a racing machine. Here he could be seen every day bent double over his handlebars, scorching sullenly around the planked speedway. Chris was rapidly turning into a thoroughly rotten egg, thought Jim. But, one consolation, he didn't get anywhere with his sister-in-law.

Since Benedict's suicide Jim had seen more of Rachel than he had the first year after Max's death. At first he marvelled at the composure with which she faced this tragedy. She had found out that her uncle was hopelessly in debt, she had told Mrs. Benedict not to waste money on an elaborate funeral or expensive mourning and persuaded her to turn over the entire estate to her husband's creditors. And presently Rachel had

installed herself and her small son and her aunt in a cottage Emil Fischer had once presented to Max.

Here Jim was called more than once, for Martha Benedict, remorseful now that she had ever thought of divorce, talked endlessly of her lost Francis and could not sleep for mourning him. At first he suggested James Anthony as her adviser but Mrs. Benedict made clear her preference for the younger man who seemed to her, so she said, stronger and more vital than his father. She wanted, above all, someone to cling to and it soon became apparent that she must have more than a doctor to lean on. When he first realized that she meant to wrap herself around Rachel for the future, Jim rebelled and at last he remonstrated with her. It was only then, he recalled now, that he had seen how different Max's widow was from the gay creature he had fallen in love with on sight. The blue eyes with which she had looked at him as she explained her plans were not woebegone, but they had a wisdom beyond her twenty-three years.

"I intend to look after Aunt Martha, Dr. Winforth. Why shouldn't I? She hasn't another relative nearer than Ohio and she dreads the thought of going back there or to Boston. Everyone in the east thinks Uncle Francis made a great success out here and it would break her heart to go back now, a poor widow dependent on her brothers and in-laws. So I've decided to keep her with me. She'll be an excuse for me to live alone, in my own house. I don't want Malcolm to grow up in his grandfather Fischer's home. The old people would spoil him to death. And still it would be cruel to take him away, where they couldn't see him for months at a time. If Chris doesn't marry, he will be their only grandchild. No, I'm going to keep Aunt Martha with me. She can help me in more ways than one about the baby."

Not only was Rachel more mature but she was less frank; not secretive, but less open in her manner than she had been. Jim had noticed that she hesitated over Christopher's name and he had come to suspect that she found it uncomfortable to live



under the same roof with her brother-in-law. Not that there was anything remarkable about that.

Jim cleaned up the last of his eggs and toast, poured out another cup of coffee and lighted his pipe. In these last weeks he had realized that he was still in love with Rachel and that he could not go on forever without deciding what his attitude was to be toward her. Over and over he had it on the tip of his tongue to declare himself, to say that a new husband would be a better reason than a helpless aunt for having a separate establishment, to tell her that Malcolm needed a father more than a grandfather. But none of these things had he actually put into words. Something about Rachel held him back—something that hinted at distaste for marriage, dislike of sex. Jim could not be sure just what it was that gave him this impression, but there seemed to emanate from her a sort of subtle chill. And this in spite of the full throat and red-gold hair and frivolous tilted nose that made her look so young.

Slowly a conviction had grown up in Jim's mind that she was through with marriage, wanted no more of it, and this morning he had wakened with this conclusion more firmly fixed than ever. What had happened between her and Max—whether anything more than the usual orgiastic assault of the eager male upon his unprepared mate—Jim did not know, but whatever it was he was sure she wanted no more of it.

He finished his coffee, knocked out his pipe, washed his dishes and made his bed. Then he started the windmill to fill the water tank and wandered out into the old pasture. There he climbed up and sat down on the log that had sheltered Caroline and Ed Blackburn. He had got to the point where life without marriage was not easy. Affairs were mercenary, not to say dangerous, and casual relations with ordinary street walkers were not what he wanted. Some men thought they were better than nothing and pointed out that even St. Paul had said it was better to marry than to burn. But Jim was not convinced. It depended on whom you married. Rachel? Yes. Mollie Sheridan? Yes. Every other woman? By no means.

For a long time the young man sat on the log in the middle

of the logged-off field his grandfather had reclaimed from the forest, then he went slowly back to the house, head down, puzzling as he walked. Life promised more than it gave, life was uncertain, full of disappointment and dangers no one could avoid. Very likely it must end inevitably in tragedy. So much granted, what was a man to do about it? Kick forever against the pricks, or sit down in abject submission?

The breeze ruffled Jim's soft black hair, blew across the frowning lines between his heavy dark brows. Absently he rubbed the tip of a thumb against a little scab on his index finger.

"Good Lord," he thought, "you'd think there was only one woman alive, the way I act!"

At that he threw back his head and laughed. But the sound was so strange in his own ears that he stopped as suddenly as he had begun.



## XXII

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IN the autumn of '97 Dr. Jim began to ride past the Central School whenever he could on his way down to the office in the morning. Malcolm Fischer and Geoffrey Radford had both started to school in September and he was curious about them. Both families could easily have employed tutors or sent the boys away to private schools, but neither had done so: Emil Fischer had a feeling that to do so would be affected and conspicuous and Daniel Radford was determined to continue the hardening process begun as soon as his son left behind his sickly infancy. The same consideration moved him to send Geoffrey to public school that made him refuse Dr. Jim's suggestion of an artificial forearm and hand for the boy.

"They make things like this much better than they used to, Mr. Radford, and it would keep the other kids from teasing him so much."

"Precisely," retorted Daniel Radford. "And that is just what I don't want done. My son is a cripple and he must learn to accept that fact and ignore it."

"Ridiculous!" protested the doctor. "He can't do it. How can any six-year-old act as though he had an arm that doesn't exist? I warn you, he'll be the butt of the schoolyard within a week, Mr. Radford."

"Perhaps he will. If so, it can't be helped. I shall not turn him into a mollycoddle just because he was born a cripple."

And so the subject had been dropped. But Dr. Jim had not been able to put out of his mind the ordeal that he knew would confront the deformed boy. He remembered the rumors he had heard of Radford's harsh methods of hardening the child by expecting him to do everything as well as though he had two hands, he recalled the struggle he had had to bring the lad through his first two years of life, he pictured the white face and shock of black hair that made it paler by contrast. "I could reach around his neck with one hand," Jim told himself, "but in spite of all his skinniness there's something jaunty about him that I like. If only the kids don't beat it out of him."

But that possibility seemed about to come to pass at first. For Dr. Jim soon discovered that Geoffrey had a nickname—"Living Skeleton"—that greeted him each time he set foot in the schoolyard. After that he observed that Geoffrey either came very early before the playground was crowded or so late that he had barely time to fall into line and march into the schoolhouse. Whether this was cowardice or merely good judgment Jim could not decide at first: the boy was undersized, he had only one arm, he did not know how to fight. It was intelligent for him to avoid bullies. But Jim wondered if that was all there was to it.

He got the answer one November day when he rode past the school at recess on his way back from a call on First Hill. It was a habit with him to look for Geoffrey and so he soon spied the boy backed into a corner by the steps beside a somewhat larger lad; the two were fighting off a half-dozen boys. Dr. Jim could see Geoffrey's one arm flailing through the air and now and then finding a mark, but the other boy was fetching blood out of one nose after another. Grinning, Winforth dismounted and leaned against his wheel to watch the combat.

On two sides the beleaguered pair were protected by the steps and the basement wall, and between them they were making excellent use of the three fists and four feet they had. Jim saw a fat boy try to butt Geoffrey in the stomach and run off howl-



ing with his hand to his face after Geoffrey had caught him in the mouth with a knee. "Tooth out, I hope," the man murmured to himself. "I can't see the other kid well enough to tell who he is. But he's a scrapper." The truth of this opinion was attested once more by a yip and a gush of blood from still another nose.

But before a fresh onslaught could be executed the bell rang and the group of attackers melted away. Geoffrey's partner patted him on the back and reached down to pick up their jackets. He was taller than Geoffrey and his hair was bright red. Jim laughed and remounted his wheel and rode on. There was no mistaking Malcolm Fischer when you could see his head. He was the kind that liked to fight. Well, he had Caroline to thank for that; he might owe his father his laughter and enthusiasm and likeableness, but his hardness came from his mother who had it from God knew where. Perhaps that little misstep had been a good thing after all, certainly its product seemed to stack up pretty well.

There was Geoffrey, the product of holy matrimony. Pathetic little devil, with no mother and a smelter for a father! And Malcolm standing up beside him to help fight off the pack of young barbarians who tormented the crippled boy and called him "Living Skeleton." And when Geoffrey learned to take care of himself—if he ever did—Daniel Radford would think his hardening process had done it. Jim snorted.

His bicycle dropped off the crosswalk into the mud of an ungravelled side street. Why in Heaven's name hadn't the city council at least planked a few of these steep streets leading down toward the harbor? In summer they were four inches deep in dust and whenever a team went by a choking cloud enveloped everyone, and now that the rainy season had set in the mud was even worse. There were plenty of places in town where a man still had to carry a lantern at night if he meant to keep out of these bottomless puddles for which, according to the *Seaforth Advertiser*, the City of Destiny was famous.

Jim bumped along furiously over the mounds of sand and gravel dumped but not spread out or levelled. He would never

live to see the day, he supposed, when this street would be anything but a streak of dust in summer and a loblolly in winter. Except on Pacific Avenue paving in Fairharbor seemed hopeless, because of the long depression.

Jim Winforth had watched many things happen in his home town in the four years since '93. He had seen the Democrats sweep the city elections in 1894, he had seen the voters approve a half million bond issue for a bridge across the tideflats to the big Fischer sawmill and shipyard when Fairharbor was already three-quarters of a million in the red. He had seen the council, prodded by irate citizens, make a show of investigating the old administration and asked himself if there actually was a man in town who hadn't known that the city payroll was padded with relatives of the mighty, that the grading and filling of streets was a perennial godsend to contractors because the gravel sank into the earth and disappeared with the winter rains, that time checks were discounted by the city clerk, that the director of public works used city teams on private contracts, that the chief of police more than doubled his income by not noticing the saloons that had no licenses or ran on Sundays. When Bassett and Erskine came into power Jim listened to their loud promises of economy and grinned when their first move was to fire thirty-seven of the police force.

The new administration with Tom Bassett as mayor, the *Bugle* as spokesman, and Honest John as the power behind the throne set up a system of its own. First, the council passed ordinances making it illegal to gamble, to run a house of prostitution, or to open saloons on Sunday, and established stiff penalties for breaking these laws. This set-up permitted cooperative saloons and gambling games to run as they pleased so long as they shared their takings with the police. Furthermore "steerers" were allowed to stand about on the streets and in the railroad station and the hotel lobbies and entice suckers. The tenderfoot who, having been trimmed, was rash enough to complain was greeted thus: "Oh, you've been gamblin', eh? Well, there's a law against that in this town and if you know what's good for you you'll move on. See?" And on those rare



occasions when a loser insisted on seeing the mayor or the chief of police, he was kept waiting hour after hour and finally threatened with arrest unless he withdrew his charges. Fast houses had a choice of monthly formal arrests with small fines or regular monthly payments at a slightly higher rate with the privilege thrown in of robbing the customer while serving him.

This system would have worked very well if there had not been a few soreheads who felt they were not getting their share. Within a year Jim knew there were two factions among the police, who persisted in arresting and interfering with each other's gamblers and thieves and women. This internecine rivalry, mourned Ed Blackburn, would ruin the "reform administration" if nothing else did. Although there was always a chance, he admitted, that something foul might leak out about the city and county funds. Now that the boom was over and there were but a handful of banks left and several of them shaky, many inducements were offered councilmen and commissioners to deposit public funds where they would do the most good.

There had been danger too, when the Coxey-ites struck Fairharbor. The town was full of laborers and loggers out of work and "Tiny Tim," who had been a bouncer in the Damifino and had fallen on evil times after Chalmers' murder, called a meeting of the unemployed in the old American Theater on the lower avenue. There was a lot of confusion and speech making and "Tiny Tim" was elected general of the organization. Zealots then went out and set up branches of the army in small towns roundabout and in Seaforth. Restless to begin their long trek to Washington, D. C., the Coxey-ites camped on the outskirts of Fairharbor and instantly a howl of protest arose from plain citizens that chickens and eggs were disappearing in great numbers. Whereupon the Fairharbor post of the G.A.R. which had presented the local army with an American flag demanded—unsuccessfully—its prompt return.

It was April before the expedition got under way. Before departing "Tiny Tim" drew up his six hundred men in parade formation on the avenue and took a collection from the public.

Then, with a band playing and six wagons loaded with provisions bringing up the rear, the column of unemployed got under way, "Tiny Tim" marching in the lead flanked by his lieutenants and accompanied by a benign-looking St. Bernard. Beyond the Fairharbor city limits, the crusade was joined by the Seaforth contingent of five hundred men and seven wagon-loads of food, and the whole army went into camp at the little town of Sundale fifteen miles away.

This village petitioned the governor of the state to move its visitors on, and a turbulent mass meeting was called at which vituperation surpassed its former level. But the Coxey-ites soon began to leave: some rode the brake-beams across the Cascades and then stole empty freight cars and coasted away down the eastern slope of the mountains, a few walked, and others begged rides along the road. One resourceful group found an ally who billed them out of Sundale on the North-western Pacific as a carload of baled hay and got across the divide before the hoax was discovered. A good many drifted back to Fairharbor, among them the general, and James Anthony declared that he had seen the St. Bernard sneaking back home along alleys and side streets.

The month after that, the train men went out on strike and tied up the Northwestern Pacific for more than a week. The railroad shops also closed and five days went by without a train leaving the Sound eastbound. It was during this period that Dr. Jim came into his office building one afternoon in time to see a whitefaced man jump into the single elevator and cry to the operator, "Go up! Quick!"

The cage had scarcely risen out of sight when a throng of men rushed into the entrance shouting, "Scab, scab!" The leader, seeing the elevator was not at the ground floor, cried, "Come on, fellows. He must be on the stairs. We'll run up and catch him."

Presently the cage came down again with its terrified passenger enclosed along with an equally scared operator. Overhead could be heard the pursuit noisily retracing its way down the stairs.



"Oh God," moaned the scab, wringing his hands, "what'll I do? How'll I ever get out of here? Them fellows 'll tear me to pieces if they ever lay hands on me!"

Jim could not keep from laughing but he approached the cage and asked a question. "What have you done to that gang that they're after you?"

"Nothin'. I just went on workin', that's all. I don't believe in strikes."

Out of the tail of his eye Winforth could see the leader of the strikers plunging down the steps into the lobby, colliding as he came with tenants who were setting out to walk up to their offices.

"You'd better take this man up again, Mr. Mack. The mob can't get at him as long as he's in the cage, so I guess you'll just have to run him up and down until they get tired chasing you. On your way now!"

The elevator started slowly up and Jim turned to climb the five stories to his own office. At each floor he saw a group of grim-faced men waiting for the cage, but it was nowhere to be seen. Evidently the resourceful Mr. Mack had stopped between floors to evade pursuit. Once in his own suite, Winforth called Honest John on the telephone.

"That you, Erskine? . . . Well, say, there's a scab in the elevator in our building and the operator's running the cage up and down with him to keep a crowd of strikers from getting him. I guess you'd better have a couple of officers come over and chase them off. You see, the tenants are having to walk upstairs and my patients can't very well do that. It's a good show. Too bad to stop it, but . . . What's that? . . . No, I think it'll be all right to let him out. I think he's learned his lesson by this time."

In '94 Honest John was the boss of Fairharbor. Mayor Bassett, it was true, did not yet realize this but Ed Blackburn and Dr. Jim had seen it from the first. And, on the whole, they agreed, he didn't make a bad job of it. The saloons might be open at all hours but there didn't seem to be any more drunks on the street than there had been before. The gambling joints

might run wide open too, but no one who was not fool enough to believe the steerers needed to lose his money. The bawdy houses seemed to be as busy as ever during the big boom but James Anthony and Dr. Jim had no more than the average number of cases of gonorrhea and syphilis, and the annual crop of illegitimate babies with respectable parents continued about the same as ever.

To his credit, Blackburn pointed out, Erskine had completed the paving of Pacific Avenue with fir blocks mounted endwise on a concrete base, and now for the first time Fairharbor women could shop without being plastered with mud by passing teams and vehicles. Honest John also got the support of the Cycle Club by building thirty miles of cindered bicycle paths. In its advertising booklet the Chamber of Commerce boasted that one could "ride on the hillsides above Terminal Bay for hours, through arching tunnels of foliage, piercing the deep recesses of fragrant forest gulches and coming into restful communion once more with Mother Nature."

But in spite of all the administration's reforms and achievements as set forth in the eloquent editorials Ed Blackburn ran in the *Bugle*, Erskine had to change his politics after the election of '96.

"By God, doc," he said to Jim in the Damifino the week after McKinley's election, "I backed the wrong horse! These here Populists didn't turn out like I expected, nor the God damned Democrats either. I thought sure Bryan was goin' to walk off with the cake, and look at him! Here we got that little squirt of Mark Hanna's instead. Oh well, smarter guys than me made the same mistake. I been a Republican before and by God I can be one again!"

Blackburn who had come up behind Dr. Jim and the ex-boss at the bar threw an arm across his employer's shoulder. "Well, big boy, here's luck! I hope you get back into the fold soon, for it's liable to be slim picking for the *Bugle* until you do."

"Don't you worry none, Ed," said Honest John cheerfully. "I won't ever let the Grand Old Party down again. Not after



what I just got for tryin' to fight the workingman's battles and the farmer's. To hell with both of 'em!"

But it was not only politics that interested and entertained Jim Winforth during the lean years after '93. There were people to watch. Caroline and Fred, for instance. They were still childless, they still lived with the elder Archibalds, and there were rumors that Fred had reformed. At least he got down to his father's office by ten o'clock and usually stayed until five in the afternoon, but just how much help he was on the logging railroad construction jobs Henry dug up from time to time no one seemed to know. He did not go down to Lava Flats as often as he had before he married Caroline and he was said to have refused a drink once when one was offered him; he was still considered the best dancer in town and he acted as master of ceremonies at balls during the season, but somehow Jim felt sorry for him. His loose mouth drooped at the corners and there was a baffled uncertain look in the gray eyes that had once been so vivacious. His wife was the leader of the fashionable young matrons: when high collars were the vogue, hers touched her ears; when leg-of-mutton sleeves were fashionable, hers fluttered like balloons; when full skirts were the rage, hers measured eight yards around the bottom. And she had lost none of the hardness and composure her father needed but did not have.

Conrad had degenerated from the panic more than anyone else in Fairharbor except possibly Martha Benedict. His whole desire now was to unload what he had left of his street railways on the city and live on his income. He was pale and scared looking and Cora, his wife, was pasty and fat. Neither of them could forget the day when they had drawn out what gold they could from the Marine National and packed it like sausages in a trunk, and both of them had developed a grotesque fear of spending money. Thinking of this miserliness as he rode past their big ugly house one summer evening, Jim had laughed and said to himself, "Just as cozy as a pair of overstuffed boa constrictors! And just as much an asset to Fairharbor."

But there were others who were busy and happy. Chris

Fischer, for example, was boring into the timber his father owned on the Olympic peninsula across the Sound as though to make up for time out after the panic. The day of logging by rail had come and the forest was doomed. Not only that but Henry Archibald was recouping the fortune he had lost in the bank crash by building logging roads back into the hills for the Fischer company. Sometimes when he saw the burly contractor bustling down the avenue, cigar in mouth, Jim wondered whether he had any notion how destructive he was and whether he ever remembered any more the day when some of his friends had gone to a sheriff's auction and bid in \$75,000 of judgments against him for seventy-five dollars and then burned them up.

Martha Benedict remained a recluse, living with Rachel and Malcolm in the cottage Max had had from his father. Daytimes she crocheted and in the evenings she sat by the fire reading sentimental novels, of which *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush* was her favorite. Jim was curious about the memory Malcolm would retain of this mousey little woman who wept interminably over love stories, the tears streaming down over her faded face. Rachel still insisted that she was a great help around the house, but Jim considered her of precisely the same use she had been ever since her husband's death—an admirable excuse for Rachel to maintain her own home instead of living with Emil.

Rachel herself was scarcely older looking than when Jim had first seen her. It seemed impossible that she should have a child six years old, especially a child like Malcolm who had grown into a tall boy with blue eyes, large for his age, very lively and robust and full of fun. But she seemed to think he was her only reason for being alive and into his upbringing she was sinking all her energy and talents. More than once, Jim found himself jealous of the round-faced, sturdy-limbed, red-haired little boy, but he was never able to hold the grudge, for the lad was so gay and good-natured that no one could help liking him. It was apparently only at school that Malcolm fought and then in defense of Geoffrey Radford. Well, thoug



Jim as he ran his wheel into the bicycle rack and went into his office building, it's a good thing somebody looks after that youngster a little. These wretched little savages he had just seen fighting Malcolm and Geoffrey were, he hoped, nursing a choice collection of bruises and feeling with their tongues for empty spaces between their teeth.

## XXIII

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BEFORE he started to school Geoffrey Radford's days had all been very much alike. He lived with his silent preoccupied father and his nurse, Lizzie Cornwall, in the gloomy palatial house on Prospect Way in which his mother had died, and Sunday school afforded him his only glimpse of the world. Those glimpses led to a good deal of confusion in his mind about God for he could not reconcile the teaching that God was a loving father with Lizzie's statement that He had taken his mother to live in Heaven. Not that Geoffrey had long realized his bereavement, for it was only after he began to go to Sunday school that he found out about mothers. Mothers were pretty ladies, quite different from nurses, who brought their little boys and girls to church and took off their caps and smoothed their hair and smiled at them, and sometimes they spit a little on one corner of a handkerchief and rubbed off smudges. And after the colored picture cards with the printing below had been given out, mothers took their children to sit in a pew while a man in a white apron stood up in front and talked to everybody.

But Geoffrey had to sit between his father, next to the aisle, and Lizzie, respectfully near the other end of the seat. Neither of them ever smiled in church or even looked around unless he wriggled and they had to frown at him. Mothers brought little



paper sacks of cookies and doled them out in reward for patience and sitting still, but father didn't believe in cookies between meals or in church and Lizzie never did anything she thought father wouldn't like.

Lizzie Cornwall had looked after Geoffrey since he was two years old. She watched him still with bewildered kindly eyes in which lurked a remnant of fear. They had had such a struggle to raise him at all, and every time he had a pain in his belly she was sure he had appendicitis. Then she knew that Mr. Radford hated the sight of the lad's deformity, and she tried to make him practice doing things with one hand so he would not annoy his father with his awkwardness. Firmly convinced that laziness was a cardinal sin, she woke the boy each morning at seven o'clock even though there was nothing for him to do and, by Daniel Radford's orders, made him dress without help. Radford had told her over and over that he could not help having a crippled son, but, for all that, he did not intend that the boy should be a sissy.

To this end he ignored the deformity so completely that it had never occurred to Geoffrey to ask why he had only one hand. But after he had gone to Sunday school for a year he began to ask Lizzie a good many questions about God. Everything he was told about God was confusing. He was everybody's father, and yet other boys had separate fathers of their own. He was kind and loving and wanted people to be happy, and yet you had to ask Him every night to look after you while you were asleep and wake you up in the morning; otherwise He might forget and let you die. He lived in a house "not made with hands" some place up in the sky, and yet He was always watching in the most unexpected ways to see whether little boys were behaving or not. It seemed to Geoffrey that God must be bored with so many people praying to Him all the time, asking Him to take care of them and keep them well, and thanking Him for every meal they ate. It looked as though He might take some things for granted. And if He was so anxious for everybody to be happy, why had He let mother die?

It was the summer before he started to school that Geoffrey got up his courage to ask Lizzie this pointblank.

"Why haven't I got a mother, like other boys?" he blurted out, clutching desperately at his resolution.

From where he knelt on the gravelled path across the lawn he could watch Lizzie as she sat crocheting in the mild sunshine. He saw her hands stop their work and her bulging cheeks turn red. Then she tried to pretend she hadn't heard him but Geoffrey peered out at her from under his long dark lashes and repeated, "Why haven't I?"

Poor Lizzie was in a panic. Long before she had foreseen this moment and asked Mr. Radford what she should say, and he had flown into a rage and ordered her to leave him alone. Now she saw that she must answer as she could and take the consequences, whatever they were. In her dilemma the concept of God intruded as a convenient scapegoat.

"God took your mother to live with Him, because He loved her, Master Geoffrey."

The boy sat back on his heels and stared up at the sky where he had been told God lived.

"But didn't father need her here? Didn't he love her too?"

"Oh dear, yes! Of course. But . . . Well, God took her just the same."

This statement would bear thinking over. Geoffrey frowned a little. Apparently, then, God did not love father, for He had not taken him. Or maybe God was like grown people and had taken mother because He wanted to. That was the way grown-ups did; it made no difference to them whether you liked what they did or not. That being the case, God must love neither father nor him.

Geoffrey said as much in a tone of conviction.

"Oh, mercy, child, you mustn't say such things! They're wicked. Of course God loves your father and you. He loves everybody."

That in itself was ridiculous. Even God couldn't love everybody—the cook, for instance. And besides, there were the wicked people He sent to hell. He couldn't love them. But



instinct told Geoffrey it was no use arguing with Lizzie. He returned to the incontrovertible statement that if God loved a boy, He wouldn't take his mother away. That was no way to make a boy happy.

But this time Lizzie had her answer ready.

"God knows everything, Geoffrey, and He saw it would be best to take your mother to live with Him. And you mustn't talk like that. God won't like it and He might not ever let you go to see your mother in Heaven."

There was that business about Heaven again. The boy jiggled his marbles in his hand and looked down thoughtfully at the gravel between his knees. God who lived somewhere up in the sky above the clouds had loved mother so much that He took her to live with Him in Heaven, even though father didn't want Him to, and it was wicked to ask questions about it. If he kept on, God might get angry—just as father did at the dinner table when he was messy with his food—and do something to punish him. And still He loved everybody and wanted everybody to be happy. That didn't make sense any more than this matter of going to Heaven.

Whenever a hearse went by, Lizzie said the man inside was going to Heaven. It had always seemed strange to think of anyone going up into the sky in a heavy black box like the one he saw being taken out of the hearse and carried into St. Paul's one afternoon when he and Lizzie were out for a walk; it was so heavy that it took six men to lift it. And besides, the people who went into the church after the coffin were crying, and why should they cry if they thought the man had gone up to Heaven to live with God?

There was some mystery about dying in which Geoffrey felt he was implicated with his mother. He had heard people say to his father, "Your poor motherless boy," and a vague feeling grew up that he had had something to do with mother's going to Heaven. But there was no concrete terror of death until the day when he overheard Lizzie and the cook talking about someone who had been buried alive. The low-voiced horror with which they recounted the details set fire to the child's

imagination and that night he woke up screaming with fright. He had been buried in a narrow box in the ground and he had come to with clods of earth pressing down against his mouth so he couldn't breathe. He clawed with his hands and screamed but no one came to help. Only just before he suffocated did he wake himself with his shrieking.

His terror was too awful for him to describe, but he thought it was almost Heaven when Lizzie held him in her arms and rocked back and forth and said, "There, there! Now it's all right. It was just a bad dream. There, there!" Even then, still damp with sweat of horror, he had been grateful that father was not at home to come in frowning and demanding, "What nonsense is this, in the middle of the night?"

From that time on Geoffrey often wondered how many people had been buried alive in the Fairharbor cemetery, and gradually death became a familiar figure haunting the background of his dreams.

Lizzie watched the lad with troubled eyes. It was not merely the fact that he was thin and pale that worried her. After all, it did seem wrong that he should have been left alone with Daniel Radford. The man had told her more than once that he could not look at his son without remembering it was his birth that killed his mother. Perhaps that was one reason he was so harsh with the boy. Not that the child was not well fed and clothed and sent to Sunday school and taken to Dr. Winforth as soon as he felt badly, but that his father never held him on his lap or told him stories or played with him. Lizzie marvelled more and more as Geoffrey grew older at the persistence with which Radford ignored his deformity and demanded that he take care of himself.

Then the nurse thought Geoffrey was precocious and read too much. The parlor maid had taught him his letters and the boy had stubbornly spelled out the little tales in the Sunday school paper until he got so he could read the papers and the simpler parts of the magazines that came to the house. To Lizzie this seemed an unhealthy thing: it would only put more ideas into the child's head and he had enough already. But



the first time Mr. Radford ever showed pride in his son was when he learned that Geoffrey had taught himself to read. He smiled and patted the boy's shoulder and next day he bought a dozen children's books for the lad. But Lizzie was sure there was such a thing as a child being too bright for his own good. Before this she had always thought it would be a wrench when Geoffrey started to school but now she was not sure it would be.

On the opening day of the term, Mr. Radford stayed home from the smelter in order to take his son to school for the first time. He stood in the hall waiting for the nurse to bring Geoffrey down—a well set-up man of medium height, with wide shoulders and tapering flanks, very erect in his stand-up collar and cutaway coat—and his stern face was not entirely without pride as he watched the small boy in blue cheviot suit with short straight trousers and neatly buttoned jacket into the side pocket of which was tucked the empty right coat-sleeve. At sight of that sleeve, Mr. Radford's mouth twitched a little but, he reflected, the lad was not ill looking if one only kept his deformity out of mind. He took the child's hand firmly in his and led him out of the house.

Geoffrey was nervous. Lizzie had told him this would be very different from Sunday school: she said he would have to learn to count—she didn't know he could already go to fifty—and to add and subtract, and study reading and writing and a lot of other things. Writing he thought he would like—there were many things he could remember if he could only write them down on paper—but he was not sure about adding. Still all boys had to go to school and perhaps it would be nicer than Lizzie thought.

When Mr. Radford opened the gate and started up the walk toward the schoolhouse, some of the boys in the yard began to laugh, but before he reached the steps all the giggling had died away: Daniel Radford was not a man anyone laughed at very long.

Inside, the principal explained that there would be no classes until afternoon, but that Mr. Radford should see the primary

teacher and enter his son on her roll and get a list of the books and supplies the child would need, after which he might go down town to buy the necessary textbooks. These simple tasks the man accomplished with despatch and then, convinced that he had done his duty, hurried off to the smelter to make up for lost time.

In the afternoon when Geoffrey came back to school alone, he was surrounded by a ring of boys older than he before he could cross the playground to the building.

"Ain't you the Radford kid?" demanded a lad whose broad freckled face shone with malice.

"Sure he is. Didn't his old man come with him this morning?" shouted another.

"What's your name?" asked a third inquisitor.

"Geoffrey."

"Oh, ain't that pretty? Geoffrey. Sounds like a girl's name to me," jeered freckle face.

"It is not a girl's name."

"It is too, 'tis too!" The boys all caught up the chant. "'Tis too a girl's name. Sure it is."

Geoffrey was frightened. He had never encountered hostile boys before; his furtive little scuffles in Sunday school had never been like this.

Then freckle face noticed the empty sleeve tucked into the pocket of the jacket.

"Where's your arm, kid?"

"Oh, looky," cried another, jerking at the sleeve.

It came out of the pocket and dangled limply before them. The boys stared at it and at each other. Was this new kid playing a trick on them?

"Here, you, unbutton your coat," ordered freckle face.

Geoffrey's face was very pale. "I won't," he said faintly.

"What's that you said?"

"I won't," repeated Geoffrey, his heart pounding against his ribs.

"He says he won't," cried freckle face, laughing. "What d' you think of that? He says he won't."



The boy reached forward and jerked open Geoffrey's jacket but to his surprise the shirt sleeve was rolled up and pinned together with a small gold beauty pin. "Well, ain't you got no arm?" he demanded angrily.

"No." Geoffrey stood with compressed lips, afraid to try to say anything more for fear of crying.

Freckle face seized him by the shoulder and ran his hand downward. "Hully gee! He ain't got no arm! You'd ought to feel it. There ain't nothin' there, below the elbow."

The other boys pushed up and put their rough hands on Geoffrey's shoulder.

"Gosh, he's skinny!"

"There ain't no arm, sure enough!"

"Gee, he's nothing but a living skeleton."

"That'd be a good name for him—living skeleton. Better than a girl's name like Geoffrey. But maybe he is a girl. What'd you bet he ain't?"

But the school bell prevented this wager being taken up just then.

Geoffrey managed to spend the afternoon recess in his classroom because the teacher was too busy to notice him and that night he walked out of the grounds behind the protecting figure of the principal, but the next day his teacher explained kindly that little boys shouldn't stay inside at recess when it was nice sunny weather, and so he crept out of the building as inconspicuously as he could and started to edge his way along the wall toward the girls' side of the playground. But this maneuver was soon discovered.

This time there was nothing to interfere with freckle face and his gang. They pushed him into the basement where they tore off his jacket and took out the stub of his arm and examined it. Then they took down his trousers and perpetrated other indignities. While they were in full cry the bell rang and they all rushed out, leaving Geoffrey to dress himself again as he could. He sat very still where they left him until the lines had marched into the building and quiet had fallen overhead. Then he buttoned himself up and crept out of the basement. Once

on the street he ran uphill toward Prospect Way as fast as he could and, reaching home, slunk into the back yard and stole into the grape arbor where he sank down in the depths of humiliation.

Why didn't he have two arms? Why couldn't God have made him like other boys? Lizzie said it was wicked to fuss about God's will. Geoffrey had heard her say it so often that he believed it was true, just as he understood it was wrong not to obey father. Not that there was any reason to it, but just because he told you. But there the boy bogged down. He had never known any sympathy except the nurse's blundering pity, and God was like his father—to be feared and obeyed, but not loved.

A furious sense of injustice blazed up within the child. It wasn't fair! He had no mother, he had only one arm, he was different. He flung himself down and buried his face in his arms to keep the sound of his sobs from reaching Lizzie in the house.

It was about this time that Dr. Jim was called to see Mrs. Benedict and found her huddled in her chair beside the fire.

"What are you trying to do to yourself?" he asked quietly.

The woman smiled faintly. "It's just the old complaint, Dr. Winforth. I can't sleep."

Jim leaned forward and put the blunt tips of his fingers on the thin, blue-veined wrist. Martha Benedict was a fragile, perennially pathetic, chimney piece; he wondered whether there was any way he could make her laugh out loud for once and forget her tragedy. But of course, he reflected, she wasn't that kind of person.

Later, standing in the hall, he told Rachel as much.

"I haven't the least notion how much I can help her, but I'll have the drug store send out some tablets anyhow. They might do some good for a while."

For a minute or two they talked about the old lady, then Jim took up his hat to go.



"I suppose you're in a hurry as usual," said Rachel quietly, but with an inflection that made Jim look at her sharply.

"Why, yes, I've got plenty to do this morning. But what's on your mind?"

Motioning him to follow her, Rachel walked softly down the hall and out on the back porch. In the yard nearby she had built a playroom for Malcolm—a small, low building where the boy could keep his toys and play the noisy games that made aunt Martha nervous. The window on the side next the porch was open and through it Jim could see Malcolm sitting upright and solemn in a chair while in front of him Geoffrey Radford stood, behind an up-ended apple box upon which lay an open book.

"Listen," said Rachel quietly.

"Why, I thought Mr. Radford . . ."

"Sh-h-h! They'll hear you," whispered the girl. "Saturdays he allows Geoffrey to come over and play with Malcolm. Now listen."

A childish voice began, "You will find my text this morning, my brethren, in the first verse of the tenth chapter of the gospel according to John."

There was a pause while Geoffrey picked up the book which, to his astonishment, Jim now saw was a Bible.

"'Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.'"

Jim stared at the young woman beside him, but she shook her head in warning.

"Now there's a lot of things I want to talk about today, so you'd better get comfortable. This is likely to be a long sermon."

Gravely Malcolm shifted his weight a little and crossed one knee over the other, then straightened his shoulders and stared intently at the speaker. His sturdy shoulders and flaming red hair were in startling contrast with Geoffrey's scrawny chest and shock of black hair and pale face. But there was something about Geoffrey, Jim could see, that made one listen.

"In the first place, you see, there is a door for the man to go through. In the next place, he won't use it when it's right in front of him. In the third place, he has to go to a lot of trouble to climb up some other way. And, lastly, when he finally gets there he's nothing but a thief, anyhow, and what good does it do him?"

Rachel was smiling when she drew back from the porch railing and beckoned Jim to follow her inside again. Her face was radiant, her blue eyes full of fun, her red lips parted. She looked very young. After all, thought Jim, she couldn't be more than twenty-six or -seven. He was only thirty-two himself.

The man's brown eyes glinted as he glanced at the curve of her neck. Rachel Fischer was as attractive as she had been when he first saw her. When she laughed like that, she seemed almost as young. He quickened his step and came up beside her.

"Aren't children funny? Imagine Malcolm being an audience for Geoffrey."

But Jim had forgotten the boys. His dark face was flushed and his eyes had taken on the luminous quality excitement always brought them.

"Rachel, wait a minute! I want to . . . I . . . I love you! I've loved you ever since that night at the dance, before you married Max. I wanted you then. I've always wanted you. I've waited a . . . long time, Rachel. Marry me! Please!"

He reached for her hand, held it close in his hot fingers, felt it cling softly to his when he said "I love you." But at the word "marry," it stiffened into coolness, and a moment later she had drawn it away.

"I'm sorry, Jim. But I can't marry you. I shan't ever marry anyone. Max . . ." She stopped and began over. "You see, I have Malcolm to take care of and think about. I shall never marry again."

In an incredibly short time Jim was on the sidewalk, clipping his trousers at the ankle and riding off down the hill. Why had he broken out that way? Hadn't he known what she would



say? Wasn't there something about her that said "Hands off!"? And yet for a moment her hand had been soft and responsive in his. What did it mean? Or did it mean anything?

"Damn it all!" he swore in a low voice. "Why does she have to live alone all the rest of her life just because she married Max and had a baby?"

A baby! The front wheel of his bicycle slid into a rut and spattered mud on his trousers. Damn these cursed streets and the rain and the mud! And damn women too! Were they all stupid? Couldn't Rachel see that boy's hair, so different from her own red-gold? Didn't Caroline ever wonder what had become of her child?

Jim pumped the pedals furiously and his tires sang on the wet surface. Thank the Lord for the cinder paths Honest John and the Democrats had built! Without them bicycles would be impossible in winter.

Confound the practice of medicine! If he hadn't been a doctor he could have taken Rachel driving that Sunday afternoon and she would never have gone out with Max. And James Anthony admitted they might as well have let Mrs. Radford die with appendicitis, seeing she died the next year in childbirth. It would have been better all round—for him and Rachel and for that wretched little cripple.

At that moment it was not enough for Jim Winforth that he knew so many things no one else did or that he held the peace of more than one family in his keeping or that he could look at Ed Blackburn and Caroline Archibald and Frederick and even Rachel and Malcolm with amused, sardonic eyes.

## XXIV

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It was the Klondike even more than the revival of the lumber industry that boosted Fairharbor out of the long depression of the middle 90's. Lower freight rates on the Northwestern Pacific and increasing demand for lumber overseas were well enough, they put more into pay envelopes and took men out of the flophouses and off the skidroad, they staved off bankruptcy for merchants and bolstered up shaky banks and started Henry Archibald on the way to a second fortune, and enlarged the trickle of money into the Land Company again, but without the Klondike gold rush there would have been no second boom.

Indeed in '96 it did not seem that prosperity would ever touch Fairharbor again. Men were still working for sixteen and eighteen cents an hour, half the police force and almost half the firemen had been let out, six of Conrad Bain's street railways were bankrupt, the public school teachers had had their salaries cut one-third, bank deposits were less than half what they had been in '91, and rents had declined fifty per cent, motormen and conductors worked eleven hours a day on the street cars, seven days a week, for fourteen dollars and twenty-four cents, unpaid interest and taxes accumulated, and property changed hands at sheriff's sales for less than the cost



of the improvements. No one suspected that help would come from the frozen north.

Unheralded, Alaska shipped out more than two million dollars in gold in 1895. The next year word came of a strike in the Sun Dam district, and in February, 1897, came a party of prospectors with the tale of the fabulous discovery on the Klondike. All that spring men were shipping north and when the S.S. *Portland* reached Puget Sound the morning of July 17, 1897, with sixty-eight miners aboard and \$700,000 in gold dust Fairharbor leaped once more into a frenzy. By the end of the month over one thousand men had sailed for Alaska. Emil Fischer hired every man left in town who could drive a nail and set his shipyard renovating every vessel that would float for the north-bound traffic. Other companies were organized and more shipyards put up. By December production of river steamers for the Yukon was well under way and 375 men were at work on the ways that now dotted the tidelands. In the next seven months seventy-four boats were built for the Alaska trade.

Twenty-four-hour shifts at the woolen mill could not supply the blankets and underwear and mackinaws demanded by the men shipping north. The "Yukon stove," product of local genius, made its appearance and so did the "Yukon sled." Snowshoes, tents, packsacks, and miner's shoes were manufactured in wild haste and increasing quantities; the hardware stores were stripped bare of nails and wire and rope, of picks and shovels, of hammers and saws. The sawmills constructed little portable houses to ship north and new industries sprang up to supply the demand for crystallized eggs and evaporated milk and vegetables. The whole city stank of the onions evaporating for the Klondike miners.

Every man who went to Alaska was a potential customer for three to five hundred dollars' worth of supplies: he needed not only evaporated vegetables and milk and preserved eggs, but flour and bacon, and sugar and beans, and rice and corn-meal, and coffee and canned butter, and oatmeal and matches. He must have not only tent and blankets and mackinaws and

woolen underwear, but mittens and sweaters and fur cap and cooking utensils. The *Bugle* published a special Alaska edition with lists and advertisements of the equipment and supplies a prospector should have before starting north. Horses sold for twenty-five dollars and up, and dogs to be used on the trail for fifty dollars and over. A ticket from Fairharbor to Dawson cost \$150 but every boat had twice its reasonable load of passengers and freight. By the end of '97 there was neither an empty store nor an unoccupied room in town.

In August seventeen steamers loaded in Fairharbor for Alaska; in November a boat came in with \$800,000 in drafts and securities and thirty-five pounds of gold dust in the captain's stateroom. She sailed north again as soon as she could load, with two hundred and fifty passengers and every pound of freight she could float. Soon after another vessel docked with forty miners who were bringing out nearly a million in gold dust. A solitary individual arrived by rail from San Francisco who, when plied with liquor, admitted he had come down from the north that summer with \$85,000 in dust, all taken from his own claim on the Klondike.

Henry Archibald left for the gold fields, planning to investigate the possibility of building a tramway over the terrible Chilkoot Pass, and a month or two later Jim heard that he had sent for Fred to join him. Early in '98 the federal government opened an assay office to receive the stream of gold from the north.

But for the Winforths the return of prosperity meant a declining practice. For, when they could pay their way, people went to the physician of their choice.

"We've carried all the dead-beats and the fellows who've been broke," said Jim to his father one evening after a day of comparative idleness, "and now, after four years of that, the minute they get a job and have a little money, off they go to somebody else. I bet Jaffray's office was jammed today."

"I don't doubt it," agreed James Anthony. "Patients who come to you because you do their work for nothing never stick to you when they get some money together again. They



think a doctor who doesn't charge for what he does can't be much good, they resent the idea that they are under obligation to him, and so they go to someone else."

"It makes me a little sore," said Jim. "Not that I can't do with a rest, but we did the work for them and they ought to play fair with us."

"Yes, we did the work. But who furnished the money? That came from Diamond Mary, down on Lava Flats. Besides, you must learn not to expect anything different. What do people know about medicine? Jaffray is a better talker than either of us, so naturally they go to him. Why not? They can't tell a good doctor from a bad one. But we kept him from getting hold of a lot of them during the hard times. I'm glad of that. But I don't expect anybody to be grateful to us for doing it."

"Well, in seven years I've had one grateful patient," laughed Jim. "Honest John. He's never forgotten Janet's antitoxin."

"You probably won't have another, no matter how long you practice."

"But it's been swell, just the same," insisted the younger man. "Never having to worry whether a man could pay us or foot his hospital bill. The 'wages of sin,' as the preachers call it, have certainly kept the *Anchorage* open. What a joke on you, dad!"

James Anthony's brown eyes were troubled. "I suppose it's foolish but somehow I've never felt it was quite the thing to take that money from Erskine and that property from Mother Damnable. Sometimes I've thought I'd almost as soon have closed the *Anchorage* as run it on that basis."

Jim laughed and shook his father by the shoulder.

"Now, don't get too good for a cockeyed world like the one you live in. It's no use. As for me, I say more and better whorehouses so we can have a bigger and better hospital. Just as Honest John says, people's vices are the only thing you can depend on, year in, year out."

The younger man looked affectionately at the gray-bearded face and the warm brown eyes always full of self-questioning.

James Anthony was older, frailer looking than he ought to be at fifty-eight. The top of his head was bald, his Vandyke was thin and scraggly, his shoulders were narrow and stooped. Suddenly Jim wondered what he would do when his father died.

All his life James Anthony had been the center of friendliness and honesty. As a boy Jim had watched his father and been proud he was not like other fathers. Without knowing when he did it, he decided to follow James Anthony's profession and while he was in medical school the thought of his father kept him at work. He had caroused, of course, and learned to drink and go with women—all the fellows did—but he always came back, sobered up, and tried to make up for lost time.

Since they had been practicing together Jim had realized that James Anthony had capabilities he had never had a chance to exploit: hadn't he anticipated Billroth when he treated Fred Archibald's sister for a tuberculous hip, hadn't he said from the first that Koch's tuberculin would never be a cure for consumption? Hadn't he always insisted that the time to operate for appendicitis was when you made the diagnosis, provided you hadn't let your patient die before you made up your mind? Hadn't he steadfastly defended diphtheria antitoxin against the raving of those who preferred gargles to hypodermic injections at the price of life? Hadn't he always believed what had now been proved by research—that flies carried typhoid germs and mosquitoes malaria?

Life, it suddenly seemed to Jim, would be savorless without his father's quiet fun-making, his modest questioning of his own doings, his acceptance of reality, his friendliness for all sorts of people. He found himself wishing James Anthony could go away on a long trip, without Deborah, and do nothing but what he wanted. With narrowed eyes, he watched the older man put on his hat and go out to make some house calls on the way home to dinner. Might it be possible, now that work was not so heavy and collections were better, to ship



James Anthony off—perhaps to Baltimore or New York or Boston or Philadelphia, or perhaps abroad to see Margery?

At the thought Jim felt a little ashamed that he did not know more about his sister. Frankly, she seemed almost like a stranger. It was now over four years since Deborah had returned from Europe, and the girl was still in Italy. After the panic it had been a matter of scraping and stinting to send her an adequate allowance and quite out of the question to bring her home before her training was finished or to send her mother over to visit her. The situation had annoyed Jim when he stopped to think about it, but he had been too busy to worry very much over Margery. After all she was nearly twenty-eight years old and she ought to be able to look after herself.

It seemed incredible that the kid he remembered best in pigtails could be that old, but he was thirty-two himself, so it must be so. And what about her voice? She had been studying music for years and she was still at it. Or, at least, was supposed to be. It struck Jim that no one really knew much about Margery. Letters came, of course, to Deborah and she read out excerpts from them at the dinner table now and then, but if the girl knew what was good for her she wouldn't be telling her mother very much.

Ruefully Jim admitted to himself that he should have kept in closer touch with his sister; that it was high time either he or James Anthony knew what she was doing and what her plans were. But he couldn't rush off at a moment's notice and go to Europe, and neither could his father. Besides, Deborah would be sure to think she ought to go too.

In perplexity Dr. Jim went down to eat dinner alone at the Fairharbor Hotel; that was better than sitting across the table from his mother, listening to her comments on the women she had seen that afternoon and Caroline Archibald's new clothes.

## XXV

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IN the end it was Rachel who solved the problem of Margery. She paid no heed that Jim could see to his declaration of love but continued to send for him to attend aunt Martha as usual. Then during the Christmas holidays she called him for Malcolm. The child had whooping cough and bronchopneumonia, and the combined skill of Dr. Jim and his father was barely enough to pull him through. Afterward he did not regain his weight and strength rapidly and Emil Fischer came to the office one afternoon in January to discuss what ought to be done.

James Anthony suggested a change of climate, southern California perhaps.

"Oh, thunder!" retorted Mr. Fischer. "It's just as likely to be cold and wet down there as it is in Fairharbor."

"You're prejudiced against California because down south there are no trees you can cut down," laughed Dr. Winforth. "Well, send the boy some place else then. But I warn you to get him away from here until summer unless you want him to be puny for three or four years."

Fischer grumbled and stormed but finally admitted that Rachel and his wife had thought of going abroad with the boy. "Somewhere down on the southern coast of France, or Italy, or Spain. Around in there. How would that suit you?"

"Anything will suit Jim and me that does the child good,"



replied James Anthony. "And Jim can give you the names of some doctors they can get if Malcolm should need anything while they're over there."

"That'll be fine, Winforth. I'll send Rachel in for that information in a day or two. I've got to hurry along. I'm late now and there's a man waiting to . . ."

"Show you how to cut down all the rest of the timber in Washington, I suppose."

Emil Fischer turned puzzled gray eyes upon James Anthony.

"What makes you feel like that about the lumber business, Dr. Winforth? I've often wondered. Lumber's been the mainstay of this country, it's brought in capital and people and furnished the big payrolls. And it's put a good many dollars into your pocket and your son's, too."

"Not as many as it has into yours," retorted James Anthony. Then he smiled. "But let's not talk about that now. We won't agree and there's no use arguing about it. Hadn't we better stick to Malcolm's health?"

"I guess so," grumbled Fischer. "And yet I can't see how anyone in Fairharbor can be against the lumber industry."

"Well, you asked for it," said Dr. Winforth, "and now you're going to get it." He got up from his chair and went to stand beside the little gray lumber magnate. "Did it ever occur to you that some of us might not care to have the country 'developed,' as you call it? That we liked it better the way it was before the big boom? That it might be just as well to leave the forests alone? Don't you know that trees hold back water and prevent floods? Don't you ever wonder what we're going to do with all these hills you're logging off? The land, lots of it, isn't good for anything else and how will all the workingmen earn a living when there are no more trees to cut? And have you never stopped to think what will happen when you're gone and Chris has everything his own way?"

Surprise and resentment followed each other across Emil Fischer's face while James Anthony was talking, but at the

last question dismay flickered up in the wide gray eyes. Fischer put up a hand, patted the top of his head nervously.

"I know, I know. There was Max I used to depend on. He was older. He had good judgment. But . . ." His small round shoulders rose and fell in an expressive gesture. "That's why nothing must happen to Malcolm. He is my hope now." The mere thought of disaster overtaking his grandson brought out the sweat on Fischer's face. "No, no. It must not," he cried, relapsing into the language of his youth. "Shrecklich! Dass kann ich nicht leiden!"

Before the little party left Fairharbor Jim called at Rachel's home. He found aunt Martha in her chair by the fire, resigned to her niece's absence and quite willing to remain in nominal charge of the house. She complained of nothing but her chronic insomnia.

"Perhaps you could give me something, doctor, just the first few nights they are away?"

Jim patted her hand with genuine compassion. "Sure, I'll give you something. Don't you worry about that."

In the parlor he confided his doubts and worries about his sister to Rachel.

"Please don't say I'm very slow to get upset about her. I know it. But I've hardly seen Margery since she was thirteen. She's only been in Fairharbor once since I came home to practice. And the last four years none of us could go abroad, by any hook or crook. She writes, of course, to mother—but she never says much about herself."

Rachel smiled a little. It was common knowledge in town that Mrs. Winforth had rushed Margery to Europe because she was so popular with the young men of Fairharbor, and it was easy to think of many reasons why the girl wrote non-committal letters to her mother.

"I don't mean that I want you to spy on her, or anything like that," Jim went on uncomfortably. "But I think either my father or I ought to know what her plans are, how her prospects seem in concert or opera."



"Mother Fischer and I will be glad to look her up and . . . report to you how she is."

Jim flushed a little. "Margery is a nice girl and she's got a good voice. But . . .," he hesitated an instant, "my father seems to doubt whether she'll make grand opera. And it seems a shame for her to come back here after all those years in New York and abroad. And all her practicing. Why, she's been at it for years!"

Rachel nodded. The dilemma was clear: if Margery had not made some name for herself abroad by this time her prospects were poor, and if she came back to Fairharbor her mother would make her life miserable. However one saw it, the outlook was not pleasing.

Mrs. Winforth also came to call before Mrs. Fischer and Rachel left Fairharbor; she sat bolt upright in the parlor and talked guardedly of her daughter. Margery, she said, had made successful concert appearances in both Italy and Germany but had found a prejudice against American singers that was hard to overcome. The panic and the depression since '93 had blocked offers from the United States. With times so hard, people simply weren't spending money on music.

And as for herself, it had been her duty—unpleasant but nevertheless her duty—to stay at home the last four years with her husband and her son; they had had a hard time too and her place had been with them. Lately, to be sure, she had been thinking of going abroad again to visit Margery, but now that Rachel and the elder Mrs. Fischer were to be so near, it would be almost as good if they could spare the time and would be willing to go to Milan and . . .

Rachel smiled to herself. Although Mrs. Winforth's lack of frankness repelled her, she could not help admiring the woman's physical dignity and self-possession. She had achieved what she wanted—her elaborately furnished house, the social position which had now been generally conceded to her by right of conquest. It was hard to believe that grocer Belknap's wife and the two bedraggled shabby farm women whom Mrs. Fischer had pointed out to her on the street were sisters of

the Deborah Winforth who sat in rustling silk and talked of her daughter in Italy. But it was easy to understand that this woman had passed on part of her hard-fibered persistence to her son. With a faint blush Rachel clutched at the present and forced herself to listen politely to Mrs. Winforth and promise that she would look Margery up in Milan.

More than one person in Fairharbor missed the little group that departed early in February in the midst of a characteristic Puget Sound drizzle. Emil Fischer, going back to his big empty house on the bluff, was lonely but the reviving lumber business demanded so much of his time that he had little chance to cherish his fears for Malcolm. Martha Benedict too missed Rachel's thoughtfulness and the boy's noisy progress through the cottage, but life had flickered too low in her small body for her to have any racking emotions. Even Jim was busy enough so that he did not ponder long over Rachel's reception of his awkward request to look up Margery.

But Geoffrey Radford, after four months of the only companionship he had ever known, was plunged back into loneliness and left to shift for himself. Knowing he stood no show fighting alone, he evaded his tormentors by guile. He developed a knack of slipping across the schoolyard like a small dark shadow, he learned to act as though he did not hear the shouts of "Living Skeleton" that heralded his approach. But, more important, he discovered the delights of reading. In the school library he found *Robinson Crusoe* and *Pilgrim's Progress* and in the bookcase at home *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Daniel Radford had subscribed to the *Youth's Companion* for him, and as he became more skillful in recognizing words he found himself transported to a world where it made no difference whether he had two arms or one. Month after month, the small boy with the white face and the shock of dark hair remoulded actuality into something nearer to his liking and forgot for part of each twenty-four hours that he was either a cripple or a living skeleton.

For a time Geoffrey had spent a part of every Saturday playing with Malcolm. The preaching which Rachel and Jim



had overheard was a hangover from a solitary childhood and was gradually replaced by more natural yelling and scuffling. Malcolm had a football and the two boys learned to punt and drop-kick and Geoffrey showed a surprising knack of catching the ball in one arm and dodging Malcolm's attempts at tackling. This small triumph went far to overcome the cankering sense of unfairness that devoured the child, but now that Malcolm was gone Geoffrey reverted to solitary sermons delivered with many oratorical flourishes in the spare bedroom upstairs.

Having been told over and over that God was his heavenly father who loved him, he searched for texts and fabricated childish arguments to bolster up his faith in God's love. Perhaps it was true, as Lizzie said, that whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, although there seemed to be nothing in the Bible about being born with one arm as a form of chastening. But Geoffrey had barely got well started on his way to a more philosophical acceptance of his deformity when something happened that brought back full force his sense of unfair discrimination.

He had seen the boys at school urinate behind trees or bushes instead of going into the basement, and one Saturday when he was playing by himself in the backyard he followed this convenient example instead of walking around the house and upstairs to the bathroom. Unfortunately Lizzie caught him in the act and scolded him and, worst of all, told his father who spanked him but gave no explanation of the nature of his wrong-doing. Even this might have left only temporary humiliation had it not been that on the very next Saturday an old Irishwoman who lived across the Sound came to visit the Radford cook. The two had been immigrant girls together and they spent a jolly afternoon recalling their experiences. But when the visitor came to leave Geoffrey, who was in the grape arbor, saw her spread herself over the path and heard her and the cook laugh at the puddle she had made.

Instantly a furious sense of injustice flamed up again. Knowing only his own small body, Geoffrey could see in this

performance nothing but discrimination. If it was wrong for him to do that in the yard, it was wrong for other people too, and the old woman should have been scolded and punished also. But she laughed and cook laughed too, as though it were a joke. Sex meant nothing to the boy, but this gross injustice galled him.

"It isn't fair! It isn't fair!" he told himself over and over. "I got whipped for doing just what that old woman did, and they laugh at her. I'm different. Everything about me's different, not just my arm. I can't do the things other people can."

Sitting alone, struggling with the problem of injustice as it intruded into his small circle, Geoffrey came to feel that the God who had made him different from everyone else could not be his loving heavenly father. He might be Lizzie's heavenly father, or Malcolm's, but He was not his. The poor remnant of his faith crumbled before the memory of the taunts and jeers at school. The hatred he developed for freckle face and his gang gradually came to include the God he had been taught knew everything and was all-powerful. If this was true, God had taken his mother away and let him be born a cripple because He wanted to, for some secret reason of His own. Furthermore, God must have known ahead of time that the boys would call him "living skeleton," and still He did nothing about it. There was that old man in the Bible who had asked God to help him when the children called him bald head, and the bears had come and eaten up the children. Now, it was worse to be called "living skeleton" than bald head, and yet God did nothing about that. God, Geoffrey concluded, was not his loving father but a despot of uncertain temper who did as He chose and bore a striking resemblance to Daniel Radford.

For years Geoffrey had knelt beside his bed at night to pray, and for a time he continued to do so partly out of fear of Lizzie's surveillance and partly out of a dread of possible consequences. But in the spring he had an attack of tonsillitis that lasted a fortnight, during all of which time the customary



evening prayer was omitted. Suddenly one day during his convalescence the boy realized that not only had no evidence of God's wrath been visited on him for this neglect but that he was actually getting well. There was, therefore, no such urgent necessity as he had thought to pray every single night for fear you might die before morning and find yourself in hell. Cautiously he decided on an experiment: while Lizzie looked on he knelt as usual and moved his lips but he said nothing whatever to God. A month passed and nothing happened to him. Here was more food for thought. Apparently this all-powerful God could be fooled as easily as Lizzie.

But there were other evidences that religion was not all it was said to be. The Bible said specifically that Jesus had been poor and told everybody to be like Him. But nobody wanted to be poor any more than they wanted to turn the other cheek when someone hit them. Furthermore, there was something queer about death. If people who died really went to Heaven to live with God in unutterable bliss, why did their families cry and make such a fuss at the funeral? Lizzie said it was because they missed the departed so bitterly, but in their mourning Geoffrey's instinct recognized terror and misgiving. No one, not even the preacher, he concluded, was any too sure about this going to Heaven.

And so skepticism invaded his mind and destroyed his trust in the kindness of the mythical God in whose worship he had been so early grounded. But there seemed to be no change in the outward circumstances of his life. Worried by his paleness, Lizzie dosed him with her favorite medicine, Dr. Pierce's *Golden Medical Discovery*, to which she attributed her own excellent health, and at first she thought she could see a transient stimulation when she gave him his dose on an empty stomach, but this soon passed away.

But early in the summer she found in the *Bugle* a half-page advertisement headed *Victory over Disease*, which set forth the marvellous powers of the *Oxydonor*. Promptly Lizzie sent off a money order and soon after received by mail one of these remarkable instruments of bodily salvation. There was a

nickel-plated cylinder about five inches long and an inch and a half in diameter, from one end of which emerged a long green cord ending in a small flat piece of metal and a narrow strip of elastic. The directions were to immerse the cylinder in a pitcher of water and fasten the flat bit of metal to the patient's leg with the elastic; thereupon life-giving oxygen would flow along the cord from the water through the patient's skin and into his body. This marvellous treatment, she was convinced, was exactly what Geoffrey needed and so she kept him in the house two hours each afternoon and made him lie on the couch with the *Oxydonor* tied to him.

The boy's complaints did no good; Lizzie was sure this new scientific invention would prove his physical rebirth and she was ruthless in bringing him in out of the sunshine for his daily treatment. But one Saturday afternoon Daniel Radford came home unexpectedly from the smelter and found his son with the green cord tied to his leg.

"What nonsense is this?" he demanded of Lizzie. And when he had heard her story, he turned on her savagely. "Don't you know oxygen is a gas and won't run along a cord? Throw that fool thing away and never let me hear of you using it again, in this house. Where in Heaven's name did you find out about it?"

Armed with the information that the *Oxydonor* had been advertised in the *Bugle*, Mr. Radford took Edmund Blackburn soundly to task for such misuse of a newspaper. But the editor was not impressed.

"Look here, Radford. You know it's advertising makes the mare go. The *Bugle* isn't a philanthropic institution and patent medicine advertising brings in more money than any other one business. We'd go broke if we threw it out."

"But such baldfaced skullduggery as this, Mr. Blackburn. Oxygen running along a wire and through a man's skin! Can't you pick out the good ones and refuse space to the others?"

"There are no good ones, Mr. Radford," answered Blackburn wearily. "I wouldn't give five dollars for a wagonload of



any of them. The whole thing is a bunco game, from start to finish. The cough medicines and soothing syrups have opium or laudanum in them, there's cocaine in the catarrh cures and alcohol in the tonics. The rest of the stuff is dirt or leaves or colored water. But the public—the dear *peepul*—pay sixty million a year to be taken in by this advertising."

The smelter man looked annoyed and incredulous.

"You can't interfere with business, Mr. Radford. Why, look here, in this current issue of the paper. Here's *Ley's Catarrhal Cream Balm* and *Testotter's Stomach Bitters* and *Dr. Prince's New Discovery for Consumption* and *Black's August Flower* and *Dr. Astley's Great Blood Elixir* and *Abbey's Lung Restorer* and a dozen more. You couldn't ask us to give up all that revenue just because some people are crazy enough to believe everything they see in print. We simply couldn't afford to cut out all this advertising."

"No," said Daniel Radford slowly. "No, I suppose not."

"Why, the very cornerstone of our whole economic system, Mr. Radford, is that old maxim, 'Let the buyer beware.' A man has no ground for complaint if he gets what he pays for. It's up to him to make sure it's what he wants before he buys it."

"Oh, yes. Certainly. Yes, that's true. Even in my line. I can't be bothered looking after people who don't know their business. . . . Well, goodbye, Mr. Blackburn. I'm glad to have had a little talk with you. It would be a good thing if all the business men in town could get an insight into your problems on the *Bugle*."

"You bet it would!" Blackburn's eyes in which the yellow flecks shone sardonically followed the smelter magnate to the door. "Come in again when you get something on your chest you want to get rid of, Mr. Radford."

When his caller had passed out of sight, the editor threw himself down behind his desk and pulled open a drawer and took out a bottle of whiskey.

"Wait till I tell Jim Winforth this. He'll get a laugh out of it." Ed tossed down a mouthful of amber liquor. "Ah-h-h!

Pretty good stuff, even if it did come from Honest John. . . .  
These business men! They get it when you use the right lingo.  
Competition, advertising, revenue, 'let the buyer beware!'  
That's the stuff to tell them!"



## XXVI

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By 1898 Fairharbor was so familiar with the gold rush that the *Bugle's* story of the deposit of \$750,000 in gold dust at the assay office in one day surprised no one. It was nothing unusual for five thousand men to be outfitting on the avenue for Alaska at one time, or for \$200,000 a week to be passed on by returning Klondikers to the city's merchants, gamblers, madames, and saloon keepers. Every vessel from the north was loaded with miners grotesquely clad in turtleneck sweaters, derby hats, and pants made of blankets. Some of them staggered under cumbersome packs, some trudged up from the docks in pairs with heavy valises hanging on a stick between them, and others wore bulging leather pouches dangling around their necks.

But in spite of this James Anthony and Jim knew that all was not milk and honey in Alaska. There were too many Klondikers who had brought back neither heavy valises nor gold-dust laden pouches, but only crushed hopes and broken bodies. Some of these men were toothless from scurvy and some had been frozen and were minus fingers and toes, and still others drifted into the Winforths' office with more dangerous reminders of their days in the north.

"There's a boat due in this afternoon," remarked Jim one morning as he strapped his bag to the handlebars of his bi-

cycle ready to go down town. "So I suppose I'd better warn Anderson to stock up the drug store with iodides."

James Anthony who was waiting on the porch for Cap to bring the buggy around from the barn smiled at his son's obvious irritation.

"Don't be too hard on the miners, Jim. They're no worse than anybody else. It's just that when there aren't many women in a country things get spread around pretty fast. And besides, some of the Klondikers have perfectly respectable things wrong with them. Miss Foster's beau, for instance."

"Oh, sure. I know I'm exaggerating, dad. But when these fellows begin stringing into the office—like they do when a boat gets in—it's enough to make you think everybody up north has syphilis or clap, one or the other or both. I apologize to the virtuous for lumping them all together."

"Are you going to look after Miss Foster's wedding present, or do you want me to?"

"I don't care, dad. I think I'll have time to stop in at Link's on my way to the office, if that's all right with you."

"Fine. I've got some calls to make and I don't like jewelry stores anyhow. I'll leave it to you, son. Something good, of course, but not too expensive."

Jim nodded and rode off down the hill, smiling to himself.

It was barely five weeks since his father and he had operated on Jakey Duvall, a burly prospector who had struck it rich on the Klondike, and hardly three since they had discovered that this profane and hairy-chested individual had fallen in love with the head nurse at the *Anchorage*, who had made him her special care. At first Jim had been amused to see this hulking creature, made helpless by unwonted physical weakness, lying in bed watching Miss Foster with hungry anxious eyes, but when huge bunches of American Beauty roses began to appear every day he realized that the man had more than one string to his bow. Duvall was both obstinate and open-handed: he tipped the night nurse a twenty-dollar gold piece every morning and refused absolutely to eat the food sent up on his tray. Three times a day while he was in



the *Anchorage* a negro waiter brought his meals by cab from the Fairharbor Hotel and as soon as he could be moved he rented the entire second floor over Gibbons' Cafe on Pacific Avenue. There his friends gathered daily to drink and play cards and tell stories and there he was tomorrow to be married to the nurse.

As he skimmed along the cycle path, Dr. Jim considered more specifically the matter of the wedding present. James Anthony had said "something good but not too expensive." But that was not Jim's idea. He had it in his mind to convey to Miss Foster something he had never before seen any way to express, for he had forgotten neither the look on her face when he brought Rachel a healthy baby boy in place of the stillborn infant he had delivered nor the silence she had preserved ever since.

"Damn it all!" he mumbled under his breath. "The woman deserves something fine, and she's going to get it too—a whole box of silverware or a set of dishes or something like that."

Then he remembered that there were others who should by rights be as grateful to Miss Foster as he, although for one reason or another none of them were in a position to acknowledge the indebtedness. There was Caroline whose haughtiness seemed to increase each year, there was Blackburn whose hair was beginning to fade to a less flamboyant color, there was old Emil Fischer who might easily have been left without a grandson. And thereupon Jim resolved to go at once and look at silverware. Then, if there was time, he would stop at the *Bugle* building on his way to the office and see how the war scare was coming on.

He had taken seriously neither Cuba's sporadic rebellions nor Spain's differences with the United States, and so he was unprepared to find Ed Blackburn pale, excited, and belligerent.

"My God, Winforth, those damned Spaniards blew up the *Maine* last night, at Havana. Now we'll have to lick them, whether or no."

The editor only became more agitated when Jim said, "How do you know the Spaniards did it?"

"Don't talk like a fool! Who the hell else could have done it?"

A faint gleam of mockery came into the doctor's brown eyes. "Well, I don't know. Pulitzer maybe. Isn't he always hunting front page stuff for the *World*? Or the Cubans, who've been itching to have us hook their chestnuts out of the fire for them."

But there was no answering flicker of skepticism in Blackburn's thin freckled face and presently Jim went on about his business.

Before evening the City of Destiny was seething with patriotic fury. Excited people rushed up and down the hilly streets, an open-air mass meeting was announced for the next day, and the fire-eating Reverend Mr. Wilson speaking at a Chamber of Commerce dinner adjured everyone there to "remember the *Maine*" and predicted that westerners would flock in great numbers to "the unsullied banner of truth and honor."

A day or two later a similar spirit prompted Deborah Winforth to say at the breakfast table that every man in town who was worth his salt was volunteering.

"Volunteering?" James Anthony looked up from his poached egg. "And for what, may I ask? There is no war that I know of."

"Well, there soon will be. I only wish I were a man!"

Dr. Winforth laid down his fork and looked sharply at his wife. "So do I, my dear. I'm sure you'd enjoy it. You haven't seen as many people die as I have."

When Congress finally passed the war resolution on the nineteenth of April, a second wave of hysteria engulfed Fairharbor. Bands marching up and down the avenue played the *Star Spangled Banner* and *Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue* with a vehemence that concealed a portion of their mistakes, and in their wake stalked the militia trying to look warlike. Soon the local company of the National Guard was



absorbed into the new volunteer army as Company C, Third Battalion, First Regiment, Volunteer Infantry, and began to drill on the courthouse square, while fresh recruits outfitted with such misshapen uniforms as were left over from Company C were put through the drill-book on the Central School grounds and adjacent vacant lots.

All spring the air throbbed with the melancholy strains of the *Girl I Left Behind Me* and *Just Tell Them That You Saw Me*. Evening saw the back streets and parks full of couples arm in arm; the county clerk's office was beset by red-faced young men in quest of marriage licenses; the darker hours saw the tree-dotted prairies beyond the city limits sprinkled with lovers who considered unnecessary the blessing of church or state. Seeing which, James Anthony smiled and remarked to his son that about next January they would be busy with a new crop of infants.

But one discordant note crept into the patriotic concord. An obscure shoemaker on lower Pacific Avenue boldly hung crêpe on his door and put up a sign reading, "Closed, in memory of a Christian nation that descends to the barbarity of war." The havoc wreaked by the mob upon his little shop amply justified his prudence in staying at home for a week and ultimately moving away from Fairharbor.

This outrage, still fresh in Jim's mind one evening the last of April when he encountered Ed Blackburn in the Samson and Delilah, moved him to sarcastic comments on the American devotion to freedom of thought and speech.

"And I suppose you think you're the only fellow in town who feels that way," retorted the editor irritably.

"Well, I haven't noticed anybody saying much about it."

"You'd better not talk too loud yourself. People 'll be getting the wrong idea about you."

"People can get any notion they please about me. I don't wear any man's collar. My stock in trade I carry under my hat. And I can go where I please and make a living."

"Shut up!" growled Blackburn. "Unless you want me to break this bottle over your head. I guess you mean to imply

by those choice remarks that I do wear a collar. Well, suppose I do. What of it? I can't carry my stock in trade under my hat, I have to find a paper before I can make a living. And I've never been on one yet that the cockeyed owner didn't stand over us all and tell us what to say. Republicans one year, Democrats the next, then Republicans again. First we're all for the farmers and the Populists and the workingmen, then after a while we whoop it up for the G.O.P. and Bill McKinley. Harry Chalmers or Honest John Erskine—it makes no difference. East or west—it's all the same.

"Today the *Bugle* is all for the Republicans and high tariff and the war. And maybe you think I don't know why. It's because Honest John thinks they'll make prosperity. Prosperity, the great god of us all! Prosperity! Better business! Gold rolling down from the Klondike! Bah! I'm sick of the whole mess, I tell you. To hell with prosperity! To hell with Spain! Remember the *Maine*!"

Blackburn was far from drunk, but when Jim looked around at the faces of the men within earshot he suddenly realized that it was a good thing these other customers thought he was.



## XXVII

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It was not only Fairharbor that seethed with patriotism. The whole country was in a dither. People swarmed in excited hordes to scan the bulletin boards in front of newspaper offices, the supply of red, white and blue bunting ran out, preachers shouted themselves hoarse denouncing the perfidy of Spain and appealing to the god of battles for his favor. The isolated protests of the same fell on dull ears. Men who did not remove their hats when the volunteers marched past had them knocked off, and Geoffrey Radford in common with other small boys of his age blossomed out with leather-visored, blue caps of Civil War style. Discretion kept him from joining in any demonstrations at school, but evenings and Saturdays he put on his military cap and slanted his air gun over one shoulder and marched belligerently up and down the back yard and around the grape arbor.

Furthermore, the war drove him to master the art of reading. Having, to begin with, no idea where Spain was in relation to the United States, he spent hours over the maps in his geography. Day after day he lay prone on the sitting room floor poring over the pictures of the American navy that had suddenly deluged the country and spelling out the news stories in Pulitzer's *Thrice-a-Week World*. At first he imagined the Spanish might attack Puget Sound and rather hoped they

would so that he could see them in action, but before many weeks he realized what most of his elders did not—that the Spaniards had no fleet that could menace the Pacific Coast. Feverishly he followed the mad dash of the battleship *Oregon* from San Francisco around Cape Horn and endeavored as fruitlessly as the American naval heads to figure out where Admiral Cervera was going.

On May Day, which fell that year on Sunday, Geoffrey sat in the family pew at St. Paul's and heard the holy war proclaimed from the pulpit. Company C had attended the services in a body and the rector prayed fervently for their success in battle and spoke proudly of those "who are even now preparing to render up to their country 'the last full measure of devotion.'" Spellbound by the cadences of the priestly voice, the small boy forgot he was a cripple, the butt of the schoolyard, the object of ridicule or pitying stares. Instead he conjured up a vision in which he was the leader of a great company of fighting men. A belt of cartridges was strapped around his body, a musket slung across his back. He had a good right hand and carried a saber in it. In front of him and his men there was a great hill dotted with ravines and jagged escarpments. He was shouting orders and his followers were running to obey. He ran out in front of the ranks and the men cheered him. They followed him. They climbed higher and higher, hurrying, breathless, but never stopping even an instant. Now they were almost at the top. Another minute and they would be over the crest. There was glory beyond.

Shattering this vision came the loud peal of the organ. Fearfully Geoffrey glanced first at his father and then at Lizzie. But apparently they had noticed nothing, for they were closing their prayerbooks and leaning forward to replace them in the little racks on the seat. Then the congregation rose and the boy slid down out of the pew, shaking a little with excitement and listening in a daze to the receding voices of the choir.

Geoffrey was not yet entirely restored to the present when the rector approached in a determined effort to be genial.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Radford. Lovely day, isn't it? I



always write my friends in the east that there is no summer climate comparable to Fairharbor's. Ah, and how is our little man?" A large wellkept hand descended on Geoffrey's head. "It must be a comfort to you to know that war can never take this lad away from you."

The smelter magnate glared savagely at the man who had been so tactless as to remind him of his son's deformity and the minister, realizing that he had allowed his tongue to get him into trouble, turned hastily away to mingle with his other parishioners. Without a word to anyone else, Daniel Radford stalked out of the church with Geoffrey at his heels, squaring his small shoulders in military fashion.

That evening the first fragmentary despatches announcing the battle of Manila Bay reached Fairharbor and on Monday the *Bugle* reported that Commodore Dewey had won a great victory. Forty-eight hours later, without regard to the fact that no further word had come from the Philippines and that no one really knew what had happened there, the City of Destiny celebrated the maritime triumph with a parade and fireworks and a band concert.

Pacific Avenue was hung with bunting, over the city hall flew the largest flag ever seen on Puget Sound. Small boys appeared in miniature campaign hats turned up on one side or in military caps, men wore red neckties and Dewey buttons in their lapels. The girls from Diamond Mary's were all dressed in blue skirts and red, white and blue striped shirt-waists. Confectionery stores displayed Dewey ices molded into battleships and would-be wags shouted to acquaintances in the crowd, "We didn't Dew-ey thing to them Spaniards, did we?"

As the local companies of volunteers swung into marching order the band that was to head the parade struck up *There'll Be a Hot Time*, and Dr. Jim who was watching from the corner above the *Bugle* office felt his feet begin beating out the barbaric rhythm of the tune. Smiling a little at himself, the man looked around at the other spectators. There was little seriousness on their faces; most of them

were laughing or shouting inane comments on the guardsmen. But off to one side stood Daniel Radford, very straight and stern, with his stiff black hat held correctly to his left breast. "Ramrod!" thought Jim. "Just as human as one of his bars of copper."

Then he heard a shrill high voice cry out, "Here comes the flag!"

Within a minute Dr. Jim had located the sound. It had come from Geoffrey, perched on the broad sill of a window in the *Bugle* building. There, high above the heads of the men on the sidewalk, squatted the child with his face turned toward the approaching colors. Something about his expression caught Winforth's attention. He watched the boy's body stiffen, saw his eyes fix themselves on the marching figures.

For a moment Jim was puzzled. The parade was a poor spectacle; even Company C, the veterans, did not keep step with the music, and there were not uniforms for all the recent recruits who shambled along behind with their rifles at all conceivable angles, looking anything but martial. Surely it was not this sight that had transfigured Geoffrey.

Then, quite suddenly, it came to Dr. Jim that the look on the boy's face was like that he had seen in portraits of saints and martyrs. This child was a fanatic in the making—and perhaps the only genuine patriot in Fairharbor. For this moment, his spirit in its exaltation shone through the hampering flesh. There he was, this cripple doomed to the sidelines, watching others do the thing he longed instinctively to do. His small body was as taut as a bow-string. Beyond this slightly ridiculous parade he saw something else—something very different, that no one else could suspect was there.

There were other parades in Fairharbor that spring and Geoffrey saw them all. Sometimes his father took him and sometimes Lizzie went with him, but one way or another he managed to watch Company C entrain for San Francisco on the eleventh of May and the other contingents of volunteers depart on the fourteenth and the twenty-fifth. People said some of



these men would be killed—which would be very sad—but they also said that the boys would get their share of Spaniards first—which would be a fine thing. The women cried and on Sunday the rector made a special prayer for the soldiers' safe return. And yet, since they were all noble and doing good to the Cubans, they should all go to Heaven if they got killed.

Geoffrey had sometimes thought it would be nice to die if he were sure of going to live with God and mother, but now when he looked at the soldiers or listened to the band playing the *Star Spangled Banner* he didn't care so much about it. He wanted to live and do what he did in his dreams these nights—lead shouting men uphill to victory. Down in his small bones he felt he was meant to do this, and after school and on Saturdays he went on marching doggedly round and round in the space between the house and the grape arbor, with his Civil War cap on his head and his air rifle over his shoulder. He seethed with ambition and patriotism and other blind but powerful emotions, which no one except Dr. Jim had ever suspected.

## XXVIII

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MAY dragged past with Admiral Cervera and his unseaworthy fleet eluding both the newspaper flotilla and the United States navy. The whole eastern seaboard fell into a panic quite incommensurate with the four wretched cruisers and six torpedo boats of the Spanish squadron and Fair-harbor citizens whose sons had enlisted avowed themselves thankful that western recruits were likely to be sent to the Philippines rather than to Cuba. Then Hobson's exploit electrified the country and, with Cervera supposedly bottled up in Santiago, the Atlantic Coast breathed more easily.

After reading the news of the destruction of the enemy fleet in a running battle off the southern shore of Cuba, James Anthony turned away from the *Bugle* bulletin board convinced that the war was really over and that the Glorious Fourth would be celebrated that year with more gusto than usual. He wondered whether he would ever get used to the annual crop of maimed and blinded children. It had always seemed preposterous to him that every generation of American boys should pay the price over again for the invention of gunpowder, the propagandizing of Samuel Adams, and the Declaration of Independence.

But July 4, 1898, realized Dr. Winforth's worst fears. Long



before night the *Anchorage* was full. Two improvised cannons blew up in the faces of their makers and a dozen giant crackers tore off fingers and mangled hands. Seven youngsters were brought in with wounds of the sort favorable to the development of tetanus, there were even more drunks than usual, and the victims of five runaways lay groaning in their beds.

In the midst of all this, Mrs. Erskine was brought into the hospital in a state of profound shock following typhoid hemorrhage.

"Damn it all!" exclaimed Jim as he worked over the half-conscious woman. "One of us ought to have seen her ten days ago. Then this might have been prevented."

James Anthony frowned and nodded at his son from across the bed.

"Funny that people will go on having typhoid, even when we know how to get rid of it."

"They always will have it," answered Jim savagely, "until they get sense enough to keep sewage out of drinking water and milk, and flies out of food."

At which Dr. Winforth sighed gently, for he had little faith in man.

That night, when he had been in bed an hour and a half, Dr. Jim was routed out and found his patient to be none other than Mrs. Ursprung whom he had not seen since her acquittal of the Chalmers murder. She had an appendix that demanded immediate removal and it was six in the morning when he finished with her and was free to leave the hospital once more.

Worried and tired, he rode his bicycle out the cinder path on the bluff above the bay, drawing great gulps of fresh air into lungs saturated with the fumes of ether. One of those kids in the *Anchorage* was almost sure to lose an eye, another would have most of his hand gone when he went home, Mrs. Erskine was very low. It would be touch-and-go with her. Even the Ursprung woman would be draining for weeks and in the hospital no one knew how long.

A doctor's life was nothing but trying to mop up and undo the damage ignorance and stupidity had accomplished. He was getting tired of it. If he'd known it would be like this he would never have studied medicine. He was a slave, tied forever to a telephone and a hospital. Sewing up youngsters who'd blown themselves to bits with fireworks, operating on an ex-murderess, watching an ex-prostitute slip downhill—that was his life.

Irritably he turned around and rode home to bathe and shave and eat breakfast. Those patients in the *Anchorage* were a crummy lot—no doubt of it—but they were his job and his responsibility.

At nine o'clock he reached the down town office and on his desk, in the early mail, found a thick cream-white envelope with a London postmark. It was addressed to him, it might be from Rachel. Hastily he tore it open. Not until he had begun to read did he realize that the writer was Margery.

Pushing back his hat, he dropped into his chair. Now he would soon know the girl's own story. But halfway through he jumped up. So all this delay, from February to July, was not Rachel's fault, as he had thought; Margery had not been in Milan all year and the two had not met until June, in London.

"The fact is, Jim, that I was married nearly two years ago. I haven't dared tell mother. Each time I wrote, I meant to but my courage always failed me. She'll never understand.

"I met Eugene in Milan. He came there on a trip, while he was recuperating from typhoid. I met him at the home of some people we both happened to know.

" . . . His people are delightful—what they call over here 'a county family.' And I love England. In many, many ways it reminds me of home. . . ."

Dr. Jim began to laugh. He laughed until the office girl, grown apprehensive, peeped in to see what was wrong. But he did not notice her.

When at last he finished the long letter, he sat at his desk



with the last sheet in his hand, considering how best to tell James Anthony that he was about to have a grandchild, London-born, with the name of Montrose. Jim had forgotten that he was tired and had had only an hour's sleep last night, that he was chained to a telephone and a hospital. Almost any day now might bring a cable announcing the birth of Margery's child. He grimaced at the thought of his mother's reaction to the news. Then he laughed again.

"Good for Margery! I didn't think she had that much spunk in her. Mrs. Eugene Montrose for nearly two years. What a joke on mother!"

## XXIX

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To Honest John Erskine's way of thinking July 1898 was a milepost in his history. In the bar of the Damifino uproarious patriots who had not gone to war were celebrating the entrance of their country upon the stage of international affairs as a World Power, and in his private office Honest John sat with his feet on his desk and his chair tipped back against the wall, grinning at Ed Blackburn.

The editor's face was a study in irony as he listened first to the din without and then to the self-congratulations of his employer.

"I tell you it was a good thing I ditched them Populists and Democrats when I did. Where'd I be today if I hadn't? Why, some of 'em didn't even have sense enough to vote right about Hawaii. Wasn't that what you said?"

Blackburn nodded. "Fifteen Democrats and five Populists and one Republican voted against annexation. But it didn't do them any good. The resolution went through anyhow and the President has probably signed it by now."

Erskine wriggled his hams in his chair with manifest satisfaction.

"Uncle Sam is doin' well these days, Ed. Got the Spaniards backed off the map, about ready to grab Porto Rico,



landin' troops in Manila, and now takin' in the Hawaiian Islands. And it's the Republicans that's done it."

Blackburn smiled with one corner of his mouth. "'As for me and my house, we will serve the G.O.P.,'" he said softly. "What's that?"

"Oh, nothing of any consequence. I was just thinking that the Spanish army at Santiago hasn't surrendered yet and the Seventy-first New York probably haven't got their pants dried out from the scare they had at San Juan. Then the Spaniards in the Philippines are holding those islands for us, too, you know."

"You don't sound very patriotic," said Erskine, turning shrewd dark eyes upon the editor. "Not that I give a damn myself, you understand. But smart things like that don't look good in the *Bugle*. I don't want you makin' any more cracks about Roosevelt in the paper, either. That fellow is goin' to be one of the big bugs in the party, and we want to keep on the right side of big fellows, you know."

"Yes, I know," answered Blackburn. "I ought to by this time. But that doesn't change the fact that the Honorable Teddy and Wood and Fighting Joe Wheeler got sixteen men killed and fifty-two wounded at Las Guásimas because they didn't obey orders. Or the fact that the Seventy-first laid down when they found the Spanish fire too hot for them."

"Too bad you wasn't there to show 'em how to do it right."

There was heavy sarcasm in Erskine's voice and Blackburn flushed and moved uneasily.

"Just the same we got the Philippines now and we're goin' to keep 'em. So cook up some good hot editorials, Ed. You know the kind I mean."

"Well, that won't be hard. I can just copy the Chicago papers. They've suddenly found out that we ought to have a lot of islands that are lying around loose and that the way to get things is to take them. The only trouble is, as I said before, we haven't got the Philippines yet."

"Well, you just go ahead and act like we did. If we ain't

got 'em, we soon will have." Honest John spoke with conviction. "The Spaniards can't fight and that little squirt Aguinaldo won't get anywhere once our boys get goin'."

"It's poor business to underestimate your opponent."

"The thing to do in a fight is to knock hell out of the other fellow!" Erskine took the cigar out of his mouth and stared hard at the editor.

Blackburn got up and put on his hat.

"O.K. I'll write the stuff. But that won't make it true."

Honest John waved a thick hand in dismissal. "That's all right. Whether it's true or not won't cut no ice, if it's good and snappy. I don't want anybody wonderin' where we stand, that's all, with elections comin' off in the fall. We want to get our feet back under the table."

At the door Blackburn paused a moment. "How's your wife? I haven't heard for a day or two."

"Not so good," replied the saloon keeper heavily. "Dr. Jim says she ain't doin' very well. But don't go puttin' that in the paper, Ed. Not even in the 'personals.' I don't want my private affairs takin' up space in the *Bugle*."

The editor nodded and went out.

In the bar he met Jim Winforth having a drink before going home to bed.

"Hello there. Any objections to my having a snifter too?" he asked, crowding in beside the doctor.

"Oh, hello, Ed. Come along. No objections at all."

Blackburn looked at Jim shrewdly. The man looked tired and, he thought, a little seedy.

"How's tricks?" he asked offhandedly.

"Not so good. Bad, as a matter of fact. Two kids partly blind as the result of the Fourth, some others that have lost parts of their hands, a woman dripping pus all over the place. . . . Is Honest John in his office?"

"Yes."

Jim set down his glass. "Then I guess I'll go in and see him."



"Things that bad with his wife?"

Jim nodded. "Yes. He'll have to send for the girl pretty soon if she's to see her mother alive."

Blackburn pursed his lips. "Too bad. Where is the kid, anyhow?"

"In Seaforth. Farmed out with a cousin of her dad's."

The editor tossed down the rest of his drink. "That's tough for a youngster. My mother died when I was only nine."

"Janet must be about that age now. And she's a nice bright girl too. Mrs. Erskine's made a good job, bringing her up. . . . Well, I'll see you again before long."

Blackburn watched Dr. Jim elbow his way through the crowd and knock on the door of Honest John's sanctum, then turned on his heel and left the saloon.

Only a few minutes later Jim too came out and rode away up the avenue. Erskine had made it plain that he would neither go to the *Anchorage* himself nor send for his daughter.

"I tell you, doc, I can't afford to. Lots of people here in town don't hardly know Kit exists and she ain't nothin' to me any more. I'd never 've brought her up here from Nevada in the first place if it hadn't been for the girl. Kit was just one of them things that happen to a man when he ain't lookin'. You know how it is. And I can't see what good it'd do for Janet to be hauled over to see her dyin'."

All that, Jim admitted to himself, was probably quite true, just as Honest John's attitude was quite understandable. Very likely he had never actually married the woman, probably he had supported her simply because she was Janet's mother. Certainly he was not dismayed at the prospect of being rid of her.

"Now, you understand, Dr. Jim, I'm goin' to do my duty by her," Erskine had said. "I'll pay the bills and I aim to give her a nice funeral with a preacher and flowers and music and a good coffin. But I've seen enough of her and so's Janet. I ain't goin' to the hospital and I ain't goin' to drag the kid over here to watch her die, either. She ain't goin' to be like

Kit. Not if I can help it. I'm goin' to send her away to school, some place where they won't know her dad's a saloon keeper. I'm goin' to educate her, make something out of her, give her a chance to be somebody. Whatever money can do for Janet is goin' to be done, and done right."

Jim recognized the finality in Erskine's voice and made no further protest. There was a good deal in what the man had said. Perhaps it would be better for Janet not to see the bedraggled little woman again. And yet Kit was her mother.

The doctor rode up to the *Anchorage* in a curious state of mind. He looked over Mrs. Erskine's chart, spoke to her nurse, then stealthily pushed open the door of her room and slipped inside.

On the bed a long narrow mound lay, unmoving, beneath the spread. Kit Erskine's face was thin and bloodless but her flaccid lips bulged out a little with each shallow breath. Jim felt a hard knot in the pit of his stomach as he bent down over her. Then her eyes opened—not dull muddy brown, as they usually were, but bright with anxiety. And with that something else in them he saw so often in the eyes of the dying—a queer translucent shining brilliancy.

"Janet." It was scarcely a word, scarcely a sound, more like the faint breath of a falling wind.

But it did something to Jim. After all she was the girl's mother, she had conceived the child in her own body and labored and brought her forth in an agony no man ever knew or understood. Bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh, blood of her blood. And now she was setting out on her long journey alone.

"Listen, Mrs. Erskine. Can you hear me? I'm going for Janet. I'll bring her back to you. Do you understand?"

Dr. Jim smiled as he said the last words. It was a revealing smile. In it were compressed all the longing he had ever had for a mother who loved him, all the impulsiveness that had made him snatch Caroline's son from the stigma of illegitimacy and Rachel from the emptiness of childless widow-



hood, all the desire for a wife and children of his own and all the loneliness that filled his solitary nights. But of this Kit could understand nothing.

Faintly she smiled up at him, then her white lids rolled down again over the eyes that had never been able to discern between the expedient and the disastrous.

For years Cap Jones told the story of that night's drive to Seaforth. There was no late train, the boats were too slow, a bicycle was out of the question. And so they drove, he and Jim, along the beach road where the tide came in and dashed against the buggy wheels and spattered them with salt water. Twice they stopped in hamlets along the way to change horses. And just as the porter came down to open the Damifino for another day's business they tore back up First Hill in a cloud of dust, with Janet half-asleep in Dr. Jim's arms.

At the door of the *Anchorage* James Anthony met his son to tell him that Kit had died an hour before without regaining consciousness. "It wouldn't have done any good if you'd got here sooner, Jim. She wouldn't have known the child anyhow."

## XXX

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IN all her fifty-six years Deborah Winforth had never had a blow like the announcement of the birth of Thomas Anthony Montrose in London on July twentieth.

Jim gave Margery's letter to his father the day after its arrival and the older man, coming out of his private office after reading it, was pale and had a hint of tears in his soft brown eyes. It was a shock to learn that his only daughter had secretly married a man her family had never seen and was about to bear her first child in a foreign land. Quickly Jim perceived that James Anthony would never see the element of humor in this state of affairs, and he himself as the days passed felt that the savor was rapidly seeping out of the situation.

As fate would have it, the cablegram, arriving Sunday morning, was delivered at the house and taken by Ah Sing to his mistress. Thus, quite without preparation, Deborah was laconically informed that Margery had just given birth to a son. The signature and the phrase "my wife" told her that her daughter was not only a mother but a decently married woman as well, and Mrs. Winforth's tough native fiber gave her the presence of mind to dismiss Ah Sing with surface composure.

But the instant James Anthony laid eyes on her he knew



that she had had word from England. His first impulse was to escape, pleading an emergency at the hospital as his excuse, but second thought showed him it was no use. The thing had to be faced and it could be put off no longer. So much decided, James Anthony washed his hands and face and brushed his hair, and then walked into his wife's room and confronted her.

Jim's telephone rang, he dressed and left the house; no one else came downstairs, the breakfast sat undisturbed. The Chinese servant having listened carefully at the door to the tense voices inside went to tell Minnie that she might as well take the things off the table. The cook was not surprised. "I knowed that foreign telegram had something to do with Miss Margery. Mrs. Winforth don't let her meals spoil for every little thing that comes up."

Cap Jones was summoned from the stable in consultation; he was inclined to agree with Minnie.

"Mrs. W., she ain't been the same since she come back from the old country that time. I've always said so. And now I reckon something's gone wrong with the girl over there all alone. There ain't no tellin' what might of happened to her, with all them foreigners around."

"She's married," said the cook succinctly.

Cap's jaw dropped and his eyes widened. "Married?" he said stupidly.

"Well, now what else would upset the both of 'em like this? Just tell me that. And it serves 'em right too. It ain't human to send off your own flesh and blood like they've done. What else could they expect but that she'd fly up and marry a foreigner? Miss Margery was a sweet child and you know the boys always liked her, and she never cared half as much about singin' as her ma did. Anyone with half an eye could see that when she was home that last summer. Land sakes, Cap, she was twenty-three then—almost an old maid. And I don't blame her if she has went and married a foreigner. What else could she marry? That was all there was around her."

Had Minnie been present at the bitter scene between husband and wife upstairs she might have interposed some of her rude common sense between the two, but as it was James Anthony had to face Deborah's excoriating tirade alone. When after an hour of this he turned upon his wife it was with the venom of a peaceful man who is cornered. In a torrent of words that was not to be checked he told her that she had never been human since Margery's birth, that she had a distorted view of both men and women, that her ambition had sent their daughter abroad and kept her there year after year at a task that was hopeless.

"Margery told me herself, when she came home that time, that her teacher in New York admitted she didn't have a voice for opera. But you drove her away from home again, you've kept her away; I've hardly seen her since she was nineteen. You've been trying to make her do something she couldn't."

"If you knew all this, why didn't you tell me long ago?" In Deborah's voice there was a cold fury that would have terrified her husband had he any longer been capable of being terrified.

"Tell you? And what good would that have done?" James Anthony threw out his hands. "You knew she didn't really want to go away in '92. She'd had a good time that summer and she'd 've liked to stay home and enjoy herself like other girls. But what she wanted didn't make any difference. You thought she had a voice—or you wanted to think so—and that was enough. You put her nose down on the grindstone and held it there—four years in New York and then Europe. You took her abroad and left her, and then hard times caught us and we couldn't send you to bring her home. What did you expect to happen to her? Have you forgotten what you were like in your twenties?"

The angry flush that swept his wife's face at these words made James Anthony pause for a moment, but he clutched at his courage and went on.

"Margery is probably very much like you, Deborah, in



some ways. And that being the case, it was inevitable that she should have an affair with some man if she didn't marry. When you get right down to cases, we ought to be glad she's married this man instead of falling for some hole-in-corner chap who'd never mention marriage. Montrose seems a decent sort; he sounds like it—no beating around the bush. 'My wife' he says, and that's that. Considering that Margery is probably pretty warm-blooded—like her mother—we've got a good deal to be thankful for."

At first Deborah could scarcely believe what she heard. Could this actually be James Anthony—this flushed, hard-voiced man who strode up and down the floor and looked straight at her, saying things unfit for a mother to hear? Slowly, as he talked on and on, she began to feel an emotion which for a time she did not recognize.

"Maybe you think life has been easy for me. But it hasn't. I've made a lot of money and you've spent it—most of it—on this house and Margery's education and yourself. It isn't that I begrudge the work. I don't. And neither does Jim begrudge anything since he's been practicing with me. But you drove the girl away from home and away from the United States, and you've got no right to complain now that she's married abroad."

He stopped and stood with his hands in his pockets, staring at her with eyes that had gone dark and hard like shoe-buttons.

"You haven't earned your room and board since Patricia died. You've been no mother to your children and no wife to me. I've kept you and got nothing for it. Mrs. Winforth, indeed! You haven't been Mrs. Winforth for nearly thirty years and you know it."

Not for decades had Deborah felt fear of any person. Only once or twice in her childhood had her father laid hands on her to punish her, no one had ever threatened her, and she had almost forgotten that she had ever had to do anything she didn't like. She considered it a man's business to provide money for his wife to spend as seemed best to her. And here

was James Anthony, the submissive, telling her that he had known for years that Margery's voice was not for opera, saying she'd kept his nose and the girl's on the grindstone, saying she was to blame for this foreign marriage, reminding her that she had once been ready to marry the first man who came her way, accusing her of being a kept woman who didn't earn her keep. It was astounding, impossible. But there the man stood, berating and defying her.

In another moment she recognized the feeling that stirred within her as fear—fear of this gray-haired, round-shouldered man an inch shorter than she was. That too was incredible, but true. He was still staring at her with bitterness and hatred in his eyes.

The woman sat clutching her hands together, dumb-founded. Her husband was still talking but now she did not understand what he was saying, for she had but one thought—to keep him from knowing that she was afraid. She remained motionless, looking straight before her, intent on concealing the state to which his outburst had reduced her.

Then the telephone rang. She heard Ah Sing answer it, approach the door, knock hesitantly. "Doctah, somebody want, please. Can come?"

The habit of response to familiar summons was so strong that James Anthony went automatically to the telephone and a few minutes later left the house, telling Ah Sing he would be gone for an hour or two.

For a long time Deborah sat in her chair, thinking. She soon convinced herself that her husband had no idea he had frightened her, and resolved that he should never know. To that end she would execute an about-face toward Margery. She would send a notice to the *Bugle* of the birth of Thomas Anthony and give everyone to understand that she had known about the match and approved it from the beginning. After all Margery Montrose had a pleasantly aristocratic sound. Hadn't there been an English lord or a Scottish duke named Montrose? Perhaps Margery's husband was a descendant of his. Perhaps Margery would one day be Lady



Something? At the thought a delicate pink suffused Deborah's cheeks.

For his part James Anthony was driving south on his call, feeling strangely limp and empty. He was not given to words any more than to brain storms and yet in twenty minutes this morning he had spilled out the pent-up resentment of twenty-eight years. Now that it was over, it did not seem an edifying performance or one he could be proud of. More than likely Deborah had been honest in her conviction that Margery had a great voice and had meant everything she did for the best. Women all seemed more or less alike: once they had their children, their husbands faded into the background. That was biology—nature's way of insuring care for the new generation. It was hardly fair to blame Deborah for a thing like that. When he got home he must try to placate her, for it would be unpleasant to live under the same roof with her angry.

But when he came back from his call, his wife had gone to church. Before she returned he had to go out again and there were guests for dinner. When at last he came home for the night at eleven o'clock, after an hour at the hospital, her room was dark and he went to bed without disturbing her. By this time the memory of what he had said to her had lost its first sharp outline; he had no idea that he had actually intimidated her.

He was, therefore, as amazed as his son at Deborah's right-about-face. The two men laughed together at the notice she sent to the *Bugle*: it fairly oozed satisfaction. They laughed again at her systematic search for gifts suitable for a scion of the English gentry, which she posted with due regard for publicity at the package window in the main post office during rush hours.

Jim took Ed Blackburn's rallying about Anglo-American alliances in good part and grinned broadly when he learned that Deborah was saying around town that, while Margery did not have a title, her husband might easily in the event of his older brother's death step into an inheritance. After all, he said to himself, he must be fair. His mother had taken

an awful wallop and she had taken it standing up. Suppose she did give people the impression that Margery would one day be Lady So-and-so, what harm was there in it? Mockingly Jim drank a toast to Deborah's capacity for absorbing punishment and turning it to profitable use. Sometimes these days, as he was edging up toward thirty-five, he thought there was more of his mother in him than he had been accustomed to admit.



## XXXI

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AFTER Santiago Jim followed the course of the comic opera war with more and more amusement, and took to baiting Blackburn about his inflammatory editorials concerning "manifest destiny" and territorial expansion. For although he was too intelligent to be a jingo, it was impossible for the editor to be wholly uninfluenced by all he wrote about American military triumphs.

Since everyone was criticizing General Shafter for his conduct of the Cuban campaign Jim defended this bulky officer, saying it was remarkable he had done as well as he had, what with his woolen uniforms and the climate and the malaria and subordinates like Fighting Joe Wheeler and Theodore Roosevelt. The destruction of the Spanish fleet seemed a comedy of American errors to Jim and he insisted that the Spaniards were the ones who had showed gallantry. Had not Cervera obeyed orders and sailed out of Santiago harbor in full daylight to what he must have known would be disaster, and had not his men fought on blazing decks with guns that jammed and missed fire until the vessels broke to pieces under them and four hundred of them were killed or wounded?

Jim reminded Blackburn that but one American had been

killed and one injured in the whole engagement. "And then you try to tell me the odds were even! Ed, you're crazy!"

By this time even the most patriotic were beginning to discuss the health of the army. Just as James Anthony had predicted to his son, typhoid and dysentery had appeared wherever undisciplined volunteers were gathered under officers ignorant of sanitation. The southern camps were flooded by summer rains, the hospitals filled up. The newspapers carried caustic articles about the food: it was said that the men at Chickamauga were fed on "embalmed beef" and that the forces in Cuba had had no fresh meat for five weeks after their departure from Florida.

In August the *Bugle* printed the text of the round-robin drawn up by the officers of the fifth army corps, demanding that their commands be removed from Cuba at once lest they perish of malaria and yellow fever, which Jim told Blackburn was equivalent to telling the world that the United States' most effective troops were now practically useless.

But Honest John came nearer voicing current opinion when he said, "Spain's through, and we can have anything of hers we want. But the sooner we get these guys home the better, now that all this stink's been kicked up about these damned diseases. Especially with elections comin' along this fall." On this point at least Erskine and Blackburn were agreed: the Republicans had made a war and won it, and now they were in a fair way to let the fruits of victory slip through their fingers. The press everywhere was full of criticism of the Cuban campaign and Shafter's strategy and the Schley-Sampson quarrel over the credit for the destruction of Cervera's fleet. This sort of thing continued would stampede the voters. It must be stopped.

But this was easier said than done. The war had lasted three months and twenty-two days and, now that Spain's humiliation was complete, nothing remained but to pick flaws in the martial heroes, refer contemptuously to the southern camps as pestholes where men were dying in droves, and demand immediate demobilization.



Fairharbor's rejoicing over American success was considerably dampened by the fact that most of the volunteers from the Sound country were either in the Philippines or on their way there. What would happen in the islands no one knew, and relatives who had earlier been glad their boys had not been sent to Cuba were now of two minds about Manila, for there might be all sorts of tropical diseases in the archipelago and there was no telling what Aguinaldo might do. Apparently he could not understand the high moral purposes of the United States in invading his homeland.

It was early in September when the first Fairharbor casualty was reported: Mike Jasper of Chinese expulsion fame died of typhoid in a California camp just before his company was to sail for the Orient.

"He was a worthless, lying crook," said James Anthony, "but he'll turn into a hero now."

As if in confirmation of these words, there appeared next morning on the front page of the *Bugle* a photograph of Jasper, taken when he was very young, before he had cut and scarred his lips by biting pieces out of whiskey glasses. Below the picture was an obituary composed to order that would have done credit to the tear-producing powers of the Reverend Mr. Wilson.

When, a few days later, the body arrived in Fairharbor, it was met at the station by a company of militia and the woolen mill band and escorted up the avenue to the city hall to lie in state until the following day. But the elaborate obsequies announced in the papers had to be materially altered at the last moment.

"I had a hunch all along," Honest John told Blackburn that evening. "So when we got to the city hall I locked the doors and unscrewed the coffin lid. And, by God, it wasn't him! I wish you could've been there, Ed. Of course Jasper might've changed a lot since he used to work for me at the old Antitoxin, but I'd 've knowed him anywhere. Ain't that just like the army—to be sendin' us the wrong stiff? And not embalmed very good either. I reckon they got mixed up and

sent Mike to Illinois or Colorado or some other seaport. But anyhow we can't open up that coffin. Even if it was him—which it ain't—he stinks too bad!"

Accordingly the casket, draped in the flag, was set on saw-horses in the entry of the city hall and surrounded by a guard of honor, composed of pimply youths who had joined the National Guard when it became apparent that hostilities with Spain were over.

"Ain't it lucky Mike didn't have any folks around here?" said Erskine as he surveyed this scene for the last time before leaving for the night. "Stink or no stink, we'd 've had a swell time with any woman that claimed him, to keep her from gettin' a look at him."

But no such catastrophe marred Fairharbor's only military funeral during the Spanish-American war. Until noon a line of citizens marched past the flag-draped bier, with respectful faces and bared heads. Upon the coffin rested a single gigantic floral harp, with bright blue letters against a background of white spelling the words, "Gates Ajar." True the florist had suggested as more appropriate, "Enter thou into the joys of thy Lord," but he withdrew the suggestion when Erskine frowned and said the thing had cost too much now.

At two o'clock the woolen mill band and the newly organized company of militia appeared to escort the procession to the cemetery, and Honest John drew a long breath of relief: another hour and the corpse would be safely underground, out of danger of identification.

But all reactions were not like Erskine's. Cap Jones, for instance, who stood only an arm's length from the hearse, was thinking of five dollars Jasper had once borrowed from him and never repaid. Father Kenrick was there, his lined haggard face little changed since the time he had tried to temper the violence of the anti-Chinese crusade, his wise gray eyes more often on Honest John and Tom Bassett than anyone else. The ex-Miss Foster stood on the sidewalk outside the city hall beside her miner-husband who was putting on weight and getting red in the face from too much drinking; her eyes



too were questioning but that had nothing to do with Mike Jasper.

Caroline Archibald, on her way to a tea at the Fairharbor Hotel, watched the cortege for a little with expressionless slate-blue eyes and then strolled on, holding her parasol aloft with an air of disdain. Margaret Stirling paused to exchange greetings with her and, when Caroline moved on, looked after her with tolerant understanding of her niece's dislike for her company.

Across the street James Anthony leaned in a doorway and, over the heads of the intervening crowd, saw the coffin borne precariously down the steps, but his thoughts were not of the dead soldier. With dreamy brown eyes he was picturing his daughter in London with a husband and a baby he had never seen, considering how he could get away to visit her. There was too much work for Jim to carry alone. How long would it take to get an assistant and break him in? Then Deborah might want to go too. At times James Anthony, gentle as he was, almost regretted that he had not thoroughly subdued her after Margery's son was born. If he had, he might now at last have been master in his own house. But after all, he told himself, he preferred peace to mastery.

Deborah herself, on her way to search the Fairharbor shops once more for bootees suitable for her English grandson, spent a few minutes watching the funeral. But the spectacle seemed hardly worth wasting time over and so she passed on, a tall carefully corseted figure, more imposing than she realized. On the fringe of the crowd, a bevy of chattering young women with heavily rouged cheeks brushed past her. Mrs. Winforth drew back haughtily and eyed them in disdain, but they did not notice her offended dignity. They were enjoying the last rites over an old acquaintance.

From a window in an office building opposite the city hall Dr. Jim saw all that went on—Caroline's brief encounter with her aunt, Tom Bassett and Honest John standing together in affected solemnity, Miss Foster and her beefy husband, Father Kenrick with his wise sad eyes, James Anthony brooding

silently over some plan of his own, Deborah sweeping contemptuously past the girls from Diamond Mary's. Neither the floral harp nor the worried faces of the guard of honor nor the woolen mill bandsmen sweating in their tight maroon and white uniforms escaped him. He knew the identity of the corpse was unknown and until the last he hoped the crowd might somehow discover this fact. Only when his gaze fell on Geoffrey Radford did it soften. How did that kid manage to get to all the parades of every kind? Even at this distance his small face was ecstatic.

To Geoffrey the scene was both noble and impressive—the massive flag-covered casket, the blue and white floral harp, the guardsmen with their rifles balancing awkwardly on one shoulder while they tried to get in step with the music, the band in their showy uniforms. He stood very straight with his cap off while the coffin was carried down the steps by six men who staggered under its weight and drew a deep gasping breath when the doors of the hearse were slowly and solemnly closed upon it. At the opening bars of *America*, played slightly off-key, he fixed his big gray eyes on the nodding plumes above the heads of the horses that drew the cortege. He would have liked to march too, with the guard of honor or the band, but he could do neither, for Lizzie Cornwall was beside him, her heavy hand on his shoulder.

The man in the hearse was dead, but he had died gloriously for his country, and the God of battles would be waiting for him to welcome him to Heaven. “. . . In my Father's house there are many mansions. . . .” Some day he, Geoffrey, would do something wonderful as Mike Jasper had done and they would bring him home this way. And he would have a funeral like this. Perhaps not at the city hall—father would not like that—but there would be flowers and uniforms and flags and a band. Only he wouldn't like them to play *America*. He wanted music that would make people march when they heard it. Maybe *Onward, Christian Soldiers*; that had a swing to it. But, of course, there was plenty of time to think about that for he didn't intend to die until he was quite old—twenty-five or



thirty, or perhaps even older. "Oh, death, where is thy sting?"

Lizzie Cornwall, looking down, saw tears rolling over the child's pale cheeks. She told herself she ought not to have brought him. He was beside himself about the war: he had lived every battle and campaign as though his life depended on it, his room was one vast litter of pictures of battleships and gun crews and torpedo boats and the heroes of the day—Hobson, Roosevelt, Sampson, Schley, Dewey. So much excitement was not good for him. She ought to take him away now.

But, prisoner of her own emotions, Lizzie stayed where she was and kept Geoffrey beside her until the procession had turned into the avenue and was lost to sight.

## XXXII

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WHEN Rachel and Mrs. Fischer and Malcolm got home in the autumn of 1898 the country was agog with the political campaign. The Republicans were alarmed by the abuse of the army and the criticism of the expedition to Cuba and the defamation of the Secretary of War.

"Sometimes," groaned Erskine, "I wish that fellow Roosevelt would keep still. Nobody can forget anything with him yappin' all the time. It might be smart to let him be governor of New York if he'd shut up for a while. If things don't quiet down, we won't make the riffle in November, what with them God damned Democrats and Populists rantin' about free silver and hollerin' their heads off about the Filipinos. The way they talk you'd think Spain won the war. I'm gettin' sick of that word 'imperialism.'"

The peace conference in faraway Paris seemed of little promise to this embattled politician on Puget Sound, but he did what he could to use it and the emotions it aroused to advantage: he organized a Peace Jubilee in Fairharbor. His experience at the time of the Chinese expulsion stood him in good stead and after the Jubilee he was rewarded by an upsurge of approval of Republican policies. But when he added up the expenses of the celebration he made a disheartening discovery of a profound political truth that vexed him sorely.



"If you want to get anywhere in this business, you got to keep the people entertained all the time," he said mournfully. "Not once, but all the time. And then you got to get the money to pay for it out of their hides without them knowin' it. There ain't any other place to get money but out of people."

But it was something else that worried Ed Blackburn. Now that the army was demobilized and all these Peace Jubilees had been celebrated, what if the Paris conference should break down and leave the United States with a war on her hands? This suspense remained after Erskine's was over. The Republican candidates were returned to office on election day—by a narrow margin, it was true, but Honest John did not hesitate to point out that Roosevelt had been chosen governor of New York State by a plurality of only 17,000 votes. One narrow squeak was as good as another.

Erskine meant to enjoy a long term in power and so he set about rebuilding the organization that had espoused the farmers and Populists in '96 and gone down with them. This job he went about carefully but inexorably, as Tom Bassett to his dismay soon found out. The ex-mayor had thought it impossible that he should be dropped, he through whom Honest John had got his first toehold in Fairharbor politics, but now he discovered that this service did not counterbalance his longtime identification with the Democratic party. Angrily he refused the petty clerkship offered him in the city hall and retired to a little cottage near Liberty Lake where he devoted himself to a garden. Once portly and assured, he shrank visibly from day to day and, always a bachelor, he now became a recluse. He did not even trouble to learn the source of the item that appeared twice a year to his credit in the reorganized Marine National Bank and was never heard to criticize the Erskine machine.

But this very silence puzzled and annoyed Honest John. He preferred cash transactions to easily traced checks and money orders but he liked acknowledgment of favors also. After all, he grumbled to Ed Blackburn, he hadn't really owed

Bassett much of anything and it wouldn't have hurt the old coot to say thank you.

To the final act of the war Dr. Jim and his father reacted differently. The elder Winforth signed a memorial sent to Congress by Fairharbor Democrats and Populists and a few disgruntled Republicans, decrying the annexation of Guam, the Philippines, Porto Rico, and the other Spanish West Indies. But Jim, convinced of the futility of such documents, would not follow James Anthony's example.

"This whole anti-imperialism movement is a hodge-podge. How long can Grover Cleveland and Bryan and Andrew Carnegie stick together on anything?"

"I don't know, Jim. Probably not very long. But we'll never get the Philippines without whipping the Filipinos. And that will be a pretty sight—the United States thrashing a little country that wants its independence!"

But on February 6, 1899, the treaty of peace with Spain was at last ratified in the Senate by a margin of one vote and annexation became a fact—on paper.

"Ye gods!" exclaimed Blackburn to Dr. Jim. "What good is this treaty, now we got it? That war's over but the Filipinos have started another one. They've got over two hundred of our boys already."

"If our boys had been at home where they belong the Filipinos couldn't have shot them," retorted Jim.

"Well, in the stuff that came over the wire today there was a statement by Carnegie that we'd signed a 'war treaty' with Spain. And it looks as if he was right for once. This mess in the islands may not be as easy as the campaign in Cuba."

Jim stared at the glass Blackburn was twirling between a thumb and finger.

"There never has been any sense to the thing. What Spain did was none of our business in the first place. Then we didn't show up so well with the fighting. If the Spaniards hadn't been in a blue funk they could've thrown a good scare into us. Give me another drink, Ed. Only a drunken man can under-



stand why we are going to do to the Filipinos what we've just licked Spain for doing to the Cubans!"

But, Jim reflected a little later as he rode up First Hill, hardly anything made sense any more. McKinley bleating about our moral duty to retain the islands and civilize the islanders sounded like Emil Fischer defending the lumber industry. Both left out of consideration the future and the people. Suppose the Fischer company had brought population into the state and built up towns and given the country a payroll and the merchants a market. What about the time when the timber was all cut and the towns had all been built and there was nothing for people to do and no payroll and no market for goods? What indeed? Building up a country this way looked remarkably like tearing it down. The human being, Jim reminded himself tartly as he pumped his bicycle along the steep cindered path, was the only animal that befouled his own environment until he could not live in it.

A light in the upper story of the Radford house caught his eye. Probably Geoffrey still reading. A bookworm and not eight years old.

"But I'd read too," Jim thought, "if I had to live in that house with Daniel Radford and that fat-faced Cornwall woman . . . I wonder what will become of Geoffrey. He's smart as a whip but I'm afraid he doesn't match up very well. He ought to be husky and big, like Malcolm, so he could be a fighter. . . . Funny how those two take to each other. A pretty good pair, at that, with Malcolm to do the scrapping."

Dr. Jim had lately fallen into the habit of riding past Rachel's cottage on his way home at night. This evening, straddling his wheel, with his feet on the ground, he sat for a long time watching the lights go out downstairs and come on at one upper window after another. Rachel must be looking in to see that aunt Martha was all right and Malcolm properly covered before she went to bed herself. The months abroad had done the lad good; he was shooting up brown and thick-muscled, without any hangover from last winter's cough and pneumonia. His grandfather . . .

Jim checked himself. Even he often forgot that Malcolm was not Emil Fischer's grandson, that the boy should by rights be called Malcolm Blackburn. At this incongruous thought the doctor laughed and presently he rode away.



## XXXIII

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1899 was a year of many excitements in Fairharbor. The streets were still alive with men who had struck it rich up north; they filled the hotels and lodging houses. Bent on making up for lost time they fastened high stiff collars around their wind-burned necks and went out to see what their money would buy. They poured a stream of gold into the tills of the saloons and gambling joints and bawdy houses, and roared popular songs along the avenue. The sentimental melodies of *My Wild Irish Rose* and *Two Little Girls in Blue* and *Sweet Rosie O'Grady* rose into the midnight air over Lava Flats.

The furor was raised to new heights when a steamer arrived with news of the strike on the beach at Nome. Many men who had emptied their pokes from the Klondike groaned over this lost opportunity for another fortune at the mouth of the Yukon, and a second exodus to the north set in, limited only by lack of seaworthy vessels for the long hazardous voyage in the open Pacific.

But there was other news of a turbulent nature too. The Bunker Hill mine in Idaho was blown up and the reverberations intensified the determination of Fairharbor capitalists to have no labor unions in the Sound country. Mild-faced little Emil Fischer sizzled with rage at the iniquity of destroying property worth a quarter of a million and Daniel Radford heard with

satisfaction that President McKinley had sent in colored troops from Texas to put the mining country under martial law. But on the skidroad the loggers grumbled when they heard that Chris Fischer had expressed the opinion that "niggers were too good for that bunch of God damned anarchists in Idaho."

Young Dr. Harvey Seagram, come from Johns Hopkins to be the Winforths' assistant, was horrified to find that Fairharbor with a population of less than 100,000 had 335 cases of scarlet fever a year and 107 of smallpox besides 61 deaths from typhoid during the summer. But that, James Anthony reminded him, was exactly what could be expected of a town that allowed the drainage from the county hospital to run into a gulch that emptied straight into the creek from which 15,000 people got their drinking water.

Jim made a sensation in the medical society when he reported that it had been proved that bubonic plague was transmitted from rats to human beings by fleas and said that carelessness at the docks might lead to an outbreak of plague in Fairharbor. This statement was not published in the *Bugle* but a tempest was raised over the death of a three-year-old child whose parents gave her a double dose of *Windrow's Soothing Syrup* and left her alone while they went to a party. Dr. Jim, called in haste by a neighbor, found the little girl dead in a tumble-down shack on the edge of town. Blackburn put this story on the front page and quoted Jim at length on soothing syrups.

Next day a committee of retail druggists waited on him.

"You'll ruin our business if you say things like this, doctor. What will we do with our stock of soothing syrup?"

"Dump it in the bay," snapped Jim. "I don't care if you never sell another bottle. You know perfectly well that in England the stuff has to be labelled 'Poison' because of the morphine in it. If I had my way there wouldn't be any patent medicines for you to sell to people who haven't got good sense. They all carry alcohol enough to give the women who take them a real kick, and there's enough morphine and cocaine in them to make addicts of every customer you have."



The druggists turned a little pale. This man was dangerous, he was a firebrand. He had raised such a row about milk inspection that the grocers were all down on him and it was said that he was back of the new scheme to outlaw privies and burn the garbage. It cost money to do such things and that meant higher taxes; the man was a menace to business. They went away glowering and muttering that doctors should attend to their own affairs and let businessmen alone.

By chance Jim Winforth was on the waterfront when the last boat to get through from Nome for the winter discharged her passengers. Among them were Henry Archibald and his son. Henry was as red-faced and broad in the beam as he had ever been and apparently no older than when the Marine Bank closed its doors six years before, but Fred had changed for the worse. His hair was lank and stringy, his lips were flaccid and half-open, his eyes dull and lifeless. Startled, Jim watched him come down the gangplank, steadying himself on the railings. Fred was only thirty-four and yet he seemed old and wornout.

Before he went to bed that night Jim looked at himself critically in the mirror. There was a good deal of gray in his hair, the frown between his dark brows had become permanent, there were two deep creases running down across his cheeks from the wings of his nose. He was older too; the face he saw in the glass was mature, almost severe. Only the eyes had kept their softness.

He poured a stiff four fingers of whiskey, filled the glass from the siphon on the table in his room, took his drink reflectively, began to undress in a gentle glow of stimulation. Standing naked, he looked down at his body. It was still straight and compact, with no wad of fat on the stomach and no sagging of the muscles. He raised himself on his toes and put his hands behind his head and squatted down with sharply-bent knees. No old joints could do that. But he wasn't a young fellow any longer, that fact he might as well face. He had been practicing nine years and in that period many things had happened.

The big boom had collapsed, the Klondike stampede had come and now the rush to Nome, the Spanish war had come and gone. And other far more important things had happened too. Antitoxin had come into its own, rubber gloves had made surgery safe, Finsen had developed the sun cure for tuberculosis of the skin, Roentgen had discovered Xrays and the Curies radium. The puzzles of the spread of malaria and plague had been solved. No wonder he felt old: he could remember the day when many doctors scoffed at germs, and now men with microscopes pursued these organisms from one human being to another through a flea or a mosquito's stomach. This was a great age in medicine. It was good, after all, to be a doctor—even an obscure general practitioner in Fair-harbor.

Somewhat more cheerful, Jim got into bed and took up a magazine to read one of Alfred Henry Lewis's Wolfville stories. But Fred Archibald's face began thrusting itself in among the denizens of the southwest. Something was wrong with the fellow and Jim found himself making a presumptive diagnosis. It took another whiskey-and-soda to get the idea out of his mind.

The next afternoon, coming back from lunch, he found Mrs. Ursprung waiting for him in the office. She had had a long stormy convalescence from her gangrenous appendix but she had finally got on her feet and gone about her business. Once or twice Jim had heard that she was running a house in Seaforth but he had not seen her since she left the *Anchorage*. Now he noticed how handsome she was when she was properly dressed and how much her chestnut brown hair looked like Mollie's. In spite of her haphazard existence she seemed fresh and attractive, and smiled as if she were glad to see him.

"I've come to pay the rest of my bill, Dr. Winforth. It's taken me a long time, I'm afraid."

Jim took down his ledger and ruffled the pages back to the *U* section; then he laughed.

"I see a dozen entries here to your credit. I wish all my patients did as well by me."



"I pay as I go, whenever I can," said the woman quietly. "I don't like to ask for time and I want to settle all my bills before I leave."

"Oh, you're going away? Up north, perhaps?" Jim glanced once more at the ledger. "The balance seems to be thirty-two dollars."

"That's correct." Mrs. Ursprung opened her purse and began to count out gold pieces and silver dollars. "There you are. And now, if you'll give me a receipt, please. Then we'll be square again." She read the bit of paper, folded it carefully, and put it away in her purse. "Yes, I'm going north. I'll go as far as I can now and next spring I'll get into Dawson and maybe go down the river to Nome. I think there should be chances to do something . . . different, up there."

"Oh, I'm sure of it," replied Jim. "I'd like to go to Alaska myself some time. It must be a great place from all we hear of it."

"Will you say good bye to your father for me, Dr. Winforth? I had hoped to see him but the girl says she doesn't know when he will be in. He was very kind to me and I wanted to thank him. And you too have been kind. I never forget people like that."

She raised brown eyes to his, then got up and held out her hand.

"Good bye, doctor."

"Good bye, Mrs. Ursprung. I wish you luck and plenty of it."

He went with her to the door and stood, watching her straight slender back retreat down the hall. Her skirts rustled softly as she walked, her small feathered hat had an air of adventure about it. There would undoubtedly be many opportunities for her up north.

Thinking of the men from the Klondike he had seen and treated in this room, he went back and sat down at his desk. Men and women were curious creatures. He made no pretense of knowing how much mutual understanding was possible between them. There was his mother who had had three children and then abruptly lapsed into celibacy. There was

Mollie, impulsive and highly sexed, who had drifted into promiscuity because she knew no other way to make a living. Here was Juanita Ursprung, prostitute, the daughter of a prostitute, the murderess of Harry Chalmers, who was scrupulously honest about her bills. There was Margery who had lacked the courage to tell her mother she was giving up her career but was rash enough to marry an Englishman casually encountered in Italy. There was Caroline Archibald, hard, shrewd, impenetrable. There was Rachel who had married in haste and now refused to listen to talk of love. Women, all of them, and all queer. Quite inexplicable, in fact.

Slowly Jim laid his ledger aside and pocketed the little pile of gold and silver. Probably he had really seen the last of Mrs. Ursprung this time.

There was a brisk knock at his door and young Seagram looked in.

"Will you look at a patient I've got in here, Dr. Winforth? I've examined her three times and I can't tell whether there's a mass in her pelvis or not."

"What does she complain of? What brought her in, in the first place?"

Seagram spread his hands in a gesture of ignorance. "How should I know? When I asked her what seemed to be the trouble, she said that was what she came to me to find out."

"Oh, Lord! People still think that old chestnut's funny. Well, I'll have a try at her, if you like."

Jim had not expected the patient to be Caroline Archibald but he set about examining her as impersonally as though he had never seen her before, all the while remembering in every detail the first time he had seen her professionally. Suppose she were pregnant again! Fred had been home only twenty-four hours, but there were other men.

It was apparent that the young woman was uneasy even though she maintained her mask of icy composure; it was equally apparent that she disliked having had Jim called in. He hurried through his task and went back into his own office to wash his hands.



"I can't find anything wrong, Harvey. I don't believe there's much the matter with your lady. She might be developing a cystic ovary, I suppose. Did she tell you I removed an ovarian cyst for her eight years ago? . . . No? Well, that nice long scar on her tummy is of my making. Nice job I did, too." There was a curious uplift of one side of Jim's mouth. "Have you ruled out syphilis? Why not go at it from that angle for a change? You can't be sure about it, plutocrats have it just as well as common bums off the lower avenue."

## XXXIV

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WHEN the time actually came Deborah Winforth decided she would not go abroad with her husband. To be cooped up day after day with the man whose relations with her had been purely casual for years would be a bore, and she suspected that his presence might hamper her in dealing with her son-in-law. Englishmen, she had read, had little consideration for their wives and Deborah suspected that she might not approve of Eugene's attitude toward Margery. If that were so, James Anthony would be a handicap in any interference she could undertake.

Underneath this rationalization there was a reason whose formlessness only made it more compelling. Deborah had been disappointed in her daughter and there was rancor in the disappointment. Not only had Margery spent thousands of dollars on her training and then deceived her family by secretly marrying a man none of them had ever heard of, but she had acknowledged herself a failure in her career. A few years ago this would have been very damaging to the Winforths' social position, but Margery had ignored such a possibility entirely. Her relapse from the high path of the arts into the slough of British domesticity was a bitter pill for Deborah.

And so, by the time James Anthony felt young Harvey Seagram was well broken in, his wife had decided to let him go



to England alone. In the consciousness of self-denial she wrapped herself as in a mantle, while she saw to his socks and underwear and told him to be sure to have a new suit made before he started.

Not since '86 had James Anthony left home for more than a week at a time, but it seemed to him that no one else remembered this. The morning of his departure there was perfect calm at the station except for a man who had lost his trunk between St. Paul and Fairharbor and was upbraiding the baggage master for the railroad's carelessness.

Arthur Monteith, president of the rejuvenated Savings and Loan, who was going to Spokane, hailed Dr. Winforth breezily and said he would be glad of someone to talk to on the train. Listening, Jim wondered if the man had quite forgotten his confession of embezzlement and his terror during the black days of '93.

"Beastly nuisance, travelling back and forth across the state as I have to do so often. There are always card-sharpers and men with stock to sell on the train. . . . What's that? You're going on to New York and then to London to see your daughter? Good for you. It's a fine thing for us old fellows to take a trip now and then. Keeps us from getting rusty. Now that you mention it, I believe I did see something in the *Bugle* about your going abroad, but I'd forgotten it."

James Anthony cleared his throat and glanced at his son. Monteith spoke as though going to England was no great affair, as though he ran across the Atlantic every few weeks. Poor, self-important, bustling little Arthur Monteith!

Jim stowed his father's valises in the racks and between the sections, asked if he had his ticket and reservations, balanced on the arm of the seat with his hat pushed back on his head in assumed carelessness. Dr. Winforth had just finished some advice about one of his cases of chronic Bright's disease when the brakeman bawled "All aboard."

Jim slid to his feet. This was the moment he had planned for, the beginning of a long holiday for James Anthony, and yet he felt his throat stiffening, his eyes smarting. Ridiculous!

He cleared his throat roughly. What the hell? Then he looked down and saw in his father's up-turned brown eyes a frank glint of tears. Feverishly Jim sought for something to say.

"All aboard," came the bawling voice outside again.

"Well, good bye, dad."

"Good bye, Jim."

"Take care of yourself."

"I will."

"And give my best to Margery and her husband and the baby."

"I will, Jim."

"Well . . . I guess I'd better go now. The train's moving."

"Good bye, son."

"Good bye, dad."

Jim wrenched his hand from James Anthony's and ran down the aisle. With a desperate emptiness he watched the Northwestern Pacific's crack east-bound Flyer pull out of the station. His father was so much a part of him it seemed impossible that anything could go on as usual with him away.

But Deborah was too much engrossed in her own thoughts to think much about her husband's departure. She was entertaining the Woman's Club the next afternoon and when she kissed James Anthony good bye at the front door it was with cool firm lips that did not quiver with any emotion. Her chief sensation indeed was one of relief. Now that the man was actually gone, a body could get something done. There was that tea she was planning for certain Seaforth women who were inclined to look down upon Fairharbor as less progressive than her noisy competitor. Seaforth had, to be sure, stolen part of the Alaska trade, and she might steal more, but she could never rival Fairharbor's picturesque early settlement or her big boom or her society with its Ramsdens and Archibalds and Fischers. Deborah always thought of Seaforth as peopled by scalawags who had come west to dodge the consequences of their misdeeds back east.

Composedly, therefore, Mrs. Winforth turned back from watching the carriage bear James Anthony away and closed



the door behind her. This was her house, there was in it very little of either her husband or her son. And it would be pleasant to have a few months in it without the disturbing presence of the slender man with thin gray hair and gray Vandyke, whose quiet wit she never quite understood. After all these years she still felt at a disadvantage whenever James Anthony's brown eyes began to twinkle.

But Jim was no trouble at all. Minnie gave him his breakfast, he took his other meals where and when he liked; and when he was out very late he usually stayed downtown for the night. Sometimes she did not see him for days, once he had been sick at the *Anchorage* for a week before she knew it. But Deborah had accepted this state of affairs and thought but seldom of the lapse of her dominance over her son; except as a source of revenue and aid in trouble he had ceased to exist for her.

Her eyes fell upon the large steel engraving that hung in a heavy carved oak frame at the foot of the stairs. This scene pleased her—a stream with three cows and two calves standing knee-deep in it, and a hayfield with men and horses in the background. Perhaps that was because she had grown up on a farm, she reflected.

Moved by a sudden thought, she went into the parlor. Yes, the sliding door into the sitting room was still standing half-open. She had spoken to Cap twice and he had not fixed it yet. Deborah frowned. It would not do to go all winter with that door standing open. As soon as Cap got back from the depot she would speak to him—in a way he would not forget.

Her feet sank into the thick carpet, her eyes followed its sprawling floral pattern. She was sanitary, she did not carpet her floors to the wall as other women did, but left a space for cleaning. There was a coal fire in the grate and she sat down in the patented swinging rocker in front of it to enjoy the warmth. The mantelpiece over this grate was a source of pride to her. Above the green tile surrounding the firebox there rose a structure of yellow quarter-sawed oak which reached almost to the ceiling. Over the mantel proper was a

large mirror and flanking it on each side four little mirrors. Across the top was a narrow shelf with seashells on it, and lower down along the sides of the large mirror were smaller shelves. Every exposed inch was covered with elaborate carving.

The glimpse of dust in these curlycues galvanized Deborah. She rose and ran a finger across the shiny yellow surfaces. Just as she had expected! Ah Sing had not dusted properly, he did not care whether he did his work or not, he was so sure of his job that he thought he needn't take pains any more. That was the trouble with servants: you couldn't depend on them. They counted on the gloom cast by velvet drapes to conceal their negligence. Probably the terra cotta Rogers' group on the library table was covered with dust too. Mrs. Winforth frowned blackly. And there were all those books. Ah Sing in all likelihood hadn't touched them for a month. She would speak to him too, as well as to Cap.

A moment later she went briskly across the hall into the dining room. By putting all the leaves into the table she could seat twenty-four. She meant to do a good deal of entertaining while James Anthony was away. He disliked dinner parties and so the sideboard sat there full of silverware and china seldom used. But now she would do as she pleased. Why have a big house and fine furniture and never use them?



## XXXV

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AFTER James Anthony had gone, Jim kept evening office hours in alternation with young Dr. Seagram, for there was always a steady stream of workingmen with minor injuries, to be treated after work. One of these men startled him one evening by saying that he had been hurt when Max Fischer was killed.

"I jimmied up my back that trip so I guess it never will be much good again. But I been workin' in the woods a long time. This here finger, now, got whacked off when we was clearin' that gulch at Fourteenth and Pacific. Your pa tended to it, I recollect. That musta been about '82. And this foot got mashed the first camp the Fischers started on the peninsula. But the nearest I come to goin' out was the time Max Fischer got his."

Jim started and looked up at the logger.

"Your pa, young man, he's a fine doctor. If he hadn't a been, my partner 'd a died that time. He was squeeze damn near to a pulp. But your pa worked with him all night and Pete he come out of it pretty good. Only it wasn't much use. He got killed the next spring up somewhere near Whatcom. One of them God damned cables busted and he never knew what hit him. You know what they do to a fellow, I guess. You'd ought to. You patched up enough of us brush cats."

While he was listening to this man's complaint Jim heard

the outer door of his waiting room open stealthily. There were no audible footsteps afterward and no scraping of chairs. The doctor frowned. Probably a hophead to beg for dope or a woman who wanted an abortion. Once he had had no hesitation in throwing such people out but as he got older and his categories of right and wrong broke down he found it harder to deny these abject men and women. Who was he to torture some poor devil of an addict with abstinence or sentence a girl to disgrace and a child to the orphanage? And yet the things they wanted him to do were forbidden. Just as the thing this man before him now wanted—the undoing of the damage wrought by a lifetime of hard work through the magic agency of a bottle of medicine—was impossible.

The logger watched him tear off the prescription.

"How much do you reckon it'll be, doc? You see, I'm kind of hard up right now. I ain't been workin' for nigh a month."

With short words Jim shoved the man out and closed the door after him. There was this creature in the waiting room to be dealt with, perhaps thrown out on his neck. But he took time to call the drug store where he had directed the logger.

"That you, Charley? . . . I just sent a fellow down with a prescription. His name is Nelson, Ole Nelson. Well, charge the stuff to me. . . . No, that's all. Thanks. Good bye."

He hung up the receiver irritably. How long would he and James Anthony last if it wasn't for the income from Diamond Mary? It was all nonsense letting these squareheads and ski-jumpers get under your skin this way. Every bundle stiff who worked in the woods knew the Winforths were easy marks.

Still cross, Jim threw open the door into the waiting room and stared in surprise at the solitary occupant.

"Oh, it's you, is it? Well, come on in. Sorry you had to wait."

Fred Archibald got to his feet and looked around uncertainly.

"Come on. There's nobody around and I can lock the door, if you like, so no one can get in."

Archibald flushed. "Oh, I didn't . . . That's all right, Jim. I . . ."

"I can tell by a man's actions when he doesn't want anyone



to know he's up here, so don't apologize. . . . Well, what's on your mind?"

This was the first time Jim had had a close look at Frederick since his return from Alaska. The fellow certainly seemed ill: his skin was muddy, his eyes dull, his mouth hung loosely like the open end of an empty sack. The way he squirmed and hemmed and hawed reminded Jim of Conrad Bain's first appearance in the office.

"Come on. Get it out, Fred. You don't need to worry about telling me. If I was the talking kind, I'd 've been shot long ago." Jim laughed a little to think how literally this was true. "Have a cigar? . . . No? I'm surprised you've stopped smoking. I don't suppose tobacco does any of us much good but I enjoy it too much to give it up." With elaborate carefulness he cut a notch in the end of a cigar and lighted it. Here was some sort of ticklish situation that it would take time to deal with.

"I . . . I'm worried about myself," blurted out Frederick at last.

"Well, naturally. Everyone who comes to a doctor comes because he's worried."

"There's something wrong with me, Jim. I fell down the other night and cut myself." Fred touched a little square of courtplaster on the side of his forehead.

"Yes? Nothing very serious about that, I shouldn't think. Most of us take a tumble now and then when we've had a few drinks too many."

"It isn't the cut I'm worried about." Archibald's voice took on the sharpness of exasperation. "But I've got so I can't walk in the dark, and yesterday I almost fell over in the bathroom while I was washing my face with my eyes shut. And going down stairs bothers me."

Fred stopped suddenly, put his forearms on his knees, and stared up at the doctor. "Well?"

There had been a time when Jim's expression often gave him away, when confirmation of suspicion brought into his

dark eyes a gleam that patients could see and interpret for themselves, but that day was past. Over his face there now rolled down a curtain of blankness, there was not a flicker in the brown eyes that watched Archibald. Even his voice was expressionless.

"Any other symptoms? Pains in your stomach or legs? Any trouble with your eyes or difficulty about urination?"

"Sometimes I have sharp pains shoot down my legs when I'm tired or have been on a toot. It isn't so much that my legs hurt as that they don't seem to belong to me." Fred hesitated a moment. "There is one other thing though. I'm not much good with a woman any more—haven't been for a year, I guess."

Behind his mask Jim was taking notes. How many other symptoms had Fred ignored? How long had he had that drooping eyelid? And why was Caroline coming in for examination in view of that last statement?

"That's not so good when you've just come home to a young wife."

Archibald jumped as though he had been shot. "Wife! . . . Oh, you mean Caroline. That's nothing to her. I've never touched her."

It was the doctor's turn to stare.

"You mean . . ."

"I mean exactly what I said. I've never kissed her, I've never had intercourse with her. I never cared anything about her, and she doesn't give a hang for me. Our getting married was a business deal between her father and mine—an alliance of two fortunes in the face of hard times, if you see what I mean." Fred's voice cracked a little. "So you see I haven't given her anything or caught anything from her. But I've picked up something all right, and I want to know what's going to happen to me. Nobody knows what I've just told you. Father wants me to go over to Idaho with him; he's got an irrigation project on the string and he thinks it's good for me to be outdoors working my tail off. But he doesn't know there's anything much wrong with me."



Jim reflected that undoubtedly Caroline suspected something, hence her visit to Seagram. Or was it that she feared infection from some other source?

Once started, Fred poured out his private life; and Jim listened, reconstructing the past as he did so.

"Spanking always excited me, even when I was a little tad. I enjoyed it even though it hurt. I got so I did things on purpose to get father mad and I put the girls up to be naughty too, so he'd be sure to thrash all three of us. . . . I never was strong for the ordinary routine. Now and then, of course, it was all right but not right along. . . . I always paid Diamond Mary extra and I didn't do her damned girls any more harm than some of the loggers and sailors. . . . So far as I know I never had but two doses of clap. . . . Caroline's got no kick coming. She knew what we got married for, and the last year or two she's been getting plenty out of the old man. She's got a nice wad tucked away where she's sure I can't get at it, all ready for the time when she'll be a widow looking for a real husband. . . . Why, before we were married, I signed a contract, drawn up by a lawyer, promising not to attempt relations with my wife. She's got that damned thing somewhere too, she told me so the other day."

With an effort Jim took his eyes off the wretched face opposite him.

"Cross your knees, Fred. And close your eyes. Now, pull with your hands, like this. That's it. . . . Now stand up and put your feet close together and close your eyes again. I won't let you fall." He put an arm across the swaying shoulders. "That's good. Now sit down once more, and put your hand over your right eye. . . . No, don't jump. I won't get the match too close. . . . Now keep both eyes shut and touch the tip of your nose with your right forefinger. . . . All right. Now the left one. . . . O.K. Now take down your trousers. You must have had a chancre sometime whether you knew it or not, and I want to see if I can find the scar."

It was almost midnight when Jim got rid of his patient, for the replacement of vague dread by a definite diagnosis reduced

Archibald to hysteria. He shook his fists and wept and swore and called down maledictions on the unknown woman who had infected him. At last Winforth's patience was exhausted.

"Don't be a fool, Fred. You've passed this thing on to heaven knows how many women. Tit for tat. Now, listen to me. You've got to cut out carousing and you'll have to be treated. If you'll do as I tell you, you'll probably live as long as I do. Other people have been in the same mess before. Dad has treated one of the biggest businessmen in town since '88; he made one fortune and lost it and now he's on the way to make another one. Buck up and act as much like a man as you can. Go on with your father in this construction job if he wants you to. That's better for you than sitting around at home on your backside. But you must come back to me every few weeks for a check-up. And I want you to come in tomorrow so I can show you about the mercury rubs. Now come along and I'll take you home. I don't like to have my patients running around at night looking like lost souls."

And yet, Jim admitted to himself, that was precisely what Fred did look like. The expression might smack of Bertha M. Clay, but for the first time in his life Jim felt that he could almost like Fred Archibald. Also, for the first time, he found himself rather more than disliking Caroline. Heretofore he had thought her interesting and her hardness queerly attractive, but now there was a new flavor in his interest and one that was not flattering to the lady.

From Caroline to Malcolm was a natural transition and Jim, stretching his tired body between smooth tight cool sheets, wondered how the boy would turn out. Would he be cold and ruthless like his mother or was there enough of Ed in him to keep him human? Would he really be old Emil's only descendant in his generation or would Chris get married one of these days and father children he could acknowledge as his own?

Funny how different he had always been from Max. Even when they were all in school together, Chris had always had an eye for the main chance; nothing appealed to him unless



he could get something out of it for himself. Stupid in books, he was astute enough about the things that interested him and he battered his way through with hard fists, never compromising or deferring to the wishes of others. And he had made a good lumberman. He knew timber, he could cruise as well as a professional; he knew logs and he could locate a spur into a new stand of cedar as well as most surveyors; he knew mill methods and accounting and he could scent a profit almost as far as old Emil. He lived most of the time in the company camps on the Olympic Peninsula, was always on the job pushing production, increasing output, slaughtering the forest, leaving behind him stump-littered waste land.

But he neither knew nor cared for people. Those concessions to the health and comfort of the millhands and loggers which James Anthony had wangled from Emil were disappearing now that Chris had almost complete supervision of the woods. The men lived these days in box car camps which were moved from one tract to another as logging shifted from place to place. Thirty men to a car in double bunks, another car for food storage, one for a dining room, and one for a kitchen. No place to sit down comfortably in the evenings, no baths, no way to wash clothes. Latrines running over. Dysentery and typhoid and smallpox every spring and fall, and grippe rampant in the timber country in the winters.

The skidroad was crowded when the camps were closed, and most of the men collected, as Jim observed, not around the itinerant evangelists or the Salvation Army but around the soapbox orators who talked about labor unions and socialism. There was dynamite on the lower avenue, dynamite that was capable of blowing the Fischer company sky-high, but Chris did not see it. Or if he did, he gave no sign.

Long ago the old tabernacle his father had turned into a flophouse for the loggers had been condemned and torn down. Chris felt no responsibility for the housing of his men in winter or for their health at any time. And upon the Winforths and young Seagram fell the burden of trying to undo the damage this permitted.

What would Malcolm be like when he grew up? Would he have the dread of poverty that made Ed cling to his job at any cost, would he be far-sighted and weak-kneed? Would he love money as Caroline did? Or would his upbringing have its effect? Jim remembered how staunchly Rachel had met Max's death, her calm assumption of authority after Benedict's suicide, her decision to make a home for herself and her boy outside the Fischer household. She might make a man out of Malcolm.

Then Jim began to think of her more personally. Why did she always disregard any hint of sentiment between them? Why on that solitary occasion when he had proposed to her had she said she would never marry again? Something deep within him denied that it was because she really disliked him. And he knew she did not disapprove of marriage itself because she had told him she admired Margery's decision to give up her career. It was an old impasse: he had loved Rachel at sight and he had lost her.

He sat up in bed and turned on the light. Once started on this track, there was no stopping. He was a fool ever to start thinking about the woman! Where the devil was that journal he had brought home night before last, with that article on Xray diagnosis? He should go over it again with that skinny kid he saw today in mind. Then there was that other article about the skin reaction to Xrays and radium. He had noticed his hands were red after he'd been using the machine a good deal, and now it seemed this sort of thing might be more serious than anyone had dreamed, might even lead to cancer of the skin. Where was the damned journal, anyhow? Probably Ah Sing had put it some place where he'd never be able to find it. Curse it all, why hadn't he moved to a flat of his own long ago, where he could do as he pleased and put things where he liked? Here he was, thirty-five years old, and still living at home like an adolescent, mooning over a woman who would have none of him!

At this moment his hand encountered the missing journal under his pillow. It had no doubt been there all the while. He



seized it and flung it across the room, then grinned sheepishly and picked up the worn copy of *Gulliver's Travels* that lay on his bedside table.

But in Swift's bitter satire Jim found nothing that seemed more of a travesty on human dignity than the celebration Fairharbor had that spring for the troops returning from the Philippines.

At the station Honest John Erskine had erected a replica of the arch that had stood there in boom days, with floodlights trained on the legend, *Our Conquering Heroes*. (The painter had been told to add the word "Come," but there was no room for it on the sign.) Every flag and every yard of bunting in town had been commandeered and Pacific Avenue was once more a double streak of red, white, and blue. Citizens who had carriages were asked to decorate them and drive in the parade; lodges and the fire department and the police force drilled contingents to represent them. The G.A.R. dusted off blue coats and broad-brimmed hats and engaged hacks to carry the Relief Corps. The churches built a float with girls in long white cotton robes impersonating Liberty, Justice, and Democracy and arranged dove cotes for the doves of peace. The street department was prevailed upon to sweep the avenue from curb to curb. The woolen mill band practiced night after night in a determined attempt to get the correct swing to *There'll Be a Hot Time*.

Then, on the fateful day, a telegram came saying that the Soldiers' Special had left Portland behind time and would not reach Fairharbor until about seven o'clock in the evening instead of four in the afternoon. This upset Honest John's plans for an afternoon parade followed in the evening by fireworks, speeches, red fire, and a band concert in Archibald Park. But although he had some misgivings, he dared not disappoint the people who had built floats or decorated their carriages.

The second difficulty was that the veterans were tired of processions in their honor. There had been parades in San Francisco and Sacramento and Portland and other towns in

between, and the novelty had worn off. The men were disgruntled to find that they were expected to march again, here at home, and Erskine had trouble persuading them to line up and get under way.

Dr. Jim locked the office and took young Seagram down to the avenue before time for the celebration to begin. There was a huge crowd there, pouring up and down the sidewalks, jostling each other, laughing, yelling, cursing.

"Anybody that needs a doctor tonight will be down here," said Jim. "I see a half-dozen of dad's old chronics running around out here when they ought to be in bed."

But in spite of all his handicaps Erskine made a better show that day than he had of Mike Jasper's funeral. To begin with, he knew more about parades. And then there were not the same limitations to a patriotic celebration that there were to a funeral. Besides, the woolen mill band had finally caught the swing of *There'll Be a Hot Time* and they blared it out so violently that everyone's feet wriggled.

Behind the band marched Company C four abreast, with the flag ahead. The men were coffee brown, they were dressed in campaign hats and khaki uniforms and leggings, they marched well. But something about them made Jim look thoughtful. Presently he said to Seagram, "Do those fellows look to you like they had malaria, with their red corpuscles chock ablock of the bugs and about ready to burst?"

Harvey Seagram nodded. "I lived down in Alabama for a year or two, and the people there looked like this. Then there's been a lot of typhoid and venereal disease in the islands too."

"Oh, sure. Not to mention a dozen other tropical diseases we don't know anything about. Soldiers always bring home a lot of things they didn't take away with them."

By this time the first contingent of troops had passed and a brisk wind had sprung up so that the girls on the church float who represented Liberty, Justice, and Democracy had to spend most of their time keeping their streaming cotton drapery from being swept up over their heads. Furthermore



the doves of peace refused to fly with cords tied to their legs and sat dumpily along the edges of the float all the way up the avenue, stirring only when Liberty, Justice, or Democracy sneezed in the cold sea breeze.

But the mob, aflame with zeal for empire, could see none of these shortcomings. They stood along the curb shouting their approval and clapping their hands. The military band that followed the church float, playing *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, aroused them to fresh enthusiasm.

"I never heard that tune sound like that before," said Seagram.

"Nor I," agreed Jim. "These fellows have learned to play if they haven't learned anything else. They were as rotten a bunch of horn-tooters as I ever listened to when they went away."

Behind the second band marched the remainder of the returning volunteers, and after them came the G.A.R., the Relief Corps, the firemen, the police, and three lodges. But the crowd, inflamed with patriotism, stayed on to watch the decorated carriages that brought up the rear. Then everyone broke for the street cars or for bicycles and cabs and started for Archibald Park where the fireworks and concert were to be held. In short order the avenue was empty.

Winforth grimaced at his young assistant.

"There's nothing crazier than a band of sheep except a gang of human beings. How many of these people here tonight have ever thought twice about this war we've just got out of? The whole thing was ridiculous from one end to the other, but they all just straggled after the men who knew how to manage them and keep them entertained. And they'll go right on doing the same thing in the future."

## XXXVI

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FOR all Honest John Erskine's partnership in vice Jim Winforth could not see that Fairharbor was badly managed. So long as he got what he considered a just cut of the profits, Erskine raised no objection to good streets or well-run schools, and he even backed Jim's project for the inspection of milk and meat. Furthermore, when new sewers were built, he saw to it that they did not empty into the drinking water supply, he built the new garbage incinerator, and he refitted an old boat that had been gutted by fire and equipped it as a free public hospital for emergencies and contagious diseases.

When James Anthony got home from England Honest John came to the Winforth office: he wanted to brag a little about his floating hospital and he wanted to persuade Jim to take the job of city health officer.

"I knew it was no use comin' to see you till your father got back, but honestly, doc, it's a disgrace the way things are. All this diphtheria and smallpox and scarlet fever! What people want to have such things for is beyond me. Of course I might never 've knowed any better myself if it hadn't been for Janet and the antitoxin that time. But I don't like kids dyin' for no good reason and I figure you can do something about it if anybody can. There ain't no other doctor in town I'd have in the health office, I know that."



"Just paid a visit to the blarney stone?" asked Dr. Jim, casting a calculating glance at Erskine's slicked-down hair, the gold chain across the front of his vest, and the derby hat in his hand. "Seems to me that you've spruced up a lot lately."

To Winforth's surprise the boss's face turned a shade redder and he shuffled his feet in embarrassment.

"Well, doc, I don't want to always look like a saloon keeper. I wasn't always in the liquor business anyhow. By now I'd 've been light heavyweight champ if I hadn't busted one hand all to pieces on a guy's skull down in Nevada. But if I can't get ahead one way, I aim to another."

This made Jim remember Honest John's aspirations for his daughter.

"How's Janet? I haven't seen her for a long time."

"And you wouldn't know her if you was to see her, the way she's been growin'. She's goin' to be as tall as I am if she keeps on. I'm sendin' her to school next winter down to a swell place in California. I'm goin' to make something out of that girl. She's got good stuff in her even if I do say so myself."

There was a new earnestness in Erskine's manner that caught Jim's attention. Were all parents alike? He remembered Deborah's grim determination to carve out a career for Margery and had an impulse to cite it as a horrible example of parental love gone wrong, but Honest John's obvious sincerity forbade this. So instead Dr. Jim promised to think over the health office proposal and have an answer within twenty-four hours.

"I can do the work but I won't bootlick the mayor and the council and the rest of the stuffed shirts in the city hall."

"Nobody asked you to," retorted Erskine. "When you want anything, you come to me and there won't be no trouble. Remember what I told you once, a long time ago? Well, I still got something on nearly everybody in town and them I ain't got nothing on I guess you have."

So Jim went into the health office and attacked his prob-

lems headlong. First of all, he insisted that every stream that delivered water to the city reservoirs be inspected and all privies on their banks be demolished. Next he condemned and had torn down the old, half-open, wooden flume in which part of the water supply was carried and in which women did their laundry and children played and from which dogs and cows and horses drank. Then he started on the trail of outhouses inside the city limits and the sewage situation at the county hospital.

He traced cases of typhoid fever to dairies and found milk cans being washed with grossly contaminated water. The presence of scrofula in school children made him suspect milk-borne infection and he came out with a demand that dairy herds be examined and all cattle found tuberculous be destroyed.

This brought down a torrent of abuse from everyone who sold milk and the column Ed Blackburn ran on an inside page of the *Bugle* for letters from subscribers received enough copy to fill the paper.

"Well, you certainly stirred the hornets up this time," said the editor. "They stood for closing in the flume and tearing down the backhouses and building the new sewer for the county hospital. But now everybody that sells a pint of milk is after your scalp. Don't you know any better than to interfere with the American's sacred right to make money any way he can?"

Jim snorted. "Erskine said he wanted me to do something about the diseases that kill off the kids. And I'm doing it."

"You mean you're making an awful noise. But you won't last long. People don't believe they get typhoid from water and tuberculosis from milk."

"No. And some of them think the world is flat too. But I don't have to act like I thought so."

"See here, Winforth, you don't know what you're up against. But I've got an idea. You write some short snappy articles about typhoid and TB and smallpox in language



people can understand, and I'll run them in the *Bugle*. Without your name. Then there's a chance people might believe them."

This appealed to Jim but he was too busy to write these articles himself and asked young Seagram to do them for him. The next time he saw Blackburn alone, the editor dragged him off into a corner.

"Say, listen. What's the idea, turning that word-hound loose on me? I know he's smart, but he can't even spit without saying 'expectoration.' Never use one syllable when you can make ten or twelve do, that's his motto. Here he brought me down a sheaf of paper about 'lymphoid hyperplasia' and 'Peyer's patches' and 'tympanites' and 'epistaxis,' and it took me half a day to find out that he meant gas in a man's stomach and nosebleed. I can't print stuff like that. Nobody on earth would read it, or understand it if they did."

"Well, my God, Ed . . ."

"My God, nothing! You listen to me, for a change. You come down to the *Bugle* office this evening and tell me what you want to say. Between us we'll lick it into shape for the paper. I know what you mean. John Jones pees in the creek and John Doe drinks the water and gets typhoid; his insides ulcerate and bleed and he swells up with gas. The reason we have typhoid is that it's such a short distance from one man's rectum to his neighbor's mouth. But that's the language of stable walls and backhouses and I'll have to refine it for general consumption."

In this fashion began the health column which Jim Winforth wrote for the *Bugle* for years, although he never was sure that anyone learned anything from it.

But in spite of the editor's pessimism and the protests of indignant dairymen and grocers, milk inspection and the examination of dairy herds were begun. Furthermore the health office in the first six months of Jim's administration condemned as unfit for human consumption 17,564 pounds of meat displayed for sale in Fairharbor markets. The resentment aroused by this procedure might have been the end of

his regime had not public attention been diverted by a small-pox epidemic. The schools were half empty, 420 cases were known to exist in the city, and everyone finally agreed that something would have to be done.

The members of the medical society volunteered their services and Jim issued orders that all school children who had not had smallpox must be vaccinated or must be quarantined at home until the infection died down. He sent each teacher a leaflet to read to her grade and supplied the *Bugle* with a series of short articles about Jenner's discovery of vaccination.

Thus launched, the drive at first went off well. A doctor and a nurse, stationed at each school building in town, began work at nine o'clock in the morning and Jim rode all day from one school to another, keeping an eye on what was being done. But the second day teachers and pupils found the school yards littered with anti-vaccination pamphlets. This disturbed the volunteer doctors and nurses and decreased the number of children coming to be immunized. Parents by the dozen were soon countermanding their permission for their boys and girls to be vaccinated.

Jim rushed off to the city hall to see Honest John.

"Look here," he cried, plunging into the boss's sanctum. "Read this! These things are all over town this morning. Lies from beginning to end! Listen to this. 'The health officer advises all to be vaccinated but he fails to tell us what vaccination is. The reason he does not tell us is because he dares not.' Get that, Erskine. 'For vaccination is nothing but the inoculation of a healthy person with the putrid pus of a festering sore of a syphilitic nature on a diseased animal.' The health officer—that's me. And I 'dare not' tell them what vaccination is! What else have I been doing every morning in the *Bugle*? Vaccine is taken from calves, and cattle don't have syphilis. But what do the bastards that write leaflets like this care about the truth?"

"Nothing. Not a damn thing! You don't mean you're just findin' that out, do you?"



"But I tell you it will wreck the whole vaccination campaign if we don't do something."

"Oh, so you want to do something, uh? Well, now, that's different. I thought you was just bewailin' the public indifference to science." Honest John's near eye closed in a squint of calculation. "I might have the street department gather up all them papers that are still layin' around loose, and I could give you a half-page in the *Bugle* to tell how calves don't have syphilis and all that. How about it?"

And so, with the co-operation of the boss, Dr. Jim's vaccination campaign went on to a triumphant conclusion with 12,000 school children and 7,500 adults immunized in ten days. Then for a little while Jim rested on his oars, wondering whether the time was ripe to propose chlorinization of the city water, but chance soon precipitated a situation bristling with ugly possibilities.

A Chinese clerk who worked in a curio shop was taken suddenly ill and, when he died four days later, autopsy confirmed the diagnosis Harvey Seagram had made. Across the post-mortem table Dr. Jim stared at his young assistant.

"You're sure this is plague?"

"Yes. I saw some cases posted while I was in school, on fellows taken off ships from the Orient. Yes, I'm sure."

"But what are we going to do about it in Fairharbor? If it gets out that there is plague around, there'll be a panic. The very word will horrify people. The businessmen will all be up in arms again. And yet we can't let the thing get a start here."

"Then we must get after the rats. It's their fleas that carry the germs, and the fleas leave the rat's body as soon as it dies. I guess they must like their blood fresh and warm."

But when Jim went to Honest John with this story, the boss stared at him in disbelief. "Now look here, doc. What's this you're tryin' to tell me? Plague in Fairharbor? Why, that ain't an American disease."

"No, it's a disease of rats. But fleas carry it to human beings. They live on the rat, the rat gets the plague, the fleas bite

him for blood to eat and get the germs into their stomachs. Then, when the rat dies, the fleas have to hunt another lunch counter and, if that lunch counter happens to be a man, the fleas deposit the germs under his skin when they bite him and he gets the plague."

Erskine grinned in undisguised admiration. "Now, ain't that some story? Gosh, doc, you know a lot of things I never heard of. I never knew fleas was that smart!"

Jim slapped the desk impatiently with his open hand.

"This is no pipe-dream. It's a serious situation, let me tell you. Do you realize that plague kills from half to three-fourths of the people who get it?"

"What?" Erskine started to rise slowly from his chair. "Say that again, doc, so's I can be sure I got it straight."

"Bubonic plague kills from fifty to seventy-five per cent of all the people who get it. Is that clear?"

"Holy mackerel! I should say it was! What do you need to get rid of them rats you been talkin' about?"

"First off, twenty thousand dollars."

"O.K. You'll get it. You don't need to worry about that. What else?"

"A couple of plague experts from the Public Health Service, and Jack Hamilton to help me for a month or so. He was in the Philippines and he worked in the Manila health office so he knows this disease firsthand, which is more than I do. And men to get to work down on the docks hunting rats."

"Sounds all right to me, doc. You go ahead. And don't worry about the council. The boys'll do as I tell 'em. The only folks that might drop a monkey wrench in the machinery is the Chamber of Commerce, if they was to get a notion that this might affect the tourist trade next summer."

"Well, you can tell them for me that they won't have any tourists here next summer if the plague gets going."

The next two months very nearly made Jim Winforth a convert to boss-rule.

"Wouldn't we have had a swell time with the Chamber of Commerce and the 'peepul' if we hadn't had Honest John on



our side?" he exclaimed one afternoon to Dr. Jack Hamilton, late of the Manila Health Office.

"Don't talk about it," begged Hamilton. "It makes me sick to think of it. What with half the council not believing in germs and the people convinced that the doctors are all in a medical trust and everybody who runs a little pee-wee racket store sure his summer business will be ruined, it's been tough, that's all. If those other two Chinamen and that Jap hadn't died just when they did, we'd never have made it."

When the Public Health Service men arrived from the east, they found a crew of workmen tearing down old shacks and stables near the waterfront, searching docks and warehouses for rats, and other men under Dr. Hamilton's orders fumigating ships and cremating rats. Passengers and crews off vessels from the Orient had been isolated on the floating hospital for the incubation period of the disease, and at the health office Dr. Jim was spending his days over the carcasses of dead rodents hunting for evidences of infection. But all this had not been done without opposition.

Before the cleanup had actually begun, an American warehouseman fell ill of plague and three more Orientals died. This started gossip and presently people were calling the health office, their own physicians, and the papers to inquire whether there was anything in the grotesque rumor of plague. Seeing their opportunity, the anti-vaccinationists got out a dodger asserting that this new pestilence was the result of the wholesale vaccination forced upon the people of Fairharbor by the city health officer. "Tyranny may have been banished from the halls of government in most places, but it still lingers in despots like this man Winforth, who calls himself a doctor but is totally lacking in humanitarian instincts. This dread disease which must now be put down at great expense would never have invaded our city if the medical trust that controls our health office had not perpetrated the deadly vaccination upon us."

The papers preserved a discreet editorial silence on the matter but the *Evening Post* carried a paid advertisement in

which the anti-vaccinationists condensed their charges against Dr. Jim. Whereupon Honest John called up the editor of the *Post*.

"I won't hold it against you this time, but you just pass the word along—you know what I mean, so don't try to sound so innocent!—that we don't want no more stuff like that comin' out. You understand me? Because, if you don't, I can talk plainer. . . . Well, all right then. See that you do!"

The boss was compelled to speak even more forcibly to the committee that waited upon the mayor with the protest of the Chamber of Commerce.

"Now, you fellows don't know what you're talkin' about. If this here disease was to get loose, most of you 'd be in the cemetery in two weeks and your families with you. That's the kind of a thing plague is! . . . Oh, to hell with your business and the tourists! Do you want to scatter plague all over the country? That would be a swell advertisement for Fairharbor! . . . Now I don't want to hear no more out of you and neither does the mayor. You all clear out of here. There ain't no bunch of penny-wise, pound-foolish store-keepers and railroad men goin' to tell me I can't interfere with their business. Why, say, if we need to, I'll tear down every God damned warehouse and dock in this town. So shut up and get out of here before I get really mad about it!"

After this there was no more overt interference with the campaign. When a half-dozen cases developed among whites, the city clamored for protection—and none more loudly than the panic-stricken businessmen and merchants who had so recently feared for their profits.

By spring, with the help of the Public Health Service, Jim and Dr. Hamilton had stamped out the disease after a total of fifteen cases and eleven deaths. The warehouses along the waterfront were free of rats and had been rat-proofed against subsequent invasions of rodents. The old stables and out-houses along the bay shore had been torn down, and watchmen on the wharves had been impressed with the necessity for keeping rat-guards on the hawsers of vessels lying along



the docks and taking up gangplanks when not in use, so that seafaring rats might not land easily in Fairharbor.

Only a handful of anti-vaccinationists persisted in asserting that the plague was the result of the vaccination campaign; most people thought Jim Winforth and Dr. Hamilton had done a great job checking the incipient epidemic. But soon after the danger was over, Jim resigned from the health office.

"Oh, to hell with such a job!" he said to Honest John who was remonstrating with him. "I'm a doctor and I don't mean to spend the rest of my life scrapping with crack-pot anti-vaccinationists and bone-headed businessmen. I'll tell you just how I feel: if people want to eat meat from sick cattle and feed their kids milk from tuberculous cows and drink sewage, it's all right with me. I'll do all I can for the ones that have sense enough to try to avoid typhoid and tuberculosis. I'll try to get physiology decently taught in the schools and I'll put some sensible books—if I can find any—in the public library where people can get at them. But when it comes to trying to poke scientific medicine down the gullets of imbeciles who buy space in the papers to call me a despot and my profession a trust and blame our brush with the plague on the vaccination drive, that's too much. I'm through, Erskine. These birds can die of anything they please. I won't raise a hand to interfere with the sacred privilege of every American to have typhoid or smallpox or plague if he wants to. But will I see to it that they are quarantined when they get these things? Passing on bugs to people who don't want them I won't stand for."

But in spite of his short and stormy career as health officer Jim found plenty to interest him in the rapid development of public health agencies in the next decade. Not only were privies inside the city limits outlawed but the entire watershed from which Fairharbor got its water supply was protected from human contamination, garbage was used to make sanitary fills, and a public tuberculosis sanatorium was built.

And the times changed in other respects as well. The big

boom and the panic and the war fever all were past and the City of Destiny was settling down to the prosaic task of handling more lumber than any other port in the country, making itself over from a frontier town to an industrial center. The old men were dying; Jim's generation was in power and a new group of youngsters was growing up.

The first people in Fairharbor to own an automobile were the Archibalds. On the fourth of July, 1900, Henry appeared on Pacific Avenue in a horseless electric carriage capable of travelling twenty miles an hour on a level road. This contraption terrified the horses and astonished the populace, but in order to get home in it Archibald had to make a long detour and climb First Hill on the diagonal. Fred openly ridiculed the vehicle and said he intended to get a gasoline car with more power.

That he had done so Jim discovered when he came upon Fred on a country road, sitting on the running board with tools scattered about him and a tire in his hands. Winforth stopped and asked if he could be of any help.

"Your 'bubble' is a lot of trouble, isn't it, Fred? You really ought to take a mechanic with you when you go out on long trips."

"Hell! There isn't a mechanic in Fairharbor," exclaimed young Archibald, looking up with sullen gray eyes.

Jim watched him picking up one tool after another; his ataxia was very apparent in the uncertain way he handled hammer and wrench.

"Here, I'll tie up my team and help you."

But Fred glared at Winforth vindictively. "I suppose you think I'm not fit to drive a motor car."

"Well, I didn't say so. I merely offered to help you. You don't need to get so sore about it."

Grumbling under his breath, Archibald threw the tire into the machine and began to fumble with the canvas roll of tools. But when Jim offered him a lift into town, he scowled irritably.

"Oh, let me alone! I don't want to ride down the avenue



with you. Everybody would see us and all I'd hear for days would be, 'Why don't you get a horse of your own?' I'd rather walk."

Shrugging his shoulders, Jim drove on but before he had gone far he stopped and looked back. There was Fred trudging along, cap, coat, and duster in his hands. When he came abreast of the buggy he swerved to go around it without looking up.

"Don't be such an ass, Fred! I'll go into town on a back street. You're not fit to walk all the way home. Come on now, like a good fellow."

For a little the man seemed mollified; he put on his cap and duster, said Jim was driving a nice team—"they pick up their feet instead of scraping them along in the dust"—and whistled a snatch of *Goodbye, Dolly Gray*. But soon his gayety disappeared again.

"What did you mean a while ago about me going out in an automobile?"

"You're bent on picking a quarrel with me, aren't you?"

"Call it that if you like. I want to know what you meant. I hate people who hint things they won't come out and say."

"Well, if you must know, I don't think you're a very safe driver. Your hands are unsteady and you can't move your hands or legs quickly or accurately in an emergency."

Fred did not answer. He rode silently, his head down, his eyes on the horses' rumps. From time to time Jim glanced at him. He was pale and his cheeks seemed to hang down from the bones of his face; he looked worse than he did the night he had come into the office for a diagnosis.

"You know, Fred, it would be better if you'd come in to see me oftener. If you don't stick to your treatment you can't expect to improve."

"I don't expect to improve. I don't ever expect to. I never have."

"But . . ."

"Oh, shut up! You've been trying to jolly me along about those cursed mercury rubs and iodides. But I never did be-

lieve you. So I went over to Seaforth and then down to Portland, and the doctors there told me no one ever got well of tabes. Then I sent off for some medical books and read them. I can tell you the very words. 'To arrest the progress and to relieve, if possible, the symptoms must be the objects which the physician should have in view.' I see that sentence on the wall every night when I go to bed. 'To relieve, if possible.' "

Suddenly the man flung up his arms and began to shout.

"Look at me, damn it, look at me! I'm a year younger than you and there's something eating at me, gnawing at me. I can feel it. It never stops. The only way I can forget it is to go fast, drive that car as fast as it'll go. Then for a little while I seem all right, but not very long. I can't tell where my feet are when I'm not looking at them; sometimes I lose them in bed, and have to get up and look at them. This damned disease is going to be the end of me. The end of me!"

As abruptly as he began Archibald stopped shouting and put his face down between his hands and began to sob.

After that Jim saw him only at long intervals on the street or in a saloon. Part of the time he knew Fred was with Henry on the irrigation project in southern Idaho; now and then, usually in winter, he came home for a few weeks and spent money riotously. Henry had made a name for Archibald and Son in Alaska and this, added to the fame of his old Cascade Tunnel, gave him the prestige necessary to get the contracts that were making him another fortune larger than the one he had lost in the crash of '93. His appetite had never declined and now his face was redder and fatter than ever.

One day James Anthony, seeing him go past in his enclosed electric, was moved to an outburst of unwonted cynicism.

"Henry weighs three hundred pounds if he weighs an ounce, and if he lives long enough he'll weigh four hundred. I used to call him a Poland China hog, but now I apologize—to the pig! Just look at him, in his silk hat and high collar and frock coat! And yet somewhere in that mountain of fat, there's a brain, Jim. There must be, or he couldn't build tunnels and tramways and irrigation systems."



Although the elder Archibald took little of Jim's thought, Fred haunted him. The pallor of his face, his fumbling hands, unsteady feet, and shambling gait. And the wretched, animal-like sobbing Jim could not forget. Once or twice, encountering Fred in the Fairharbor Hotel or the Samson and Delilah, he urged him to come in for a check-up and continued treatment, but Archibald always shrugged his shoulders and growled, "What's the use?"

There was, furthermore, disquieting gossip abroad about Caroline. Chief of Police Natron, returning from British Columbia, said he had seen her with Chris Fischer in a Vancouver hotel. A little later a surgical supply salesman mentioned with a sly wink that he had seen the two in Whatcom. At first Jim took no notice of these rumors but at the state medical society meeting he encountered a visiting surgeon as well known for his ribald sense of humor as for his professional skill.

"Hello, there, Winforth. Say, I've got a joke to tell you. Come and have a drink, so we can chew the rag a little. . . . How's your father? I haven't seen him for a long time. . . . Well, give him my regards and tell him I haven't forgotten that paper he read on tuberculous abscesses back in '88. He had the jump on Billroth there. . . . What'll you take, Winforth? . . . Make it two, Jake. . . . Now, what I want to know is why don't you take care of your women at home instead of shipping them down to San Francisco?"

Jim looked blank. "I don't know what you're talking about, Thornton."

Dr. Thornton laughed and took a swallow of whiskey-and-soda.

"Well, about six months ago a woman from Fairharbor came into my office wanting some fancy repair work done. She wanted it to seem that she'd always been a nice girl, don't you see? I turned the job down but one of my less squeamish colleagues tells me he sewed her up so she could pass for a Vestal Virgin. How's that for a joke?"

Jim laughed with his companion but the sound was hollow

in his ears. He did not need to ask the woman's name, for he knew it was Caroline. Hoping that Thornton would say something more about it, he ordered another drink, but the surgeon seemed to have forgotten the affair; he talked only of his experiences with automobiles on San Francisco hills.

"I tell you, Winforth, the motor car is the big thing of the future. It's crude now, but I wouldn't be without one at any price. You ought to buy one. Your hills aren't a bit worse than ours."

Hardly had Jim set foot in Fairharbor upon his return from the convention than he heard that Frederick Archibald had disappeared thirty-six hours before. His automobile was in the garage beside Henry's electric, but he had not been seen since the morning of the previous day when he ate a hearty breakfast and started downtown about ten o'clock. He had not been in the Fairharbor Hotel or the club or any of the saloons he frequented.

The next forenoon Jim heard that ex-mayor Bassett had broken his hermit-like existence to telephone the police that he had seen a man resembling young Archibald row out into the Sound in a small boat about noon of the day Fred disappeared. The afternoon after this clue had been found, Dr. Seagram was called to the Archibald home. Later on he told Jim what happened there.

"I don't know what to make of that woman. Mr. Archibald isn't home yet and the two daughters were hanging over their mother like the distracted old maids they are. But Mrs. Frederick was cool as a cucumber. When I asked her how it came her mother-in-law knew all the harrowing details of the search for her son, she simply drew herself up and said she didn't believe in concealing unpleasant things from people. I gave the old lady a sedative and told her no news was good news, and tried to quiet down the daughters. Mrs. Frederick took me to the door, and she looked at me and said, 'You didn't leave anything for me, doctor.' Before I thought I'd said, 'Oh, you don't need anything.' And she looked at me and said, 'You're quite right, doctor. I don't need anything.' What kind of a thing is



that for a woman to say whose husband has just disappeared?"

Jim grinned at the younger man. "That's all right, Harvey. You don't know Fred as well as I do." Then, going on about his work, he reflected that few people knew either Fred or Caroline as he did.

The next morning Ed Blackburn hailed Jim on the street.

"Heard the news? Some fellow found Fred Archibald's boat on the beach about ten miles south of the point. His hat and coat were in it. So I guess Fred's gone for good. Not that I'm surprised. I thought from the start he'd put an end to himself. No great loss, either, but it'll be hard on his mother. She's an inoffensive old soul. I always did wonder whether Fred inherited his craziness from her."

"It was his father that did for Fred," answered Jim slowly. "When he was a kid. I happen to know that. And I can tell you something else, Ed. The fellow wasn't as bad as he was painted. A lot of things he did . . ." Jim stopped suddenly. "Oh well, there's no use going into all that now, after he's dead. That's just one of the things I could tell about the 'dog salmon aristocracy' that I'd better not."

"You and me both," replied Blackburn. "When in doubt, keep the mouth shut. That's my policy. Well, I'll have to dig through the 'morgue' at the office and write up a nice piece about Fred for the *Bugle*. Henry wouldn't be satisfied with the ordinary notice. I'll have to pull out the *Vox Humana* stop. You ought to be glad you don't run a newspaper."

"I am. Mighty glad. It must be hell to keep the truth you must conceal separate from the lies you have to print."

"Worse than that. And of course you never tell your patients anything but the gospel truth!" jeered Blackburn. "You're just another George Washington. I know that."

With speculative brown eyes Dr. Jim watched the tall lean figure cross the street. Except for the gray that had almost obliterated the red in his tousled hair, Ed looked very much the same as he had in 1890. He was still quick moving and he still saw far more of the humbug in life than he felt it his business to expose.

"I wonder what he's thinking about, now that Caroline is a widow. She can't be more than thirty-two or -three, and she's as attractive as she ever was—if you like your women hard and sleek."

But what Blackburn thought Jim never knew.

Six months after Fred's disappearance Caroline went east about the same time Chris Fischer left for California, and a few weeks later announcements of their marriage reached Fairharbor. Shortly thereafter the *Bugle* announced that Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Fischer planned to spend a year traveling abroad before returning to make their home on Puget Sound.



## XXXVII

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As Geoffrey grew up, Lizzie Cornwall continued to worry over his health. Compared with Malcolm, he was undersized and frail looking. Young Fischer's bright blue eyes and red hair set off a cheerful freckled face while Geoffrey's black hair made his skin seem paler than it actually was and his eyes larger.

Lizzie had always felt that her charge was not long for this world and she was strengthened in this opinion whenever she heard his thin voice answering Malcolm's rough and already masculine shouts. Having too little knowledge of games to notice that Geoffrey ran and kicked well, she watched heavy-hearted while the two boys played football on the lawn Saturday mornings. From the safe vantage of the bay window in the sitting room—she had more than once been hit by the ball—she decided that Malcolm was too rough; but on the one occasion when she went out to interfere Geoffrey screamed with rage.

"It's a disgrace," he cried, his eyes full of wrathful tears, "to have a woman watching me like you do. I won't have it, I tell you. I can't stand it."

And because he was so serious Lizzie had promised not to intervene again. Having given her word, she kept it even when she saw the boy knocked down and run over. But over and

over she told herself that Malcolm was an overgrown awkward creature who didn't know his own strength and that it wasn't necessary for anybody to be so rough.

But when the boys played in the house on rainy days Lizzie, no more invulnerable than his teachers and the small girls in his grade, succumbed to Malcolm's unconscious charm. He was full of laughter, he was neither bashful nor forward, he was quick-witted and fearless; and, above all in Lizzie's eyes, he had fought Geoffrey's battles from the primary room on. The thing the woman did not realize was that he had also taught Geoffrey to defend himself; pale and small-boned though he was Geoffrey could run and punt as well as most of his classmates and sometimes, in a pinch, knocked down one of his tormenters. Besides this, Malcolm had shared his knowledge of handling a boat and tying knots with one hand and constantly bolstered the smaller boy's self-respect by assuring him he was neither a sissy nor a weakling.

Freckle face and his gang now went to another school but Geoffrey was humiliated in their absence by the clothes Lizzie made him wear. She had grown up in northern Michigan and had strong ideas about suitable winter costumes. She therefore started Geoffrey off to school on rainy mornings clad in mackintosh, leggings, and rubbers, and carrying an umbrella. And when the thermometer fell below freezing she wrapped a woolen scarf about his head and set his cap on top of it. Nothing she could have thought of could have been more repugnant to a child whose greatest desire was to be like other boys.

"But, Lizzie," he protested over and over, "nobody wears a scarf like this. I never saw another boy with one on."

"That," rejoined Lizzie firmly, "has nothing to do with it. A cap sitting on top of your head don't keep your neck and ears warm."

"I don't want my neck and ears kept warm," the boy would insist. "Father doesn't wrap up his head like this."

"Your father is a man grown and what he does I can't help. But whether you like it or not, I'm going to do my duty by you, Master Geoffrey."



After these futile struggles the boy would submit and wear the hated scarf and carry the umbrella as long as he was in Lizzie's sight, but the instant he turned the corner of the block he made for a vacant lot overgrown with brush where he hid these despised objects under an overturned box. Once rid of them, he would run down the hill to the schoolhouse breathless but triumphant.

Sometimes he thought of appealing to his father, but Daniel Radford's set face was not one to invite confidences. Indeed Mr. Radford gave little heed to his son's physical condition until Malcolm spoke to him about a gymnasium.

It was on a Sunday early in spring that Malcolm, walking home from church with old Mr. Fischer, caught up with Geoffrey and his father marching along together in silence. After the two men had exchanged greetings Malcolm said suddenly, "Isn't there room in your house, Mr. Radford, for a gym for Geoffrey and me?"

Geoffrey turned a shade paler and caught his breath. Of course Malcolm didn't know any better than to speak like that: his grandfather and mother were always kind to him. But to address father so breezily was unheard of.

But Daniel Radford simply looked down at the lad and said, "Do you think you need a gymnasium, young man?"

"Of course. All boys ought to have a gym. Mother'd make one, only she hasn't room. And it would do Geoffrey good, too. I bet you don't know how strong he is, and with a gym he'd get stronger."

To Geoffrey's amazement, Radford smiled at Emil Fischer and said almost genially, "This young fellow of yours seems to know what he wants."

Emil chuckled. "He always has. That's a Fischer failing."

"Well, Malcolm, I'll look into the matter and let you know what I decide."

When she heard of this project, Lizzie resolved to squelch it. The very idea of such a thing for a frail boy like Geoffrey! In spite of all her care, he took cold whenever he got over-

heated and had sore throat two or three times every winter and had to stay out of school. If he had a gymnasium he and that Fischer boy would tear around and get all sweaty and fall off things and break their bones. Besides, the two of them, shouting and running through the house, would be enough to drive her and cook crazy!

But the only point Lizzie made that stuck in her employer's mind was that Geoffrey had frequent colds and sore throats. The next day he took the lad to Jim Winforth for an examination.

With a sense that it would be useless to resist, the boy answered questions, let the doctor run thin metal sticks up his nose and into his ears, opened his mouth and said "A-a-a-h," peeled down his underwear while Jim listened to his heart and lungs. Last of all he stood behind a queer screen-like thing in a dark room so that the doctor could look through him.

"His tonsils ought to come out, Mr. Radford. They're at the bottom of his colds and sore throats. Otherwise he's sound as a dollar. He's small but so am I, and I've always been strong as an ox. But he's got on twice the clothes he ought to wear. Bundled up like this in our mild climate, he sweats every time he moves and that helps him catch cold easily. Get him some cotton underwear and throw away that knitted thing under his shirt and that scarf around his neck. Have him take setting-up exercises and a cold sponge bath every morning, and before summer he'll be a different boy."

"What would you think of a gymnasium in the house, doctor?"

"Excellent—if you have another boy to work with him and a man who knows his business to coach them both. You don't need to get a lot of equipment either—just a few bars and rings and a punching bag."

"Could you tell me of a trustworthy trainer?"

"Yes. I'll give you the name and address before you go. And here's a book with a series of exercises that would be good for the boy."



"Thank you, Dr. Winforth. Then I believe I'll go ahead with the gymnasium. I have plenty of room in that big house of mine."

Until then Geoffrey had not really believed his father would accept Malcolm's suggestion, but now in his surprise he drew in a deep gasping breath and choked on his own saliva. Dr. Jim thumped him on the back with a friendly fist and shook him back and forth a little.

"I suppose you realize, Mr. Radford, that there isn't one lad in a hundred who can do the things with one hand that your son can. It takes real stuff to overcome a handicap like his. You ought to be proud of the youngster."

If Jim could have watched the boy next morning he would have been astonished. Lizzie Cornwall always had the bathroom ready for Geoffrey with warm water and fresh clothes. But today as soon as he woke, the child remembered what the doctor had said about him and leaped out of bed in his bare feet and began to go through the exercises in the little book Winforth had given his father. He would not pamper himself by putting down the windows but flourished his arm and kicked his legs while his nightshirt fluttered in the wind and fog blew in upon him from the bay. To Lizzie's horror he then marched into the bathroom, emptied out the warm water she had ready, and attacked his shivering skin with cold water straight from the tap.

It was hard going at first but the boy did not falter. For the first time in his life someone had said something nice about him. Dr. Jim had said he had good stuff in him, that his father ought to be proud of him. And he meant to live up to that if it killed him. What did a cold bathroom or a shaking body amount to? He would prove to father that the doctor was right. In this new and pleasant feeling of loyalty and hero-worship Geoffrey spent the next few months. He even went so far as to say to himself that if he had still believed in God he would have prayed for Dr. Jim. There was in that devout ardor almost a sigh for his lost faith.

But although he followed Winforth's advice and built a

gymnasium in his attic and hired a trainer to coach his son and Malcolm Fischer, Daniel Radford could not rid himself of the notion that Geoffrey, being a cripple, must also be a weakling. Even though the boy now held himself erect he still seemed puny and narrow-chested to his father. And Lizzie resented the change in her charge's winter wardrobe as much as she disapproved of cold baths and exercises. At the mere hint of a tonsil operation she was moved to open revolt.

"It don't stand to reason people would have tonsils if they wasn't any use of them," she argued. "It's no wonder Master Geoffrey takes cold—a delicate boy like him, standin' there with his windows all open and the wind blowin' in off the bay, takin' them crazy exercises with just some little panties to cover his nakedness! It's enough to give him the pneumonia, that's what it is!"

But Daniel Radford noticed that the boy had a severe attack of tonsillitis that spring and so he decided to follow the rest of Dr. Winforth's advice and have the lad's tonsils removed as soon as school was out. The week Geoffrey spent in the *Anchorage* while his throat healed up marked an epoch in his life.

Since it hurt to talk or eat, he hit upon a scheme to entertain himself silently: he built up in his mind a tall handsome broad-shouldered man and invented a long continued story of which he was the hero. Edwin Paul McIlree made a conquest of the youngest and most attractive teacher in Central School, he saved from drowning a whole boatload of women and children, he rescued a trolley car full of people after it jumped the tracks on a high trestle, he had an elaborate wardrobe of morning coats and striped trousers and fancy waistcoats in which he walked the streets of Fairharbor, a target for envious eyes.

By the time he went home from the hospital Geoffrey had formed the habit of metamorphosing at will into the handsome McIlree, whose quick wit and physical prowess carried him through ordeals and adventures beyond ordinary men. Inevitably a little of his hero's self-confidence began to creep into Geoffrey's manner and the boy became less childlike.



But Lizzie Cornwall was aggrieved to feel a barrier rising between her and her charge.

"I do declare," she said to the cook one day, "I don't know what to make of Master Geoffrey. He was such a nice little boy—always talkin' about God and askin' about his mother. And here last night, when I said I hoped he hadn't forgot his prayers when he was in the hospital, he just kind of laughed and said he had something better to do than pray after he went to bed. You don't reckon he's up to anything he hadn't ought, do you? I always heard that boys are likely . . . to find out things when they get about his age."

The cook, a robust woman fifty years old with a peasant's matter-of-fact outlook, laughed at Lizzie and said it was no use trying to keep a boy nice when he once started to grow up.

"If you're askin' me, I'd say something was wrong with him if he hadn't found out anything about himself. I mind what boys was like when I was a girl, sure I do. And so do you, Lizzie Cornwall, for all you're too mealy-mouthed to say so."

When, later in the summer, Malcolm asked Geoffrey to spend a fortnight with him and his grandfather in the woods above Port Gannon, Lizzie hoped Mr. Radford would refuse to let the boy go. But the Fischers were now so definitely the wealthiest family in Fairharbor, if not in the whole state, that an invitation from them was almost a command, even to Daniel Radford. Indeed Radford had often thought how fortunate it was that Geoffrey and Malcolm were such good friends although he was puzzled to know what it was about his son that attracted the other boy. So he told Lizzie to get the lad's clothes ready and himself took the child to Port Gannon where he turned him over to Emil Fischer.

Malcolm had just had the most strenuous six weeks of his life, for his grandfather was of no mind to let the lad grow up an idler. In the old man's mind the name Fischer was synonymous with lumber, and he took it for granted that Malcolm would follow in Max's footsteps. One day the boy would be heir to a third of all the timber in western Washington and it was time he began to study the family business.

Pleased to see Max marry young, Emil had dreamed of watching a family of blonde grandsons growing up around him and his only comfort in the first sleepless nights after Max was killed was the new-born baby at the hospital. Had it not been for the child, Fischer admitted to himself, he would not have cared whether he weathered the panic of '93 or not. But with the third generation represented by Malcolm, the man had marshalled all his native shrewdness and all his resources and influence in defense of the Fischer fortune.

During those years of struggle a rift had come between him and his second son. Chris, out of the woods, was out of his element and too restless and bad-tempered to be of any use in the company offices. He drank and gambled and picked up loose women, and when rumors began to circulate about his relations with Caroline Archibald, Emil's palpable disapproval drove him away from home to live in a hotel. Even when he married Fred's young widow, Mr. Fischer thought ill of the business.

The more he distrusted Christopher the more Emil Fischer centered his plans for the future around his grandson. There might, it was true, be other children born into the family, but Malcolm was Max's son and first heir to the Fischer holdings. Proudly Emil watched the baby grow into a tall lusty lad of thirteen who had blue eyes like Max's and bright hair like Rachel's. And now that the boy was old enough to be away from his mother in the summer, Fischer meant to begin his training in the lumber business. Himself an immigrant lad, he had gone first to Michigan and then to Wisconsin and Minnesota in the days when their forests were their greatest industry, and from that time on timber had been his life. It had given him a fortune as well as political power. Legislatures and governors did what he wanted, United States senators consulted him about the withdrawal of timberland from homestead entry and the profitable exchange of arid acres in old railroad land grants for forested acres in better locations.

Now it was time Malcolm began to learn the lumber industry. It was no part of Emil's plan that the boy should be a snob; it seemed best for him to grow up and go to school in Fair-



harbor, the capital of the new timber country, and it was essential that from now on he spend most of his summers in the woods. For the first venture Fischer chose a settled camp which approached the status of a company town, sent out beds and stove from town, had the foreman put up a cabin at the edge of a clearing, and moved out with his grandson early in July.

Emil gave orders that the boy was not to be allowed in the bunkhouses, talking to the men, and that he must under no circumstances be permitted to see any of the bloody accident cases. And he himself lost no opportunity to impress upon the lad the fact that all the things he saw about him would one day be his, that these men would be working for him, that he would be an important man.

By the time Geoffrey joined them Malcolm had learned a number of things and he tried to show off a little.

"Look here, Geoff. Here's a log where you can see the difference between heartwood and sapwood. The light colored layer just inside the bark is the sapwood and the middle's the heartwood. See how much darker it is."

But while he said the words doubt invaded his mind. Maybe it was the other way round, he wasn't sure. But no matter. Geoffrey wouldn't know the difference anyhow.

"Cedar is soft and not near as strong as fir, but it lasts longer. That seems funny, don't you think? And you can tell the young hemlocks away off: their tops bend over, but the firs stand up straight no matter how slim they are."

But Geoffrey was not interested in the practical side of lumbering. He had never seen virgin forest before and the towering firs and cedars and the tangle of undergrowth and down-timber on the forest floor made a gloom that half frightened, half fascinated him. Deep in the woods there was a silence that reminded him of St. Paul's. He liked the trees, liked to look up and up until he could see the crowns of green that marked their tops, liked to put his hands on their thick rough bark and sniff the elusive odor that filled the depth of the wood. He liked to get away from Malcolm and grandfather Fischer and

slip off alone to lie flat among the trees with the side of his face pressed against the earth and his arm stretched out along the ground. Far overhead the firs towered up toward the sun, shedding their branches as they grew taller and older. The boy did not know it was this that made them have so few knots and saw into the first-grade lumber so dear to Fischer's heart. Neither did he have any idea that there would be no standing timber around the cabin if it had not been for an obdurate old settler who had a tract of land he would not sell at any price but defended again and again from Fischer logging operations with a shotgun.

Chris had cut as much as he dared off the margin of this man's holding. But since the owner had missed him very narrowly the last time he nibbled at the edge of the timber, young Fischer had been more cautious. Instead of persisting in poaching, he built a semi-permanent camp nearby and ran his spur tracks out from it into the areas he was logging.

"When I first came to this country," Emil said to the two boys as they sat outside the cabin one evening after supper, "most of the lumber came from Maine. White pine it was. Then the lumbermen moved to New York, and by the time I was ready to start for myself Michigan was the big lumber state. After a while I could see that Michigan wasn't going to last, so I moved to Wisconsin and then to Minnesota. And I kept right on moving until I got clear out here where there isn't any more west to go to."

"But won't the timber be all gone here some day too?" asked Geoffrey whose eyes were intent on the bull cook carrying bucket after bucket of water from the creek to pour on the nasturtiums he had planted around the cook shack.

"Not for a long time," replied Fischer. "Not till all of us are dead and buried."

"But there'll still be people here, won't there?" persisted Geoffrey. "And they might need timber as much as we do."

Old Emil did not answer this question as pleasantly as usual. Instead he got to his feet and remarked a little testily, "Well, the next generation will have to invent something to



take the place of wood, I guess. . . . Don't you boys want to take a walk before bedtime?"

To Geoffrey and Malcolm meal times were a delight. The loggers had an extensive vocabulary of their own and an active sense of humor. "Sand" meant sugar and "goozlum" gravy; doughnuts were "choker holes" and prunes were known as "looseners." Malcolm soon began to refer to his grandfather's team as a pair of "hayburners" and to call his cap a "louse-cage." When he went home he told Rachel it was a nuisance to have to come from school to "put on the nose-bag" at noon and talked about things that "went haywire." His mother sighed to think how little this gangling hoarse-voiced boy had in common with the baby she had once cuddled and rocked to sleep, but she took care not to let him suspect this. Malcolm would soon be thirteen and already old Emil had said he would look better in long trousers.

But in the Radford mansion there was only Lizzie Cornwall to mourn the passing of Geoffrey's childhood. The lad had come home with a tanned face and a determination stronger than ever to be like other boys. It was quite beyond Lizzie to realize how unnatural his life had been and she would have been horrified to hear the barbaric litany, composed of all the words he had learned that summer in the woods, which he recited at night while he was undressing and taking his exercises.

"Hey there, pilgrim, stop hittin' the knots!

I want to sleep.

If you don't, I'll put the caulks to you or shove a widow-maker down onto you.

Chase me the looseners and fog up the pimp-sticks!

Ski-jumper, brush cat, bohunk, and scissor bill,

All at the slave market with the punks and the squareheads and the bundle stiff!

Ain't none of it any skin off 'n my back!"

But once he got into bed he reverted to his hero, Edwin Paul McIlree, who sometimes bore a definite resemblance to Jim Winforth but was always engaged in astonishing deeds of valor which won him the admiration of all Fairharbor.

## XXXVIII

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WHEN Malcolm and Geoffrey entered high school they found themselves part of an unwieldy mob of six hundred adolescents crowded into an old grade school building poorly adapted for their use. The Fairharbor high school had grown up without planning in the 90's and the classes were always too large for the teachers to manage comfortably.

From the pages of his Greek history Geoffrey's eyes strayed toward the small woman who stood not on the low platform in the front of the room but at the head of the middle aisle not four feet away from his seat. She was thin, almost gnome-like, and any one of the big boys could have knocked her over with one hand, but she had better order in her classroom than any other teacher in high school. Her dark curly hair was drawn into a neat knot on the top of her head, her nose was aquiline, her chin prominent. Geoffrey pictured her an old lady whose chin and nose almost met when she closed her lips. At the thought he laughed a little, then looking up found her piercing black eyes upon him. Hastily he turned a page and pretended to stare intently at a map of ancient Greece. But it was no use.

"You would do well," said Miss Ballantine in a cold impersonal voice, "to pay close attention to what I am telling you. It is not covered in the first chapter of your textbook."



Geoffrey flushed and squirmed. Out of the corner of his eye he could see a line of red creeping over Malcolm's cheek across the aisle. For the remainder of the period he sat rigid and alert.

"Now," said Miss Ballantine, opening her class book just as the buzzer marked the end of the hour, "I shall assign you to the seats I wish you to occupy hereafter. Please move to them as I call your names and the numbers."

When this was over Geoffrey found himself in one back corner of the room while Malcolm was in the middle of the center aisle, too far away to keep watch over his friend.

As time went on Geoffrey's respect for Miss Ballantine increased. There were in the class two or three overgrown boys who gave the other teachers a bad time; they carried pocket mirrors with which they focussed beams of light on the faces of serious-minded girls intent on algebra problems, they chewed spitballs and threw them at star pupils who were putting diagrams on the blackboard, they had a way of falling out of their seats into the aisle that never failed to set the class in an uproar, they drew cartoons of the teachers and displayed them, they wrote and passed around notes which seemed innocent enough but which sent the boys who read them into paroxysms of snickering. But whenever Miss Ballantine entered the room, these cutups subsided and sat respectfully quiet as long as she was there.

She understood all the tricks carried into high school from the eighth grade. The very first history test they had, she walked unobtrusively up and down the aisles and paused beside a boy who was laboriously pushing a blunt-pointed pencil across his tablet. After a moment she said in a low voice, "Give me that paper you have up your sleeve, Raymond."

In vain Raymond stared at her with bewildered eyes and protested that he didn't have any paper except the tablet he was using.

"Oh, yes, you have. Give it to me, at once."

Sheepishly Raymond pulled out a long narrow strip on which he had written a list of names and dates and battles. Crumpling

it in her fingers, Miss Ballantine went back to her desk and dropped it into the waste basket.

Without lifting his head, Geoffrey looked about him. Every face in the room was bent studiously over racing pencils but he saw that everyone knew exactly what had happened. Some were hastily pushing books back into the shelves of their desks, others were wadding pieces of paper into crumpled balls and sticking them into their pockets. They all seemed to feel that it would be better to put down the wrong answer than to be caught cheating by Miss Ballantine.

Geoffrey chewed the end of his pencil. Last night he had known all about Pericles and now he could remember almost none of it except a date or two. He wondered how Malcolm was coming along. He hadn't had much time to study with all the excitement of his mother's two sisters visiting them.

Geoffrey had no relatives he knew anything about. He wondered what it would be like to have a lot of aunts and uncles and cousins. It must be nice to think that there were some people who belonged to you. Father never said anything about his family and no one ever came to visit him. But Malcolm had his mother and these aunts and aunt Martha and grandfather and grandmother Fischer, and his uncle Chris. Not that Chris was much use, he was always so cross and disagreeable.

But Mrs. Chris was beautiful, Geoffrey thought. He could remember her from the time he was a very small boy, on Sundays in St. Paul's. Slim and tall and smooth, with hair like silver when the light shone on it. It was queer how different women were. Lizzie, now, was lumpy; she stuck out in front and behind both. And Malcolm's mother—not as tall as Mrs. Chris—had red-gold hair and a skin the color of cream. But it was Caroline whom Geoffrey secretly admired; she had recently replaced the grade school teacher in Edwin Paul McIlree's career. It had taken but one evening's installment of this perennial romance to concoct a sudden tragic end for the little teacher and put the silver-haired Mrs. Chris in her place.

And yet she never acted as though she liked anybody very much. And that made it a little hard to fit her into the story,



for Edwin Paul was supposed to be madly in love with her. Geoffrey drew a long breath: it was sometimes very hard to manage his characters. But then women, all women, were funny. He had heard his father say so, and Malcolm reported that uncle Chris said the same thing.

"You have five minutes left, children. Bring your papers to a close promptly, please."

Geoffrey gasped and seized his pencil. He had the whole of the last question to answer yet, and there was Malcolm going up to turn in his test. Confound Pericles and the ancient Greeks! What had they amounted to that the twentieth century must still be pestered with them?

Automatically ruled out of high school athletics by his deformity, Geoffrey found himself handicapped in other ways also. Not only did track and basketball and football demand two hands but it was almost equally impossible for him to dance well or to play a musical instrument. In this extremity he fell back on reading more than ever.

Prowling in the attic one rainy Sunday he came upon a stack of E. P. Roe's novels concealed under an old tarpaulin where his father had ordered Lizzie to hide them. One by one Geoffrey smuggled these books down to his own room and hid them on the shelves of his closet behind his school books. They formed his introduction to romance other than that which he himself manufactured for McIlree. First of all he devoured *Barriers Burned Away* and it served to make his nights restless for a week.

Shortly after this he discovered that magazines printed love stories. Despite the standards of propriety that were still observed, the fact of sexual love stared out of these pages. But novels, Geoffrey soon decided, were more satisfactory because franker about the love of men for women. After he had finished thirty-six of Roe's books, he began to smuggle other volumes into the house and when everyone else was asleep he sat up in bed and read until sleep overpowered him. In this fashion he gulped down *Richard Carvel* and found the emotions aroused by its hero's persistent pursuit of a beautiful but perverse and

willful girl both disturbing and delicious. Then he came upon *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*; here was a tale that appealed to him—of a boy who rose in spite of handicaps to noble heights and appropriate rewards. Thereafter Edwin Paul McIlree took on a similarly lofty nature and attained a dazzling degree of unselfishness.

But Jack London's *Sea Wolf* and Beach's *The Spoilers* conveyed less covert hints of sexual relations and Geoffrey's inflammable imagination soon robbed McIlree again of some of his sentimentality.

Nor was it books alone that stirred these obscure urges in the lad. The popular songs were all concerned with the boy-meets-girl theme. And *In the Good Old Summertime*, *Tell Me, Pretty Maiden*, *Sweet Adeline*, and *I Never Knew What Love Could Do* stimulated a mind ready for new experiences into turmoil.



## XXXIX

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WHEN Chris Fischer engaged Harvey Seagram for Caroline's confinement Jim told himself that once had apparently been enough for the patient as well as the doctor. But he felt justified in passing on to his assistant certain knowledge in his possession.

"Harvey," he said one morning when the two had finished rounds at the *Anchorage*, "there's something I ought to tell you now that you're going to take care of Chris Fischer's wife. Her first husband was syphilitic. He never knew when he had his chancre but there was a typical scar and he began to show signs of spinal cord involvement when he was only about thirty-three, so he must have been infected several years before. He had reason to believe, so he told me, that he hadn't given it to his wife, but you can't be too sure about a thing like that. So you'd better be on the lookout for anything that doesn't seem quite right about her or the child."

From the beginning Seagram was nervous about the case.

"Hang it all!" he exclaimed after Christopher had called him out in the night on a false alarm. "I wish they'd get somebody else. You or your father, now . . ."

"Uh-uh. Not me. I'd run a mile to dodge an obstetrical case. And dad's served his time at that sort of thing. Besides, you mustn't be too hard on a man who's having his first baby."

"Well, by gum, he's the one that acts like he was having it, all right. Mrs. Fischer is as cool as though she'd been through it and knew just what to expect."

A smile twitched Dr. Jim's thin-lipped mouth.

"Maybe she has, for all you know, Harvey. . . . Oh well, just remember women are always queer before confinement. But if you want to be sold with Chris for life, be sure it's a boy."

"I suppose I'm stuck with the case and might as well be resigned," returned Seagram. "I only hope this kid will turn out as well as his cousin."

For a moment Dr. Jim's dark eyes, sharp and startled, stared at the younger man. Then he laughed shortly and put on his hat. "Well, I've got to run. Good luck, Harvey."

Seagram watched him down the hall, then turned back for his own hat and calling bag.

"I was a lucky beggar to get in with the Winfords," he reflected. "Jim always gives a fellow a square deal and his father is the sort Osler used to talk about—a small town doctor who can do everything in a pinch and as well or better than most city men. It's nice to see people coming in with their grandchildren for him to see."

Picking his way up First Hill to the boarding house where he slept, when the night work permitted, and kept the asthmatic motor car he had recently bought, Harvey Seagram began calculating how long it would be before he could afford to marry. There was a girl, a nurse from San Francisco, at the *Anchorage*. . . . One of these days he would speak to her. He would invite her to go for a ride out in the country where there was a lovely lane he could drive into. And he would say . . . Just what would he say? "Dorothy, will you marry me?" No, that was too abrupt, not romantic enough. "Darling, I love you"? That word "darling" always sounded so affected. "Dearest, I love you"? That would be better. "Dearest, I love you. Marry me." There! That was definite, forthright; it ought to be irresistible.

Going up the narrow walk to the boarding house entrance, Seagram could feel the gaze of a half-dozen middle-aged



women sitting on the porch. Nodding and replying briefly to the chorus of "Good evening, doctor," Harvey dashed upstairs. Confound those women! Why did they live this way, sharpening their tongues and eyes in idleness? What kind of life was that?

While he washed up for dinner and changed his collar, young Seagram wondered why Dr. Jim had never married. Women must have been crazy about him; even now, with the gray sprinkled through his hair, many of his feminine patients looked at him thoughtfully. And the man lived alone, in a flat, and spent most of his spare time with that other confirmed bachelor, Edmund Blackburn, in the *Bugle* office or the Damifino or the Samson and Delilah—not drinking much, either of them, but just fiddling with a gin fizz or a whiskey sour. Jim was no respecter of persons; he had been known to speak to old Mr. Ramsden familiarly as "H.T."; he argued amiably with Emil Fischer about the lumber business and ended up by telling the old man he was a thief and a robber; he was hand-in-glove with Boss Erskine, called him "Honest John" to his face and laughed at him and told him he was a dirty bum.

For his part, Seagram decided, he would like to shake some sense into the other Mrs. Fischer—the one who was a widow—and marry her to Dr. Jim. That would be a real match. Mrs. Fischer didn't look the thirty-five years gossip credited her with, she was still a beautiful woman. And Jim Winforth was attractive, even handsome, in his way. Fairharbor hostesses were still flattered when they could get him for a dance or a dinner party. Harvey regarded this prospective match for his chief with almost as much fervor as his own romance.

But that night, at two o'clock, all romance forgotten, he was imploring Mrs. Chris Fischer to go to the hospital. Having discovered that the presentation was abnormal, he pleaded with her only to find her obdurate in refusal. Then he told her husband and father-in-law that it was their duty to do the wise thing even against her wishes. Once he understood that there was danger to the child, Chris consented.

"Go ahead. Get the ambulance, the sooner the better. Let's get this thing over with."

And so, in those intervals when she was capable of recognizing anything except pain, Caroline found herself an unwilling patient in the *Anchorage*. In a period of comparative comfort following a hypo, she asked for Seagram.

"Doctor," she said hurriedly, "if you need help, promise me you'll get old Dr. Winforth. I couldn't bear to have anyone else."

Accordingly, at five o'clock, James Anthony was called out of bed. He found Harvey Seagram worried and Chris sitting on a chair in the corner of Caroline's room, obviously suspicious and belligerent.

"This fellow is rattled and I'm staying right here where I can see what's going on. I never did have any use for doctors. Always ordering people around and putting things over on them. This is my baby just as much as it's hers, and I've got something to say about what's to be done."

Into James Anthony's friendly brown eyes came a flicker of light.

"I know a good deal about obstetrics, Chris, and about you. As your wife's physician, I ask you to go downstairs and sit in the waiting room. We are going to move Caroline into another room where we can examine her more thoroughly, and you can't go in there."

"Why not? By God, I will. Don't you be telling me what to do, old man!"

Emil Fischer, who had come upstairs with James Anthony, laid a restraining hand on his son's arm.

"Now, now, Christopher. Don't act like that!"

"Take your hand off me and leave me alone! I'll do as I please. This old fossil can't order me around!"

Emil looked helplessly at Dr. Winforth. "He's been drinking. I'm afraid I can't do much with him."

Again James Anthony approached Chris placatingly.

"Listen to me. You've known me all your life and you know



I won't do anything I don't think best for Caroline. Go along downstairs with your father. I'll send you word, I won't do anything you don't know about. And if things go wrong, I can have you up here in two minutes."

But Christopher, angry and bull-headed, muttered that he was going to stay with his wife.

"You can't!" said James Anthony.

"Who's going to stop me?" snarled young Fischer.

"I am," replied Dr. Winforth, his face suddenly flushed with anger. "Is your patient ready, Harvey?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then put her on that cart and send her to the delivery room. I'll be there in a minute."

James Anthony stepped back, the door opened, and a nurse pushed out the wheeled stretcher on which lay Caroline, half-drugged and white-faced.

"Now hand me that iron tubing, Harvey. Thanks."

Winforth raised the tubing and hit Christopher over the head with it. "Sorry," he said to the astounded Emil. "But it had to be done. I didn't hit him hard enough to do any damage."

Wherewith James Anthony walked off, leaving old Mr. Fischer to contemplate his son's face on the floor.

When Dr. Jim arrived at the *Anchorage* for his morning rounds, it was all over. James Anthony and Harvey Seagram had gone, Emil Fischer also had gone, and Chris with a bandage around his head stood looking into the nursery at the red-visaged infant he had been told was his son. He stood with his hands in his pockets, grinning. Jim knew he was thinking that Malcolm was no longer the only Fischer grandson, and that there would be more to follow—more boys to grow up into wide-shouldered, hard-fighting men of the woods.

"Congratulations, Chris! They tell me it's a boy. How's Caroline?"

"Caroline?" Fischer turned and looked down at Jim. "Why, she's all right, I guess. Why shouldn't she be?"

Jim laughed, realizing that Chris had not thought to inquire after his wife. "Which one is it? . . . The third from the end?"

Well, he looks a little parboiled now, but cheer up. He'll bleach out. . . . Oh, just one thing, Chris. Why don't you have the next one? Then you'll know what it's like."

Walking away Jim was conscious of a little giddiness. Fourteen years ago another Fischer had been born. At the memory, the muscles in his thighs twitched and quivered. By God, that had been a night!

Beside a window in the hall he stopped. There was that mountain ash. He couldn't think when it had had so many berries or such bright ones. Max and Rachel. And then Malcolm. And now Chris and Caroline and that baby in the basket third from the end. Jim shook himself and went on with heavy brooding eyes.

About eleven o'clock Deborah called the office to say that James Anthony had gone to bed and would not be downtown until later in the day.

"He is very tired," she explained. "It seems strange that with two young men in the practice it is still necessary to call my husband in the night for confinement cases."

At noon, as she recalled later, Deborah glanced in at the doctor who was snoring loudly, warned Ah Sing not to disturb him, and went out to have lunch with Mrs. Bain who was very excited over her first grandson.

"He looks just like Caroline did when she was born. Not red like most new babies. Just a nice bright pink."

But there was something Cora found very odd: Caroline had refused to look at the baby. No one—"not even Mrs. Fischer or Christopher or I"—could persuade her. "These modern girls," sighed Mrs. Bain. "I don't understand them."

Mrs. Winforth refrained from saying that in her opinion Caroline could hardly be called a girl any longer and had all her life been a spoiled child. Such restraint was essential if these pleasant gossiping afternoons with Cora were to go on, for once Mrs. Bain conceived a dislike for anyone she never forgot it.

About the middle of the afternoon the head nurse at the hospital telephoned Dr. Seagram that Caroline refused to have the baby put to the breast, and he in turn called the Winforth



residence to ask James Anthony's advice about a wet-nurse. Ah Sing reported that the doctor was still asleep and did not answer when spoken to.

Five minutes later Dr. Jim and Harvey Seagram rushed into the house to find Ah Sing waiting for them in the hall.

"Mistah doctah breathe funny. His mouth going in and out," the Chinese said.

Beside James Anthony's bed his son and his assistant stopped aghast. The frail thin face, now flushed and purplish, lay with loosely fluttering lips and one cheek blowing limply in and out. The breathing was stertorous and slow, and sometimes it almost ceased. Seagram picked up one arm; it fell back flaccid and palsied and lay where it had fallen. Then the young man turned back an eyelid and Jim saw the black dilated pupil.

"Cerebral hemorrhage," he said slowly.

"Somewhere around the lenticular nucleus and the internal capsule," added Seagram.

Jim looked around blankly. "Where's mother?" he asked.

"I think Mrs. Bain's. She going there often," said Ah Sing from his station at the door. "I send for her now?"

"What's the use?" Jim shrugged his shoulders. "The only time in thirty years she might have been of some use, and she's . . ."

"Don't you think we ought to move him to the *Anchorage*?" asked young Dr. Seagram anxiously.

"Of course. Ah Sing, call the hospital and tell them to send the ambulance at once."

Jim searched out a clean nightshirt and socks to replace the ones his father wore and the two younger men between them changed his clothes. Jim had not realized before how thin James Anthony was, and he told himself bitterly that he had neglected their old association since he had moved to his own flat. When the ambulance came he refused help and carried the unconscious man downstairs in his arms.

Quiet, clear-headed, he superintended the arrangement of the room at the *Anchorage*, took James Anthony's blood pressure, and ordered the head of the bed elevated.

"No indication for bleeding now, do you think, Harvey?" he asked Seagram. "But we must watch out for rising pressure, and not be caught napping. I'll stay here a while with him but you'd better go on back to the office. We can't leave all those people down there waiting, and there's nothing two of us can do here. I think I'll wire Kinney in Portland, ask him to come up on the night train. Dad always liked him. . . . And, Harvey, you go ahead with the Fischer case, use your best judgment. I don't want to get mixed up in it."

When James Anthony left the hospital three months later, his left side was still partially paralyzed and he still had difficulty with his speech. But he refused to go to a health resort or a hot springs. "I won't be laid up long now and I'd rather be at home. I could use your old room, Jim, at the back of the house where I could watch the ships coming into the harbor. It wouldn't be much of a job to move me up there."

At first Deborah protested. "If I have to get up in the night to look after him, it would be more convenient to have him in his own room where he's always been."

But at this her son drew himself up very straight and looked into her dark-lashed hazel eyes. At sixty-two she was an imposing figure still; her iron gray hair was elaborately arranged high on her head and her collar concealed whatever flabbiness her neck might otherwise have shown. She was, Jim realized as he watched her, much better looking than either Margery or he would ever be, but he kept his harsh direct gaze fastened upon her face. Deborah could feel its disrespect.

"Of course I want to do whatever will be best for your father. You understand that."

"Certainly I understand. But don't you think it's too bad you didn't begin a little sooner?"

Deborah started and made as though to speak.

"Now, mother, don't swell up like a toad. It's no use. Do you think I don't know what you're like? Or that Margery doesn't know? Or that I don't know what you've done to my father? He was old at fifty; he's senile now, at sixty-five. Because you've kept his nose to the grindstone year after year. So you



could have money to make a career for Margery, and build a swell house and horn your way into the 'dog salmon aristocracy.' Well, you've succeeded. You've got the house and three servants, you can lie in bed as long as you like in the mornings, you belong to the Woman's Club and you hobnob with the plutocracy. And your daughter lives abroad and has no intention of visiting home as long as you're alive. I'm an old bachelor trying to act like the hell of a fellow, and father is helpless. Nice record, that!"

Feet apart, Jim had been standing with his hands in his jacket pockets and his eyes bright and angry, but now he turned away. "I didn't mean to say all that, mother. It's no use for the kettle to call the pot black. You've spoiled my father's life and ruined your own, but I'm responsible for making a mess out of mine." The slight straight figure silhouetted against the slanting silver of the rain outside the window raised one arm and took hold of the red velvet drapery beside him; it was a gesture of helplessness.

But Jim's old room was made ready for James Anthony. The walls were repapered in a cheery yellow, the woodwork painted cream, book shelves were put up and a table mounted on wheels so it could easily be rolled up to the bed. The bed itself was set up in front of one window and a deep easy chair whose angle could be regulated by a button in the arm was put in the other window overlooking the bay.

Here Jim and the male nurse he had found carried James Anthony and here Jim came each evening unless detained by emergencies to talk and tell jokes and report the state of the practice, the city, and the nation. For his part the paralyzed man lay watching the snow-clad Mt. Sehoma and the busy harbor below the bluff. Before long it became apparent that he would not be able to walk again; contractures developed in the paralyzed leg, the left hand remained clumsy, and there was a persistent impediment in speech. But his mind was alert and clear, and now that he had leisure he set about catching up the arrears in his reading.

He discovered Kipling and spent hours with *Plain Tales*

from the Hills and Soldiers Three; he chuckled over *David Harum*, he devoured *The House of Mirth*, *The Clansman*, *The Prodigal Son*, *The Call of the Wild*, *The Garden of Allah* with enthusiasm. But he read with equal interest the *Shame of the Cities* and the *History of the Standard Oil Company*. And his sense of humor had by no means deserted him. When Gorky, the Russian novelist, was attacked because the woman with whom he had lived openly for many years accompanied him on a trip to the United States, James Anthony smiled crookedly and said, "I could tell some things if I wanted to, and not about Russians either."

When the Pure Food law was passed he said to Jim, "Whatever got into Congress, do you suppose, to do that? What will become of all the rotten apples now that they can't be made into jam? I read a jingle the other day about Mary's little lamb. Do you know it? 'And when she saw it sicken, She shipped it off to Packingtown, And now it's labelled chicken.'"

Jim came eventually to know that Deborah regretted that the attack in the autumn had not killed her husband, and this realization was the more ironic because, as Jim soon learned, James Anthony shared it. But the two men never discussed this matter; only now and then one pair of brown eyes would follow Mrs. Winforth from the room and then go back to the other pair with glimmering appreciation of the grim joke fate had played the woman.



## XL

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1906 was an exciting year. The Roosevelt-Longworth marriage set the country by the ears, the President was awarded the Nobel prize for peace, Harry Thaw killed Stanford White, Joe Gans fought forty-two rounds with Battling Nelson and won—to Malcolm's disgust—on a foul, race riots in Atlanta saw twenty negroes killed for having dark complexions, the United States won the Olympic Games at Athens, and San Francisco woke up one April morning to find itself being shaken apart by an earthquake that preceded a fire which devoured all the earthquake had shaken down and more.

Two important things happened to Geoffrey Radford this year. He read *The Jungle* and found the muckrakers in full swing in the pages of *McClure's*, *Everybody's* and the *American*, and he became business manager of the high school paper. Barred from athletics and socially handicapped by his deformity, he acquired a taste for Steffens' articles exposing city government and started plodding up and down the avenue beseeching Fairharbor merchants to spend money for advertising space in the *Whirlpool*. In time he came to talk glibly enough to persuade many businessmen that advertisements in a high school paper would bring results and by dint of dogged persistence brought in so much revenue that his teach-

ers began to say to each other that the Radford boy might have a future after all.

Miss Ballantine was characteristically level-headed. "Geoffrey likes this because it is the first thing outside schoolwork he's ever found that he can do as well as other boys. It's good for him. Especially when he goes around so much with Malcolm Fischer who is so much larger and stronger than he is."

She neither told her associates nor admitted to herself that she felt a deep personal interest in the pale-faced, black-haired lad with the empty coat sleeve. For reasons of her own she had never married and she had, consequently, a fund of affection which she found, more or less to her own discomfiture, going out toward the crippled boy who trudged stubbornly up and down the streets after school and on Saturdays soliciting ads for the *Whirlpool* while other boys of his age were playing ball or learning to smoke and tell smutty stories. But, as she was shrewd enough to suspect, Geoffrey was not as innocent as he looked.

Both he and Malcolm were approaching the age when their childish indifference to girls was breaking down. Malcolm was even inclined to boast a little in private of the ease with which he spooned with certain girls of their acquaintance, but this did not impress Geoffrey who had read so many romantic novels.

"Bah!" he would exclaim. "All you do is spoon and what good is that?"

Every night, before he went to sleep, Geoffrey worked up a fresh installment of the adventures of Edwin Paul McIlree, and now these adventures were more and more tinged with the love of women. His hero still rescued the downtrodden from their oppressors, but love affairs kept creeping into his career. Long ago the bare facts he had been able to glean from observation through a knothole in the partition between the boys' basement and the girls' at Central School, from physiology textbooks and certain "doctor books" he found among Lizzie's belongings, had ceased to satisfy Geoffrey's ripening instincts.



About this time Malcolm laid hands on a small paper-bound book entitled *The Honeymoon*, and after gulping it himself loaned it to his chum. This book, one of a series clandestinely circulated, contained not only a complete description of anatomy but also a detailed account of sex related in a coarse, exciting fashion. Itching with impatience and quivering with fear of discovery, Geoffrey sat up in bed and read it from cover to cover without a stop. Afterward he became obsessed with sex but concealed the depth of his preoccupation from Malcolm for fear of ridicule. Instead he fell to concocting more amorous episodes for the McIlree saga and watching the girls at school, wondering what they would look like with their clothes off. Painfully aware of his physical shortcomings, he floundered awkwardly at high school parties and felt himself forever set apart from boys who were sure of themselves and at ease in feminine company.

In his class there was a girl whose interest in sex was franker than that of the other girls. He did not think her pretty but there was something about her wide gray eyes and curly brown hair that called out to him whenever he went near her. There were rumors that she permitted familiarities to young males who took her home from parties and it was even said that she once eluded espionage and spent the night with a fellow on a visiting basketball team. Emboldened by these tales Geoffrey asked to walk home with her from a student body social. To his considerable surprise, Myrtle, who had just quarrelled with the senior who was her temporary flame, consented.

They set out in company with two other young couples, but these pairs soon turned off toward the girls' homes and Myrtle and Geoffrey were left alone. They walked on slowly, arms touching, up First Hill. Geoffrey had no idea that his father's fortune had compensation for his personal deficiencies and so he was not suspicious when the girl took his arm and talked coyly, praising his work on the *Whirlpool* and telling him he ought to go in for debating.

"You talk better than anybody else in school. Why, the

other day when there was that argument about the price of the paper, you convinced everyone in no time."

Praise was still so new to Geoffrey that he blushed furiously. But the pressure of the girl's hand excited him and he drew her a little closer to him until her hip touched his. The contact brought with it the same sensation he got from the love scenes in a novel, and he felt bolder. He began to toy with the idea of kissing her as the stalwart young men in magazine stories kissed their girls.

It seemed to him that Myrtle must know how he felt for she laughed softly and walked more and more slowly as they came to a row of maples where the darkness was scarcely touched by the flickering arc lamp at the corner. Suddenly the girl turned her ankle and clutched at him to save herself from falling. The odor of the perfume she wore came to his nostrils and he tightened his arm around her. Her body relaxed, her lips opened; he put his face down and kissed her. Her mouth softened, trembled against his. He pressed his face down harder and raised a fumbling uncertain hand to her breast.

He needed no instructions now: Myrtle's body was warm and importunate, she wanted him as he wanted her. There was only their clothing between them. His fingers found the opening in her coat, in her dress, crept down over the round firm breasts, found the tiny stiffening nipples.

But the instant his fingertips touched them, Myrtle tore her lips away and threw herself backward from his grasp. Then she slapped him across the face.

"You nasty thing!" she whispered fiercely. "You nasty thing! What do you mean? I . . . I hate you!"

"But you wanted to!" cried Geoffrey. "You started it."

"I did not!" retorted Myrtle. "I never thought of such a thing!"

"You kissed me."

"I never! I nearly fell down and you grabbed me. You're a nasty, evil-minded boy and I have a notion to tell my father and mother on you."

Terrified at this threat and astonished, Geoffrey watched her



button her coat tightly around her neck. Then, goaded beyond submission, he repeated stubbornly, "You did too kiss me."

"Well, suppose I did. I was just being nice to you for bringing me home. And you were nasty!"

"I wasn't!"

"Well, you were going to be. You . . . touched me. You know you did."

Completely bewildered, Geoffrey did not try to remind her that she had flung herself against him and pressed her open mouth against his until he felt her teeth. Meekly he followed her the half-block until she turned into her own yard. At the foot of the steps she paused and waited for him to approach. Then she spoke in a clear, cheerful voice.

"Goodnight, Geoff. Thank you so much for bringing me home. I've had a lovely time, talking to you. Don't forget what I said about your debating. You'd be a whiz at it, I know. Good-night."

He stood staring while she ran up the steps and let herself in. He could not see her smile, he did not know that the window over the porch was partly open. But he lived the next few days in terror lest she should have carried out her threat to tell her father and mother, and for a month he did not go to sleep without wondering what he could do if Myrtle's father should suddenly confront him to avenge his daughter's honor. It took him a long time to realize that Myrtle had planned the whole episode herself, but once he got that straight in his mind he plunged into activities that had nothing to do with girls.

For years he and Malcolm had spent their Saturdays together, this was so taken for granted that there was no questioning when either of them started for the other's house. Now the boys realized that they could simply tell Lizzie about the middle of the forenoon that they were going over to Malcolm's and thereafter be free of surveillance until dinner time. Geoffrey would salve his conscience by calling on a few merchants first to solicit advertising for the high school paper, and then they would go about their more important affairs.

Stories passed from one boy to another in school who had

been down on Lava Flats and "gone the limit" there, and on the lower avenue there were women with pink cheeks and shapely busts and rustling skirts who smiled enticingly at men. But their youth was too obvious a handicap for Geoffrey and Malcolm on Lava Flats and in the saloons, although it did not keep them off the skidroad. This part of town had changed but little since Jim Winforth's boyhood. There were the same cheap lunch counters—now more often than not run by Japs whose black-eyed children were everywhere underfoot—the same saloons, the same employment offices. In and out of these places poured the same stream of tall loggers in faded overalls cut off in a frayed edge above their shoetops, their bulging lower lips filled with "snoose." On the corners soap box orators talked socialism and "one big union," and the two boys hung around the margins of the groups surrounding these men, fascinated by a language they had never heard before. The speech-makers referred to themselves as "Wobblies" and called people who disagreed with them "quarter-wise scissor bills."

Geoffrey was both repelled and attracted by these men, and the things they said.

"Workers and employers have nothing in common. There can be no peace between them as long as hunger and want stalk the workingman, and the few have all the good things of life. The workers must unite, the workers of the whole world. Gompers and his silly boycotts won't get us anywhere. The bosses get out injunctions and then where are you? We can't get what we're after without using our fists, not the way things are. Our fists! And maybe that won't be enough."

Such hints at violence appealed in a queer way to Geoffrey. Condemned by his deformity to strategy as a means of defense, he had in him a streak of unsuspected brutality. He liked to read about fights, he liked to watch them from a safe distance, he enjoyed the smack of fists on flesh. Now he found that he liked the pictures conjured up in his mind by these orators; he sensed violence in them. The old vision of wartime came back; once more he saw himself leading men to battle. He was in the front rank, calling them to follow him, racing before them. To



be sure he was a little vague about the enemy. Employers meant nothing to him; he thought he would like to fight the politicians the muckrakers wrote about. But he had never heard of an armed attack on these bosses and ward-heelers. The whole matter of the adversary remained nebulous.

But something made him feel that he belonged with the men he saw on the skidroad. He was not like other kids: he had been pursued by cries of "Living Skeleton" on the playground, he could not drive horses or play football or baseball or basketball, people either laughed at him or were patronizing when he wanted to do things like other boys. He hadn't had a square deal and neither had the workers. So he felt kinship with them.

One Saturday afternoon he and Malcolm came upon a different sort of soapboxer than they had seen before. This man was tall and big-boned, and he had but one eye—a large dark bright eye that seemed to challenge all he saw. He thrust out his lower jaw and talked as though he wanted trouble. The day was to come when this man would be branded criminal, anarchist, a seducer of women, a murderer, when he would be tried for his life, but Geoffrey always remembered the big red-cheeked face full of physical vitality and the big booming voice that rolled out over the heads of his poorly dressed listeners.

"Proletarians, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains, and a world to gain!"

At the words waves of gooseflesh followed each other down Geoffrey's back. He pushed forward that he might see and hear this man better.

"Between the workers of the world and the employers the struggle must go on until we organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system. Labor unions won't do this: they still think they have some interests in common with the bosses, they still talk about the co-operation of labor and capital. There are no such common interests, there can be no such co-operation. What have I in common with that old timber thief, Emil Fischer? And how can you co-operate with a relentless driver of men

like Daniel Radford? Look at it that way, close up, and you'll see how foolish it is to listen to such talk.

"They call old Fischer an 'Empire Builder,' they call Radford a 'Captain of Industry.' But I call them both thieves and enemies, I work for their destruction and for the destruction of every other capitalist who battens on the fruits of other men's toil!"

Guiltily, as though their names had been labelled on their backs, Geoffrey and Malcolm slunk away. Grandfather Fischer an "Empire Builder"! A thief, an enemy to be destroyed! It was incredible. He was such an ordinary looking, little old man, quiet, friendly, short and round-shouldered, always dressed in gray, always ready to tell stories of the old days in Wisconsin and Minnesota. Nothing less like a wicked ogre ever was! It would be easy to understand why the soapboxer would hate Chris. He was big and red-faced and cranky, and he drove the men in the camps harder than grandfather Fischer liked; Chris didn't like anybody, he looked out for himself first. Probably he was a thief, just as the man had said.

And, much as he feared his father, Geoffrey had never thought of him as a "Captain of Industry." He worked like everything but surely he didn't steal. He was always so particular about the bills and not running accounts, he always put money in the plate at church and paid the cook and Lizzie on the first day of the month. From the muckrakers Geoffrey had got the idea that business was cleaner than politics, that it was the bosses that must be wiped out. And here this man talked about his own father and Malcolm's grandfather being thieves and enemies of the workers.

"It's not so!" Malcolm stopped and looked at the smaller boy. "It can't be so! Not my grandfather. Maybe uncle Chris, but not grandfather. That man oughtn't to say such things. He's a liar, that's what he is! And he ought to be run out of town!"

Geoffrey, groping in his own uncertainty, had a sudden thought.



"Why don't you ask your grandfather? He wouldn't mind."

It was on Malcolm's tongue to tell Geoffrey to ask his own father, but the recollection of Daniel Radford's hard eyes and wide, set mouth forbade.

"All right, I will. The very first chance I get, alone with him."

## XLI

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"How rich are you?" asked Malcolm the next Sunday as he walked home from church behind his mother and grandmother with old Emil.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the old lumberman. "I haven't an idea. I'd have to ask the bank to figure it up for me. But why do you want to know?"

The boy squirmed a little at this question; he could hardly tell his grandfather that the soapboxers called him a timber thief. "Oh, I don't know. I just wondered. Somebody at school said you were a millionaire and that made me think of it."

"Well, I'm a millionaire. But that's nothing. There are a lot of millionaires in this country."

"Is Geoffrey's father one too?"

"Oh, yes. Daniel Radford must be worth five or six million anyway." Emil smiled at the gangling, freckle-faced lad. This was the first time he had shown any interest in money; perhaps he was beginning to awake to his position and responsibility as a Fischer.

"Gosh! I never thought about you and Mr. Radford being that rich."

A glow of self-satisfaction spread over the pleasant round face of the old lumberman.



"Neither of us cares to splurge. I live comfortably but not lavishly, I've always worked hard and just as long hours as any man in our offices. It's bad business for rich people to make a display of themselves; it makes workingmen envious."

"But wouldn't anybody feel like that if he had to work hard all the time and only got enough to live on? Maybe if everybody had as much money as you, there wouldn't be enough to go around."

"There are plenty of poeple who'd like to get everything I've got away from me," said Fischer a little grimly. "The Socialists and Bryan and the labor unions and that addle-pated Debs! Why, somebody told me the other day that the *Appeal to Reason* has a circulation of half a million. Think of it! A rag like that! That's why you must learn to manage investments as well as run the business; if you don't, these people will get away from you what I leave you, the fortune I've made by hard work and careful planning. That's why I took you out to the woods last summer, why I want you to spend your vacations in the camps and mills, learning the business. One of these days I'll be gone, Malcolm, and then there'll be only you and Chris to carry on the company."

Malcolm had never heard his grandfather speak so fervently before, it seemed as though he were almost crying. Embarrassed, the boy looked down at the cracks in the sidewalk and made an elaborate by-play of scuffing his feet carelessly.

"There's Charles Emil," he said at last in carefully simulated unconcern.

"He's only a baby," answered the old man. "It will be 1930 before he's fit to do anything much, and that's a long way off. No . . ." Emil stopped and poked his cane at the weeds growing up between the boards at his feet. "It's you I'm depending on. If your father had lived, things would have been different. But ever since you were born, I've been planning your education and how to fit you into the business. Your uncle never cared for school and I've learned all I know knocking around the world, but you'll have to take your father's place. Carry on when I'm gone."

A vague apprehension seized the boy. "But uncle Chris won't like . . .," he began.

"You do as I say, Malcolm." Old Emil shook his head. "I know what's best. I built the company and it mustn't go to pieces after I'm gone. You must listen to me. And so must Chris. There's plenty of room in the business for both of you, and all the other Fischer men that may come along one day."

No more thoughtful than most boys of fifteen, Malcolm had thus far given little consideration to either his own future or the family industry. Life as it was was too engrossing, with basketball and football and baseball and picnics and swimming and school parties. But this Sunday afternoon the memory of his grandfather's earnest voice and serious gray eyes haunted the lad and he went up to his own room after dinner and stood at the window looking down over the harbor.

Below, on the tideflats, he could see the huge Fischer saw-mill and beyond it the shipyard. They sprawled arrogantly beside the waterway, proud of their size, sure of the future, silently boasting of the vessels they loaded with lumber for South America and Europe and those they built for the Alaska trade. Often, when orders piled up, the mill ran double shift and Sundays, but today the great saws stood idle and the whining of rent logs was stilled. From the waste burners rose only thin clouds of smoke.

Almost imperceptibly discontent raised its head. Malcolm found himself resenting his grandfather's plan for him. There had been times when he watched the great hoists swinging lumber into the holds of steamers along the wharves, when he listened to the high-pitched scream of saws ripping logs end to end, and felt a stirring of his blood at these sights and sounds. But today there was no romance about the mill or the shipyard. They gave work to millhands and carpenters and loggers and a small army of sailors and longshoremen, but they were familiar and commonplace and drab.

Restless and disturbed, the boy went downstairs to look for his mother. Aunt Martha who was sitting by the front windows raised her head from her book long enough to say that Rachel



had gone to call on Caroline and Christopher. "Although I don't see why she should. That woman has always been jealous and always will be."

Snorting at this, Malcolm got his cap and went out. Why should aunt Caroline be jealous of his mother? Aunt Martha was a little touched in the head, and no wonder. She sat around all the time reading books that made her cry, silly books about men and women in love. She ought to get out more and forget about uncle Francis. Of course he wasn't supposed to know about uncle but the story had long been common property in town and the maid had told him all about it. Malcolm smiled a little. What did people take a fellow for? A baby, when he was nearly fifteen?

Feeling very grown-up, the boy stood on the corner considering whether to go after Geoffrey. Mr. Radford was usually home on Sunday afternoon but he could hardly refuse to let his son go for a walk on a day like this, and at worst he could only say "No" in that close-clipped funny voice of his. Somehow the new knowledge of his grandfather's wealth had made Malcolm surer of himself, and so he invaded the Radford mansion and felt no surprise when Geoffrey's father said sourly but distinctly, "Clear out, both of you! Your room is preferable to your noise."

Neither lad knew that after his midday dinner Daniel Radford had gone up to the attic to look for some old records and had come upon an enlarged crayon portrait of his wife done the year of their marriage. He had stayed upstairs a long time and when he came down at last and found Geoffrey sitting in the parlor with a book he was suddenly struck with the boy's growing resemblance to his mother. The thick black hair, the pale skin, the wide eyes were Anne over again, as she had been when he married her. Then the old resentment that his son was deformed flamed up again and Radford was glad to get him out of the house for a while.

On Harbor Avenue, parallel with Pacific but farther uphill, the two boys encountered Edmund Blackburn prowling about looking at a half-demolished building.

"Hello, young fellows. How are you today? And what do you think of the new location for the *Bugle*? We're going to have this whole corner clear back to the alley and up to Waldron's jewelry store. Six stories and a basement, new presses, everything for a bang-up paper. Everything, that is, but an . . ."

"But what, Mr. Blackburn?" asked Malcolm when the man did not finish his sentence.

Ed Blackburn looked at the red brick wall in front of him, thrust his hands deep into his pockets thus displaying a black-and-white checked waistcoat and a handsome black fob. He teetered back and forth on his heels and toes, apparently forgetting the boys. Then suddenly he took his hands out of his pockets and said, "Everything but an editor."

It seemed to Malcolm that the yellow flecks in the man's eyes danced with malice, but what he had just said didn't make sense. Hadn't Mr. Blackburn been the editor of the *Bugle* for years and years, and wasn't he considered to be a very brilliant man and a great catch although a little flighty at times? The lads glanced at each other as if to say that old people sometimes said things as foolish as any high school kid.

Blackburn buttoned up his jacket and cleared his throat.

"Let the past bury its dead. What would you young men think of having dinner with me at the Fairharbor? It would be a pleasant change from my usual solitary splendor."

Once more the boys glanced at each other. This was more like it, and neither of them had ever eaten in the famous, stone-walled grill.

"Sure," said Malcolm eagerly. "I mean we'd be glad to, Mr. Blackburn."

The Fairharbor Hotel was still smart. Its excellent design, its spacious well planned lobby, its sophisticated restaurants were just as they had been in the days of the big boom. With the air of an habitué Ed Blackburn led the way into the grill and took his favorite table. The lighting was pleasantly soft, a small orchestra was tuning up around the piano behind the potted palms, colored waiters padded deliberately about on



rubber-soled shoes. Blackburn leaned back in his chair with a sigh of satisfaction and smiled at his young guests who were trying very hard to appear matter-of-fact while they stared covertly at the inscriptions chiselled on the rough stone walls.

"The regular table d'hôte dinner is good on Sundays. Would you like that? Or would you rather order à la carte? Whatever you say. And how about wine?"

Malcolm and Geoffrey blushed and murmured in chorus, "Anything you like 'll be all right for us, Mr. Blackburn."

The editor laughed. "I'm not so sure about that. But I'll do my best."

The music the orchestra played during the dinner hour was far from classical but it pleased Fairharbor diners and cast a glow of gently sentimental melancholy over the company in the grill. Geoffrey who had an ear for melody recognized selections from Victor Herbert and *Mlle. Modiste* and *Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses*. And over his roast beef Blackburn waxed reminiscent.

"We used to have some swell parties down here in the old days. Back in boom time. Dances twice a week, and only tail coats allowed on Saturday nights. A fellow in the sort of clothes the young bucks around town wear now would never have got inside the door. We all wore stiff shirts and collars that touched our ears, and sweat bucketfuls in our heavy black dress suits. Maybe that was why we got so evil-tempered. Somebody was always fighting in the bar. I remember when Jim Winforth . . ."

Blackburn stopped abruptly. It would not do to tell how Jim had once thrashed Fred Archibald when Malcolm's uncle Chris had married his widow. But the two boys were leaning forward, all ears.

"What about Dr. Winforth?" asked Geoffrey.

"Oh . . . he knocked down a fellow who was much larger than he was for making dirty cracks about a girl. Knocked him cold and walked off and left him stretched out on the floor of the bar-room, listening to the birdies."

To Blackburn's surprise Geoffrey's eyes shone with excite-

ment while Malcolm seemed little impressed by this anecdote.

"Yes, we had gay times here, fifteen, sixteen years ago. Why, I can remember how Diamond Mary would send up some girls and we'd . . ."

Once more Blackburn stopped suddenly. He ran a hand through his shock of graying reddish hair and laughed. There was nothing, it seemed, that he knew that was fit to tell these youngsters. Hadn't he ever gone anywhere or done anything that was decent? Certainly he had better omit any description of what Diamond Mary's girls did at the stag parties.

"Mr. Blackburn, didn't your hair use to be red?"

"Red? Say, it was worse than Malcolm's. Brick-top, carrot-colored, pink, everything hair has no business to be!"

"It's just like Malcolm's," repeated Geoffrey. "I've noticed it before."

Blackburn looked across the table. "Have you got a double crown?"

Malcolm nodded; the editor held out a hand in mock condolence.

"My sympathy. You're in for a struggle. By the time you get your warlock tamed you'll be fifty years old too."

With the main course despatched, Blackburn relapsed once more into reminiscence.

"I remember the New Year's celebration the year of the panic. There was a big dance first and then they served a buffet supper in here—if you could call such a spread supper. There was an enormous bowl of eggnog and plenty of sherry and whiskey and liqueurs. They sent out six hundred invitations here in town and I swear I believe everybody who got one came and brought someone with him."

"What did they have to eat?" asked Malcolm, to whom food was always of interest.

"Oh, nothing much. Just boned turkey and truffled quail and oysters and game patties and lobster and tongue and ham and chicken salad and a roast pig with an apple in his mouth and celery and olives and coffee and a few other things I can't remember now. We used to eat in those days!"



"And you were here? And mother and grandfather Fischer and grandmother?"

"I was here and Chris and your aunt Caroline. But the others weren't. They were in mourning for your father."

"I guess you had to go most everywhere to write things up for the *Bugle*, didn't you?"

Blackburn laughed. "Well, I went everywhere and usually I wrote something, though it wasn't always the exact truth."

"You know," said Malcolm suddenly, "I'd a lot rather be a newspaperman than work in grandfather's old company."

"My God, boy, don't compare a newspaper to the Fischer company. Why, there isn't a paper in the United States with half the coin or half the power that company has. Most kids would give their eye teeth to get into such an outfit, and here you talk about newspapers in the same breath."

"I don't care," retorted Malcolm with an obstinacy that showed in the set of his mouth. "I'd like it better and that's the main thing."

"The main thing is to make a living," answered Blackburn acidly. "That is, for most of us. And ye gods, the things we have to do!"

He was still staring at the tablecloth when Jim Winforth came into the grill.

"Hello, Ed. How are you, boys? Mind if I join you for a bit? I only want a salad and a sandwich. I'm going up to see father, and Minnie always puts out something for me to eat and gets sore if I leave it."

"How is your father?" asked Blackburn, beckoning the waiter.

"Oh, so-so. I can't see much change, either for better or worse."

"He won't ever walk again, I suppose."

"No, I don't think so. He uses his arm pretty well but he still has a blur in his speech that makes it hard to understand him."

"Tough luck for a man as active as he always was to be shut

up like that." Blackburn barely caught back the words, "in the house with your mother."

For a moment there was a savage dark glow in Dr. Jim's eyes, then with an effort he turned to the boys.

"What's the meaning of this pow-wow anyhow? Don't you know the Fairharbor Hotel is no place for women and children?"

"If you mean these two young men with me, they will assure you they are not children."

"Your pardon, gentlemen. My error." Jim grinned at Malcolm and Geoffrey who smiled back somewhat hesitantly. "A few centuries ago you'd both have been married at your ages."

"We're almost fifteen," said Malcolm. "But I'm a little older than Geoff."

"Don't tell me. Didn't I haul you into the world?"

Malcolm looked at Dr. Jim with sudden interest. He had never seen a great deal of the man but somehow he had always liked him. Jim's hands were firm and sure, as though they knew exactly what they were doing, and he nearly always looked as though he wanted only an excuse to laugh. Now there was a queer shininess in his eyes that made them look like Miss Ballantine's, only not so sharp.

"I'm surprised at you, Jim. Telling things like that is enough to reduce anyone to the diaper stage."

The glow in Winforth's eyes brightened.

"Say, Ed, when I begin to tell things it won't be drivel like the dates of these youngsters' births. I might start with you, for instance. Tell you something you don't know. I'm tempted to."

Blackburn waved a negligent hand. "Go on. You haven't got anything on me."

Jim laughed and pushed back his salad. "All right, wise guy. Have it your own way. But I still don't know what the three of you are doing down here together."

"Well, I'm dodging a bachelor's solitude and young Fischer here is telling us he wants to be a newspaperman instead of going into the lumber business."



Slowly Jim set down his coffee cup. "You don't mean that, Malcolm."

"But I do mean it. I don't like saw mills and logging camps very much. Besides, there's uncle Chris and Charles Emil. Grandfather doesn't need me. Why, there may be a lot more babies, you can't tell."

Dr. Jim stirred his coffee so violently that it slopped over into the saucer. Between him and the grillroom wall was not the face of Edmund Blackburn but that face sixteen years younger. And beside it were other faces—Caroline and Max and Rachel. Winforth took a swallow and the noise he made seemed strange in his own ears.

"Think twice before you say anything like that to . . . your grandfather, Malcolm. It would break his heart."

"I don't see why," persisted the boy. "Grandfather did what he wanted to. Why shouldn't I?"

Jim shrugged his shoulders. "You'll have to find someone wiser than I to answer that question."

During this exchange Geoffrey had been looking from Blackburn to Dr. Jim and back. He had never seen the doctor like this before; always he had been calling to see father or Lizzie or busy in his office or hurrying off somewhere. But now he looked as though he knew something he would like to tell but didn't quite dare. Geoffrey's alert gray eyes widened; this was something he had never thought of before. Mr. Blackburn and Dr. Jim were old, certainly over forty, and they must know lots of interesting things. They must remember the boom and Malcolm's father and the panic and everything away back there. Then the thought struck him that it was people Dr. Jim meant when he said he could tell things Mr. Blackburn didn't know. Perhaps he knew why mother had died so young and left him alone with father.

"I'm going past your house, Geoffrey, on my way up the hill. Want to ride up with me? The 'bubble's' outside."

Geoffrey blushed: he had gone on thinking and lost the thread of the conversation just as he so often did at home. Bad manners, his father called it.

"Yes, sir. Thank you. I'd like to."

"You're breaking up my party, Jim. But I've got some work to do at the office, so I won't hold it against you. Drop in for a few minutes when you come back downtown."

"Thanks. Maybe I will."

Malcolm stared after Blackburn's retreating figure without so much as glancing at Jim's motor car beside the curb.

"Gee, but he's a swell guy!"

Winforth laughed shortly. "Sure he is, but don't take him too seriously or this newspaper business either. You're only fifteen, you'll change your mind a dozen times about what you want to do. I remember how I was when I was a kid. A hen on a hot stove had nothing on me. One thing, though, if you don't stop growing, you'll turn into a prize fighter or a wrestler. Come on, chase yourself, Malcolm. I've got something else to do than stand here making chin music all evening. Hop in and let's go. O.K., Geoffrey?"

It was late that night when Dr. Jim stuck his head into the *Bugle* office.

"I've been out in the country on a call since I left dad, and here you are still up. Don't you ever go home and go to bed?"

"I have no home to go to," said the editor. "And nobody to go to bed with. So why hurry?"

"Damned if I know, Ed. I'm in the same fix. My China boy is all right doing the housework in that flat of mine but he's no substitute for a woman."

Dr. Jim sat down on one corner of the littered desk and looked into Blackburn's tired disillusioned eyes.

"Here we are, the two of us," he went on. "A pair of fools. You're fifty and I'm forty-one, and who gives a damn?"

"You don't need to rub it in," said Blackburn. "I was born a fool, so what can you expect? I should have married a decent girl and had a home and some kids. I might 've had one like Malcolm Fischer, who'd 've come onto the paper with me when he grew up."

Dr. Jim started. "Like Malcolm! Oh, yes! . . . Well, how



do you know you haven't got a kid or two somewhere around? Stranger things than that have happened, Ed."

Blackburn clasped his hands back of his head and stared up at the ceiling.

"No," he said slowly. "No, nothing like that happened with me. I . . . I wish it had. There was a girl . . ." He stopped and rolled his head restlessly back and forth across his hands. "You'd know her name if I were to mention it. A Fairharbor girl, prominent family and all that. Well, we went on a houseparty once—this was a long time ago—and she seemed to take a shine to me. She was attractive and young—not pretty exactly, but she had 'come hither.' You know what I mean."

Jim nodded, his dancing brown eyes fastened to Ed's face. "And you fell for it?"

Blackburn bit his under lip. "Well, yes—and no. But the girl was curious, she wanted experience, she wanted to know about men. I guess she was a little dotty on the subject maybe. Anyhow she asked me pointblank to take her on, said she wanted to understand what it would mean to get married. I was old enough to know better but the idea of a virgin asking me to deflower her was too much. But I made her promise she'd let me know if anything happened to her."

"And she liked the sample, of course." Jim smiled sardonically. "You must have had a nice little affair after that. I take it father never found out or came after you with a gun."

"Altogether I was with her four times, that's all. Then she seemed to have had enough. And I'd given my word not to pester her. So there I was. And nobody ever knew about it. I've never mentioned it to anybody before."

"You're sure she didn't get pregnant?"

Blackburn nodded. "Yes, pretty sure. I used to think maybe that was why she didn't want to go on. But afterwards when she got married she didn't have a child for a long time." The editor unclasped his hands and let the legs of his chair bump on the floor. "I was a fool not to go after her. She liked the sex stuff when she got started, and I think I could have made a woman out of her, licked her into shape. But it's no good

thinking of that now. She must be thirty-five, she's married, and . . ."

"She's got a baby of her own."

Blackburn jumped up. "What? What do you mean, saying that?"

"Why, you said yourself a minute ago that it was a long time after she got married before she had a child."

"Oh!" There was gusty relief in Blackburn's voice as he sank back into his chair. "For a minute I thought you meant . . ."

"You thought you'd given yourself away, Ed. That's what you mean. Well, don't worry." The words "I've known about you and Caroline for nearly sixteen years" were just behind the doctor's lips but he did not say them. "I'm not curious about other people's affairs. I've had enough of my own to keep me busy. But I haven't been with a woman for over a year and the way I feel tonight it'll be all right if I never am again."

"It's about the same with me." Blackburn heaved his long body up out of the chair. "That being the case, how about a whiskey-and-soda? We can drink to the ladies—God bless 'em!—if we can't do anything more."



## XLII

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THAT summer Emil Fischer took Malcolm and Geoffrey to the woods again. This was not accomplished without opposition. Chris said the whole idea was nonsense and he wouldn't have "those two damned brats messing around" the big camps, and Rachel disliked having her son away from her for two months and a half. But the old lumberman mollified her by promising to have Malcolm back three weeks before school began and told Christopher that he wasn't dead yet and meant to do as he liked until he was. So Emil settled down with the two boys in a little house on the outskirts of Port Gannon, with a Chinese "boy" as cook and housekeeper.

"Now, Malcolm, you fooled around last year and it's time you learned something. I was only a year older than you are when I went on my own. That's where I had the advantage of you. Why, by the time I was twenty I was an A-1 cruiser and you hardly know a cedar from a fir or what side of the tree you make the undercut."

It was not long before both Malcolm and Geoffrey agreed with Mr. Fischer about their ignorance. For they spent their days in his wake, tramping through the scattered stands of timber behind Port Gannon, and watching the fallers and buckers at work.

"Remember, now, Douglas fir isn't really a fir," said the old man. "It's a false hemlock. But it's hard and durable, and it has a lot of pitch in it. So it burns like mad when a fire gets started in it. . . . Now, keep your eyes about breast-high as we go along and watch out for the trees with too many limbs. That means a lot of knots. Once you get the hang of it, you can walk up and down a piece of timber and tell just about what it'll cut. But it takes practice."

One morning they came to the old Peters tract on Ten Mile creek.

"The Winforths own this land and they won't let go of a foot of it," explained Fischer. "It belonged originally to Mrs. Winforth's father but the doctor and Jim fixed it up years ago for a kind of country place where they could come when the old woman was too much for them. It's a nice place too, lies right along the creek and runs back up the side hills. And there was one of the biggest cedars I ever saw that fell right across the pasture and cut it into two fields as slick as any fence could 've done."

But once arrived in the old pasture they found that steps had been cut in the huge fallen trunk that still lay across the field. On the side of the log, near the steps, Geoffrey's sharp eyes found some letters carved. Old Emil stooped down stiffly and peered through his spectacles.

"'Passing the love of women,'" he read. "'1891.' Hm. . . . Well. . . . I suppose somebody meant that for a joke. Not very funny though."

He straightened up and looked around. Dr. Jim and James Anthony had spent a good deal of money on the old place. The trees had been thinned out and trimmed, the rambler roses were trained over the side of the house, the grass underfoot was cut short, and the yard had been evened into a smooth slope down to the creek bank. There were flower beds beside the porch, a great patch of *Linnaea borealis* grew among a glossy mat of green leaves, Royal Ann cherries hung ripening in the sun.

"They've put in a windmill and a tank so they can irrigate all



this stuff. Must cost a pretty penny to keep it up, too, but I guess Jim thinks it's worth it."

But the boys were not following these remarks; their eyes were on the gravelly bank of the stream and the deep hole that had been cleared of boulders and snags directly in front of the house. "A swell place to swim," thought Malcolm. And that afternoon when old Emil said he was tired and fell to dozing on the porch of the cottage, the boys, instead of going over to the sawmill and watching the head sawyer handle his logs with the steam nigger, wandered off up the creek and went bathing in the hole Dr. Jim had had cleaned out. The water was cold and the alders were thick along the stream, so they went up into the old pasture to dry themselves in the sun.

"You know, Geoff, I think this is the swellest place I ever saw," said Malcolm. "So kind of quiet you can almost hear things grow."

Geoffrey nodded. He lay flat on the ground, his white body pressed close against the turf.

"I think everything around here is as much alive as we are." Having said this, he grinned sheepishly and looked quickly away.

Lazily Malcolm reached out to pick a blade of grass. When he grew up he would have a place like this, away off from other people, with a creek where he could swim in the altogether and do as he pleased. The only thing was that, by that time, Chris might have cut so much timber that he'd have to go a long way back into the hills to find a stream and woods like these.

His wandering blue eyes came back to his friend. Geoff's skin was always white but his body looked a lot meatier than it used to, less as though a puff of wind might blow them away altogether. It was his black hair that made his face seem so pale. There was only one thing about him that Malcolm thought a bit effeminate—the long curving dark lashes that would look better on a girl. But the rest of his face was losing its softness, his nose was turning into a beak. Only that

miserable stub of an arm! Malcolm moved uneasily and flicked an ant off his stomach. Why didn't Mr. Radford get him an artificial hand? They made pretty good ones now, and it wasn't as though he couldn't afford it. Of course, Geoff might refuse to wear one; he had said once that his father had always wanted him to disregard his deformity, act as though it didn't exist. There was, reflected Malcolm, something to be said for being a half-orphan: you had no father to pester you with crazy ideas.

Sharply across this reverie cut the sound of quick steps and a moment later Jim Winforth topped the fallen cedar and looked down into two pairs of startled eyes.

"Oh, hello! I didn't know I had company. But that's all right. Don't move. You're welcome as the flowers in May!"

"We sneaked off up here to swim in the creek," explained Malcolm. "And then came out to dry in the sun."

"Sure. That's O.K. I said you were welcome." The man looked sharply at the naked bodies below him. "You're not such a bad looking pair, at that. Geoffrey is skinny but then he's the lanky kind. And you're going to have long legs like your father, Malcolm. Kind of a forked radish effect." Jim laughed. "By Jove, you look better this way than you do with your clothes on. I wish I did. But most of us look better with our pants on after we're twenty. Don't let me disturb you, fellows. I'm going to take a dip myself."

About twenty minutes later Winforth came back dripping and settled himself also in the sunshine in the lee of the huge cedar trunk.

"You see, I haven't got the crust you boys have. I've got a blanket here in case some stray female should come along."

Both lads eyed Jim covertly as he stretched himself out on the grass. He was not big or tall, but he was put together compactly in a way that suggested physical strength. His face and neck and arms were swarthy and the skin of his body much darker than theirs; his chest and thighs and shins were thickly covered with short black hair and a scantier covering grew up



the center of his stomach. Malcolm glanced swiftly at Geoffrey, realizing each of them had been thinking that they would be men, too, in a few years.

"You kids have no idea how hard it is for a man to keep his stomach down," said Jim as he crossed one knee over the other. "But a short fat man is the funniest thing alive, and I vowed long ago I'd never be one."

The summer afternoon's brooding quiet enfolded them all, the sunshine was warm and languorous, the log sheltered them from the breeze, the short grass caressed the flesh that pressed down on it, bees hovered over them, and in their nostrils was the haunting fragrance of early summer—sweet briar and syringa and thimbleberry blossoms.

Jim stared through half-closed lids at the sky. There was no end there—only blueness and space, empty space. Life wouldn't be worth living without James Anthony; it would be like the empty sky. Deborah did not count, Margery was a far-away stranger, Rachel wouldn't have him. And yet to see James Anthony cooped up there in one room, with a tongue that didn't quite track with his mind, and at his wife's mercy! Nagging because she hadn't seen Margery or either of her British grandsons, retailing the gossip of the Woman's Club, gabbling about this tea and that reception and what Mrs. Ramsden wore, wondering whether Max's widow would ever marry again and how soon Caroline would have another baby, asking whether he liked her new short walking skirt and her hair in a pompadour at her age, fussing about curtains and carpets and scolding Ah Sing about the dusting. All the time making the man feel he had deliberately ruined her social career by his illness, always telling him without saying it outright that, if he only wanted to, he could get downstairs and eat with guests and play cards and do the honors of the house. What a way for a man to live who had done the things James Anthony had! It was one thing to understand the situation, but something else to accept it.

Jim lay so still that the boys thought he must have gone to

sleep. They were beginning to think of dressing and cutting back to Port Gannon when he opened his dark eyes.

"I saw you here once before, Malcolm. A long time ago."

"But I was never here until today. This morning was the first time I ever saw the place."

"Oh, you were too small to remember, much too small."

Malcolm and Geoffrey looked at Dr. Jim curiously; his voice sounded queer, as though he didn't know whether to laugh or not. But his face was unhappy.

"Funny how life and death follow each other. Grandfather and grandmother Peters died here and now all their children, except mother, are dead too. I came here vacations when I was a kid, and so did my sister, and now I find you two here. Max was killed between here and Port Gannon. And there was Caroline and the picnic party and Ed. And Mollie and now dad." The preoccupied voice stopped and suddenly Jim smiled at the boys. "Forget it. I'm raving this afternoon. When you're my age you'll understand."

"Well, it's about time we started back anyhow," said Geoffrey. "We've got four miles to walk and Lew gets mad when we're late to meals."

"I don't blame him. Don't mind me. Go ahead. And come back whenever you feel like it."

"I wonder if it was a woman Dr. Winforth came out here to think about today," said Geoffrey thoughtfully when they were on the trail again.

"Oh, there's always a woman mixed up in everything," remarked Malcolm loftily.

"Yes, I know. But he said names when he was talking. Your father's and Caroline—that would be Christopher's wife, I guess—and Ed and Mollie. I wonder who she is. Do you suppose he's in love?"

Malcolm stopped and turned around. "Old people don't fall in love, silly!"

"He isn't old. Look at your uncle Chris. He got married and had a baby only last year."



"Oh, well, he wasn't in love. He doesn't like anybody. And has he got it in for me? Why, he just goes straight up if I look at Charles Emil. And I don't like him any better than he likes me."

But Geoffrey's mind was not on the Fischer family. He had decided that Jim had fled to the ranch because he was hopelessly in love, he was trying to think of a woman named Mollie, he was considering what Edwin Paul McIlree would do in such a situation.

"I wonder if he . . . goes with women very much?"

"What business is that of yours?" asked Malcolm coldly.

"Oh, I just wondered, that's all. And you don't need to act so smart. Plenty of other kids know just as much as you do."

Malcolm turned a dark brick-red. He had been wont to boast at school of a maid who had taken him to bed with her when he was ten years old; this exploit had been a feather in his cap for several years and he resented Geoffrey's slighting tone in speaking of it.

"Well, then, if you know so much, smarty, I dare you to go down to the fast house! I dare you!"

Geoffrey flushed. "I don't know where there is one."

"I'll show you. I know where it is. You can't get out of it that way. It's down by the tideflats."

"I won't take a dare. But you've got to come with me. If you don't, how would you ever know whether I'd been there or not?"

Nervously the boys hurried through supper and afterward sat on the porch listening to Emil talk about the new overhead skidder Chris was trying out in Camp Four. "There's a deep gully right down the middle of the tract. Just the kind of layout a skidder's supposed to handle best. Well, we'll see, we'll see. Maybe it'll work all right once we get the hang of it. We have to keep up with the new things, you know." The old man yawned and said he thought he'd turn in early. "It makes me tired, plowing around the woods this way with you boys."

Malcolm looked at his grandfather with wide blue eyes.

"I'm . . . kind of restless tonight. Would you mind if Geoff and I went down on the dock for a while and cooled off? It's been hot this afternoon."

"Why, no, not if you don't stay too long. You both need lots of sleep."

At nine o'clock Malcolm and Geoffrey were strolling down the planked Main Street of Port Gannon with an air which they hoped was one of bold assurance. The clerk in the pool hall had given them their first rebuff; knowing who they were and remembering Mr. Fischer's prejudices, he had refused to sell them cigarettes and the loafers in the place had laughed at them. Now they were approaching their venture into sin with an inner trepidation which each tried to conceal from the other. Past the mill and the lumber yard, past a collection of shacks where slatternly women and men in overalls were gathered in little groups outdoors, they went and at last came to a large, square, two story frame house. Through the transom above the door they could see a red light.

"There you are," said Malcolm hoarsely. "I dare you to go in!"

"If I do, you've got to come too."

"I never said I would. Anyhow, you've got to go first."

Geoffrey laid a hand on the balustrade, then drew back. "I have to . . ."

"No, you don't. Besides, you're supposed to do that afterwards, so you won't catch anything."

Once more Geoffrey approached the steps. "Don't you go off, now. You've got to come too."

Slowly the boys climbed the steps and stood on the porch. The window at the left of the front door was partly open and from within they could hear tittering and laughter. Stealthily they crept up and peeped inside.

There they saw a man sitting in his undershirt and trousers, in a big rocking chair, with a woman on his lap. He was fat and dark, she was plump and fair. She had on a very low-necked waist and she was jouncing up and down on the man's legs and giggling.



Malcolm dug Geoffrey in the ribs with an elbow. "Get an eyeful, Geoff!"

"Nice boy!" the woman was cooing. "Going to have a nice time with his itty bitty dirlie."

The man gave her a resounding thwack behind. "Hurry up, you! I ain't got all night to monkey around. I got to be on the job at seven-thirty in the morning or young Fischer'll throw me out on my ear. Besides, I ain't no sissy. I don't need an hour to get worked up to it. I'm ready right now and you got your money, so what's keepin' you?"

The woman jumped up and began to unfasten her waist, the man laid violent hands on the bed and gave it a shove that carried it beyond the boys' line of vision.

"Don't want no God damned bedstead fallin' down just when I get goin'. The floor's good enough for me."

An instant later the lamp was blown out and there was only the sound of heavy breathing and a low voice muttering, "Lay still there a minute, damn you!"

Then there was a clattering in the hall, the front door was flung open, and two men ran out with a woman at their heels. From her lips poured a stream of invective begging anything the boys had heard in the logging camps.

"You're a cheap dirty slut!" shouted one of the men.

"Oh, so I'm a slut, am I? Well, it ain't no difference to me what names you call me, you dirty bum. But maybe this'll learn you to bring your money along with you after this."

"There won't be no 'after this'—not for us!" yelled the other man. "You won't get no more business from us."

"Who? Me? I ain't worryin' whether I ever see the two of you again. Dirty bums, that's you, tryin' to cheat a lady out of her money!"

The woman made a rush, the men backed away down the steps. When they had turned the corner toward town she stalked back into the house and slammed the door after her so hard that the frosted glass in the transom rattled.

Without so much as glancing at each other, Malcolm and

Geoffrey crept out of the shadows and made a dash down the walk out into the street. Fifteen minutes later they were undressing in the dark, trying to keep from waking old Emil.

Four miles away Jim Winforth was pacing up and down the yard of his grandfather's old place trying to think out the problem James Anthony presented. Angry as it had made him to realize that Deborah would have preferred her husband's death to his paralysis, Jim had come to dread more and more his father's prolonged invalidism. He could not walk, his speech was hard to understand, he could never practice again. His mind was clear, he read a great deal, his comments on the affairs of the day were as shrewd as ever, and his advice on puzzling cases sound. But he was wretchedly unhappy, with no way to escape his wife.

From the first Deborah had pitied herself: it was, she told her friends, so much worse to watch others suffer than to suffer one's self. It was heartrending to see James Anthony and maddening to remember how he had literally sacrificed himself to his profession. No one but a doctor would have been expected to risk his health as he had done. Bit by bit she thus built up in her acquaintances the picture of herself as the devoted wife of a man who had spent his life for others.

Then re-enforced by the backwash of pity from her sympathizers, Deborah had turned upon the man she held responsible for all her disappointments. It was he who was to blame for the hapless Patricia, it was he who had sent Jim away to school when he was only seventeen and incited him to rebel against her when he returned to Fairharbor. James Anthony's share in Margery had made her soft, he had sided with her in her foreign marriage, and finally he had gone alone to England to visit her and her little family. He had taken Jim's part over that preposterous affair with Mollie Sheridan. He had never backed up her social campaign or taken any pains to ingratiate himself with the wealthy families in town. And now he was ill, incurable, and there would be no more quarrying out of his skill and professional reputation the money she needed for



house and clothes and entertaining. No wonder, thought Jim, she resented the loss of her source of supplies; no wonder she seethed with a mixture of self-pity and recrimination.

James Anthony did not complain but his brown eyes were full of silent pleading and Jim knew what he was asking for. Fiercely he told himself that he would not refuse mercy to an animal trapped and sick. Why should justice have precedence over mercy here? Public opinion Jim did not consider. Public opinion in Fairharbor, at least, was an emanation of the herd-mind; he had no respect for it. Public opinion had been back of the Chinese expulsion and the Spanish-American war and the despoiling of the forests and the milching of the returned Klondikers; public opinion had opposed new sewers and a clean water supply and food inspection and vaccination. If one were to be bound by local public opinion he might as well resign himself to life on the mental and spiritual level of the mound builders.

It seemed to Jim that his whole existence had been meaningless. He had had no great enthusiasms, no steadfast purpose. He had once had the capacity to be a man of consequence but he had lost his way in the slough of mediocrity. He had never hated anyone with a consuming hatred—not even his mother. And now, at forty-one, life had lost its savor. What matter that his professional reputation was excellent, that his practice was now the largest in Fairharbor, that he had saved some lives and prolonged many, that he had never rendered an unjust bill or insisted on payment beyond a man's power, that he did not upbraid his patients for the results of their stupidity or their passions, that he gave money freely to hungry men he met on the streets? All this put together amounted to nothing. Somehow life had slipped through his fingers and left him empty-handed. He had actually loved but three people in his whole life. Mollie—for whom, if she had lived, the urgency of the body might have turned into true devotion. Rachel—who consistently avoided any hint of affection between them. And James Anthony—whose race was run. Only these three, in forty-one years.

There was still in his face the next evening when he went into his father's room some of the mad exultation in which he had thought out his problem and come to his decision. The older man saw it but did not know its meaning until Jim rose to go.

"Oh, by the way, dad," he said carelessly, "I brought up your bag from the office. I thought perhaps you'd like to have it here where you . . . can get it if you want anything."

In the little space of silence during which James Anthony saw in the half-open bag the glint of his hypodermic case, there hovered between the two men a sort of breathlessness. Then Dr. Winforth said with a casualness that matched his son's, "Thanks, Jim. Just set it up here, near the bed." But as he spoke he held out his hand and in that familiar lingering contact of flesh with flesh father and son confessed their love once more and said good bye.

Had Deborah had the wit to understand what she saw, she would have seen in Jim's dark haggard face as he brushed past her on the stairs an ecstasy and an anguish beyond her capacity to endure.



## XLIII

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A COMPLICATED network was forming in Geoffrey's emotional makeup. When Emil Fischer brought the two boys back from Port Gannon, well tanned and tougher-muscled than before, both of them carried unseen effects of the summer. Each thought more of sex than he would admit, each had begun to consider ways of distinguishing himself. But while Malcolm could forget his emotional stresses in football and basketball, Geoffrey had only the school paper and the competition for the debating team. He thought himself superior mentally to his classmates and left off childish reading to devour the output of the muckrakers as fast as it fell from the presses. But he made no more advances to girls. Instead he concocted lurid sexual adventures for his alter ego, Edwin Paul McIlree, who became less and less of a Sir Galahad.

Both boys' voices were beginning to crack into a high falsetto at inopportune moments, and Geoffrey's face broke out in pimples.

"I never heard of 'acne' before," protested Lizzie Cornwall when the lad came home from Dr. Jim's office with a bottle of lotion and instructions to wash his face briskly with a brush and warm soapsuds. "All I'm afraid is it's something bad. I don't like breakin' out on the skin."

"Fiddlesticks!" replied the cook, to whom Lizzie was pouring out her worries. "All boys break out more or less in their teens, as far as that's concerned. And there's no mortal use you tryin' to keep that boy from findin' out some things about women. That wouldn't be in reason. I bet you done some things you wasn't supposed to when you was young yourself."

But Lizzie's trepidation was decreased by this advice no more than it was by Daniel Radford's changing attitude toward his son. Now that Geoffrey had grown into a silent lanky youth, business manager of the high school paper and the best student in his year, his father relaxed the supervision he had insisted on before and turned a deaf ear to Lizzie's apprehensions and complaints. He attempted one evening to say something to the lad about sex but failed so dismally that he never brought the subject up again. Beyond demanding that Geoffrey go regularly to church and be home by ten o'clock on school nights he laid down no rules of conduct. Indeed he was immersed in his own affairs.

The smelter had grown until it employed between five and six hundred men and brought in a gross of nearly twelve million a year. Radford now set himself to bring the plant to such a peak of efficiency that he could sell out to the trust for enough to live on in luxury all the rest of his life. These days he often reminded himself that he was still comparatively young, that at fifty-six he had many years ahead of him, that there was no reason why he might not finally move in the same circles as a Vanderbilt or a Frick. He even dallied with the thought of remarriage. He had a deep-buried desire to leave an able-bodied son to inherit his wealth, and a wife was essential to the production of an heir. Not that this prospect was entirely to his liking, for his sexual desires were not strong and neither of his marriages had turned out too well, to his way of thinking. Sometimes he compared himself to Henry VIII whose need for a son had led to disillusion and unhappiness. Geoffrey was a poor heir for a captain of industry: he could not even manage the modest allowance his father made him but was forever asking for money for new books or student body fees or car-



fare. Such lack of financial acumen boded ill for the Radford fortune.

It remained for Ed Blackburn to call attention to the straggling hairs on Geoffrey's chin as well as Malcolm's. "What you two kids need for Christmas this year is a razor. One would do for both of you."

During the fall a series of evangelistic meetings were held in the Christian church and at intervals the crop of newly saved were publicly immersed. It became the fashion for high school students to attend these services and Geoffrey fell into the habit of going with Malcolm. Gradually he felt himself being invaded by the old childish dread of hell. Suppose, after all, that the preachers were right! There seemed no better way to prove they were wrong than to prove they were correct.

One night when the revivalist had pictured the eternal, all-consuming fires with more than usual vehemence these emotions very nearly swept Geoffrey off his feet; at the invitation for all who would be saved to come forward to the altar he edged toward the end of the pew. But Malcolm put out a hand and shook his head warningly.

And so Geoffrey sat, covered with sweat and trembling, urged forward by his old fears and held back by dread of incurring Malcolm's contempt, until it was too late to join the throng at the altar. But to his surprise when they came out into the cold fog of the autumn night he felt the weight of his sin roll off his shoulders and was glad he had not fallen in with the other seekers for salvation.

More or less unrecognized in this upheaval of adolescence were all the reactions the two boys were forming toward the Fischer company. Malcolm compared the life he had seen in the camps and Port Gannon and the offices in town with the existence he imagined a newspaperman would lead, and Geoffrey brooded obscurely over what he had learned under the tutelage of old Emil.

Port Gannon was a company town. Its only industry was the Fischer sawmill, the buildings that housed the stores and shops were all Fischer property, and the business enterprises

were managed by company employees on salaries. The dwellings belonged to the company, and the men's earnings, spent for rent and merchandise in the local stores, went straight back into the Fischer till.

Geoffrey associated the mill with the hiss of escaping steam and the shrill whine of saws ripping through logs. But there was a sort of glamour about the rush and din and about the skill of the men who worked there. The boom men balanced adroitly on logs in the pond, the scaler wrote down lengths and diameters with a flourish, the sawyer stood beside a shield of castiron, his hands on the steam-feed and the nigger-bar, with the carriages flashing back and forth in front of him, the dogger and setter rode the rushing carriage and adjusted the head blocks that held fast the log. Slowly Geoffrey's mind came to bestow upon the mill the mien of a devouring monster of insatiable desires.

But in the woods man had not yet been reduced to an adjunct of machinery. Here stout-armed fallers standing on spring-boards six to ten feet above the ground swung their double-bitted axes, hammered in their wedges behind the saw, ran back and shouted "Timber!" as the tree toppled. There was no machine to tend there. Only men who knew their business and knew it well could pick a tree and lay it down at the proper angle on the steep hillsides; only quick wits and skill could buck the fallen monster into log-lengths without being rolled under and crushed. This was a battle of men against nature, only to be won by the superiority of human cunning. And the penalty for carelessness or ignorance was broken backs and smashed heads and lost hands and feet.

The old-time skidroads in the woods were outdated and the Fischer company had taken to power yarding. Malcolm and Geoffrey watched the high climbers top the spar trees, clinging fast while the towering trunk swayed back and forth after the crown had kicked off; they watched the logs come lunging through the brush and across the downtimber at the end of the taut cable that wound up, layer after layer, on the big drum beside the engine; they watched these logs swung into the air



like matches and saw cables, broken under the load, knock men down like tenpins.

They heard the loggers complain of bedbugs and the lack of bedding. "It ain't every blanketstiff that's got enough to keep him warm. The old man had ought to furnish us blankets anyhow." And in Port Gannon the boys for the first time heard the jingle that became familiar in all the western timber country.

"Work and pray,  
Live on hay!  
You'll get pie  
In the sky  
When you die!"

Ironical words in the mouths of men who worked for Chris Fischer!

During the winter Dr. Jim found the boys several times in the *Bugle* office of an evening. Geoffrey was usually going through the old files taking notes for future debates but more often than not Malcolm was listening to Blackburn talk.

"That boy worries me," said Ed one night after the boys had left. "He's still got a crazy notion he wants to be a reporter and I can't get it out of his head. He's obstinate, he resents being ticketed for the family business without being consulted, money means nothing to him because he's never known what it's like to be without it. There isn't any way to get hold of him and make him see things straight."

"Perhaps the kid really has a flair for newspaper work," remarked Jim slyly.

"Oh, hell! What's got into you? You sound like a commencement day orator. Don't you know running a newspaper is a hack job like anything else? You do what the owner says and take what you're given. What anybody wants to go into it for is more than I can see."

"Well, you've been at it quite a while. And although you growl a good deal I don't see you hunting work in the street

cleaning department or shining the spittoons down at the Damifino. Maybe Malcolm has an honest hankering for a paper, you can't tell."

"Now, you know perfectly well no Fischer ever does anything but saw down trees."

"But he isn't all Fischer. He had a mother too."

"Oh, well, all right. Have it your own way. For all I know, Rachel Fischer's forebears may have been editors for a hundred years." Blackburn reached into the lower drawer of his desk. "But I don't like running a nursery down here. It interferes with my drinking. Now don't laugh or I'll bash your face, Jim Winforth! I can't drink with those damned kids hanging around watching and you know it. And every time I start to tell a story it turns into something they oughtn't to hear too."

"Ed, you are by all odds the funniest man I ever saw. You know it flatters you to have Malcolm and Geoffrey hang around you; it makes you feel important and less of a back number. They've both been raised by women, they like masculine company, they're making a father out of you."

Blackburn put the cork carefully back into the whiskey bottle and ran his fingers through his rumpled, gray-streaked hair. "Well, hell and damnation! I don't want to be an example to the young! Have to give up everything I like—drinking and smutty stories and swearing . . . and everything!"

Jim picked up his glass and squinted at the yellow liquid in it.

"Here's mud in the eye, Ed, and good luck! Don't tell me you don't like the kids because I know you do. And don't worry over your vices. Those two boys have had an overdose of feminine virtue and it'll do them good to cut their teeth on a few vices. A fellow who doesn't smoke or chew or drink or swear is dangerous; he's all bottled up and likely to fly off the handle and do something really bad just when you least expect it." Jim's brown eyes shone at Blackburn's discomfited frown. "Cheer up, Ed. There's one thing you can be grateful



for. That it's 1907 and not 1895. In the good old days our religious friends would have accused you of being a second Oscar Wilde!"

But Ed Blackburn was not the only person to be uneasy about Malcolm. Rachel had given all her time and energy to him, convinced that this was the only reason she had been allowed to live on, a widow at twenty-one. Observing how little attention most men gave their children she had thought her son as well off as most boys and she had watched him without apprehension as he changed from a rosy-cheeked, good-natured baby to a sturdy, round-faced little boy with bright red hair and then into a tall, freckled, gangling adolescent whose hands and feet grew at an astonishing rate. But now she was disturbed by the coarsening influences he met during his summers in the woods with Emil, worried by the boy's resentment of his ready-made future, and vexed by Christopher's jealousy of him.

Not until Chris had married Caroline did Rachel feel secure. Then for a while she had thought that, with a wife and a home and children of his own, Chris would not dislike Malcolm so much and would forget what had passed between them a few months after Max's death. But now she knew that the man's grudge against her boy was still alive, whether or not he still remembered the day he had come upon her in the cottage she was making ready for the baby and aunt Martha Benedict. He had walked in without knocking and taken her yardstick out of her hands.

"This is all nonsense, your moving into this shack. The house is no good. And what do you want to live alone for, anyhow?"

"I want a home of my own. And I'm not alone. There's aunt Martha and Malcolm."

Chris laughed. "Oh, thunder! Put the old woman in an old ladies' home and get rid of her! I don't like her around. The kid is bad enough but she's worse."

"And what have your likes to do with it?"

Chris laughed again, more loudly than before. "I don't aim

to let you get out of the family, little woman. I like you too well. Of course I haven't said much about it yet, but I'd marry you tomorrow if you'd say the word. That's the way I feel about you."

Rachel drew in a gasping breath which Chris misinterpreted; he reached down and gathered her into his arms, tight against his big body, and pushed his hot face into the curve of her neck and kissed her over and over until she wriggled out of his grasp.

"Go away! How could you think I'd ever marry you—Max's brother?"

It was never quite clear in Rachel's mind how she got the man out of the house. But she was too angry and humiliated to be afraid and too unsophisticated to realize that he might assault her, in the hope that once he had possessed her she would not dare refuse to marry him. At last she stood with torn frock and disordered hair and watched his sullen retreat down the path to the front gate, and after that she was never surprised to see in his face when she met him a poorly concealed malice.

The situation had indeed caused her to consider going back to Ohio but her father had a new brood of children by his second wife and she could not picture Malcolm among her own step-brothers, any more than she could see him growing up among the families of her sisters. So she moved into the cottage below Prospect Way, lived modestly on the income Max had left her and did all she knew for her son.

There was never any friction between them. Malcolm was light-hearted and incapable of bearing a grudge for the punishments she meted out to him—a gay, boisterous, noisy child and so good-natured that she was startled when he began to fight at school. He had plenty of physical courage and he endured split lips and bruised knuckles and loosened teeth with a stoicism beyond his years, assuring his astonished mother that he never felt any pain until the fight was over.

As he came into his teens instinct drove Rachel to give him responsibility; she entrusted important shopping to him, gave



him the key when they went out together, sent him to select theater and concert tickets, gave him the contribution envelope to put in the plate at church, asked his opinion of her clothes. Instead of waiting on him, she contrived that he should wait on her because she was a woman and he was—or would soon be—a man. Unconsciously she played on the hidden sexuality of the mother-son relationship and made a companion of the boy.

But now that he was taller than she and fond of spending the evening away from home, Rachel began to wish he had a father. The little rift between old Emil and the lad disturbed her; Malcolm had showed a hardness she had not suspected was in him. He kept insisting that he wanted to be a war correspondent or a political reporter, reciting the advantages of a journalist's life, quoting Edmund Blackburn on the intricacies of the Thaw trial and the Landis decision in the Standard Oil case. Then, too, the vocabulary he had brought back from the woods startled her no less than the zest with which he read Jack London and the *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford* stories or the appalling tales he told her after he had devoured *The Jungle*. It was not unpleasant to hear his hoarse boyish voice chanting *Red Wing* or *School Days* or even *Waltz Me Around Again, Willie*, but the exclamation "Hell, there ain't no such animal!" sounded strangely grownup for a boy who had but yesterday been in ruffled sailor collars. Finally she discovered Elinor Glyn's *Three Weeks* in his bureau.

The next day she swallowed her embarrassment and asked Jim Winforth to talk to her son. This visit which she had dreaded turned out pleasantly. The offices had been refurnished, there were soft rugs on the floors and colorful pictures on the walls and comfortable chairs for the patients. The room where she saw Jim was entirely devoid of surgical instruments and medical apparatus, it might have been a lawyer's office or an architect's. And Jim was courteous and understanding.

Sitting, waiting for him, she recalled the day they had seen Geoffrey preaching to Malcolm and he had asked her to marry him. With a half-guilty thrill she remembered the few other

occasions he had hinted at his love and a night when he had come to see Malcolm and afterward sat by the fire looking hungrily at her. There had been that dance, too, given in honor of the daughter of a visiting lumber baron, to which Mr and Mrs. Fischer had insisted on taking her, and Jim had come in late and waltzed with her. The memory of that dance tinged her face with a faint pink while she explained her errand. For she had thought for the moment that he might be different, not like Max . . . or Christopher.

But she put the thought out of her mind ; she was Malcolm's mother in quest of advice for her boy. Only when she rose to go and Jim leaned over to write in his appointment book did she notice how gray his hair was getting above his ears and realize that he was middle-aged. One day he would be an old man—and she an old woman. Not so long ago women had put on bonnets at her age. At this reflection a little flicker of revolt shone in her soft blue eyes.

"Send the boy down tomorrow evening," said Jim, "about half past eight."

This role of mentor to a sixteen-year-old amused and half-vexed Dr. Jim, but when he found time to consider what he should say he became interested. No one, he recalled, had ever given him any advice until just before he left home at seventeen when James Anthony had spent an evening telling him certain facts about men and women and their peculiarities. So, imitating his father, he met the embarrassed boy who ambled into his waiting room with matter-of-fact plain-speaking. He took down text books and explained anatomy and physiology, the bearing of children and the danger of venereal diseases.

"There you are, Malcolm. Nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to blame anybody for. Instinct drives men and women together—an instinct that cannot be denied. But nobody needs to let it dominate his whole life. A fellow who eats like a glutton gets too fat to tie his own shoes, a fellow who does nothing but play games never amounts to much, a fellow who drinks too much makes an ass of himself. Well, a man who can't keep his



mind off sex part of the time is a fool, and one who tries to 'make' every woman who's civil to him is nothing but a stud horse."

Sheepishly Malcolm admitted that he thought about girls a good deal and sometimes had disturbing dreams.

"Sure. Everybody does," answered Jim carelessly.

At last the lad confessed his childish episode with the maid. To his great relief the doctor took that lightly too and said he had done nothing out of the way and had better forget it.

"You didn't know what it was all about, so that's that. Water over the dam and gone."

Before he left Malcolm made one request. "Would you talk to Geoff, if I brought him down? He really needs to know things worse than I do. He's always lived such a funny way."

So Jim repeated his lecture and then sent Malcolm out of the room so Geoffrey could ask questions. But the crippled lad made no confessions and asked few questions although Jim knew he had thought more about sex than Malcolm had and suspected it might mean more to him. Finally the conversation ran down and Jim called Malcolm in again.

Then for the first time Winforth saw Geoffrey's eyes light up when his friend began to talk about the prowess of the high school debating team of which Geoffrey was the leader.

"Gosh, doctor, you ought to come next week when we debate Olympia. It'll be downtown somewhere, in one of the theaters, and Geoff will be the big fellow again this time. He's good, that boy."

"And what's your question?"

"Chinese exclusion," answered Geoffrey.

Jim stared. "For or against?"

"Oh, I'm for exclusion." Geoffrey's face was alert and eager, his eyes all black pupil, his voice excited. "But not by violence, you understand. I want a treaty."

When the boys had left, Dr. Jim sat at his desk thinking. Here was the child delivered in the midst of the Chinese expulsion from Fairharbor debating the question of exclusion of Orientals from the United States!

"Poor little devil, he wants to be a leader and he's going to batter himself to pieces against circumstances he can't alter. Something ought to be done for the kid. Perhaps a private school . . . I could look them up, I suppose. But Radford probably wouldn't hear of it. And probably I'd better keep my oar out. I've put it in too many places already, I guess. But I wish Geoffrey had some of Malcolm's hardness. Then I'd say let him alone and let's see what he can do for himself."



## XLIV

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1907 was replete with scandals and shocks. The Thaw murder trial, three-cent street car fares in Cleveland, the indictment of the Standard Oil Company and the scathing report of the Interstate Commerce Commission on its business methods, the acquittal of Bill Haywood for the murder of Steunenberg, Marconi's successful transmission of wireless messages from Nova Scotia to Ireland, the October panic on Wall street. Everyone in Fairharbor who was old enough to remember '93 shook in his boots and remembered the long lines of frightened people in front of the banks.

In the midst of the excitement H. T. Ramsden was found dead in his bed one morning and this sensation soon eclipsed the national catastrophe. A widower without issue, he had willed the bulk of his fortune to charity but no sooner had word of this reached the eastern seaboard than a horde of hitherto unknown nephews and nieces descended upon Fairharbor to contest the will.

It was during this upheaval that Honest John Erskine came home from California where he had been visiting Janet at school. A night or two after his return he ran into Dr. Jim on the avenue.

"Why don't you use your 'bubble' instead of walkin' all the time?" he demanded jovially. "You ain't too old to learn new

tricks, are you? It don't seem like more'n a year or two since you and me had our run-in about Janet's diphtheria, but—"The round red face went sober—"I ain't as young as I was either. The both of us had better be figurin' how to get fixed so we won't have to work all our lives."

Jim reflected that in seventeen years he had never known Erskine to do a day's work but said nothing of it.

"Believe me, seein' all this pack come runnin' the minute old H.T. croaked has set me thinkin'. I ain't got nobody but the girl, but I aim to leave her fixed so she can live any place she wants to and do as she pleases. You know, doc, I seen a long time ago that a man can't make anything the old way—savin' his money and buyin' property and keepin' it. Nope, that won't do these days."

Jim saw that Honest John wanted to talk and so he asked the boss in to dinner at Gibbons' café. There, as soon as they had given their orders, Erskine leaned across the table and asked in a low voice if Winforth wouldn't like to make some money. "Easy money," he added.

Jim grinned at the older man. "Is there such a thing as 'easy money'?"

"Now, now, doc. The trouble is you got no head for business the way it's done nowadays."

"Maybe. But I'm not in the market for those old waterfront lots you've been hanging onto since '91."

"That ain't what I wanted to talk about. I'm on the track of something new, doc. One of these times it's goin' to be big—bigger than any of these cockeyed towns and railroads people are always tryin' to promote around here. Why, say . . ."

But here he was interrupted by the soup and then by its removal and the arrival of the salad. In jerks and snatches as he could he explained that Janet had been in school for two years with the daughter of a wealthy New Yorker who had come to California for his health.

"This fellow, Morris, may be a kike but he knows a good thing when he sees it. Him and some friends of his back east are goin' into movin' pictures, and he's offered to let me in on



it too, seein' what chums his girl and Janet have got to be. They're goin' to make the pictures and then fix up places to show 'em. They won't need scenery or stage hands, and they figure they can make money at five and ten cents a head. Just put in chairs for people to sit on, and a machine with a man to run it, and a fellow or a girl to take tickets and keep the door. It's a cinch, doc, and I'm goin' into it."

But Jim was skeptical. "I've seen these moving pictures. They're nothing new. I used to see them in New York and I wouldn't pay five cents to see any of them again. Jerky and out of focus and covered with spots. This man, Morris, is playing you for a sucker, John."

This allegation Erskine hotly denied.

"I ain't a sucker and you know it. This is goin' to be a big business, it's just what I been lookin' for. I'm sick and tired of saloons and the *Bugle's* a nuisance. It makes me some money but I got to keep after Ed all the time to see he don't pull some bonehead stunt. Politics pays better but it's gettin' too thick for me, doc. Too much detail and too many chances to guess wrong or forget somebody important. Folks always holdin' out on you or bellyachin' that they didn't get their share of the cut. And gamblin' ain't what it used to be; men come in and stall around all evening without leavin' more than a dollar or two in the till. People don't take chances like they used to."

"Are you telling me that vice isn't a good investment any more, John? Why, you always said drinking and gambling and fornication were the only things a man could depend on."

Erskine sopped up the gravy on his plate with a bit of bread.

"No," he answered slowly, "that ain't it. People don't give up their vices but they change 'em. Not much but enough to cut down the profit. It was the old timers who lived tough and fought and raised hell that drank heavy. And there's so many amateurs now that the women are havin' a hard time on Lava Flats. Nobody goes down and pays cash at Diamond Mary's when he can do as well with some girl who takes on a few for a sideline. Even the best of the houses are fallin' down lately."

"Diamond Mary still seems to be doing well."

"Well, she's dug in, she's been here a long time and got a reputation. But she don't get the high-toned trade any more. The swells rent flats or hotel rooms and set their women up in 'em, and the young bucks pick up girls who're lookin' for a little extra jack. Diamond Mary has to depend on loggers and sailors and guys she didn't use to like to see comin' into her places."

Honest John hesitated a moment and then went on in a low voice.

"Besides, the preachers and reformers are goin' to break up the district one of these days and when they do and the whores scatter out all over town in roomin' houses and hotels, how could anybody keep track of what they're doin' or collect from 'em? No, times are changin' and I got to change with 'em or get left in the soup. I'm goin' to sell out everything up here as soon as I can—saloon and houses and the *Bugle*—and put the money into the movin' picture business."

"Well, when you're ready for the old folks' home I'll get up a subscription to buy you a berth in it."

"No, you won't. I'm only fifty-five and I'm all set to make a killin'. Besides, there's Janet. You wouldn't know her now. I'm tellin' you she's goin' to be a knock-out. Kit was a good looker when I first met her and Janet could pass her now. Well, Morris is goin' to get her into the pictures too, in a year or two. He knows a good lookin' girl when he sees one. Only don't tell that around town, doc. I want her to kind of take Fairharbor off its feet when she starts."

Dr. Jim remembered this conversation a few months later when he received an envelope containing a newspaper clipping from Los Angeles announcing the opening of a motion picture studio in a suburb. Among the names listed was one with a blue pencil mark around it—Janet Sherbourne. Winforth was sitting at his desk reading the announcement for the second time when Harvey Seagram came in to report that Chris Fischer had engaged him for his wife's second confine-



ment and that Caroline herself had just consulted him about the possibility of doing something to prevent future pregnancies.

"Why does she pick on me?" said Seagram fretfully. "She's influential and I don't want to get her down on me. But what can I do when she asks me a thing like that?"

"How about one I can answer, Harvey? I've spent seventeen years trying to decide what I ought to do in one predicament after another. And I can't tell you what to do. But you must remember one thing—it's much more serious to get caught than it is to do the things people want you to. The public has no charity for doctors, the profession itself has little more. We're a medieval minded bunch, by and large. One misstep found out and you're done for. That is, if you're a respectable physician. Quacks like Jaffray can do as they like, nothing ever damages their reputations or ruins their practices. But with men like you and me it's different."

"You're not much help, I must say," grumbled Seagram.

"Nobody can help anyone else very much, Harvey. That's another thing I've learned in seventeen years. Personally I think it isn't wise to mix into people's lives. I'd give Mrs. Chris some good advice—by mouth and in private—and let it go at that. Don't tell her—don't tell any woman—anything you wouldn't want repeated all over town. . . . I don't suppose there's anything wrong with her health that you could use as a loophole?"

"Not a damned thing!" said Seagram disgustedly. "I never saw a healthier woman. And that's queer too. Her first husband, you told me, was syphilitic and yet here she is perfectly well, having one healthy baby after another for Chris Fischer, when she was married for years without a single pregnancy so near as I can find out."

Jim laughed a little. "That is queer, Harvey, I admit. But you'll have to make up your own mind what to do about her. Just be careful."

After young Seagram had gone back to his own office, Winforth leaned back in his chair and stared thoughtfully up at

the ceiling. He had always suspected that Chris married in order to secure legitimate sons of his own to share the Fischer succession, and apparently Caroline had come to a similar conviction and had rebelled at her part in the undertaking. Her prospects, Jim reflected, were not too promising: she was thirty-six years old and could reasonably be expected to produce heirs for another nine or ten years. That would leave her little time to enjoy her social prestige, the money her husband was accumulating, or the new house Chris was planning. And yet Jim could not feel sorry for her: she had driven a hard bargain with Fred Archibald and now Chris was driving a hard bargain with her. And what was she to do about it? A husband was supposed to have certain rights and a wife certain duties. After all Caroline had lived for years in unearned luxury; if now she had to bring forth young it was no more than many another women before her had done.

There was but one disquieting thing. Chris and Caroline were a poor combination to be producing a family.

Dr. Jim frowned and twisted uneasily. Then he dropped his chair legs to the floor, shrugged his shoulders, and punched the bell to call in his first patient of the afternoon.



## XLV

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RACHEL FISCHER did not analyze the impulse that bade her attend James Anthony's funeral. But whether it was sympathy or curiosity or some other emotion she felt, she went with her father-in-law to St. Paul's. She had always disliked funerals and since the day she lay in the hospital while Max was buried she had never gone to one. Now she cast only a hasty glance at the gray casket banked with flowers and wondered why it should seem that she was in some intimate way connected with the Winforths.

Of late James Anthony had been little in Fairharbor's thoughts. Never since he came home from the *Anchorage* had he been away from home. Now and then in fine weather Cap had taken him downstairs and out into the yard in a wheelchair, to sit with his feet covered by a rug and his eyes shaded by a down-turned hat brim. It seemed strange to Rachel that this man, so active and so intimately a part of the city's history, should have been so nearly forgotten while he was still alive.

But just then Deborah was more in the younger woman's mind than either James Anthony or Jim. Now that she was a widow, would Mrs. Winforth stay on alone in the big house on Prospect Way or go abroad to visit her daughter and her grandsons? She must be at least sixty-five and yet it seemed impossible to think of her settling down. She simply was not

the type to do that. Erect as ever, her carriage still vigorous, she had energy to spare. Gray hair had merely softened her face, robbed it of some of its sternness. She would never be a subdued widow waiting to rejoin her husband in the next world.

St. Paul's was gradually filling with a motley crowd, many of whom, Rachel was sure, had never set foot there before and never would again. There were roughly shod men from the woods, embarrassed millhands, muscle-bound stevedores, a sea captain or two and a handful of ships' officers, a few policemen in unaccustomed dark suits, a sprinkling of lawyers and more doctors. The Reverend Mr. Wilson was there in a tightly buttoned frock coat, Cora Bain in her ceremonial black silk, Henry Archibald—huge, purple-visaged, short of breath—the former Miss Foster, Lizzie Cornwall with tearful eyes and puckered apple-red cheeks, Daniel Radford bolt upright and apparently as unmoved as one of his copper ingots, Cap Jones and Minnie, the Winforth cook, sad-faced and fidgety on a back seat. Three or four negroes and several Chinese came in unobtrusively, Dr. Jaffray sat in a far corner with his flowing white beard spread over his chest.

The woman in gray who wore a large hat with a drooping brim and sat quietly near the side aisle Rachel did not know was Diamond Mary, nor did she know that the veiled lady in black who slipped in behind the hurrying figure of young Harvey Seagram was Mary Ashwin who had lived with James Anthony for years after Deborah's dereliction.

At the far end of his father's pew Chris Fischer sprawled on the small of his back. Rachel saw him frown when Dr. Seagram came in; he probably thought the doctor belonged at the hospital with Caroline. Beside his burly son Emil seemed to shrink into a little wizened old man. As indeed, Rachel reflected, he had a right to be at seventy-five.

There was, she felt, a strange blankness about this funeral. It was as though they had all come to a dead-end beyond which everything must remain unknown. Where, she asked herself, was Dr. Winforth? Had he evaporated into nothing-



ness, or had he really gone on to a better world? Was he, perhaps, looking down on this incongruous gathering in his own honor? Did he know these people had come here because they remembered his kindness, his gift of understanding, his friendly skill that had tided so many of them through sickness and pain? Had life, perhaps, just begun for the uncomplaining, tired little man she had so often seen nodding in his buggy, behind Daisy, the mare?

There was a sudden hush as though the audience had stopped breathing. The rector's voice rose as hollow and unreal as though he thought the words he repeated were empty of meaning. Rachel watched Deborah and Jim walk slowly up the aisle together and averted her eyes which had suddenly filled with tears in time to see Edmund Blackburn folding his long body up into the end of the pew behind her.

Irresistibly she felt her gaze drawn back toward the two mourners. They sat a little apart. It was not often there were so few, but Margery lived in England and James Anthony's few relatives were all in the east. Mrs. Winforth was erect, with a small black hat high on her head and a close dark veil; her face was not lowered or her handkerchief lifted to her eyes. Not touching her, Dr. Jim sat with his narrow, gray-sprinkled head as erect as hers, his shoulders as motionless, his arms folded across his breast. But the rigidity of his figure was not like his mother's.

As Rachel watched, he seemed to tauten. He had always been very close to his father, she remembered, much closer than most sons. It was he who would miss James Anthony, it was he who was suffering now—not Deborah. That unbent back, those shoulders so grimly erect, that unbowed head were the shield for the pain he felt. A sudden tide of tenderness surprised Rachel, she found her lips forming the words, "Oh, my dear!" Startled, she cast down her eyes, fumbled with the tips of her glove fingers, tried to follow the rector's sonorous voice rising and falling in the service for the dead.

But in spite of herself her gaze was drawn back to Jim. She saw that he had turned as though to examine one of the

stained glass windows near him. Now she could see him almost full-faced. The next instant she was sitting on the edge of the pew with a hand over her lips to keep from crying out, for on that dark face she had seen the lines of an unconfessed agony. The man's eyes burned like smouldering fires beneath his heavy brows. But there was not the twitch of an eyelid to give him away. Then he turned slowly back toward the surpliced priest and Rachel breathed again.

When the service was over she told old Emil she would rather not go to the cemetery. What had happened to Jim she did not know but she did not want to see his torture again. In the presence of such desolation she was afraid to trust herself. All evening she was haunted by him. She wondered what he was doing. Was he with Deborah in that big ugly house on Prospect Way or had he gone back to his flat alone? Even the telephone call from the *Anchorage* at eleven o'clock to announce that Caroline had given birth to twin girls did not divert Rachel's thoughts.

Five days later, as she was leaving the hospital after a duty call on Caroline, she found herself confronted by a familiar face.

"Why, Miss Foster," she began and then flushed. "Oh, excuse me, please. It's stupid, but I don't remember your married name."

"Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Fischer. Everyone around here still calls me Miss Foster."

"But are you working here now? I thought . . ."

"I come in to help out whenever they need me, Mrs. Fischer." The nurse looked intently at Rachel, remembering for the hundredth time a certain morning years before. "Did you know our doctor had gone?"

"Who?" Rachel started.

"Dr. Jim. I always called him 'our doctor.' His father's death was too much for him. He left this morning."

The woman paused again, as though to judge the effect of what she had said. Rachel Fischer had always been lovely. The bright gold of her hair was still but little darkened, her



eyes as blue and friendly as they had ever been, her voice as low-pitched and softly husky as it had been sixteen years ago. Miss Foster congratulated herself that she had kept her thoughts to herself. This Mrs. Fischer was a lady. The one upstairs . . . Well, let that go.

"Yes, he is going abroad, first to England to see his sister, and then to the Continent to study and catch up with things."

Rachel felt her head whirling. She had not thought of him going away. She had expected to see him soon. Ought he to have gone alone? Did this nurse or Dr. Seagram know what had happened to him? A soft flush swept over her cheeks. After all she had no reason to be so concerned over Jim Winforth and his doings.

"Thank you so much for telling me, Miss Foster. I was about to ask after the doctor. I was sure he would take his father's death very hard." Impulsively Rachel held out her hand. "It's nice to see you again. I've always remembered what good care you took of me when Malcolm was born. He's such a big boy now, sixteen years old and halfway through high school; I'm afraid you wouldn't know him. But I am very proud of my son."

When she had gone the nurse stood looking after her. The flower-trimmed hat and spreading white skirt were bathed in the soft summer sunshine and Miss Foster's eyes followed her as she climbed into the carriage waiting for her. Chris Fischer came roaring up each evening in a motor car but somehow the nurse felt she liked the carriage better. That, she reflected, was probably because she was old-fashioned. And perhaps that also explained her habit of keeping things to herself.

So Rachel Fischer was proud of her son. Smiling a little, Miss Foster turned and went back upstairs to her work.

## XLVI

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FROM the moment when he saw the half-open bag beside his father's body until his train pulled out of Fairharbor Jim Winforth moved like an automaton in a world starkly bare and devoid of significance. There was the funeral, there was the brief will to be read leaving everything to "my life-long companion, Deborah Winforth" except two bequests, one to "my beloved son, James Anthony Winforth, Junior" and the other to "Mrs. Mary Ashwin, a loyal friend of many years' standing." There was the short but bitter argument to convince his mother that it would be unwise to contest the sum designated for Mrs. Ashwin, there was that other acrimonious interview in which Deborah demanded that he give up his flat and return to the house on Prospect Way and fell into a fury when he refused, and finally there was the night, second but one after the funeral, when he sat in his office at midnight alone, with the scanty tears of a man of forty-two in his eyes, and took thought of what he should do.

"I've been tied here to this town for seventeen years, Harvey," he told Dr. Seagram the next morning. "And lots of things have happened since 1890. I want to go back to Vienna and study. I don't like the idea of being a fossil before I'm fifty. Why not get that young brother of yours out here to help you while I'm away? Hasn't he about finished his



hospital work? We might as well take him into the firm, there's room for three."

The trip across the continent was dull. Jim stared out of the car windows and wondered how people could live in such God-forsaken places. The old times had been raw and rowdy but they had been exhilarating too, while now the country was all alike. He had lived through the big boom and the end of the frontier, the panic of '93 and the rise of the Populists, the Spanish war and America's plunge into imperialism, the muckrakers' disclosures, the epidemic of trust making, the birth of wireless. He had done what his hand found to do and, for the rest, been an ironic spectator of progress. But now the sight of what progress had done to his country sickened him. The old west in which he had been born had at least had gusto and enthusiasm, but the new west was drab and mediocre.

In New York he found a classmate, apprised by Harvey Seagram of Jim's plans, and spent a few days with him. Dr. Manion had a private sanitarium of which he was very proud and which he was anxious to show off to his old friend.

Following him rather lackadaisically about the institution, Jim came face to face with Fred Archibald in a wheelchair with a nurse wrapping his feet in a blanket. Fred's face was stolid and expressionless, he looked straight at Jim without sign of recognition. Dr. Manion stopped, asked the nurse a question or two, and put a kindly hand on his patient's shoulder. "How are you, Mr. Spalding?"

Fred's tongue tangled his words together so that he spoke in jerks.

"Doctor, that . . . that yacht of mine . . . I want to . . . find out why . . . they . . . it's never . . . been de . . . de . . . de . . ."

"Delivered," prompted the nurse.

"Delivered," repeated the sick man. "Why not? . . . That's what I . . . I paid for it . . . I can pay . . . but I want . . . I don't want . . . No, I mean . . ."

"Depressing to see a man our age in such a condition,"

commented Manion as he went on toward the next ward. "Spalding is only a little over forty. He must have had his first infection when he was just a boy. And, by the way, he comes from your part of the country, too. Portland, I believe. He's told me so many yarns, though, and has so many delusions that I never know when I'm telling the truth about him. He says he was in Alaska during the gold rush, and he once recited some of his exploits with women that would put Boccaccio out of the running."

"Who pays his bills and looks after him?"

"Oh, every month we get a cashier's check from a bank here in New York for his expenses. His family must be well heeled. That's where he's lucky. Most men in his fix are kicking around in public institutions, taking whatever they get, while he lives on the fat of the land and has a special nurse most of the time."

All the way to London Fred's blank face and drooling lips haunted Dr. Jim. Did Henry Archibald know where his son was? Had the old man been in on that fake suicide? Did Caroline know she was a bigamist? How long would Fred live and who furnished the money to take care of him—old Henry or Chris and Caroline? Even when Margery had met him and taken him down to the Montrose country home, his nights were still made restless by Fred's opaque, witless gray eyes and stammering speech, although he was at last beginning to see the grim irony of the situation.

One afternoon he said to his sister that it was queer how little thought people gave to doctors' knowledge of them. "If I were to tell what I know about some things and some people, Margery, there would be a shakeup of the 'royal families' in Fairharbor, let me tell you. And I don't like it. I'd rather see people the way clerks in a store do, for instance. I'd rather be able to look at Chris and Caroline without thinking . . ."

"Why? Don't they get along together?"

"Oh, they're all right. I just used their names because they popped into my head. But sometimes I go to a show and sit and watch the audience come in: this woman has an illegiti-



mate child no one else knows about, that man has a mistress he keeps under cover, that one has syphilis, and the other one is paying blackmail. Jones pays hush-money to Smith and Smith pays a price for the nomination for mayor. They get away with it because doctors keep their mouths shut. I wonder whether we ought to spill what we know instead. But the trouble is, if we talked, we'd pull down an awful mess on a lot of decent people."

Jim sprang up and paced up and down the garden, his hands clasped behind him and the same haggard look in his dark eyes that had been there when Margery met him at the boat train in London.

"Besides, I . . . we know so many things about ourselves too—just as bad as the things we know about other people. And what good would it do to clap everybody in jail?"

Margery smiled. Her brother still lived tempestuously; his hair might be half gray and his face drawn and lined but his emotions were not dampened. The figure that strode up and down in front of her now seemed as compact and forceful and vital as it had in 1892. But there was a subtle difference: the man of forty-two could conceal his thoughts if not his feelings, and he had the air of not expecting anything pleasant. His eyes had some of their father's worn kindness, a little of his compassion, a trace of his acceptance of things as they are.

"Nonsense, Jim," she exclaimed with a sudden catch in her voice. "Dad never did anything mean in his life and neither have you. It isn't in you."

"Mean?" Her brother repeated the word. "Mean? Perhaps. I don't know."

Eugene Montrose Jim liked at once: he liked the man's aged father and mother too, he liked their old house with its dignified air of having been lived in generation after generation, and he enjoyed learning to know Margery again. She bore a certain resemblance to their mother, he thought: she was tall and very straight and she carried herself with dignity and, at times, a trace of haughtiness. But her eyes were not

hard, her figure was still slender and graceful, her mouth was full and red.

Jim watched her manage her household, he listened to her singing to her family in the evenings. Hers was a perfect voice for the drawing room, full and round and under excellent control but not loud or strong. And when he saw the pride with which her husband watched her at the piano singing in the firelight, he told himself that Margery had something better than a career in opera. She was happy and her husband was in love with her. She had two sturdy sons and the fact that they were British subjects did not disturb a man whose patriotism had not recovered from the Spanish-American war.

Thomas Anthony and Rodney were lively lovable boys with fair hair and blue eyes and their mother's fine carriage, and if their uncle's affection seemed to go out more spontaneously to the elder whose birth had been such a highlight in the hectic summer of '98 it was not because he did not see Rodney's points too. One day Margery told him she and Eugene thought sometimes of having another child, if they could be sure of its being a girl.

"Eugene says no more boys. It's so hard to educate them and get them properly settled in careers in an old country like England."

"Send Tom to the States, Margery. He can study medicine and go in with me. We'll need more new blood in the firm in a few years."

Margery shook her head. "Not the oldest son, Jim. Only younger sons can be risked abroad, you know."

"Well, then let me have Rodney. He's a fine chap, he'll make a good American."

"We couldn't spare a son, even to you, Jim. Eugene has a sense of family we don't know anything about at home. That's why he'd like to have a daughter now; she'd make the circle complete."

"You wouldn't call her Deborah," interrupted Jim.

"No, not Deborah. Elizabeth perhaps. Mary doesn't go well



with Montrose. And I've always liked Caroline and Katherine."

Her brother muttered under his breath, then stopped and smiled at her.

"Go ahead, Margery. You'll have to do our duty by the race. Biologically I'm a total loss."

She glanced up quickly at his dark face. "You mayn't always be," she said.

It was in her mind to ask whether he was in love with a woman who was not free to marry him; she could think of no other reason why he should be a bachelor at his age. But at the barest hint of this the man's eyes darkened and a non-committal expression rolled down over his face like a curtain.

Within the month Jim had become restless and gone on to the Continent. He stayed a few days in Paris and then turned toward Vienna where he had spent two happy years as a student. There were many new things to attract his interest: the Wassermann test for syphilis, the discovery of typhoid carriers who kept the disease going, Schaudinn's method of examining for *Treponema Pallidum*, the new local anesthetic, novocaine, and Fourneau's method of inducing spinal anesthesia. Greedily he read Rutherford and Soddy's explanation of the activity of radium and studied the use of Xrays in lupus and leukemia and tumors. With considerable pride he demonstrated an American innovation—the use of Beck's bismuth paste in infected sinuses and Xray work—and discussed Hewitt's mercury lamp for ultra violet rays and Ricketts' recent proof that spotted fever was also an insect-borne infection. He visited the Finsen Institute in Copenhagen and Rollier's sun cure in Leysin and watched the cure of disease by sunshine. Too engrossed to remember James Anthony often, he lost bit by bit the haggard look he had brought from Fairharbor.

His second summer abroad he spent with Margery and her husband motoring over the hedge-lined winding roads in England and visiting Oxford and Cambridge. Lucky little devils, he thought, looking at Tom and Rodney, to grow up with all this around them. But with the advent of autumn

he returned to the Continent and presently sailed for India. From there he took passage to China, thence to Manila and Honolulu, and finally to San Francisco where he landed, once more himself, early in 1909.

Harvey Seagram saw that Dr. Jim had regained his balance, but he saw also that the man had changed greatly since his father's death. No less impulsive than he had always been, he seemed wiser, more tolerant of weakness and even of stupidity, kinder. He had even a new diffidence in expressing his opinions.

"I've been trotting around the last year and a half, Harvey, and I've learned not to make an ass of myself by bragging about the United States. We're not so much. The English and the Germans and the Chinese have got it over us in a good many ways. They all take time to do something besides make money. And the Chinese know something we don't—I hope they never forget it—that good manners will get you farther than a pair of hard fists."



## XLVII

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"BUT, Mr. Blackburn, I tell you the girl wasn't doing anything."

Ed Blackburn looked sharply from one to the other of the two young men who stood across from him in the *Bugle* office.

"Oh, no," he said mockingly. "Just breaking the law. That's all."

Geoffrey Radford threw out his hand in a gesture of derision.

"Breaking the law! What kind of a law, Mr. Blackburn? Tell me that. Haven't American citizens got a right to say what they think?"

"May I ask whether you know that this woman is an American citizen?"

"Oh, come now, Mr. Blackburn," said Malcolm Fischer. "You wouldn't kid us, would you? The girl is a native New Yorker. She says 'twenty-thoid street' and 'bring home the bacon' and 'bone-head.' No foreigner talks like that."

The editor smiled sardonically at the freckled face of the heir to the Fischer fortune.

"So you're on the side of these agitators too. What does your grandfather think of that?"

"He doesn't know anything about it," admitted the young man flushing up to his bright hair. "But I still think Miss Matlock has a right to say what she thinks."

"Miss Matlock? How do you know she's 'Miss'?"

Geoffrey pushed aside this inquiry. "That isn't the point, Mr. Blackburn. She was only . . ."

"Soapboxing on the lower avenue to a crowd of red-necked, snoose-eating loggers in staggered pants. And she got run in for it, because there's an ordinance against it. So what can I do about it?"

"Doesn't the *Bugle* stand for the rights of free speech and peaceful assembly?" Young Radford's voice was shrill and demanding.

Blackburn's yellow-flecked eyes searched his face.

"Geoffrey, you've been reading the *Appeal to Reason*." The man's words were bantering but there was dismay in his face. Here was the son of one of Fairharbor's wealthiest men protesting the arrest of a female agitator who had been taken to the lock-up. And Malcolm Fischer was backing him. It would not do to take this too seriously, but on the other hand these boys could not be dismissed as though they were children. Lads of twenty were always sure they knew it all.

"See here, boys. The police have orders not to allow street meetings. They cause a lot of commotion and jam the sidewalks so nobody can get up and down the avenue. Then these agitators are always talking strike and stirring the loggers up. So the council passed this ordinance and the officers carried out their orders. That's the whole layout. Nothing to it. They'll turn the woman loose in the morning and she'll be on her way before noon."

"But that isn't all there is to it." Geoffrey's face was, if possible, paler than before and his black hair rose belligerently above it. "Malcolm and I were down there and we saw what happened. The cops didn't arrest Miss Matlock quietly; they hit her over the head and in the face. And they called her a bitch and shoved the men who'd been standing listening to her around and called them bastards. Why? Because they want people who work for a living to get more of what they produce, because they don't like to see men who earn nothing rolling in money."



The editor kept his eyes on the paper cutter in his hand. So Geoffrey was a radical, a Socialist, one of those wild-eyed fellows who wanted to divide everything. As if that would do any good! The Fischers and the Radfords and the Rockefellers and their kind would have it all back in a year's time. Hadn't old Emil stolen a hundred and sixty-eight million acres of timberland in his day?

"Well, boys, it would've been all right if the woman hadn't been out in the street. Anybody can express his opinions in Fairharbor as long as he does it in an orderly fashion. It's only yelling around and inciting people to violence that is forbidden."

"But these people can't afford to hire a hall for their meetings. Besides, the men they want to reach won't come to a hall. They have to catch them on the street, on the skidroad, wherever they are. And then talk to them in language they can understand. Soft soap won't do. These loggers and millhands are suspicious, they've been 'done' too often."

"What do you mean they've been 'done'? The men in Fairharbor haven't any kick coming. They get good wages, they have steady work. What more do they need?"

Geoffrey leaned forward and put his face close to Blackburn's.

"Would you like to work for six or eight months out of the year and have to save enough out of that to live all winter on the skidroad? How far could you stretch two and a quarter a day, and still pay for your clothes and forty dollars a month for your board in camp? Would you like to sleep with bedbugs in a bunkhouse that stinks, with dirty men and wet dirty clothes? Would you enjoy eating with flies crawling over your food that have come straight from the backhouse to the cook-shack?"

"Well, nobody has to work in the woods if he doesn't want to. You can't have all the city conveniences in the logging camps."

"Have you ever hunted work, Mr. Blackburn? Common, everyday work? What do you know about those 'slave markets'?

on the lower avenue? Did you realize that they charge the logger a fee for a job and have an agreement with the company foreman beforehand to fire him after a week or two so the agency can send out another man and collect another fee from him?"

"But there are free agencies."

"Sure. Run by politicians to furnish strike breakers when the companies want them. And they have a blacklist with every man marked on it who's ever complained about wages or hours or who belongs to a union. No use hunting a job if you're on that list, for you won't get it."

Blackburn frowned uneasily. Another year or two and this boy would be on a soapbox himself. That was what came of kids reading Jack London and Upton Sinclair and those damned muckrakers. They learned the lingo in no time. This was a pretty spectacle—Geoffrey Radford standing up for a female I.W.W. or anarchist or whatever she was. And Malcolm backing him.

"Of course things aren't all they should be," said the editor in a conciliatory manner. "But we've got to go slow. We don't want any revolutions in this country. No violence or bloodshed. Everything will work out gradually if we just keep cool. Raising hell won't get us anywhere. And if we let these soapboxers hang around town, we'll be getting a taste of dynamite like they did down in Los Angeles last fall."

A curious light flickered in Geoffrey's eyes at these words.

"I've been waiting for you to bring that up, Mr. Blackburn. Now, let me tell you something. I've been in California in school for a year and I know that was a frameup to discredit the unions and keep the Socialists from winning the city elections."

Malcolm looked uneasily from his friend's pale, intense face to Blackburn's. He was embarrassed whenever Geoffrey got emotional like this. Not that he didn't believe in free speech and good wages, but Geoff's eyes shone so and his voice trembled. There wasn't any use getting so worked up over things. The cops would very likely let the Matlock girl loose



in the morning, just as the editor said, and she'd go on to another town and begin over.

"Oh, come along, Geoff. Let's beat it. This is no way to talk to Mr. Blackburn. You sound like a soapboxer yourself."

"I don't care. I've often thought I'd like to be one. I've got something to say, and I know how to say it."

That, reflected Ed Blackburn, was no exaggeration. Geoffrey had led his high school debating team to the state championship two years in succession and now he was studying public speaking in college. He was a convincing persuasive speaker and, it would seem, a wild-eyed Socialist besides.

But just as he was thinking ruefully that it would have been better for Daniel Radford to have paid more attention to his son and less to the smelter, Blackburn saw the enthusiasm die out of Geoffrey's face leaving it white and anemic. The boy looked at Malcolm and then seemed to shrink into himself.

"I . . . I'm sorry, Mr. Blackburn. I guess I've been making a fool of myself."

"Oh, that's all right. We all do the same thing sometimes. I can understand how you feel, but flying off the handle is no way to get anything. You'd better let older hands manage things yet a while. Now, this Matlock woman will be turned loose tomorrow and warned to get out of town and that will be the end of the affair."

But the editor was wrong in his prophecy. Not only was Elizabeth Matlock not released but she was tried on a vagrancy charge and sentenced to thirty days in jail.

The next day a half-dozen Wobblies made incendiary speeches on the lower avenue. They were promptly arrested and taken to the calaboose but no sooner had they gone than others appeared to take their places. All day and all evening the avenue listened to heated oratory and presently the workmen began to boo the officers who arrested the speakers, one after the other. The police did nothing more than disperse the crowds of listeners and rap a head here and there among them, but each time they came back to take up another I.W.W.

they found a larger group of bystanders free with comments and advice.

Within forty-eight hours blanket stiffers were pouring into town from Spokane and Portland and by the end of the week they were coming from as far away as Denver. They held meetings on the streets and made speeches on every corner; when they were arrested they made no resistance and soon there were more than five hundred of them packed into the city jail. The sheriff who cherished a grudge against the mayor refused the use of the county prison for the overflow and the authorities in Seaforth were equally deaf to pleas for help.

After that the mayor ordered the fire department to turn the hose on speakers and audiences alike. In retaliation two hundred of the prisoners in the calaboose went on a hunger strike.

The Chamber of Commerce called a meeting and organized a Committee of Public Safety and solicited funds from the railroads, the smelter, the Fischer company, and other factories and mills. Arrogantly Chris Fischer criticized their tactics.

"I could handle this whole thing alone, if you'd give me a chance. And it wouldn't take very long, either. You may notice that none of our men are hanging around these Wobblies. That's because every one of them knows he'll have no job an hour after I find out he's mixed up with the I.W.W. If every fellow on the skidroad knew he could never get a job here again if he horned into this mess, the whole thing would be over in a day."

Apparently this advice did not fall on heedless ears, for wayfaring men soon began to appear on the streets with black eyes and bandaged heads and several Wobblies were tarred and feathered by masked mobs and run out of town. Then, late one evening, Daniel Radford came out of his office at the smelter and found the body of an employee whom he had reported to the Committee of Public Safety as a man he suspected of belonging to a union. Radford called up the chairman of this committee to say that he felt things might be carried a



little too far, but was met with a flat denial of any knowledge of the killing.

The next day two men were brought into the *Anchorage*, both of whom had been shot at close range. Having made deathbed statements concerning their masked assailants they died and were turned over to the county for burial. Meanwhile Harvey Seagram, who was city physician, had been forced to resort to forced feeding of the half-starved hunger-strikers in the jail.

It was at this point that Honest John appeared in Fairharbor. Dr. Jim met him in the evening on the avenue and was struck by the change in the man. Since he had come to spend much of his time in California, coming north only now and then to look after the property he had not yet sold, Erskine had taken to banker's gray and blue serge. Tonight he wore a wing collar and four-in-hand, a large black fob, and a wide-brimmed straw sailor which subdued his coarse red face to respectability.

"Well, well," cried Jim. "What is this I see before me? A moving picture magnate?"

"Sure! What'd I tell you? The pictures are backin' vaudeville off the stage and Mr. Morris and I are doin' well. And so's Janet. She just played with one of the Barrymores in a film that's goin' to sweep the country off its feet. Why say, that girl is an actor right now; she's got what it takes to make people laugh and cry. Morris says it won't be no time until her name's up in electric lights in front of every picture house in the United States!"

But presently, over a drink in his old saloon, Honest John remembered to ask how things were in Fairharbor and listened in amazement to Jim's recital of the I.W.W. fiasco.

"That Gatewood!" he groaned. "Whoever made him chief of police? He's the biggest fool in town. Why, good Lord, there ain't room for half of five hundred men in that calaboose!"

"So even Gatewood is beginning to suspect, I believe," remarked Jim.

"Well, I can see I got here just in time," continued Erskine.

"Let's go up and see Ed and find out when the council meets."

Secure in the consciousness of his blameless, middle-of-the-road behavior and free of any feeling of compulsion now that Erskine no longer owned the *Bugle*, Blackburn told the ex-boss exactly what had happened and how. The editor had been skillful; he had deplored the arrests that turned the radicals into martyrs and reminded his readers that violence was a boomerang likely to do more harm than good, but he had considered his words. Now he could jump either way with perfect consistency.

"Pretty foxy at straddling, Ed," said his former employer. "But you don't want to get caught in the morning with your pants down. I'm goin' to clean this mess up. And I'm goin' to start right now, with the council meetin'."

Like an enraged bull Honest John burst in on these worried representatives of the people. At sight of him the councilmen seemed to shrivel and the mayor's smile faded into a sickly grimace. None of them remembered that Erskine was no longer the boss of Fairharbor.

"Of all the cockeyed, pinheaded, God damned fool stunts I ever heard of, this is the worst! You arrest five hundred Wobblies for makin' speeches on the avenue. Don't you know that's just so much duck soup for them? They've come from everywhere to stir up more stink and make a laughin' stock of the town. And you've got 'em, all of 'em, on your hands with no place to keep 'em!"

Honest John belched and pushed his straw sailor back off his flushed forehead.

"Now what are you goin' to do with these guys? Tell me that! All I can say is you're all of you batty. Nobody but an ape would ever have run this woman in, in the first place. Don't you know Americans are funny about women? They don't like 'em bein' manhandled and put in jail. Not young ones, anyhow. Supposin' this Matlock girl did lay up with some fellow now and then. That don't give you no license to put her in the jug as a vagrant. And if you didn't want her makin' speeches on the avenue there was lots better ways of



gettin' rid of her than bangin' her on the head and puttin' her in the hoosegow."

Erskine drew a deep breath and unbuttoned the vest that strained across his bulging stomach.

"Now, here you birds got three dead ones on your hands to account for besides five hundred fellows in the calaboose and this girl and nobody knows who all beaten up and tarred and feathered. I hadn't ought to 've gone away from here and left you without somebody to tell you what to do. Don't you know no better than to trust businessmen? They mean well enough but the smell of a dollar throws 'em into such a spasm they can't think of nothing else. The only way is to tell 'em just part of what you're aimin' to do—enough so's they'll give you what money you got to have, but not enough for 'em to be able to gum up the whole works."

When he left the city hall Honest John had in his pocket a communication addressed to the *Bugle* which announced the resignation of the mayor because of a sudden breakdown in health and similar documents bearing the signatures of the councilmen.

"I'll have Ed Blackburn put these here papers in the safe. He'll know what to do with 'em when the time comes. Don't worry."

Erskine then went to see the chief of police. At sight of the former boss, Gatewood's face went white but he soon recovered himself and explained that he had just been at a taxpayers' meeting which demanded the immediate release of the prisoners in the city jail on the ground of public economy.

"I didn't know you were in town, Mr. Erskine. But I'm glad to see you. This whole thing, in my opinion, has been a mistake."

"Shut up!" growled Honest John. "I don't like hearin' the pot call the kettle black. You're as big a fool as the mayor. I bet it was you thought of turnin' the fire hose on the loggers and the Wobblies."

Before midnight Elizabeth Matlock had been released from custody and Dr. Jim and Erskine had taken her to the Great

Western Hotel and installed her in a room with a private bath for the night. They were surprised to find her a slender, quiet-spoken young woman with brown hair and fearless gray eyes. The next morning Honest John called on her and talked with her for some time.

"She's smart," he told Jim later in the day. "She asked me to sit down and then she just sat and waited for me to say something. You know how nervous it makes a fellow to have somebody just stare and say nothing. Well, anyhow, I finally started the conversation myself. And she admitted that the mayor and the chief of police had done just what she hoped they would; she said she'd got a nice lot of publicity out of it. But she's agreed to leave and call off the Wobblies if the council will revoke that ordinance about street meetings, so I promised they would, and we shook hands and said good bye like old friends."

"You forget you aren't a resident of Fairharbor any longer, don't you?" asked Dr. Jim slyly.

"Who? Me? Say, when I've been the boss once, I'm always the boss, if I want to be. Those guys folded up like cardboard when I walked in on 'em last night at the city hall. They knew their master's voice all right. And don't you worry about them not passin' a new ordinance about street meetings. Ed's got all their resignations in the safe at the *Bugle* office, just in case they should try to pull anything. Them pieces of paper may come in kind of handy one of these days. You'd better see that Ed keeps 'em. I don't want to have to be runnin' up here, all the way from Los Angeles, every time anything goes wrong in Fairharbor."



## XLVIII

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THROUGHOUT the excitement over Elizabeth Matlock's imprisonment and the hunger strike among the Wobblies in the calaboose and the activities of the Committee of Public Safety, Geoffrey was beside himself. He wanted to do something but he did not know how. He hung around the skidroad ; he wrote letters to the *Bugle* about the right of free speech but they were not published ; he tried to find out from his father who the man was who had been murdered at the smelter but Daniel Radford knew little he could have told and had no desire to talk about the matter. Finally Geoffrey was reduced to re-reading all the copies of the *Appeal to Reason* he possessed and to discussing with Malcolm what they ought to do as the sons of wealthy men for the advancement of social justice.

But Malcolm was not deeply interested in social justice. Old Emil had just bought him a Cadillac Thirty roadster and he had found a girl who seemed to him the perfect work of God. Consequently Malcolm was very busy ; whenever he was not out with his new love he was disemboweling the Cadillac or repairing tires.

"Gosh, Geoff," he exclaimed one afternoon when young Radford had cornered him and begun to discuss the plight of the hunger-strikers, "what makes you so serious all the time ? It gets my goat, the way you act. Those fellows in jail could've

stayed where they were, couldn't they? They didn't have to come here from Portland and Denver and all over. And if they'd stayed home they wouldn't be in the calaboose."

"But . . ."

"Oh, yes, I think people ought to be allowed to make speeches and say what they like," continued Malcolm. "But I get sick of talking about it all the time. Here it's summer and vacation, and I've got a car and a swell girl, and grandfather isn't well enough to go to the woods and Chris won't have me where he is. So I'm going to have a good time. You'd better get your father to buy you a car and forget about the I.W.W."

But Geoffrey sneered at his friend's callousness.

"You don't realize it, of course," he said loftily, "but we're at a crisis in this free speech fight, and I'm more interested in that than I am in girls and automobiles."

"In a pig's eye, you are!" retorted Malcolm. "You're dying to have a girl and I know it."

This was indeed the truth though not the whole truth. For Geoffrey had fallen in love with Elizabeth Matlock at sight and, since she was out of reach in jail, he had revived the Edwin Paul McIlree serial and each night pictured to himself a series of love-passages with the young woman.

The Radford house had never been a cheerful place and, now that Daniel spent his evenings at the Commercial Club or in the library alone and Lizzie's affection had taken the unwelcome form of asking Geoffrey where he was going and when he would be back and why he didn't stay at home during his vacation, it seemed more like a prison than ever. The boy fell to brooding over his infatuation with Miss Matlock. After he went to bed he lay in the dark telling himself episodes from the life of his hero as he courted the young radical. Rejected over and over because of her devotion to the cause, McIlree was nevertheless always on hand whenever Elizabeth was in peril to rescue her and repeat his stilted romantic formula, "My darling, I love you! Why will you not leave this wretched existence and be my wife?"

A fortnight of this brought Geoffrey to a state in which he



could neither eat nor sleep and was so restless that Lizzie was sure some obscure disease had fastened upon him.

It was sheer chance that the boy saw Dr. Jim and Erskine and Ed Blackburn together the evening Honest John arrived in Fairharbor, but it was not chance that he telephoned every hotel in town next day until he located Miss Matlock and secured her promise to drive with him to Seaforth in the afternoon. Now more than half swallowed up in the personality of the tall, strong, handsome McIlree, he hired a car and driver from the Star Garage and took up his post across the street from the Great Western Hotel. At last he was rewarded by the young woman's appearance in the lobby with a shabby suitcase and, quite beside himself, escorted her to the waiting automobile.

Elizabeth Matlock was cheerful and matter-of-fact. She planned to spend the night with friends in Seaforth and leave from there for California in a day or two. Fresno was to be the scene of the next free speech demonstration. She could see nothing out of the way in Geoffrey's offer to drive her to the neighboring city and so, buttoned into dusters, they set out.

At the outskirts of Fairharbor they met Dr. Jim coming back from a call. Startled, he looked first at the girl, then at Geoffrey, touched his cap and drove on. It was none of his business, he told himself savagely, what the boy was doing. He had led a dog's life and now he probably fell for every girl he met, but he would get over that in time. The chances were that Elizabeth Matlock was not a cradle-robber or seriously interested in Geoffrey.

Nevertheless he was relieved that evening when he met the lad on the street. Impulsively he put a hand on the boy's shoulder and said, "Hello, there, young fellow. How are you? Come on up to my rooms for a while. I think I can find something to eat and you look as though you were hungry."

But when he had the crippled lad in his sitting room he saw that Geoffrey looked unnaturally worn for a boy of twenty; he was nervous and jumpy and the black hair that kept falling

over his forehead made the pallor of his face almost grotesque.

"Do you smoke?" asked the older man, thinking that the small attentions of a host might dispel the curious emotional stress Geoffrey had brought with him into the room.

"Sometimes. But not tonight, thank you." The boy flung himself into a chair and rested his head against the high back.

"Good Lord," thought Jim, "this kid is tragic enough to be almost ridiculous. If his eyes were only dark, he'd look like a starving Armenian."

The doctor could feel a sort of exasperation stealing over him. After all what reason had Geoffrey Radford to be so woebegone? Suppose the other youngsters had made his life miserable when he was little, he needn't still be in a stew over it; many another fellow had been born deformed and yet made something of himself. A kick in the rear might be good for the boy.

Jim went into his bedroom and put on a smoking jacket, came out and asked his Chinese houseboy to make coffee and sandwiches, then settled down in his armchair and lighted his pipe. Had something happened between Geoffrey and the Matlock girl, or was it just that the lad carried with him still on the verge of manhood the ingrown defenses he had acquired in childhood? It would be too bad if he had, but it would also be partly his own fault. Look at Janet Erskine. She had been an outcast too: people had always suspected her mother had not been married to Honest John, the daughters of the respectable had snubbed her, she had lost her mother when she was only eight years old. But now she was "our Janet" of the movies. Hadn't her father just told him that, since her appearance in the *Five Dollar Hat*, Biograph was angling for her services in a film to be based on Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities* at the unheard-of figure of sixty dollars a week? This, Jim reflected irritably, was what one of Fairharbor's pariahs had done. He was annoyed—unreasonably—with Geoffrey for not doing likewise.

Jim had no fears for Janet Erskine. She had enough toughness to pull her through; once started she could take care of



herself. But this boy was not like her. He was not hard, he was not elastic. Above all he had no father like Honest John to back him. One might as well expect affection from copper ore as from Daniel Radford. Malcolm had been the boy's only emotional outlet, and that was not enough. The chances were, thought Dr. Jim, that he was feverishly obsessed with sex.

He was tall enough—Jim glanced at the lanky body in the chair; five feet ten anyhow—and there was something not unattractive about his slim shoulders and thick black hair. The empty right sleeve would probably seem romantic to a certain type of girl. But in the slant of the lad's mouth and the strange oblique cast of his eyes, Jim could see a mental twist. He had never tasted achievement except for his success as a debater and on the high school paper, he had been shut out of sports and shunned at parties and dances. Winforth wondered what the boy thought about. Did he build castles in the air and dream of fame? Did he pretend to himself that he was indifferent to girls or did he dream of them too?

Shaking himself back to actuality Jim made a haphazard remark about motor cars and better roads, but he saw that his guest did not hear and was not surprised when Geoffrey suddenly asked, "Do you think it's any wonder I hate God? When they told me it was God's will that I was born like this and that mother died?"

Then passionate, bitter words poured out headlong. For the first time in his life Geoffrey Radford emptied out his heart before another human being. Dr. Jim, whose business it was to listen to people's troubles, made no move to check the flood of confession. There was nothing too appalling for him to hear, too unbelievable for him to accept.

The boy leaned his forearms on his knees and fixed his eyes on the floor.

"The kids at school called me 'Living Skeleton' and fingered my arm and said I was a girl. So I hated them. They shut me out of their games. I could run and kick a football but they wouldn't let me play. I had to stand around looking on. And father wouldn't let me have any boys at our house except

Malcolm or let me go anywhere but to Mrs. Fischer's. Girls didn't like me, I didn't know how to talk to them and I didn't dance well.

"So I read and made up games. I played soldier by myself all through the war, I wanted to kill Spaniards. Not that I had anything against them but I just wanted to kill something. And I read—anything I could get my hands on. The muck-rakers made me see how rotten modern life all was. Then I began to debate; that gave me a chance to lambast bosses and grafters and political rings. It was a relief."

Geoffrey raised his face and Jim saw cold rage in the pale gray eyes.

"I was in Port Gannon with Malcolm and old Mr. Fischer the summer of the big fires. You couldn't see across the street for the smoke and, just when they thought the fire was under control, the wind sprang up and spread it everywhere. Crown fires blew back up the hills and the whole country burned for weeks. Loggers caught in the camp were cremated, and all the while Chris Fischer was roaring because skidders and donkey engines were burning up.

"And I saw how men live in the woods. Like animals. I saw them brought into town with their fingers chopped off, their feet split open, their legs and backs broken, killed by flying cables. I hated Chris Fischer because he was a bully and pretty soon I hated the lumber business too—all of it.

"Everything is wrong. That's why I read Socialist papers. That's why I like the Wobblies. They're under-dogs and so am I. We belong together. I hate policemen just as I hate God and my father. I wish I was a soapboxer, I'd like to be arrested and put in jail. I swear I would. I want to do something about the way things are. . . . You see, it isn't any better at college than it was here. I'm different. Malcolm made a fraternity, I didn't. It's not just my arm, but the way I've always lived, the way I hate things."

Suddenly the torrent of words stopped and Geoffrey lay back in his chair with an air of exhaustion, his face once more in the shadows.



Dr. Jim sat perfectly still. Very well did he know the value of such an outburst to the emotionally overwrought mind, and he was sure there was still more to be poured out.

But when Geoffrey began to talk again he spoke slowly, with more bewilderment than hate. He told the doctor of his preoccupation with sex, his invention of McIlree, his hero's adventures in love. He confessed his own first attempt to go with a street walker and his chagrin at finding himself impotent. He had tried again but he had never succeeded.

"Fornication," observed Jim quietly, "is vastly over-rated."

"I know it," cried Geoffrey. "And I hate thinking about it all the time, but I can't help it. I thought I might get over that if I had a good dose of it once. But I can't manage even that."

How on earth, thought Jim, is a man to explain psychological impotence to a boy who knows absolutely nothing of men and women except by proxy?

"It's enough to drive a fellow crazy to be different, to know he can't ever be like other men. And everybody else knows it too, as well as I do. I see people looking at me, with a funny expression on their faces. And that makes me hate them. It's like having a pack of dogs after you. You run and run, and all the time you know that in the end the pack will get you, because you're different."

It was late before Jim heard the last of Geoffrey's outburst and could persuade the boy to eat. But having succeeded in this, he set himself to entertain the lad and make him laugh. He told tales of the boom days, of the bear who stood on his hind legs and drank beer in the bar of the Fairharbor Hotel, of the banquet where Henry Archibald gave away five thousand cigars and his guests ate a hundred turkeys. And at last he saw Geoffrey smile.

Then the older man prodded deftly for the boy's ambitions. But except for the emotional identification with the down-trodden, he could find no sign of a serious purpose in life. Geoffrey was not interested in his college work; only the course in public speaking appealed to him. For religion and social uplift he had nothing but scorn. He was determined not to

go into his father's business because he considered business essentially parasitic and dishonest.

Finally Dr. Jim drove the lad home and watched him go swiftly up the walk in the soft summer moonlight and melt silently into the shadows of the porch. Winforth frowned in perplexity. Every emotion the boy had ever known was drawn up into a tight knot inside him; one day they would drive him to something desperate. And yet somehow Jim liked the fellow. Underneath all his protestations of hate, there was an idealist who rebelled against injustice and greed and dishonor.

Slowly the doctor put his car in gear and drove away down First Hill. Geoffrey made one more person whose secrets he now possessed.



## XLIX

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LATE in December Jim Winforth went to San Francisco to a meeting of the American Association of Science where he was on the program of the medical section. Little by little he had made a reputation as an authority on Xrays and radium in medicine. He had used the first sputtering little pear-shaped tubes of 1897 and 1898, the noisy static machines, the coil apparatus. He had learned to find tuberculosis with Xrays and to search out diseases of the stomach with the fluoroscope while other men still fumbled with stethoscope and fingers. Adept in German he followed the early studies of the use of Xrays in Europe and now for a year or two he had been imbedding small metal tubes of radium in tumor masses. It was to report his startlingly successful results with this method and its advantages and hazards that he went south during the Christmas vacation.

He made a good impression on the section he addressed. It was obvious that he based his conclusions on experience and sound reasoning; he disarmed his opponents by not claiming too much and by admitting that his patients sometimes had annoying reactions to his treatment. He emphasized the necessity of doctors and nurses protecting themselves against radium and Xrays and exhibited his own hands with dry,

cracked skin and brittle nails as the result of exposure to these mysterious rays.

But, having done his duty and spent three days listening to other men do theirs, Jim decided he had earned a holiday. Christmas was over but New Year's was at hand. On impulse he went into a store and asked to see evening clothes. Rather scornfully he rejected the soft-bosomed shirt the salesman offered him.

"Those things may be all the rage here. I wouldn't put it past San Francisco to wear nightshirts with a tailcoat. But I want a boiled shirt, young man. Size fifteen, with sleeves and bosom not too long."

Having laid out his purchases in his room at the hotel, Jim bathed and put on his finery. Then he looked critically at his reflection in the mirror. He was nearly forty-seven years old but he could not realize that he was almost the age James Anthony had been when he came home from Vienna in 1890. His hair was dark iron gray, there was a frown between his thick brows and a deep perpendicular crease down each cheek, but the effect as a whole, he thought, was not bad. He grinned at himself in the glass.

"I don't look so soft," he said out loud. "But it's rotten to celebrate New Year's alone, like this. Once I would have gone out and picked up someone to go on a bat with me, or hit for Barbary Coast. But 'them days are gone forever,' I guess."

He snapped open his opera hat, flung his new overcoat over his arm, and went out to ring for the elevator. Going down he thought rather ruefully of times he had spent most of the night going the length of garish Pacific Street, watching them dance the Texas Tommy and laughing at the spectators who threw gold pieces to the popular dancers. It was queer how little it took to entertain a very young man.

Having deposited his key at the desk Dr. Jim set his hat carefully on one side of his head and strolled across the lobby, eying the people sitting there and telling himself that all these dowdy women must be strangers in town—perhaps the wives of the scientists at the convention he had deserted. He decided



against trying to start a conversation with any of them and had just congratulated himself that he looked more cosmopolitan than the people around him when he saw Janet Erskine and her father come through the revolving door into the lobby.

He might not have recognized the girl whom he had seen but once since she came south to school but for Honest John's ruddy face behind her. At sight of Winforth Erskine's mouth bent into a wide grin.

"Well, look who's here!" he cried so loudly that several people nearby looked up. He seized Jim's hand and began to pump it up and down. "It sure is a small world. Who'd 've thought we'd bump into you here? Why, I didn't even know you was in California." Then Honest John remembered his daughter. "And here's Janet. I guess you haven't seen her since she was a kid, doc. But I don't think either one of us 'll ever forget the first time you saw her. Ain't that so?"

"I'm sure it is," agreed Jim, turning to the girl who was standing quietly a little aside from the two men, apparently quite unaware of the whisper running through the lobby from mouth to mouth. "That's Janet Sherbourne who just came in. Over there by the door. You know, 'our Janet,' the picture star."

Even in the moment her loveliness dawned upon him, Dr. Jim was able to wonder where she got her looks. Was it possible that Kit had ever looked like this? He bowed over the girl's hand. After all, it was not for an old bachelor from Fair-harbor to remind the queen of the silver screen that she had once been a skinny little rat whose life he had held in the balance. But in the instant he held her hand his quick dark eyes took her measure.

Boarding schools must be different than they had been in Margery's day: Jim could remember his sister's awkward bashfulness. Of course Janet was older than the sixteen she looked in pictures, but it was a far cry indeed from the long-legged child he had brought to see Kit on her deathbed to this slender graceful creature in black evening frock and white

fox muff and stole. The famous golden curls were clustered at the nape of her neck below a small black hat, and between the margins of white fur he could see the creamy skin above her low-cut gown. Some of the gold in her hair, he thought, must have crept into that warm ivory skin, against which the string of pearls she wore seemed to gain luster. But in spite of the elegance of her clothes Jim could see in the girl's golden brown eyes something frank and spontaneous that reassured him. She had both feet on the ground, that was it.

"Are you coming or going?" he inquired.

"Neither," answered Janet. "We are on our way to Techau Tavern. But father found he hadn't any cigars with him and dropped in here to get some—a brand he specially likes."

Jim turned to look at the ex-boss of Fairharbor crossing the lobby. Honest John was in a swallowtail coat but he looked as solid as he ever had in a flannel shirt. And in spite of the fat that overhung his collar in the back there was a vague air of jauntiness about him.

"He's so funny," said the girl in a low voice. "He pretends he hates dressing up like this and going out. But he really loves it."

"And you don't, I suppose?"

"Of course I do. What girl wouldn't?"

Once more Dr. Jim remembered Kit Erskine wringing her apron in terror and Honest John shouting what he would do if Janet died. A little smile twitched at the corners of his mouth.

"I've been looking for someone to eat dinner with me. I suppose you and your father wouldn't care to have me go with you?"

"I suppose we would. Father has always liked you better than anyone else he ever knew in Fairharbor."

The little light of irony in Winforth's dark eyes flickered out.

"The feeling has been mutual ever since the day I knocked him cold."

"Who? Father?"



But before Jim could reply to these startled questions, Honest John came hurrying back, fumbling at his white waistcoat.

"Damn these vests!" he boomed. "What good is a vest without pockets some size? That's what vests are for—to carry things in. There ain't any place in this whole suit to put cigars."

Jim held out a hand. "Give them to me, John. I've got a case here in my overcoat. Besides, you and Janet are going to dine with me. Do you prefer the Techau or Tait's?"

And so the evening which had promised to be dismal turned out to be very pleasant. While they waited for the soup Honest John told Jim of the returns on his motion picture ventures.

"The luckiest thing that ever happened to me was when I met up with Morris. Another year and I'll have every dime out of Fairharbor. I'm sure glad I got out of politics up there, doc. It was gettin' too dirty for me. I could've run the damned town all right if everybody hadn't started buttin' in and hollerin' for a cut on everything whether they had it comin' or not. But the way they are things are a lot better than that."

Ersine looked around him, over the crowded café. "You know, I like this—flowers and music and good stuff to eat and pretty women to look at. It makes me feel good. Frisco is the best town on the coast. I wish the picture business was up here. Los Angeles is a sucker town and always will be—full of folks that froze out back east and come to California to sit in the sun and wait to die. But—" the fat man shrugged his shoulders—"the pictures are there to stay and so are we."

He beamed across the table at his daughter. "'Our Janet.' That's her. 'Queen of the Screen.' Started from nothing and now look at her!"

Dr. Jim obeyed and saw that Janet was not a pretty doll but a woman with definite ambitions. She might or might not be intellectual but she knew what she wanted and she was ready to pay the price for it.

"Of course I'd rather be on the stage," she admitted. "But it's hard to break in these days, while the opening in pictures came to me naturally. You see, Dr. Winforth, I went to school

with Mr. Morris's daughter. But someday I'm going to be a real actress. If I could only sing, it would be easier."

"What's wrong with your singin'?" demanded Honest John. "You got as good a voice as that Dawn girl."

"You have never heard Hazel Dawn."

"No. And what's more—I don't want to."

"My father," explained Janet, "is annoyed at any western girl besides me who makes good in the show business."

"Her name is Hazel Tout and she was born in Ogden," declared Erskine.

"Suppose she was. She can't help it. Wasn't I born in Washington? And haven't I changed my name to Sherbourne?"

Over her father's red face there crept a reluctant grin. "I guess there ain't much difference," he admitted.

Janet smiled at him. She was plainly not ashamed of Honest John. Smuggler, dive-keeper, corrupt politician—all these Erskine had been—unscrupulous and likely to hit below the belt. But he had been a good father, and a good friend to those who were square with him, and a better citizen than many another Jim had known in Fairharbor.

A little appalled, Winforth saw that he was using the sophistry which justified major wrongdoing by pointing out the sinner's kindness to his family or his fondness for animals. The logic was wrong, it led to all sorts of inconsistency, but still he liked Honest John. And he liked Janet.

A little later Jim danced with the girl. The lights had been turned low and the floor was flooded with soft changing colors. Janet was just the height to fit into his arm as though she had been made for it. She showed him the intricacies of the turkey trot and a dance she said was new—the fox trot—and something else she had picked up in New York—the camel walk. But she knew how to waltz and when the orchestra by request played the *Merry Widow* Jim began to wish he were young again. Young enough to drive the frankness from this girl's golden brown eyes when she looked at him.

It was not until Malcolm Fischer appeared at their table



that Jim regained his forty-seven years. The boy explained that he was up from the university with some fellows and quite without feminine company, and he soon bore Janet off with him. Then, sitting with Honest John, watching the two young people dance, Winforth told himself that this was far more appropriate—and far less pleasant.

From this half-brooding, he was aroused with a start by a remark Erskine made.

"You know, doc, that boy looks and acts so much like Ed Blackburn when he was young that I'd 've thought he was Ed's kid if it hadn't been that Max and Rachel were so much in love and that you brought him into the world. It just goes to show you can't tell anything by a fellow's looks, don't it?"

Jim forced himself to look Erskine squarely in the eyes but his voice when he answered seemed to him to come from a long distance.

"Oh, I don't know. I never thought much about it. All red hair is a good deal alike."

"The hell it is!" retorted Honest John.

That night Jim lay sleepless, living over the hour he had carried Malcolm to put him in Rachel's arms. Twice he got up and poured himself a stiff drink in the hope of getting to sleep. But when he had gone back to bed he only began to wonder what the boy had on his mind. For Malcolm had made a date to meet him here in the hotel at eleven o'clock in the morning.

# L

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"I ASKED to see you today," explained Malcolm, "because I want to talk to you about Geoff. I'm worried about him and I don't know what to do. And there wasn't anyone down here I could ask. So when I saw you last night I thought you were just the one to talk to."

Jim felt the hard knot in the pit of his stomach relaxing. Then it wasn't anything wrong with Malcolm himself, after all. The next moment he was half-ashamed to realize how glad he was it was Geoffrey Radford and not young Fischer who was in trouble. Why should he feel responsible for Malcolm, get into a stew at the idea of the boy being in some foolish scrape?

"You see, Geoff left school two months ago."

"Yes?" Jim looked at Malcolm. He was an attractive young man; not handsome—his hair was too red and he had too many freckles for that—but likeable and engaging. But now his blue eyes were troubled and his sandy brows drawn into a worried frown.

"I didn't know he was going or I'd 've tried to stop him. But I live at the fraternity house and so we don't see so much of each other. He's gone after that Matlock woman—the one who was in Fairharbor last summer. With the Wobblies, Dr. Winforth."



"You mean he's living with this girl?"

"No. He's crazy about her, says he fell in love with her at sight. But she won't have anything to do with him."

"Then he's just running around with the I.W.W. crowd?"

"Yes. They go into a town and make speeches on the street corners just like they did up home, and then they get arrested and fill the jails so full people won't stand for keeping them and feeding them. Geoff's soapboxing like the rest of them, getting beaten up and thrown into jail. And he likes it—at least he says he does."

There was bewilderment in Malcolm's voice but there was suffering as well, and suddenly Jim remembered that these two boys had loved each other for years.

"How do you know?"

Very red in the face Malcolm produced a letter. "Here. You read it yourself."

" . . . I'm not coming back to college. I don't want to. I've found the thing I want to do. The unions are all right, but they don't reach the under-dogs. That's where the Wobblies come in with their 'one big union.' They get the overworked, underpaid fellows that nobody else cares about. They're foot-loose, they haven't anything to lose, they don't mind going to jail, so they can go any place they're needed. And now that the A.F. of L. is scared over the McNamara business, the I.W.W. is all that's left to fight for the unskilled laborer.

" . . . I don't believe any man has a right to as much money or as much power as my father and your grandfather and Chris have. Who are they to make men work ten hours a day for whatever they want to pay or else starve? It isn't fair. That's not what America was founded for.

" . . . I know you'll think I'm crazy. But I'm not. And the Wobblies aren't the scum of the earth. We represent the people and their rights, and in the end we'll win.

"Miss Matlock is grand. She's been a Socialist for years; she used to speak on the streets in New York when she was just a kid. Now she goes all over the country. Being arrested means nothing to her: she's been in every jail on the Coast since she came out here, I guess. Gee, I used to think I was

some speaker, but since she's been coaching me I can see I didn't know much about it.

"She's too busy to pay much attention to a punk like me, but in a week or two she'll be going up to Salt Lake City on strike duty—they wrote and asked for help—and I'm going to tag along. 'Faint heart'—you know the rest of it, Malcolm."

"Is this the only letter you've had from him?"

"Oh, no. He wrote and asked me to send him the clothes he left at the place where he roomed and to sell his books and send him the money. You see, he must've used up all his father sent down with him in the fall and run short."

"And you did what he asked?"

"Sure." Malcolm fidgeted uneasily in his chair.

"And you've been sending him money since then, too?"

Young Fischer flushed hotly. "Well . . . yes . . . a little. Mother sends me more than I really need and . . ."

"You didn't like the idea of Geoffrey being broke." Jim fluttered the sheets of letter paper through his fingers. "Well, I don't see there's much either of us can do."

"But Mr. Radford doesn't know about it. That is, not unless he found out when Geoff didn't go home Christmas."

"Doesn't he write to the boy?"

"Not unless something goes wrong. When Geoff came down in the fall his father would send money enough with him for the first semester. Then the middle of the year he'd send more—to the bank."

Jim frowned thoughtfully. "I still can't see why we should horn in. I'm inclined to let Geoffrey alone. He says he's happy and likes what he's doing. If he does, it's the first time. He's led a lonely, bitter, unhappy life all these years. So why not let him do as he pleases for a change?"

"But the I.W.W.," began Malcolm sharply.

"Don't be critical. What do you know about the I.W.W.? The big struggle of the future, whether you know it or not, is going to be between the haves and the have-nots. Maybe Geoffrey has picked the right side, maybe the long pocketbook won't always have the power it has today."



"I didn't know you were a Socialist, Dr. Winforth."

"I'm not. And I'm not a Republican or a Democrat, either. I mix my own politics. But I've seen what happens when a country is 'developed.' Natural resources milked dry, cheap labor brought in, more men than jobs, lower wages. That's where we are today. No more frontier, no more free land that's any good, no place for people to go when they can't find jobs. Employees organize and strike for higher pay and better working conditions, the employers call out the police, and then there's a free-for-all."

"You mean the employers are responsible?"

"I mean they started this thing by hogging the resources of the country and keeping for themselves all they could get of the product of industry. I mean that the Fischer Lumber Company is no more your grandfather's than it is the loggers' and millhands'."

"The economics prof. says management earns its wages just as much as labor does."

"Yes. And then it steals still more. Do you know how Emil Fischer got his timberland? . . . Well, I suggest that you find out. Did you know that he and Chris have logged settlers' lands without so much as by-your-leave and left them whistling for their money? Do you know what the country looks like when the Fischers are through with it, what deforestation is doing to the state of Washington, what's going to happen when the lumber business is over and done with? No, of course you don't. And yet you're nearly twenty-one years old, you'll soon be a grown man in the eyes of the law and a citizen, the heir to an enormous fortune and next after Chris in control of a huge business."

Malcolm stared with startled blue eyes at the dark face opposite him.

"Don't look as though I were a bomb-thrower. It's the truth. Old Emil got his timber, most of it, from the railroads and the railroads got it from Congress, but Congress took it away from the people of the United States. Part of it was my heritage as an American citizen, but I haven't got it. You've got it—you

Fischers—and you've made a fortune out of it and call it yours. But your business isn't yours, it's mine and Geoffrey's and the loggers'. Theirs most of all, for they do the work and get the broken heads, while you get the money."

Suddenly Jim smiled. The face under the thatch of red hair was so puzzled. Malcolm had not moved; he sat with his hands stuffed into his pockets and astonishment in his bright blue eyes.

"You see, Geoffrey feels intensely about these things while you accept things as they are and shirk responsibility. Your father was the same way, he used to say, 'Well, what can I do about it?' and let it go at that. I can't do anything about Geoffrey right now, but I can stir you up and get you thinking before it's too late—perhaps. One day you'll be a key-man in the Pacific Northwest and then it won't be enough to be likeable and good-natured and well meaning. If that's all there is to you, you'll fizzle out like a rocket coming down."

"Nobody ever talked to me like this before," said Malcolm slowly. "I never thought about things this way."

"That needn't keep you from thinking now."

"Well, I guess it was laziness mostly." Malcolm's freckled face broke into a grin and his blue eyes twinkled. "Just natural laziness."

There was something so frank and appealing about this youth with his crest of fiery hair and his unashamed avowal of indolence that Jim found himself saying something he had never expected to say.

"Malcolm, I know . . . I should say I knew your father well. He was one of the most lovable men that ever breathed, and he had a mind that saw things as they were—not as he wanted them to be. But he took everything lightly. He always said, 'What can I do?' and let things slide. He was afraid. Not of physical harm but of . . ."

Jim checked himself suddenly. He could remember Ed saying, "I can't afford to lose my job. I've got a living to make."

"Well," Jim went on again, "I think it was more that he wasn't sure of himself. He was afraid he'd make a mistake because he didn't know everything. Anyhow he was a follower



when he might have been a leader. And I don't want you to make the same mistake. Think for yourself, come to your own conclusions even though they're wrong. Get your facts and put them together yourself. That's better than any ready-made opinion. But it isn't easy. It's hard work to think."

Malcolm was leaning forward eagerly. "Dr. Winforth, nobody has ever talked much to me about my father before. Mother always says how handsome and polite he was, and grandfather thinks he was perfect. But I guess they liked him too well to see his faults."

"Max was crazy over Rachel. But so were a lot of other men in Fairharbor. I don't think you realize what a catch she was or . . . how beautiful."

"Oh, mother is the best ever. And, if you're asking me, I'd say she was still one of the best looking women up home."

Instead of being pleased at this filial appreciation, Jim glowered. Infernal young cub, he thought, patronizing Rachel! Beyond the boy's head, in the shadows, he seemed to see her golden hair, her smooth white skin, the red lips he had remembered so long. But almost immediately the irony of the situation struck him and he began to laugh. After all Malcolm knew none of the things that had been in his mind.

"Then you don't think I ought to do anything about Geoff. Write to his father or anything like that?"

"No. Keep your hands off. Let the kid alone. Write to him, keep in touch with him, but don't interfere. For the first time in his life he's happy. Now let him work out his own salvation."

But after Malcolm had gone away reassured, Jim sat for a long time thinking. Who was he to counsel non-interference? How did he know that Geoffrey would come to no harm? I.W.W. speakers were being arrested and thrown into jail every day and if Geoffrey went on strike duty, as he said he intended, he might easily be picked off by some hired gun-man or excitable member of the militia. Did the boy realize he was in danger? And was it fair to keep Daniel Radford in ignorance of his son's doings?

Jim got up and stalked restlessly about the room. What busi-

ness of his was all this? Who was he to give advice? Hadn't James Anthony let Mrs. Radford die and spoiled her boy's chance for a normal childhood? Hadn't he himself kept Ed Blackburn in ignorance that he had a son? Wasn't he still concealing the fact that Fred Archibald was alive? Wasn't he implicated in his own father's death? Hadn't he been meddling in people's lives every day he practiced medicine?

Too nervous to stay longer alone, Dr. Jim got up, put on his hat and overcoat, and went out. His mother, he knew, would expect him to bring her a present. She might be nearly seventy years old but she still considered herself a personage—as indeed she was. Quite the dowager duchess, as Jim often told her. Nevertheless she was erect and dignified and, now that her hair was white and her figure less opulent, she looked very modern and up-to-date. Undoubtedly she would prefer jewelry, perhaps something to wear around her neck to hide the wrinkles or in her hair. Certainly it would do no harm to look around.

Held up by traffic on Market Street Jim glanced about him. The sidewalk was thronged with hurrying people, none of whom interested him in the least. Just then his eye fell on a man who was pasting up show bills in front of a motion picture theater.

There was no mistaking the words. "Janet Sherbourne in the *Five Dollar Hat*. The picture that made 'our Janet' famous!"

To the astonishment of the woman passing by, Jim burst out laughing. Yes, he was responsible for this too. If he hadn't had the courage to use that unknown serum years ago, there would have been no Janet Sherbourne, and Honest John would not now be on his way toward becoming a movie magnate. What a world!



# LI

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"THIS note came for you this morning, Dr. Winforth," said the office girl. "A messenger brought it."

Jim held out his hand. "Let me have my appointment list for the afternoon, too."

In his private office he scanned the appointments first. He perceived at once that the day would be a bore. It was but little less than stupefying to spend hours arguing with women who refused imperative operations and struggling with those who demanded unnecessary ones. Sometimes he almost regretted having given up obstetrics; there was always the possibility of excitement on a baby case. Toward the end of the list he noticed Mrs. Bain; probably that rodent ulcer on her cheek had broken down again and he would have to use radium on it after all. His hand hovered over the push-button on his desk, then he remembered the note and hastily tore it open, expecting to find a request for a contribution to some harebrained project.

But in a minute he was sitting bolt upright, patients forgotten.

DEAR DR. WINFORTH:

I am writing you because I think you're the only one who can do what I ask.

I came to Fairharbor about two weeks ago, to help with the

strike at the Fischer mill in Port Gannon. I don't know whether you know it or not, but Chris has hired gun-men to help the sheriff break up the picket line and the strikers' meetings. I tried to hire a hall for the meetings but a man who was helping me and I were beaten up and run out of town. Now we have made another plan and it's that I'm writing you about.

I know Malcolm has been in Port Gannon since I came up here although I haven't seen him myself. But will you keep him away from there on the night of the sixteenth? Tell him anything you like, use any pretext you want, but keep him in Fairharbor that night. Please!

Maybe I oughtn't to write you this way. Some of the comrades would think I was a traitor. But I know you won't tell anybody anything and Malcolm is my friend.

Hastily—

Geoffrey Radford.

P.S. I take for granted Malcolm has told you what I'm doing.

What in heaven's name was the boy talking about? "Another plan." Keep Malcolm away from Port Gannon. "Tell him anything you like . . . but keep him in Fairharbor . . ." Geoffrey wasn't quite twenty-one, a year ago he had been maundering like an adolescent about sex and now he was hinting at sinister developments in the strike at Port Gannon. Ridiculous! But however he tried Jim could not feel easy in his mind. This letter, every syllable of it, was preposterous, but somehow he knew it was true too. Geoffrey's "other plan" might well be both new and dangerous.

Although he was busy with his own affairs Winforth knew the I.W.W. had invaded the Northwest in large numbers. The "one big union" idea appealed to the loggers and they had begun to join the "timber beast" as they called the new organization. There was even talk that some of the smaller local unions would affiliate with the Industrial Workers of the World. Chris Fischer had organized an Employers' Association to defend the open shop and ran half-page ads in the *Bugle* describing this as the "American method of industrial operation" and attack-



ing the motives and morals of the "anarchists and Socialist agitators who are stirring up dissension among the perfectly satisfied employees of the local lumber companies."

Recently a strike in the Grays Harbor country had forced the independent mill operators to concede a daily wage of two dollars and a half to the millhands, and although several Wobblies had been beaten and jailed this had not prevented their calling a strike at the Fischer mill in Port Gannon. Whether Geoffrey had been mixed up in the trouble at Aberdeen Jim did not know, but he was evidently head over ears in the mess at Port Gannon.

Winforth felt a wave of vexation pass over him. Why, in the name of decency, didn't Chris pay respectable wages and stop trying to hang onto the ten hour day? If old Emil were only himself, Jim would have gone to him over Christopher's head; Emil might hate labor unions but he was human. Hadn't he furnished his men barracks in '93 when they were out of work so long? And if he had still been at the head of the business this strike might never have been called, but Emil was eighty years old and Chris had things his own way. There was no use hoping he would compromise; he wasn't that sort.

And how was Malcolm to be kept in Fairharbor on the night of the sixteenth? Jim pounded his fist softly on the desk. The sixteenth—that was tomorrow. Malcolm might be in one of the camps back in the hills, out of reach by telephone, or he might have something he was looking after in Port Gannon. In either event how was he, Jim, to get the boy home? The whole thing was fantastic. None of it more so than Geoffrey's statement that some of the "comrades" might think him a "traitor" for writing this note. Traitor was not the word to use in petty quarrels over wages and hours.

Dr. Jim's vexation soon gave place to disgust. Why were human beings so unutterably stupid? How could Chris run the company without millhands and loggers, how could the men make a living without someone to foot the payroll? Why couldn't they get together and divide the proceeds of the busi-

ness fairly? Why did Chris always want more money? The Fischer fortune was already astronomical—three hundred million, some people said. And the company controlled more than ten per cent of all the privately owned timber in the United States to say nothing of a third of the stand in western Washington. And then Chris squabbled over paying men two dollars and a half a day for work that sent four thousand of them a year into the *Anchorage*!

Trying to be fair, Jim reminded himself that he, like his father before him, hated the lumber industry for the despoiled and ravished land it left behind it no less than for the crippled workmen it set adrift to live on charity or in abject penury. Admitting that there was some truth in what old Emil had told James Anthony—that without lumbering there would be no Fairharbor and no Seaforth—still Jim was not convinced. If people couldn't live in a country without ruining it, they had better stay out of it. If they couldn't work together and share the fruits of their toil in peace, perhaps they had better not live at all.

Winforth got up irritably. Why did he have to be bothered with this mess? Why must he run after Malcolm and do the bidding of this neurotic young Radford? But, nevertheless, he put in a call for Malcolm Fischer and admonished long distance to locate him by fair means or foul. When she had not done so by evening he himself called Rachel, only to learn that she was at a dinner party in Seaforth, and then Chris only to be told that he was not in town either. Next morning he got up at sunrise and began pestering the Port Gannon central again.

A little before noon, still ignorant of Malcolm's whereabouts, Jim started for Seaforth, summoned there by the sudden illness of a fellow-physician he had known for many years. All afternoon he was busy with this man and not until eight o'clock did he board the boat for home. Tired and worried by his failure to locate young Fischer, Dr. Jim went up on the upper deck and leaned over the railing, his dark eyes turned moodily toward the silhouette of the Olympic mountains across the Sound. In



boyhood those mountains had offered refuge from his mother and the dreary routine of school, and grandfather Peters' ranch was still there, a sanctuary.

Suddenly the thought of life, of his own life, filled him with dismay. Why couldn't he retire and go over on Ten Mile creek to live? James Anthony had provided amply for Deborah, Margery was secure with her husband and her two sons in England, nobody really needed him. Not even his patients. Harvey was a better doctor than he was, and the younger Seagram brother was coming on fast. Why not settle down on the old ranch for the years he had left? Disquieting things were happening these days to men whose hands had been no more damaged by Xrays and radium than his; they were losing fingers and, some of them, dying of cancer. The sluggish ulcers he had to keep bandaged now might easily cut down his future to ten years or even less.

In sudden hot rebellion Dr. Jim flung away from the rail and began to pace furiously up and down the deck. He was not ready to die; he had learned so little, seen so little, done so little of what he had meant to do. How could it be that youth was gone so soon? What was it Robert Burns said? ". . . life's deceitful morning . . ." That was it.

Again he looked at the mountains and the old cry of the Psalmist came into his mind. "I will lift up my eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my aid." He felt very small and very much alone. There was no benign force, no God, in the universe—of that he was sure; only blind power without goal and without mercy. And it was mercy men needed. Not justice but mercy—pity for their folly and short-sightedness and brutality to each other. In a universe of impersonal forces men should band together, all for each and each for all, against their common foe. Only so could they find security or happiness.

Twilight fell about the small steamer, the sky turned rose and gold and pale green, the air grew chill. The other passengers drifted below and Jim was left alone on the upper deck. He gave himself up to imaginings. Suppose Rachel had not married Max or he Mollie Sheridan, suppose Rachel and he

had had a son. Then it might still have been Winforth and Winforth, rather than Winforth, Seagram, and Seagram. There would have been no Malcolm, crown prince of the Fischer family, and Christopher's boy, Charles Emil, would have been old Emil's only grandson. Or suppose he had told Ed Blackburn the truth and he had married Caroline instead of leaving her to Fred Archibald. Then Malcolm would be coming into the *Bugle* instead of the lumber company, there would be no Charles Emil and Caroline and Chris would not be bigamists.

Along the winding paths of supposition Jim's mind crept slowly. Then he was engulfed by fresh disgust. Suppose nothing! He had been a fool! He was an old bachelor and would have to live the rest of his days alone. There was no use brooding over what might not have been. Long ago he had resolved not to mention marriage to Rachel again. Whether she was through with love or not, she had made it clear that she was through with marriage. One evening he had been in a small group of parents who were discussing the pregnancy of a high school senior and the advisability of sending her away to a rescue home, and Rachel had exclaimed softly, "If girls were only taught what to expect and boys a little self-control!" Experience with the wreckage of sex had given Jim understanding and as he heard her words he realized that Max must have been one of those sexually insatiable men whose demands exhaust their wives' strength and their affection as well. No, she had had her fill of matrimony and it was not for him to be importunate.

Fumbling in his pocket for a cigar and finding none, Jim turned to go down the companionway to the lunchroom, but as he put his foot on the stair he heard men's voices singing. There was a tempestuous quality in the sound that made him pause to listen. "Hold the fort for we are coming" came the words. Puzzled, Jim went over to the rail and walked forward. The steamer was overtaking two tow-boats moving slowly in the wake of a tug. They were crowded with men.

The singing died away and shouts and laughter came across the intervening space. Then there was a roar; the men were



laughing wildly at something. Jim stared in perplexity and as though in answer a great bull voice rose on one of the tow-boats. "Live on hay, You'll have pie, In the sky, When you die!" Following this came another outburst of jeering laughter.

Slowly the steamer crept up nearer the tug and Jim could see that the tow-boats were jammed with men. Then he noticed that they were veering westward and suddenly he knew that these were Wobblies on their way to Port Gannon. This must be the "other plan" Geoffrey had spoken of in his note—a mass invasion of the mill town, street meetings, re-enforcement of picket lines. Jim grinned to himself. These fellows were clever; they submitted peaceably to arrest and trusted to their numbers to swamp the jails and secure their release. He remembered the hullabaloo they had caused in St. Louis a year or two before when they came in from the fields and camps and invaded the restaurants, ate Gargantuan meals, and directed that the checks be sent to the mayor. Arrested, they had made the front page of every newspaper with their speeches in court, and in jail they lived at the city's expense until free lodging houses were opened to furnish them bed and board.

Port Gannon undoubtedly was in for a similar experience on a small scale. And it would serve Chris Fischer right if he had all these men to feed while they served their jail sentences. All his life, thought Jim, he had wanted to see Chris get what was coming to him. And here it was, on its way.

But he was more than ever uneasy about Malcolm. This was the sixteenth and he had not yet located the boy. Hurrying up to his office as soon as he reached home, to see if there was any word for him, he found a note from his secretary saying that the Port Gannon central had reported at four o'clock that young Fischer was out at Camp 14 and could not be reached by 'phone.

Jim drew a deep breath of relief. Then that was settled. If the lad was that far back in the hills he was out of harm's way. Comfortably the doctor reached down into the drawer where he kept his cigars but before he got the box open the telephone rang.

"Dr. Winforth? Is that you? This is Ted Seagram calling.

Do you know where Harvey is? I've been trying to find him for an hour. . . . Well, I'm over at Port Gannon and I've got a woman I don't dare move. She's got a busted appendix and I need help. Do you think you could locate that brother of mine for me?"

"What's the use wasting time, Ted? Harvey's probably out on a case himself and I'd spend half the night hunting him. I'll come over myself. . . . Sure. That's all right. Now, what do you want me to bring with me? . . . O.K., boy. Keep your chin up! I'll be there as soon as the fastest launch on the Sound can bring me."



## LII

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IN anxious groups of two and three the striking millhands prowled the Port Gannon waterfront, peering into the darkness for a glimpse of the men coming to their help. Afraid to gather in larger groups, they watched the shadows on the dock as closely as they did the opalescent fog that hung over the water. As though by magic the little town had filled up after four o'clock with rough looking strangers who had yellow bands around their left arms and made no attempt to conceal the holsters they wore. Early in the evening they had been conspicuous on Main Street but now that darkness had fallen they were not to be seen.

The strikers were apprehensive. They were sure there was a cache of rifles somewhere in the mill and they feared that armed guards were hidden in the lumber yard and around the docks. At this very moment there was a light burning in Chris Fischer's office high overhead; he was waiting up there and something was going to happen.

As the minutes dragged past without a sight of the tug they were expecting, the men grew more and more fearful. They had planned a big meeting to talk over the strike and its management and decide what to do if the company began to bring in scabs to reopen the mill. Most of them did not belong to any

union, although a few of them carried I.W.W. cards between the layers of their shoe soles, but they were all depending on the Wobblies from Fairharbor and Seaforth to help them. These men had promised to come unarmed, and to provoke no violence, counting on their numbers to protect the strikers' meeting from interference. But now, conscious of the armed guards hidden nearby, the millhands were beginning to distrust the wisdom of the whole plan.

Little clusters talked in low voices, broke up and drifted off in the fog which dimmed the lights of the little town crowded in between the water's edge and the hills. Moment by moment the tension mounted and the leaders began to wonder how much longer they could hold the men together. They too were conscious of a menace lurking in the recesses of the big mill.

Meanwhile Malcolm Fischer had walked into the upstairs office and unexpectedly confronted his uncle Christopher and a thick-necked individual who was with him. At sight of the lad Fischer swore.

"What the hell do you mean showing up here tonight, you young cub? I sent you out to Camp 14 and told you to stay there, and by God I meant it!"

Malcolm turned pale. Chris was sitting with his feet on his desk and his face, very dark in contrast to his flaxen hair, was staring in an ugly fashion from between his shoe soles. Malcolm's eyes, darker than his uncle's, looked straight back at the older man without faltering.

"I didn't know that you sent me out there to get me out of the way or I wouldn't have gone. When I found out I came back. That's all. You can't order me around as though I was one of your millhands. I'm a Fischer, just as much as you are."

Chris stuck a thumb into the armhole of his vest and Malcolm saw that he wore a shoulder holster.

"I wonder. For all I know Max might not've been your father. You don't look any more like him than you do like President Taft, that's a cinch." The man laughed and looked up at the electric bulb that dangled from a cord over his desk.



"Excuse the family row, Black," he said to the bulky man who sat with his chair tipped back against the wall. "But the kid needs taking down a peg."

Malcolm gulped down his anger. Chris was unalterably dirty-mouthed and quarrelling with him now might make a bad matter worse.

"What are all these armed men around for? I got back in time to see them on the street and out here on the wharf. Who are they, anyhow?"

"Guards," answered Chris. "Since the sheriff wets his pants every time he hears the word 'striker,' we must take care of our property ourselves. I don't intend to let these bastards destroy the mill."

"Nobody wants to do anything to the mill," protested Malcolm. "Why should the hands destroy it? They have to work in it or nowhere."

"Bright boy!" Chris shrugged his shoulders and sneered. "How should I know why the sons of bitches want to smash things? But the last two days before the strike was called somebody monkeyed with every belt in the mill and 'fixed' all the band saws. I don't know who, only that it wasn't me. I wonder now, could it 've been you? You're a Socialist, so why aren't you out there with the scum where you belong? I don't like your ugly mug around where I have to look at it."

"Well, I'd rather be outside with men who work for their living than up here with a bully like you and this plug-ugly!" Trembling with rage, Malcolm started for the door but the guard sprang up and barred the way.

"Better think it over," he said to Chris. "I kind of think your father . . ."

"Oh, damn the old man!" shouted Chris. "He's always been on my neck every move I ever made. I've been the goat all my life, out in the woods getting out the logs, doing the dirty work. While the rest of the family sat in town on their backsides. They can all go to hell! My father too. He's gone soft in his head and lived twenty years too long!"

A curious expression came over the guard's face as he listened.

"O.K. You're the boss. It ain't no skin off'n my back about the young feller." The man waved a hand and stepped away from the door.

But before Malcolm could open it, he heard men's voices singing. The sound came in from over the water. Malcolm flung up his head to listen. It was an old tune. "Hold the fort for we are coming."

"Black!" yelled Chris. "Get your men on the job!"

"O.K." The burly guard pushed Malcolm aside, jerked open the door, and ran down the steps.

Under the unshaded electric bulb Christopher's features seemed to swell and grow purple with wrath.

"These bastards will get what's coming to them now!"

The boy turned back to face the older man. "Listen, you can't shoot those men. Grandfather wouldn't let you if he was here. Never in the world! And I won't stand for it."

"Shut your damned mouth, you young whelp! Or I'll shut it for you!"

"But I tell you I . . ."

Chris smacked his huge hard fist in Malcolm's face. The lad staggered back with the blood trickling over his lips. Chris ran past him and down the stairs. Spitting a mouthful of bloody saliva on the floor, Malcolm rushed after him. In the small red puddle lay a tooth, the light from the bulb overhead caught on the enamel.

Slowing down as they crept in through the fog, the tug and its tow came on. Here and there in the darkness ashore lanterns and flashlights shone out. The captain of the tug spun his wheel and growled an order to his helpers. The men on board began to sing again.

Out on the water, beyond the circle of faint luminance from the tug and the lights on shore, Jim Winforth muttered curses under his breath. With all this commotion, he would have to land at the lower wharf and waste a lot of time finding Ted



Seagram. Fine business, monkeying around like this when a woman with a belly full of pus was waiting somewhere in Port Gannon. You'd think they were on a lodge picnic, the way those fellows sang.

Just as Jim turned to skirt the upper dock, the sharp crack of a rifle rang out. Then there was the sound of shouts and running feet on the wharf, and then a fusillade.

On the tow-boat nearer shore Geoffrey Radford stood watching the lanterns and flashlights bobbing back and forth on the dock. He meant to listen to the leader—but the man's words kept grouping themselves into strange sequences in his ears.

"Only your fists, men. Remember! . . . And only when you have to. . . . Let them do the rough stuff. . . . Quiet now. And whatever you do, stick together! . . ."

These orders meant nothing to Geoffrey. That big man with the scar over one eye who was shouting meant no more. For Geoffrey was back in the familiar dream of his childhood—the vision he had first seen in St. Paul's when Company C attended service in a body before leaving for the Spanish-American war. That dream had finally come true. He was in the front line of a body of men, there were hills in front of them. He would run before his comrades, calling them to follow him, waving his sword. . . . No, how absurd! There were no swords, and there was to be no fighting, no charge across the fields. Only a meeting and more talk; and some of them would go to jail afterwards.

But the old dream still haunted him. He could see it all so clearly—himself, the leader, racing toward the hills, the men at his heels sweeping all before them.

The boat barely nudged the pilings when Geoffrey leaped to the dock.

"Workers," he cried, running toward the scattered lights in front of him, "Workers of the World, unite! You . . ."

The crash of rifle fire cut across his words. He stumbled and sank to his knees. Behind him other men who were running also stumbled and fell. Two or three lanterns rolled along the wharf. The firing came again, this time from two directions—

the mill itself and a small knoll beyond the end of the dock. Caught in the cross-fire the strikers and Wobblies began to run. But there was now no light and through the opalescence of the fog came shouts of pain and fright and the sound of bodies striking the water.

Running feet struck Geoffrey's legs and someone fell heavily across him.

"Under-dogs . . . all of us," murmured the lad.

The impact of the body that had sprawled over him squeezed thin, pink froth out between his lips but he did not notice. For the charge was on, he was running ahead of a column of men leading them toward the hills. He had a sword, he held it high above his head. "On, Workers of the . . ."

Malcolm, fumbling blindly, caught at an arm that still moved feebly to and fro, and scrambled to his feet. At both ends of the dock he could see rifle flashes. He leaned down and seized the lad over whom he had stumbled by the shoulders and dragged him toward the edge of the wharf. Then he threw himself down beside the body. He could hear the captain of the tug cursing and ordering men to cut loose the tow-boats; the voice seemed but a foot or two from his face.

He put his head down on Geoffrey's chest but there was so much noise and his own heart thumped so hard he could make out nothing.

"Geoff!" he cried in the boy's ear. "Geoff, can you hear me?"

But there was no answer, nothing but a sort of slow shiver that began at Geoffrey's feet and crept up over his body. His hand jerked up and fell again on the planks. Then his body went loose in its joints and his head rolled over against Malcolm's arm.

"Stop it! Stop it! You've killed him! You've killed him! Stop it, I tell you!"

Malcolm did not know he had leaped to his feet and was running toward the mill. Tears streamed down his face unheeded. He forgot Geoffrey, forgot the strikers, forgot everything but his rage. The bullet that felled him he did not feel at all.



Underneath the wharf, groping for a landing stage, Jim heard the roar of gun-fire overhead.

"Damn it, where can we tie up this boat? Can you see anything, Gus?"

The boatman who was crouched over the engine slowed the launch still more and crept cautiously ahead while the doctor played his flashlight back and forth across the water.

"Here we are. Over there, a little to your left." Presently the boat bumped gently against a platform. "Throw me the rope, Gus. And then hand me the grips in the stern before you get out."

Cautiously using his flashlight again, Jim found the walkway leading upward.

"Here's the chicken-ladder, Gus. It will take us pretty well back of the mill and the war seems to be at the other end of the place. So I guess we can chance it. I don't want to sit down here in the dark until these damned fools have shot off all the cartridges in Port Gannon."

But in spite of his care Jim had hardly put his head above the level of the dock floor when something hit him and knocked him sprawling to the landing below. Gus, dropping the bag he carried, launched himself through the air at the dark shadow he could see against the sky and sank his head deep in the pit of a soft stomach.

When Jim came to, the boatman was beside him.

"It's all right, Dr. Jim. I got the guy. He's right over here, all tied up neat and gagged. Are you much hurt?"

Winforth struggled to a sitting position and felt his arms and legs.

"No, I guess not. One eye seems to be shut or gone. That's all. No, I'm all right. Where are my bags?"

"I got 'em both right here. Can you walk, do you think?"

"Sure I can walk. What do you take me for?" Jim cocked an ear upward. "Is the war over?"

There was a great sound of running and shouting overhead but no rifle fire. Slowly Jim got to his feet and once more started up the walkway. "Leave that fellow right where he is, Gus.

Maybe he'll roll into the Sound and save us the trouble."

On the wharf there was uproar but still no more shooting. Men were running in the fog, shouting wildly, waving lanterns. One rushed past Jim, panting "Where's there a 'phone? I got to get a doctor. Somebody's been killed."

A little farther on Gus stopped short. "I nearly stepped on one of 'em!" he cried. "Let's have your flashlight, Dr. Jim."

The circle of white light fell on Malcolm's bloody face.

"My God!" whispered Jim and dropped down to run his hands swiftly over the boy. "Here, Gus, hold that light over here where I can see."

The doctor's fingers ran down an arm, came to a bloody mass of flesh and bone, hastened to the other, found a pulse.

"Give me a hand, Gus. I want to use his belt for a tourniquet. One arm is blown to bits!"



## LIII

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LIKE an automaton Jim Winforth pushed open the door of the doctors' room on the surgery floor at the *Anchorage*, peeled off his gown and flung it into the laundry chute. His hair stood up in a disordered iron-gray mass, his cheeks were blue with growing beard, his brown eyes were dull with weariness—the left behind black, swollen lids.

Coming in after him, Harvey Seagram dropped down on the window sill, lighted a cigarette, and blew smoke through his pursed lips, ring after ring.

"Better sit down and get your second wind," he suggested.

"Second wind!" growled Jim. "Hell! I've been going on my second wind all night."

The younger man grinned a little. "Then get your third. You'll need it before the day's over."

Winforth drew the back of one hand across his forehead, touched his swollen eyelids exploringly.

"Forty-five wounded, nine killed, nobody knows yet how many drowned. . . . And we've got nearly forty of them here in the *Anchorage*. Not a bad night's work, for the three of us."

"No," said Seagram, grinning again but this time without mirth. "No, not a bad night's work—especially if you count in that woman of Ted's with her busted appendix." He paused

a moment. "That was a beautiful amputation you did on Malcolm Fischer. I never saw an arm so smashed up."

"That's modern ammunition for you, Harvey. Believe me, the next war is going to be a bird!"

The other man nodded. "Yes, I guess you're right."

Jim shook himself and stripped down his trousers. Then with automatic precision he stepped into the washroom and turned on the shower.

Hot water flowed down soothingly over his tired body but his mind went back over the phantasmagoria of the night just past. How did Chris feel today, with old Emil and Geoffrey Radford dead and Malcolm's arm off, to say nothing of the others? Did he feel any responsibility for the boys and the strikers and guards, or was he simply relieved that his father had died in his sleep without knowing what had happened?

Jim's thoughts buzzed inside his head like bees. He could see Geoffrey lying at the end of the row of bodies on the dock at Port Gannon. If the guard had seen what he was doing, he could hardly have drilled anyone more neatly in the middle of the forehead; the chances were that the boy had never felt the slug.

The doctor drew a deep sighing breath and reached up to turn off the water and find a towel. Perhaps he should grieve for Geoffrey but he couldn't make himself do it. Monstrous as his murder was, the lad's life had been worse. The pity was not that he was dead but that he had had to live so long.

Jim began to rub himself savagely. After all it was Malcolm who must take the brunt of last night's horror—Malcolm who had lost his friend and a grandfather and his own right arm between evening and morning.

"Harvey," said the man, coming out of the washroom with the towel still in his hands, "I heard some music the last time I was east that I can't get out of my head this morning. Margery wrote me about this piece—'1620.' A fellow named MacDowell wrote it—an American. It's about the Pilgrims coming over here through obstacles and storms. It sounds like a hymn and you can hear 'My country, 'tis of thee' part of the time, coming out big and strong. I don't know much about music



but this thing made the gooseflesh stand out all over me. And somehow I realized then how those old Puritans must have felt—with a new world they were going to build the way they wanted it. A new world, Harvey. And look what Chris Fischer and men like him are doing to it!"

When he had dressed and swallowed the hot coffee the supervisor had ordered for him, Dr. Jim started downstairs, floor by floor, looking in at the men over whom he and the Seagrams had worked that night, writing orders, inspecting dressings, changing medicines, adjusting splints. At last, on the first story, he turned toward the wing devoted to private rooms and, going swiftly down the corridor, tapped gently at the last door. In a moment Miss Foster came out.

"How is he?"

"In very good condition, it seems to me, doctor. His pulse has come down nicely. I was just going to start the Murphy drip again."

"That's fine. I have to go up to see old Mrs. Fischer now, so I'll just look in a minute, before I leave."

Softly Jim stepped inside the room, followed by the nurse. On the bed lay Malcolm, unconscious from opiates and still breathing out the fumes of ether. Jim bent down to look at him closely and laid inquiring fingertips on the young man's wrist.

"He's all right, Miss Foster. Keep up the fluids as you have been. I'll be in again before dinner time. But call me at once if anything goes wrong—anything at all, no matter how small."

"Very well, doctor." There was a curious quality in the nurse's voice and when Jim looked up quickly he saw a fugitive smile across her face.

Tired as he was, Jim too smiled faintly as he turned away and picked up the chart. This woman had been here for Malcolm's debut in the Fischer family, she was here again today. Queer! He wondered for the thousandth time how much she knew and decided once more that no one except Miss Foster herself would ever know. Behind him he heard her lowering the stand that held the jar for the Murphy drip; then she went out, closing the door noiselessly after her.

Wheeling around, Dr. Winforth looked down at the red hair on the pillow. It was a long time since he had carried Malcolm and put him in Rachel's arms. But this morning he had given the boy back to her again—crippled, it was true, but alive. And she had said to him, "Oh, my dear! My dear!"

Death had been very close to them all, that night. And to some, at least, he had been kind. The mantle of the dead had already wrapped poor old doddering Emil Fischer once more in the dignity of manhood and covered the shortcomings of Geoffrey's tormented soul with forgetfulness. But Rachel had welcomed her son back to life.

From where he stood, when he turned his haggard dark face toward the window, Dr. Jim could see the harbor and the town rising on its terraced hills above the bay. *Fairharbor, City of Destiny*. Here he had been born, here he had lived and worked as James Anthony had lived and worked before him. And here he would live the second spring that beckoned him.

Quickly he straightened his aching body, laid down the chart, and slipped out into the corridor. Swiftly he strode down the passageway and out through the lobby into the sunshine. He still had work to do and Rachel would be waiting for him.

THE END



