

# Beggars Can Choose Honoring Two Great Chieftains

## CHAPTER XIII—Continued

"I held notes on him as security for business that he transacted through his office—properties I could not afford to have in my name. He thought I would not dare to sell his notes, he having so much information about me. No use going into the ugly details. He woke up too late to find out that his transactions were with me—the company he was dealing with was mine—he sold my property to me. It was I who bought from him what he hid no right to sell. I stopped payment on the checks he held, I had his notes, and he was holding—the bag."

"But how could you? That's not right. You couldn't do that."

"Why not?" asked Pastano. "I was cleverer than he. What could he do? What could he say? I called in his notes. Either he had to pay me, or I would sell them to his bank for discount. He put in his stone stock—sound property—and recovered his notes. Then he found all his debts due on the same day. He lost seventeen accounts in one afternoon—business taken right out of his office. He sold his car and yesterday he mortgaged his house. And today—unless it's stopped—he's going to be indicted."

Ernestine got to her feet.

"But, Ruby—how can you do this to Loring? He does know things about you—"

"Very little," answered Pastano evenly. "Fragments—nothing whole. Part of this deal—part of that. His own activities will shine much worse in court than his connections with me. Do you think I am fool enough to put myself in jeopardy with a man like Loring?"

Ernestine made a little moan, and he began to speak quickly, vehemently, with a strange sternness and justice in his face.

"He came to me—he sought the connection—he was eager for any work. He offered to do things for me that I wouldn't let him do. He was well paid, and he didn't play the game. His fees were big—business was thrown to him from a dozen directions inaccessible to him five years ago. He sat where he wanted to sit—in the lap of city politics, and he grew weary of his mistress. He wished to exploit her—desert her. So he schemed and planned. But you cannot get into the whirlpool and then out again—"

Ernestine, looking at him, felt the sucking breath of the vortex. "But what have I to do with this?" she asked. "What can I do for Loring? You haven't told me this without some purpose."

"First let me show you why I can do nothing for him myself—it is easier to start a landslide than to stop it. It was my intention—no, my determination—to ruin him, to have him debarred, disgraced, sent to the penitentiary, if I could. It seemed necessary. Here, all about me, are these young men—lieutenants—gangsters, if you like the newspaper word better. They are my army. We must have loyalty in any army. We must have obedience. Loyalty and obedience, first, because they have confidence in me, that I am wise, that I will take care of them while they stay with me, that I am competent to meet all situations. But if a man is disloyal, all the rest must see what becomes of him. Loyalty, first, because of confidence; second, because of fear. When admiration falls, fear remains."

"But you are not going to ruin Loring now?" she said eagerly. "You have changed your mind—you have some plan?"

"No," he said slowly, "no, not I. I have no plan to save Loring Hamilton. I have no desire to save him. I would not lift my little finger for Loring Hamilton. It is inevitable that he should fall, should be punished. Even if I wanted to do something for him now, I could not. His treachery is known to others as well as to myself. Money is needed. If I should withdraw money from my own private sources, or if I should withdraw money from funds that are available for gifts, when it is necessary, it would be instantly known. No—in the first place, I don't want to help Loring. If he were my own brother, I would feel that he must follow his course alone. Nor could I help him, even if I liked, but—he looked at her intently so that for a moment it seemed that she was lost, hypnotized by his great dark eyes—"you can help him, if you like, Ernestine."

"Tell me," she whispered. "What can I do?"

He put his hand in his pocket and took out his big silver watch. Laying the flat of his palm upon it, he twisted it, unscrewed the back of the watch and took from between the outer and inner cases a small piece of paper, folded once across. He sat, his dismembered watch in one hand, and the piece of paper in the other, and said to her:

"I know that you have your own standards of honor—I have exposed myself, in this talk, knowing your code. But now, I must ask you if you are capable of secrecy. No one but Will must know of this. He must know."

"I promise," she said at once.

He put the folded paper in her hand, and kept his finger upon it, so that it remained closed.

"There is a name here. This afternoon, within an hour after this bank is closed—before four o'clock, to be exact, twenty thousand dollars, in cash, must be placed in the hands of

## Margaret Weymouth Jackson

WNU Service  
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this person, and the indictment against Loring will be dropped."

Ernestine was very pale. "A bribe?" she said, her throat dry. "But that's—wrong."

He was very gentle.

"Wrong, yes—no doubt. But we are at a place now—where it is the lesser evil, which must be chosen—not right or wrong. A bribe—ugly word. Yes, there is a regular scale of prices for indictments. This money must be spread. It will take twenty thousand dollars to do it. You have the money. I take a great risk upon myself—this talk, this name, this opportunity, but I wished you to have it."

He beamed upon her now—pleased as a child who has been good and waits for praise. Ernestine was very agitated.

"How do you know I have this money?"

"I am a director in this bank—you have it—here."

"But that money is for Will. I've been saving it for nearly two years."

"Your sister—"

"Why should I sacrifice Will for Loring and Lillian?" she said passionately. "It will take me a long time to accumulate this money again. And simply to give it away—to send it out blindly, and not even know where it goes! Loring has always hated Will—has tried to harm him. And now you ask me to give up Will's chance. He can't wait forever. His gift will die, he'll go stale."

"Loring has loved you, Ernestine."

She stopped her incoherent speech. She looked at him with dark eyes, and her face grew very pale.

"That time," Pastano said, "when you were ill—when Elaine was born, we would not have found you, if it had not been for Loring."

"But Will found me," she quavered.

"Yes—after Loring had torn the town up—had organized a search—had warned me. Will would still be wandering about Sheridan Park. And after Will found you, what did he do? You might have died there, without proper care. It was Loring's practical energy and ability—his decision and his efficiency which saved you."

He got up and moved about restlessly. He seemed almost to plead with her.

"That's why I couldn't sleep last night. It came to me all the time—he loves our Ernestine, fool and traitor that he is. He would give everything he has—for her. It is her sister, her family, her family name. She is mixed in it—she will be hurt by it. So this morning, I came to town. I have seen the bank ledger from time to time. I have watched your private fortune growing with much interest, and known, or thought, that Will was ignorant of it. So this morning I came to town, and carefully I have made this possible. And now, you do not see it."

He was putting his watch together as he spoke, but he left the slip of paper in Ernestine's hand.

"It's one o'clock," he said. "The bank closes at three. Suppose you go and talk to Will. A woman ought not to take a step like this, anyhow, without talking to her husband."

"I'm not going to give Will's money to Loring," Ernestine said despairingly.

Mr. Pastano opened the door for her, but did not answer her low "good-by."

Ernestine went swiftly down the stairs and out into the brightness of the street.

"I'm not going to ask Will," she thought stubbornly. "He'll just tell me to do what Pastano wants. I'm not going to do it."

She ran for a car going north and boarded it. She rode as far as Belmont avenue, jumped up suddenly and got out of the street car. A taxi stood before a drug store across the street. Ernestine ran across through the traffic and got into the taxi.

"Please hurry," she said, and gave him the address of the old office building near the river, where Will led his secret life.

She felt that she could not get to Will soon enough, now she was started. She paid the taxi driver at the door and went quickly into the dim and dusty doorway.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"He Was Well Paid, and He Didn't Play the Game."

I can't give that money for Loring. It's Will's."

"I'll not pay for Loring," said Pastano sternly, and he shrugged, his face altered, hard. "Why should I? You can—if you won't, he's sunk—that's all."

"No, no," cried Ernestine, "not that—not Will's money. I won't do it, Ruby. I can't. Loring will have to go down in his own wreckage. Why should I pay a bribe for him? Why should I rob Will of his very chance, for Loring? This isn't just money—this is Will's future—his peace, his happiness—this is my marriage—this money."

He was silent. He stared at her. She could feel in him disappointment. He was disappointed in her! He, monster that he was, dared to judge her!

"You see," she said desperately. "Will isn't always going to be a cartoonist. He's going to do something else. He hasn't any sense about money. I learned about money, when we were poor, but Will has never learned. He's extravagant, foolish. I found out long ago that if he had fifty cents in his pocket, or fifty dollars, it was all the same to him. And then—I discovered that Will wanted to be an artist, that he wanted to work in colors, that he hated the cats. And I began to save. I've kept up a front on a small amount of money. I spent less than twelve thousand dollars last year, and Will earned thirty thousand. But it's been for Will. I'm not naturally economical, or close, but I did it for Will."

"Perhaps Will would want you to do this—ask him."

"Perhaps he would. It would be

Chinese Leaders Split on Educational Plans

China, unlike most nations, has nothing that can really be called a national sport. Japan, in much the same circumstances, adopted baseball; but baseball in China has never caught on to any great extent. Mission schools and Y. M. C. A.'s, however, have done much to teach forms of sport to elementary and middle school students, with the result that basketball, tennis and football are beginning to prove fairly popular, but only among an extremely small percentage of the nation's many millions of youths. As far as the revival of folklore (which is being considered by the social education department of the ministry of education) is concerned, it is expected that the ministry will encounter difficulties. China is rich in folklore, but while with one hand the government is trying to encourage its revival, with the other hand the government is launching a bitter campaign against superstition. Much of China's ancient folklore deals with supernatural beings, and with historical and mythical characters endowed with supernatural powers. What is needed, according to educational lead-

ers, is the development of a critical faculty among students and the populace which will enable them to dissociate themselves entirely from the million and one popular myths which form the basis of their mental texture, if not of their religious beliefs.

Unfounded Popular Belief

That a fire caused by lightning can not be extinguished with water is an old popular belief which still survives in many parts of the country, says an article in Pathfinder Magazine. Fire is fire no matter how started, whether by a match, spontaneous combustion, or a flash of lightning. A fire produced by lightning has the same physical properties as other fire and can be extinguished in the same manner.

Divide Hatching Duty

Among the true ostriches of the old world several females lay their eggs in the same nest and the male sits on the eggs during the night while the hens take turns at the job during the day.

like him to throw away his chance for Loring. But Will doesn't know I've got this money. Nobody knows, except the bank clerks. I thought a savings account was a private matter. Will has a studio down near here—if he could study—if he could go to Paris."

"I know," said Pastano. "He rents his workroom from me. I've seen some of his stuff. Well—Loring can go to jail then, for all of me, and if you are subpoenaed into court, to testify about things that happened at Langley lake three summers ago, don't say I didn't warn you."

He sighed. His eyes were sad and tired. The tears sprang down Ernestine's cheeks.

"Don't think I don't appreciate this—I know that you endanger yourself—your very life—by talking to me. I know enough about all this to know what you are doing—it's generous, but, oh, Ruby, it is Will I love—Will, all the time."

"Your sister—"

"Why should I sacrifice Will for Loring and Lillian?" she said passionately. "It will take me a long time to accumulate this money again. And simply to give it away—to send it out blindly, and not even know where it goes! Loring has always hated Will—has tried to harm him. And now you ask me to give up Will's chance. He can't wait forever. His gift will die, he'll go stale."

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CHIEF QUANNAH PARKER OF THE COMANCHES  
Photo by American Bureau of Ethnology

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

AMERICAN Indian day, which is being celebrated on September 26 this year, is a day for honoring the virtues and achievements of the original inhabitants of this continent. In connection with that celebration it is worthy of note that an enduring monument has recently been erected to one of the greatest leaders of the red men and that plans are under way for erecting a monument to the memory of another.

Down near Cache, Okla., in the shadow of the Wichita mountains where he spent the last years of his life, both red men and white gathered a short time ago to unveil a monument to the memory of Quannah Parker, chief of the Comanches. The monument was made possible by congress, which appropriated \$1,500 for the purpose some time ago, but this memorial came into being through the efforts of a patriotic woman, Mrs. Lena Banks of Cache, Okla., for whom its completion represented the paying of a debt of gratitude.

Many years ago Mrs. Banks' parents lived near Cache. One day her mother fell ill and lapsed into a coma from which her family feared she would not recover. Chief Quannah, who was their neighbor, came in while the mother was ill. Looking at her, he turned to Mrs. Banks' father and said: "All right, judge, you wait. Me be back pretty quick." Mounting his horse he rode away, but returned within a short time with some native medicine which he administered. Then he remained by the white woman's bedside until the crisis had passed and her recovery was assured.

Quannah died February 23, 1911, and was buried on a high knoll in an Indian cemetery near Cache. Several years ago Mrs. Banks visited the cemetery and found that the Indian chief's grave was unmarked, although a large memorial had been placed over the grave of Cynthia Ann Parker, his mother, a short distance away. The white woman who remembered with gratitude how the Indian had saved her mother's life immediately began to work on the project of erecting a memorial over his grave. She enlisted the aid of the Oklahoma senators and congressmen and after many vicissitudes saw her ambition realized in the monument which now marks Quannah Parker's grave.

The story of this Indian leader is one of the most romantic in all American history. Although he was a great war chief of one of the wildest tribes of the plains, Quannah was not a full-blooded Indian. He was the son of an Indian father and a white mother. The story goes back to the early thirties when John Nathaniel Parker led a party of settlers into Comanche country in Texas. Associated with him were several brothers with their wives, sons and married daughters. For two years they lived in peace in their new home. Then, one morning when most of the men were in the field, about 600 Comanche warriors swooped down upon their fort, destroyed it, killed most of the colonists who remained and carried off a number of women and children. Among the captives were a girl of nine, Cynthia Ann Parker, and her six-year-old brother, John.

One day in 1890 Major L. S. ("Sul") Ross of the Texas forces attacked a Comanche village at the head of the Pease river. The Indians, taken by surprise, scattered in all directions.

at that place where the hunters with their great Sharps buffalo guns successfully withstood repeated attacks by Quannah's warriors and finally caused Quannah to retire, baffled in the first objective of his campaign. Within a short time Gen. Nelson A. Miles was in the field with a body of troops which forced the surrender of most of the hostiles.

But Quannah refused to surrender. For nearly a year he held out, then realizing the futility of trying to resist further, he gave up the struggle and declared his intention of "following the white man's road."

The other great Indian whose memory is to be preserved in an enduring monument is Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés, one of the greatest military leaders ever developed on this continent and a man who won for himself the title of the "Indian Napoleon." Two years ago congress created a national monument in Montana, the site of the battle of the Bear's Paw where in 1877 Gen. Nelson A. Miles captured Chief Joseph and his tribesmen after one of the most brilliant retreats in the history of Indian warfare. During the last congress a bill was introduced providing for the erection of a monument there which would commemorate the achievements of the great Indian soldier and preserve for future generations the memory of him as a patriot and a man.

Here briefly is the achievement of Chief Joseph during that remarkable retreat: Encumbered with women and children, which he refused to desert and allow to fall into the hands of the soldiers as he might have done several times to facilitate his flight and having a fighting force that never exceeded 300 warriors, he fought eleven engagements, five of them pitched battles of which he lost but one; in the other six skirmishes he killed 128 and wounded 140 of the 2,000 soldiers who fought him, but he lost 151 killed and 88 wounded of his own people. Then having distanced his pursuers and knowing that he was only 50 miles from the Canadian line and safety (for he did not know of the approach of General Miles' troops) he made the fatal mistake of stopping for a little while to give his weary tribesmen a chance for a brief rest.

Here in the Bear Paw mountains where the memorial to him is to be erected, General Miles attacked on September 30, 1877. For five days Joseph and his little band, greatly outnumbered, withstood the attack of Miles' soldiers. Finally artillery was brought to bear upon their defenses and on October 4 Chief Joseph gave up the contest. He never fought again.

He resolved first to attack a party of hunters who had established themselves at an old trading post on the Canadian river, known as Adobe Walls. The result was the now-famous battle

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CHIEF JOSEPH OF THE NEZ PERCES  
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