ELECTRIC CHAIR PUT IN USE TOMORROW FOR FIRST TIME IN STATE

Execution Will Take Place in New Death House at Rockview—Reformers Interested From Humane Standpoint.

John Talap, who murdered his wife at their Montgomery County home, is spending what will be the last day of his life today in the new deathhouse at Rockview, near Bellefonte, Pa. Talap will die in the electric chair early tomorrow morning unless there should be an unexpected commutation from the Governor.

He will be the first man to meet death at the hands of the State of Pennsylvania other than by the gallows. Exponents of prison reform throughout the country, but especially in this State, are interested in the case because the electric chair was adopted as a more humane method of execution than hanging.

The old gallows at Moyamensing prison, 10th and Reed streets, on which 25 murderers since 1839 have been hung, is no more. Veteran keepers there are inclined to believe that hanging is the more merciful of these two ways of ending human life, but they are immensely relieved that the gruesome business of hanging men has been taken off their hands.

"Executions by hanging," said Personal Deputy Myers today, "doesn't take up so much time as an electrocution. I have heard that by the time a man leaves his cell, marches into the death chamber, takes his seat and the button is pressed following a signal by the warden, fully eight minutes or more is consumed. I have seen cases in Moyamensing Prison where only about two minutes or less passed from the time the condemned man left his cell and was pronounced dead. Most of the executions which I have witnessed resulted in instant death, because the neck was broken."

The act creating a law ordering that capital punishment be effected by the electric chair was passed by the Legislature on June 13, 1913. Since that law was enacted several murderers have died on the gallows in Moyamensing because their crimes were committed before the act was signed by former Governor Tener.

Tucked away in the record room of the sheriff's office lies a package which contains a list of the murderers who have died by hanging since 1839 in Moyamensing Prison. Only one woman was hanged in Moyamensing. She was Mrs. Jane Whiteling, who poisoned her children. Testimony produced at her trial showed that she killed her children because she was anxious to obtain several hundred dollars insurance.

Living within a stone's throw of the old prison at 10th and Reed streets are still a few residents who recall the day when Herman Webster Mudgett, alias H. H. Holmes, "The Man of Mystery," was hanged. Holmes was hanged on the morning of May 7, 1896. None of the old-time residents witnessed the hanging. Many of them today, however, recalled the last words of the murderer which they heard from keepers who were present when he mounted the scaffold.

"I am ready for you, gentlemen." Holmes is said to have answered when he was asked to leave his cell.

Hangings years ago always attracted a crowd outside the prison. Four policemen were always stationed at the main entrance. When the policemen walked away it was a signal that the execution was over.

Among the murderers who were hanged in Moyamensing prison was "Red" McManus, a thug who operated with a gang in the southern part of the city. Keepers at the jail said today that before McManus walked up the steps of the scaffold he insisted on removing his boots. When arrested he wore boots. He continued to wear them throughout his trial. As the rope was being fastened about his neck he kicked off his boots.

Most of the hangings in Moyamensing prison took place on Thursdays.

Before Mrs. Jane Whiteling was hanged on June 28, 1889, she kissed the picture of her children whom she poisoned. When the picture was taken away from her she said, "Poor kids."

TOOK POISON, CHEATING GALLOWS.

Since 1839 many double hangings have taken place there. On March 10, 1908, two Chinamen who were implicated in a Tong murder were executed. Two mother-in-law murderers occupied cells in Moyamensing. One of them committed suicide by taking poison on the day for which his execution was set.

TRANSIT "JOKER" IS FOE'S TRICK

Continued from Page One

indignation and the promise from all sections that Councils would be compelled to amend the transit ordinance by the weight of public opinion and to put through the Taylor plan as an amendment to the Finance Committee ordinance.

MAYOR'S CABINET PLANS FIGHT.

Every member of Mayor Blankenburg's Cabinet met in executive conference in Director Taylor's office in the Bourse at 11 o'clock this morning to make plans for the fight. Directors Porter and Cooke were forced to leave shortly before noon to keep Washington's Birthday celebration engagements. Both returned before 1 o'clock, and the conference was continued. Mayor Blankenburg was represented by his secretary, Cyrus D. Foss, Jr. Working in their shirt sleeves every member of the Cabinet evidenced a grim determination to make it a fight to a finish.

Director Taylor and Director Porter issued formal statements just before the conference adjourned for lunch. Director Taylor declared that the people of Philadelphia were going to force the hand of Councils. Drawing a comparison with the "gas steal" of 1905, Director Porter declared that the present "iniquitous plan" offered by Councils' Finance Committee placed the "gas steal" in the background. Both statements sounded a call to arms.

DIRECTOR PORTER'S STATEMENT.

Director Porter said in his statement:

"On to Councils is now the slogan. Let every citizen be a watchdog of the treasury.

"Councils at the present day is still infested with some of those who voted for the "Gas Steal" in 1905. It is quite evident from their present attitude that they failed to profit by the uprising which their action at that time precipitated."

"The men who were the leading factors in the perpetration of the crime of 1905 are the same men who today are parading before the people in sheeps' clothing. Philadelphians are not so gullible in this present situation as to have forgotten in so short a time the deliberate attempt of these men to betray the people's interest. The 'gas steal' pales in the shade as compared with the iniquitous plan which a small group of men in the Finance Committee and their hidden allies now are attempting to foist on the people.

"Mr. John P. Connelly, chairman of the Finance Committee, is the ring leader in this present attempt. He was a follower-on in the 'Gas Steal.' His interest at the present time, however, is more manifest because he has been the paid attorney of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company while serving as chairman of the Finance Committee of Councils. An examination of the court dockets, showing Mr. Connelly's interest on behalf of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, will speak for itself."

"If there ever was a time in the history of Philadelphia when an aroused citizenship should demand and insist upon receiving that which they are entitled to it is now."

"Mr. Connelly's inspiring interview, as reported in a newspaper a day or so ago, indicates how solicitous this gentleman is to preserve the people's money and to see to it that they are not fooled by the Blankenburg Administration.

"All we need to ask the public is to compare John P. Connelly and Rudolph Blankenburg in their standard of citizenship. Mayor Blankenburg never voted for a transit steal or a "gas steal," never foisted on the people the necessity for buying exchange tickets, nor was he ever a champion of anything but the people's rights.

"Can Mr. Connelly and those of his kind convince the public in the face of his record and in the face of Mayor Blankenburg's record that he (Mr. Connelly) is entitled to the people's confidence?"

DIRECTOR TAYLOR'S STATEMENT.

Director Taylor's statement follows.

"The people of Philadelphia are going to 'scotch' the ordinance which has been reported by the Finance Committee, purporting to call a special election to authorize an increase in indebtedness in the city to the amount of $6,000,000 for certain transit facilities, as specified therein, in a manner which will make them utterly impracticable. The passage of that ordinance and the holding of such an election would be equivalent to the passage of no ordinance and the holding of no election. The people do not propose to be fooled.

"They are going to insist upon the passage of ordinances calling for the holding of a special election to authorize an increase in the indebtedness of the city in the amount of $6,000,000 for the establishment of transit facilities.

"They are going to insist that these ordinances be drawn in the usual, customary and legal manner, and that they shall be absolutely free from novel and uncertain provisions calculated to render the election illegal or to make the use of the money for any practicable purpose impossible.'

"Ordinances were drafted in the usual customary and legal form at the request of the Department of City Transit and were introduced in Councils and referred to the Finance Committee; the people are going to insist that these ordinances be reported out, amended, as agreed, in amount, and that they be passed promptly, and that the 'fake' ordinances reported out by the Finance Committee shall be 'scotched' forthwith."

TOWN MEETING PLANNED.

Philadelphia today began to arm for the fight against the Finance Committee's "joker" transit ordinance.

From every section responses came to the call for the town meeting in the Academy of Music Wednesday night.

To pave the way for the Academy meeting district mass-meetings have been arranged in West Philadelphia and in Olney tonight. In West Philadelphia the Woodland Avenue Improvement Association has called a protest meeting to be held in the hall at 71st street and Woodland avenue. All Councilmen from that section have been invited to be present and declare their position on the two divergent transit plans.

The Olney meeting will be held in the Olney Presbyterian Church, under the direction of the Olney Improvement Association.

Tomorrow night the citizens of Germantown and Chestnut Hill will plunge into the fray with a meeting in the town hall. The following persons will speak: Director Porter, Director Cooke, the Rev. Charles L. Seasholes, the Rev. H. W. Hathaway, Samuel B. Scott and Robert E. Lamberton.

The following call for the meeting has been spread broadcast through Germantown:

A CALL TO ARMS!

Mass Meeting in Town Hall, Germantown, Tuesday, February 23d, 8 p. m., to demand

REAL RAPID TRANSIT.

You are called upon to protect your interests from the greatest betrayal that has been threatened since the Gas Lease of 1905. Councils propose to brush aside the Transit Department's plan, framed intelligently in the interests of long-suffering strap-hangers and to substitute an emasculated plan framed solely in the interest of the Transit Company.

Will you submit to this trickery? In 1905 you killed the gas snake. Will you kill this one? You can do it! Get busy!

William H. Emhardt,
Thomas E. Clemens,
Pringle Borthwick,
Presidents of Business and Improvement Associations of 22d Ward.

Senator Penrose, when told of the town meeting, declared he was heartily in favor of rapid transit for this city and that he felt it should be worked out in good faith and a co-operative spirit. Privately, he told friends he favored the Taylor plans and would continue in this position until some one could give him a good reason to change his views.

Under the direction of Mayor Blankenburg and the Committee of One Thousand appointed by Director Taylor the lines of the battle are being drawn. Business organizations, trade bodies, patriotic associations and independent citizens loyally have answered the call to the strong, the free and the progressive.

Tomorrow night the United Business Men's Association, the central body of all the business organizations in Philadelphia, will meet and plan a series of public demonstrations throughout the city. Representatives from the various trade organizations in the city will meet tomorrow in the rooms of the Board of Trade and place themselves on record against Councils' trickery. The directors of the Chamber of Commerce will take similar action at a meeting Wednesday afternoon.

Another protest meeting, to be held tonight at the Olney Presbyterian Church, was announced this afternoon by E. J. Lafferty, of the Olney Improvement League. League members who have been informed of the conference with Lafferty and Director Taylor this afternoon are expected to attend the meeting in force.

Employes of the navy yard have entered the fight. A committee of 100 has been appointed and the workingmen at the yard have promised to go into every ward in Philadelphia and fight for real rapid transit. The committee will meet tomorrow and arrange to have 3000 League Island workers attend the mass-meeting in the Academy of Music.

Telegrams, telephone messages and personal calls today gave Director Taylor assurance that support from all classes of citizens would be accorded him in the demand that Councils change the "joker" ordinance so that the people may get real rapid transit, instead of a Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company substitute.

While the full list of speakers for the public meeting in the Academy of Music has not been announced, it is known that Mayor Blankenburg and Director Taylor will make addresses.

The doors of the Academy will be opened at 7:30 o'clock for those having tickets, and at 8 o'clock the general public will be admitted. Tickets of admission can be obtained at the various newspaper offices. Anticipating even a larger throng than attended the meeting of January 14, overflow meetings for those who cannot be accommodated in the Academy are being planned.

This afternoon the Committee of One Thousand will address appeals to employers of labor in Philadelphia requesting that they announce the mass-meeting to their workers and permit the men to stop work one hour earlier Wednesday in order that they may get to the Academy of Music in time for the meeting.

AN ULTIMATUM.

James J. Mullen, an employe of the League Island Navy Yard, has issued the following statement, which lays down the position of the League Island men in the fight:

"We intend to fight to a finish for the enforcement of the Taylor plan. The working men and women of the city are not going to be deceived by any trick or subterfuge such as the Finance Committee of Councils is attempting to jam through.

"The public must be warned that the assurance of a 5-cent fare with free transfers—as arranged for under the Taylor plan—receives no consideration whatever in the plan which City Councils are now pursuing.

"It is the fight of the people against a handful of men who are bold enough to attempt to put across a deal more iniquitous than the gas steal.

"Now is the time to act. Don't wait until the damage is done and then complain. Every working man and woman, every citizen, every individual who believes in just and right must get on the firing line and defeat this grab.

"The working men of the Philadelphia Navy Yard at League Island have pledged their support to the Taylor plan and will go into every ward in the city and fight for it."

Members of the committee who signed the call for the town meeting met in the office of Director Taylor, together with members of the Mayor's Cabinet. At the conclusion of the meeting, a brief statement declaring that the "fight is on" was issued. Tomorrow afternoon another meeting, this time with the members of the committee of 1000 attending, will be held in the Adelphia Hotel to perfect arrangements for the Academy meeting.

Chairman Connelly, of the Finance Committee, which reported into Councils the "joker" ordinance against which all Philadelphia is now arrayed in opposition, declared that the action of the Mayor in calling the town meeting probably is only a political move made in view of the approaching Mayoralty election.

1000 GERMANS CAPTURED IN FIGHT NEAR TARNOW

Petrograd Claims Repulse of Offensive in Galicia.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 22.

During the last two days the Russian forces at Zakliczyn, in Galicia in the region southwest of Tarnow, captured 1000 Germans.

The Teutonic Allies attempted an offensive against the Russian column in north central Galicia. Despite its aggressive character, the stubborn resistance developing into a counter-offensive checked the enemy with heavy losses in slain and the capture of 1000 prisoners.

OBITUARIES

Dr. William O. Griggs

Dr. William O. Griggs, a practicing physician for many years and long associated with the Hahnemann Medical College, died yesterday at the home of his son, Dr. William B. Griggs, 1326 North 12th street, from an attack of heart disease. Doctor Griggs, who was 70 years old, was graduated from the Jefferson Medical College in 1866. For 20 years he was chairman of the Arts and Science Committee at the Franklin Institute, where he held a life membership. As a student of antiquity, he possessed a valuable collection of Washington relics and firearms used in the Revolutionary War. Doctor Griggs leaves a widow and three sons, Dr. William B. Griggs, Albert E. and Fred C. Griggs.

Michael W. Montgomery

Michael W. Montgomery, a Civil War veteran, who for 28 years was superintendent of the Fairmount market, 22d and Spring Garden streets, is dead at his home, 772 North 25th street. He was 73 years old, and his death was due to a complication of diseases. Mr. Montgomery was a member of the Anthony J. Drexel Lodge, 1096, I. O. O. F., and the Anna M. Ross Post, 94, G. A. R. He served throughout the Civil War as an infantryman with the 95th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. The funeral services will be held at his late home Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Lloyd E. Johnson

Word of the death of Lloyd E. Johnson, formerly professor of commercial law at the University of Pennsylvania, was received here today from Albany, Ga. He had been a sufferer from tuberculosis for the last three years, and resigned from the University faculty in the hope of regaining health in the West. Recently he moved to Georgia. Mr. Johnson lived formerly in this city at 4708 Hazel avenue and was a member of the firm of Moorehead & Johnson. His body will be sent to Milwaukee, Wis., his native city, for burial.

IN MEMORIAM

HAMPSON.—In loving memory of WILLIAM HAMPSON, died February 21, 1899. Also HUGH HAMPSON, died February 7, 1897. WIFE AND MOTHER.

Deaths

ADDLESBERGER.—On February 21, 1915, LOYD THOMAS, husband of Florence B. Addlesberger. Due notice of the funeral will be given from 2022 West Cumberland st.

AMBLER.—On Second Month 19th, 1915, HARRIET B., widow of John Ambler, Jr., aged 83 years. Interment private.

BARBER.—On February 21, 1915, ARMENA, wife of William E. Barber, daughter of the late James and Mary A. Knight. Funeral services on Wednesday, February 24, at 2 p. m., at the residence of her brother-in-law, Albertis Hewett, 1550 Park Boulevard, Camden, N. J. Interment private, at Harleigh Cemetery.

BEECKEL.—On February 19, 1915, HERMAN J. BEECKEL. Relatives and friends, also members of Philo Lodge, No. 444, F. and A. M., Philadelphia Consistory and Lu Lu Temple, are invited to attend the funeral services, at his late residence, 1730 Mattison ave., on Tuesday, February 23, at 2 p. m. Interment at West Laurel Hill Cemetery. Automobile funeral. Rochester, N. Y., papers please copy.

BESWICK.—At Somers Point, N. J., on February 21, 1915, SAMUEL BESWICK. Funeral services on Thursday, at 2 p. m. precisely, at the chapel of Benjamin T. Lee, 1912 Columbia ave.

BISHOP.—On February 21, 1915, JANET LOWRIE, daughter of Thomas Sparks and Elizabeth A. McK. Bishop, aged 6 years and 9 months. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, at her parents' residence, 114 McKinley ave., Lansdowne, on Wednesday, at 2:30 p. m. precisely. Interment private.

CANNON.—On February 21, 1915, MARGARET A., wife of H. M. Cannon. Funeral services on Wednesday, at 8:30 p. m., at her late residence, 1434 North 57th st. Interment at Seaford, Del.

DALTON.—On February 21, 1915, MARY E. DALTON, widow of Patrick Dalton. Funeral on Thursday, at 8 a. m., from 2719 Manton st. Solemn Requiem Mass at St. Anthony's Church, at 9:30 a. m.

DONAHUE.—On February 21, 1915, JAMES J., son of James M. and Elizabeth Donahue Dowds. Funeral on Wednesday, at 8:30 a. m., from 2636 Seltzer st. Solemn High Mass of Requiem at St. Columba's Church, at 10 a. m. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery.

JOHNSON.—On February 19, 1915, IDA SMITH, wife of Hon. Charles Johnson. Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral, without further notice, from her late residence, Germantown pike and Broadaxe road, Plymouth township, on Tuesday afternoon, 23d inst., at 2 o'clock. Trolley leaves Main and DeKalb sts., Norristown, at 1:26 p. m. Interment private.

JONES.—On February 21, 1915, SAMUEL E., husband of Annie Jones. Funeral on Wednesday, at 2 p. m., from 2200 Madison Square. Interment at West Laurel Hill Cemetery.

KIESLING.—At Millington, Md., on February 19, 1915, EDWARD O., husband of Mary Kiesling and son of Minnie and the late Charles J. Kiesling. Relatives and friends, also employes of Charles J. Kiesling, are invited to attend the funeral services, on Tuesday, at 2 p. m., at the residence of his mother, 2061 East York st. Interment at Cedar Hill Cemetery.

KINSELL.—On February 20, 1915, MARY BENNETT, wife of Joseph C. Kinsell and daughter of Joseph A. and Rhoda Jackson. Funeral, to which the relatives and friends are invited, on Tuesday afternoon, February 23, at 1 o'clock, from her late residence, 4520 Chestnut st. Interment private, Westminster Cemetery. Remains may be viewed on Monday evening, from 7 to 10.

KOLLER.—On February 21, 1915, SOLOMON S. KOLLER, in his 85th year. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Thursday, at 2 p. m. precisely, at his late residence, 518 North 4th st. Interment private.

KRAUSZ.—On February 21, 1915, at her late residence, 2411 North Carlisle st., SUSAN, widow of William Krausz. Due notice of the funeral will be given from her late residence.

LUSSBARRY.—On February 21, 1915, ANDREW, husband of Agnes Lussbarry. Funeral on Wednesday, February 24, at 1:30 p. m., from 1522 Palmer st. To proceed to Palmer Vault. Interment private, at Mount Peace Cemetery.

LAMAR.—On February 20, 1915, FRANKLIN, husband of Elizabeth A. Lamar, aged 67 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Wednesday afternoon, at 1 o'clock, at his late residence, 5018 Ludlow Terrace. Interment at Fernwood Cemetery. Remains may be viewed Tuesday evening, from 7:30 to 9 o'clock.

MARTINDALE.—On the 20th inst., ELIZABETH J. MARTINDALE, in her 75th year. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the services, at her late residence, 2009 North 12th st., on Tuesday afternoon, the 23d inst., at 2 p. m. precisely. Interment private.

McCLENNAN.—On February 19, 1915, ELIZA DERR McCLENNAN, mother of the late Katherine Harbison, wife of Thomas B. Harbison. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Tuesday, at 2 p. m. precisely, at her late home, 131 W. Susquehanna ave. Interment private.

MEGARGEE.—On February 20, 1915, GEORGE M. MEGARGEE. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Tuesday, the 23d inst., at 2 p. m. precisely, at his late residence, 6807 Quincy st., Germantown. Interment private. Kindly omit flowers.

MEYER.—On February 21, 1915, ELSIE K. MEYER, wife of Otto Meyer. Funeral services on Wednesday, at 1 p. m., at her late residence, 3972 Reno st. Interment Northwood Cemetery.

MONTGOMERY.—On February 19, 1915, MICHAEL W., husband of Martha W. Montgomery, in the 73d year of his age. Relatives and friends, also A. J. Drexel Lodge, 1096, I. O. O. F., Anna M. Ross Post 94, G. A. R., and Merchants of Fairmount Market, are invited to attend the funeral services, on Wednesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock precisely, at his late residence, 772 N. 25th st. Interment private. Remains can be viewed Tuesday evening between the hours of 7 and 9 o'clock.

MYERS.—Passed away, at 7 a. m. Sunday, February 21, 1915, Mrs. MARY MYERS, widow of Louis Myers, of Centre Point, Montgomery County, Pa. Services will be held at the German Baptist Home, 24 st. pike, above Church lane (7032 24 st. pike), Philadelphia, Tuesday, February 23, at 2 p. m. Services will also be held at 2 p. m., Wednesday, February 24, at Wentz's Church, Montgomery County. Church can be reached by trolley from Norristown to Skippack. Remains will be interred in cemetery at Wentz's Church.

OLSON. — On February 21, 1915, JOHN OLSON, husband of the late Caroline Olson. Funeral services on Wednesday, at 2 p. m., at his late residence, 2149 South Hancock st. Interment Fernwood Cemetery.

SCHNEIDER. — On February 21, 1915, FRANKLIN H. G., husband of Anna S. Schneider. Funeral services on Thursday, at 7:30 p. m., at the residence of his son-in-law, Joseph O. Lebo, 5850 Willows ave. Interment Friday, at Orwin, Pa.

STEVENS.—On February 21, 1915, at his late residence, 301 Earlham Terrace, Germantown, ELWOOD B. STEVENS, V. S. Funeral services on Wednesday, at 3 p. m., in the Reformed Church of Churchville, Bucks County.

WEST. — On February 19, 1915, EDWIN PERRY, husband of the late Annie West, in his 75th year. Relatives and friends, also Alhambra Lodge, No. 1, Shield of Honor; Philadelphia Lodge, No. 22, K. of P., and employes of Adams Express Company, are invited to attend the funeral services, on Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at his late residence, 1728 North Willington st. Interment private, at Arlington Cemetery. Remains may be viewed Monday evening, from 7:30 to 9 o'clock.

WILKINSON.—On February 20, 1915, MINNIE E. WILKINSON. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Tuesday, at 2 p. m., from the residence of Dr. Andrew McMullin, 1648 Foulkrod st., Frankford, Philadelphia. Interment at North Cedar Hill Cemetery, private.

THE TEMPTING OF TAVERNAKE

A TALE OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

SYNOPSIS.

Leonard Tavernake, Englishman to the bone, prevents Beatrice Burnay, an American girl, starving in London, from stealing. She is turned out of her boarding house and he follows, persisting, against her will, in befriending her. At a restaurant he tells her about himself, but she shrouds her own past in mystery.

After dinner they go to the embankment, and here Beatrice attempts suicide. Tavernake hurries her into a chemist's shop, and her life is saved. While resting there, Beatrice overhears a richly gowned woman asking for a drug. She grows suddenly frightened and insists that Tavernake take her away.

To save the girl's life, Tavernake proposes to make her his housekeeper. He explains to her that she has nothing to fear from him, as he is not attracted by her. When he returns to work he finds himself face to face with the woman who frightened Beatrice the night before. She is Mrs. Wenham Gardner, from the United States, and she wishes to rent a house.

She implores Tavernake to tell her where Beatrice is. A terrible thing has happened, which Beatrice must know to avoid serious danger. Tavernake refuses, and finally is offered a large sum of money. Still he remains faithful to Beatrice, and promises only to ask her if he may tell Mrs. Gardner.

Beatrice finally confesses to Tavernake that Mrs. Gardner is her own sister. She also asserts that Mrs. Gardner has no money, and is something of an adventuress. She insists that her own whereabouts be kept secret. At a recital where Beatrice is singing she is recognized by an American, Mr. Pritchard, and is offered a place in a musical comedy by Sidney Grier, the famous producer. She does not know whether to accept or not.

Mrs. Gardner tries by all her powers of fascination to make Tavernake give up the secret of Beatrice's residence, but Tavernake resists.

Mrs. Gardner's father comes to her and reports that her husband is being kept, at her orders, in a deserted moorland house. Her husband is fast becoming a monomaniac, intent upon her murder. At the same time it is discovered that Jerry Gardner, brother of Wenham Gardner, has come to England.

CHAPTER X.

THE JOY OF BATTLE.

They sat on the trunk of a fallen tree, in the topmost corner of the field. In the hedge, close at hand, was a commotion of birds. In the elm tree, a little further away, a thrush was singing. A soft west wind blew in their faces; the air immediately around them was filled with sunlight. Yet almost to their feet stretched one of those great arms of the city—a suburb, with its miles of villas, its clanging of electric cars, its waste plots, its rows of struggling shops. And only a little further away still, the body itself—the huge city, throbbing beneath its pall of smoke and cloud. The girl, who had been gazing steadily downward for several moments, turned at last to her companion.

"Do you know," she said, "that this makes me think of the first night you spoke to me? You remember it—up on the roof at Blenheim House?"

Tavernake did not answer for a moment. He was looking through a queerly shaped instrument that he had brought with him at half a dozen stakes that he had laboriously driven into the ground some distance away. He was absolutely absorbed in his task.

"The main avenue," he muttered softly to himself. "Yes, it must be a trifle more to the left. Then we get all the off-shoots parallel and the better houses have their southern aspect. I beg your pardon, Beatrice, did you say anything?" he broke off suddenly.

She smiled.

"Nothing worth mentioning. I was just thinking that it reminded me a little up here of the first time you and I ever talked together."

He glanced down at the panorama below, with its odd jumble of hideous buildings, softened here and there with wreaths of sun-stained smoke, its great blots of ugliness irredeemable, insistent.

"It's different, of course," she went on. "I remember, even now, the view from the housetop that night. In a sense, it was finer than this; everything was more weird and yet more chaotic; one simply felt that underneath all those mysterious places was some great being, toiling and struggling—life itself, groaning through space with human cogwheels. Up here we are too much. Oh, my dear Leonard," she continued, "to think that you, too, should be one of the devastators!"

He fitted his instrument into its case and restored it to his pocket.

"Come," he said, "you mustn't call me hard names. I shall remind you of the [illegible] whose words you are making me [illegible]. You know what he says—The [illegible] is, after all, only a dollar. The world lives and progresses by reason of its [illegible]." [illegible] me most of the things that are worth having in life."

She laughed shortly.

"You will cut down those hedges and drive away the birds to find a fresh home; you will plough up the green grass, cut out a street and lay down granite stones. Then I see your ugly little houses coming up like mushrooms all over the place. You are a vandal, my dear Leonard."

"I am simply obeying the law," he answered. "After all, even from your own point of view, I do not think that it is so bad. Look closer, and you will find that the hedges are blackened here and there with smuts. The birds will find a better dwelling place further away. Shee how the smoke from those factory chimneys is sending its smuts across these fields. They are no longer country; they are better gathered in."

She shivered.

"There is something about life," she said, sadly, "which terrifies me. Every force that counts seems to be destructive."

Up the steep hill behind them came the puffing and groaning of a small motor-car. They both turned their heads to watch it come into view. It was an insignificant affair of an almost extinct pattern, a single cylinder machine with a round tonneau back. The engine was knocking badly as the driver brought it to a standstill a few yards away from them. Involuntarily Tavernake stiffened as he saw the two men who descended from it, and who were already passing through the gate close to where they were. One was Mr. Dowling, the other the manager of the bank where they kept their account. Mr. Dowling recognized his manager with surprise but much cordiality.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "Dear me, this is most fortunate! You know Mr. Tavernake, of course, Belton? My manager, Mr. Tavernake—Mr. Belton, of the London and Westminster Bank. I have brought Mr. Belton up here, Tavernake, to have a look round, so that he may know what we mean to do with all the money we shall have to come and borrow, eh?"

The bank manager smiled.

"It is a very fine situation," he remarked.

The eyes of the two men fell upon Beatrice, who had drawn a little to one side.

"May we have the pleasure, Tavernake?" Mr. Dowling said, graciously. "You are not married, I believe?"

"No, this is my sister," Tavernake answered, slowly—"Mr. Belton and Mr. Dowling."

The two men acknowledged the salute with some slight surprise. Beatrice, although her clothes were simple, had always the air of belonging to a different world.

"Your brother, my dear Miss Tavernake," Mr. Dowling declared, "is a perfect genius at discovering these desirable sites. This one I honestly consider to be the find of our lifetime. We have now," he proceeded, turning to Mr. Belton, "certain information that the cars will run to whatever point we desire in this vicinity, and the Metropolitan Railway has also arranged for an extension of its system. Tomorrow I propose," Mr. Dowling continued, holding the sides of his coat and assuming a somewhat pompous manner, "to make an offer for the whole of this site. It will involve a very large sum of money indeed, but I am convinced that it will be a remunerative speculation."

Tavernake remained grimly silent. This was scarcely the time or the place which he would have selected for an explanation with his employer. There were signs, however, that the thing was to be forced upon him.

"I am very pleased indeed to meet you here, Tavernake," Mr. Dowling went on, "pleased both for personal reasons and because it shows, if I may be allowed to say so, the interest which you take in the firm's business, that you should devote your holiday to coming and—er—surveying the scene of our exploits, so to speak. Perhaps now that you are here you would be able to explain to Mr. Belton better than I should, just what it is that we propose."

Tavernake hesitated for a moment. Finally, however, he proceeded to make clear a very elaborate and carefully thought out building scheme, to which both men listened with much attention. When he had finished, however, he turned round to Mr. Dowling, facing him squarely.

"You will understand, sir," he concluded, "that a scheme such as I have pointed out could only be carried through if the whole of the property were in one person's hands. I may say that the information to which you referred a few days ago was perfectly correct. A considerable portion of the south side of the hill has already been purchased, besides certain other plots which would interfere considerably with any comprehensive scheme of building."

Mr. Dowling's face fell at once; his tone was one of annoyance mingled with irritation.

"Come, come," he declared, "this sounds very bad, Mr. Tavernake, very neglectful, very careless as to the interests of the firm. Why did we not keep our eye upon it? Why did we not forstall this other purchaser, eh? It appears to me that we have been slack, very slack indeed."

Tavernake took a small book from his pocket.

"You will remember, sir," he said, "that it was on the eleventh of May last year when I first spoke to you of this site."

"Well, well," Mr. Dowling exclaimed, sharply, "what of it?"

"You were starting out for a fortnight's golf somewhere," Tavernake continued, "and you promised to look into the affair when you returned. I spoke to you again, but you declared that you were far too busy to go into the matter at all for the present, you didn't care about this side of London, you considered that we had enough on hand—in fact, you threw cold water upon the idea."

"I may not have been very enthusiastic at first," Mr. Dowling admitted, grudgingly. "Latterly, however, I have come round to your views."

"There have been several articles in various newspapers, and a good deal of talk," Tavernake remarked, "which have been more effectual, I think, in bringing you round, than my advice. However, what I wish to say to you is this, sir, that when I found myself unable to interest you in this scheme, I went into it myself to some extent."

"Went into it yourself?" Mr. Dowling repeated, incredulously. "What do you mean, Tavernake? What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean that I have invested my savings in the purchase of several plots of land upon this hillside," Tavernake explained.

"On your own account?" Mr. Dowling demanded. "Your savings, indeed!"

"Certainly," Tavernake answered. "Why not?"

"But it's the firm's business, sir—the firm's, not yours!"

"The firm had the opportunity," Tavernake pointed out, "and were not inclined to avail themselves of it. If I had not bought the land when I did, some one else would have bought the whole of it long ago."

Mr. Dowling was obviously in a furious temper.

"Do you mean to tell me, sir," he exclaimed, "that you dared to enter into private speculations while still an employe of the firm? It is a most unheard-of thing, unwarranted, ridiculous. I shall require you, sir, to at once make over the plots of land to us—to the firm, you understand. We shall give you your price, of course, although I expect you paid much more for it than we should have done. Still, we must give you what you paid, and four per cent. interest for your money."

"I am sorry," Tavernake replied, "but I am afraid that I should require better terms than that. In fact," he continued, "I do not wish to sell. I have given a great deal of thought and time to this matter, and I intend to carry it out as a personal speculation."

"Then you will carry it out, sir, from some other place than from within the walls of my office," Mr. Dowling declared, furiously. "You understand that, Tavernake?"

"Perfectly," Tavernake answered. "You wish me to leave you. It is very unwise of you to suggest it, but I am quite prepared to go."

"You will either resell me those lots at cost price, or you shall not set foot within the office again," Mr. Dowling insisted. "It is a gross breach of faith. I never heard of such a thing in all my life. Most unprofessional, impossible behavior!"

Tavernake showed no signs of anger—he simply turned a little away.

"I shall not sell you my land, Mr. Dowling," he said, "and it will suit me very well to leave your employ. You appear," he continued, "to expect some one else to do the whole of the work for you while you reap the entire profits. Those days have gone by. My business in the world is to make a fortune for myself, and not for you!"

"How dare you, sir!" Mr. Dowling cried. "I never heard such impertinence in my life."

"You haven't done a stroke of work for five years," Tavernake went on, unmoved, "and my efforts have supplied you with a fairly good income. In future, those efforts will be directed toward my own advancement."

Mr. Dowling turned back toward the car.

"Young man," he said, "you can brazen it out as much as you like, but you have been guilty of a gross breach of faith. I shall take care that the exact situation is made known in all responsible quarters. You'll get no situation with any firm with whom I am acquainted—I can promise you that. If you have anything more to say to Dowling, Spence & Co., let it be in writing."

They parted company there and then. Tavernake and Beatrice went down the hill in silence.

"Does this bother you at all?" she inquired presently.

"Nothing to speak of," Tavernake answered. "It had to come. I wasn't quite ready but that doesn't matter."

"What shall you do now?" she asked.

"Borrow enough to buy the whole of the hill," he replied.

She looked back.

"Won't that mean a great deal of money?"

He nodded.

"It will be a big thing, of course," he admitted. "Never mind, I dare say I shall be able to interest some one in it. In any case, I never meant Mr. Dowling to make a fortune out of this."

They walked on in silence a little further. Then she spoke again, with some hesitation.

"I suppose that what you have done is quite fair, Leonard?"

He answered her promptly, without any sign of offence at her question.

"As a matter of fact," he confessed, "it is an unusual thing for any one in the employ of a firm of estate agents to make speculations on their own account in land. In this case, however, I consider that I was justified. I have opened up three building speculations for the firm, on each one of which they have made a great deal of money, and I have not even had my salary increased, or any recognition whatever offered me. There is a debt, of course, which an employe owes to his employer. There is also a debt, however, which the employer owes to his employe. In my case, I have never been treated with the slightest consideration of any sort. What I have done I shall stick to. After all, I am more interested in making money for myself than for other people."

They had reached the corner of the field now, and turning into the lane commenced the steep descent. It was Sunday evening, and from all the little conventicles and tin churches below, the bells began their unmusical summons. From further away in the distance came the more melodious chiming from the Cathedral and the city churches. The shriller and nearer note, however, prevailed. The whole medley of sound was a discord. As they descended, they could see the black-coated throngs slowly moving toward the different places of worship. There was something uninspiring about it all. She shuddered.

"Leonard," she said. "I wonder why you are so anxious to get on in the world. Why do you want to be rich?"

He was glancing back toward the hill, the light of calculations in his eyes. Once more he was measuring out those plots of land, calculating rent, deducting interest.

"We all seek different things," he replied tolerantly—"some fame, some pleasure. Mr. Dowling, for instance, has no other ambition than to muddle round the golf links a few strokes better than his partner."

"And you?" she asked.

"It is success I seek," he answered. "Women, as a rule, do not understand. You, for instance, Beatrice, are too sentimental. I am very practical. It is money that I want. I want money because money means success."

"And afterwards?" she whispered.

He was attending to her no longer. They were turning now into the broad thoroughfare at the bottom of the lane, at the end of which a tramcar was waiting. He scribbled a few final notes into his pocketbook.

"Tomorrow," he exclaimed, with the joy of battle in his tone, "tomorrow the fight begins in earnest!"

Beatrice passed her hand through his arm.

"Not only for you, dear friend, but for me," she said.

"For you? What do you mean?" he asked quickly.

"I have been trying to tell you all day," she continued, "but you have been too engrossed. Yesterday afternoon I went to see Mr. Grier at the Atlas Theatre. I had my voice tried, and tomorrow night I am going to take a small part in the new musical comedy."

Tavernake stared at her in something like consternation. His ideas as to the stage and all that belonged to it were of a primitive order. Mrs. Fitzgerald was perhaps as near as possible to his idea of the type. He glanced incredulously at Beatrice—slim, quietly dressed, yet with the unmistakable, to him mysterious, distinction of breeding.

"You an actress!" he exclaimed.

She laughed softly.

"Dear Leonard," she said, "this is going to be a part of your education. Tomorrow night you shall come to the theatre and wait for me at the stage door."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

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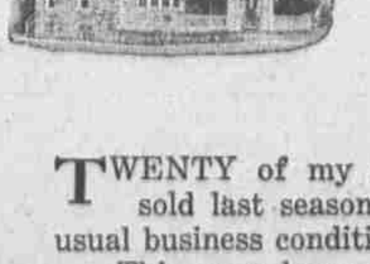

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