

RICH MENS CHILDREN

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SYNOPSIS.

Bill Cannon, the bonanza king, and his daughter, Rose, who had passed up Mrs. Cannon's Ryan's trail at San Francisco to accompany her father, arrive at Antelope. Dominick Ryan calls on his mother to beg a hall invitation for his wife, and is refused. The determined old lady refuses to recognize her daughter-in-law. Dominick had been trapped into a marriage with Bernice Vernon, a stenographer, several years his senior. She squanders his money, they have frequent quarrels, and he slips away. Cannon and his daughter are snowed in at Antelope. Dominick Ryan is rescued from storm in an uncongenial condition and brought to Antelope hotel. Antelope is cut off by storm. Rose Cannon nurses Dominick back to life. Two weeks later Bernice discovers in a paper where husband is and writes letter trying to smooth over difficulties between them. Dominick at last is able to flee yellow snowbound prison in hotel parlor. He loses temper over talk of Buford, an actor. After three weeks, and of imprisonment is seen. Telegrams and mail arrive. Dominick gets letter from wife. Tells Rose he doesn't love wife, and never did. Stormbound people begin to depart. Rose and Dominick embrace, father sees them and demands an explanation. Rose's brother Gene is made manager of ranch, and is to get it if he stays sober a year. Cannon expresses sympathy for Dominick's position in talk with Rose. Dominick returns home. Bernice exerts herself to please him, but he is indifferent. Cannon calls on Mrs. Ryan. They discuss Dominick's marriage difficulties, and Cannon suggests buying off Bernice.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

There was something strange about Dominick since he had come back, something that intrigued her, that she could not satisfactorily explain. She assured herself that he was still angry, but in the deeper places of her understanding the voice that whispers the truth and will not be gainsaid told her it was not that. Neither was it exactly antagonism. In a way he had been studiously kind and polite to her, a sort of consciously-guarded politeness, such as one might practice to a guest with whom one was intimate without being friendly. She tried to explain to herself just what this change was, and when it came to putting the matter in words she could not find the right ones. It was a coldness, a coldness that was not harsh and did not express itself in actions or phrases. It was deeper; it was exhaled from the inner places of his being.

Sometimes as she talked to him she would meet his eyes fixed on her with a deep, vacant glance, which she suddenly realized was unseeing and unheeding. In the evening as he sat reading in the cramped confines of the den she surreptitiously watched him and saw that a moment often came when he dropped his book, and with his long body limp in the armchair, his chin sunk on his breast, would sit with a brooding gaze fixed on nothing. Once, as he was dressing this way, she said suddenly:

"What are you thinking of, Dominick? Antelope?"

He started and turned upon her a face that had reddened consciously.

"Why should I think of Antelope?" he said, and she was aware that her remark had startled him and made him uncomfortable.

"For no particular reason," she answered lightly; "you just looked as if you were thinking of something a long way off."

She tried to reassure herself that it all rose from the quarrel. To believe that comforted her and gave her confidence, but it was hard to think it, for not only did her own instinct proclaim against it, but Dominick's manner and attitude were in distinct refutation of any such theory. He was not sullen, he was absent; he was not resentful, he was indifferent. And in small outward ways he tried to please her, which was not after the manner of a sore and angry man. On this very Sunday he had agreed to meet her and her family in the park at the band stand at four. She always dined with her sisters on Sunday and if the weather was fine they went to the park and listened to the music. It was nearly a year now since Dominick had joined these family parties, preferring to walk on the Presidio hills and the Cliff House beach with a friend from the bank. But on the evening before he had promised to meet them; been quite agreeable about it. Bernice had thought, when her pleadings and importunities had finally exerted from him a promise to join them there.

She left the dining-room and walked up the hallway to the parlor, her head drooped, anxieties gnawing at her. The little room was flooded with sunshine, and she parted the lace curtains and, throwing up the window, leaned out. The rich, enveloping warmth surrounded her, clasped her, seemed to sink deep into her and draw her apprehensions that were so cold at her heart. She drew in the sweet, still air, that did not stimulate but that had in it something of a crystalline youth and freshness, like the air of an untainted world, conjoined with nothing but the joy of being. The scents of flowers were in the mellowness of the earth and its fruits. Peace was the message of this tranquil Sunday morning, peace was in the sunshine, in the sound of bells which the air was full, in the still of feet—light, joyous feet—in the movement, in the voices of passers-by and the laughter, sweet and broken, of children. It was not right for any one to harbor cankerous cares on such a day. The earth was happy, abandoned to the sunshine, irresponsible, free, rejoicing in the perfect moment. The woman felt the restoring force of Nature, in its tireless generosity, offers to all who will take heed. She felt eased of her troubles, and she cheered, as though the enraptured radiance that bathed her flesh in an opiate for jangled nerves, and in the brightness she leaned against the window-sill, immovable, quieted, the warmth suffuse her and those alarms that half an hour before had been a chill and a dread, pressed, the sense of well-being.

among them. They progressed with an un-American deliberation, tasting the delicate sweetness of the air, rejoicing in the sky and the sun, pausing to look at the dark bushes of a dracena against a wash of blue, the skeleton blossom of a Century plant, the pool of thick scarlet made by a parterre of geranium.

The three sisters—Hannah and Pearl leading, Bernice and Hazel walking behind with Josh—fared buoyantly down the street. As they passed, they commented on the houses and their inmates. They had plenty of stories of the dwellers in those solemn palaces, many of whom were people whose humble beginnings they knew by heart, and whose rapid rise had been watched almost awe-stricken by an admiring and envious community.

As the Ryan house loomed into view their chatter ceased and their eyes, serious with staring attention, were fixed on the mansion which had so stubbornly closed its doors on one of them. Sensations of varying degrees of animosity stirred in each of them, except the child, still too young to be tainted by the corroding sense of worldly injustice. She skipped along beside her warm, soft hand clasped in her Aunt Hannah's decently-gloved palm. Some wave or vibration of the intense feelings of her elders passed to her, and as they drew nearer the house she, too, began to grow grave, and her skipping quieted down into a sober walk.

"That's Uncle Dominick's house, isn't it?" she said to Hannah.

Hannah nodded. By far the most amiable and wide-minded of the sisters, she could not rise above the sense of rankling indignation that she felt against the Ryans for their treatment of Bernice.

"That's the biggest house in San Francisco," said Pearl over her shoulder to her parents. "Ain't it, Popper?"

"I guess it is," answered Josh, "and even if it ain't, it's big enough, the Lord knows!"

"I can't see what a private family wants with all that room," said Hannah with a condemnatory air. "There must be whole suites of rooms on that upper floor that nobody lives in."

"Don't you fret. They're all occupied," said Bernice. "Each one of them has their own particular soote. Corlie has three rooms all of her own, and even the housekeeper has a private bath!"

"And there's twelve indoor servants," said Hazel. "They want a lot of space for them. Twelve servants, just think of it!"

"Twelve servants!" ejaculated Hannah almost with a groan. "Well, that don't seem to me right."

They were close to the house now and silence fell on them, as though the antagonism of its owners was exhaled upon them from the mansion's aggressive bulk, like an unspoken curse. They felt overawed, and at the same time proud that one of their number should have even the most distant affiliations with a family too exclusive to know her. The women with their more responsive and sensitive natures felt it more delicately than Josh, who blunderingly expressed one of the thoughts of the moment by remarking:

"Some day you'll live in there, Bernice, and boss the twelve servants."

"Rata!" said Bernice, giving her head an angry toss. "I'd rather live in my flat and boss Sine."

Josh's whistle of facetious incredulity died away incomplete, for at that moment the hall door opened and a portly masculine shape emerged upon the porch. Bernice, at the first glance, was not sure of its identity, but her doubts were dispelled by her brother's

proud, unapproachable distinction of the Ryans.

"Don't be look as if he was thinking?" said Hazel in a whisper. "I wonder what's on his mind."

"Probably that Monday's pay-day and he don't know whether he can scratch through," said the Jocosse Josh.

Bernice did not say anything. She felt the interest in Cannon that she did in all conquering, successful people, and in her heart it gave her a sense of added importance to think that the family she had married into and who refused to know her was on friendly terms with the Bonanza King.

A half-hour later they had found seats in front of the band stand in the park, and, settling themselves with a great rustling and preening of plumage, prepared to enjoy the music Hannah and Pearl were given two chairs at the end of a row, and Hazel and Bernice, with Josh as escort, secured four on the line immediately behind.

Dominick had not yet appeared, so the sisters spread their skirts over a vacant seat between them, and Bernice, in the intervals of inspecting the people around her, sent exploring glances about for the tall figure of her husband.

She was very fond of the park and band stand on such Sunday afternoons. To go there had been one of the great diversions of her girlhood. She loved to look at this holiday gathering of all types, among which her own class was largely represented. The outdoor amphitheater of filled benches was to her what the ball-room and the glittering horseshoe at the opera are to the woman of society. She saw many old friends among the throng, girls who had been contemporaries of hers when she had first "gone to work" and had long since married in their own world and now dragged children by the hand. She looked them over with an almost passionate curiosity, disinterested to see the fresh youth of some, and pleased to note that others looked weighed down with maternal cares. Bernice regarded women who had children as fools, and the children grouped about these mothers of her own age—three and four sometimes, with the husband carrying a baby—were to her only annoying, burdensome creatures that made the party seem a little ridiculous, and had not half the impressiveness or style of her elegant costume and lilac frills.

The magnificent afternoon had brought out a throng of people. Every seat in the lines of benches was full and foot passengers kept constantly coming up, standing for a few measures, and then moving on. They were of all kinds. The beauty of the day had even tempted the more fashionable element out, and the two sisters saw many elegantly-dressed ladies of the sort on whom Hazel fitted hats all day, and that evoked in Bernice a deep and respectable curiosity. Both women, sitting high in their chairs, craned their necks this way and that, spying through breaks in the crowd, and following attractive figures with dodging movements of their heads. When either one saw anything she liked or thought interesting she laid a hand on the other's knee, giving it a slight dig, and designated the object of her attention in a few broken words, detached and disconnected like notes for a sentence.

They were thus engaged when Hazel saw Dominick and, rising, hailed him with a beckoning hand. He made his way toward them, moving deliberately, once or twice pausing to greet acquaintances. He was taller than any man in the surrounding throng and Bernice, watching him, felt a sense of proprietary pride swelling in her when she noted his superiority. The son of an Irish laborer and a girl who had begun life as the general servant in a miner's boarding-house, he looked as if his forebears might have been the flower of the nation. He wore a loose-fitting suit of gray tweed, a wide, gray felt sombrero, and round his waist a belt of yellow leather. His collar turning back from his neck exposed the brown strength of his throat, and on lifting his hat in a passing salutation, his head with its cropped curly hair, the ears growing close against it, showed golden brown in the sunlight.

With a phrase of greeting he joined them, and then as they swept their skirts off the chair they had been hiding, slipped in front of Bernice and sat down. Hazel began to talk to him. Her conversation was of a rallying, joking sort, at which she was quite proficient. Bernice heard him laugh and knew by the tone of his voice that he was pretending and was not really amused. She had nothing particular to say to him, feeling that she accomplished enough in inducing him to join them, and, sitting forward on the edge of her chair, continued to watch the people. A blonde coiffure some rows in front caught her eye and she was studying its intricacies through the interstices that came and went between the moving heads, when the sudden striking female figure diverted her attention. The woman had come up from behind and, temporarily stopped by the crowd, had come to a standstill a few rows in front of where the sisters sat. She was accompanied by a young man dressed in the Sunday dignity of frock-coat and silk hat. As he turned to survey the lines of filled chairs, Bernice saw that he had a pale skin, a small black mustache, and dark eyes.

But her interest in him was of the slightest. Her attention was immediately riveted upon the woman, who became the object of a glance which inspected her with a piercing eagerness from her hat to the hem of her skirt. Bernice could not see her face, but her habiliments were of the latest mode and of an unusual and subdued elegance which bespoke its origin in a more sophisticated center than San Francisco. Bernice, all agog with curiosity, stared at the lady's back, noting not only her clothes but a certain carelessness in the way they were put on. Her hat was not quite straight. The comb, which crossed the back of her head and kept her hair smooth, was crooked, and blonde wisps hung from it over her collar. The hand that held up her skirt in a loose perfunctory manner, as though these rich encasings were possessions of no moment, was covered by a not particularly white glove.

Such unconsciousness added the distinction of indifference to the already marked figure. Bernice wondered more than ever who it was and longed to see the averted face. She was about



Bernie Turned, Startled.

to lean across Dominick and attract Hazel's attention by a poking finger directed against her knee, when the woman, with a word to her companion, moved her head and let a slow glance sweep over the rows of faces.

"Hazel," Bernice hissed across Dominick, "look at that girl. Who is she?"

She did not divert her eyes from the woman's face, which she now saw in profile. It was pretty, she thought, more from a rich, unmingled purity of coloring than from any particular beauty of feature. The head with its gravely-traveling glance continued to turn till Bernice had the satisfaction of seeing the face in three-quarters.

A moment later the moving eyes lighted indifferently, bruski, as though checked by the imperative stoppage of regulating machinery.

Only a person watching closely would have noticed it, but Bernice was watching with the most vigilant closeness. She saw the infusion of a new and keener interest transform the glance, concentrate its lazy, diffused attention into something that had the sharpness and suddenness of a leaping flame. The next moment a flood of color rose clearly pink over the face, and then, most surprising of all, the lady bent her head in a grave, deliberate bow.

Bernice turned, startled—and in a vague, undefined way, disturbed, too—to see who had been the object of this salutation. To her astonishment it was Dominick. As she looked at him, he replaced his hat and she saw—the augmentation of that vague sense of disturbance—that he was as pale as the bowing woman was pink.

"Dominick," she exclaimed, "who's that?"

"Miss Cannon," he said in a low tone.

"Rose Cannon?" blazed Hazel on the other side of him, her face thrust forward, and tense in the interest of the moment. "Bill Cannon's daughter?"

"Yes, I met her at Antelope."

"Bernie, did you see her dress?" Hazel lunged over her brother-in-law in her excitement. "That's straight from Paris, I'll bet you a dollar."

"Yes, I saw it," said Bernice in a voice that did not sound particularly exhilarated; "maybe it is."

She looked back at Miss Cannon who had turned away and was moving off through the crowd with her escort. Then she leaned toward Dominick. His voice had not sounded natural; as she placed her arm around his she could feel that he trembled.

She said nothing but settled back in her chair, dryly swallowing. In those few past moments her whole world had undergone a revolution that left her feeling dazed and a little sick. It was as if the earth had suddenly whirled around and she had come up panting and clutching among familiar things reversed and upset. In an instantaneous flash of illumination she saw ever—bing—the look in the woman's eyes, her rush of color, Dominick's voice, his expression, the trembling of his arm—it was all perfectly plain! This was the girl he had been shut in Antelope with for three weeks. Now she knew what the change was, the inexplicable, a mysterious change that had so puzzled her.

She felt bewildered, and under her bewilderment a pain, a fierce, unfamiliar pain, gripped her. She did not stop for the moment say anything or want to speak, and she felt as a child does who is dazed and stupefied by an unexpected assault of ill treatment. The slight sensation of inward sinking, that made her feel a little sick, continued and she sat in a chilled and drooping silence, all her briding conceit in herself and her fine clothes stricken suddenly out of her.

She heard Hazel asking Dominick questions about Miss Cannon, and she heard Dominick's answers, brief and given with a reticent doggedness. Then Hazel asked him for the time and she was conscious of his elbow pressing against her arm as he felt for his watch. As he drew it out and held it toward the questioner, Bernice suddenly leaned forward, and, catching his hand with the watch in it, turned its face toward her. The hand beneath hers was cold, and shook. She let it go and again sank back in her chair. The feeling of sickness grew stronger and was augmented by a sense of physical feebleness, of being

tremulous and cold deep down in her bones.

Hazel rose to her feet, shaking her skirts into place.

"Let's go on," she said. "It's getting chilly. Come along, Josh. I suppose if you were left alone, you'd sit here till sundown listening to the music in a trance."

Dominick and Josh rose and there was an adjusting and putting-on of wraps. Bernice still sat motionless, her hands, stiff in their tight gloves, lying open on her lap.

"Come along, Bernie," said Hazel. "It's too cold to sit here any longer. Why, how funny you look, all pale and shriveled up! You're as bad as Josh. You and he ought to have married each other. You'd have been a prize couple."

Josh laughed loudly at this sally, leaning round the figure of his wife to present his foolish, good-humored face, creased with a grin, to Bernice.

"Are you willing, Bernie?" he cried gaily. "I can get a divorce whenever you say. It will be dead easy; brutal and inhuman treatment. Just say the word!"

"There'll be brutal and inhuman treatment if you don't move on and stop blocking the way, Josh McCrae," said Hazel severely. "I want to go out that side and there you are right in the path, trying to be funny."

The cheerful Josh, still laughing, turned and moved onward between the seats, the others following him. The mass of the crowd was not yet leaving, and as the little group moved forward in a straggling line toward the drive, the exciting opening of the William Tell Overture boomed out from the sounding board. It was a favorite piece, and they left lingeringly, Hazel and Josh particularly fascinated, with heads turned and ears trained on the band. Josh's hand, passed through his wife's arm, affectionately pressed her against his side, for despite the sharpness of their recriminations they were the most loving of couples.

Bernice was the last of the line. In the flurry of departure her silence had passed unnoticed, and that she should thus lag at the tail of the procession was not in any way remarkable, as, at the best of times, she was not much of a walker and in her high-heeled Sunday shoes her progress was always deliberate.

Looking ahead of her, she saw the landscape still as a picture under the slanting, lurid sunlight. It seemed to be painted with unnaturally glaring tints, to be soaked in color. The grass, crossed with long shadows, was of the greenness of an aniline dye. The massed foliage of tree groups showed a melting richness of shades, no one color defined, all fused in a thick, opaque lusciousness of greens. The air was motionless and very clear. Where a passing carriage stirred the dust the powdery cloud rose, spreading a tarnishing blur on the crystalline clarity of the scene. The sun injected these dust films with gold, and they settled slowly, as if it made them heavy, like ground-up particles of metal.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wasted Erudition.
A physician at a recent convention of railway surgeons in Philadelphia said of a safety device that has averted many railway accidents: "The advantage of this device is new almost universally recognized. Indeed, the railroader who disputes its advantage is as antiquated as the old resident who said: 'Education be hanged! There's young Bill Smithers took an engineering course in a correspondence school and then put up a sign on his carriage house, and hadn't no better sense than to spell "carriage" "garage!"'—Washington Star.

Hippopotamus Described.
Johnny, who had been to the circus, says the Youngstown Telegram, was telling his teacher about the wonderful things he had seen. "An teacher," he cried, "they had one big animal they called the bip-hip-hip!" "Hippopotamus, dear," prompted the teacher. "I can't just say its name," exclaimed Johnny, "but it looks just like 9,000 pounds of liver."

Temperance

(By The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

ISTHMIAN CANAL ZONE DRY

One Exception to Statement That "The American Saloon Follows the American Flag."

No license for the sale of intoxicating liquors in the Isthmian canal zone will hereafter be granted by the commissioners. The government received considerable revenue the last six years from the five canal zone settlements where saloons were permitted, but it decided that it "didn't pay." The dramshops and the three great American breweries closed their doors July 1.

Mrs. Abbie B. Hillerman, national W. C. T. U. representative in the canal zone thus writes: "We are thankful that there will be one exception at least to the statement that 'The American saloon follows the American flag.' With the eyes of the world centered upon this strip of land, which is so soon to be the great ocean highway of nations, this action is most opportune. We believe that the thousands of pages of temperance literature sent to this section by the National W. C. T. U., together with the influence of temperance sentiment at home, has had some part in this victory. It is certainly in harmony with the views and actions of the president of the United States and his cabinet."

ATTACK ON LIQUOR TRAFFIC

Former Premier of France Makes Strong Denunciation of Formidable Enemy of Social Peace.

Georges Clemenceau, former premier of France, who was one of the candidates for the presidency, has surprised Paris by a strong denunciation of the liquor traffic as a peril to the nation. He has written to the prefect of a pamphlet devoted to a general economic study of alcohol, which has just been laid before the Paris Academy of Medicine. He deprecates the fact that the state seems powerless against this "most formidable enemy of social peace and general welfare." His words are thus translated: "Today it is beginning to be understood that the right to poison people cannot properly be regarded as one of the achievements of the French revolution. Universal suffrage would really put itself out of court if it had succeeded in emancipating itself from the yoke of a single tyrant, only to fall under the sway of a league of private interests which are in open warfare with the public interest. All well intentioned men, without distinction of party, ought to join in a common effort for the salvation of our country which is menaced from so many directions at once."

MAKE FINEST FIGHTING MEN

Most Pressing Enemy to Be Encountered by United Kingdom Is Drink, Says Walseley.

The recent death and public burial in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, of the noted soldier, Lord Walseley, recall his outspoken attitude on the temperance question. In 1870 he carried through his Red river expedition on rigid lines of total abstinence. Of the Nile campaign he reported "all the troops for months without beer or spirits," the result being that, as one of the officers declared, they were the "finest fighting men it was ever any man's lot to command." In 1893 Lord Walseley said: "There are yet many great enemies to be encountered, some great battles to be fought by the United Kingdom, but the most pressing enemy at present is drink."

Better for Humanity.

"It would be better for this country if there were no alcohol in it. The medical profession does not supply it as it once did. I shall be glad to see the day of universal prohibition. Even the German emperor has warned his army of the dangers of beer drinking. It would be of great benefit to humanity if all the saloons and breweries were closed up."—Dr. Harvey W. Wiley.

Temperance in British Army.

Field Marshal Lord Roberts says: "The record of the British army today as a sober community is one of which the empire may justly be proud. Generals and other officers report that this gratifying state of affairs is in a great measure due to the Royal Army Temperance association. They say that the association promotes the moral, physical and financial welfare of the soldier, and consequently it has been the means of producing a marked effect in raising the standard of sobriety in the army."

Positive Injury.

"I believe that each drink of alcoholic liquor at any time is a positive injury to a person and I appeal to you men students especially to keep away from all forms of liquor."—Dr. Thomas C. Howe, President Butler College, Indianapolis.

Decreases Labor.

A recent test among linotype operators developed the fact that operators who take four glasses of beer a day do 14 per cent. less work than when they do not drink the beer.



He Stood on the Top Step for a Musing Moment.

to the park. It was the middle of the afternoon and the great thoroughfare lay still and idle in the slanting light. There was something foreign, almost tropical in its vista, in the scene that hung like a drop curtain at the limit of sight—pale blue hills dotted with ochre-colored houses—in the background of sky deep in tint, the foliage dark against it as if printed upon its luscious glaring blue, in the sharp lines of palms and spiky leaves crossing stuccoed walls. The people that moved slowly along the sidewalks fitted into this high-colored exotic setting. There was no hurry or crowding

in-law's quick sentence, delivered on the rise of a surprised breath. "Bill Cannon, by gum! What's he doing there?"

This name, as powerful to conjure with in the city as in the mining-camps, cast its instantaneous spell upon the sisters, who stared avid-eyed upon the great man. He for his part seemed oblivious to their glances and to their presence. He stood on the top step for a musing moment, looking down with that sort of filmy fixity of gaze which is noticeable in the glance of the resting eagle. His appearance was a last crowning touch to the