

A TALE OF RED ROSES

By
GEORGE RANOLDPH CHESTER

Copyright, 1914, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

SYNOPSIS

Sledge, a typical politician, becomes involved with Molly Marley, daughter of a street car company president. He sends her red roses.

On Molly's invitation Sledge attends a party. Before the crowd disperses Molly thanks Sledge for his kindness, and then he proposes marriage. Her refusal is treated as only temporary by Sledge.

Molly attends the governor's ball, and her attractiveness results in her climbing the dizzy heights of popularity. The notable respect accorded Sledge, however, perplexes her.

Sledge moves for the car company's reorganization. He asks Marley for Molly's hand, but is refused. Having financially ruined Bert Glider, Sledge threatens to do the same to Marley.

Marley's loans are ordered called by Sledge. Feeder, who receives a salary for keeping quiet about the public fund scandal, confesses during Sledge's questioning and is roughly handled.

Molly becomes angry at her father's obvious fear of Sledge. He tells her to marry him, but she refuses and suggests a fight on Sledge, which encourages Marley.

CHAPTER VII.

Marley and Bozzam Plan to Outwit Sledge.

PRESIDENT MARLEY smiled as he met Bozzam. The two gentlemen agreed the weather was fine.

"I'm afraid you're too late, Marley," laughed Bozzam. "Our subscription list is ready to close."

"I have all the street railway stock I care for," laughed Marley in return. "I only came up to take your measure for the battle."

"It ought not to be so fierce," replied Bozzam. In the usually friendly manner of men who are about to cut each other's commercial throats. "There should be room for two good car systems in this town."

"Not on the same streets," objected Marley. "Don't you think it rather foolish to parallel our lines, Mr. Bozzam? The route, as published, looks like malice to me."

"I have no voice in that matter," declared Mr. Bozzam, eying his caller narrowly. "You should see our majority stockholder about that."

"I see," mused Mr. Marley. "Who is your principal stockholder?"

"I believe the gentleman's name is Sledge—Benjamin F. Sledge," Bozzam informed him, with a smile. "Perhaps you've heard of him."

"Yes, I have," admitted Marley, whose smile was more or less strained. "Friend of yours, I believe," suggested Bozzam, still smiling, and still studying Mr. Marley's countenance interestedly.

"Not offensively so," denied Marley. "Indeed!" exclaimed Bozzam, with a splendid assumption of perplexity. "You know, I find it very difficult to unravel the personal, political and commercial relationships of all you fellows. Frankly, I have believed until now that you were in on the game."

"Game?" repeated Marley.

"I mean that I thought you were to benefit by the formation of this new company," exclaimed Bozzam with an apparent trace of confusion.

"Benefit?" exploded Marley. "Why, it has all but broke me. Do you think it's any benefit to a man to have his only valuable holdings reduced from par to thirty-five?"

"By George, I'm shocked!" sympathized Bozzam. "Why, I thought you and Sledge were in perfect understanding."

"I don't know where you acquired that absurd impression, but it is entirely wrong," asserted Mr. Marley, with much vehemence. "Mr. Sledge would do everything in his power to hurt me."

"And I presume that you would do him a like favor if you had the opportunity," grinned Bozzam.

"I would not say that," hastily returned Marley, feeling that he had enough trouble on his hands.

"You're thinking it, though," laughed Bozzam.

Mr. Marley flushed slightly, but kept discreetly silent.

"I thought so," Bozzam chuckled. "Mr. Marley, how much of the stock of the reorganized company do you own?"

"Two thousand six hundred and twenty-five shares."

"A little over a fourth," commented Bozzam and drew a sheet of writing paper toward him, on which he figured for a moment. "To gain control you would need 2,376 shares additional," he announced. "How many of the stockholders would vote with you in an emergency?"

"Not very many," confessed Marley. "Naturally a share of our trouble is blamed to me, and I am not very popular at present."

"Certainly not," agreed Bozzam. "Fussing with pickers isn't safe, anyhow. You'd better buy the stock."

"Buy it?" protested Marley. "Great Scott, man, what do I want with more of it?"

"Would you like to win out on this little game of Sledge's?"

"Show me how," demanded Marley. "How active are you willing to be?" inquired Bozzam. "Are you willing to jump through a hoop?"

"I'll do anything that is lawful."

"Then you'll go the limit," smiled Bozzam. "Your first step will be to buy those two thousand odd shares at thirty-five. Let's see." He figured it out. "They will cost you a little over \$83,000."

"I haven't the money," confessed Marley. "Sledge has cleaned me out of both cash and credit."

"I can't borrow over twenty on it. I couldn't raise enough on my total encumbered stock."

Bozzam walked to the window and looked down into the street for some little time, during which Marley watched him in silent wonder, struggling against his rising hope.

"I think I can raise a loan for you at twenty," Bozzam reported as the result of his deliberation. "If that is not enough I might have it arranged to buy the balance needed and vote it with you."

"But what is the plan?" demanded Marley. "I don't see what good control of a ruined company is going to do me nor why I should break myself buying worthless stock."

"Because Sledge isn't liberal enough with me," returned Bozzam. "Why, Marley, don't you see that this company of ours is a fake?"

"You don't mean it?" gasped Marley. "Did Sledge have you start this company in order to break me?"

"Oh, hush!" scorned Bozzam. "He did it to sell the old company our franchises, for the nice little quarter of a million dollars the public has just put up for stock in your reorganized company. Our stock is phony, strictly. The public has been allowed to buy fifty thousand of it, we get two hundred thousand and Sledge seven hundred and fifty. The public is the only person who has put up any money, and he gets his back. The only business we'll do is to sell our franchises and disband, with a 25 per cent dividend. The public gets twelve and a half thousand, we get fifty, and Sledge gets the balance of your quarter of a million."

He paused to let all the beauty of that logical little plan sink into Mr. Marley's inner being.

"Great Scott!" murmured Mr. Marley and wiped his brow. "But how can we stop him?"

"Get control of the company. Call a special meeting. When we offer to sell you our franchises stand pat and refuse to pay more than \$50,000 for the franchises. You can defy us to build and make a fine grand stand play out of it when you know that we won't. We'll accept fifty thousand, and then you juggle it to slip Moods and Timbers and me a hundred thousand on the side. You've saved your company a hundred thousand, we've dragged down what we ought to have for our work, Sledge gets the hook, and your stock bounces up to par. Why, man, you'll not only be where you were before, but you'll clean up close to a hundred thousand profit on the stunt."

"Order some whisky," Marley suggested to his host.

Sledge, in the luxurious little room which he occupied for an hour each day as president of the First National, gazed stonily at Bendix as he punched the button on his desk.

"Chamberlain's house," he speculated. "Hunh!"

"Of course Marley gave notes for it. Thirty, sixty and ninety days and four months; four payments, of \$7,000 each."

In answer to the bell Cashier Davis came in with the pomposity of the owner of the mint mingled with the obsequiousness of a messenger boy.

"Frank Marley," rumbled Sledge accusingly. "He's got money. Where did he get it?"

"Not here, sir," smiled Mr. Davis, rubbing his fish fat hands together.

"Find out," directed Sledge, and Davis took his sleek white sideburns and his white waistcoat out of the room.

"He's using cash, even in the payment of his grocery bills," supplemented Bendix. "Young Keene tells me that he saw into Marley's pocketbook."



"How active are you willing to be?" inquired Bozzam.

and it was stuffed with big bills, thousands and five hundreds. Keene estimates that he must have had \$30,000 with him."

"Why don't the stock go down?" demanded Sledge, the accusing look this time boring into Bendix.

"I pass," declared Bendix, turning both palms upward. "I've had stuff in the papers every day about the new equipment and better schedules and the general crippling of the old line, but in place of going down to twenty-five the stock's around thirty-seven now, and at that I can only find a little of it. After a hard day's work chasing it down yesterday I picked up less than 100 shares. We started after the control too late."

"Who's buying it?"

"Cheap young brokers and has been whom we haven't kept in line. They won't say who it's for, except that it's scattering orders. The general impression seems to be gaining ground that, no matter what happens, the stock is bound to be worth more than thirty-five. Speculators have grabbed it, I guess."

"They'd make a noise," objected Sledge, glaring down at the cuspidor, which, in this room, took the place of the hand hole in the gate as a source of inspiration.

"How about Bozzam?"

"I've tried my best to trace something back to his crowd, but I can't find a connection any place."

Sledge was silent for a moment. "Bozzam's in it," he said decisively. "I don't like to think so," defended Bendix. "He seems to work clean."

"You found him," explained Sledge. "He's in it. He's a crook."

Even Bendix grinned. "I don't deny that, but he's too wise to start anything with you. That's what I bank on."

"He thinks I'm on the pan," judged Sledge. "He's a stranger."

Davis came in. "We have telephoned all the banks," he reported. "None of them has made any recent loans to Mr. Marley nor have any checks been drawn in his favor."

"Hunh!" grunted Sledge. He stolidly walked out of the office, followed by Bendix, and climbed into his waiting rumbout, over which the crossing policeman stood guard. "Don't buy any more stock," he directed Bendix and drove off. "Sell it."

He strode into the offices of the traction company and stopped at Hunt's desk.

"Marley drawn any money here?" he wanted to know.

"His salary," replied Hunt, fawning servilely on the big man who stood at his side.

"Is he selling any stock?"

"Not that I know of, sir."

"Making any flash?"

"Not particularly. He has been whistling."

"Making any threats?"

"Not that I heard."

"Hunh!" and Sledge turned from the desk. "Anybody in with him?"

"I think his daughter, sir," smirked Hunt, "and Mr. Glider, unless they have gone out the other way."

Sledge looked down at his lapel. The red rose was an excellent specimen except that it had one straggling petal in which was a worm hole. He jerked off that petal and walked unannounced into Marley's office, pausing just inside the door, struck dumb by a tableau being enacted at the opposite entrance.

Bert Glider, in the act of departing, was kissing Molly goodbye, and Marley, at his desk, was looking on unconcernedly. Bert grinned impudently at Sledge and departed. Molly grinned tantalizingly at him and sat in the big leather chair opposite her father. Marley grinned cheerfully and offered him a cigar.

"Fine weather," he observed.

"Who give out the dope about extending the Ridgewood avenue line?" Sledge gruffly wanted to know.

"I did," returned Marley calmly. "I thought it might help the price of my stock. It's been going down of late."

"Who gave you the word?"

"I didn't need it," Marley reminded him. "I'm still president of the road, you know."

"I've called it off," Sledge informed him. "You got no franchisees."

"I beg your pardon," Marley smilingly interrupted. "The original franchise granted a line to the end of Grace street. When it was cut through to connect with Ridgewood avenue the authorization of the cut and all the condemnation proceedings were for an extension of Grace street."

"May I tell Mr. Sledge what we intend to do out there?" Molly pleasantly inquired.

"I don't mind," granted Mr. Marley, beaming upon his child.

"We plan to carry out the original idea of building an amusement park on the Porson property and to drop the Lincoln road project if the stockholders don't object at their meeting tomorrow," she happily told him. "Mr. Glider thinks it a much better location. Shall you be at the meeting, Mr. Sledge?"

In reply he chuckled at her.

"You're a corker!" he complimented her.

"You don't own much stock any more, do you?" she went on, delighted with her catechism.

"Enough to stick around," he reminded her. "Marley, are you figuring to put something over at this meeting?"

"Are you?" returned Marley blandly. "Hunh!" Sledge half laughed. "Molly, my Bob is matched against the champion forty pound bull of Chicago tomorrow night. I can arrange for you to see the scrap without these roughnecks getting a peek at you."

"Thank you," she replied. "I'm sure I can't do, however. I've never seen a real dog fight, and I don't want to see one. But I hope Bob wins."

"He'll win," declared Sledge confidently. "He's never been licked yet."

"Everybody gets it some time, don't they?" Molly dimpled up at him.

"Uh-hunh!" he gruffly assented. Full of thought, he went over to see Bozzam, who now had an office in the newest palace of commerce.

"Ready for the meeting tomorrow?" he inquired.

"Quite," replied Bozzam, who, when with Sledge, was sparing of words. "Is the state fixed?"

"Sure!" Bozzam, I got your record."

"Yes?" returned Bozzam carelessly. "You served two bits before you got educated, a one year and a two stretch."

"Yes," agreed Bozzam, still carelessly.

"Well, if you try to pull anything here it'll be ten."

Mr. Bozzam laid down the pencil with which he had been tapping lightly on his desk and leaned slightly forward.

"Look here, you big slob," he gently observed, "you can't bully me, and you can't bluff me. When you get the goods on me is the time for you to get

busy, but until then you keep your trap closed. I'm not one of your village pikers."

Sledge regarded him fixedly for a moment.

"You're right, all right," he decided. "Hunh!" And he walked out.

(To be continued.)

WOULD PENSION THE JOBLESS

Meyer London Offers Measure For Social Insurance.

Representative London, Socialist of New York, has introduced a measure in the house proposing the appointment of a committee to formulate a plan for the establishment of a system of social insurance in the United States.

The resolution proposes that a fund be established "to secure to workers adequate means of subsistence while involuntarily unemployed, whether the unemployment be caused by lack of work, sickness or old age." It provides for the appointment of a commission, two members of which are to be employers of labor, two representatives of organized labor and the fifth, the secretary of labor, as chairman ex officio.

To minimize the burden placed upon the insurance fund Mr. London proposes that employment be provided by the development and exploitation of public lands. He puts forth his measure as an avowedly socialistic scheme.

REDS PLAN REVOLUTION

In Case "They" Declare War, "We" Will Bring Freedom, Says Circular.

Anarchists are being incited to start a revolution in America should the country go to war. A circular has been circulated from the anarchistic headquarters in Philadelphia, which says:

"In case they declare war and call on the majority of the people to defend things they haven't got, then we urge the workers to start the revolution, which is the only thing that will bring absolute freedom, where all who live shall have all they need and enjoy life instead of having to live in slavery, fear, misery, and want."

German Spy Caught in New York.

Ignatius Timothy Trebitsch, Lincoln, self-vaunted German spy who escaped from the federal authorities on Jan. 15 last and then wrote letters to a newspaper, charging the department of justice, has been caught in New York.

Harsh physics react, weaken bowels, will lead to chronic constipation. Doan's regulax operate easily 3 c a box at all stores.

Accidents will happen but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for such emergencies. Two sizes 35 and 50 c at all stores.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

ASSOCIATIONS TAX BREWERS' BOOKS BREWERS HEAVILY NOT DESTROYED

One Pittsburgh Concern Paid \$25,000 Yearly

Federal Agents Reported to Have Found Wanted Papers

USED IN POLITICS, CHARGE

MORE SUBPENAS ISSUED

Brewers Use Legal Technicalities to Ward Off Investigation of Alleged Political Activities, But Meet Defeat.

Contempt Proceedings Expected to Be Begun Against C. F. Ettla for Refusal to Give Wanted Information.

That the Independent Brewing company of Pittsburgh contributed nearly \$74,000 in three years to the several brewers' associations was the significant admission contained in a paper submitted by attorneys for that concern to the United States court in Pittsburgh.

Government agents have uncovered witnesses who are ready to testify that not all the records of the United States Brewers' and Pennsylvania Brewers' associations have been destroyed.

About \$20,000 of the contribution went to the United States Brewers association, the balance to associations in Pennsylvania.

The fact was learned from a reliable source that special agents of the department of justice in the east have found places where records are hidden.

Facts and figures contained in a petition filed by Attorney Neepfer for the Independent Brewing company showed that this one corporation alone since 1911 has been averaging \$25,000 a year in its donations to brewers' associations. It is this money United States Attorney Humes alleges was used for political purposes in violation of the federal corrupt practices act.

Evidence and not arguments, it is said, will be presented by United States Attorney E. Lowry Humes on Friday morning in Pittsburgh when it will be determined by Judge Thomson whether Edwin A. Schmidt, president; John P. Gardner, third vice president, and Gustav W. Lembeck, treasurer, of the United States Brewers' association will be adjudged in contempt of court for refusing to produce records of the association before the grand jury.

Mr. Neepfer's petition, along with a similar one filed by Attorney Fagan for the Pittsburgh Brewing company, sought to have quashed subpoenas tecum for officers of the two companies and for the production of certain books and records. Judge Thomson dismissed the petitions.

Subpenas for at least a dozen new witnesses have been given into the hands of United States Marshal Joseph Howley. Deputy marshals started out at once to serve them. Other subpenas were mailed to United States marshals in other districts for service.

It is evident now to those who have been watching the probe that the brewers are fighting desperately, for delay, but every move made to block United States Attorney Humes has failed miserably.

Among those expected to be subpoenaed are a number of employees and former employees of the United States and Pennsylvania Brewers' associations. Some of them, it is reported, will be willing witnesses.

It had been planned by Mr. Humes to have the books of the Independent and Pittsburgh Brewing companies brought before the inquisitorial body, but the filing of the petitions prevented this.

It is believed contempt proceedings will be begun against Charles F. Ettla, secretary of the Pennsylvania Brewers' association. Ettla is reported to have been just as reticent about disclosing the business methods of brewers' associations as the officials who preceded him and against whom contempt proceedings are pending.

B. A. Mason, secretary of the Brewers' Association of Western Pennsylvania, was called for re-examination when the grand jury reconvened. Mr. Mason was only in the grand jury room a few minutes. John A. Kelly, office manager for the same association, was called, but before he could be examined Mr. Humes was called out of the grand jury room to take up the matter of the petitions which were filed later.

At least one arrest for tampering with a government witness will be made. Whether this arrest will be made upon a federal warrant or by a grand jury presentment had not been determined.

The contempt proceedings against Walter J. Damm were quashed at the request of Mr. Humes, who informed Judge Thomson that Damm had consented to appear before the grand jury, tell what he knows and produce a letter which is said to contain evidence of the use of brewery money in politics. The letter Damm has in his possession is said to contain a \$5,000 cancelled check signed by James P. Mulvihill, vice president of the Independent Brewing company.

At least one arrest for tampering with a government witness will be made. Whether this arrest will be made upon a federal warrant or by a grand jury presentment had not been determined.

The matter has been placed in the hands of the postal authorities for investigation and an effort to find the sender will be made. The woman who received the hand has received several threatening letters.

At least one arrest for tampering with a government witness will be made. Whether this arrest will be made upon a federal warrant or by a grand jury presentment had not been determined.

Dr. Bowers Struck by Train.

Dr. H. R. Bowers of Lancaster, Pa., forty-eight years old, was struck and killed instantly by a Pennsylvania passenger train at Edgewood station.

Charleston Woman Receives Mysterious Death Warning.

United States District Attorney Barnhart, at Charleston, W. Va., has in his possession the skeleton of a human hand which was sent through the mails to a Charleston woman by way of a threat.

The matter has been placed in the hands of the postal authorities for investigation and an effort to find the sender will be made. The woman who received the hand has received several threatening letters.

The contempt proceedings against Walter J. Damm were quashed at the request of Mr. Humes, who informed Judge Thomson that Damm had consented to appear before the grand jury, tell what he knows and produce a letter which is said to contain evidence of the use of brewery money in politics. The letter Damm has in his possession is said to contain a \$5,000 cancelled check signed by James P. Mulvihill, vice president of the Independent Brewing company.

Charleston Woman Receives Mysterious Death Warning.

United States District Attorney Barnhart, at Charleston, W. Va., has in his possession the skeleton of a human hand which was sent through the mails to a Charleston woman by way of a threat.

The matter has been placed in the hands of the postal authorities for investigation and an effort to find the sender will be made. The woman who received the hand has received several threatening letters.

The contempt proceedings against Walter J. Damm were quashed at the request of Mr. Humes, who informed Judge Thomson that Damm had consented to appear before the grand jury, tell what he knows and produce a letter which is said to contain evidence of the use of brewery money in politics. The letter Damm has in his possession is said to contain a \$5,000 cancelled check signed by James P. Mulvihill, vice president of the Independent Brewing company.

Charleston Woman Receives Mysterious Death Warning.

United States District Attorney Barnhart, at Charleston, W. Va., has in his possession the skeleton of a human hand which was sent through the mails to a Charleston woman by way of a threat.

The matter has been placed in the hands of the postal authorities for investigation and an effort to find the sender will be made. The woman who received the hand has received several threatening letters.

The contempt proceedings against Walter J. Damm were quashed at the request of Mr. Humes, who informed Judge Thomson that Damm had consented to appear before the grand jury, tell what he knows and produce a letter which is said to contain evidence of the use of brewery money in politics. The letter Damm has in his possession is said to contain a \$5,000 cancelled check signed by James P. Mulvihill, vice president of the Independent Brewing company.

Charleston Woman Receives Mysterious Death Warning.

United States District Attorney Barnhart, at Charleston, W. Va., has in his possession the skeleton of a human hand which was sent through the mails to a Charleston woman by way