

HE MAY BE SPEAKER UNDER BIPARTISAN PLAN



Photo by American Press Association. CHAMP CLARK

Bipartisan organization of the incoming house of representatives, with Champ Clark as speaker and the committee memberships and patronage equally divided, is being discussed by Democratic and Republican leaders as a possibility in the event the five independent members hold up business by attempting to dictate how the house shall be organized.

ARMED NEUTRAL WILL BE STATUS OF U. S.

Armed neutrality will be the status of the United States the moment that the first merchant ship under the American flag put to sea with cannon mounted for defense. President Wilson made this clear in his address to congress, Feb. 25, when he asked specific authority to arm merchant ships for defense against submarines—the step he has ordered upon his own responsibility. Writers on international law have held that armed neutrality consists in placing the country in a position to defend itself and its neutrality against threatened attacks or invasions by belligerents. This state of preparedness may last an indefinite length of time. On the other hand, the status of armed neutrality may change into one of actual hostility through a collision—such as a submarine attack on an armed merchantman.

EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS IS CALLED Wilson Needs Aid and Counsel During Present Crisis

President Wilson has called an extra session of congress to meet Monday, April 16, in order to have its support and counsel "in all matters collateral to the defense of our merchant marine." On the mature advice of the government's highest legal authorities, the president decided that failure of his armed neutrality bill at the last session left him with sufficient authority under existing statutes to issue naval guns to merchantmen. He is expected, however, to ask that all doubt on the point be removed by passage of a specific authorization as soon as congress meets. The president signed the proclamation for the extra session while lying in bed with a cold.

COUNT ZEPPELIN DIES

Noted German who invented dirigible Airship Passes Away. Count Zeppelin is dead, according to a dispatch from Berlin, received in London by Reuter's Telegram company. The count died at Charlottenburg, near Berlin, from inflammation of the lungs. Count Ferdinand Zeppelin became famous at the age of seventy as the builder of the world's first practical dirigible balloon. Emperor William recently proclaimed Count Zeppelin to be "the greatest German of the twentieth century."

Secret Wireless on Appam

When Federal Marshal Saunders took possession of the liner Appam after the break with Germany he found in the hold there a secret wireless apparatus by which all wireless messages sent in this section of the country were read.

Bulgaria Anxious For Peace

Bulgaria has informed Germany that she cannot continue in the war much longer and will sue for a separate peace unless hostilities end this summer, according to the London Daily Telegraph.

"Valuable at any time. Our presses cost \$1,000, our linotypes \$2,000. And there is that other thing—so hard to estimate definitely—the wide appeal of my paper. The price—well, \$15,000. Extremely reasonable. And I will include the good will of the retiring management." "You contemptible little!" began Spencer Meyrick. "My dear sir, control yourself," pleaded Gonzale, "or I may be unable to include the good will I spoke of. Would you care to see that story on the streets? You may at any moment. There is but one way out—buy the newspaper. Buy it now. Here is the plan: You go with me to your bank. You procure \$15,000 in cash. We go together to the Mall office. You pay me the money, and I leave you in charge." Old Meyrick leaped to his feet. "Very good!" he cried. "Come on!" "One thing more," continued the crafty Gonzale. "It may pay you to note—we are watched, even now. All the way to the bank and thence to the office of the Mall we will be watched. Should any accident now unforeseen, happen to me that issue of the Mall will go on sale in five minutes all over San Marco."

CHAPTER XVIII. There Will Be No Wedding.

HERE must be some escape. The trap seemed absurdly simple. Across the hotel lawn, down the hot avenue, in the less hot plaza, Meyrick sought a way. A naturally impulsive man, he had difficulty restraining himself. But he thought of his daughter, whose happiness was more than money in his eyes. No way offered. At the counter of the tiny bank Meyrick stood writing his check, Gonzale at his elbow. Suddenly behind them the screen door slammed, and a wild eyed man with flaming red hair rushed in. "What is it you want?" Gonzale screamed.

"Out of my way, Don Quixote!" cried the red topped one. "I'm a windmill, and my arms breathe death. Are you Mr. Meyrick? Well, tear up that check!" "Gladly," said Meyrick. "Only—"

"Notice the catbirds down here?" went on the wild one. "Noisy little beasts, aren't they? Well, after this take off your hat to 'em. A catbird saved you a lot of money this morning." "I'm afraid I don't follow," said the dazed Spencer Meyrick. "No! I'll explain. I have been working on this man's paper for the last week. So has a very good friend of mine. We knew he was crooked, but we needed the money, and he promised us not to pull off any more blackmail while we stayed. Last night, after we left the office, he arranged this latest. Planned to incriminate me. You little devil!"

Manuel, frightened, leaped away. "We usually sleep until noon," went on O'Neill. "He counted on that. Enter the catbird. Sat on our window sill at 10 a. m. and screamed. We saw us up. We felt uneasy. Went to the office, broke down a better door and found what was up." "Dog!" roared Manuel. "Outcast of the gutter!"

"Have your compliments to Mr. Meyrick, my partner in now at the Mall office destroying today's issue of the Mall. We've already rubbed the first page from the cut of the policy and the negative. And we're going north as fast as the Lord will let us. You can do what you please. Arrest get little lemon tinted employer if you want to."

Spencer Meyrick stood, considering. "However, I've done you a favor," O'Neill went on. "You can do the one. Let Manuel off—on one condition." "Name it!" "That he hands me at once \$200, \$100 for myself, the other for my partner. It's legitimate salary money due us. We need it. A long walk to New York." "I myself," began Meyrick. "Don't want your money," said O'Neill; "want Gonzale's." "Gonzale's you shall have," agreed Meyrick. "You pay him!" "Never!" cried the Spaniard. "Then it's the police," hinted O'Neill. Gonzale took two yellow bills from a wallet. He tossed them to O'Neill. "There, you cur!" "Careful," cried O'Neill, "or I'll punch you yet!"

He started forward, but Gonzale hastily withdrew. O'Neill and the millionaire followed to the street. "Well, my boy," answered Spencer Meyrick, "if I can ever do anything for you in New York come and see me." "You may have to make good on that," laughed O'Neill, and they parted. O'Neill hastened to the Mall office. He waved yellow bills before the lanky Howe. "In the nick of time," he cried. "Me, the fair haired hero. And here's the fare, Harry—the good old railroad fare."

"Heaven be praised," said Howe. "I've finished the job, Bob. Not a trace of this morning's issue left. The fare! North in parlor cars! My tobacco heart sings. Can't you hear the elevated?" "Music, Harry, music!" "And the newsboys on Park row—" "Course can't touch them. Where can we find a time table, I wonder?" "Meanwhile, in a corner of the plaza, Manuel Gonzale spoke sad words in the ear of Martin Wall.

"It's the flax," mumbled Wall, with conviction. "The star player in everything I do down here. I'm going to burn the sand hotfooting it away. But whither, Manuel, whither?" "Going to make you a present of Riverside drive, I fancy. Go ahead, boy. I'll wait for you here."

Allan Harrowby went out, along the dusky corridor to the Meyrick door. Not without misgivings, he knocked. A voice boomed, "Come!" He pushed open the door. He saw Spencer Meyrick sitting purple at a table and beside him Cynthia Meyrick in the loveliest gown of all the lovely gowns she had ever worn. The beauty of the girl staggered Harrowby a bit. Never demonstrative, he had a sudden feeling that he should be at her feet.

"You—you sent for me?" he asked, coming into the room. As he moved closer to the girl he was to marry he saw that her face was whiter than her gown and her brown eyes strained and miserable. "We did," said Meyrick, rising. He held out a paper. "Will you please look at that?" His lordship took the sheet in unsteady hands. He glanced down. Slowly the meaning of the story that met his gaze filtered through his dazed brain. "Martin Wall did this," he thought to himself. He tried to speak, but could not. Dumbly he stared at Spencer Meyrick.

"We want no scene, Harrowby," said the old man wearily. "We merely want to know if there is in existence a policy such as the one mentioned here?" The paper slipped from his lordship's lifeless hands. He turned miserably away. Not daring to face either father or daughter, he answered very faintly: "There is." Spencer Meyrick sighed. "That's all we want to know. There will be no wedding, Harrowby."

"Why, sir, the guests must be downstairs!" "It is unfortunate, but there will be no wedding." The old man turned to his daughter. "Cynthia," he asked, "have you nothing to say?" "Yes," white, trembling, the girl faced his lordship. "It seems, Allan, that you have regarded our marriage as a business proposition. You have gambled on the stability of the market. Well, you win. I have changed my mind. This is final. I shall not change it again."

"Cynthia," And any who had considered Lord Harrowby unfeeling must have been surprised at the anguish in his voice. "I have loved you—I love you now. I adore you. What can I say in explanation of this? We will tell you that I love you too." He moved toward the telephone. "No use," said Cynthia Meyrick, shaking her head. "It would only prolong a painful scene. Please don't, Allan!" "I'll send for Minot, too!" Harrowby cried. "Mr. Minot?" The girl's eyes narrowed. "And what has Mr. Minot to do with this?" "Everything. He came down here as the representative of Boyd's. He came down to make sure that you didn't change your mind. He will tell you that I love you."

A queer expression hovered about Miss Meyrick's lips. Spencer Meyrick interrupted. "Nonsense!" he cried. "There is no need to—" "One moment," Cynthia Meyrick's eyes shone strangely. "Send for your brother, Allan, and—for Mr. Minot!" Harrowby stepped to the telephone. He summoned his forces. A strained, unhappy silence ensued. Then the two men entered the room together. "Minot, George, old boy!" Lord Harrowby said helplessly. "Miss Meyrick and her father have discovered the existence of a certain insurance policy about which you both know. They have believed that my motive in seeking a marriage was purely mercenary; that my affection for the girl who is—was to have become my wife—cannot be sincere. They are wrong—quite wrong. Both of you know that. I've sent for you to help me make them understand. I cannot."

George Harrowby stepped forward and smiled his kindly smile. "My dear young lady," he said, "I regret that policy very deeply. When I first heard of it, too, I suspected Allan's motives. But after I talked with him—after I saw you—I was convinced that his affection for you was most sincere. I thought back to the gambling schemes for which the family has been noted. I saw it was the old passion cropping out anew in Allan—that he was really not to blame—that beyond any question he was quite devoted to you. Otherwise I'd have done everything in my power to prevent the wedding."

"Yes?" Miss Meyrick's eyes flashed dangerously. "And your other witness, Allan?" The soul of the other witness squirmed in agony. This was too much—too much! "You, Minot," pleaded Harrowby—"you have understood?" "I have felt that you were sincerely fond of Miss Meyrick," Minot replied. "Otherwise I should not have done what I have done."

"Then, Mr. Minot," the girl inquired, "you think I would be wrong to give up all plans for the wedding?" "I—I—yes, I do," writhed Minot. "And you advise me to marry Lord Harrowby at once?" Mr. Minot passed his handkerchief over his damp forehead. Had the girl no mercy? "I do," he answered miserably. Cynthia Meyrick laughed, harshly, bitterly. "Because that's your business—your mean little business," she said scornfully. "I know as last why you came to San Marco. I understand everything. You had gambled with Lord Harrowby, and you came here to see that you did not lose your money. Well, you've lost! Carry that news back to your heroic efforts you've lost! At the last moment Cynthia Meyrick changed her mind!"

"Cynthia," he asked, "have you nothing to say?" "I should hardly put it that way. But I intended to." "Yes. Then you changed your mind. Why?" "I changed it because I found out about this ridiculous policy." "Then his lordship's taking out of the policy caused the calling off of the wedding?" "Yes. Why?" "It may interest you to know and it may interest Lord Harrowby to recall that five minutes before he took out this policy he signed an agreement to do everything in his power to bring about the wedding. And he further promised that if the wedding should be called off because of any subsequent act of his he would forfeit the premium."

"By gad!" said Lord Harrowby. "The taking out of the policy was a subsequent act," continued Minot. "The premium, I fancy, is forfeited." "He's got you, Allan," said George Harrowby, coming forward, "and I for one can't say I'm sorry. You're going to tear up that policy now and go to work for me." "I for one am sorry," cried Miss Meyrick, her flashing eyes on Minot. "I wanted you to win, Allan. I wanted you to win." "Why?" Minot asked innocently. "You ought to know," she answered and turned away. Lord Harrowby moved toward the door. "We're not hard losers," he said blankly. "But—everything's gone. It's a bit of a smashup. Goodby, Cynthia." "Goodby, Allan—and good luck." "Thanks." And Harrowby went out with his brother.

Minot stood for a time, not daring to move. Cynthia Meyrick was at the window; her scornful back was not encouraging. Finally she turned, saw Minot and gave a start of surprise. "Oh—you're still here?" "Cynthia, now you understand," he said. "You know why I acted as I did. You realize my position. I was in a horrible fix—" She looked at him coldly. "Yes," she said, "I do understand. You were gambling on me. You came down here to defend your employer's cash. Well, you have succeeded. Is there anything more to be said?" "Isn't there? On the ramparts of the old fort the other night?"

"Please do not make yourself any more ridiculous than is necessary. You have put your employer's money above my happiness—always. Really you looked rather cheap today, with your sanctimonious advice that I marry Harrowby. Aren't you beginning to realize your own position—the silly, childish figure you cut?" "Then you—" "Last night when you came staggering across the lawn to me with this foolish gown in your arms I told you I hated you. Do you imagine I hate you any less now? Well, I don't." Her voice became tearful. "I hate you! I hate you!" "But some day—" She turned away from him, for she was sobbing outright now. "I never want to see you again as long as I live!" she cried. "Never! Never! Never!"

Limp, pitiable, worn by the long fight he had waged, Minot stood, staring helplessly at her heaving shoulders. "Then I can only say I'm sorry," he murmured. "And—goodby." He waited. She did not turn toward him. He stumbled out of the room. Minot went below and sent two messengers, one to Jephson, the other to Thacker. The lobby of the De la Paz was thronged with brilliantly attired wedding guests, who, metaphorically, beat their breasts in perplexity over the tidings that had come even as they craned their necks to catch the first glimpse of that distinguished bridal party. The lavishly decorated parlor that was to have been the scene of the ceremony stood tragically deserted. Minot cast one look at it and hurried again to his own particular cell.

He took a couple of time tables from his desk and sat down in a chair facing the window. All over now. Nothing to do but return to the north as fast as the trains would take him. He had won, but he had also lost. It was late in the afternoon when the clamor of his telephone recalled him to himself. He leaped up and seized the receiver. Allan Harrowby's voice came over the wire. "Can you run down to the room, Minot?" he inquired. "The last call, old boy."

Minot went. He found both the Harrowbys there, prepared to say goodby to San Marco forever. "Going to New York on the Lady Evelyn," said George Harrowby, who was aggressively cheerful. "From there I'm taking Allan to Chicago." Lord Harrowby smiled wearily. "Nothing left but Chicago," he drawled. "I wanted to see you before I went, Minot, old chap. Not that I can thank you for all you did. I don't know how you stood by me like a gentleman. And I realize that I have no claim on Boyd's. It was all my fault. If I'd never let Martin Wall have that confounded policy! But what's the use of fluffing? All my fault. And—my thanks, old boy!" He sighed. "Nonsense!" said Minot. "A business proposition solely, from my point of view. There's no thanks coming to me."

"It seems to me," said George Harrowby, "that as the only victor in this affair you don't exhibit a proper cheerfulness. By the way, we'd be delighted to take you north on our boat. Why not?" But Minot shook his head. "Can't spare the time. Thank you just the same," he replied. "I'd like nothing better."

Amid expressions of regret the Harrowbys started for the elevator. Minot walked along the dusky corridor with them. "We've had a bit of excitement—what?" said Allan. "If you're ever in London you're to be my guest. Old George has some sort of berth for me over there." "Not a berth, Allan," objected George, pressing the button for the elevator. "You're not going to talk the Chicago language now. Mr. Minot, I too, want to thank you." They stepped into the elevator. The door slammed; the car began to descend. Minot stood gazing through the iron scroll work until the blond head of the helpless Lord Harrowby moved finally out of sight. Then he returned to his room and the time tables, which seemed such dull, unhappy reading. Jack Paddock appeared to invite Mi-

Some sense in looking out now. Minot saw a shack that seemed familiar, then another. Next a station, bearing on its sad shingle the cheery name of Sunbeam. And close to the station, gloomy in the dawn, a desiccated chauffeur beside an aged automobile. His bags to take dinner with him. His hats, he remarked, were all packed, and he was booked for the 7 o'clock train. "Did I say her father was in the plumbing business?" he inquired. "My error, Dick. He owns a newspaper out in Grand Rapids. Offered me a job any time I wanted it. Great joke then; pretty serious now, for I'm going out to apply. The other day I had a chill. It occurred to me maybe she'd gone and married the young man with the pale purple necktie who passes the night in the Methodist church. So I beat it to the telegraph counter, and—" "She's heart whole and fancy free?" "O. K. in both respects. So it's me for Grand Rapids."

"Good boy!" said Minot. "I knew this game down here didn't satisfy you. May I be the first to wish you joy?" "You? With a face like a defeated candidate? I say, cheer up! She'll stretch out eager arms in your direction yet."

"I don't believe it, Jack." "Well, while there's life there's still considerable hope lying loose about the landscape. That's why I don't urge you to take the train with me." An hour later Mr. Paddock spoke further cheering words in his friend's ear and departed for the north. And in that city of moonlight and romance Minot was left practically alone.

He took a little farwelled walk through that quaint old town, then retired to his room to read another chapter in the time table. At 4:20 in the morning, he noted, a small local train would leave for Jacksonville. He decided he would take it. With no parlor cars, no sleepers, he would not be likely to encounter upon it any of the startled wedding party bound north. He rushed through the gate just as it was being closed and caught a dreary little train in the very act of pulling out. Gloomy oil lamps sought vainly to lessen the dour aspect of its two coaches. Panting, he entered the rear coach and threw himself and his bag into a seat.

Five seconds later he glanced across the aisle and discovered in the opposite seat Miss Cynthia Meyrick, accompanied by a very sleepy-eyed family. "The devil!" said Minot to himself. He knew that she would see in this utter accident nothing save a deliberate act of following. What use to protest his innocence? He considered moving to another seat. But such a theatrical act could only increase the embarrassment. Already his presence had been noted—Aunt Mary had given him a glare, Spencer Meyrick a scowl, the girl a cloudy vague "Where have I seen this person before?" glance in passing.

Spencer Meyrick went forward to the smoker. Aunt Mary, weary of life, and gently down to slumber. Her unluckily snore filled the dim car. How different this from the first ride together! The faint pink of the sky grew brighter.

(continued next week)

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Use of Mineral Oil.

Dr. Le Tanneur contributes to the Paris Medical some practical points in the use of mineral oil in constipation. The oil, he says, is in no way digested or even modified by the juices of the stomach and intestines. It acts as a lubricant and nothing else, though it tends to heal abrasions of the intestinal wall caused by rough particles of food.

The New York Medical Journal says mineral oil should be taken either before breakfast or after dinner, two tablespoonfuls being a dose. Its use should be continued every day for at least a fortnight, when the bowels will continue to work naturally without it, for the mineral oil is in no sense a cathartic, but it will cure constipation.



"I wanted to be cross with you a little longer," she said.