## PAID IN **FULL**

Novelized From Eugene Walter's Great Play

... By ... JOHN W. HARDING

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CHAPTER IV. Smith walked in. 'Anybody at home?" he de-

manded briskly. "Not a solitary living soul," Emma

assured him. "Come in." "Hello, Joe! You a dead one, too?"

ing up a little in spite of himself under the influence of his friend's good natured smile and cheeriness that positively emanated from him. "Just come up?"

"Yep, and I reckon in about time to help," he said, glancing at the crockery on the table.

"Just in time," assented Rmma. advent. "But first explain what you mean by not coming to dinner."

best, but I had to attend to such a lot tires, murdered men, smuggled Chinaof business that couldn't be put off that I was unable to get here in time. I hope you didn't wait long for me. I'm awfully sorry."
"You look it-I don't think," she

scolded. "Go on; get busy if you're going to!"

"All right," he answered, taking up a small pile of cups and saucers very "Where do these go? you left it to me, like as not I'd be putting a soup plate behind the door and slip a broom into the sideboard." "They go right in here."

He stopped on the way to the side board and turned to Brooks.

"Seen the latest extra, Jos?" be inquired. "The Orinoco wasn't hardly scratched getting out of Rio Janeiro." "You don't say!"

"Kind o' seraped over the bar. She'll only be a day late now."

"Do be careful with those cups, Jim-sy," admonished Emma. "They're china."

"Don't you suppose I know that?" "I mean real china," she empleasized.

"All china and Chinamen look alike to me. Here's the paper, Joe. You'll find all about the Orinoco on the inside page." He drew it from his pocket, and as

he did so one of the cups balanced on the saucers slipped off and smashed to bits on the carpet. "Now, Jimsy, you certainly are going

to get it," commented Joe, rising and taking the paper extended to him. Smith looked appealingly at his

hostess. "Jimsy," she chided, assuming an expression of mock gravity, "how ery best Sunday go to could you-my

meeting china! How could you!" "Not how could I-how did I?" he corrected, stooping and picking up the pieces. "You know, Emma, I've had butter fingers ever since I was a little shaver, and I guess I always will have-in business and everything else."

"Why, how do you mean?" "I've been clumsy all my life, that's all. Everything I've ever had in my hands that was worth much I've generally let allo and fall. Out in Colorado when I was a kid around Leadville they used to say that I sure would turn out to be a sawed off and hammered down, good for nothing man. So you see the way things have turned out. I've broken about even with that prophecy."

"How broken even?" "Taking their side for the book, I win the first bet and lose the second. There ain't nothing sawed off and hammered down about me, is there?" "I should say not," she said, with a merry laugh. "You've been pulled out

like a piece of taffy." "Then I win, but it was in doubt quite some time. Never really did start to grow until I was fifteen, and then I just eased out into my present altitude. But the second proposition-

that good for nothing bet-I guess they "Nonsense, Jimsy. How can you say such a thing? You're good for a whole

"Emma," he declared solemnly, "there have been moments of financial stringency when that declaration seemed to be open to doubt."

"Jimsy, you're an idiot?" she laugh-

"Discovered!" he avowed, bowing ceremoniously. Brooks, who had been reading the

paper, threw it down angrily. "D-n him!" he growled. "Joe!" exclaimed his wife reproach-

fully.

"D-n who?" inquired Smith.

"Why, Williams," he replied. "Lots have done that," said the superintendent. "But what's the matter now, Joe?"

"His luck," went on Brooks. "The Orinoco isn't scratched. If any one else owned a ship and she got into a muss like that the chances are a hundred to one that she'd have foundered

-been a complete loss." "That's right," assented Smith. "But Williams—he don't lose her. He

"I should think you'd be glad." re-

marked Emma, "She's a brand new ship, isn't she?"

"No, I'm not glad," he declared furiously, rising and walking about the room. "I'm tired of him, of his rotten old steamship line, of all of it-

"Joe, please!" she protested. "You

"I know you've slaved and bore with me long enough! Here I am-handling all the money of that line, ain't that so, Jimsy?"

"That's right," admitted the latter. "But what's the matter?"

"Matter? Isn't it matter enough that I should do all this for a mean, miserable living? I suffer and work, and work and suffer, for that nasty, niggardly salary and this beast, this wild animal of a Williams, keeps us all starving-yes, starving! Don't I deserve something a little better? Do HERE was a knock, the un- you know what I could do? I could latched door opened, and James steal thousands, and no one would ever know it!"

"Joe!" she ejaculated, greatly shock-

ed. "Oh, I'm not going to do it; but, with all this responsibility, when I ask for money I don't get it—not a dollar. You do, Jimsy; you're single and you can "Almost," replied Brooks, brighten- quit. And then Williams-what does he do? Comes around here to my wife with my mother-in-law-d-n him -and rubs it in."

> Emma looked at him pleadingly. "Joe, you mustn't. Captain Williams

means well, but"-

He turned upon her savagely. "That's it—he means well. He meant well when he was a south Pawhose drooping spirits also began to cific trader. He mount well when he rise under the diversion caused by his treated his crew like dogs. He meant well when he'd kill a sailor with as much thought as a spider kills a fly. "I couldn't come, really. I tried my He meant well when he chested namen into this country, sunk vessels for insurance. He meant well when he came east, bought the Latin-American company and put your father out of business, and now now that he has his money, his millions maybe, he means well when he refuses to give his men a fair share of what they produce. Means well? Yes, he does-

> "Joe, are you crasy?" demanded his wife, alarmed and a little angry at his outburst.

not f

"Well, there's a whote lot of truth in what Joe says," put in Smith con-ciliatingly. "You see, Williams did start out as a captain of a south Pacific trader, but, like most of them fellows, I guess he stole a good don't more than he traded. He had the repptation of being the strongest men on the coast or in the tropies sould break a man's arm with as much case as you'd snap a straw. He's hersh, Williams fs-harsh! When he came east he got control of the Latin-American. He loved money, and he got it-most any way he could. Yes, Joe ought to have more, that's sure. He ought to have more."

"You know I should," went on Brooks, somewhat mollified by his friend's acquiescence and support and drawing a bulky pocketbook from the inside pocket of his waistcoat. "I've got control of all the money of the company. That's my job. Why, here, this alone is the afternoon collections, too late to put in the safe, pearly \$3,000, more than twice as much as I get in a year. I could take it all and then not be caught or at least not for months, but"-

Why, Joe, I'm surprised!" broke in.

"Of course Joe wouldn't take a cent that don't belong to him," said Smith. "I know that. Williams does too. So I guess he figures him safe and don't see the least bit of use in paying him more.'

"But I won't stand it!" Brooks de clared, waxing wroth again and flinging himself in his chair. "Why do you get raises, Jimsy? You've been advanced time and time again."

"Lord, I don't know," he replied. "I just tell the old fellow that I calculate I'm worth more money. 'Come across or we separate,' I say, and so far he's always come.

"I was so glad to hear of your last good luck," remarked Emma sincerely. A look of regret came over Smith's "I only wish Joe had got it instead

of me," he said. Brooks jumped to his feet.

"You don't need to wish that, Smith," he cried excitedly. 'T'm no object of charity-no, I sin't. And you're like all the rest of the capitalistic crowd-grind, grind, grind. Well, look out, there's going to be a smashup -you understand? A smashup, and you all go-millionaires, toadies and-well. that's all I've got to say."

He snatched his hat from a book in the hall and went out without another word, slamming the front door behind him so heavily that the glasses on the sideboard rattled.

Emma gazed at Smith in blank dis-

"I can't understand Joe," she said shaking her head in worry and per-plexity. "He's growing so morose and

discontented." "It's funny, ain't it," observed Smith "Joe's just rushed out, reflectively. filled up to the throat with anarchy, socialism, smashups and all that stuff, almost ready to throw a bomb."

"Nonsense!" "He is, yet if Williams had raised him today \$10 a week he would have been a firm believer in capital and the way it works."

She sighed, took a seat opposite to him at the table and with great earnestness started in to question him.

"Jimsy," she began, "tell me honestly-why doesn't Joe get on?"

"I really don't know," he averred.
"I'm afraid you do," Emma insisted. "Honest, I don't. I've been so busy getting along myself that I haven't paid much attention to any one else."

He paused and gazed up at the celling, engrossed in thought.

"You know, Emma," he went on sud denly, turning toward her, "this getting along business is a funny game. Such a lot depends on what a man means when he gets along. Some get along when they have got a lot of money, some when they have a wife and a home and a bunch of kids, some when they are able to pick pockets and fool the coppers. Getting along and why you do or why you don't depends a good deal on where you want to get." "And you, Jimsy? she questioned.

'Have you been getting along?" "Oh, yes, I guess so. I ain't got a whole lot to kick about; perhaps a lit-

tle less, maybe a little more, than Joe. But the great idea is not to get sore. Joe's all right. Maybe he's just being prepared for a better living. When it comes he'll appreciate it more."

"Somehow I don't seem to understand him as I used to," she confessed. "There's been a change that worries me-that worries me greatly."

Three sharp rings of the bell put an end to further conversation, and she rose, disappointed, and pushed the button. "That's mother's ring," she said.

"Please help me to bring some chairs from the parlor. We can't go there because everything's covered up and in disorder. They're papering the room. I shouldn't wonder if Captain Williams were with them. He takes mamma and Beth out in his new auto and has brought them around here quite frequently of late."

"Does he ever take you for a ride?" "He asks me to go, but I won't." "Why not?"

"That's just what I can't tell. There is something about the man that is repulsive-he looks at me so strangely. And then I know just how he has treated Joe. and"-

"And what?" "I don't like him-that's all." 'That's enough, it seems to me. After all, I guess be figures all to the bad with women-decent women."

"Mamma and Beth like him." "Well, your mother never did shine up to me more'n the law allowed, and as for Beth, she's a nice enough girl, but her education hurts her, I think." "Hush! Here they are."

And the little woman hurried into the hall to open the door for them.

CHAPTER V.

HEN broad minded Mrs. Brooks observed to her busband that she did not understand her mother any more than her mother understood her she had expressed exactly the mental relation in which they stood toward each other. Mrs. Harris was one of those women occasionally to be met with who continue to treat their grownup sons, and especially their grownup daughters, as children and feel it incumbent upon them-nay, consider it their bounden duty-to interfere with advice and comment in the natural progress of domestic sophistication of their young wedded offspring. Moreover, she was a woman wholly lacking in tact and depth of mind and possessed to an exaggerated degree that "quicksand of reason," vanity.

Mrs. Harris and Miss Beth Harris were out for a ride with Captain Williams, who accompanied them, and all were in automobile tenue. Her mother and sister greeted Emma effusively. Their escort extended his hand, but Mrs. Brooks was too much occupied for once in responding to her parent's embraces to notice it. He stalked in with rude familiarity without removing his automobile cap, upon which he had pushed up his goggles and found himself face to face with Smith.

"Hello! You here?" he said by way of greeting, greatly surprised to see his superintendent there on that above

"Ya-as," replied Jimsy. "I'm here again."

"Ought to take a berth here," grunted his employer, looking round for the most comfortable chair and installing

himself in it. "You're always around " "Much as possible," admitted Smith tranquilly, remaining standing. "How do you find your new car?"

"Good enough. Cost \$5,000-ought to be good-ought to be." Mrs. Harris and Beth bustled in.

throwing open their automobile coats and disclosing very handsome gowns that contrasted strangely with Emma's poor little cotton frock.

"Why, good evening, Jimsy!" cried Mrs. Harris. "Where's Joe?" "Gone out for a walk, I guess," he

answered. "Howdy, Beth?" "Very well, thank you, Mr. Smith," responded that young person some-

what frigidly. "Mr. Smith?" he echoed, looking at her curiously.

The girl raised her eyebrows and affected surprise. "Isn't that right?" she inquired.

"Yes-Smith is the name," he replied. "It ain't that I've forgot it-no-only to remind you that the first one-Jimsy-ain't been changed."

"No, dearle; Jimsy wouldn't know what it meant to be mistered," observed Mrs. Harris with an intonation of disdain. "Me neither," put in Williams, "but

a man's got to get used to it." "Have you got used to it, captain?" asked Emma.

"Yes and no. I never had it given to me until I came east-always used to be Cap'n Bill or something on that order-but with eastern airs and a bit of prosperity your old ways have got to change."

Mrs. Harris had been gazing about her deprecatingly. She wanted to know why they should stay in the dining room. Emma explained that they had succeeded in inducing the junitor

to have the sitting room papered and

that it was all upset.
"This ain't bad," commented Captain Williams. "It's real cozy, and you can see a woman's had a hand in the ar-

"But it's a little bit of a stuffy four roomed flat," objected Beth, turning



"Hello! You here?"

up her pretty nose. "Really, I should die in one."

"Well, Beth," remarked Smith, with his quiet drawl, "you never can tell. Maybe you will." Beth made a grimace.

"I would, if I had to do my own work, washing dishes-ugh!" "I don't see how Emma stands it." declared Mrs. Harris, "It's just drudg-

"Well, mother, please remember it's Emma who does stand it, after all," retorted that little woman patiently, "so please, please, don't you mind."

"I think it's a great little nook, Mrs. faltering. Brooks," opined Williams, "Thank you, captain," she said gratefully.

"And fixed up nice and comfortable. Can't say as anything looks cheap." "Thank you again. Perhaps it isn't." "You know, captain, you ain't the only one who's found out the secret

of making a dollar produce 500 cents," said Smith, with his whimsical smile. "Has he done that?" inquired Mrs. Harris, affecting surprise and admira-

"Figuratively speaking, I presume?" chimed in Beth primly. "I always thought 500 was figura-

tively speaking," said Smith. Captain Williams had produced his pipe, filled it and lighted it without

asking permission. "Smith says I'm close. I'm not!" he declared. "To me business is business. If I've got money nobody gave it to me. I earned what I earned, and then I made that earn more."

"You sure ain't given it no vacations, captain," commented his super- I must be going," declared Mrs. Har-

intendent dryly. "And that's right," affirmed Mrs Harris with some bent. "I believe in men getting money. Mr. Harris was itself and his bravado fizzled out, was one of those soft hearted men who never made the best of his opportunities-always trying to be fair and square with other men, and what thanks did he get?" "Mother, please!" remonstrated Em-

"It's true," went on her parent. "If he hadn't been that way, Emma, do you suppose you'd be here doing your own work?

"Mother, I insist-you must not"-"Mother is perfectly right," inter-rupted Beth. "Emma, you don't deserve this kind of a life."

"But have I complained?" demanded Mrs. Brooks desperately. "Why do you say such things?"

"Because I've got myself to think of," snapped her mother. "You're wasting yourself-tied up to the house all the time-and everybody-all my friends know just how you're fixed. You're never invited anywhere any more.

"Completely forgotten," said Beth. Brooks, who had let himself in silently and unobserved, stood in the hall irresolutely, watching them and listening to the conversation.

"Please don't," entreated Emma, greatly distressed. "It's my affair, and, besides, before people"-

"You might say the captain's almost one of the family since your father died," put in her mother. "I knew you should never have married Joethat he couldn't take care of you the way he ought."

"It's too late now," said Beth, shrugging her shoulders. "Captain, don't you think Emma should have more?"

"Well, Mrs. Brooks must know her own mind," he replied. "Your father when he worked for me always had a way of his own. But it does seem as if she should at least have a hired girl and more than four rooms to a flat, but"-

Brooks strode into the room, livid with passion, goaded to a white heat of fury, reckless of everything, murder in his heart, and, hurling his hat to the floor, faced the company.

"It does seem so, does it?" he fairly hissed, going over to his employer. "I'm glad you think so. And why hasn't she? Will you tell me that? Speak! Will you tell me that? I'll tell you why, you slave driver!" Mrs. Harris and Beth sat speechless

and pale, but Smith rose. "Steady, Joe, boy!" he admonished. Emma had hurried to her busband

and grasped his arm.

"Oh, Joe, don't!" she implored. "You don't"

He flung her roughly from him. "Let me alone!" he shouted and turned to Williams again, quivering with rage. "Do you know why she hasn't?" he continued. "Well, I'll tell you all. It's because this man ain't on the square. He began by cheating and murdering niggers who worked for him aboard his rotten trading ships. Then, after he got through with the belaying pin, after he got his money. he picked up the salary list for a club, and he's murdered and wounded and maimed with that. You see my wife here? She's only one of hundreds, and she suffers. It is too bad she married me. It is too bad that she's got to do her own work. It is too bad that she's got to wash and serub and sweat in the heat, but that man's to blame. If you gave me a fair share of what I produce, if you didn't grind down, oppress and plach, she wouldn't have to. I've worked for you five years, hard, honest, and all the time you've been grinding me down, down, and thousands of others, thousands. You know, all of you know-my mother-in-law and smart sister-in-law know-you've piled up your money on the blood and sweat and misery of others. That's the kind of a man you are, and you might as well know it."

Captain Williams had listened to this denunciation at first in utter amazement. Then his shaggy eyebrows had knitted together, and his little eyes had narrowed to slits, while the blood had spread over his face in a deep glow through the veins that swelled out like cords on his neck and throat. "There ain't no one ever said them

things to me and got away with it," be thundered, clinching his fists and gathering all his tremendous strength as be rose to crush his accuser.

Mrs. Harris and Beth sprang up in great alarm, and at the captain's terrifying voice and his ferocious aspect Brooks shrank back. Smith stood impassive, but watching Williams, toward whom he had been edging. Emma had stepped quickly between

the captain and her husband. "Please - please, captain - for my sake," she pleaded. "I don't care-let him come on,"

ried Brooks doggedly, but his voice Williams gazed at the sweet, frail woman standing imploringly before

him, and as he gazed his muscles grad-

ually relaxed, the wrath faded from his eyes, and finally the corners of his mouth twitched in a faint smile. "All right, Mrs. Brooks," he said "I almost forgot where I was. gently.

apologize." Smith, his hands in his pockets, moved away across the room. "Joe, you know it's your home-our home," expostulated his wife.

"I-I-forgot. Excuse me," he muttered sulkily, looking ashamed. Smith spoke up, his winning smile lighting his face:

"You know, it's been an all fired hot day-just the kind of weather when about every mother's son is on edge. Now, Joe, he slipped a cog, and that sort of put the whole confounded mathine out of gear, including the captain. But now, you see, it's just all forgotten."

"Possibly. As far as I'm concerned ris coldly. "Indeed, yes!" chirped Beth.

almost crying "I-I"- he began.

But the words choked in his throat, and, picking up his hat, he hastened out of the room and the flat. "Will you please take us away, cap-

"Just a moment," he said. "Mrs. Brooks, I'm almighty sorry about what happened just now. "I-I'd rather you wouldn't speak of

tain?" requested Mrs. Harris.

it." she told him. "Perhaps I have been a little hard." he said earnestly and apologetically. I want you all to understand that



"Please-please, captain-for my sake," she pleaded.

I've lived a hard life with hard people. Since the day I shipped before the mast in a north Pacific sealer I learned what a cuff and a blow was; what rotten grub, the scurvy and all them things meant, and I knew that the only thing between them things and comfort, decency and the respect of folks was money. I started to get money, and maybe I have been a little hard-just a little hard."

"No one would call you easy, captain," agreed Smith.

"Anyway, Mrs. Brooks," continued. Williams, "Joe keeps his job, and it ain't going to make a bit of difference between us."

"Not the least?" she asked, with wonder.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Harris.
"Joe," declared Beth languidly, "was absurd. He quite bores me." Smith smiled at her and injected a

good deal of frony into his tone as he

"Yes, you looked as if something

was wrong, Beth." The captain approached Mrs. Brooks with an attempt at gallantry that was elephantine and grotesque and seized her hand, which she suffered to remain limply in his clasp,
"Well, Mrs. Brooks," he said, "if

it's all squared you will come riding with us, won't you?"

"Not tonight. You will excuse me," she replied.

"Certainly," he assured her, warmly shaking her hand as though it were a pump handle, "Good night,"

"Good night," she answered. Then she advanced to receive the parting kisses of her mother and sister, which were a good deal less cordial than those with which they had, greeted her on their arrival. Their sculatory reserves seemed to have been kept in cold storage during the Interval.

The fact that in the engrossing ceremony of leave taking with Mrs. Brooks everybody forgot to be polite enough to say good night to Smith did not ruffle his equanimity in the least.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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