Author of The Man Higher Up, His Rise to Power etc. Copyright 1913 by The Bobbs Merrill Company

This story epitomizer, in the life of one big man, his big fees and big friends, the strife, the hores, and the aspirations of modern America. Involved with his ambition is the ambition of the laborer, of the capitalist, of the progressive, of the humanitarian, of the socialist of the society woman. and of the woman who gives all

CHAPTER L

Dreams. He drifted into the delectable land that lies between sleep and waking, tasting the fleeting sever of his dreams -the epic visions of full blooded youth. They had passed just beyond memory, leaving a confused yet glowing sense of sharp combats waged, of victories won. A golden hase enveloped him. Through it filtered a definiting resonance, as of some noble processional sung by a departing far-distant choir.

A wave of delight rippled over him. Then the thought that not sharing his slumber, had painted his colorful dreams, worked to the surface.

My last day here: He awoke slowly. Before him, seen , fully through the unshuttored window by a world somber enough to one tagging was to be left behind. He saw the September sun peep over the hills at the head of the valley, rise majestic ally and awing clear, a golden disk hung in the sky, symbol of the reward of men's struggles, its radiance streaming into the little room, dispolled shabbiness with a mollow glow he could aimset feel The n lingering echoes of his dream music. He revoled in a new perception:

He was twenty years old. He was not one to toll. He sprang from bed and stood naked; supple beautiful youth, too siender for great strongth but with the unconscious grace of the wild animal

He dressed and shool by the window in the attitude of a listener. Intently he sought to define the faint otherworld resonance that still accomed to vibrate about firm. But the theme eluded him.

His flindon was effectually shattered. Into the subdued melody of the Sabbath morning thrust a proface Intruder, the jerky whersing notes of a cabinet organ in the day's hymns, played by some one who aspired be-

He frowned, then throw back his head and langued silently -a trick he had sometimes at the abourd anti-

"I'm will in Bethel, It's a long way A question haited him. "There-

He shook his head vigorously, as though to throw off the query, and went down to the kitchen.

The odor of frying hom saluted his nostrils; he satified it hangely. A man, apparently old, was placing heavy, chipped fromware dishes on the tab He nodded briefly in response to the youth's bitthe preeting.

"T'll be ready," he said in a dull flat voice, "time ye're tack from the stable," and continued his slow precise setting of the table

In a few infautes the other returned. the horses fed and his own hands and face scrubbed in cold water from the clatern. They sat down without speak-ing. The youth are ensurly, sulplusly.

was gone, burning to talk of the great hour at hand, he broke the allenge. Well, father, this is my last day in Bothel." The old man morely nodded, keeping

his eyes on his plate.

Boylahly the con began to set forth his plans and hopes and expectations, they were not small. But the old man maintained his stience. The youth conceived him to be an ansympathetic au-

"Guess you're not interested," he said a triffe sulkily.

"Yes, I'm interested, Mark," the father answered, "but there ain't anything to say." He raised his glance to the window. "Clauss I couldn't say anything that'd help much."

The sweep of the youth's anticipa-tion faltered before a quality in the old man's words. Old, "old Stmon; so his neighbors called him. Yet he was not really old, but in the accorday For he, too, had dreamed his hig gelden dreams. Helow the village stood a row to their farility. After his failure he had returned to his shop and trade, shoeing his neighbors' horses, mending their wagons and plows, a duileyed, taciturn, aptritions plodder.

Simon Truitt rose and began to clear the table. The son moved toward the door. There he paused, vaguely sensible of a sorrow to which some soothing word was to be said. But the word would not come to fips unschooled in such tender office. He went slowly out into the sunshine.

In the stable he curried the horses. lingering over the pretty brown mare -latest and finest trophy of his horsetrading-until her cost shone satiny. This labor of love ended, he lighted a pipe and sat in the stable doorway.

He sat there until from across the town came a flat unmusical clamor, the cracked church bell calling the faithful—that is to say, all Bethel save one to worship. He rose reluctantly.

on he omergod from the little figure, shaved to the blood and clad in the discomfort of Sunday cicties.

Always on warm Sabbath mornings Stmon Truftt was to be found sitting on the stoop, and always focing the sorth, the dismantled forgo lay to the south. He was that one for whom the cracked bell tolled in value he was supposed to be an atheist.

"Goln' to church?" he asked in the expressionless tone that was his habit. fare I gove so," answered Mark. "Unwith sudden understanding. "you'd like me to etay."

Simon hesitated, then shook his head. "No, ye'd better go same as always. Courtney'd want ye to."

I owe him a lot." Stmon nodded. "More'n to-anyone else here. Think a good deal o' him,

'Vest Sometimes he's kind o' queer, though." Simon modded again, "D'yo," he

asked unexpectedly, "d'ye believe what he preaches? Why year said Mark. "Yes, I a none so," he amended.

The dull glance momenturity sharpened. "Not very much, I expect. Detfor believe it hard-or not at all. It's most time for church."

Mark swong heavily down the path The father's eyes followed blue wist-

Mark joined the straggling process sion that moved, stiffly decorous, toward the house of worship. Once durng the short journey, a spring wagon overtook and passed him; a giri in the rear seat turned and nodded. A wave of red surged into his dark face. Until the wagon drove into the churchyard. hts glance clung to the mass of yellow hair under the pink hat. Unconscious ly his step quickened. He found an empty pew near the

sounds aroso, according unely with the | door, and entering, leaned back, haif closing his eyes. He followed the comgregation as it rose and sat in hymn and prayer and lesson; but he moved mechanically, without thought of worship. His glance sought the far corher where a shaft of morning sun-



dreams gave him a new and daring re- est eked out the Christian fortitude solve. The hour sped swiftly

the yard he took a station by which the blacksmith's son had had his Ver the farmer folk must pass to their ve- gil and Xenophon and Homer, his hicles and there, as he had resolved, Euclid and Quackenbos. What may holdly, in the eyes of all, he waited for have been best of all, he had had Rich-

the mablic aid of dreams. She was not others' battles, a hearer of others' bur suggest that "Squire Martin's family onely surveyed the prospect, patiently let Unity make fools of 'em, at least totled and prayed Cat it might be. no makes were among these critics.

way among the gossiping groups, tonsing gay little smiles to this and that intoxicated youth, blissfully deaf to an occasional feminine titter in her wake. She came to a halt beside Mark,

looking up with a smile that made him forget curious observers, "Good morning, Mark!"

"Unity!" His voice was low, tense, of life were the gray muntle of age. as though he announced some tragle happening. "I'm going away tomor-

The clearity fell from her face, longing it very serious.

"To the city? For good?" "To the city. For good." "I am glad."

"Glad!" he stammered. "I thought -1 wanted you to besorry." "Yes," she nodded emphatically. "I'm glad-for you," she added more

softly. He remained silent, an unreasoning, indefinite disappointment lingering. Something he wanted-he could not say what-was lacking to her words.

"Aren't you glad?"
"Yes, but—" He dismissed the doubt. His eagerness returned. "I'm

going driving this afternoon." She became girlish again. "Is that an invitation?" with a demure little

"If you want to go." "Of course, Mister Solemn! Aren't you.-" She stopped, apparently over "Only part of it. I was thinking pretty come with confusion for her boldness.

Nay it." he beaught thirstily. There was a delictous moment of un-

cortainty, a breaktiess, little hugh. "My lover. There! (l'il be waiting for you, just after dimner." And the outterfly fluttered away.

He went from the churchyard and followed the street past the point where it returned to its native state of dusts, wood-flanked, country pike. He came to a place where the road rose sharply and full again. Mounting to the crest he threw himself on the roadside and waited; thither Richard Courtney would come on the afterpervice walk that was his custom.

Up the rise, village-bound, lelsurely creaked an ancient top buggy. In it slouched a middle-aged man upon whose face were written hamor and pattence, qualities of which he had great need but then. His horse labored heavily at the tank, head hanging low, not the bellows in Simon Trutt's smully puffed louder or harder At the crost it stopped without urging. Mark frowned impatiently. Then he noted the sad state of the herse and a grin displaced the frown. "Hear you're going away," "Doo" Hedges remarked. For the good of

Mark nodded, the grin widening. Maybe you'd like to help pay my

"I have helped," the doctor rejoined Cloing to get rich, ain't you? They all think that

"It happens cometimes."
"You might, though Any man ought would you call it a horse?" Mark considered the aut-"Well, it has four mal judicially.

So's a billy goat," drawled the doc-"What did you buy it for, then?" "I am't squading. Pretty slick custonier, and t you?

The grin redurated. "I can sell horses." Mark modestly admitted, "to "Hamph! Only a fool'd buy 'em of

ma," the doctor agreed. "What'll you take for the brown mare? The brown more isn't for sale." Any horse is for sale," the doctor

instated, at the right price. Give you a fundred and fifty. I wouldn't sell her for two-fifty." The nector sighed and clucked to

the wours home: Out of the dusty cloud trailing behind the creaky buggy emerged a tall stooping figure, clad in the rusty black of the country clergyman. He waiked slowly, and when he came to the rise, with a slight effort, evidently he was a frati man physically. At the crest he stopped, breathing hard. "Taking a good by look at 11?" he

asked between breaths. "No. Just watting for you." The preacher smiled faintly; the

worn dispirited face lighted up a lifttio. He furned his glance to the valit's worth a farewell. You'll be

At his lagging pace they tramped along the road, constantly rising and descending but always reaching up toward a higher level. They kept the frank silence of those who have been

companions often had resigned the city congregation that was steadily withering under his inistry and had come to shapherd the little flock of Sethel. It proved to be a life sentence, but in the end he stayed, If not gladly, at least with such Christian forfitude as a quivertag sensitive oul could summon, having found eo he put it—a need to which he could minister. In the early days of his new ter in Randleman, N. C. service he had discovered a neglected, red, moody youngster suffer ng under the blight of his relation to mon Truttt, who, for his supposed athelem, was accounted a little less than respectable. Some quality in the boy caught the preacher's fancy. Tactfully he sought to win into Mark's heart, not a very difficult task once the had learned that ministerial conversation was not confined to graphic pic shine had set a mass of yellow hair tures of eternal torment. And then, The sight and his not quite realizing how this new interolve. The hour sped swiftly just mentioned be set about to make He went quietly from the church; in Mark over. From Richard Courtney and Courtney

She appeared, a slender girl who, as In the intense, imaginative, quickthe moved slowly around the church, brained lad Courtney thought be disweve a spell over the betrousered por cerned a rare spirit fitted to be a tion of Bethel, even where she had not chevalter of the Lord, a fighter of small, but, neatly made, gave an effect done; thus we may rend what Richard of dainthess not characteristic of the Courtney would have made his own maids of that valley. Unity was sup- life. Its the extle, had falled; but in posed to be "deficate," hence was the larger life from which he had been spared those arduous tasks that leave bankhed he would live again and be so little time to study of beauty hints felt through a fine strong man of his and fashions. If there were some to making. For ten years he had jeal-But now, when the day for which he

Self-conscious to the finger-tips but had propared was come, he was not not betraying it, she picked her dainty happy. The question continually recurred. How well had he builded? With suddenly clarified vision he beheld the youth at his side, raw, unshaped, the reaches of his soul as yet unlighted by purpose, unwarmed by After ten years he was almost as Richard Courtney had found

> "I have scoured the windows. cannot give the light," thought the preacher sudly.

He became aware that Mark had lot," he had said.

"Not very much," Courtney eighed "I wish it were more-much more." "Oh, yes, it is much. You've taught me to read and talk and and think." Courtney repressed an unhappy smile "You've made me see big. You've got me ready to go away from here. I -I appreciate it."

"I'd rather you could see true, But must you go?" The plea was without apirit, he knew its uselessness. There's a life to be lived here, even by a man who sees big. I wish you would stay, at least for a while."

"No. I must go now. I've a reason you don't know." The preacher felt a jealous pang. After a while he said. "Did you by any chance hear my sermon this morn

Mark looked away, uncomfortable hard.

"Of yellow braids and a protty compluxion," Courtney said to himself bit

recall and place together detached phrases that had floated to him during the service and then, finding no welcome, floated away. "It was about," he said hesitatingly, "It was about a man finding his big idea."

"I am flattered." The dry droil taflection was a concealment.

'does it mean-God?' 'lt's His way of lifting the world looked away across the hills.

Suddenly, with an oddly appealing gestura he turned again to Mark. All appreciated by me. the intense longing of the man who 7-17-3t has dreamed and failed and yet clung to some fragment of his hope, paint ing his vision, breathed in his words. Some day you may remember 1

told you. It's the big purpose that sometimes comes to the big, passionate man, to accomplish some work for its own sake; that grips him, drives desires, forgetful of his failures and blind to everything but his task; that transforms him into a narrow zealot. carnata. It is that without which the big man is wasted, because he is that controlled. . . It's what I wanted

Mark stared. "I-I'm afraid I don't understand."

"And I," Courtney oried, "I can't make you understand! But you will know, when it comes to you." The are began to die from his eyes and

voice. "If it comes," he added. For a while Mark considered perplexedly this outburst. Then he dismissed it as one of the incomprehensible moments of a man whom, de spite oddities, he liked very much. He returned to the thought that had led to the moment.

(Continued)

It Worked

A young lady took down the receiver and discovered that the telephone was in use. "I just put on a pan of beans for dinner, she heard one woman complacently informing another.

She hung up the receiver, and waited. Three times she waited, and then, exasperated, she broke into the conversation.

"Madam, I smell your beans burning," she announced crisply. A horrified scream greeted the remark, and the young lady was primary able to put in her call. -Chrishomosick for it sometimes—I hope, tian Endeavor World. Shall we walk a bit farther?"

"What is the name of your au tomobile?

'I don't know? What do your folks call it?'

Oh, as to that, father always Ten years before Richard Courtney says "The Mortgage', brother ad resigned the city congregation Tom calls it "The Fake'; mother, 'Limousine'; sister, 'Our Car'; grandma, 'That Peril'; the chauffer, 'Some Freak' and our neigh-bors, 'The Limit'.'' - Life.

T. M. Faison is visiting his sis-

Let Us Furnish Your Table

We can do it from the most complete line of Groceries in Town

We Guarantee Every Item



Phone Us Your Orders Rosemary Supply

Company

Phone 33 Rosemary, N. C. SUNSHINE SPECIALTIES

How About That PALM BEACH SUIT?

aundry Service Won't Satisfy you but we guarantee every job of Cleaning and Pressingl

'Phone us and we'll send for it! HOFFMAN SANITARY STEAM CLOTH-ES PRESS

> Paths, Hot or Cold EXPERT BARBERS

ROSEMARY BARBER SHOP tear of Drug Store, - ROSEMARY, N.

CANDIDATES CARDS

Political Advertising

For Legislature

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Representatives from the county of "The big idea," said Mark vaguely. Halifax, subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries to be forward. It's-" Courtney stopped held on the 6th day of August, abruptly, with a hopeless smile. He The support of the Democracy held on the 6th day of August, of Halifax county will be greatly

For Register of Deeds

W. L. LONG.

To the Voters of Halifax County

I hereby announce myself a canhim, makes him ruthless to his own didate for re-election to the office of Register of Deeds, subject to the Democratic Primary, to be a fanatic, but a power-always a held on August, 6th, 1914, and power, because he is his purpose to if elected I pledge to the people of the County the same promptdangerous, usciosa thing, a force un ness and courtesy extended to one and all.

> Thanking the people of the County for the past support given

Respectfully, J. HUNTER NORMAN

For Clerk of the Court

I hereby announce that I shall be a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Superior Court of Halifax County, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary to be held the 6th day of August next. If nominated and elected, I promise to perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability, and with courtesy and fairness to all who have dealings with the office, as I have " tried to do in the past.

I fully realize my obligations to the people of my county for their support in the past, and (will fully appreciate whatever support is given me in the coming

STERLING M. GARY Halifax N.C. July 13th, 1914. 7-17-3t

For Clerk Superior Court

To The Democratic Voters of Halifax County:

A great many of my friends throughout the County having expressed the desire that I become a candidate for the nomination for Clerk of Superior Court at the Democratic Primary to be held on Thursday, August 6th. 1914, I hereby declare myself a candidate for that position subject to the action of said primary.

The primary was called sooner than was anticipated therefore it will be impossible for me to see every voter in the county personally between now and August 6th, so I take this method of informing you of my candidacy.

I belong to no faction or combination, and if nominated and elected, will try to perform the duties of the office to the satisfaction of the whole people.

I am appreciative of the consideration shown me by the people of Halifax County in the past and will thank them for their support in the primary.

W. T. CLEMENT. July 14th, 1914. Enfield, N. C. 7-17-2t

Call For Primary Election

was the day fixed by the County Democratic Executive Committee at a meeting held at Halifax on the 6th, inst, for the nomination in the State of North Carolina, at the of legislative, county and township officers.

The polls will be open at the voting precincts of each town- Loans and discounts ship from 7 o'clock A. M. to 6 Furniture and 1 o'clock P. M. and no longer.

All Democrats who in good Silver coin, including all toinfaith intend to abide the results of coin currency of the primary are cordially iner U.S. notes vited to participate in the same Miscellaneous Expense and express their individual preferences for the different positions to be named.

I. E. GREEN, Chairman. Capital stock paid in Deposits subject to ch N. FITZPATRICK, Secretary.

M. E. Faison returned last Sunday from a visit to Norfolk. Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Mosher entertained a party of friends at

rook on last Wednesday night.

A BARGAIN

A GUARANTEED No. 7 COOK

\$7.95 CASH

COOKING UTENSILS FOR

We also Carry a Full Line of New Perfection Oil Stoves

WEBB & JONES

Roanoke Rapids

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To the Gate of Opportunity can be surely found by the average man nowhere but in a SAVINGS AC

Are you going to start that Savings Account NOW Or will you be content to prowl around outside the Gate while your more provident neighbor is reaping the benefits and advantages of thrift and economy.

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DIRECTORS LEBUCK LHILYERLY DEE H. ADKINS JE COX L. G. SHELL W. F. HORNER T. W. MULLEN Dr. T. W. M. LONG A. T. WHITE

CONTRACTOR OF THE

During this Sizlzing Summer Weather

Why roast and stew over a hot kitchen stove when at less cost and hardly a twentieth part of the heat, you can have the comfort and conven-

Simple, Scientific, Labor Saving No Fuss - No Bother - No Loss of Time No Red Hot Kitchen

All Styles and Sizes for Sale here

Trust Company

at Rosemary close of business June 30th, 1914,

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TOTAL. LIABILITIES

Due to Banks and Bankers \$35,286,14 TOTAL.

I. F. C. Patterson, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and beleif. F. C. PATTERSON, Cashier.

daughter are here on a visit to
Mr. Baine. We understand they
contemplate making their home

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
this 6th day of July, 1914.

My Commission Expires Sept 13th, 1915.

Correct—Attest: E. H. Adapts: T. Correct-Attest: E. H. ADRINS, T. W. MULLEN, J. E. Cox. - Directors.

A \$39.00 CLOCK

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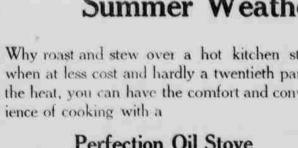
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Report of the condition of Thursday, August the 6th.. The Rosemary Banking and Reduced to \$20,00.

\$19,587,64

\$11,400.00 Deposits subject to check Savings Deposits 18, 509, 52

State of North Carolina, County of

Mrs. A. L. Baine and little Subscribed and sworn to before me,

POOL TABLES Theatre Building