



There Was Frank, Open Admiration in His Glance.

The RING and the MAN!

WITH SOME INCIDENTAL RELATION TO THE WOMAN

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SYNOPSIS.

A foolish young tenderfoot becomes fascinated with the bold, artful wife of a drunken prospector in a western mining town. They prepare to elope in a blinding blizzard but are confronted by the maudlin husband. He is shot by the wife, but the chivalrous boy pins a note to the body taking the crime upon himself. In their flight to the railroad station the woman's horse falls exhausted; the youth puts her on his own and follows hanging to the stirrup strap. Seeing he is an impediment, the woman thrusts her escort into a snow drift and rides on. Half-frozen he stumbles into the railroad station just as the train bears the woman away. Twenty-five years later, this man, George Gormly, is a multi-millionaire in New York. He meets Eleanor Haldane, a beautiful and wealthy settlement worker, and co-operates with her in her work. Gormly becomes owner of a steamship line and finds himself frustrated in pier and track extension plans by grafting ardemmen, backed by the Gotham Traction Company. An automobile accident near his country house, on a stormy Christmas eve, brings about a meeting with the members of Miss Haldane's family. Gormly makes the married party comfortable and referring to a worse storm he once experienced in the west, offers to notify the people at the Haldane place of the accident. An automobile accident near his country home, on a stormy Christmas Eve, brings about a meeting with the members of the Haldane family.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

He had never seen her except in the quiet conventionalty of a street dress. He had imagined her in all sorts of guises. When she burst upon him that way however, the sight dazzled him. It was so far beyond any dream he had ever indulged that he could scarcely comprehend it. He stopped and stared at her. For once his iron control deserted him. There was that frank, open admiration in his glance of which no one could mistake the meaning.

"You must pardon my surprise," said Gormly; "I have never seen you in an evening gown, and I confess my imagination unequal to—"

"Do you like it?" said the girl nervously.

"I am scarcely conscious of it, Miss Haldane," he returned directly. "I see only you."

"How singularly unobservant," she said lightly, recovering her equanimity, "for a man whose business it is to buy and sell such things not to notice them."

"In your presence tonight, Miss Haldane, business is as far from me as if it was on the other side of the world," he continued swiftly; "for this is a different world from any in which I have ever moved, and I—"

His speech was broken by the entrance of Mrs. Haldane and Miss Stewart. The latter was a fragile, graceful, charming girl, who would have attracted instant attention and notice anywhere, except beside her regal companion and friend. Mrs. Haldane was a not unworthy complement to the other two. These two also were wearing elaborate dinner gowns.

At this moment Haldane, followed by the two other men, came in from the library.

"Mr. Gormly," began Haldane, sen-

ior, "I am unable to get anybody over the telephone."

"I am sorry to hear that. I suppose that the wires are down on account of the storm."

"Exactly. Meanwhile, I scarcely know what to do. Could you send a man on a horse over to my place?"

"I should be glad to do so, did I possess the horse."

"The pair that brought us up from the lodge?"

"Neither is broken to saddle, I believe, and—but I can send a man over on foot. I have no doubt—"

"I hardly think that would be possible," interposed Dr. Deveaux. "I should not like to be responsible for any man on foot in such a storm as this."

"I'll go myself," said Gormly quickly.

"You, Mr. Gormly!" exclaimed Mrs. Haldane. "Why, we couldn't think of such a thing. The danger!"

"Madam, I have been afoot in worse storms than this," he answered, "when I was a mere boy in the far west."

It was the first intimation anybody from New York had had as to any period of Gormly's life outside of New York, and one of the company at least pricked up his ears at this remark and listened attentively.

"We couldn't think of allowing you to do so," said Miss Haldane.

"I suppose that pair you have could hardly take us over?" questioned Livingston Haldane.

"I am afraid not," answered Gormly. "They have been driven rather hard today, and they are a light pair at best, as you notice."

"Well, we are thrust upon you, then, marooned as it were."

"I hope you won't find my house the typical desert island," answered Gormly, smiling. "Indeed, I scarcely know what the resources of the establishment are, having entered into possession only today; but whatever they are, they are at your service."

"There's no help for it, I suppose," answered Haldane somewhat gloomily. "I guess you will have to keep us until morning."

"Think how happy you make a lonely old bachelor," returned Gormly, "by being his Christmas guests. And if you will accept this situation, as indeed I fear you must, I shall make arrangements so that you can be taken to your own place on Christmas morning. Let me consult my butler, who was Mr. Goodrich's major domo before I bought the place, and see what can be done."

A brief conversation with that functionary threw some little cheer over the situation. Gormly's own wardrobe, which had been sent down, would amply supply the men with whatever they needed, and the butler imparted the cheering news that the lodgekeeper was a married man with two grown daughters, and he had no doubt that such things as the women required might be secured from them.

"Send at once," said Gormly, "and ask Mrs. Bullen to come up

to the house and be of what service she can to the ladies. How are we off for bedrooms?"

"Plenty of them, sir, and all ready for guests."

"Well, see that they are prepared, and have Mrs. Bullen here immediately."

As the butler went off to attend to these orders, Gormly re-entered the room and found the whole party comfortably gathered about the fire. He explained that he had found a woman on the place, the lodgekeeper's wife; that he had sent the station wagon for her; and that she would be present doubtless within a half hour with such indispensable articles of attire as might serve to make the women guests at least comfortable.

"If you were only in communication with your shop, Mr. Gormly," said Mrs. Haldane—and whether she meant to be offensive or not, Gormly could not tell—"we would lack nothing."

"I am sorry for your sake, madam, that I am not. As it is, we shall have to do our best with the limited resources at hand."

Conversation ran on desultorily this way for a short time, when the butler announced the arrival of Mrs. Bullen. As he did so, the tall clock musically chimed out the hour of nine.

"Now that your woman is here, Mr. Gormly," said Mrs. Haldane, rising, "as I am somewhat fatigued from the ride and the experience, I shall retire to my room. I suppose you young people won't think of going to bed at this unearthly hour?"

"No, indeed," answered Miss Stewart. "I think I'll stay awake until Christmas."

"Will you go, Beekman?" said Mrs. Haldane, addressing her husband.

"Why—er—my dear—"

"I was about to propose a table of bridge," said Dr. Deveaux.

"An excellent idea," returned Haldane quickly; "but there are six of us here and—"

"I don't play," said Gormly quickly. "I'll stay out also," said Eleanor. "I don't care much for bridge at best."

"Good night," said Mrs. Haldane, moving away, escorted by the butler, and met outside presently by Mrs. Bullen.

"Mr. Gormly and I will watch your game," said Eleanor.

"By the way, Eleanor, may I ask where you met Mr. Gormly?" queried her father.

"He is very much interested in our social settlement work. Many of his employees live in the vicinity of the new settlement house we are building, and I have had occasion to consult him at his office a great many times."

"Ah," said the elder man reflectively, wondering how much might be behind that entirely innocent statement.

Meanwhile a footman arranged a card table, at which the quartet took their places and instantly became absorbed in the game. Miss Haldane manifested no special interest in the play, and at Gormly's suggestion she left the hall and went with him into the inviting little library through the broad open doors that gave access to it from the hall. Another fire was burning there. He drew a low chair before it in which she sat down. He himself stood with his arm resting on the mantel, looking down on her.

The two were in plain sight from the bridge table; but as they talked in low tones their conversation was inaudible in the hall. Haldane glanced curiously and uneasily at them from time to time; but finally, becoming absorbed in his game, paid them no further notice.

CHAPTER IV.

Miss Haldane is Charmed and Charming.

"Mr. Gormly," began Miss Haldane, "I have not seen you for some time."

"Not for two months and eleven days, Miss Haldane," answered Gormly quietly.

"Graciously!" exclaimed the astonished girl. "How pat you have the time! Do you keep a calendar of my visits to your office?"

"I have a marvelous memory for details which I wish to remember," said the man.

"And I am so much interested in—the settlement house that—How does it progress, by the way?" he continued, gravely as if his recollection of anything connected with her was a mere matter of course.

"Oh, beautifully. You see, there is nothing to consult you about now. It is all in the architect's and builders' hands. You have been so helpful to me I really don't know what I should have done without you."

"And you have, of course, respected my confidence? No one knows anything about my connection with the enterprise?"

"No one at all."

"Not even your father?"

"Certainly not. I never discuss business with my father, nor does he discuss business with me."

"And yet," said Gormly quickly, "I should think he might discuss business with you to advantage."

"What do you mean?" asked the girl.

"I am a business man, Miss Haldane, accustomed to deal with men and women in a business way, and much depends upon my ability to estimate the capacity of those with whom I work. I have not often seen a woman, or even a man, with a better head for business than you have."

It was the dearest thing the man could have said to her. Women, she knew, were not naturally business-like, and to have such qualities attributed to her was the subtlest kind of flattery. It came, too, from a man who was a power in the business world, and was therefore the more valuable.

"It is very good of you to say that," said the girl, smiling pleasantly in appreciation, "and I am more proud of it

because everybody says you are such a fine business man yourself."

"I should like to do something really worth while," said the girl after a little pause. "I like people who do something worth while."

"So do I," said the man, with obvious meaning.

"Mr. Gormly," she exclaimed impetuously, "why don't you do something worth while?"

Gormly smiled. "My dear young lady," he answered—really, he was old enough to be her father, he thought half sadly, as he noted his form of speech—"I have the largest store in the world. I have agents in every civilized country and many that are uncivilized. I own and control a fleet of steamers. I have my private woolen mills, and silk mills and factories. I suppose there are ten thousand people in my employ. I can give you a check for another million for your settlement work as often as you wish it, and—"

"These are all very well, Mr. Gormly," said the girl gravely. "They spell tremendous material success; they show your ability and acumen; in the eyes of the world they count for a great deal; indeed, I find lately that they are counting more and more; but they don't really amount to anything after all. What is money, what are power and influence? My father, for instance, was born with more than he could possibly spend, more than he knew what to do with, inherited from thrifty ancestors who had the wit to buy land when it could be bought for a song. He has influence, power. What does it amount to? I want him to do something, really to do something in the world for the good of mankind. I am preaching to you just as I preach to him."

"Do you look upon me as you would a father?" asked Gormly quickly.

"Why, no, not exactly. Certainly not," answered the girl.

"I am forty-four, you know."

"No, I didn't know; but what if you are? You are still a young man. My father is fifty-five, and I don't call him old."

"Wonderful consideration from twenty-two!" said Gormly smiling.

"Well," resumed the girl, "I was saying that you ought to do something in life. You have made yourself, you started with little or nothing, if I may believe the newspaper accounts of you."

"Have you been reading them?"

"Every word," answered the girl. "I was quite proud of being able to say to my friends that I knew you and what they said about you was true."

Never in his life had Gormly been happier than at this frank, spontaneous expression of approval.

"You ought to put these great talents of yours at the service of your fellow men; not in buying and selling, but in doing something for them," she ran on.

"Don't you think that in selling them honest goods at a fair profit, in telling them the strict and only truth about what you have to sell, in allowing them the utmost freedom of return and exchange, in providing generously for employees, is doing service to your fellow men?"

"Certainly, it is. It is doing service to the little world which you touch, a larger world perhaps than most of us can touch. But I want you to do something, I want every man and every woman who has the ability to do something, in a great, splendid way."

"But what would you have me do?"

"I don't know," answered the girl. "I don't know what I would have anybody do; but there are so many things to be done, so many wrongs to be righted, so many things to be achieved. The great man goes out and makes opportunities. Part of his greatness, I take it, consists in seeing what there is to do. Ruskin says somewhere that the greatest thing anybody can do is to see something. If I were a great woman, I could answer your question better; but I am only—"

"I think you are a great woman," said Gormly softly, "and I would be perfectly willing to take your answer and abide by it."

"I would not have it that way," answered the girl dreamily. "When my father asks me what I would have him do, I say to him, 'Go and see.' He laughs at me; most people laugh at me. You don't, Mr. Gormly."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No More Room.

The elevator slipped rapidly by one floor after another, while many inmates of a large office building rang the bell and demanded to be carried to the street. It was the noon hour and every one at the elevator shaft was anxious to get luncheon.

The elevator seemed to be only half filled. Actually there were three girls and a man in it who had got on at the fifteenth floor.

"Filled up," shouted the operator, as he sped by the angry crowd at the door.

Finally he reached a floor where one of the officers of the company had his office, and the man was there and wanted to go down. He shouted to him, "Filled up," and the man said something positive.

Then the operator added: "Filled up with hats."

Demand for Granite.

Although Aberdeen is the home of Scotch granite, a shipment of 350 tons recently was exported to that city from South Carolina quarries to meet a demand for a variation in color from the native stone.

"Why does he let his wife venture out alone in his auto?"

"He's anxious to see what will happen when two unmanageable things come together."—Smart Set.



United States to Have Biggest Ships



WASHINGTON.—Preparations have been going forward for some time at the Brooklyn navy yard and at Newport News for the construction of the two biggest battleships in the world. The one that will be built at the Brooklyn navy yard will be christened the New York, and the name of the one at Newport News will be the Texas. These ships each will have a displacement of about 28,000 tons and will be equipped with 14-inch guns. They are the greatest terrors that any country ever has planned as yet. They are super-Dreadnoughts, mighty engines of war upon which, perhaps, the destiny of the nation may some day turn. The construction of these two huge battleships was authorized at the regular session of congress last year. They will cost about \$11,000,000 each.

The new ships, the New York and the Texas, will be nearly 600 feet long. Their speed will be more than 21 knots, they will carry at least 3,000 tons of coal and have a complement of 75 officers and 1,500 men. No armor that is carried by any warship in the world would be able to with-

stand the impact of one of these projectiles.

A mile and a half away a 14-inch shell would go through 18 inches of the hardest armor plate ever made, and do it as easily as an ordinary bullet would pass through a piece of blotting paper. The ten 14-inch guns on either the New York or the Texas will deliver 80 shells in five minutes, or 112,000 pounds of projectiles. A 14-inch shell leaves the muzzle of the gun at the rate of a mile in two seconds and will travel 25 miles.

The powder chamber on these gigantic guns is big enough to hold two barrels of sugar end for end. Every time one of these guns is fired 365 pounds of powder is exploded, and the enormous volume of gases suddenly released and expanding is what sends the huge shell rushing through space. Each shot costs \$500 and each gun costs \$81,000. The projectile is not only a huge bullet, but a powerful explosive agent as well. Within it is a storage chamber containing 100 pounds of the most powerful explosive that ever has been devised. The shell does not explode until the target is penetrated.

When these two new ships are completed we shall have the strongest navy in the world in the point of gun power. These ships can deliver the heaviest broadside blow that a warship has ever struck. They will have the courage of their own strength, and will get into the battle to stay.

Uncle Sam Planning to Make Millions

WITH the beginning of the present century Uncle Sam had an awakening, and he began to assume the position of a father to his American children. Already he has become a great creative force, working for the betterment and protection of all the people. He is a real patriarch, devoting himself to the personal welfare of each of his subjects and developing the family estate for all it is worth.

These new movements are along a hundred different lines, and they embrace every part of our country. They affect every branch of business, every grade of society, and every man, woman and child. The plans involve an expenditure of hundreds of millions, and will add billions of dollars to our national wealth. There is the idea of making golden crops spring up on the soil of our waste lands, one feature of which was the building of the Roosevelt dam, recently completed. Uncle Sam has \$50,000,000 in hand to water the deserts, and his reclamation fund for our arid lands is fast approximating a hundred millions or more. He is tunneling the mountains, damming the streams and carrying the water in flumes over the canyons. He has more than 1,300 miles of canals already dug.

Another big scheme is draining the



swamps. We have millions of acres of wet lands that can be turned into farms. They are scattered over the Union from California to Maine. They are as rich as Holland, and will feed tens of millions.

Another big project includes the water powers, which the experts say are equal to 60,000,000 horses, or twice enough to run every mill, drive every train and light every house in the country. This power can be increased to 200,000,000. Much of it comes from waterfalls controlled by the government.

A part of this same scheme is the development of our rivers. We have 295 of them in the United States, with navigable waters long enough to encircle the globe. The Great Lakes are the busiest freight routes upon earth, and boats can go on the Mississippi for 2,000 miles. Already we have built 4,500 miles of canals, and we have schemes which propose the joining of the Great Lakes with the Mississippi, and also with the sea.

Washington to Be a "City Beautiful"



THE question of park improvement in Washington is by no means local. The capital will eventually become the most beautiful of cities. It now has more trees planted in its streets than Paris boasts. It will never have the grime of either Paris or London. It has park possibilities unsurpassed by those of any city in the world. With wood and water, hill and valley, its reservations now existing, and its areas that should be reserved, and may be reserved at cost much below their future value, its system of minor and major parks, bridge paths and boulevards, leaves nothing to be desired but a little comparatively economical legislation to link some of its units.

The "City of Magnificent Distances" has already become a realized dream.

It is, indeed, something of a boom town, and its real estate dealers are driving stakes and bargains out in the woods far beyond the boundaries Washington knew a dozen years ago.

Washington is growing in importance as a city of handsome homes. Even its Faubourg St. Germain, Georgetown, admits that the city proper has acquired a society of its own that is not made up wholly of public magnates and department clerks. The former gaps in its street plan are now worth fabulous sums per front foot, and Pierre L'Enfant's estimate of the Washington of the future has been proven none too liberal.

To imagine Washington in 1950, it is only necessary to recall it in 1850. The various appropriations made to insure the system of parks in proportion to the growth of the city, have been investments. The perfection of the system of linking the various reservations together may be done more cheaply now than after ten more years have passed, and it will be done sooner or later.

Going After Crooked Seed Companies

FOLLOWING the instructions of congress in the agricultural appropriation bill, the secretary of agriculture this year continued the purchase of seed in the open market to determine whether and how much adulteration was practiced by seed dealers. These samples were analyzed and the names of the offending seed men have been published.

The leaflet with the names of the dealers from whom adulterated samples were purchased shows that when a dealer has once been published it is seldom that he is again caught in the list. When the department has been analyzing a certain line of seed the adulteration in this also stops. In new lines of seed, however, there are more offenders caught.

Some of the samples analyzed this year showed the merest trace of seed. The general showing was better, however, than in previous years.



There were 1,214 samples of seed purchased, some of them in bulk and some by mail order. Of these 294 were found to be adulterated. There was some improvement in the line of orchard grass seed examined. There were 317 samples analyzed and of these twelve were found adulterated, compared with fifty-five adulterated samples the previous year. In the worst samples found there was 37 per cent of orchard grass seed and 27 per cent of dirt and chaff, while the remainder was made up of rye grass, meadow fescue and other seed.