

# SERIAL STORY

## The Girl of My Dreams

A Novelization of the Play by Wilbur D. Nesbit  
Illustrated by WILBUR D. NESBIT

### SYNOPSIS.

Harry Swifton is expecting a visit from his fiancée, Lucy Medders, a Quakeress who has been in the country. He has a beautiful woman and a German countess who has been in the country. His sister, Caroline, arrives at the home of Lucy's cousin. Lucy's father has been delivered at Harry's house. Lucy Medders and her father arrive at the home of Harry's father. Lucy Medders and her father arrive at the home of Harry's father. Lucy Medders and her father arrive at the home of Harry's father.

### CHAPTER IX.

The group stood in a dead silence, broken only by the stifled sobs of Lucy and Carolyn, while the heavy tramp of General Blazes died away in his shambling of the outer door. Harry shook his head doubtfully, as the Count continued to assure him in dumb show that he could clear things up for him.

"Come, daughter," Mr. Medders said, "be must quiet thyself. Then we will go home."

"Aren't you going to give me a chance to explain?" Harry asked.

"Explain?" Carolyn blazed forth, looking up at them with her eyes red and her cheeks stained with tears.

"Well, Carolyn," Harry said at last, "if you have finished all you have to say, we will get at the real truth of the matter. Count von Fitz, if you can tell us something that will at least interest us."

The Count straightened his shoulders and took a deep breath. He twisted his mustache and then beckoned an imaginary piece of dust from his lapel.

"If you will sit down," he observed, "I can talk better. There is no occasion for weeping nor for me attacking Mr. Swifton. If anybody shall be attacked, it is me, for yet has happened, and yet may yet happen, in my fault."

Mr. Medders bowed assent and Harry looked at the Count with considerable admiration for his self-possession and his control of the situation.

"Und, an usual, ven suspicion is aroused, id is like a swarm of bees—it ligds varever id things. Und also somebody gess'plung."

He checked to himself, but his cheeks did not raise an echo.

"It would be easy for me," he said, "to allow you to continue with der impressions you haaf received. But I cannot allow it. Ellen at der expense of a wrong impression of myself, I must give you my explanation—which you can believe or not believe, as you like. Mr. Swifton is a man dot you know—a man you will never forget. I am a stranger. I haaf been teaching Mr. Swifton some German—but I resign now as his tutor."

"No, no! I won't have that!" Harry declared.

"Unless you accept my resignation, I cannot say vat I wish to say," the Count decided.

Accepting Harry's silence as a confirmation of the alleged resignation, he went, checking off his points as he made them, upon his fingers.

"First, vat do you haaf? Ve haaf General Blazes coming here in green raggs, saying his wife is here. His is married dot she is not, und he goes away."

"Verly, I told him she had not been here. I saw tot her nor any other woman—not even that one who is related to his home by the Count."

Lucy's father patted her hand and ceased speaking. The Count bowed to her and went on.

"Later, General Blazes returns. He has heard from der milliner store dot she is supposed to haaf called up from here on der telephones. Der he demands his wife. He is agitated abes iss not here, und as she starts out, he hears a sneeze. Such a sneeze is ven dot iss echoed in his sneeze. Der door iss opened, und instead of his wife, out comes der milliner! Amazeament!"

With a sense of the dramatic unities, the Count raised his right hand in a gesture of confirmation of his summing up of the evidence.

"Well, den," he resumed, "vat iss der natural deductions you draw. Der conclusion iss dot things look draw for Mr. Swifton. Iss it not so?"

They agreed, silently.

"But vy should it be so?" the Count asked, pleasantly. "Iss Mr. Swifton der only man in der world dot fits? Der I ask vy, I a poor, unknown, unnoticed German—though iss iss no so in my own country. I assure you, der only reason vy I should be neglected in your suspicions?"

Lucy and Carolyn looked at each other triumphantly. There was a ray of hope for Harry, after a moment.

"But," the Count went on, "I must beg you not to suspect me as you do Mr. Swifton. I know you will not, for I haaf succeeded in quieting Carolyn's alarms, and she in turn had given her own version of matters to Lucy. And a long talk Harry had with Mr. Medders had helped. Harry would not tell Caroline the whole truth, but he told him that later he would make everything plain. At this time, he said, to disclose everything would be to tarnish a woman's name—and Medders probably understood. And he had lived long enough to know that appearances were often deceitful. He was willing to give Harry the benefit of the doubt."

But it was a quiet dinner. After they had left the table Harry succeeded in getting Lucy to come and talk with him in the reception room, and there he begged her to be patient until he felt that the time had arrived for him to make a clean breast of everything to her. At last he coaxed back the smiles to her face, but only after giving his word of honor that he would not be in the house, and the presence of Daphne in his house was not a reflection upon him.

Meanwhile the Count, endeavoring to keep his promise to get Harry out of the scene, slipped out into the hall, and by throwing pables against the window of the room where Mrs. Blazes was attracted her attention.

She opened the windows, and in an almost hysterical voice, begged him to stay her out.

"I will, if you only be quiet," the Count said. "Your husband chust vent in. I saw him ven I come out."

"But what can I do?" she asked.

"Trust me!"

"Did," she sighed, "and lost my hair."

"Yes, and I let you haaf my ring, too."

"Bother your old ring!" she answered. "I'll give it back to you, if you'll be good and give me back my ring."

"Gif it to me, den," the Count whispered, eagerly.

"I will," she hesitated, "when I get out of here."

The Count was swiftly disappeared from Harry as the front door opened and Mrs. Blazes and the General came down the steps. The General's arm was across Harry's shoulders.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

things and of conduct. What seemed right to you may seem utterly wrong to us. I am not defending you, but I am not condemning you. I only ask you, next time you chat with a milliner, not to hide her around here."

This concluding remark of his, accompanied with a sunny smile, broke the tension, but Carolyn almost spoiled everything by saying:

"It sounds reasonable enough, but how does it happen that Harry was so determined no one should go into that room?"

"I haaf no answer," the Count replied. "I haaf told as much as I should tell."

"It looks to me as if he knew what you had done, and was trying to help you out," Carolyn declared.

"It ill besseme me to offer advice in the house where I am a guest," said Mr. Medders, "but I might suggest to thee that we ask Harry to tell us his side of this story later. It is unfortunate, truly, but I do not doubt that he will explain it to us. Daughter, we will remain here, as we planned, and now let us try to forget this unpleasantness, and make ourselves welcome."

"Thank you, Mr. Medders," Harry said. "I can see that you and Lucy still have a fair suspicion of me—but I can clear that up readily enough."

"I've got more than a faint one," Carolyn told him.

"Oh, well, I can't have to explain great things to you, sis," Harry said, gaily. "But arguments are bad on an empty stomach. I happen to know that there's to be a pretty good dinner tonight, so we'll get ready and go."

"You will excuse me," the Count said.

"No, sir!" Harry said, heartily. "I want you to show the folks that you're not half as black as you have painted yourself."

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There'll be less sleeping done in future in the First Christian Church of Los Angeles, because the rector just won't stand for it, as is evidenced by what he did some nights ago. It seems that the worthy man went into the pulpit one night, when he was annoyed by two men who were sound asleep in one of the front pews. He called attention to the fact, and one of the sleepers awoke, and said that he did not sleep again, but his partner did not wake to the rebuke, and quietly slept on. The parson became indignant, and as he had several hymn books in the pulpit with him, he had one or two at the sleeper, but without avail, he had at the intruder, to the astonishment of the congregation, and the man was uttering at a great rate, but the sleeper didn't seem to mind it much, for he looked up, changed his position, and continued to sleep. This is an astonishing case, probably unparalleled in history, but it goes to show that there's a limit to what preachers will stand, even when they are in the pulpit. If a man doesn't go to church to worship, he should remain away, and such sacrilegious scamps as sleep, chatter and scamp in church should be put out.—New Orleans Picayune.

# THE GREAT CAPITAL

## Second Coxe Army Threatens Capital



WASHINGTON.—An army of unemployed men prepared to sweep down on the city following in the footsteps of Coxe's famous army. James Eads How of St. Louis, friend of the proletariat and protector of the wandering laborer, will head this great movement that is to overflow Maryland, sweep into the District of Columbia and spend its force against the walls of the national capital and the great buildings of state along the Washington thoroughfares. It will be the first march of protest since the utter failure of the Coxe movement back in the '90s.

Somehow between 250,000 and 500,000 of workless workers are expected to join in the march of the discontent. The campaign to gather them up is already under way. The first plans for the great march were made last spring at the Hobo convention in Milwaukee. These have since been perfected and it is hoped now that half a million from the party of discontent will lead the protesting column in its march upon the capital city.

James Eads How, the St. Louis

millinere worker in the realm of trampdom, the man who laid aside the dress shirt for the blue flannel of the worker; is the moving spirit in this movement. He has been in the past pushing the propaganda of this latter-day crusade that is expected to shake the walls of indifference and make it possible for every man who wants it to have a job.

Coxe was the leader of the first of the great marches of protest. His men marched so far that the spirit of courage within striking distance of Washington. It was a failure. The army dwindled away, and but a handful of those that started on the movement stuck until the end. How and his lieutenants are studying the history of this march and hope to profit by the mistakes of Coxe and his aids. How hopes to make this march a crusade against things as they are. Arrangements have been made. How believes will show the nation the need of some action. Men have promised to join him from every part of the country. Already the hobos have received the mail and are being notified to concentrate in the valley in easy distance of the actual starting place, which is to be settled upon later. Arrangements have been made. How and his cohorts from the west will start earlier than those from the Ohio valley.

## Midshipmen May Early Become Ensigns

If congress acts favorably on a recommendation made by the board of visitors to the United States Naval academy and endorsed by the secretary of the navy, a young man who has completed the course at the academy will be commissioned an ensign on graduation. Under the present law a graduate does not get his commission as an ensign until he has completed the two year cruise at sea. This law, it is asserted, discriminates against the graduates of the Naval academy. A graduate from the Military academy at West Point gets his commission as a second lieutenant on the day of graduation, and a salary, which a graduate of the Naval academy cannot obtain until he has taken his two years' cruise.

Midshipmen receive \$600 a year while at the Naval academy, under the new pay table, and during the two years they spend at sea they receive \$1,000 annually. Not until they have passed their final graduation—that is to say, not until they have completed their two years' cruise—can they get the \$1,700 which is paid to a graduate from West Point to become second lieutenant and rank with ensigns. The board of visitors to the academy has been urged to favor another change in the regulations of the school, but it has not yet consented to do so. This change, if granted, would raise the rank which now precludes a midshipman from marrying until he has completed his two years' cruise, or in other words, has obtained his commission as ensign.

The prohibition against marrying until final graduation is based on the assumption that the midshipman is not receiving salary enough to enable him to support a wife. The plea is made that this restriction discriminates against the midshipmen. There is no bar to a graduate of West Point marrying as soon as he receives his commission as second lieutenant.

The board of visitors to the Naval academy hopes to be able to persuade President Taft to recommend in his December message to congress that midshipmen be made ensigns on the day of graduation.



Wicked Man! "I'm sorry, my dear," said the inconsiderate husband, "that I cannot let you have the money to buy the prizes for your euchre club, but I sat in a little poker game over at Mingolo's last night, and the boys cleaned me out. I'm flat broke."

"What?" asked the wife of his bosom. "What? You wretched, wicked man! To think that I should have become the wife of one who is so lost to all feelings of self-respect that he would gamble! Now, what in the world can I say that will make a reasonable excuse for my wretched play this week?"

With bent head, the guilty wretch slunk from the house, meditating upon the sorrow and distress that bad habits may plunge a family into.

## Uncle Sam Fights to Save the Salmon

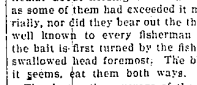
In the interest of Alaskan salmon the extermination of the freshwater sculpin called also "hell-bender" or "blob" is urgently demanded. It is a worthless fish, with a tendency to feed on salmon fry and salmon eggs, and has a voracious appetite and wonderful digestive apparatus.

Barton A. Bean and Alfred C. Weed of the division of fishes, United States National museum, recently have investigated the "blob" and find that it is extremely destructive to salmon eggs. These fish have no trouble gathering in the fry, two or three inches long, and occasionally manage to corner some larger ones.

Fourteen blobs were found to have made way with 39 salmon and 46 eggs, an average of almost three salmon and a little over three eggs for each fish. These blobs were not at all particular about holding to the average, as some of them had exceeded it materially, nor did they bear out the theory which attaches to every creature that the bait is first turned by the fish and swallowed head foremost. The blobs, it seems, eat them both ways.

The destructive average of the blob is estimated at six salmon a day, which is maintained for about sixty days a year. This would make the destructive capacity of one fish total 360 salmon annually, to say nothing of the little trout gathered in and sometimes little blobs. The latter kind of feeding, however, meets with the approval of the fish experts.

Blobs in general are bottom fish and prefer to remain hidden under stones, rocks, or in similar places that they can see and trust hide at certain hours of the day, usually when the sun is hottest. It is then that the blobs can get them with the least difficulty. For this reason, it is believed, the stomach contents of each of the blobs examined represented one day's feeding and that under proper conditions (when the salmon eggs or young salmon are available) the same amount would be eaten each day.



Failed to Grasp It. "Now," said the great lawyer to the youth who had been studying Coko and Blackstone under for three years, "from what you have read and heard during the period of your stay with me, what do you consider to be the highest aim of a successful lawyer?"

"To show his clients how they may obey the laws," replied the conscientious youth.

"Huh!" was the disgusted comment. "You'll find you'll get more fees for telling 'em how to evade it, my young friend."

## Army Has a Mobile Fireless Kitchen

UNCLE SAM, like so many other alert and up-to-date housekeepers, is an advocate of fireless cooking. To further assist himself in this, he has set aside, through the war department, \$5,000 for the construction and testing of the equipment of the mobile kitchen, which is the invention of Capt. Frederick Stoffer of the central artillery corps, post commissary at the Presidio of San Francisco.

This rolling field kitchen is designed to feed men in the field on the march. And it is owing to the good service of the mobile kitchen, which elicited praise from the officers in command, that the device is so highly thought of by Uncle Sam. The vehicle is equipped with sufficient number of electric compartments to prepare the rations for two companies of infantry or troops of cavalry, the outfit being arranged to mount on any sort of wagon or truck.

These fireless compartments consist



of a large improved field range with hot water, and water, and compartments for meat and utensils. About three hundred men, or a squadron of cavalry or a battalion of infantry, can be provided for by this kitchen. The amount of preparation being to arrange meals for two companies by first bringing to boiling on the range, and then putting the food into the electric compartments of the rear of the platform.

The rations for two were organizations are next cooked on the range in a special company cooking, and do the work with the fireless.

# Onlooker

## His Mother



"The only visitor who called on me before I was taken to the penitentiary was my mother." From a recent item of News.

Walls of stone and steps of stone and walls of stone as well. And from bars and locks of steel to hedge him in a cell. And warders walking up and down all night and all day. His mother saw not one of these; she only looked at him. She could not see the things we make to punish and destroy; she could not see the stain of sin—she only saw her boy.

What friends he had in other days—might be his friends no more. For friendship dies beneath the clang when shuts the prison door. And friendship takes the easy path—it is not fashioned of iron. His mother saw not one of these; she could not see the things we make to punish and destroy; she could not see the stain of sin—she only saw her boy.

She stumbled on the prison steps; she covered in her eyes. She heard the sullen echoes beat against the iron bars, which now preclude a midshipman from marrying until he has completed his two years' cruise, or in other words, has obtained his commission as ensign.

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Why He Stopped. "Yes," sighs the tooted man, "I was a social lion for two or three years, but I'm not so good now."

"Tired of that?" we ask in surprise.

"Why, one would think that being a social lion was most enjoyable."

"It is," he says. "It is, until you tumble to the fact that a social lion is expected to make a monkey of himself."

Tit for Tat. "Ladies," begged the reformer, "I urge upon you that you give the domestic creature the cold shoulder."

"But that's just what it gives us," retorted a Junecoese creature who had a front seat and a drop (stitch shirt wail).

Just So. Some men think they're gourmets because they insist on holding a stopwatch while their eggs are being boiled.

Melrose Nesbit.