

found his mail waiting him, and it foreshadowed trouble at home. Accidentally, he encountered Jensen, the trusted clerk, whom he had sent North with his son, and whom the latter had let go. Unpleasant misgivings impelled him to ply this man with questions. The account which Jensen gave made it certain that it was fast living, gambling, dissolute companions and downright refusal to take advice on the part of the young manager which had caused the bankruptcy.

Robert Hatter reached home with a saddened heart and an angry mind. He was met by his chief lieutenant, who told him another story. Robert Hatter, Jr., had been impossible to control or advise. He had drawn large sums out of the business and thrown it to the winds. Five months past he had married a girl after an hour's acquaintance in a café, and in six weeks she ran away with another man, taking with her several thousand dollars' worth of jewels which young Hatter had bought for her. He was given a divorce, but there was no chance to prosecute. Then an actress with whom the young man had evidently been associated a long time, and who probably regretted the loss of the jewels, brought a breach of promise suit against him for thirty thousand dollars, and won it handily by virtue of a honeyed correspondence she had had the wisdom to preserve.

These unimaginable proceedings, so utterly at variance with the tenets of his own life and all that he expected in his offspring, Robert Hatter heard with feelings hard to describe. His very blood went sick, his lungs seemed to forget to breathe. The flood of his years came upon him in an instant.

In a terrible rage, he sent for his son. "You have cost me one hundred and fifty thousand dollars," he said. "You are thirty-two years old. What do you mean by this wasteful, libertine life?"

For the first time they stood unmasked and facing each other in their elementals. The long, square-set chin of the boy had drawn out and down with the stubbornness of his elder. And he proved that he had inherited something else besides. Unconscious that he was using the other's phrase, he replied with a fierce flame in the words:

"I am your only heir, and I have only one life to live. I represent the repression of both my mother and yourself."

This reply, so hard, so familiar, and turned to such a meaning seemed to stun Robert Hatter. He sank back into his chair, his mouth twisted awry, regarding his son. At this moment another stroke came upon him, and without the power of speech his face retained that strange expression for the few months which elapsed before his death.

