

WHAT HAPPENED TO HOAG

(Continued from page 20.)

down and coal coming up at the base of the mouth of the great lakes; No. 2, ore going down and coal coming up at the influence of the great rivers, 400 miles eastward. He spoke of locomotives and boilers, trolley forgings, structural steel for bridges and skyscrapers, steel rails for railways—and wound up eloquently by asking the company to drink the health of Mr. Henry Markham, the wizard of all this Cyclopean-Vulcano Consolidation, and to sing in his honor, mentally, the words printed so aptly on the programme:

"Hoch, Henry Markham,
Drei mal hoch.
Hoch seller leben,
Drei mal hoch!"

AS Martin Hoag read this he sketched on a sheet of copy paper in his packing-case office a crude picture of Warman. He looked down to the few terse words spoken by the guest of the evening.

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—

"I am not a speaker; I prefer deeds. Mr. Warman, who, I am happy to say, becomes the new general manager of Markham interests, has flatteringly told you the outlines of what Markham's Consolidated are beginning to do in Canada. We are only beginning. The great work must be carried on by the co-operation of many people, of whom I am but the humble agent. This is a great country. I am proud

to have been born here. My father left Germany because he could see no future for himself. Germany is a wonderful country. But she is a despotism. Canada is a democracy. I am not ashamed of German descent. I have, as you know, brought German and Austrian workers here. They are grand workers, will be good citizens, frugal, sober, diligent—and in time democratic. Believe me, they are glad to escape Germany and the taxes. I know that. I have been there, and if I could bring ten times as many to Canada I would do so. People must be free not only to work, but to have ambition and to enjoy life. And the day will come when this Canadian democracy will give German despots a wonderful example of how to make Canadian iron and steel effective for national purposes. I want to see Canada take her place among the iron nations. And the cycle of industries which Mr. Warman has sketched for you is only the beginning of what we hope to do to carry out that policy. Gentlemen, I thank you."

(To be continued.)

"Even a policeman can't arrest the flight of time," remarked the alleged humorist."

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the matter-of-fact person. "Only this morning I saw an officer enter a side door and stop a few minutes."

They seated themselves at a table. "Will you have a little shrimp?" he asked. "Dear me," she exclaimed. "This is so sudden."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE INDIAN DRUM

(Continued from page 24.)

memorandum of the sums sent to Blue Rapids for Alan; it told him that here he had been in his father's thoughts; in this little room, within a few steps from those deserted apartments of his wife, Benjamin Corvet had sent "Alan's dollar"—that dollar which had been such a subject of speculation in his childhood for himself and for all the other children. He grew warm at the thought as he began putting the other things back into the drawers.

He started and straightened suddenly; then he listened attentively, and his skin, warm an instant before, turned cold and prickled. Somewhere within the house, unmistakably on the floor below him, a door had slammed. The wind, which had grown much stronger in the last hour, was battering the windows and whining round the corners of the building; but the house was tightly closed; it could not be the wind that had blown the door shut. Some one—it was beyond question now, for the realization was quite different from the feeling he had about that before—was in the house with him. Had his father's servant come back? That was impossible; Sherrill had received a wire from the man that day, and he could not get back to Chicago before the following morning at the earliest. But the servant, Sherrill had said, was the only other one besides his father who had a key. Was it . . . his father who had come back? That, though not impossible, seemed improbable.

Alan stooped quickly, unlaced and stripped off his shoes, and ran out into the hall to the head of the stairs where he looked down and listened. From here the sound of some one moving about came to him distinctly; he could see no light below, but when he ran down to the turn of the stairs, it became plain that there was a very dim and flickering light in the library. He crept on farther down the staircase. His hands were cold and moist from his excitement, and his body was hot and trembling.

WHOEVER was moving about down stairs, even if he was not one who had a right to be there, at least felt secure from interruption. He was going with heavy step from window to window; where he found a shade up, he pulled it down brusquely and with a violence which suggested great strength under a nervous strain; a shade, which had been pulled down, flew up, and the man damned it as though it had startled him; then, after an instant, he pulled it down again.

Alan crept still farther down and at last caught sight of him. The man was not his father; he was not a servant; it was equally sure at the same time that he was not any one who had any business to be in the house, and that he was not any common house-breaker.

He was a big, young-looking man, with broad shoulders and very evident vigor; Alan guessed his age at thirty-five; he was handsome—he had a straight forehead over daring, deep-set eyes; his nose, lips, and chin were powerfully formed; and he was expensively and very carefully dressed. The light by which Alan saw these things came from a flat little pocket searchlight that the man carried in one hand, which threw a little bril-

liant circle of light as he directed it; and now, as the light chanced to fall on his other hand—powerful and heavily muscled—Alan recollected the look and size of the finger prints on the chest of drawers upstairs. He did not doubt that this was the same man who had gone through the desk; but since he had already rifled the desks, what did he want here now? As the man moved out of sight, Alan crept on down as far as the door to the library; the man had gone on into the rear room, and Alan went far enough into the library so he could see him.

HE pulled open one of the drawers in the big table in the rear room—the room where the organ was and where the bookshelves reached to the ceiling—and with his light held so as to show what was in it, he was tumbling over its contents and examining them. He went through one after another of the drawers of the table like this; after examining them, he rose and kicked the last one shut disgustedly; he stood looking about the room questioningly; then he started toward the front room.

He cast the light of his torch ahead of him; but Alan had time to anticipate his action and to retreat to the hall. He held the hangings a little way from the door jamb so he could see into the room. If this man were the same who had looted the desk upstairs, it was plain that he had not procured there what he wanted or all of what he wanted; and now he did not know where next to look.

He had, as yet, neither seen nor heard anything to alarm him, and as he went to the desk in the front room and peered impatiently into the drawers, he slammed them shut, one after another. He straightened and stared about. "Damn Ben! Damn Ben!" he ejaculated violently and returned to the rear room. Alan, again following him, found him on his knees in front of one of the drawers under the bookcases. As he continued searching through the drawers, his irritation became greater and greater. He jerked one drawer entirely out of its case, and the contents flew in every direction; swearing at it, and damning "Ben" again, he gathered up the letters. One suddenly caught his attention; he began reading it closely, then snapped it back into the drawer, crammed the rest on top of it, and went on to the next of the files. He searched in this manner through half a dozen drawers, plainly finding nothing at all he wanted; he dragged some of the books from their cases, felt behind them and shoved back some of the books but dropped others on the floor and blasphemy burst from him.

He cursed "Ben" again and again, and himself, and God; he damned men by name, but so violently and incoherently that Alan could not make out the names; terribly he swore at men living and men "rotting in Hell." The beam of light from the torch in his hand swayed aside and back and forth. Without warning, suddenly it caught Alan as he stood in the dark of the front room; and as the dim white circle of light gleamed into Alan's face, the man looked that way and saw him.

The effect of this upon the man was so strange and so bewildering to Alan that Alan could only stare at him. The big man seemed to shrink into himself and to shrink back and away from Alan. He roared out something



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is the "chum" of more pipe smokers, than any other tobacco smoked in Canada

EVERYBODY SMOKES
"OLD CHUM"