

CAPTAIN EMERY'S REVENGE

in The National Magazine.

Ernest McGaffey

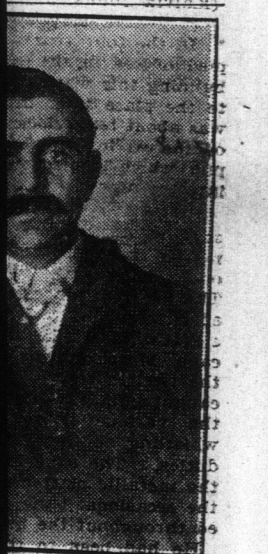


PRIZE SOAP

AGAINST ENRY MASON

Guilty to Doing Bodily Term of Charlotte City Court

S. N. B. May 8.—The Charlotte Co. circuit court at 12:15 o'clock today heard the case of Chief Justice Tuck, member of St. Andrews, and of the grand jury, and the jury on the crime before them. The following: The King v.



ACT CASES AT HAMPTON

Mr. Robin—What was the cause of that electric shock in Mr. Owl's house? Have been a wireless telegraph message. Mr. Crow—No. They think it must have been struck by lightning.

Captain Emery Wilson was a retired sea-dog with a penchant for literature. He had in early youth read extensively and scribbled industriously, and all through his strenuous maritime career the dream of winning fame and fortune with his pen had never forsaken him. Indeed, even in the midst of his cruises he kept a journal, in which he jotted down his thoughts and experiences, and wrote his rhymes, for the captain was ventrically as well as prosily inclined.

But there came a day when his voyage was over, and he retired at the age of fifty-three to a modest competence. But while the years had passed the half-century mark with him, his heart was as youthful and his spirit as sanguine as in the heyday of his twenties. His longing to be an author was stronger than ever, and in these his leisure days he worked unceasingly on his compositions. The captain had touched at numberless ports and acquired a smattering of many foreign tongues. He had experienced moving accidents by flood and field, and had even passed one year in the interior on a Colorado ranch, where he had roughed it with the cowboys and acquired quite a knowledge of these amiable business men.

In his stays on shore he had drifted around the streets of San Francisco a great deal, and had thoroughly familiarized himself with all phases of city life. The advantage of having been brought up on a farm until the age of eighteen was also an addition to his stock of experiences, and altogether, the captain ought to have been well equipped as a writer.

He could write humorous and dialect verses, love poems, elegies, child's poetry, odes, sonnets, lyrics, dramatic poetry, vers-de-societe, sea poems, western poems with or without dialect.

Comatose Building, Philadelphia. Captain Emery Wilson, San Francisco, California. Dear Sir: We read with much pleasure your exciting story of "Dragged by a Greenland Whale," and believe with some changes it may be made adaptable to the readers of Anbody's. Could you not have the whale dive and come up with Captain Kidd's buried treasure, or butt into a mountain of floating ambergris worth untold millions, or land your party, just as he sinks beneath the biting harpoons, at some remote shore which turns out to be an island which a trust buys for six or seven billion dollars?

Or could not the whale get tangled up in a treasure-ship of bygone days and on being hoisted to the top bring it up with him, disclosing to the astonished and delighted gaze of his captors hundreds of chests fairly reeking with ingots, pieces of eight, or even pieces of silver bars, emeralds, gold and silver, pearls, plate, silk and all that sort of thing, don't you know? Our readers like to hear about things in which money is the main topic.

Sincerely yours, THE EDITOR. The captain's rage on getting these communications from day to day was something fearful to behold. It is therefore himself of perfect broadness of oaths in all the dialects of which he was master, and grind his molars in an excess of sea-going fury. Month after month he sent his efforts away, and regularly as clock-work he came back to the editor, often mistaking his pen for a mallet, and sprang to his feet and paced up and down the deck of his little room, ex-

actly as if he were a madman. "Why do you come then?" "I wanted to tell you the worst way, yet I hated to," said Stephens, hesitatingly. "I sleep in daytime, and then it had been so long since we'd met, and you're so fine here, I didn't know just whether you'd care—that is—"

"No, I didn't really believe that," Stephens hastened to add, "but when a fellow is down at the heel it makes him sensitive about hunting up old friends. Anyway, I felt that, we would run into each other sometime natural-like, just as we have tonight. I couldn't have enjoyed anything better than this. Some afternoon, when you are not too busy, I want to come up and have a talk with you." The two men had dropped into chairs. Stephens arose to his feet. "Where are you going now?" asked the attorney.

"I have a lot of work to do yet tonight," he said.

"See here, Joe Stephens!" exclaimed Morrison, giving the basket in front of him a kick. "The owners of this building are my clients. The superintendent is directly responsible to me. Technically, I'm the head janitor, and I want you to understand that you are fired, right now, so you may as well sit down again. I am going to fix you for something decent."

"Hold on, now, Sam!" said Stephens, resuming his seat. "I don't want you to feel that I'm expecting anything of that kind; not offhand, anyway. Wait a while."

"The idea of cleaning my rooms," continued Morrison; "I'm ashamed to look you in the face. Why, your folks used to keep us in milk, after father died, and we were named, glad to get a, too. Do you remember that cow of yours, old Baldy? My! but she used to give good milk!"

"Yes, and we'd both go to the pasture after her in the evenings. She seemed almost as much your cow as she did ours."

"Sometimes your sister Elsie would cry to go along, and I would lead her by the hand, for I was always fond of her," said Morrison tenderly. "Ah, Joe! I've never forgotten it. It was my last year in college, you know, when she died. I tell you it knocked the ambition out of me for a while. I have a good wife, Joe; I love her; we are happy, but there is one feeling a man experiences but once in a life-

time. "You've been getting along fine, haven't you, Sam?" said Stephens, after a little pause.

"Better, I expect, than I deserve, Joe," he said. "I've worked into a good practice and have been able to accumulate a little something."

"I'm glad to hear it. You always were smart and square, too. Anybody would know, just to see you, that you were prosperous. You certainly look sporty in that rig," added Stephens, with a gleam in his eye. "When I spoke you sitting there in the chair, so swell, I couldn't help saying 'Sammy, for the life of me!'"

"Don't grieve me like that, Joe!" protested Morrison, chuckling. "You were thinking of how I used to look in those Sunday pants mother cut down for me out of brother Ike's. I used to want her to take a ref in them, but she was afraid of spilling them for Charley, who was coming on and was stout like Ike. Those pants always embarrassed me, and I just hurried up and grew out of them longwise." Both men laughed until the tears stood in their eyes.

"You're the same old Sam!" cried Stephens, enthusiastically, his restraint entirely gone, and as he said, "I haven't had such a good, old-fashioned laugh for I don't know when—just like when we were boys, Joe. But to be serious, tell me about yourself. Are you married? No one I know? Three children? I've only got two. Living on the fifth floor of a fat building? I own a little house up, my way that is just spilling for a good tenant. Country air and quiet surroundings. Tomorrow I'll be out of town, but Mrs. Joe up to dinner, and we can talk it over then. Eh? I'll bet you four dollars you'll come or there will be trouble. Nonsense! You will look good enough for me, whatever you wear. My wife will be just as glad to have you as I will; I've often talked to her about you. She's got friends, and any friends of mine are friends of hers."

The attorney rattled on, in his impulsive way, hardly allowing his companion opportunity for reply. "Now, about the business affair of yours! Give me the particulars; maybe I can be of service to you."

"Well, it's quite a long story," said Stephens, thoughtfully, "but I'll give you the general facts, as a matter of interest. I am much obliged to you, Sam, for your offer of help, but the matter is past mending. I suppose my going broke is a good deal of my own fault, anyway. I contracted a bad habit after I went West."

"Interrupted Morrison, "Was it, Joe?" "No; that's something that never bothered me."

"I was sure it couldn't be that with you," said the attorney, "but what put the idea into my head was that I heard that Dick Chalmers had taken to drink and was almost a wreck—had run through with the money he got from his father's estate. I'll tell you who told me—you remember Albert Fawcett who used to run a shoe store on the corner of the square? It happened to meet him on the train not long ago. It seems that Dick is living in Denver, and Fawcett had been out there visiting his brother-in-law. I was awful sorry to hear such a thing about Dick. He was always such a steady, level-headed fellow. Next to you, there was not a boy in Movroy to whom I was more attached. You know how we three used to run around together. I thought possibly you might have happened on to Dick while you were in the West."

"Dick is a part of the story," said Stephens, quietly. "My falling was speculation. I had a pretty good start out ranch, but traded it off for mining stock, not the wild kind, but something that would have made me money if I hadn't let it go again. I was first into one thing and then another, sometimes coming out ahead and sometimes losing."

"As part of a real-estate deal, I got hold of a little factory that had suspended operations for lack of capital. It was equipped for making a line of brass specialties. I had no idea what to do with it, except to trade it off again. One day while in Denver I happened to run across Dick Chalmers. He was out there for his lungs and was clouded to stay. I mentioned the factory to him, incidentally, and he got interested at once. He was looking for a small investment and knew something about the manufacturing business. The plant was located about fifty miles from Denver and he went down with me to investigate the proposition. As a result we fixed up a partnership ar-

range. "Dick is a hustler, and it wasn't long before we were selling our goods faster than we could make them. We kept putting in more machinery and increasing the size of the plant, until finally every dollar we both had in the world—

—which wasn't an enormous sum—was up in it. Things were beginning to come easy when some parties in the East here, who were forming and wanted to buy us out. Their offer was liberal enough, \$50,000 in cash, and I suppose we made a mistake in not accepting it. Dick felt that the business had a big future, and as this was a free country, we didn't have to sell unless we wanted to."

"Well, the trust went after us rough-shod. They kept spies on where we shipped our goods and took our customers away from us by cutting prices. The worst, though, was the way they persecuted us in the courts, claiming infringements of patents, getting out injunctions and the like. What their lawyers didn't think of wasn't worth while. We were staying with them as long as we could, but they had too much money for us. We were both cleaned out. Dick went back to Denver, almost broken-hearted, and got a job as draughtsman. I guess he has been drinking considerably. He first got started at it on account of his lung trouble, but was straight as a string all the time we were together. I think now it's more discouragement than anything else, and that he would be all right if he could get on his feet again. That isn't likely, though. He has lost his nerve."

"I scraped together a few hundred dollars and came East. Father and mother are getting up in years and they wanted to see the grandchildren. We didn't care to worry the old folks with our troubles and so didn't say anything about them, but after a month's visit we came here, where I could get work and not be so far away from home. I found things pretty dull, and when I stumbled onto this job I took it as a makeshift, until I could have a chance to look around."

Morrison, sunk deep in his chair and with his eyes fixed upon the other man's face, had listened quietly, except to ask an occasional question concerning names and dates. He remained silent for a time after Stephens had finished, as though carefully weighing the matter. Suddenly he roused himself and leaned forward.

"Joe, you have got a good case, much better than you think. There are plenty of grounds for a damage suit, but I wouldn't advise that, as it would involve too much litigation. If you are willing to settle on the \$20,000 basis, I can get it for you."

"Willing!" cried Stephens, excitedly. "I'd be glad to take anything, but I don't see how—"

"Leave that to me, I have had dealings with these people myself, and there are certain reasons why they cannot afford to turn me down when I present the matter to them in the proper light. This lawyer of theirs is a person with whom I think I have some influence. I am better acquainted with him than I am with you. He used to consider himself a pretty decent sort of a fellow, if he was a lawyer, and I am satisfied that he wants to let that way again. It is only charitable to say that he never would have a hand in such dirty business if the facts had not been misrepresented to him, but that doesn't excuse him. Lawyers, in their zeal to serve rich clients, easily get the habit of not looking very carefully into the morals of a proceeding. Anyway, you and Dick are going to get your money."

Morrison could not bring himself to the point of actually making a confession. Some other time he would have the courage. There was no question, however, about the restitution part of it. Should his efforts with the company fail, he would pay every dollar of it out of his own pocket.

"There, now, Joe! I don't blame you for being a little broken up over the prospect of having your money again—it must have been a hard strain on you—but I won't listen to any gratitude, talk, not now. When this thing is all fixed up and you know the whole story, if you feel like shaking hands over it and saying 'Sammy, you're all right' that will satisfy me."

"Only one thing more, Joe. Next Monday I am going to start for Denver, and you have got to go along. We will find Dick and get him on his feet again."

claiming in a passion of resentment: "Oh! if I but owned a magazine of my own!"

One morning a knock at his door aroused him from a very pessimistic daydream. He opened the door and a gentleman of immaculate dress and severe air bowed respectfully. "Captain Emery Wilson, I presume?" he asked deferentially.

"That is my name," responded the doughty captain. "I am extremely glad to make your acquaintance," replied the gentleman, handing the captain his card. The captain looked at the card and read: SHARK & WOLFE, Attorneys and Counselors, GOUGE BUILDING, San Francisco, California.

"Mr. Wolfe?" queried the captain hesitatingly. "No," was the stranger's answer, "Shark; M. E. Shark. Captain Wilson," he continued in a firm tone, "I am here to acquaint you with the fact of your aunt Jemima's decease. You are her sole heir. It was supposed that she intended leaving her entire fortune to a home for indigent bull-pups, one of whom was her constant attendant during her last years, but a fall downstairs prevented this, and you are her next of kin and sole surviving relative inherit the entire estate. It amounts to two hundred thousand dollars, with a gleam of green eyes."

It was indeed true. Two weeks later the captain came into his own. How he was blessed the slippery steps which carried off poor old Aunt Jemima. He took the bull-pup to his own home and ministered assiduously to its wants. Then he sat down to recover himself a little from the delightful shock. A batch of returned mail, and the usual refusal set his peppery temper ablaze instantly.

"Now I'll have a magazine of my own!" he shouted, and the very next day saw him at work. He consulted an old chum of his, a practical printer, and in ten days to the hour from Aunt Jemima's funeral the Transatlantic Magazine "a publication for the tolling millions," was announced with a splendid flourish of trumpets. The captain hired an advertising solicitor to take advertisements for nothing, and as his eccentricity had been thoroughly exploited, and as a merchant stood bound not to lose anything, he had advertising fairly thrust upon him.

He kept the secret of the editorship buried in his own bosom, but as a matter of fact, Captain Emery Wilson was sole editor of the Transatlantic. He would sit down on an evening and gravely write letters addressed "To the Editor of the Transatlantic Magazine," and transmit with these epistles varied samples of humorous and dialect poems, love verses, elegies, child's poetry, odes, sonnets, lyrics, dramatic poetry, vers-de-societe, sea poems, western poems in and out of dialect, sailor and cowboy stories, idyls of the farm and fireside, sketches in Irish, German, Swedish, Polish, Swiss, French, Italian, Chinese, Siwash, Malay, Hindoo, Spanish, Mexican, negro and Patagonian dialect; heavy articles on naval affairs, such as deep-sea soundings, whale fisheries and maritime gunnery; light articles such as flirtation about the quarter-deck, the passion for the decollete in dress among the South Sea Islanders, smuggling as a fine art, etc., etc., and NOT

ONE OF THEM WAS EVER RETURNED. On the contrary, the editor of the Transatlantic would kindly take the trouble to indite long letters to Captain Emery Wilson, commending the originality and verve of his contributions and encouraging him to send more of his mss. to the Transatlantic. Captain Emery Wilson as a writer adopted various noms-de-plume in order to supply the demand of the editor for his writings, and, besides, he always had at least four articles or stories and four poems in each issue of the Transatlantic Magazine over his own proper signature.

Every other line of both verse and prose in each issue was the captain's work, hidden under some such nom-de-plume as H. B. Podge-Wilkinson, Thomas Globular Dubb, Alice Wheaton, John Stuffer, Professor Dwight Moral Ames, Chumpetera Brennan, Dolly Varden, and names he picked out of the "Prisco" directory.

Many letters came to the editor of the Transatlantic Magazine, and it is noteworthy and cheering to reflect that every solitary mss. in them contained was returned to the writer, provided of course that stamps accompanied the contribution. The editor of the Transatlantic never read any contributions from any source save those of his own fertile brain, and invariably returned all mss. with anyone of a large number of printed stock refusals like those he had been in the habit of getting during his contributing days.

At the end of one year he had printed all of his stuff, both humorous and dialect verses, love poems, elegies, child's poetry, odes, sonnets, lyrics, dramatic poetry, vers-de-societe, sea poems, western poems with and without dialect, sailor and cowboy stories,

idyls of the farm and fireside, sketches in Irish, German, Swedish, Polish, Swiss, French, Italian, Chinese, Siwash, Malay, Hindoo, Spanish, Mexican, negro and Patagonian dialect; heavy articles on naval affairs, such as deep-sea soundings, whale fisheries and maritime gunnery; light articles such as flirtation about the quarter-deck, the passion for the decollete in dress among the South Sea Islanders, smuggling as a fine art and others, and in one week thereafter the office of the Transatlantic Magazine was closed, never to be reopened.

The captain retired to his quarters, perfectly satisfied and happy. He had indignantly turned down and rejected everything submitted to the Transatlantic excepting his own stuff, and in the whole year's edition there was no single line but his own. It cost him just sixty-three thousand, four hundred and twenty-seven dollars and twenty-seven cents, and the captain affirmed vigorously and even profanely that it was dirt cheap at that.

He can be seen now any day in the streets of his chosen city, the very embodiment of peace and good nature, a sunny smile athwart the rubicund waste of his sea-faring frontispiece; or at evening in his snug little house, smoking a most curiously inlaid pipe and reading back numbers of the celebrated Transatlantic Magazine, in which with great profusion are to be found his articles, such as humorous and dialect verses and others as have been faithfully and even painstakingly set down.

THE LAWYER AND THE MAN

in The National Magazine.

Kalvin Johnson

(Kalvin Johnson in the National Magazine.)

In the four years that he had occupied offices in the big trust company building this was Morrison's first visit to the place after business hours. It was about ten o'clock when he dropped out of the car in front of the many-storied pile, which loomed silent and shadowy into the night.

A paper left in his desk was necessary to the transaction of business matter that was to call him out of town on an early train the next morning. The deserted marble vestibule suggested a mausoleum. Rousing the night elevator man who sat dozing in his cage, Morrison was quickly lifted to the twelfth story. On his way up he caught glimpses of janitors at work on the various floors and heard their whistling as they went about their duties. The squeaking of furniture, the metallic clatter of cuspidors and the occasional bang of a door resounded throughout the building.

He had been to the theatre, and at tardy recollection of the paper had cut the last act. The pockets of his evening clothes lacked the means of an entrance to his office. A man carrying a pound or more of keys at the end of a chain came and unlocked a glass-pannelled door bearing the sign, "S. Morrison, Attorney at Law." A click of an electric button and the room, which formed the first of a suite, was illuminated. Lighting his way as he went, the attorney passed on into an interior apartment, where his private desk was located.

Morrison was not in an especially good humor over the necessity of his errand. Lately he had begun to show an irritableness growing out of a certain dissatisfaction of himself. He could not exactly define it, but he missed the old enthusiasm he used to feel in his work before sacrificing his general practice to that of a corporation lawyer. The latter often involved tactics which were not up to his earliest standards. The implied attitude of the several large interests that he served, of owning him, conscience and all, awakened a spirit of resentment, which could not be altogether soothed by the fact that he had tripled his income and was on the way toward affluence.

While Morrison was searching for the maid, a document one of the cleaning force, a robust-looking fellow, came

into the room, carrying a broom and a large empty basket. "I will be out of your way in a minute, janitor," said the attorney carelessly, after a glance.

The man, in the act of retreating, hesitated at the door and gazed in a half-amused, half-nervous way at the speaker. There was apparently nothing about the attorney to arouse such feelings. He was a keen but affable-looking person of forty-five years, of rather handsome features, a little stout in figure and having an air of prosperity. Except that his opera hat sat rakishly on the back of his head, his general appearance was conventional enough.

The fellow nodded as if to go, then paused again, and with sudden resolution exclaimed, "All right, Sammy!" Morrison was in the act of closing his desk. The roll-top slipped from his fingers and he turned upon the janitor as if struck. It had been years since he had heard that name. In the brief space of time required to reach the man who stood doubtfully, leaning against the door-frame, the office and his luxurious appointments faded away. In their place was the quaint, sleepy old town, with a background of green hills. The picture aided him some as he peered into the somewhat embarrassed, smiling face.

"Joe Stephens!" cried the attorney. "I didn't think you would recognize me so easily," was the response, given in a laughing but still restrained tone. There was nothing of the cad about Morrison. He fairly hugged the fellow, in spite of his workman's dress. "Joe, I'm tickled to death to see you, but what are you doing here—what in the name of goodness—" Morrison stood off and pointed at the broom.

"I suppose it's what you call trying to make an honest living."

"Why, I thought you were in the West and doing well. The last I heard of you, you were in the manufacturing business."

"The bottom dropped out of it and I came back," said the man, with a slight wince.

"How long have you been working here?"

"About two months."

"And never came in to see me?"

There was genuine reproach in Morrison's tone.

"I didn't dream of it being you, until a week or two ago, when I learned

it by accident. "Why do you come then?"

"I wanted to tell you the worst way, yet I hated to," said Stephens, hesitatingly. "I sleep in daytime, and then it had been so long since we'd met, and you're so fine here, I didn't know just whether you'd care—that is—"

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Mr. Robin—What was the cause of that electric shock in Mr. Owl's house? Have been a wireless telegraph message. Mr. Crow—No. They think it must have been struck by lightning.



Mrs. Collier Downe—You look like an angel, but you act like a devil. Mr. Collier Downe—You surely wouldn't want me to look like the devil and act like an angel.



First Bird—He enjoys quite a local reputation. Second Bird—In what way? First Bird—Singing con songs.



Grace—Did Miss Blake get her new photographs yet? May—Yes; got them today, and they look just like her. Grace—She told me she was afraid she wasn't going to like them.



A WISE AND WILLING GIRL. Mr. Slybo—I'm going to consult a fortune teller and ask her to tell me whom I'm going to marry. Miss Wise—Ask me and put the fortune teller's feet toward the ring.



A DISPENSATION. Tom—I'm told that Mabel's husband is rather given to painting the town red. Bessie—Poor Mabel! It's lucky she's color blind.



THE TIME TO GIVE IT. She—Do you think a man should get away his money before death? He—Sometimes—if a burglar has him covered and says, "Money or your life."