

Oct. 31, 1916

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

7

A TALE of RED ROSES

By
GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

Sledge sat in his accustomed seat, but he was not looking out at the hand hole in the gate. For the first time in all their acquaintance Phil saw the chief with his chin sunk on his collar. He industriously wiped a dry spot moist to set the wet stain on, but Sledge made no movement, even of his eyes, and Phil, who had come in with the express intention of asking about the dog, changed his mind and turned to tip toe away. Adolph, however, was more persistent in his eagerness.

"How's Bob this morning?" he asked in that particularly hushed tone one uses in inquiring about the critical illness of near and dear relatives.

The mighty breast of Sledge heaved with a long, full sigh.

"He's all right," he grumbled. "Not a whimper out of him. Call up and find out."

"Ask for Mike?" suggested Phil.

"Naw, he may be asleep."

"That's right," apologized Phil. "I know Mike. He hasn't slept nor eaten since the fight."

"Nor took a drink," added Sledge, and another sigh, which was almost like a sob, impeded his utterance.

"By the way," Phil informed him, "Sunny Jim Keeler is dead."

"Gee, the boss is cut up about Bob?" Phil reported to Blondy. "I told him about Sunny Jim, and he never even grunted. That means the whole third ward's gone."

Sledge was not so unimpressed as he seemed to be, however, for presently he sent for Phil and instructed that a big floral piece be sent and that the widow's affairs be looked into.

Bendix came in by and by, looking very much worried, and sat down heavily.

"How's Bob?" he asked.

"He's all right," declared Sledge. "Not a whimper out of him."

Bendix hesitated a moment.

"Did you hear that Sunny Jim Keeler is dead?" he inquired.

Sledge nodded.

"There ain't a man up there could take the leadership of that ward," went on Bendix, much discouraged. "It's the Third that has always saved us."

Sledge, sitting heavily, did not answer. He seemed to have collapsed like a huge figure of dough settling into a pan.

"That means we lose the Third ward," Bendix spiritlessly pursued, "so we're in bad, politically."

Sledge was still motionless.

"I looked up Marley's Ridgewood avenue franchise," resumed Bendix. "It's good, all right. Yesterday's meeting was a bright one for him. A few shares of traction stock traded hands on the board today. The last lot brought fifty-one. Bert Glider is floating his amusement park. He's made a dicker with the company already formed to abandon the Lincoln Road park, and they're to take over the Porson tract. The Lincoln road property is to be used for car barns, according to the latest dope from Marley, and Glider gets \$50,000 in stock and management of the park. It looks like a cinch for pretty Bert."

Sledge raised his chin a half inch and dropped it again.

"I saw Bozzam," Bendix went on with his report. "He claims that while you own 75 per cent of the stock of the new traction company and could swing everything in a vote, he is the duly authorized agent of the company and has the right to sell its franchises at the best price he can get, so he's going to close with Marley."

"Huh!" grunted Sledge.

"So we lose there," relentlessly pursued Bendix. "At this stage of the game you had expected to have Marley entirely frozen out and to own the majority of stock yourself, announce the purchase of the franchises and raise the stock to par. Now the stock's going up, and most of it has been grabbed by Marley. I figure he'll clean up about \$100,000 on this deal."

Sledge favored him with the beginning of a chuckle at himself, but that was all.

"Waver has decided not to sell his house. He'll go to Switzerland, all right, but he prefers to keep his residence here."

Sledge smiled. It was like the grimace of a man in the electric chair.

"But the worst is yet to come," persisted Bendix, beginning to have a certain lugubrious enjoyment in the interminable list of disasters. "Schwarzman tells me that Judge Lansdale positively refuses that appointment as attorney for the anti-dry movement. If he stays on the bench, Sledge, nothing on earth will make you right. With all your power, and all your influence, and all your money, and all your friends, you can't get away from that trial; and if you ever come to a show-down they'll get you. The best you can do will be two years away from the sunshine. When you go out for a walk you'll have your hand on the shoulder of the man in front of you, and when you get back into the Occi-

dent you won't have enough of the organization left to act as pallbearers." Sledge's chin sank a little lower on his collar. He had never permitted the shadow of defeat to touch even the hem of his coat, but now its dimness seemed very close to him, and in that shade there was a chill.

Adolph brought in a letter, a square white envelope which looked strangely out of place on the edge of a beer tray.

Bendix took it, sent Adolph out with a jerk of his thumb and started to open it, but the flap was sealed with a fancifully wrought monogram stamped in gold sealing wax, and after a moment of reflection he passed it silently over to his chief.

Sledge opened it mechanically and drew out a neatly engraved card, which read as follows:

Mr. B. Franklin Marley
begs to announce the
engagement
of his daughter,
Ethelyn.

To Mr. Albert T. Glider.

Sledge slipped that announcement calmly in his pocket and turned slowly to his pitcher on the table. What over his idea concerning that may have been changed it, for, his eyes slowly distending, he reached out and grabbed the pitcher, and suddenly there was a splintering crash. He had thrown the pitcher with its contents straight through the window, glass and all!

"All off with the roses, eh?" surmised Bendix, considerably concealing his sympathetic knowledge of the hurt which had been inflicted.

"Naw!" roared Sledge. "They sent me some blanked pink ones!"

CHAPTER X.

The Quarrel.

SLEDGE'S first step toward "picking up the beans" was to send Bendix down to round up the Third ward and then to lock himself in the president's room of the First National for an hour, at the end of which time he sent for Davis.

"I want \$750,000," he directed.

"Yes, sir," hesitated Mr. Davis; then he added apologetically, "You know we expect the bank inspector to surprise us day after tomorrow."

"Wire him to put it off ten days," ordered Sledge.

Mr. Moodson arrived and took a chair opposite Sledge and on the other side of Bozzam, his mouth so tightly closed that one wondered how he could induce himself to eat. He looked at his watch, but held the face toward him like a poker hand and dropped it stealthily back in his pocket, as if he feared that some one might get the time of day away from him.

Six Murdered by Criminals.

A steamer arriving at Sydney, Australia, from the New Hebrides Group, about 900 miles off the north-eastern coast of Australia, has brought news of the murder of six persons by cannibals. The victims were a British trader named R. J. Bridges, and at least five children, whose bodies were found fearfully mutilated with axes and knives, and another child, who is missing, is believed to have been carried off by the cannibals and feasted upon. The murderers were thought to have come from a village on Malekula Island.

Immune.

Asker—Who is that chap who is asserting that the tariff on woollens should be further reduced?

Tellit—Oh, that's a woolen manufacturer who is making shells in his woolen mills.

"I DON'T SUFFER ANY MORE"

"Feel Like a New Person," says Mrs. Hamilton.

New Castle, Ind.—"From the time I was eleven years old until I was seventeen I suffered each month so I had to be in bed. I had headache, backache and such pains I would cramp double every month. I did not know what it was to be easy a minute. My health was all run down and the doctors did not do me any good. A neighbor told my mother about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I took it, and now I feel like a new person. I don't suffer any more and I am regular every month."—Mrs. HAZEL HAMILTON, 822 South 15th St.

When a remedy has lived for forty years, steadily growing in popularity and influence, and thousands upon thousands of women declare they owe their health to it, is it not reasonable to believe that it is an article of great merit?

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

"You sold those franchises yet?" he demanded.

"Not yet," replied Bozzam. "But I'm going to. Look here, Sledge, why not be reasonable about this thing? Fifty thousand is all we can get. Why not

"I suppose you'll fix us up with a temporary acknowledgment of some sort and be ready to turn over some securities in that time."

"Any way you say," agreed Sledge indifferently, and fell again to such deep musing that he did not hear Davis' elaborate explanation of how the thing would be managed.

Presently Davis, who carried a penitentiary sentence to bed with him every night in case anything happened to Sledge before morning, brought him some papers to sign, and the felony was committed—simply, neatly and with no apparent effort.

Sledge, bearing his certificate of deposit, went over to the Merchants' bank, where he transacted a little equally expeditious business with President Johnson, who, with his forehead corrugated like a washboard, took Sledge's check and gave him a receipt for it; then the boss went to see Bozzam.

"You sold those franchises yet?" he demanded.

"Not yet," replied Bozzam. "But I'm going to. Look here, Sledge, why not be reasonable about this thing? Fifty thousand is all we can get. Why not

take it, give us our fifth and let us get away. We're disappointed, but we're not saying anything."

"Aw, hang up!" rapped Sledge. "You told Bendix you had a right to sell it and was going to. Why didn't you?"

"I've been waiting because I wanted to act with your consent."

Sledge chuckled.

"You mean Marley was afraid to buy until I agreed."

"He would rather have you satisfied," admitted Bozzam.

"Well, I ain't," announced Sledge. "We don't sell."

"Not at all?" asked Bozzam, revealing the secret worry under which he had labored ever since the meeting.

"Nix!" replied Sledge. "We keep 'em and build. Dig up for your stock."

Bozzam merely blinked. This was a blow so unexpected that he could scarcely comprehend it. Moreover, it was a blow beneath the belt.

"Dig up?" he faintly repeated.

"Two hundred thousand cash," Sledge rumbled. "I dug." He tossed Bozzam a receipt from Johnson, the secretary of the Ring City Rapid Transit company showing that Benjamin F. Sledge had paid \$750,000 cash for 7,500 shares of stock in that live corporation.

"Here's the stock," added Sledge, throwing down one lone certificate for the entire amount.

"You don't mean that you're going to make a bona fide company out of this?" Bozzam incredulously questioned.

"The money's in the bank. Make good or let go."

Bozzam felt his circulation stopping.

"We can't let go!" he blurted in acute pain.

"Sure not," said Sledge, lifting his heavy upper lip to snarl at him vindictively. "You cheap crooks thought you could double cross me. You bought stock in Bert Glider's name. You loaned Marley enough to buy control. Any way you fix it you lose."

Bozzam reflected over that statement carefully. He viewed it from every angle. He twisted and slanted it and turned it upside down to look at the bottom. It was a flawless statement, sound and solid in every particular, and he admired it.

"I believe everything they ever said about you," he acknowledged and laughed pleasantly. "Now, let's get down to cases, Sledge. How can we compromise this mess?"

"Nothing doing. No double crosser ever gets away from me."

"So I've been told," commented Bozzam, smiling with keen appreciation of some unkind joke. "It seems to me this is now up to Moodson," and he touched a bell.

A girl entered.

"Send Mr. Moodson in, please," said Bozzam, and Sledge looked at his watch.

Mr. Moodson arrived and took a chair opposite Sledge and on the other side of Bozzam, his mouth so tightly closed that one wondered how he could induce himself to eat. He looked at his watch, but held the face toward him like a poker hand and dropped it stealthily back in his pocket, as if he feared that some one might get the time of day away from him.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VI.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 5, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xxvii, 28, to xxviii, 10—Memory Verses, 42-44. Golden Text, Ps. xxxiv, 22—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

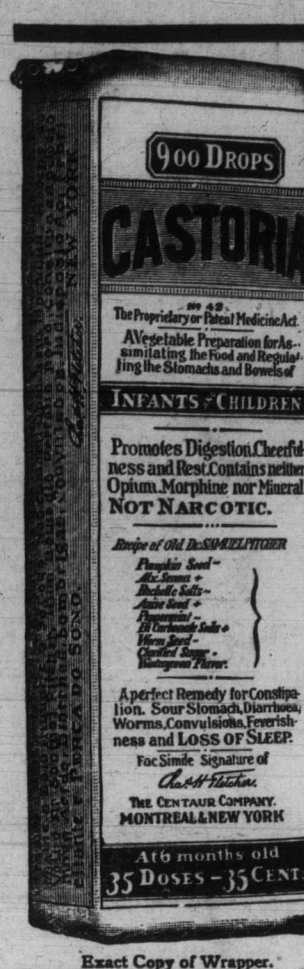
Part of Paul's message was that the ship would be lost and that they would be cast upon an island (xxvii, 22, 26). And about midnight of the fourteenth night of the storm the shipmen deemed that they were nearing some land and, taking soundings, found it even so; therefore they cast out four anchors and longed for daylight. It was while they were thus anchored that Paul persuaded them to take some food (xxvii, 27-35). When it was day they saw a creek with a shore where they might possibly run the ship aground; so, cutting off the anchors and hoisting the mainsail, they made for the shore; the fore part of the ship stuck fast, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves, yet all got safely ashore, either by swimming or on broken pieces of the ship (xxvii, 30-44), as God had told Paul by the angel.

Notice in verses 30, 31, 42, 43 how some might have hindered the purpose of God to save them all. Concerning the great salvation, God has provided it for all and will have all to be saved and is not willing that any should perish (I Tim. ii, 4; Tit. ii, 11, margin; II Pet. iii, 9), but if any will not accept God's way they must perish, not because He wills it, but because they decide against Him, or, as He said, "I will not come unto me." "I would . . . ye would not." "Israel would none of me" (John v, 40; Matt. xxiii, 37; Ps. lxxxi, 11). When they reached the land they found that they were on the island which we now call Malta, and they received much kindness from the people, who because of the rain and cold kindled a fire and welcomed them. They are called barbarous people, but many who are so called have often shown more kindness than those called Christian. It is deeds that tell, not words or names.

A few years ago the world was shocked by the atrocities of the Boxers in China, but now the civilized (?) nations of Europe are far ahead of all barbarians in monstrous and indescribable atrocities, and the end is not yet (June, 1915). The words in xxvii, 30, "When it was day" and the change from being exceedingly tossed on the sea by a great tempest to being again on the land, make us think of one night when, until the morning watch, the disciples toiled in a boat against a contrary wind, and He saw them, yet not till the fourth watch did He come walking on the sea, but when they received Him into their boat they were immediately at the land (John vi, 18-21). We are certainly in the worst storm our poor earth ever saw, and men's hearts are failing them for fear, because of the distress of nations with perplexity, but the day will dawn, a morning without clouds, and we will not be shipwrecked, but caught up to meet Him in the air, whose we are and whom we serve (Luke xxi, 25, 26; Rom. xiii, 12; II Sam. xxiii, 4; I Thess. iv, 16, 17). Our God shall come and shall not keep silence, though He tarry we will wait for Him (Ps. i, 3; Heb. x, 36, 37).

Paul gathered sticks to help make the fire burn, then came the viper, and again he is misjudged and thought to be a murderer, but when he shook off the beast and felt no harm and did not fall down dead, they changed their minds and said he was a god (xxviii, 3-6), just like the people at Lystra (Acts xiv), but in the reverse order, for they first worshipped him and then stoned him. Such is poor human nature that judges by appearances. But let us lay to heart some lessons, thinking just for a moment of Peter, who warmed himself where he should not have been and brought upon himself a lot of trouble, for the viper, the old serpent, took hold of him and would scarce let go. Consider your prayer meeting the place where you ought to go to get warmed up. Have you ever thrown on a stick or two to help make the fire burn? A word of praise or prayer to magnify Him. Then did the viper light on you as you overheard some one ridicule your testimony? Well, what did you do—fall down dead and never speak in meeting again, or did you shake off the beast and feel no harm?

God had another handful for Paul and his companions by making them welcome in the home of the chief man of the island, and then He had a reward for Publius by healing his father by the hands of Paul. That led to many coming to be healed, and more handfuls for Paul in the form of many honors, and when they departed they were loaded with all that they needed. During the three months that they remained on the island Paul would not fail to do as he always did and preach Jesus and the resurrection, and though it is not so recorded, we shall surely hear of it and its results in the kingdom. Not all the things that our Lord Himself said and did are recorded (John xx, 30, 31; xxi, 25), and if some of ours are not written on earth all His through us are written in heaven, and not even a cup of cold water given in His name shall lose its reward. Even our thoughts of Him are recorded (Mal. iii, 16). In His service we are assured that such things as are necessary will without fail be given us (Phil. iv, 19), for the promise is "with Him freely all things" (Rom. viii, 32). See also Matt. vi, 32, 33.



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TAUGHT THEM A LESSON.

The Czar's Rebuke to the Officers of One of His Regiments.

The czar is greatly loved by his own soldiers, and no wonder, for the following story is typical of him:

A certain Russian lieutenant who was none too well off was one day seen riding in a tram. The other officers of his regiment were furious at what they called an insult to the uniform, and they told the lieutenant that he must send in his papers. The unfortunate young officer had no alternative, but before he could do so the czar heard of the affair. Immediately putting on his colonel's uniform of the regiment in question, his majesty left the palace, hailed a passing tram and, entering it, sat calmly down until it stopped in front of the barracks.

There he got out and, assembling all the officers, said to them:

"Gentlemen, I have just ridden from the palace in a tram, and I desire to know if you wish me to send in my papers. I presume I have disgraced my uniform."

Naturally the officers were dumfounded.

"Sir," stammered the major nervously, "you could never do that."

"Then," answered the czar, smiling, "as I have not degraded the uniform Lieutenant—cannot have done so and will thus retain his commission in this regiment even if he, like me, dares to ride in a tram."

After that snobbery died a speedy death in that particular regiment—Pearson's.

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