

Nov. 14, 1916

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

7

A TALE of RED ROSES

By
GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

"There's the legal business, too," Sledge reminded him.

"That's so," agreed Allerton. "An attorney who is also a large stockholder could control that clientele. Suppose I see Buckley about this? Send him in, will you?"

Appreciating the convenience of having no witnesses to conversations which so intimately concern the serving of the public, Sledge looked out and stood nonchalantly over the table. The five men looked at him keenly, but Sledge was staring into Cap Diggleby's hand. Buckley finished his deal and glanced up again. He immediately arose.

"Take my hand, will you, Sledge?" he begged, and he removed Sledge's stein from the sideboard to the table. Sledge sat down and fingered Buckley's chips while he drank at his beer. "Hope you break him," observed Calvin T. Luther as he presently dealt the cards. "Buckley's too all-fired lucky, and I think he plays crooked myself."

"House committee!" yelled Franchise Walters. "That's unclublike language."

Sledge looked at his cards and put in chips and drew and bet with the air of a man who is confirmed in the opinion that the general average will "get" a square player in the end, no matter how he guards himself, and, since not caring whether he won or lost Buckley's chips, he bet the same on a flush as he did on a pair of deuces. He had increased Buckley's stack slightly when that gentleman returned. Sledge was about to rise, but Buckley sat in Allerton's place instead.

"Keep your seat, Sledge," he observed, as he nodded to Cap Diggleby, Sledge's bitterest and most relentless foe on the floor of the house of representatives.

"Yes, keep it five handed," urged Diggleby. "I want to stretch my legs a few minutes, and a four handed poker game is about as exciting as a prayer meeting."

Diggleby walked around the room two or three times and looked at the patriotic pictures with which the walls were plentifully decorated for the benefit of Buckley's earnest constituents, then he sauntered into the hall and stretched his legs into the next room, where the senator, in deep thought, awaited him.

Diggleby returned to the poker game by and by, and as he sat down smiled cheerfully at Buckley, Buckley, who had been playing casino, seven-up and pinocchio with his poker cards and making a mad havoc in Allerton's chips in consequence, immediately drew a pair to his triplets and "bet his head off" with keen zest.

Diggleby gave no sign or glance at Sledge, but nevertheless, after another deal, Sledge arose stolidly from the table, and, without making any bones about it, walked directly into the bedroom. Allerton was lounging in a cushioned window sill, smoking a cigarette, and with his foot pushed the big leather rocker around to a more inviting position.

"The old veteran found a way," he comforted explained. "If we attempted to railroad a bill empowering the granting of fifty year franchises without remuneration it would be snowed under so quickly that the teller couldn't keep track of the votes. There aren't ten men in the capitol building who would dare go home to their constituents if they supported such a measure."

"Sure not," agreed Sledge. "Never let anybody do anything in a law. Keep 'em from it."

"That's the idea," assented Allerton. "Restrictive legislation. The people are strong for that just now, anyhow. Diggleby's idea is to call the act 'A bill for the protection of municipalities against the monopolistic perpetuity of street car companies.'"

"Great!" approved Sledge. "It sounds fierce if they get it. I don't myself, but I know it's against the monopolies."

"It's almost harsh with them," dryly commented Allerton. "The bill will restrict the car companies to a painful degree. It will make a penal offense on the part of the officers to bond a company for more than its capitalization."

Sledge chuckled.

"The bankers' convention will endorse that," he said.

"The bill will prevent street railway companies from running open or summer cars when the thermometer is below 40 degrees F. It will prevent the running of winter cars without double glass protection for the motormen. It will be made illegal to have more than one strap in every eighteen inches of space. It will be made illegal for a full car to run by a signaling pedestrian, and it will be made illegal, although this will be scattered in three or four places in the bill, and surrounded with a lot of ambiguous language, for any franchise to be granted for as long a period as fifty years."

"That's the talk," nodded Sledge. "Restrictive legislation."

"I thought you could get along with forty-nine years, and eleven months," stated Allerton. "Moreover, I think we can frame the bill to protect the people."

"Can you slip it through?"

"Diggleby thinks so, although he agrees with me that about six months after it's done somebody will explain it so that the voters will understand it, and the man who fathers it will have his name chiseled alongside Benedict Arnold's."



"It's almost harsh with them," dryly commented Allerton.

"He's dead," commented Sledge, with keen philosophy.

"Exactly," coincided Allerton, with a philosophy which, though unexpressed, was still keener. "There's only one political post of any worth which would be open to him after the prejudiced public had its erroneous judgment permanently fixed."

"The senate," guessed Sledge.

"The United States senate," firmly repeated Allerton, looking Sledge squarely in the eye. "That's the one place in which political opprobrium cannot reach a man."

Sledge studied long and carefully and made some painstaking readjustments. In order to make a place for one man he had to do considerable shifting on his political chessboard and eventually push a pawn off the edge.

"I'll see what can be done about that," he promised.

"That matter being clearly understood as well as the others we mentioned—the legal representation and the amount of stock I am to acquire—I think the bill a feasible one and the legislation to be exactly such as is needed by the changing requirements of our modern civilization."

"Applause," observed Sledge, developing an unexpected turn for repartee.

"Will Diggleby fight the bill himself?"

"No," he'll put Bailey Cooper on the job," grinned Allerton. "This will be about the last time he can be used that way too. That young spellbinder is getting too wise. Diggleby's almost afraid of him now."

"Can't we get him?" asked Sledge.

"No chance," regretted Allerton.

"He's too young yet."

"Don't risk him," warned Sledge.

"Leave it to Diggleby and Buckley," advised Allerton. "They know Bailey like a book. They know what he thinks when he locks himself in his room, and he'll tear into this bill as if he were fighting the devil himself, face to face. After he gets through the real argument will begin, and anything anybody else says against it will sound flabby. After that we'll bury the bill in committee until there's something exciting in the house, split in the fifty year franchise amendment and pass the thing some rainy afternoon when nobody's in the house but invited friends."

"How long will it take?" inquired Sledge.

"About as long as it will take you to round up and organize the best paying street car corporations in the state."

Sledge looked out of the window in silence which seemed almost moody.

"So long," he said, and left by way of the hall.

Meanwhile Bozom and Timbers were having their troubles. Two big, husky men who looked as if they might be primary leaders jostled them one day and told them they had better leave town. When they protested mildly the

huskies snarled and finally gave them twenty-four hours to pack up. They packed.

CHAPTER XII.

A Friendly Chat on the Peaceful Sabbath.

MARLEY, as president of the Ring City Street Railway company and as chairman of the impromptu convention of street car magnates, was so full of business that he felt stuffed like a sausage. To his mind the fund they had raised to fight Allerton's iniquitous legislation was woefully inadequate, and the men who should have been most interested were strangely optimistic. He suggested to several of them that they appoint a committee to see Allerton and arrange some sort of compromise, but here again he found an unexpected lukewarmness. Nobody seemed to think that Allerton could be "reached," and as a matter of fact every time he broached that subject he found his fellow magnates evasive. The newspapers need not have biased so much about the probable corruption fund, because there positively was none. The subscription secured was only for the conduct of a publicity campaign and to pay for the services of a perfectly legitimate lobbyist, who would explain the reasonable rights of the street car men.

On Saturday morning the visitors all went home, looking fagged about the eyes, without having done much more than pass some frothy resolutions and raise the feeble fund referred to and investigate by electric light whatever the keys of the city would unlock; and President Marley, staggering under the burden of his position, was very much worried.

He confided his fears to his future son-in-law after he had seen the last tired, hard working magnate on a train headed for home and remorse.

"I don't think these men appreciate, as I do, the need of controlling street car legislation," he complained. "Allerton's bill looks like a menace to all my interests, and I am a little bit surprised that Sledge, since his entrance into the game on a big scale, does not seem more concerned about it."

"It was Sledge who arranged to have these fellows come together," Bert reminded him.

"Yes," admitted Marley, "but he seemed to have such feeble ideas about what to do after he had them here. It wasn't like his usual vigorous methods."

"Then he has something up his sleeve," decided Bert. "I wish that fellow would drop dead. I'm afraid of him."

"You've been talking to Molly," laughed her father.

"No; I've been talking to Sledge," denied Bert. "I had just as lief have a rattlesnake devote its life to the ambition of sinking a fang into the calf of my leg as to have Sledge fussing in with me. If I can find a buyer for it I'm going to unload my stock in that amusement park while the public still thinks it will be built."

Marley frowned his crushing displeasure.

"You are expressing very small confidence in me," he reproved. "I don't see why your nervousness about Sledge should extend to an operation which depends on my judgment alone. The Ridgewood avenue extension is to be built as fast as it can be pushed through. I have already ordered the rails, the franchise cannot be disputed, and even if Sledge were to parallel the Ridgewood avenue line it would only bring more patronage to your park."

"Not mine," corrected Bert hastily. "I'll get my money out of it as quick as I can, and I'll put that money where Sledge can't reach it."

"You're scared blue," charged Marley contemptuously. "How did you come to get tangled up with Sledge?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VIII.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 19, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xxviii, 11-31. Memory Verses, 30, 31—Golden Text, Rom. i, 16—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

After carrying three months at Malta another ship from Alexandria, which had wintered in the Isle, was sailing for Italy, and on that they departed and reached Italy in safety, remaining three days at Syracuse and seven days at Puteoli on the way. No doubt the gospel was preached at both places, but at the latter place there were believers, and the fellowship must have been very helpful to all. It would be a great event for the brethren at Puteoli to hear from those who had so recently come from Jerusalem, and to hear Paul tell of his missionary tours and release all that God had done by him and all that he had suffered on his tours at Jerusalem must have thrilled an assembly of believers and inspired them with greater zeal for God and his kingdom.

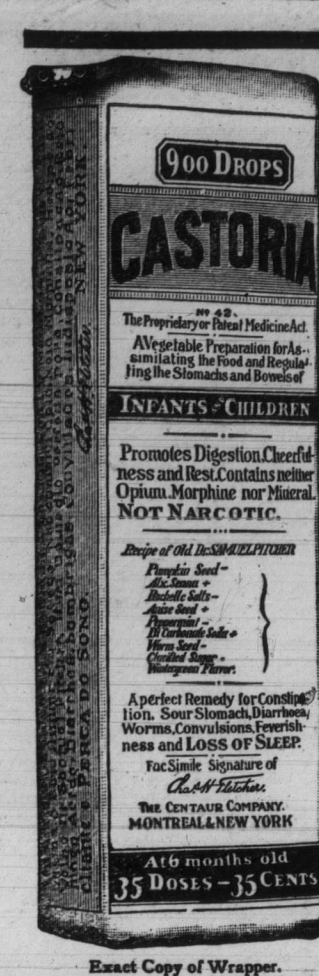
The brethren at Rome, having heard of Paul's arrival in Italy, came out to meet him as far as Appia forum and the three laveras, and, having welcomed him and encouraged him, they returned to Rome together. I sometimes use this incident as suggestively illustrative of our meeting the Lord in the air and returning with Him when He shall come to set up His kingdom. Just the meeting and returning—I have no other thought of any analogy in the incident (verses 11-15). Another handful of purpose seems to have come Paul's way in his being allowed to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him (verse 16). That soldier must have learned much of Jesus Christ, for as Paul talked to him privately it was like pouring water into a bottle rather than throwing it at a lot of bottles. Our Lord spoke more than once to audiences of one, as in the case of Nicodemus and the woman of Samaria.

Having called the chief of the Jews together, Paul explained to them why he had come to Rome as a prisoner, adding, "For the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain" (verses 17-20). There is only one person who is called the hope of Israel or the hope of the church, only one in whom there is any hope for either (Jer. xiv. 8; xvii. 13; Joel iii. 16; I Tim. i. 1). His coming for us is our blessed hope, and His coming with us in glory will prove Him to be the hope and Saviour of Israel as a nation (Tit. ii. 13; Isa. xlv. 8, 9; Zech. xii. 10; xiii. 1).

The brethren at Rome said that they had never heard anything against Paul, but they would like to hear what he thought of this sect that was everywhere spoken against. A day having been appointed, many came to his lodging, to whom he testified and expounded the Scriptures of Moses and the prophets concerning Jesus and the kingdom of God, from morning till evening (verses 21-22).

As they listened to him some believed and not. They could not agree and had much reasoning among themselves, which led Paul to turn to the gentiles with the good news, quoting to the Jews what the Holy Spirit had said by Isaiah concerning them hundreds of years before in what we call chapter vi. These sayings of the Spirit through Isaiah concerning Israel's blindness and hardness of heart are quoted in Matt. xiii. 14, 15; John xiv. 30, 40; Rom. xi. 8, as well as in our lesson. Jeremiah and Ezekiel were both told that they must expect opposition and that their message would not be received by many (Jer. i. 17, 19; Ezek. ii and iii, xxxiii, 31). The apostles also were told that they were sent out as sheep in the midst of wolves and might expect to be hated, put out of the synagogue and killed (Matt. x, 10-28; John xv, 18-21; xvi, 1-3). The most that we can aim to do in this age is by all means to save some (I Cor. ix, 22), for we are nowhere taught that the world will ever be won to Christ until Israel shall have received Him at His coming in glory, and then when the glory of the Lord shall have risen upon Israel and shall be seen upon her the nations shall come to her light and kings to the brightness of her rising.

Paul continued to preach the kingdom of God and teach those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ for two whole years to all who came to him in his own hired house. There were many believers, even in Caesar's household, and his bonds for Christ were manifest at Caesar's court as well as elsewhere, and many of the brethren in the Lord, waxing confident by his bonds, were much more bold to speak the word without fear (Phil. i, 13, 14, margin; iv, 22). This book of the Acts begins with the Lord Jesus speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God during the forty days between His resurrection and ascension (Acts i, 3) and ends with the record of Paul's two years' testimony at Rome concerning the same great topic. In connection with our Lord's teaching after He rose from the dead, we need to notice what He talked about on the way to Emmaus and also that same evening in Jerusalem (Luke xiv, 27-44) and observe that both He and Paul used the same textbook, the Scriptures written by the Holy Spirit, through Moses and the prophets, for all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost (II Tim. iii, 16; II Pet. i, 21).



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WHAT MEN DISCUSS.

The Popular Topics of Conversation Are Gathered Together.

The proper study of mankind is man, and the classrooms of the university where that curriculum is followed are never closed. On the sidewalk, in the street car, on ferryboat or train, in shop or lunch room or lobby, the course that educates but leads to no academic degree may be pursued. Should a philosopher open his ears to the blended bits of conversation heard commonly without attention as we pass among crowds, could he reduce the chaos of words to an ordered index of life and human nature, and would the result please best the cynic or the friend of his fellow men? These notes may do to start with:

Topics of the season. The furnace. Price of coal. Relative merits of hot air, steam, and hot water systems. Fine points in the management of furnaces. Cussedness of ashman nature. Landlord's delinquencies. A long catalogue of kindred matters whose logic leads far but in a straight line from the place of beginning.

Sport talk. Rugby. Open play is great for the little colleges. "My kid made a touchdown for the high school," or sprained his ankle trying. "When I played end—" The longest drop kick, the biggest score, and so on.

In November: Should leaves be raked off the lawn or left on; burned or used for compost? Garden talk, and note of the lengthening or shortening of the days, must follow the seasons.

High cost of living is a fine old standby. Bad wheat year. Embargo. No potato crop in Canada. But down around Freehold, Jamesburg, and Hightstown—! The preciousness of shoes. The size of the baker's loaf. Cost of home made bread—count in the gas used! Domestic devices of economy.

Topics permanently available: Jones' foolish play in the card game on the 7:54 this morning. A joke in last night's show. Manners and morals, conduct and clothes of the neighbors. The club. Life insurance. Length of skirts. The weather. Underwear. Aches and pains. Doctors' bills. Brands of smoke. Last Sunday's sermon. Strikes. New books. Back to the land; backyard chicken farming. Fishing. The crazy boss at the office. The dirty streets.

There is a rhythm in all this talk. The war beats time for the chorus. Everything worth while has rhythm, but not everything that has rhythm is worth while. Is listening in on other folks' talk worth while?

Punch's Editor.

Sir Owen Seaman, the well-known editor of "Punch," started his literary career by accident. He was intended for the teaching profession, and actually followed that calling for a considerable time after leaving Cambridge. But the journalistic muse called him, and he went to London. Happening to arrive in the metropolis on boat-race day, chance threw him in the way of an old acquaintance, to whom Sir Owen confided that he was a comparative stranger to the London press, and was in search of a satisfactory market for his literary wares.

His friend suggested "Punch," whereupon Sir Owen endeavored to laugh him out of court. The other, however, persevered with his advice, with the result that one day Sir Owen is he says, took his courage in both hands and dropped something into the letter box of that famous comic journal. Not long after he was invited to call and see the editor, and in a short time was offered the editorship.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body. —Rousseau.

NEXT SURPRISE OF WAR.

General Joffre May Commence Big Drive at Metz.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—Military observers here are guessing, now that the initiative in the west has definitely passed to the Allies, what will be the next step. On the Somme front they have two objectives, Cambrai and St. Quentin with their railways, to gain which Bapaume in the north, Peronne in the centre, and Chaubaines in the south must be taken first. On the Meuse there is the Prussian salient from Metz which projects westward to the river at St. Mihiel and where they have gained a small footing on the west bank. This salient in the plain of the Foevre offers a tempting invitation to attack. From Les Eparges, 13 miles south-east of Verdun, to Thiaucourt, on the southern side of the salient, is about ten miles. Between Les Eparges and St. Mihiel there is a valley about three miles wide, through which a small brook flows into the Meuse. At one point the French are quite near this brook and cover with their guns almost all the ground up to the slope on which St. Mihiel stands, including the railway to Metz, which brings ammunition and supplies. Not a few critics here think a move in this direction will be the next surprise of the war.

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