JOHN RAWN
PROMINENT CITIZEN

BY EMERSON HOUGH

AUTHOR of THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE, 54-40 OR FIGHT.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

John Rawn is born in Texas. Early in life he shows signs of masterfulness and inordinate selfishness. He marries Laura Johnson. He is a clerk in a St. Louis railway office when his daughter Grace is born. Years later he hears Grace's lover, a young engineer named Charles Halsey, speak of a scheme to utilize the lost current of electricity. He appropriates the idea as his own and induces Halsey to perfect an experimental machine. He forms a company, with himself as president, at a salary of $10,000 a year, and Halsey as superintendent of the works at a salary of $5,000. Rawn takes charge of the office in Chicago. Virginia Delaware, a beautiful, capable and ambitious young woman, is assigned as his stenographer. She assists in picking the furniture and decoration for the princely mansion Rawn has erected. Mrs. Rawn feels out of place in the new surroundings.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

She passed out gently, impersonally. Rawn found himself looking at the door where she had vanished.

It was perhaps an hour later that he re-opened the door himself in answer to a knock. Miss Delaware stood respectfully waiting. "There is a man from Jansen's waiting for you, Mr. Rawn," said she.

"Tell him to come in," said Rawn. There rose from a near-by seat a gray-haired, grave and slender man, of sad demeanor, who presently removed from his pocket and spread out upon the glass top of John Rawn's desk such a display of gems as set the whole room aquiver with light. Rawn felt his own eyes shine, his own soul leap. There always was something in diamonds which spoke to him.

"Ah-hum!" said he, feigning indifference, "some pretty good ones, eh?" He poked around among them with the end of his penholder, as the gray and grave man quietly opened one paper package after another, and exposed his wares.

John Rawn reached out and pushed the button farthest to the right in the long row on his desk. Miss Delaware came and stood quietly awaiting his command.

Something in the soul of Virginia Delaware leaped! For the first time her eyes shone with brighter fire; for the first time she half-gasped in actual emotion. There was something in diamonds which spoke to her also!

"Pick out two things there," said John Rawn sententiously, pushing himself back from the desk. "I should say this pendant. Take a guess at the rings. What would Mrs. Rawn like; and what would about suit Miss Rawn?"

She bent above the desk, her eyes aflame at the sight of the brilliance that lay before her.

"I should say your choice is excellent, Mr. Rawn," said she at length, gently, controlling herself. "The pendant is beautiful, set with the emeralds. And as for the rings, I'd take this one, I believe, with the two steel-blue stones."

"How much?" said John Rawn, turning to the grave and gray salesman.

"The two pieces would cost you twenty-eight thousand dollars, sir," the latter replied, gravely and impersonally.

"Miss Delaware," said John Rawn, taking from his pocket his personal check book, "oblige me by making out a check for that amount. Bring it in to me directly—and have the boy call my car."

When John Rawn ascended the steps of his mansion house that night, he fairly throbbed with the sense of his own self-approval. There was that in his pocket which, he thought, when worn by the wife of John Rawn at any public place of display, would indicate what grade of life he, John Rawn, had shown himself fit to occupy. He lost no time in summoning his wife, and with small ado put in her extended hand the little mass of trembling, shivering gems. She gazed at them almost stupefied.

"Well, well!" he broke out, "can't you say anything? What about it? They're yours."

"Oh, John!" she began. "John! What do you mean? How could you—how could I—"

For one moment he looked at her, and she shrank back from his gaze. But Rawn's anger turned to self-pity.

"My own wife won't wear my diamonds," said he.

She came now and put her arms about his neck, the first time in years; but not in thankfulness. She looked straight into his eyes. "John!" she said. "Oh, John!" There was all of woman's anguish in her eyes, in her voice.

CHAPTER IV.

At Headquarters.

Halsey and his wife, John Rawn's daughter, had taken up their residence in the small Chicago suburb in which the central plant had been located. Their cottage was a small one, and it was furnished much like other cottages thereabout, occupied by salaried men, mechanics, persons of no great means. It retained something of the completion of the old quarters in Kelly Row.

Naturally, Halsey was often taken to the central offices in the city for conferences with the president of the company. He frequently met there Virginia Delaware, even at times gave dictation to her—a thing he never failed to remember, but never remembered to mention in his own home. As do many men even in this divorceful age, he set aside comparisons, forced himself into loyalty.

On one such occasion he found himself in the position known among salaried workers as being "called upon the carpet" before "the old man." Rawn held a letter in his hand to which he referred as he chided Halsey for the delays in his department of the work.

"Do you suppose I can stand for this sort of thing coming from New York?" he began. "What's the matter out there with you?"

"There's something I don't understand about it, Mr. Rawn. The men are very sullen. The foremen tell me that they never had so much trouble. Of course, they don't understand it themselves, but it's just as though our secret was getting out, and as if the men were afraid of cutting their own throats when they build these machines. Not that they understand what it's all about—it's air tight yet, that's sure."

"You begin to see some of the practical results of your infernal socialistic ideas, don't you, then? You'll come to my notion of life after a while."

"Mr. Rawn, what's the end of that? What's the logical conclusion?"

"Well, I'll tell you! One end and logical conclusion is going to be that I'll get some one to handle that factory if you can't, and he'll handle it the way I tell him!"

"You want my resignation now?"

"I'd very likely take it if it weren't for Grace. Besides, we've started on this thing together, and moreover again, I want you, when I go to New York, to see the directors and explain to them that their impatience is all wrong."

"Is there much dissatisfaction down there?"

"Yes. We've both got to run down east to-morrow night. Go on out now, and reserve four compartments on the limited."

"Four?"

"Yes—we'll want a place to eat and work on the road. I've got to take a stenographer along, of course."

"Then you couldn't use the stenographer on the train—I mean the regular one?"

"I could not, Mr. Halsey," said John Rawn icily. "What business is it of yours?"

"None in the least. I was only thinking about any possible talk. She's a very beautiful girl, and very—stunning. All right, Mr. Rawn, I'll be ready to start to-morrow, and I'll count on getting back here by the last of the week, at least. Good day, sir."

He left the room quietly. He was a handsome, stalwart young man, but in some way his face did not look happy.

* * * * * * *

"That may all be very well," commented one of the members at the directors' meeting of the International Power Company, held on the day of Rawn's arrival in New York; "that may all be true, but what do we know about the practical application? You've heard of extracting gold from sea water—and the fellow proved it right before your eyes! The world is full of these things, getting rich all at once, but usually when we get to the bottom of it, there's the same old gold brick."

The speaker was rather a slight man, with dark, pointed beard, a man whose name swayed railway fortunes, but whose digestion was not worth mentioning.

"I want all you gentlemen to feel," said John Rawn calmly, "that's there's a chance to lay down right here, if your feet are getting cold. Better quit now than later on. I won't work with men who haven't got heart in this thing. If any of you are scared, let me know. I couldn't take over all your stock myself, of course, but if you want to let go, I believe I can swing another company organization."

They looked at him silently, here and there a gray head shaking in negation. Rawn's eye lighted.

"That's the idea!" said he; "we'll sit tight."

He turned to catch the eye of the late objector. "I'm going," said the latter importantly.

"And good riddance!" said John Rawn calmly.

"I'll take care of you for that, one of these days, Mr. Rawn!"

"Why not now?"

"You'll see what I'll do to you in the market!"

"The market be ——!" said John Rawn, evenly. "There isn't any market. There isn't anything to buy or sell. If there is any stock offered, I'm the market, right here and now. Go on and do what you can."

Halsey rose and stood on the table the little model which he took from the case at his side. In principle, it was the same which had been shown in the original demonstration at St. Louis, long before, although in workmanship it was in this instance a trifle more finished, showing more of shining brass and steel. Halsey looked about hesitatingly.

"Shall we use the fan again?" he inquired of Mr. Rawn.

"Not on your life!" cut in Acker man. "No more fan bursting goes. You'll put on the little railway here on the table, as you were showing me the other day."

"You gentlemen all know the general theory of the invention," Halsey went on, again assuming the post of lecturer, which Rawn once more graciously surrendered to him, waving a hand largely in his direction as though in explanation to the others. "It's simply the attuning of a motor to the free electrical current in the air—the wireless idea, of course. You're posted on all this. Now, I've got some little things here which will show some of the applications of our idea. We'll make a little track, for a railway train, and we'll run its motor here with current of our own, simply by our receiver for the free current."

The thing was there to show for itself. As to the breadth of its application, these men needed no advice. They were accustomed to the look ahead, to the weighing of wide possibilities.

"That's the travel of the future, gentlemen," said John Rawn soberly, at length. "They can take or leave it. So can you."

Silence fell on that group of gray, grave men. The thing seemed to them uncanny, although so simple. They looked about, one at the other. A sort of sigh passed about the room. There sat at the table men who represented untold millions of capital. They were looking upon a device which in the belief of all was about to multiply these millions many-fold.

Rawn was the first to break the silence.

"Gentlemen," said he, "of course this is the big part of your company patents, and it is over this that we've met today. You've been doubting my executive ability. I have shown you what the prize is that we're working for—there it is on the table. As to the difficulties of pulling off a thing as big as this, they are bigger in this case than could be expected or figured out in advance. Our superintendent, Mr. Halsey here, tells me that he is having a great deal of trouble in labor matters. The men are discontented, and what is worse, they're curious, all the time. We can't employ just any sort of irresponsible labor, and we can't complete one machine—we've got to bring them all through at once, together—and indeed, got pretty near to finish them all ourselves. We can't take any people in on this secret, of course. It all takes time, and it all takes money. What do you want, gentlemen? I can't do much more than I have done."

"And it's enough!" cried the bearded man, his voice harsh, strident with his emotion. "We've got to have it! Let's stick, let's stick, fellows! They'll never shake us off. There is absolutely no limit to this thing."

"Is that still the way you feel, Jim?" asked Standley from his end of the table.

"Yes, it is; how about it, gentlemen?" answered Ackerman's deep voice.

His eyes turned from one to the other, and found no dissent, although the air of each man was earnest, almost somber.

"Shake hands, then," called out the bearded man with enthusiasm, a man who had swayed millions by the force of his own convictions before that time.

"Let's all shake hands, then, gentlemen," said John Rawn.

They did so, each man reaching out his hands to his neighbor; Halsey, of course, stepping back as not belonging to that charmed circle.

"Move we 'journ," said Ackerman. The president dropped the gavel on the table top.

Rawn finally escaping from the crowd of importunate reporters who waited in the halls, at length broke away to go to his rooms. He met Halsey in the lobby. The latter had in his hand a telegram, which shook somewhat as he extended it.

"Well," said Rawn, turning toward him with a frown, "what is it?"

He read: "Charles S. Halsey, The Palatial, New York: Your child is a girl. The mother is doing well. You would best return at once. There is a slight deformity. You must share this grief with the mother when she knows—"

Rawn dropped the message to the floor. Halsey's face looked so desperately old and sad that for one moment Rawn almost forgot his own grief. "You'd better go on home, Charley," he said. "Too bad—to get such news now! But isn't that just like a woman!"

CHAPTER V.

In Proper Person.

John Rawn stood looking at the unceasing throng that surged confusedly through the corridors of the gilded hotel. Warmth, music, a Babel of voices, were all about. There approached a little group of laughing men coming from the carriage entrance, bound, no doubt, to a banquet hall somewhere under the capacious roof. One voice rose above the others as the group advanced. There appeared, rapidly talking and gesticulating as he came, a ruddy-faced, stocky figure, with head close-cropped, jaw undershot, small eyes, fighting terrier make-up.

"I tell you, gentlemen, I'll compromise not in the least on this matter! It makes no difference what they do with the ticket or with me. There's only one way about these matters, and that's the right way! I care nothing whether this man be a rich man or a poor man. The only question is whether he is right. If he is not right, he will never—I say to you gentlemen—" this with close-shut jaw and fist half-clenched into palm—"I say to you, it makes no difference who he is or what he is, he'll never win through; and in the event you suffer from us—"

He passed on, gesticulating, talking. Men commented audibly, for there was no mistaking a man idealized by some, dreaded by others, scorned by none, anathematized by not a few. He was to address that night a meeting of independent politicians, so called, here in the very house of individualistic power, and many old-line men here of the party had their doubts, the fear of a new party being ever present in the politician's mind—the same fear professional politicians, Whig, Democrat, what-not, had of the new party formed before the Civil War at the command of a people then claiming self-government as their ancient right—as now they begin again to do, facing our third War of Independence.

"Going strong, isn't he?" commented one sardonically, within Rawn's hearing.

"That's all right, my friend," was the smiling answer of yet another. "Strong enough to make a lot of you hunt your holes yet. There's quite a few people in this little old country outside this island—and hell—"

"Nonsense! No chance, not the least chance in the world!"

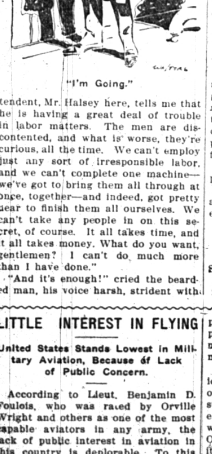
"You underestimate this new movement," began the other.

"New movement!—you're progressive, eh? Got that bee? A lot of good it'll do you! We'll be simply a new line-up following our old and time-tried political methods—it all comes to that, take my word. The people aren't in politics. A lot of professionals do our governing for us."

"All the same, there goes the people's candidate!"

"Take him and welcome," was the answer. "Take your candidate. We'll eat him up—if he runs."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"I'm Going."

Necessities From Japan.

For each person in the United States a dozen paper napkins and a bird of a pound of tea are imported from Japan every year.

The Basement Philosopher

By KENNETT HARRIS

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

"The agent blew in this morning to rubber." the janitor informed his assistant. "He was disguised in a fur coat with the collar turned up and a fur cap with the peak pulled down, but I spotted him by the tip of his nose as soon as I laid eyes on him. You can't mistake an agent's nose. I seen him pushing it into all the entrances as he come along the street and then take it into the court, and he was getting it smutted up around the coal bins when I snook up behind him and coughed. He thought it was a tenant at first and started to run, but he come back and we hid behind the furnace while I made my report.

"'Well, Mr. McCarthy,' says he, 'I've no fault to find on the whole,' he says. 'There's been complaints made about you, of course,' he says, 'but I don't think that you're much to blame. Just keep 'em smoothed down, that's all. Don't try to bluff 'em. Smooth 'em down. Well, I must be going,' he says. 'Tell that gink in 32 that you're expecting me around any day and that you're quite sure I'll fix up things satisfactorily. Tell 'em all the same.'

"So off he goes and makes his report to the estate and draws his fine, elegant salary for the work that I'm doing, and then drops in on the coal dealer and makes a little deal, which is a good deal; and I wrastle with the slate and slag that's in the coal and bang on the kicks that the tenants make about the heat. It's a wonder that gazabo doesn't make me collect the rents. He sure would if he wasn't scared I'd find out a way to hold out on him.

"Agents are ness'ry evils, I suppose. There's all kinds, of course—book agents, insurance agents, station agents and road agents, but whether they use an order book or blank leases or Winchester rifles and bad language, there ain't much to choose between 'em. They're all got the same idea—to get your money away from you and play both ends against the middle, which is themselves. In a general way, if you hire an agent, he'll hire somebody else to do what you want done and they won't do it—unless they happen to be honest, high-minded janitors. The only good piece of work an agent turns out with his own hands is his expense account.

"What's been the curse of Ireland for generations? Agents. If it hadn't been for an agent and a quick finger on the trigger, my old father would have stayed in Connaught, where he wanted to stay, and not broke his heart and the heads of respectable citizens on the New York police force. I don't say that I'd have been as well off in some respects, but I wouldn't have had sixty-five families to humor and keep up to their right temperatures, to say nothing of the responsibility of teaching a square head like you the difference between the vacuum cleaner and the sprinkling hose. To think you'd go to work and flood a dollar-and-a-half-a-yard Wilton stair carpet with city water and then drag up the grass roots outside by electric suction! What's that? Well, you would have if I hadn't stopped you in time. And don't give me any back talk.

"As for the book agents, there's my 'Lives and Public Speeches of the Vice-Presidents of the United States,' in sixteen volumes, half morocco, to speak for themselves. Go ask my old woman to show 'em to you and get her to tell you what she thinks of agents. It's one of the easiest things she does and you'll learn more English than you would at night school—more and different. And was I to blame for wanting to improve my mind and qualify myself for the highest and best paid positions? Didn't that blasted agent as good as guarantee that them books would land me in the United States senate? And am I in the senate? Say, they wouldn't give me the nomination for dog pelter in this district, as long as I've worked for the party and for all I've read and remembered about the meteoric career of Charlie Fairbanks. No, Nels, my friend, them books certainly did not make my fortune. If I hadn't claimed my exemptions, they'd have made a financial wreck of me.

"There's one good thing came out of that. It gave the old woman something to kick about. We'd been marriedcloose on to fifteen years, and in all that time she hadn't had no fault to find with me, and it was hurtin' her a considerable. Here was I, steady, sober, hard working, soft spoken, good natured, loving and kind, neat and orderly, fond of home, sensible and liberal and fair minded, and she had to sit away back and keep her mouth shut when the neighbor women was holding a knockfest on their husbands. Well, then I bought them books.

"She's a changed woman now. There's a light in her eyes and a spring in her step that hadn't been there for years before I signed that agent's contract. It was sure a surprise to me, the gift of eloquence she showed. We used to sit together evenings, she darning socks and me reading the paper, and hardly a word between us till I went to bank up the fire for the night. Now she'll talk by the hour if I bring the conversation around to 'Lives and Public Speeches,' and it makes her happy. Now that she's got sixteen volumes of evidence to prove I'm a chuckle headed idiot and an improvident spendthrift and a selfish skate that won't deny himself nothing while his wife's sickenin' for a decent hat, she's beginning to appreciate me. She's a whole lot more affectionate than when she couldn't lay her finger on a flaw in me. That's the way with women every time.

"Anyway, I don't see what in thunder you're a-standing around here for with your hands in your pockets and your mouth open. Get busy with that brass work, you flat faced loafer, and when you've done that, go and fix up that radiator in 62, and then come and report to me in Mike's Place. I'm going to do a little agency business, myself, b'jiminy!"

"USED TO SIT TOGETHER EVENINGS, SHE DARNING SOCKS, AND ME READING THE PAPER."

MUSIC MAKES COW GIVE MILK

American Farmer Will Impart Discovery to His European Brethren—Other Oddities Made Public.

It seems there are plenty of ways of making money in this big world if we only caught one of them at the right time and the right place.

For instance, a Nebraska farmer has just departed for Europe with the idea in mind of teaching the dairymen of Europe that you can get more milk from your cows if you will only play soft, dreamy, sentimental music near her during milking time. American experts appear to be convinced of the worth of his discovery and he is planning to make all sorts of money by convincing Europeans.

Again, in Kansas there is a man who has the honor of being the only "freckle farmer." His occupation consists in transplanting bits of skin from one part of the body to the other, and grafting fancy designs and images in the process. They are claimed to be more permanent than tattooing.

The extraction of grease in queer ways has proven a lucrative means of support for several companies in English towns. In 1912 the town of Bradford, England, cleared between $200,000 and $250,000 from the selling of grease recovered from the city's sewage.

In horse tails there appears to be considerable profit, too, judging from the shiploads of them that come in from China. Their price varies from 50 cents to $2 a pound, and the hairs, which are carefully arranged according to the length and color, are used in the making of brushes and haircloths.

Keeps Aeros Right Side Up.

M. Moreau, a Frenchman, who through his experiments at Melun asserts that he has discovered the secret of automatic stability for aeroplanes, has just received $2,000 from an anonymous patriot, and great excitement has been created in aviation if not in military circles by the invention. M. Moreau, before he took to aviation was a printer's workman, and he has spent all his savings in perfecting his invention.

The novelty in his design, so far as can be judged from what has been made public, consists in a suspended cage that contains the seat of the pilot and room for passengers. It is described as a pendulum seat, and the way it is attached under the frame at a certain point between the propeller and the horizontal rudders, influences the center of gravity, which is maintained constantly at a fixed point by the movements of the pendulum seat.

Lobster Twine.

A man who had wondered what lobster twine was, found the answer very simple. It is a fine quality, stout twine, an eighth of an inch in diameter, made of Manila hemp, and originally intended for making the netted part of lobster pots.

Lobster twine has come also to be used on board vessels, both sail and steam; for serving ropes, for whipping ropes, including even ropes of wire, and for various other purposes for which a stout, durable twine of this size might prove useful. There is probably more lobster twine used now on vessels than for the purpose for which it was first made.

Still Hope.

Mrs. McGinty had waited long and patiently for her husband to come home on Saturday night with his week's pay. Finally she decided to take the matter in her own hands, and she sallied forth to the police station to inquire if he was there.

"Is my Tim here?" she asked.

"No," replied the lieutenant; "but sit down; we're expecting him every minute."—Lippincott's.

The Usual Way.

"That's just like the deceit of woman to make her husband beat the carpet."

"How was that deceitful?"

"She wanted to throw dust in his eyes."

ATHLETICS FOR A LIFETIME

Former President Eliot of Harvard University Gives Some Advice to Freshmen.

With the object of preserving a sound mind in a sound body, look ahead with regard to athletic sports. It may make some difference to you in the next four years, perhaps, if you look ahead with regard to athletic sports. Under modern stresses athletic sports are an indispensable part of young life, and indeed, of sound national life. One of the most serious aspects of China at the present moment is the absence there of all the sports we call "athletic." Neither the educated nor the uneducated Chinese have athletic sports in the open air. All their sports are of a gambling nature. They are sedentary or quiet games of chance. That is a national misfortune on an immense scale.

By looking ahead in regard to athletic sports, I mean, give a preference to those sports that last, and that you can pursue at 25, 40, 50, 60, 70 and 80. You know what the lasting sports are—walking, rowing, sailing a boat, tennis—any sport which can be pursued by the average individual all through life.

Lord Bacon says that riding horseback is the best recreation for men who use their brains. The sports that an individual can pursue all through his life are the best ones to learn in youth. The wise choice involves looking ahead.—President Eliot to Harvard Freshmen.

Real Friend.

There is one friend who will never fail you while you have hands to move and a brain to plan. In your dreariest hours she will be your sweet refuge, and in times of prosperity she will guard you from "the pride which goeth before a fall." She will bring you long nights of restful sleep at the end of your busy days and when other friends grow careless or disdainful, she will absorb you more and more. Her name is Work, and neither the highest nor the lowest can be happy for long without her.

LITTLE INTEREST IN FLYING

United States Stands Lowest in Military Aviation, Because of Lack of Public Concern.

According to Lieut. Benjamin D. Foulois, who was raced by Orville Wright and others as one of the most capable aviators in any army, the lack of public interest in aviation in this country is deplorable. To this lack of public interest, Lieut. Foulois charges the responsibility for the fact that the United States is at the foot of the list of great powers in the development of military aviation.

"The public spirit that prevails abroad is the mighty factor in this rapid development," he said, "and it is the lack of this spirit in the United States that is responsible for our being so far behind.

"We can never expect to see any great amount of public interest displayed in the development of aircraft in this country until it is proved to the people of the United States that it is a good financial investment.

"The fact that this new science is particularly useful for military purposes does not appeal to the great majority of our complacent money-making people."

Lieut. Foulois expressed the opinion that at present skilled aviators operating properly designed and constructed machines, equipped with powerful motors, can fly in almost any wind. He then went on to quote Orvil Wright as having stated that it is now possible to construct aeroplanes that would carry 25 persons and which could be driven at a speed of 100 miles an hour, if necessary such a machine he added, could cross the United States with but two or three stops.

Peppercorn Rent.

Mr. Staveley Hill, M. P., was at Bushbury paid a peppercorn as rent. The berry was placed in an envelope and handed to Mr. Staveley Hill during a visit he paid to the old village school. In handing over the receipt, he remarked that he was probably the only man in England who received such a payment in kind.—London Telegram.

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