# 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 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. Halsey goes to New York with Rawn and Miss Delaware to explain delays in perfecting the new motor to the impatient directors. He gets a message that a deformed daughter has been born to his wife. Grace Rawn. Rawn bargains with Miss Delaware to wear his jewelry and appear in public with him, as a means to help him in a business way. Rawn is fortunate in market speculations, piles up wealth and attains prominence.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### A Princely Generosity.

Mr. Rawn went on with the pack. He was in and out of the market. His money grew. His ambition also grew. He felt coming now upon him another change. He said to himself that he was now about to pass up into yet another era of his development.

One day, after his usual day's routine, he closed his office door, took his car at the curb, dropped in at his club, imbibed the two cocktails which were now his evening wont, and again emerging, nodded to his chauffeur in the fashion which meant "Home!" They passed on out again through the floating crowd of various and often vulgar vehicles, north-bound—shrieking aloud in a vast united chorus, demanding speed, speed, and yet more speed—along the throbbing arteries of the city's population. At last he stopped once more at the front of Graystone hall. "Forty-five minutes, Dennis," said he to his driver, snapping his watch. "Twenty-one miles; you'll learn it after a while."

Mr. Rawn was in exceptional good humor. He was at peace with the world and with his conscience. He looked about him now calmly, with approbation in his gaze. His gardeners had done wonders. The walks were solid and well kept, the greensward sound and flourishing. These late stubbed and desolate trees were now wide, green and branching. The crocus borders were unbroken, the formal monochrome beds, here and there upon the lawn, showed clean-cut and distinct. The tall pillars of his motley house even had a green veiling of ivy, swiftly given by art, and not by time. On a terrace a bed of foliage plant, thirty feet long, grew in the shape of a word—a magic word—"Rawn." If any passer-by wished knowledge as to the creator of all this, he might read as he ran—"Rawn."

Rawn passed up the steps and looked out through the long hallway from the rear of the house, or rather its real front, which lay upon the lake shore. Beyond, he could see the faint curl of the distant steamers' smoke against the horizon. He stopped for a moment, drinking in the scene, of which he never tired. There were birds twittering softly in the trees about him. He caught the breath of flowers, coming to him from the halls within. Yes, it was an abode suited for a prominent citizen.

There came to meet him now the quiet footfall which he had come to expect, not always patiently or with pleasure, as the natural end of his day's labors; his wife, Laura, had never forgotten this daily greeting of the old-fashioned wife to her husband, as the latter returned at the close of his day's labor.

He stopped as he heard her slow tread upon the stair. She was coming to meet him. She always did. He, John Rawn, controller of men, a man born to succeed and going yet higher, had only, after all, an old-fashioned wife!

It was an emergency this evening. He was accustomed to meet emergencies. He had come tonight prepared to meet this one.

"Laura," said he, after the servants had drawn the curtains and left them alone in the central room, whither they had repaired after dinner; "sit down here, I want to talk to you a while."

"Yes, John," said she quietly. But she looked at him startled. Her face grew suddenly grave. Be sure the brute advancing to the pol-ax knows its fate. That was the look in Laura Rawn's face now. "Yes, John," she said, knowing what blow was to be hers.

He motioned her to a seat beyond the little table and seated himself opposite. Reaching into a bulging pocket, he brought out a thick bundle of folded papers; long, narrow papers, most of them green, others brown, or pale pink. He pushed this bundle across the table, so that his wife must see it. She reached out a hand, but did not look at it.

"What is it, John?" she said. Her hand tarried, her face went still more weary and gray; became even of an ashier pallor than was its wont.

"It's a trifle, Laura," said John Rawn. "Look at it. There's bonds and gilt-edge dividend-payers for just exactly one million dollars!"

"One million dollars, John! What do you mean?"

"Look at it, see for yourself."

"But, John—what does it mean?"

"It means a great deal, Mrs. Rawn, a great deal for you. It took some work to make it on my part. There are not ten men in this town today who could draw out of their business clean, unhypothecated securities for a million dollars. I've seen to it that all these are registered in your name. It's my gift to you, without reservation."

"John, how can I thank you—but I don't want it! I've not earned it, I wouldn't know what to do with it. You're always so—so kind, John, with me. But I can't take it! It's not mine!"

"It is yours, Laura. And you've got to take it!"

"But I don't want to!"

"I want no foolishness," he said sternly. "That money is yours. You can use it as you like. Of course, I will counsel with you as to reinvestment the best I can. I don't want to see the interest wasted.

"I don't ever want to see you in need," he went on. "I don't counsel loose investments. My lawyers will also tell you what to do with your money, and they'll put up to you a list of good, safe, savings-bank investments, the kind that fools and sailors ought to have. I'll help you choose, if you like. I don't want to be ungenerous. This is your estate."

"My estate!—But, John, I'm your wife! I don't care for this money. I don't understand it, and I don't want it. I want to be your wife, John, the way I always was—I want to help—I want to be useful to you all the time, as I've always tried to be."

"Precisely, Laura, and I appreciate that feeling very much. I feel the same way. I want to be as useful as I can to you. We have always been loyal to each other, faithful with each other; I know that. There are not ten men worth my money in this town today who can say what I can—that they've been faithful to their wives as I have been to mine. You've been a good woman, and you've worked hard. You say you haven't earned this money, but I think you have. We've been useful, yes, to each other. But when we can't be any more, Laura, why then—"

Yes, It Was an Abode Suited for a Prominent Citizen.

The tears burst from her eyes now. He frowned, that she should interrupt him, but went on.

"It shall never be said that I was unkind to you, Laura. Indeed, I shall always feel kindly to you—always remember what you have done."

"But you don't, you don't, John!"

"I don't? What do you mean by that, Laura? Isn't there the proof? Isn't there a million dollars lying right in front of you on that table? And you say this to me, who has just given you a cold million!"

"That's it, it's a cold million, John," said she bitterly. "It's cold!"

"Good God! The unreasonableness of woman!" said John Rawn, upturning his eyes. "Now I've thought all this out as carefully as a man can. I've denied myself, to take this much capital out of my investments and set it aside for you. I can make five millions out of that money in the next five years. But no, I reserve it, and I give it to you for your estate, so that you shall never know want—more money than you ever had a right to dream of having. You do that for a woman, and what does she say? Why, she doesn't want it! Good God!"

"John," she said, struggling for her self-control, "you might at least tell the truth."

"What do you mean—the truth?"

"It's some other woman, of course!"

"I swear to you, Laura, it's nothing of the sort. I've been guilty of no act with anyone—" But she shook her head.

"Don't I know?" she said. "It's always another woman. She's a young woman, whoever she is. Why don't you come out and tell me the truth, John? How long before you're going to be married?" The tears were welling steadily from her eyes, under the last of the many and bitter torments which are so often a woman's lot.

"I say to you again, Laura, there are no plans of that sort in my mind!"

"Then how long will it be before our—our—" She could not say the word "divorce." She had been an old-fashioned wife.

"I've no plans as to that. I was only wanting to discuss the matter quietly tonight, without any disturbance."

"No," she said, "I must not break down! Tell me when does it come, John?" But still the tears came, steadily, and she made no effort to stop them.

"When you like. I would suggest that you quietly go to some other place, Laura. That will be best for me. Why—" he added this in a burst of confidence, "—there wouldn't be twenty people around town would know you'd gone! I can keep a close tongue, and so can you."

"But, John, why should we? I've never crossed you in any way. I've always tried to do what you liked. Why should we part? I'll be willing just to live along here quietly. I can't bear to think of going away I like my things, John," she said suddenly, and seemingly irrelevantly, "who told you about all these things, these collectors' pieces that you've been getting for so long?"

He winced with sudden self-revelation, astonished at this intuition on her part. He had been sincere in his statement that there was no other woman in his affections. He had only forgotten that he had no affections. He flushed now, but tried to pull together.

"Very well, Laura," said he; "you only prove to me what I've felt for some time. You can't understand me, you simply are not up to my requirements. I'm willing to say you'd be content to live along here, just as we did at Kelly row. I am not content to do anything of the sort. I've been thinking over this, studying over it for some time. There's the answer." He nodded toward the bundle which lay upon the table.

"It's no use trying to make the world all over again, Laura," he said after a time. "We've both done our best, but our best didn't tally. We've hung together. What's right is right. Is it right for me to be dragged down by your own limitations—ought I, to stop in my own career to conform to that? Would that be right, now, Laura, for a man like me?—Is it right for any man? If you can't go forward, ought I to go back? If we can't both travel the same gait, whose gait ought to govern? Whatever you do, don't blame me, that's all. But you did blame me—you do now." A grave look sat upon his face. He felt himself an injured man.

"Yes, John," she said. "I do."

"Of course, of course! That's the reward a man gets for loving his wife, treating you as I have. Well, we're not the first to face a situation of just this kind. Things travel swifter now than they did when we were children, or when we were married. What did then will not do today. Why blame ourselves for that?—blame the time, the way of the world, the way things go today. This country has changed—it goes faster every year. We've got to keep the pace, I tell you, when we get into it. Those who can't must drop out, and that's all there is about it. I was born for the front, and that's all about that. Don't blame me. I've never blamed you!"

"Then, what do you blame, John?"

"Nothing, I say. It's the way life runs. We're married, why? Because we thought we were to have some property to protect. There is much to be said in favor of the marriage institution. It holds property safe under its contract. Property—that's the sign of power! Property is the only reason for marriage; or for government, when it comes to that. Property is the token of power. I've got that! But something else goes with it! Why, Laura, when I look at us both I wonder that I've been patient so long, held back as I have been by your cross, narrow ideas. If you'd had your way, you'd have set up Kelly row right where we are now!"

"I'm old-fashioned, John," said she, her head high, though her tears fell free; "I'm just an old-fashioned, worn-out wife, that's all. I'm not so very much, John, and I never thought I was very much. I just did the best I could, all the time. I couldn't seem to do any more, John. I don't know how. I did my best!"

"We all do!" said John Rawn philosophically. "We all do our best. But when our best isn't good enough to keep us up, we go down!"

He spoke generously, gravely, judicially. He was arbiter, in his own belief, not husband. The country had changed since they two had married.

"Yes, there's much to be said for the institution of marriage, Laura," he repeated after a time. "In fact, it is a necessity, as society is organized. But divorce is a natural corollary of marriage. There are contracts, and broken contracts. That's all!"

"What is a—a corollary, John?" she asked.

"It's a consequence; it is something that follows. I meant to say, that if, it is right for two people to be married, it is right for them to be divorced when the time comes. It's property, and the consequences to property, which sometimes determine that!"

"But we said, John, when we were married—I swore it with all my heart

Her Face Was Bowed Down Upon Her Arms.

—'Till death do us part!' It isn't death. I wish it were!"

"No, it's property," said John Rawn.

"But all this serves no purpose," he continued. "I don't want to have you make this hard for me!"

"Ah, God! How you've changed, John, since the old times! How you've changed!"

"So that's it, is it?" he rejoined bitterly. "I've only changed, and you're sorry that I changed. Well, suppose we agree to that. I have changed!"

"What do you want me to do, John?" she asked after a time, her breath still, in spite of herself, coming in sobs. "When do you want me to go?"

"Tomorrow, Laura. There's no use waiting."

"Very well; where shall I go?"

"Why, I don't dictate to you, Laura—I leave that all for you to determine. You can be happy as you like, and where you please. I would only suggest, if you ask me, that you take up a residence in some quiet community, a sort of place that seems to suit you."

"Very well, John; I've not many friends here to leave, that's true. I've not been happy here; I never would be. I'll agree to that much. I believe I'll go back to our old town—I'd feel better there!"

"You've good judgment, Laura," he noted with approbation. "What you say has good sense about it. Very likely you'd be more happy there than here. But wherever you go, don't forget your old husband, John. Deep in my work as I shall be, I will always think of you, Laura, with nothing but kindness. I want you to think that way of me—to remember that I've been kind to you, always. You will, won't you, dear?"

She did not seem to hear. Her face was bowed down upon her arms, flung out across the table. She was an old-fashioned woman, and still silly enough to pray to the God who had placed her in this world of puzzles.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Dark Space Among the Stars.

Absolutely dark spaces among the stars have puzzled astronomers since the time of Herschel. In Milky Way photographs, Dr. Kopff has noticed an almost complete absence of faint stars immediately around certain nebulae, with an abundance of such stars within the nebulae and far outside. A late suggestion by Dr. Espin is that the margins of such nebulae may be too diffuse to become illuminated and yet dense enough to absorb light. If such an assumption be made, he finds that it explains not only the blank surrounding spaces but the dark holes and lanes within the bright nebulae.

## MODERN DINNER ALL RIGHT

### Physician Declares That Appurtenances and Menu All Tend to Promote the Digestion.

Dinner as a social institution has been so sedulously attacked by gastronomic experts in recent years that the banquet has been held responsible for many untimely deaths of public men. One of the most conspicuous statesmen in America was said to have been killed by dining out. The consumption of courses after course, upon a menu is held by various authorities to be inconsistent with long life and even with continued health.

Now, all these notions, according to Dr. R. S. Lavenson, are based more or less upon delusion. Discoveries in the physiology of digestion during the past dozen years do not discredit the modern dinner, he says. They vindicate it. Man has unconsciously established a routine of courses in the dinner that takes thorough cognisance of the physiological principles upon which digestion is founded. Take, for instance, the elaborate gowns worn by the women and the evening suits by the men, the floral decorations and the music. There is no doubt that each of these items serves the purpose of composing a generally favorable stage setting for digestion. It has been shown in recent years that the moods created by these details have a directly favorable bearing upon the performance of the digestive function.—Current Opinion.

#### Song Evidently Unfamiliar.

The lofty-browed, scholarly man who was officiating as toastmaster at the banquet, turned to the man sitting next to him.

"What is the next thing in the order of exercises?" he asked.

The other made a whispered response.

"Please say that again; I didn't quite catch it."

The answer was repeated.

"Gentlemen," said the toastmaster, rising, "the next thing will be an Irish song by the prince of entertainers, Mr. Bocklish, entitled, 'Ha! Zanzy Bottle Leer Sen Kell Lee!'"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## MAKES PROBLEM FOR JAILER

### Women Prisoners in Jail Harder to Handle Than the Most Desperate of the Other Sex.

"I'd rather have 100 men under my charge than one woman," said the jailer of Raymond street jail, in Brooklyn.

"You see," he explained, "even the men we get in here, who have offended against the law, presumably have a respect for it, an idea of its necessity. We get pretty desperate men to lock up sometimes. They don't make any trouble for us. They do what they're told and keep their mouths shut.

"But the women!" The jailer wiped his forehead. "Do you know," he exclaimed, helplessly, "every blessed one of 'em wants to be a law unto herself!

"They're antagonistic toward the rules. They won't do this and they won't do that. It almost seems as if they deliberately worked themselves up into rages over immaterial matters. And when a woman says I won't, and looks at you—the jailer shook his head. "It's a hard proposition," he said.

"We're hampered in dealing with them. When a man doesn't behave himself, we know what we may do. He knows it, too. Our hands are tied when it comes to the women. What extra punishment are you going to hand out to they when they rebel?"—New York Sun.

#### New Use for Beggars.

A hotelkeeper in the suburbs of Paris, having been much troubled with mendicants, put a wheel near the entrance to the building, and above it was placed a sign reading: "Charity degrades both him who gives and him who takes. Turn this wheel one hundred times and get half a franc."

Numerous beggars applied for leave to turn the wheel, until the discovery was made that the force employed was utilized to draw water from a well which served a practical purpose in a near-by orchard and hostelry. Then, according to the story, no beggars were seen in the vicinity.—Harper's Weekly.

## DOES SANTA CLAUS EXIST?

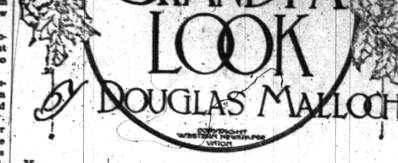
### Easier to Believe This Than That Loving Parents Wilfully Deceive Their Children.

The problem of the existence or non-existence of Santa Claus is a delicate problem to discuss and the most thorough investigation brings us no nearer a solution. For the cynics, of course, Santa Claus is a more or less expensive myth, but the cynics are a very negligible quantity. The most conclusive proof that we have that Santa Claus is a real, bona fide personality is the unanimity with which parents throughout the world tell their children that Santa Claus is real and does bring their presents down chimneys to them on Christmas eve. If Santa Claus does not exist then these parents are cruel deceivers and unmitigated liars. It is inconceivable that American parents who drill into their offspring the primary moral law of truthfulness upon all and every occasion, who hold up as the great shining example of truthfulness the story of George Washington and the cherry tree—it is inconceivable that these conscientious American parents should foist upon innocent and trusting childhood such a colossal lie and monumental deceit. Topique prefers to believe that Santa Claus does exist, rather than take the other horn of the dilemma.

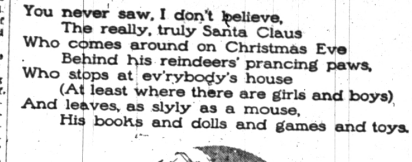

The GRANDPA LOOK

by DOUGLAS MALLOCH

You never saw, I don't believe,
The really, truly Santa Claus
Who comes around on Christmas Eve
Behind his reindeers' prancing paws,
Who stops at ev'rybody's house
(At least where there are girls and boys)
And leaves, as slyly as a mouse,
His books and dolls and games and toys.

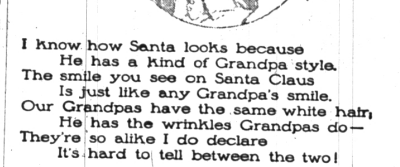


I know how Santa looks because
He has a kind of Grandpa style.
The smile you see on Santa Claus
Is just like any Grandpa's smile.
Our Grandpas have the same white hair,
He has the wrinkles Grandpas do—
They're so alike I do declare
It's hard to tell between the two!



And yet we all know how he looks,
The little children's patron saint—
We've seen his face in picture-books,
So red and jolly, queer and quaint.
It's wreathed around with hair as white
As Winter's piles of drifted snow,
And all his features are alight
With happy smile and cheery glow.

They both are always full of fun
And have a twinkle in their eyes;
They both are kind to ev'ryone
(Especially of children's size).
That's why that I've made up my mind
That Grandpas all are friends of his,
That Santa is so good and kind
Because he's like a Grandpa is!

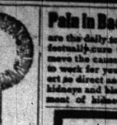


Yes, that's the way that Santa seems,
The Santa that the children praise,
The Santa that they see in dreams
While waiting for the Christmas days.
Why, I can shut my eyes and see
Him just as plain as if he came!
I know just how he looks to me,
And that to you he looks the same.



Pain in Back and Rheumatism

are the daily torment of thousands. To effectually cure these troubles you must remove the causes. Foley Kidney Pills begin to work for you from the first dose, act on the kidneys and bladder and that pain and torment of kidney trouble soon disappears.



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sufferers find instant relief in Sloan's Liniment. It penetrates to the painful part—soothes and quiets the nerves. No rubbing—merely lay it on.

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For Neuralgia

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Pain All Gone

"I suffered with quite a severe neuralgic headache for 4 months without any relief. I used your Liniment for two or three nights and I haven't suffered with my head since."—Mr. F. E. Stringer, Louisville, Ky.

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"My little girl, twelve years old, caught a severe cold, and I gave her three drops of Sloan's Liniment on sugar on going to bed, and she got up in the morning with no signs of a cold. A little boy next door had croup and I gave the mother the Liniment. She gave him three drops on going to bed, and he got up without the croup in the morning."—Mr. W. F. Stamps, Chicago, Ill.

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#### Criminals' Finger Prints.

Dr. Heinti recommends a very good method for taking the finger prints of criminals, this not relating to finger print records in an anthropometric bureau, but where the record is to be taken on the spot where a crime occurred, such as on a wall or any object which cannot be moved and where the print is impossible to photograph on account of lighting or other reason. He makes use of a very fine color powder so as to dust it over the prints, which are of a more or less greasy nature, and in this way the powder adheres to the finger print and takes all its gradations. Then a specially prepared paper is pressed upon the print and the powder adheres to it so as to give a good copy of the original. Such paper is prepared with a mixture of beeswax and paraffin, adding a few drops of glycerine.

#### His Facetious Way.

"Pa, what is a near-humorist?"

"A near-humorist, son, is a person who says when he finds an oyster in a stew, 'Well, well, little stranger, what are you doing here?'"

#### Tendency.

Mrs. Knicker—Why do you think baby will be a politician?

Knicker—I've noticed he throws the mud instead of making pies of it.

The demand for information bureaus exceeds the supply.


WIFE WON

Husband Finally Convinced.

Some people are wise enough to try new foods and beverages and then generous enough to give others the benefit of their experience. A wife writes:

"No slave in chains, it seemed to me, was more helpless than I, a coffee captive. Yet there were innumerable warnings—waking from a troubled sleep with a feeling of suffocation, at times dizzy and out of breath, attacks of palpitation of the heart that frightened me.

(Tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)

"At last my nervous system was so disarranged that my physician ordered 'no more coffee,' I capitulated.

"Determined to give Postum a fair trial, I prepared it according to directions on the pkg., obtaining a dark brown liquid with a rich snappy flavour similar to coffee. When cream and sugar were added, it was not only good but delicious.

"Noting its beneficial effects in me the rest of the family adopted it—all except my husband, who would not admit that coffee hurt him. Several weeks elapsed during which I drank Postum two or three times a day, when, to my surprise, my husband said: 'I have decided to drink Postum. Your improvement is so apparent—you have such fine color—that I propose to give credit where credit is due.' And now we are coffee-slaves no longer."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum now comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be boiled.

Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.