

THE PLAYERS

by WEBSTER DENISON

NOVELIZED FROM EUGENE WALTER'S DRAMA BY THE SAME NAME

SYNOPSIS.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds move into their new bungalow—200, down balance same as well-known Blaine Island. A neighbor, calls before the household if we get in order.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"Oh, you little dear!" Lifting the pup from the box, she pressed its soft coat to her cheeks. "I've just been crazy for a dog, Dick, and isn't it a beauty?"

She put it on the floor, stooped and called: "Here, Dick; here, Dick! That's what we'll name him, won't you, Bob?"

"Honored beyond words," said the donor. "Why not Bob?"

"No; look at his eyes. They're blue just like your eyes, Dick, and he's so cunning!"

Meath bent down and patted the pup's head.

"Well, I'm glad she likes you, old top, since there's such a resemblance."

"You'd better feed him, Jane," Bob suggested. "I want Dick to see a white till dinner."

Reynolds' guest showed general enthusiasm over the progress of his friend's scrupulously young pup. For an amateur Reynolds had displayed skill as well as zeal. The space he had allotted to his garden comprised about a fourth of his half-acre. It was divided into little rectangular plots about thirty feet deep and fit with wide, narrow paths and beds so that each could be cultivated and watered without treading on the bed itself.

"You must have had some expert opinion here, Bob," Dick ventured. "I never saw a more orderly garden. Looks like you had laid it out with a rule and square. Where did you get the idea?"

"Jane helped out a lot and then I studied government bulletins. They told me what to do for the soil. It wasn't much better than that, but it was good when we came, Dick. It was good for some things, but not for others. I looked all that up, and so there were different treatments of the soil in different beds: lime, potash, bone and plain fertilizer. That's modern-day farming, my boy; the way you'd despised truths would do things. If they were trying to raise beans and cabbages. You see, there is system in the little man as well as in the captain, if he will only take advantage of it. I'll bet you I get twice as much out of that garden as my friend Collins did from the street, and he's had two years' start of me."

"Great! I hope you do. But where in the world did you find the time for all that work you've put into this patch?"

"Get up with the sun and put in an hour before breakfast. The novelty of it all took the edge of the toll and I've really enjoyed it."

They heard Jane calling them to dinner and went in.

"Where is my namesake?" Dick inquired.

"Asleep in the kitchen. The little dear had nearly had a pint of milk and I guess he's done for the night."

"The evening, you mean, Bob?"

"Just wait till his digestive organs have had a chance. He's got one of the best little stomachs I've ever heard of and he's not a bit of a midnight soloist till he becomes accustomed. I've raised pups before."

"So have I, Bob," their guest replied, "and one thing I know, and that's that humor him. Pups and babies are just the same; if they cry, let them have all out. Better stay awake all night long than stuff or amuse them."

"Very well, Richard. Thanks for the dog, Dick, J. R., shall walk in place, but I think the hen house would be far better for his runs."

"Bob!" Jane exclaimed.

"Dick wanted his napkin laid. 'True, Dick,' he cried with a laugh, 'or I shall blame myself for having the trouble to Elyatum. I will return the pup and bring you a turtle dove.'"

"You will not," said Jane quickly, "and I'm sure you won't. You're just discussing him. He's going to be one of the family."

Her husband laughed and saluted toward the kitchen door. "Dog, they are assured. The queen has spoken and great shall be thy power in the land."

"Amen," said Dick. "Twas ever thus."

Jane served coffee from a shining aluminum percolator, which she informed her husband and Dick were the originators of her coffee. Her estimation of her coffee efforts to supply her with tobacco coupons.

"Isn't it a dandy?" she asked, "and it makes perfectly fine coffee in two minutes."

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"You're not going back tonight, Dick?"

"No, I'm staying here with Bob in the morning. Why, you'll miss half the fun of you don't have one of our computers' breakfast. Up with you, Bob, and get coffee and rolls at five-thirty and new-egg salad if there are any. That's the time when you get the true buccolic spirit."

"A note of iron in her tone brought Bob with a start."

"No, little rebel," he exclaimed, "you don't have to get up at five-thirty and you know it. I could fix that morning repeat in two minutes if you'd let me."

"But I won't. I'd feel fine lying in bed like some Fifth avenue beauty, with my husband putting around with a frying pan and coffee pot. No, thank you. The day is long enough without you."

Dick offered solace. "Bob isn't the only beneficiary, Jane. You know early the most pretentious efforts of the donor. 'Why not Bob?'"

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Wolverine News

Breweries

ON SUNDAY TO WIN

By AUGUSTUS GODDRICH SHERWIN.

Port Huron.—Preparations are being made by Sarnia officials to organize a large and enthusiastic parade for the Twenty-seventh regiment leaving for the front.

Flint.—Oscar Bowers, after eluding a search party, was arrested on a charge of wife desertion shortly after his arrival here from Kalamazoo. Bowers is the father of a family of three years old whom he has never seen.

Flint.—Mrs. Roy McKenzie of Rogersville, bleeding from wounds on her head and badly bruised, was taken to the hospital. She is unable to sign a complaint against her husband for assault and battery in Justice Hall's court. A deputy sheriff was sent to Rogersville to arrest McKenzie.

"Cheboygan—A young man by the name of Johnson while out in a rowboat discovered the body of a man in a boat which had drifted ashore on the bank. Investigation revealed it to be that of Peter Norway, a Black River farmer. Norway was subject to heart trouble and has apparently been dead three or four days.

Menominee.—Jumping from a rapidly moving train on which he was riding, a man was killed near the junction of Kansas City, Mo., saved the life of Miss Theresa Puerst. The young woman had been knocked from a trestle and was lying on the ground. Her condition has been reported as serious. Doubtless have drowned had not the Missouri man performed the heroic rescue. The woman was slightly injured. They were returning from a journey one evening in late October.

"Come in and rest a minute," Jane invited, as they reached her bungalow. "I know I'm tired and I guess you are too. Going to the matinee from Staten Island sure does one up." Mrs. Collins acquiesced and she glanced about at the blaze of air as if she thought her neighbor might offer something in the way of resuscitation.

"Jane comprehended rather, but as she was tired and after she let her mind go unnoted."

"The trip is certainly terrible," she agreed. "Coming home on those ferries and the trolleys nearly drives me wild sometimes."

"But it's worth while after all," vouchsafed her neighbor. "I don't know what I would do if I didn't just pick up and go where I can breathe the air of Manhattan once in a while. And the matinee? I used to go to two or three times a week, but I don't go any more. I just like to sit in the theater. Didn't you just tell me this afternoon was lovely?"

"No, didn't," Jane answered. "I just hated it. That beautiful home, those servants and those lovely gowns. As if anyone could believe that heroine could be unhappy with all she has. And it does seem as if those things were going to be out of reach for ever."

"The play, in so far as a material environment goes, was certainly had presented the very antithesis of her own life. All the luxuries and indulgences that money can give were vividly present in the morning, but in the afternoon she had to put up with the most miserable maxim, 'all that glitters is not gold.' Jane had an innate longing for a more lively station in life than was hers. She was not averse to the property excursions were her worst foes and that excitement, given the opportunity, she would have taken."

"The money bestows, had the making of a business woman, but she had no sympathy or tolerance for the theory that wealth breeds discontent and woe. Mrs. Collins on the other hand, was a woman of an entirely different mind, had a rough and ready sense of perspective. She was as fond of good things in life as one, but she could not sympathize with the hot polloi that revelled in the wealth they sought. While she did not observe the fine distinction between herself and Jane, she recognized their common bond of complaint and attempted solace."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Port Huron.—Matt Villenbruch, a known drinker, arrived from Detroit. He was in the city for the first time since he was held twice as a spy, but his naturalization papers were valid. While in Germany Mr. Villenbruch saw a number of French aeroplanes which were a French aeroplane which was sailing over Flint, Mich. when he was stopping. He saw the aeroplanes passing through Flint, and it was said that more than two and a half million men in each country had been killed. Villenbruch said that Americans were treated with the utmost courtesy in Germany.

Flint.—Three youthful speedsters were captured while replacing in the garage of former Mayor W. A. Patterson an automobile which they had stolen a few hours before. In capturing the speedsters, the police showed it off the track on which it operates. The noise led to their detection and a telephone summons from the inspector, McLaughlin, started the scene in time to round up the culprits. The boys are about seventeen years old and members of respectable families. They consented to having driven the car to Saginaw and back. After their apprehension they were allowed to go to their homes.

Flint.—The quiet, handsome Huntington was dangerously burned about the legs and left side, the result of her clothing catching fire from an unprotected cigarette. She was in the scene in time to round up the culprits. The boys are about seventeen years old and members of respectable families. They consented to having driven the car to Saginaw and back. After their apprehension they were allowed to go to their homes.

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preference was tendered, but he declined to shrink from publicity and from being conspicuous.

"I wish to ask you something about the family of Mr. North," he said to Judge Martin one day.

The lawyer told him that Miss Pines North was teaching school. The rent income from the plant had enabled her to place her two younger brothers at college.

"I wish her to return here to take up her rightful position in the world," said Moore.

"What do you mean?" inquired the judge wonderingly.

"Just this: through the easy lease given to North and the North estate, from the nucleus of the North business here success and a fortune have come. I am a grateful man. I am making over to you a great half interest in the business now owned. At my own expense I wish the old North mansion restored."

"Strange man!" murmured the lawyer in almost awed tones.

"Further, I wish the name of John North restored upon the front of all the buildings. He built this business originally. He shall have all the credit."

"So it was done, and so from obsequy to North and his brothers came back to the old-time affluence and comfort."

Paul Moore evaded the young lawyer's question as to whether, one evening, however, seeing for himself a beautiful face confronted him, but pale and troubled.

"Moore," she said, "I have sought to meet you to thank you. And now in the light of a new discovery I must have your confidence—I fear, for your forgiveness."

"What do you mean?" inquired Moore in a low tone.

"I do not believe you are Paul Moore. You are Walter Drury, the faithful man who was my father, who suffered ten years of imprisonment—unjustly."

She was silent, his face grew a trifle paler.

"Speak to me!" cried Eugene. "You are Walter Drury?"

"Yes."

"Since returning here I have found some old papers. It was my father's compilation that involved you and your certification yourself."

"You mistake," interrupted Drury quickly. "Your father committed some errors, for which as proprietor of the business he could not be held responsible. To shield him I have borne the blame. Shall I tell you why? He saved my father from ruin years ago, but he gave me my first business position. I love him. I saved his name. I have restored it—I am content."

And so, they were married. (Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

Seems to Be Going Too Far.

A recent divorce case in New York has revealed the fact that the graph is now in common use by jealous wives who suspect their husbands of undesirable conversation with other women. In this particular instance the wife had installed a dictagraph in order to overhear her husband's conversation with his women patients, but she had been surprised to find a company for the express purpose of promoting this sort of thing, and no doubt it does a flourishing business. The quiet, handsome Huntington was dangerously burned about the legs and left side, the result of her clothing catching fire from an unprotected cigarette. She was in the scene in time to round up the culprits. The boys are about seventeen years old and members of respectable families. They consented to having driven the car to Saginaw and back. After their apprehension they were allowed to go to their homes.

"The Norths Made it, the Norths Killed it!"

what had become widely known as "Sunday town," that a stranger arrived on the afternoon train. He was a stout, middle-aged man, dressed in a suit, and served in his man's hat. He was in the one little hotel of Fairfield as Paul Moore and his first visit was to the office of old Judge Martin, who nominated him as mayor. He was in the North estate in charge.

After that this Paul Moore became a familiar figure in the town. His bearing was impressive. He was dressed in a suit, and served in his man's hat. He was in the one little hotel of Fairfield as Paul Moore and his first visit was to the office of old Judge Martin, who nominated him as mayor. He was in the North estate in charge.

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The factor was attractive if not imposing.

was kept in' exclaimed.

Somebody Like That.

Patience—This paper says a lady who has lost the use of her hands ornaments ladies' hats with her feet. I should say that she has lost her feet.